

Sentinel

500 Hayes St., San Francisco Ca. 94102 • 415-861-8100 • Vol. 14, No. 15 • July 18, 1986

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& AL 721**
On Guard!
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*All the News
That's Worthy!*

Duke's Dilemma
**Gay Games II vs
Supreme Court,**
**Task Force
Backs Privacy**

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Troubled S&L's Takeover:

New Empire Courts Atlas Faithful

by David M. Lowe

Photos by Thomas Alleman

Atlas Savings and Loan Association, the nation's first gay owned and operated Savings and Loan, was placed in receivership by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (FSLIC) at 4 pm last Monday and immediately acquired by Empire of America Federal Savings Bank, a Buffalo-based thrift with assets of \$8.7 billion. The takeover was the result of a deal arranged by the FSLIC after Atlas had declared a negative net worth of \$2.2 million for 1985 and signed a supervisory agreement authorizing federal banking regulators to take whatever action necessary.

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From the Publisher

Tom Murray

The 'Gent' from Maryland

Recently the SF Chronicle published an interview with Robert Bauman, former Maryland congressman and "darling of the conservatives." Bauman lost his seat in the House in 1980, one month after he had been accused of soliciting sex from a 16 year old boy. He tells his sordid story in a book, *The Gentleman from Maryland*, to be published next month.

Although Bauman is now politically impotent, and an outcast, the portrait he paints of his closet gay life provides the public with one more bleak look at our subculture, constructed with a vocabulary of negative terms, alcohol-blurred perceptions and impersonal, illegal encounters. While in the House he told constituents that homosexuals "are in need of treatment and cure." He backed the conservative agenda despite two decades of gay sex.

"My homosexual encounters were an aberration that plagued me, but I would overcome this by sheer force of will." He felt an "inner powerlessness that [he] tried to abate by control, manipulation, domination and coercion of those around [him]."

"Some nights I would cruise by the 'meat rack' on New York Avenue. . . There I would be, driving my big blue Mercury bearing license plates with the Maryland state seal and the legend 'Member of Congress.' My head throbbing from alcohol, I would edge up to the curb, nod by head, and a young man would jump in."

The interviewer states that Bauman's book "paints a picture of a man tormented by his sexual ambivalence, wracked by shame, remorse and guilt and desperately avoiding self-examination by plunging into the whirlwind of politics." She lets the creep off too easily. Bauman rationalizes that moral structures and alcohol affected his judgement. In an era when many people put themselves on the line for gay rights. He remained one more closeted coward compulsively nibbling the forbidden fruit while wielding political clout to harm his sisters and brothers. He never came out — he got caught. The police and the FBI ripped open his closet and forced him to take responsibility for his hypocritical behavior.

Bauman muses that "The closets of Washington are full of gay Republicans and gay conservatives. Many of them serve in high Reagan administration posts, some in the White House. . . That has made my treatment at the hands of some in the conservative movement all the more hurtful." The poor guy is hurt, treated by his cronies in the capital the way he treated us: as outcasts.

Perhaps the best tactic for the gay community now is to begin prying open closet doors for the Robert Baumans we know who are hiding and cheating on every level of society; men and women who are leading hidden lives while publicly blocking our fight for justice. Why not expose the priests and the politicians first, then tackle other high visibility professions like professional sports, stage and film. After that maybe we could present an award of recognition to Nancy Reagan's gay White House decorator for brightening up the First Family's digs.

Since the media is watching us for headlines while the conservatives continue to obliterate our rights, let's make some headlines on our own. Passivity is deadly. We must assert our rights now with a determination, stubbornly gentle, unmasking our foes and forcing society to see that we are everywhere.



Joe Tolbe headed the Gay Games II bodybuilding contingent at the SF Eagle this weekend

Letters

Information Please

To the Editor:

Thank you for the article by Van R. Ault on Louie Nassaney's phenomenal survival. However, Ault could have been more informative by providing for his readers where Louise Hay's cassettes may be purchased and sharing Louie's 'wonderful' regimen of vitamins.

There are many of your readers who undoubtedly could benefit greatly with this information, especially those fighting for their lives.

Budd Levy

Van R. Ault replies: Louise Hay's cassettes are available at several locations in the Castro, including Vibrant Health and Au Naturel. Louie did not go into detail about his vitamin regimen. Inquiries from Sentinel readers will be forwarded to him.

Some Sports Clinic!

To the Editor:

In view of your expressed interest in the missions of the Healing Order, we want to alert you to our Sports Clinic and Olymrick Feelarama scheduled for Saturday, August 9.

Plans for upcoming events include Ceremonies of Wands in our State Capitol (Sacramento in Sacramento), at the California Mens Gathering at Camp Swig, and a follow-up Gotham Clinic in NYC, as well as a sequence of clinics in the Bay Area.

Though the elaborate floating sacred relic for the Parade broke our fragile budget, our information banks are overflowing with new techniques and curative treatments, and a vital energy still impels us onward into the very mess and hideosity of epidermis distortions called our daily lives; there is always room for rays of glory and joy. And if nobody felt bad, what would healers do? Loft a lot, is my vote.

May iridescent blessings surround you always and buoy your spirits and forms. More, soon, from your admirer.

Dr. Woolf Semiremid

Mindset Mirrored

To the Editor:

We loved Van R. Ault's "Turning The Tables On LaRouche." It was the first bit of common sense and clear thinking on the issue we've heard. It's time to stop making ourselves more oppressed than we really are, and start punching holes in windbags like LaRouche. Without fear, we'll all travel further and have a good time doing so. Thanks.

David Boyd
Jonathan Dorsey

Shell-Shocked

To the Editor:

When one combines all the injustices committed against our community over recent weeks with news of a surge in AIDS cases in the City and the looming threat of the AIDS Initiative, it is hard to escape the feeling of being "shell-shocked." It should be readily apparent to all that now is the time to adopt bold new strategies in the struggle to be a free people.

One suggestion I haven't heard voiced before is drawn from the experiences of oppressed people in other countries. The use of funerals to serve as not only a common time for us to grieve but also as the setting to provide much needed political strength to all of us should be considered.

It is a sad reality that nearly every day someone from among us is allowed to die at the hands of a hostile and damning society. Some of us may desire to use this final opportunity to make a strong political statement.

We can no longer afford to work through proper channels, if we ever could. Our very right to exist is under fire in ways most of us have not seen since the modern gay rights movement began.

Keith Griffith

The Law's an Ass

To the Editor:

"A Government of Law and *not* of Men" is chiseled above the portals of the Supreme Court Building, but the Court's recent ruling on sodomy shows the opposite to be true. The ruling shows that the law is arbitrary and capricious — that it depends on who is sitting on the bench at the time a decision is made. It is indicative that what Chief Justice Hughes said is true: "The

law is what the judges say it is." A decision is made which conforms to the majority's bigoted notions; then rationalizations are supplied to shore it up.

Justice White's hide-bound, traditionalist, strict constructionist views would limit our rights to those which existed in the 18th century, when the Constitution was drafted: This is his "Dred Scott" decision regarding gays. His ruling is part of an attempt by the Reagan-Falwell-LaRouche gang for the Nazification of Amerika and the "Final Solution" of the Gay problem by passing or upholding fascist laws based on the Judeo-Christian tradition. This decision is the "handwriting on the wall." German courts made similar decisions depriving Jews of their rights before they were arrested and sent to the death camps.

Here are some suggestions for fighting back:

- Support two Constitutional amendments — one limiting the term of Supreme Court Justices to four years, and one giving people the absolute right of privacy in sexual matters.
- Put pressure on legislators to repeal anti-sodomy laws.
- Have gay cops and private detectives see what straights are doing in Georgia to violate this law; then prosecute them. (The law will quickly be repealed when heterosexuals are imperiled.)
- Contribute more time and money to gay political organizations.
- In the meantime, buy a good, strong lock for your bedroom door.

Giles Pordwit

PS: All letters must be typed, legibly signed originals. Please include a daytime phone number where you can be reached for verification and a return address. We reserve the right to edit or reject any letter submitted.

Trivia Quiz

1. A poet and playwright who named her own autobiography after her lifetime female companion (remembered for her unusual recipe for brownies) was:

- a) Gertrude Lawrence b) Gertrude Stein c) Frieda Lawrence

2. Don Johnson, honkey hero of *Miami Vice*, was reportedly discovered by homosexual actor Sal Mineo, who gave Johnson his first theatrical role. The play, whose theme was homosexual behavior, was titled:

- a) Fortune and Men's Eyes b) The Boys in the Band c) Norman Is That You?

3. The film *Some Like it Hot*, in which Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon dress as women musicians to escape the vengeance of the Mob, was directed by:

- a) Thornton Wilder b) Gene Wilder c) Billy Wilder

Answers on page 23. Courtesy the Encyclopedia Homophila. Enquiries to: The Encyclopedia, P.O. Box 14514, SF 94114.

Editorial

Ken Coupland

Enter the Barracudas

The Fed's announcement Monday that Atlas Savings and Loan had been gobbled up by a chain of upstate New York S&Ls may not have been as earthshaking as the tremors that rocked Southern California over the weekend, but it does come as a one-two-three-four punch on the heels of legislative setbacks for gays earlier in the month.

Atlas has been a good neighbor in its close to five years of operation as the sole "openly gay" S&L and was popular with depositors, irrespective of sexual preference, because Atlas service was convenient, efficient and cordial. But the firm's unwise investments and entanglements with out-of-town S&Ls, not bad loans or lack of faith on the part of its clientele, made the takeover something of a foregone conclusion.

However, considering recent events, the corporation's new moniker rubs salt in the collective wound. Would a business by any other name smell just as rank as "Empire of America/California Savings"? The new owners might as well put a "k" in "America" in light of the Supreme Court's sodomy ruling. And what's this "Big E" business? Would you want to do your banking with a firm that sounds like a hardware franchise? A little fine tuning of the nomenclature may be in order here.

The new owners have pledged to retain Atlas' hardworking, courteous staff. Let's hope they hold

Atlas has been a good neighbor in its close to five years of operation as the sole "openly gay" S&L and was popular with depositors irrespective of sexual preference.

to that promise.

Does anybody care that the Parade committee had its first general meeting after the main event last Sunday? The committee's shenanigans this year — topped by their inexplicable decision to bar representatives of People with AIDS from speaking from the stage at the post-Parade Celebration — seems to have alienated all but the most tenacious.

With this issue we welcome several new columnists to our pages. Writers John J. Powers and Steve Silberman (with John Birdsall) figured prominently in our Writer's Anthology last month. John, holding down the Drama Desk, has written for the Sentinel in years past, and takes over from Randy Lyman, who needs the rest but will be writing for us on an

occasional basis. Steve can be expected to bring his knowledge of inside workings of the restaurant business to his Dining reviews.

Masthead regular and former News Editor Dave Ford has been responsible for a random assortment of front page stories, features, interviews and hard news. We thought we'd burned him down, or out, but no: Deciding the rag "lacks chatter," Dave's returned with Less Talk, a rumination on the media and the way he sees it.

Speaking of contributors, here's a missing person alert: Would Trivia Quiz editor Richard Dey please report in? We're running out of

homophila. Any takers?

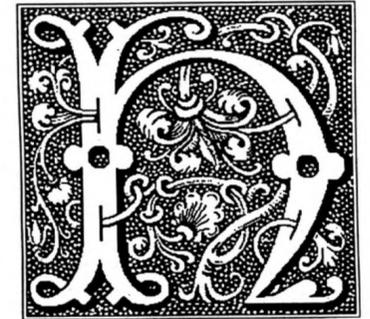
Mea culpas: It's not Mark, but Marc Geller who contributed the imaginative photography in our Parade Portfolio last issue (along with Sentinel stalwart Thomas Alleman). Marc says he doesn't mind, he's used to it.

Watch for a new series, "Trailing the Campaign," in our next issue, to include interviews with candidates in the election for the City's Board of Supervisors. We'll be talking to incumbents, mostly, but the series kicks off with an in-depth discussion with Supervisory hopeful Pat Norman.

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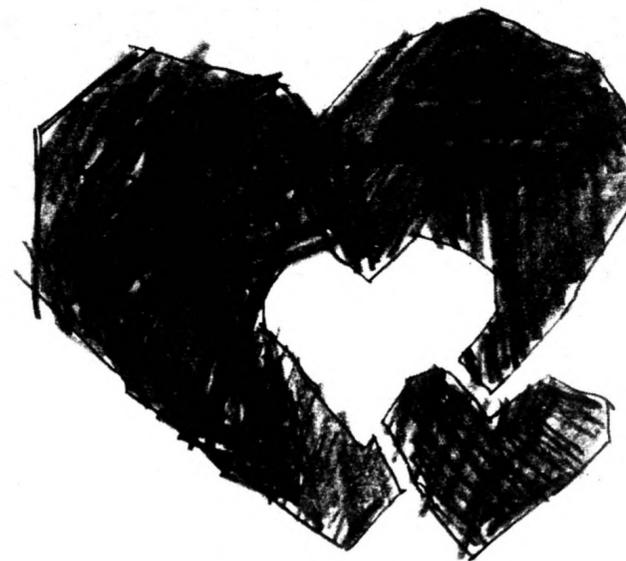
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VOICE OF THE NEW GENERATION



FSLIC representative Mariana Rexroth fielded questions from community members

Atlas from page 1

Empire also will acquire Golden Pacific Savings and Loan of Santa Rosa and Windsor, all of which had been declared insolvent last year.

As part of the deal, the FSLIC has agreed to provide up to \$11.2 million in capital loss coverage to cover problem loans of the Atlas and Golden Pacific institutions. Atlas officials attribute its troubles to loan and joint-venture losses on large real estate developments in Santa Rosa and Southern California.

Atlas stockholders are the big losers in the takeover, with no course for remuneration through the FSLIC. Their stock became virtually worthless when the institution declared a negative net worth and came under supervision of federal banking regulators.

Empire's Northern California acquisitions will be merged with the 14 former Pacific Thrift and Loan (subsidiary of Empire of America) offices in greater Los Angeles into a federally-insured S&L based in Woodland Hills. The combined state operations will officially be known as Empire of America — California, with assets of \$200 million.

The 19 new branches give Empire, also known as the Big E, 155 offices located in New York, Florida, Texas, Michigan, and now, California.

Big E representatives did not seem to be concerned they had purchased a gay bank. "It didn't make any difference to us," said Harvey Simon, Empire Senior Vice-President and Chief Counsel. "We have long sought entry into the California market, and I think it's a good, very positive market and look upon it as a very good opportunity for us. We're looking forward to serving the communities we're coming into."

Empire plans to retain all current Atlas employees who wish to stay with the new institution and maintain all its current branches and services until an evaluation of the system has been completed. Castro branch manager Mark Fulham received such assurances from the new owners. "The first words they told us were that they wanted to maintain our current services and the direction we've always had. Representatives from Empire told us they want to serve the community we have been serving," said Fulham.

Empire's strength could, in the long run, insure even more help for

small gay businesses seeking financial help. "I think that is a definite possibility in the future, but it will be some time down the road," said Fulham.

What about depositors who take their money out of the new bank because it's no longer gay owned? "I think that definitely defeats the whole purpose. There's not a gay owned bank to move to, and we will still provide the same services by the same staff," asserted Fulham.

However, there were some depositors who did close their accounts. "I just don't trust this kind of stuff, when one bank takes over another," was one customer's reaction as he closed his checking and savings account just after the bank reopened Tuesday.

It appears the most of Big E's new customers are taking a wait-and-see attitude. "I've got two years of service and credit references wrapped up in this bank," was the reaction of Ron Driscoll, who operates his own small business. "I'm going to wait and see what type of service they offer be-



"People were quite upset and shocked. Customers faced a locked, closed door with a lot of blue suits inside."

opened. Tuesday morning's questions were fielded calmly from a comfortable position behind the front desk at the Castro branch. "Last night was quite different in tone. People were quite upset and shocked. It was a slightly different situation Monday afternoon when customers faced a locked, closed door with a lot of blue suits inside," remembered Rexroth. She was out front fielding questions from confused and often angry depositors. Rexroth laughingly admitted she was more than ready to go home after work Monday night.

Monday afternoon's 4 pm lock-out drew multiple crowds of 15-30 people as waves of lesbians and gay men came home from a day at work to find their Atlas bank closed. Many demanded money as well as answers, and others lined up at the one ATM that was operating to withdraw up to their \$200 limit. Empire's Bob Simon only ventured outside beyond the safety of the Pinkerton-protected doors once after experiencing the intense, demanding shouts of the crowd during an interview with a KRON-TV news crew.

By nightfall the scene turned to calm protection of the branch office with two bored looking security guards sitting side by side some 30 feet inside the locked glass doors. Occasionally, a customer who had just learned of the takeover withdrew money from the ATM.

Castro bars and businesses buzzed with the story, with what little real information was available. The major concern was

whether I make a decision on whether to move my money." He was at the bank early Tuesday morning to make a deposit to his account.

Many customers dropped in Tuesday to ask questions and get assurance their savings were safe and would continue to pay the same rates of interest. Fielding most inquiries was Mariana Rexroth, Consumer Affairs representative for the Federal Home Loan Bank of San Francisco. "Most of the questions have been informational and very specific in nature," said Rexroth. "Most people are asking for the official story on what happened and whether their checks are still good."

Checks will continue to be honored. Customers will be notified by mail and given reorder instructions. They will be given replacements with the Empire name free of charge. All accounts transfer with the same rates and terms. Customers may continue to use passbooks and ATM cards, as usual. Atlas passbooks and ATM cards will be replaced with Empire's when accounts are closed or new accounts

The Party's Over. Let's Party!

by David M. Lowe

"I'm feeling good from my head to my shoes, know where I'm going and I know what to do. I've tightened up my point of view, I've got a new attitude..."

These lyrics blasting forth over the Civic Center Auditorium dance floor hit home as hundreds of faces broke into simultaneous smiles of agreement. This gathering of sweaty, gyrating, partying gay men and lesbians who crowded the dance floor could relate: They had in fact changed their whole attitude and outlook upon life.

On the surface, this party looked like many others held all over San Francisco that night. Had you stumbled upon the event, you might have inquired, "What are these folks on?" Closer inspection would have revealed the high was

Had you stumbled upon the event, you might have inquired, "What are these folks on?"

natural, not artificially enhanced with social lubricants. This event was more than a party, it was a celebration of living life — living sober. Everyone on this dance floor was clean and sober — and having a great time. Could this be?

For the eleventh year running, gays and lesbians gathered in SF for the world's largest conference on "Living Sober." This year's event drew just over 2,800 recovering drug addicts, alcoholics, and their families and friends. The fourth of July weekend included workshops, entertainment and three of the largest Gay Alcoholics

whether Atlas had gone bankrupt and what's going to happen to one's money? Some knew, some didn't; everybody was concerned. At least one, perhaps most Atlas/Empire employees spent the night answering questions from friends who had phones all over the district ringing off the hook.

"The reaction of the gay community was certainly not unusual," said Don Alexander, Vice-President of Communications, Federal Home Loan Bank of San Francisco. "I'd like to assure them that Empire's acquisition of the Atlas offices insures the institution is on solid footing, and now branches of a much stronger institution that will continue to be insured by the FSLIC."

Activity at the Castro branch Tuesday "appeared to be business as normal with customers depositing their 15th of the month payroll checks," according to Fulham. "A few accounts were closed during the first 30 minutes we were open, but there has not been a run on the bank." Activity at the Market and Financial District offices was also described as business as usual.

Oddly enough, it may be the new name that keeps the customers coming back. As I was leaving the Castro branch Tuesday morning I overheard an older member of our community joking with Rexroth about the name. "Empire, what a great name," he cackled. "I know a lot of queens out there who'd just love to be associated with an empire!" She laughed unknowingly. I knew he was serious, and probably right.

Anonymous (AA) meetings in history.

Joe H., Chairperson of the committee that put on this year's celebration, said: "It's a celebration of unity in sobriety; it's an opportunity to look around and really see that you're not alone." This is not the case for many gays and lesbians in recovery and provides one of the reasons SF's "Living Sober" conference draws people worldwide. "There are still places in this country where, if you are a gay man or lesbian, you are either not wanted, welcomed, or made to feel comfortable in AA," says Joe. He further

declared: "That has not been my experience, but there are people who tell me that has been their experience and it's why they come to our conference."

In SF many recovering gays and lesbians feel comfortable and welcome at straight AA meetings. Joe is one of those people, but says: "There was a different energy, different awareness and consciousness when I went to a gay meeting. I felt that I had come home, that I was finally with my peers who were going to help me become a human being. I believe that's essential." Joe attended straight AA meetings dur-

ing the first of his currently 7 years of sobriety. He further explained the importance of gay AA meetings in a community where one in four are believed to be alcoholic or drug-addicted: "I believe there are gay men and lesbians who are still out there practicing this disease who don't know that there's a place in AA that's safe and comfortable for them."

Joe believes the annual conference — and the awareness it generates — is one way people find gay AA. "To me, that's the purpose of AA; through attraction we bring these people into our fellowship by being visible and celebrating in unity."

Another purpose of the Living Sober conference is to assist those in AA in dealing with issues they face in recovery. According to Joe, "...the conference is really very important for people in their first or second year of sobriety: to realize that they're not alone, and that there are ways to stay sober. We have workshops addressed to new-

Court Decision Pending:

Next Supreme Sacrifice?

by David M. Lowe

Gay Games II will appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court for their right to use the word "olympic" next month. The petition will be filed during the '86 event.

The right to use "olympic" in describing Gay Games was restrained by the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals by a vote of 11-3.

Despite the recent Supreme Court ruling on sodomy and the apparent anti-gay mood of the top court, Dr. Thomas Waddell, Gay Games founder and Board of Directors president, said: "Because of the legalities of the system, beyond August 20 we cannot petition the Supreme Court, so the decision is should we or should we not? We feel the issues are of such magnitude that they really need to be reviewed. If the Supreme Court should take this case we're certainly going to be interested in the rationale brought forth in either explaining the lower court decision or overturning it."

Waddell further explained the importance of the issue: "It's a prejudicial problem. Why is it that only gays have been litigated against on this particular issue? It's particularly offensive to us that we cannot use the same venue or way of describing an event with a generic term that others can." Examples of other organizations who have successfully used the word "olympic" are the Doggie Olympics and the Special Olympics.

Task Force Privacy Project Counters Hardwick Ruling

The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF) this week announced plans to initiate a Privacy Project whose goal would be to help overturn the sodomy statutes still on the books in 24 states and the District of Columbia.

NGLTF Executive Director Jeff Levi said: "This is the necessary political response to the recent Supreme Court decision upholding the constitutionality of state sodomy laws. The Supreme Court's ruling does not prevent us from taking the battle to every state legislature where sodomy laws are still on the books. The goal of this project is to provide assistance to those state groups that want to take up the challenge the Supreme Court has thrown down."

Levi pointed out that, as disappointing and angering as the Supreme Court decision may be, "We got sodomy off the books in more than half the states without the federal courts, we can do it in the rest of the states as well if we are

comers were people with experience describe how they stayed sober and what they did to reach out for sobriety. These are very essential."

Other workshops covered a wide range of topics, including: Looking for Love in All the Wrong Places, Dating in Sobriety, Smoking, the Last Refuge?, So Your Friend Has AIDS?, Letting Go of Old Ideas, The Long Road Home from Self-Loathing to Self-Loving, There Is No Problem Too Difficult to Handle, Dealing with that GOD Stuff in AA, Living Through Emotional Pain Without Chemicals, Socializing Without Alcohol, Now That I'm Sober, What Do I Do For An Encore?, and Leather, Sex, and Sobriety. Workshops drawing the largest number of participants dealt with relationships and intimacy.

The bottom line, according to Joe, was that "AA is a program for living, and we need to let people know you can have fun in sobriety."

Additional reasons for continuing the appeal were given by Shawn Kelley, executive director of Gay Games II: "We have been pursued by the United States Olympic Committee for four years in this case, and we are currently fighting a judgment against us from a lower court for \$100,000 dollars in attorney's fees. It happens that they hold a lien against the house of our board president, Dr. Waddell. "This is a necessity for this organization as well as a just cause for taking this to the Supreme Court."

"It's clearly an issue of prejudice, and when you try to explain prejudice through a court of law you come up with some rather irrational statements," said Waddell.

"This is a necessity for this organization as well as a just cause for taking this to the Supreme Court."

State Blocks Feds Ruling:

Discrimination Bill on Duke's Desk

by David M. Lowe

A bill protecting AIDS patients from discrimination in housing, employment and public accommodations is on the Governor's desk awaiting action. AB 3667, AIDS Antibody Test and Discrimination, was approved 23-8 the last day before the State Senate recessed until mid-August.

In a surprise move intended to capitalize on its momentum and to outflank its right wing arm, Senator David Roberti (D-L.A.) carried the bill to the floor the same day it was passed out of the Health and Human Services committee with only a single "no" vote. Intensive eleventh-hour lobbying by legislative advocate Rand Martin, who represents Lobby for Individual Freedom and Equality (LIFE), is credited for passage of the measure. Rand attributes considerable last-minute efforts by LIFE's Orange County members with securing the votes putting the bill over the top. Fanned in June, LIFE is a legislative lobbying effort on behalf of gay community and is funded by most of the state's gay/lesbian political action committees.

AB 3667, authored by Assemblyman Art Agnos (D-S.F.) contains the following provisions:

Make AIDS a physical handicap, thus protecting AIDS patients

under existing state anti-discrimination laws that cover housing, employment and public accommodation.

All AIDS antibody test results, with the patients' consent, are to be included in the confidential portion of their medical records.

Preliminary indications are that Deukmejian will sign the bill.

Allow the guardians of those judged mentally incompetent, or children under twelve, to consent to AIDS antibody tests.

Provide restitution from state crime victims funds to anyone who contracts the disease as a result of a crime, such as rape.

Preliminary indications are that Deukmejian will sign the bill if he receives positive input from con-

stituents, especially those from the medical community. The governor must sign or veto the bill next week. It is critically important that you write or call the Governor's Office to express support for AB 3667: The Honorable George Deukmejian, Governor, State of California, State Capitol, Sacramento, CA 95814, (916) 445-2841.

In other actions, AB 4250, AIDS Vaccine, passed the Assembly overwhelmingly 71-5. The bill, authored by Assemblyman John Vasconcellos (D-S.C.), would under certain conditions relieve manufacturers of an AIDS vaccine from strict product liability when it could be proven the vaccine was unavoidably dangerous and nothing was available in the marketplace.

The measure, an attempt to insure that manufacturers will market a vaccine as soon as one becomes available, will be taken up by the State Senate when they return August 11.

Attempts to restore \$20.3 million in AIDS funding by the Governor will also be advanced by Senator Marks and Roberti when the Senate reconvenes.



Local athletes in the Gay Games II swim competition hit the drink

Continued on page 12

STOP AIDS PROJECT

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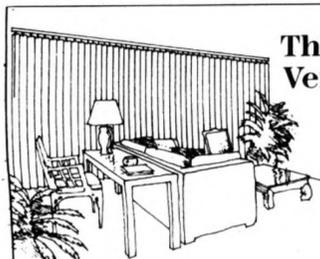
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The City

House a Hunk, Anyone?

The biggest problem facing organizers of Gay Games II is housing for participants from outside the Bay Area. So far, 900 beds have been secured, but approximately 500 more are needed. Host and hostess need only provide sleeping accommodations — athletes will provide their own food and transportation.

If you'd like to provide a place for a hunk to lay his/her head from August 8 - 18, call Susan Quillian at 861-8282.

The number of athletes participating in this year's Games has tripled, with female participants outnumbering total participation of athletes at Gay Games I. This year, 1,370 women and 2,112 men will compete. 1,300 athletes took part in 1982. This year's athletes represent 17 countries, 2 U.S. territories and 37 states. However, those figures tend to mislead since athletes are allowed to represent any city they wish. As an example, a Berkeley team is representing Managua, Nicaragua.

Most events at Gay Games II can be viewed at no charge. Tickets to the bowling, powerlifting, swim-

ming, diving, wrestling, track and field, basketball semi-finals/finals and volleyball semi-finals/finals will be \$5. Tickets to these events will go on sale at the door the day of the event. Seating is limited, and admission is first come, first served.

Tickets to the Gay Games II Physique Competition are \$5 for the morning preliminary judging. Tickets for the evening finals are \$10 (general admission) and \$15 (reserved seating).

The marathon will conclude at Closing Ceremonies, August 17, at 10 am.

Additional volunteers are still needed to accomplish tasks ranging from carrying placards into the stadium to carrying weights for your very own powerlifter. To help out call 861-5686.

Wotman Endowed

Paul Wotman, a San Francisco attorney seeking election to the Community College Board, received two of the best birthday presents a politician could ever ask for last Monday.

First, he received a generous contribution from the Alliance, a San Francisco lesbian/gay political action committee, followed by early endorsement of his candidacy from the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club.

The Toklas endorsement is significant since the Club usually waits until early fall before selecting their entire slate of candidates at once. It also comes prior to the filing deadline for candidates. Wotman replied: "I see the early endorsement as an appreciation of my past contributions to the lesbian/gay community and a reflection of their confidence that I will be an effective leader on the Community College Board. I'm very thankful for the support of the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club. They have been in the forefront of progressive politics and the fight for human rights in San Francisco for many, many years."

Wotman is the only openly gay person in the field of four candidates vying for three seats to be filled.

Games Inaugural Concert

The Lesbian/Gay Chorus of San Francisco will present The Inaugural Concert of Gay Games II Cultural Events on Friday, August 1, with a repeat performance on Tuesday, August 5, both at 8 p.m. The concert will be held at the First Unitarian Church, Franklin and Geary Sts., SF, under the direction of Musical Director Rodger D. Pettyjohn. Produced in conjunction with the Society of Gay and Lesbian Composers, this concert will present for the first time works all by acknowledged gay/lesbian composers. Two new compositions presented will be world premiers. Proceeds from the concert will benefit the STOP AIDS Project.

General admission for the August 1 and 5 concerts will be \$10. On August 1 only, there will be a patron's admission of \$25, to include a post-concert "Meet the Composers" reception and reserved seating. For more information contact The Lesbian/Gay Chorus

Ringold Alley Romp

OUTRAGEOUS! We'll show you outrageous.

"Up Your Alley" is scheduled for August 3, from noon til dusk. This unique event is held on one of San Francisco's most notorious alleys, Ringold Alley.

"Up Your Alley" is a block party and carnival to benefit the AIDS Fund, Gay Games II and the Community United Against Violence (CUAV). The party continues at the Trocadero Transfer from 6 pm till 9 pm.

For more info call 861-7610 and ask for Patrick Toner.

Stopping LaRouche

On May 22, Lyndon LaRouche and his followers submitted 683,000 signatures to the County Registrars of the State of California to place on the November ballot an initiative on AIDS.

The LaRouche Initiative represents the greatest assault on the civil liberties of the people of California since the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II.

In San Francisco, the economic and social disruption would be catastrophic. The Department of Public Health estimates that approximately 50,000 San Franciscans have been infected with the AIDS virus. If LaRouche passed, the City's Financial District, restaurant and tourism industry, and neighborhood businesses would come to a standstill. Education and health would be severely impacted, and the City could lose \$300,000,000 in tax revenues a year.

The most tragic aspect of the LaRouche Initiative, however, is that it is *not* necessary. It is predicated on the myths that AIDS is casually contagious and that people who have been exposed to the AIDS virus represent a threat to the public health. It also ignores the outstanding efforts that California have taken to stem the epidemic through effective education, research and treatment programs. These programs are the model for the rest of the nation.

If you or your organization wish to publicly oppose the LaRouche Initiative and/or volunteer your services or contribute to the "No on LaRouche" effort, send your endorsement or pledge card to "No on LaRouche," 660 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, or call 431-4660.

of SF, 584 Castro St., Suite 284, SF 94114, or call 566-6496.

Coming Home Hospice Auction

An auction to raise money for Coming Home Hospice will be held Saturday, July 26, at 6 pm at Live Oak School (Most Holy Redeemer), 117 Diamond, between 18th and 19th Sts. A donation of \$2 will be collected at the door.

Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres will be served and the church parking lot will be open for auction-goers.

The auction is sponsored by Dignity/SF, an organization of Catholic lesbians, gay men, their friends, and families.

The Nation

Apuzzo Appointed to New York State AIDS Advisory Council

Virginia M. Apuzzo has been appointed Vice Chair of the New York State AIDS Advisory Council. The recent announcement by New York Governor Mario Cuomo praised Apuzzo:

"As one of the most widely known and respected leaders in the lesbian and gay community, she will be able to offer her insight and experience as to how best to deal with the problems and challenges that face the gay community today, particularly in light of the AIDS epidemic. I am pleased that Virginia has agreed to take on these added responsibilities," said the Governor.

The AIDS Council is charged with advising State Health Commissioner David Axelrod on AIDS outreach activities, education and counseling programs for AIDS victims and their families, and affected employee groups such as nurses and corrections officers. The Right Reverend Paul Moore, Episcopal Bishop of New York, serves as chair to the group.

Since April 1985 Ms. Apuzzo has been Deputy Executive Director of the State Consumer Protection Board, a position in which she will continue to

serve. She is also Governor Cuomo's liaison to the lesbian and gay community. She was Executive Director for the National Gay Task Force from November, 1982 through April, 1985.

Gay Youth Conference

The first annual National Gay Youth Conference in Dallas, Texas August 15 - 17 has been expanded to include two professional programs.

A seminar on gay youth will be conducted by Joyce Hunter, MSW, CSW, Program Director for the Institute for the Protection of Lesbian and Gay Youth and Debra Julian, M.S. will conduct a seminar for relatives and friends on awareness and understanding of homosexuality.

For information on either seminar or on the conference write: National Gay Alliance for Young Adults, Inc., P.O. Box 190426, Dallas Texas, 75219.

DO CONDOMS STOP THE SPREAD OF AIDS?

UNSAFE SEX PRACTICES

Anal Intercourse
Without Condom

Rimming

Fisting

Blood Contact

Sharing Sex Toys or Needles

Semen or Urine in Mouth

Vaginal Intercourse
Without Condom

* Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights

Researchers at UCSF recently proved that condoms can greatly reduce the risk of spreading or contracting AIDS. Research had previously shown that condoms can stop gonorrhea, syphilis, herpes simplex and CMV viruses. And now we know that *condoms can definitely stop the AIDS virus* as well.

Anal intercourse without a condom is probably the riskiest sexual activity you can engage in.

Epidemiologists believe this is the most common way of transmitting the AIDS virus. The anal canal contains almost no immunological defenses. Human anal tissue is richly supplied with blood vessels and is surprisingly fragile. Small tears open tiny paths to the bloodstream. The passive partner is exposed to preseminal fluid, which may contain the virus, and to semen, a fluid that can transmit large quantities of the virus.

Active partners aren't safe either.

People who were exclusively "tops" have contracted AIDS, just as they have contracted other sexually transmitted diseases like syphilis and gonorrhea.

Condoms can stop the virus.

Anal sex with a condom is still considered "possibly safe." Condoms can break. Condoms may fall off. It takes some practice to use them correctly.

But properly used, condoms drastically reduce your risk of spreading or contracting AIDS in anal (or oral) sex.

"But condoms reduce sensitivity!"

Condoms don't reduce sensitivity so much as they change the sensation. Many people learn to enjoy it, some prefer it. Others like the longer-lasting effect.

"But condoms are embarrassing!"

Condoms are embarrassing only because they're a new and different aspect of our changing sexuality during this epidemic. Condoms can easily become just another erotic toy. Condoms are inexpensive and readily available. You'll quickly get over your embarrassment. Learn to use them.

"But if I haven't gotten AIDS yet, I must be immune!"

There is no medical justification for the idea of an immunity

to the AIDS virus. It's just wishful thinking. The extent of re-exposure to the virus may make the difference between being infected without becoming ill, and actually coming down with AIDS. Besides, what about your partner's health? Or our community's health?

Properly used, condoms effectively reduce the risk of contracting or spreading disease for both active and passive partners. Anal intercourse without them is far too dangerous for both partners.

Let's end all Unsafe Sex practices in San Francisco until this epidemic is over.

Let's protect one another. There may be nothing we can do about our past. *There is a great deal we can do about our future.* Let's stop the spread of this disease in our community.



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Major funding for the educational programs of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation is provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health

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John S. James

AIDS, AL 721, Lecithin

This writer's research into the experimental AIDS treatment AL 721 and the scientific background behind it turned up unexpected information that ordinary lecithin, widely available in health food stores, probably has the same kind of effect as AL 721, and may help to strengthen the body's defenses against certain virus infections, including AIDS.

Six weeks ago I sent this information to more than a hundred AIDS experts. Ten responded; almost all were encouraging. None offered reasons why lecithin couldn't work. But, unfortunately, it is unlikely that anyone will test this possibility scientifically due to bureaucratic and commercial constraints. Rather than see the subject dropped, I'm presenting the information in print hoping that alternative healers and AIDS/ARC support groups can see if it works, and report to one other by word of mouth, as an expression of direct democracy in medical research. This article is the first published report of the possible usefulness of lecithin — still an unproven possibility, as no one has yet tried it for AIDS or ARC.

Briefly, scientific studies suggest that lecithin and some related substances alter the membranes of cells in ways that make it harder for viruses to penetrate them. The treatment does not kill the virus, but helps prevent new cells from becoming infected. And animal experiments with one form of lecithin have shown that it does cross the blood-brain barrier and affect brain cells in a protective way. We don't have more direct evidence of lecithin's usefulness in the brain, because no studies have been done.

Laboratory test of AL 721 (a form of lecithin) have shown that it inhibits AIDS virus infection of human cells.

Three independent sources of information support the theory that lecithin might be helpful in treating certain viral diseases. First, laboratory tests of AL 721 (a form of lecithin) have shown that it inhibits AIDS virus infection of human cells. Second, there have been at least four published clinical studies using the principal ingredient of lecithin to treat viral hepatitis in humans; all of these were controlled studies that reported clearly successful results. Third, there are fragmentary anecdotal reports of lecithin being useful in treating such viral conditions as herpes.

The national press first covered AL 721 by reporting on a letter published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, November 14, 1985. Several scientists, including some leaders in AIDS research, found that AL 721 reduced infection of human blood cells by the AIDS virus in the laboratory, apparently by interfering with the process by which the virus first binds to the cell.

AL 721, developed as a "membrane fluidizer" by the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel, had been experimentally used for several years. It had been used in humans, at least once, to reverse certain immune deficiencies resulting from the normal aging process.

AL 721 is a mixture of three ingredients, all extracted from egg yolks. The two active ingredients — phosphatidylcholine (PC) and phosphatidylethanolamine (PE) — are also the active ingredients of lecithin. Under the electron microscope, AL 721, dispersed in water, forms little balls with the PC and PE on the surface. The third ingredient apparently forms a framework which presents the PC and PE

more effectively to cell membranes. Scientists believe that AL 721 works by increasing the ratio of PC and PE to cholesterol in the membranes of cells and/or viruses. Reducing cholesterol increases the "fluidity" of the membrane, making it harder for viruses to attach to receptor sites. Receptors are protein molecules in the membrane to which the virus must attach itself before entering the cell.

Does ordinary lecithin act in the same way as AL 721? This question is controversial. AL 721 was developed to have the best proportion of its three ingredients for membrane fluidization in the test tube. But when orally used — the typical route — digestion almost certainly breaks AL 721 into its primary components. Since its unique structure has been destroyed and the particular properties changed (all three ingredients are found in many ordinary foods), there may be less of a difference between AL 721 and lecithin in the body than in the test tube.

Another question is whether soybean lecithin, the kind available in health food stores, is as effective as the egg lecithin used to make AL 721. There is a slight chemical difference; no one knows whether it has any practical consequence. Most medical research on lecithin has used the soybean

variety, but the AL 721 work used egg lecithin instead.

The advantage of lecithin, of course, is that you can obtain it. It is virtually impossible to get AL 721 in any country, at any price, and it may continue to be impossible for years unless a grey market develops.

All four published studies describing the treatment of viral hepatitis with purified phosphatidylcholine (the main ingredient of lecithin) were successful. But these studies are not well known in this country for the papers are hard to come by. One is in Italian, and one in Czech; of the two in English, one, reporting research in Nigeria, was published in an Indian medical journal subscribed to by only four libraries in the United States. The remaining paper, published in England, is readily available but four years old.

The English study (Jenkins and others, *Liver*, 1982), a double-blind trial of thirty patients with chronic active hepatitis measured effectiveness by examining liver biopsies. Fifteen patients were given three grams of PC per day for one year, the other fifteen received a placebo. All received standard hepatitis treatments as well. At year's end biopsies indicated the treatment group clearly did better. In addition, none of the treated patients but two of the controls suffered relapses during the study.

The Nigerian study (Atoba and others, *Tropical Gastroenterology*, 1985) used smaller doses, 1.8 grams or less, for six weeks, probably since the cost of the drug was a serious burden to the patients who had to pay their own costs. Treated patients demonstrated faster improvement than in almost all measures. (All 60 patients

had hepatitis B.)

We have obtained the Czech and Italian papers, published in 1981 and 1985 respectively, but have only been able to read their English abstracts. Both were controlled studies giving PC to substantial numbers of persons with viral hepatitis; in each study the treatment was successful.

How does use of pure PC (the main ingredient of lecithin) against viral hepatitis relate to AIDS? The membrane fluidization theory describing the action of lecithin is not specific to the AIDS virus. The hepatitis work cited is indicative that the antiviral effect, predicted by the membrane fluidization theory and demonstrated with the AIDS virus in laboratory cultures by the AL 721 work, can be clinically effective for treating a viral disease.

However, we are not certain that the PC assisted recovery from hepatitis by preventing spread of the virus. The PC may have worked through other mechanisms, such as suppressing an autoimmune response or merely reducing liver inflammation.

No one can be sure whether PC will prove useful against AIDS/ARC until it is tried. However, PC does help humans in the treatment of hepatitis — very likely by the same mechanism already shown to inhibit the AIDS virus in the laboratory. That's why this treatment possibility deserves immediate attention.

Anecdotal Information

The following reports are not as persuasive. We present them as leads, not as evidence which could be followed up.

A Texas health food store ran a customer survey asking lecithin buyers what they were using it for. Two women answered that they had each discovered by accident it made their herpes sores go away.

A second report is derived from this writer's personal experience. For several years I had a recurring virulent condition that induced sweating, extreme fatigue, and sleeping up to 14 hours a day. The condition grew worse until it became seldom possible for me to get through a working day without naps. Attempts to obtain a medical diagnosis were unsuccessful. Vitamin C, garlic, and echinacea provided few benefits, if any.

After learning about some of the work cited above, I started using four tablespoons of lecithin and two or three eggs per day. Within two weeks I experienced a dramatic improvement. For several months since I have been almost entirely asymptomatic for the first time in years.

Safety and Precautions

Lecithin, found in many foods, is used as an additive in processed foods. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration lists it "generally recognized as safe." Still, some cautions should be noted.

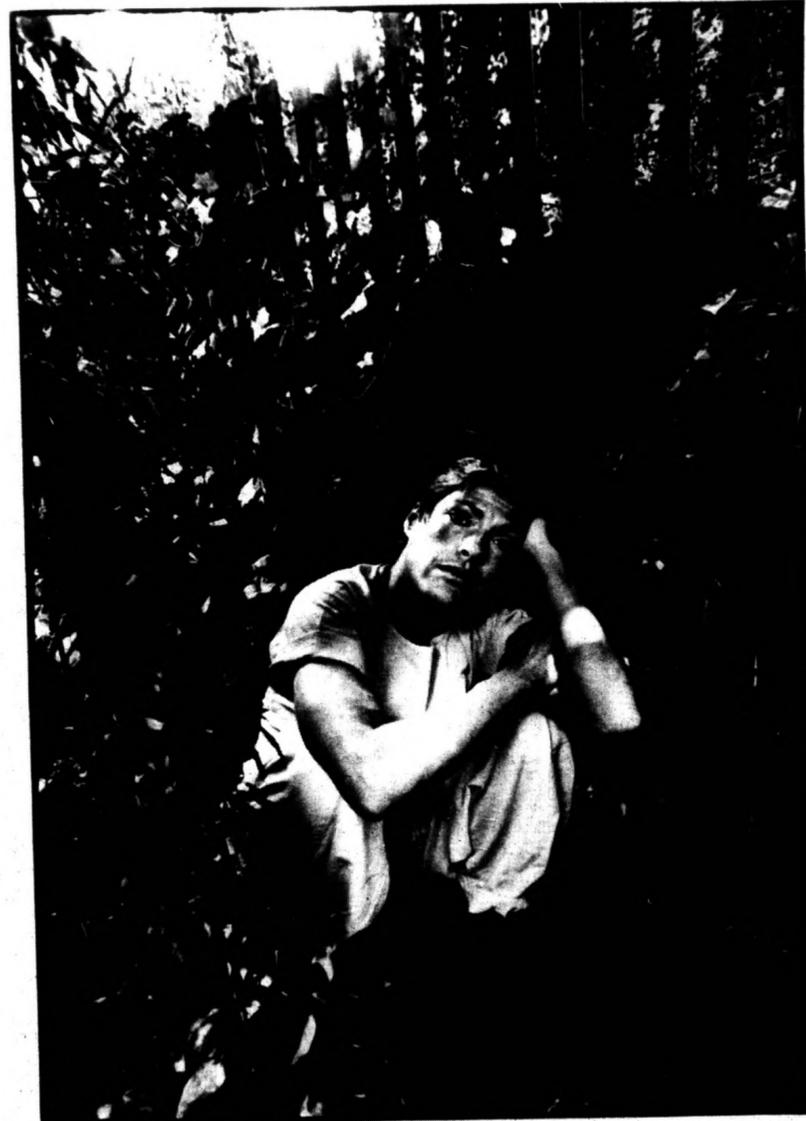
Quality control for commercial lecithin is very poor, and often the substance is rancid when sold to customers. Rancid foods contain potentially dangerous chemicals and should be avoided where possible. One way to reduce risk is to become familiar with the various smells and tastes of different batches of lecithin; discard any which has gone rancid. Lecithin should be stored away from moisture, light and air. Some high-priced commercial preparations supposedly resist spoilage; we don't know how viable such claims are.

Too much lecithin can produce unpleasant side effects such as nausea, diarrhea, loss of appetite and mental depression. One medical paper warns doctors to be particularly watchful for depression if they prescribe lecithin in large doses.

Pregnant women should use special care. Animal studies have shown that large amounts of lecithin can harm the fetus.

Could there be any special dangers for persons with AIDS or ARC? There

Continued on page 12



Irene Smith's Hands On Approach

Assisting people in their recovery through the healing power of human touch, she's taken her crusade for AIDS patients behind prison walls

Interview by Jason Serinus

Photos by Thomas Alleman

"Masseuse" just doesn't cover it. Not when you're referring to a woman who's put her professional skills on the line for persons with AIDS — adapting massage techniques to their individual needs, speaking out on their behalf from the stage at the Parade celebration last month, and developing a support system for the sadly isolated AIDS cases incarcerated at Vacaville Correctional Institute.

Some background: Working with Hospice of San Francisco and the AIDS Emergency Fund (which she credits with allowing her to teach and train other massage therapists), Smith has pioneered massage programs for people with AIDS. A teacher and healer, she's directly responsible for the growing national network of therapists in the field. Recently, we had the privilege of discussing her experiences with her.

Irene, can you briefly explain the benefits of massage in the treatment of AIDS patients?

I believe massage plays a vital part in the healing process for anyone who's experiencing a life-threatening disease. It's also a nurturing process. AIDS patients consummately need to know they're worthy of people's love. While massage reestablishes the flow of healing energy, it also gives them good feelings about themselves and their bodies, and brings them closer in touch with themselves.

You've been working room-to-room with men diagnosed with AIDS in Ward 5A for the last four years.

This is a fulfillment of one of my dreams. Whereas I can go out in a day and do four massages, with the contributions of the massage teams I've created, we can do 16.

Do you still visit regularly?

Yes. I don't get there every week the way I used to. However, I now have a team of five massage therapists on 5A, one at Presbyterian, and 25 total with Hospice. In 5A alone, we give 25 massages weekly.

This is happening in other circles as well. In 1984, two massage therapists from the Northwest Massage Practitioners Association began to work with their friends diagnosed with AIDS. This team has since grown to an organization of 14 massage practitioners in Seattle, called In Touch. They presently see 40 people with AIDS. These are the people I've been doing trainings with.

One other woman from Hospice just approached me about joining our team on 5A, which would bring the number up to 6. I think we ideally need a team of 10, so we can have one person massaging every day, and a couple on standby, plus the ability to see people with AIDS on other wards. That would be wonderful.

What changes have you noticed in our community in the years since you began to go room-to-room on the AIDS Ward?

The consciousness is higher. People are much more aware of their bodies and of health on all levels. We are much more open. There's been an entire movement of bonding that has opened a lot of people. The alternative projects which have been putting out so much information on different types of healing have had a lot to do with this.

Do you think there's been an increase in spiritual consciousness and a growing awareness of the fact that we are more than our physical bodies? Is there less of a fear of death?

I don't think we can go through this epidemic without having more of an awareness of our spirituality. It has a lot to do with what's pulling us through this. The whole death and dying movement, which has been going on since '78 or '79, has been brought into focus by AIDS, so that our whole consciousness around death and dying is higher.

People are much more willing to talk about spirituality. It's not a freaky thing anymore to talk about ourselves as being a spirit within a physical body — that used to be a bizarre thing to suggest to people. Just about every person around had heard that understanding expressed by one person or another, so they're much more into exploring it rather than turning aside.

Do you think of the people you work with end up bringing these things up when you're together?

Yes, they do. They may talk about death as going to a higher place, or being freed from their physical body. The word "transition" and the phrase "leaving the body" are being used much more than I've ever heard before.

You work outside the Bay Area when you assist in Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross's workshops and train bodyworkers serving people diagnosed with AIDS. What is your experience of the general awareness there?

I've only worked in a few places outside the Bay Area so far. I don't think people in this area realize how fortunate we are to live in this community. We really are a community of teachers and healers. And we need to spread out to help teach the people who surround us.

I've done a training in Seattle, and another one is coming up. The Body Electric and I are doing a training in New York City in October or November. And more are in the offering.

How many people a week do you work with, doing either massage or emotional release?

It's always different. Right now I'm in a stage of transition. Whereas my time used to be taken up mostly with seeing people experiencing AIDS on a one-to-one basis, it's currently focused more on trainings, workshops and just helping people get together.

This is a fulfillment of one of my dreams. Where as I can go out in a day and do four massages, with the contributions of the massage teams I've created, we can do 16.

You had a dream of doing massage work in Vacaville, where all of the approximately 40 California state inmates diagnosed with AIDS and ARC are sent.

That was a dream, and it's still a dream. We really need a touch program in the prison. But the first thing we need is to be able to convince the authorities to have any type of program whatsoever in the prison. Then it'll take a couple of years to work them into letting you touch.

I started out my prison work by communicating with five inmates with AIDS last June. After Elisabeth went out there and interviewed them for her forthcoming book, she called me to say that what these people desperately needed were letters. I found some people to add to my own letters and, all of a sudden — by September — I was receiving mail from approximately 20 people, then 30. I was mailing information, the AIDS Foundation was mailing information... I got a lot of pen-pals. The AIDS Emergency Fund was sending emergency money until the number grew to 35 people, overtaking the financial resources of the volunteer organization dedicated to serving San Francisco residents on an emergency need basis. The demand kept on growing. Then Shanti went in with an emotional support group. That was going very well, until suddenly all emotional support was brought to a halt by the prison administration.

After that, I filled out some forms and was accepted by the prison as a volunteer. But when I went out one afternoon to start my volunteer work in the AIDS unit and the hospital, I was not allowed in. Instead, I was interrogated, fingerprinted, and sent home. It became obvious they didn't want any outside help at that time.

About six weeks ago, one of the inmates that I've stayed closely connected with invited me to a banquet at Vacaville that had been arranged by the Catholic chaplain for all inmates diagnosed with AIDS and ARC. Each inmate was allowed to invite two people to a planned Pentecostal mass and dinner. I was so excited by the prospect of 60 — 70 outside people going in to visit! Nancy Jaicks (who works with Elisabeth), her husband, and one of the board members of the AIDS Emergency Fund — all of whom took pen pals — had also been invited. We all went out together.

Continued on page 11

Natural Therapies Talks

The Human Energy Church and the *Holistic Health Journal* will present "Talks on Natural Therapies of Chronic Viral Diseases," August 23-24, at Cathedral Hill Hotel, SF. Medical practitioners and researchers will present the latest findings on treating AIDS with natural therapies. Awards totalling \$3,000 will be given for the best scientific papers.

The talks are designed for practitioners and interested public. Some topics will be vitamins, minerals, nutrition, herbs, homeopathy, acupuncture and imagery. The mental, emotional, spiritual and physical aspects of chronic viral diseases will be covered.

Three of the many featured speakers will be Robert Cathcart, MD (medical practitioner who developed Vitamin C therapy), Dr. Steven Levine (biochemist who formulated theoretical mechanisms of AIDS), and Alan Cantwell, Jr., MD (medical researcher and author of *AIDS: The Mystery and the Solution*).

For a brochure write The Human Energy Church, 370 W. San Bruno Ave., Suite D, San Bruno, CA 94066, or call 873-0139.

Alternative Info

San Francisco AIDS Alternative Healing Project inaugurates a free hotline for inform Scott McLennan 621-7646 proaches to AIDS and referrals to holistic health practitioners (MS's, chiropractors, meditation teachers, counselors, acupuncturists, herbalists, etc.) on August 1. Our phone number is (415) 558-9292. If no one is available to answer your call personally, you may leave a message, and one of our staff members will get back to you as soon as possible.

The service is free to calling parties. Practitioners who wish to list with us may apply; membership in the referral service is still open. A \$25 donation helps us to cover our operating costs.

The SFAAHP is a group of practitioners and other concerned individuals who share a common interest in approaching AIDS positively and holistically. Established in Spring 1985, the project offers a variety of support groups, educational materials, and a comprehensive alternative program for people diagnosed with AIDS. For more information on the project please call us at 558-9292, starting August 1.

Dream Seminar

Robert "B.J." Jefferson, trance channel, will present the seminar "Dreams: Pathway to the Spirit" on Thursday, July 31, 7:30-10:30 pm, at the First Unitarian Church, Franklin & Geary Sts., in SF.

To register for this event, send a check or money order for \$25 to Jason Serinus, Dream Seminar, PO Box 3073, Oakland, CA 94609-0073. For further information, please call 652-2180.

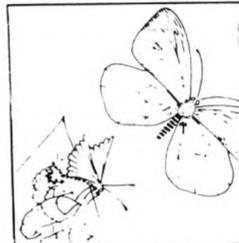
Jefferson, hailing from Phoenix, Arizona, is a professional trance channel and spiritual counselor. He trained for his work, along with Kevin Ryerson, at the University of Life in Phoenix.

Jefferson will also be available for a limited number of two-hour personal consultations during his Bay Area visit. Cost is \$75. Immediate registration by calling 652-2180 is advised.

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Rolling is a gentle yet powerful form of bodywork that realigns the body, improves posture and allows chronic tension and aches and pains to subside. I work gently and sensitively, and have been a Certified Roller for the past five years and am also a licensed psychotherapist. Free initial consultations include postural analysis with photographs. Insurance may apply. 922-3478.



Michael Horsley

I am a certified masseur using the combination of Swedish and Shiatsu technique. My firm and caring touch is certain to bring relief from stress, tension, and aches caused by over-exertion. Preventative measures are offered to alleviate stress and effectively deal with muscular aches. Sessions are 75 minutes and offered @ \$30. Please call Michael at 861-1775.



PROGRAM YOUR MIND

In Hypnosis You Can Visualize & Actualize

- giving up unwanted habits
- projecting your best self-image
- having the job you want
- someone special loving you

I am a motivational hypnotist, the author of "Financial Well-Being Through Self-Hypnosis," and a hypnosis college instructor.

JOSEPH ITIEL, Cert. Hypnotherapist
647-0574



MASSAGE FOR GAY MEN

GROUP OIL MASSAGE GROUP
Meeting every Sunday evening. A safe space to touch and be touched. A chance to get massaged by 4-8 hands for 25 minutes.

WEEKLY CLASSES
Learn to massage in this four session weekly classes.

INDIVIDUAL SESSIONS
Call for Appointment.

Ten years Experience. Non Sexual.

MILO JARVIS 863-2842



Deep Muscle Massage

Firm Swedish-style Bodywork, delivered with sensitivity by an experienced, well-trained therapist. \$35 for a 1 1/2 hour non-sexual experience. Flexible hours. Noe Valley/Mission location. Call Jim Kaatz 641-9812.



Steve Kuttner, B.A. Dip. Hum. Psych.

FACE DEATH — ACCEPT LIFE

Physical dis-ease and emotional dissatisfaction are symptoms of a deeper spiritual illness within. When we confront the reality of our death we lose all fear of the unknown and discover love. The healing force within is then allowed to flow unimpeded. I have 12 years counseling and bodywork experience. Sliding scale Call 661-6227.



Sequoia

YOGA FOR GAY MEN

Learn true relaxation, to manage stress and restore harmony to your whole being. Small, friendly beginning and experienced classes provide a supportive atmosphere to learn precise stretches with breathing awareness and guided meditation. Tuesday evenings near 16th Street BART. \$30/4-week series, beginning monthly. Call for reservations/info. 841-6511.

Thom Lundy



Daniel Phillips, C.H.T.

Help overcome dis-ease. Tap your inner strength through the powerful combination of hypnosis and visualization. This effective short term method can assist in relaxing, increasing self esteem, overcoming the physical manifestations of disease, dieting, improving memory and breaking unwanted habits including smoking. I am a certified hypnotherapist and trained visualist. Free first session for a limited time. 864-1551



TOUCH IS HEALING

Yes, I'm still massaging after all these years and I'm even better now. I give a thorough, relaxing and nurturing Swedish/Escalen massage. My style is smooth and flowing — working deeper on knots or problem areas. Certified Therapist. Try me. TRIAL SESSION: 20 minutes — \$10 / 60 minutes — \$30 / 90 minutes — \$40. Special \$5 off (60 or 90) with this ad through July. Oliver, 552-4432.



MAGICAL ALTERNATIVES

What would happen if you discovered a way to be and achieve what you want in life... NOW! 1-STOP Neuro-Linguistic Programming Session. Also, weekend workshop NLP BASICS LAB Sun., Sept. 6 & 7, 10 to 5. \$135 both days; \$85 Sat. only. VISA/MC.

Beverly-Louise Ensey, MA, Cert. NLP by Tony Robbins of The Firewalk Experience. VENTURES IN SELF-FULFILLMENT. 415/861-1079



William Teeter, C.A.

My practice combines acupuncture, herbal therapy, and shiatsu to treat problems such as sports injuries, back and neck pain, headaches, gastro-intestinal disorders, viral diseases, pre-AIDS syndrome, chronic infections and inflammations, generalized fatigue, and allergies. I also provide nutritional and supplemental counseling to help patients maintain good health and prevent disease. 621-2921.

Sports Massage

1 hour session \$35.00
East and West Bay
By appointment
763-8794

Jesse Vargas

13 years experience in Physical Therapy and Bodywork with extensive background in Sports Injuries. Certified practitioner and instructor of Sports Massage. Member of SMTI. Director of Sports Massage for Gay GAMES II.

Hands On from page 9

When we all got out there, they were doing "count", so we had to wait. We were sitting there thinking that the Mass was going on and the banquet in progress, and we were missing everything. They had to let us in because no other people were waiting, meaning everyone else must have already been in there. Finally, the guards came and took us in, shutting the gates behind us. It was only then we realized that we

were it! There were only seven outside people, four of whom were pen pals from my project!

One chaplain from 5A was also there. Bishop Quinn led the service and spoke about the AIDS inmates having been isolated within isolation. He recognized and verified their needs for support and medical help, saying he had talked about this on the outside but as yet had received no support. This lack of support is a terrible problem.



"I believe massage plays a vital part in the healing process for anyone who's experiencing a life-threatening disease."

I continue to write letters and visit when I can. I coordinate as many pen-pals as possible for the people who need mail, and also receive mail from the Elisabeth Kubler-Ross Center that I forward to the Vacaville Catholic chaplain for distribution to people in need of mail.

This group of people at Vacaville seriously needs emotional support. They need an emotional support group, support from penpals, and competent medical help. Their needs are not being addressed.

If anyone out there reading this would like to send a letter to someone with AIDS or ARC in Vacaville, send it to me, Irene Smith, c/o The Holistic Group [see address below], and I will forward it. I know there have been articles in the past warning people about taking pen pals in prison. I have been communicating with over 30 people at Vacaville for over a year, and have received only warm and sincere letters. **I think the main problem occurs when people fall in love with you, and/or asking you for money.**

Well, I've been asked for something in every letter. And that's what's going to happen.

When you get past the need for cigarettes and a TV or radio, what they need is someone to ventilate with through the mail. They have no emotional support. Not only are you in prison and either an IV-drug user or gay, but suddenly you have AIDS. You have no information on AIDS, and you have no one to talk to about AIDS.

They give them no information? The education and information is very, very limited. That's what they write for. There's no support. **You mean, they don't have even the basic safe sex guidelines, or information on how AIDS is transmitted?**

I've never been to one of their educational programs. All I can tell you is that I have mailed these men about 25 little packages with all that basic information. Still, they write me, "Send me information about what I have, and what I can do about it."

Well, they're not going to find out what to do about it from these little

brochures, anyway.

They need to sit and talk to someone. That's why mail's needed. There's a lot of pressure and stress. I assure you that people who die there are not dying with dignity. How we really come together in this experience is by staying focused and acknowledging them.

And the way to do that?

Get involved! Open your heart, and get involved!

Irene Smith will speak at the mon-

thly Metaphysical Alliance Healing Service Monday, July 28, 6:30 pm, at the MCC, 150 Eureka St. For information on her 2-weekend training for bodyworkers working with people diagnosed with AIDS, which begins August 1, contact The Body Electric at (415) 653-1594.

Please send letters to Vacaville prisoners c/o Holistic Group, PO Box 3073, Oakland, CA 94609-0073.

AIDS Mastery Returns

by Van R. Ault

"When I have clients who have AIDS, I do not treat them as if they're sick," says Sally Fisher, leader of the *AIDS Mastery Workshop*. "They aren't — they're well human beings in my mind, whose immune systems are off. Something's maybe wrong with their lungs and they may have lesions on their skin, but my way of viewing them is different from approaching a human being as if they're sick, less of a human being."

Her weekend seminar encourages people with AIDS to discover their creativity and self-worth. Fisher is a co-director of New York's Actors Institute. The techniques she used with actors to "get in touch with the truth, and to use that truth to move you to next place" were molded into this seminar when many members of the theatrical community came down with AIDS. "I didn't know what else to do about all the friends I have who had AIDS," she explains, but Fisher eventually developed her *Mastery Seminar* which is now touring here and abroad.

Fisher's involvement with alternative healing began when her son was diagnosed with Hodgkin's Disease in 1978. Her son made a strong recovery, thanks to work with Santa Monica healer Louise Hay. Fisher found that she was "good at getting people to use their energy to heal themselves," and began her own healing practice. Her psycho-spiritual view of AIDS seems congruent with that of many other metaphysical teachers. "It could be that people who are at risk are so distraught they don't feel they're worth protecting anymore. Or that they've been immune to — besides disease — all the love in the world," Fisher maintains. "One of the first things men with AIDS discover is how much people in

their lives care about and love them. They begin to see how valuable their lives are."

The event occurs over a weekend in which participants face their own blocked emotions, sense them in the body and begin to release them. In addition to looking at trapped energies, they also examine positive highlights of their lives "that have been really moving, that really shift things. Sometimes it's just seeing something that allows you to open up a point of view, like a surprise birthday party." Fisher explains that the result is that participants "see that they're really powerful and wonderful." The main thing they walk away with, she concluded, "is that you can live your life around living and not in fear of death every minute."

□ Sally Fisher's third trip to the Bay Area for AIDS Mastery will be the weekend of August 1 - 3. There is a sliding scale of \$50 - 250 for the workshop but, she adds, those unable to afford the expense should "come anyway." A free introductory evening with Sally Fisher and previous AIDS Mastery participants will be held July 30, 7:30 pm, at the All American Hall, 2269 Market St.

For information and reservations, contact Scott Eaton at 861-0306.

YOU'RE CHANGING WE'RE CHANGING



New Times.
New Groups.
New Skills.
New Ways to Stay Healthy.

Call for more information: 626-6637.

Initial health consultations are always free. Groups are low-cost and no one is turned away for inability to pay.

let's stay healthy...together!

This project funded by the San Francisco Department of Public Health



"Safer Sex" Kits

HEALTH AND AIDS PREVENTION is a responsibility shared by everyone. Let's take charge of our health and our sex lives.

LOOK FOR YOUR KIT at participating East Bay locations and organizations.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE EAST BAY and would like to host a home party to distribute kits, please call (415) 420-8181.

AIDS PROJECT OF THE EAST BAY

400 40th Street, Suite 200
Oakland, CA 94609

A program of the Pacific Center for Human Growth

FIVE THINGS TO DO ABOUT AIDS:

Talking cleaning, listening, shopping, getting together with friends

Sound easy? These are things that people with AIDS often need. That's where you come in. A Shanti volunteer spends a few hours a week doing little things that mean a lot.

The Shanti Project provides emotional and practical support for people with AIDS and their loved ones.

Volunteers needed now



AIDS ANTIBODY TESTING

Free, Anonymous Test Program Continues in San Francisco

New funding will extend the anonymous AIDS antibody testing program offered by the San Francisco Department of Public Health.

Without revealing your name or identity, you can make an appointment to learn more about the test by telephoning 621-4858, T-Th, 3-9 p.m.; F, 12-5 p.m.; Sat, 8 a.m.-5 p.m. MAKING AN APPOINTMENT DOES NOT COMMIT YOU TO TAKING THE TEST. After hearing a brief presentation at the test site you will have a chance to ask questions. You may then leave or stay to take the test.

The AIDS antibody test detects the presence of antibodies to the AIDS virus by using a simple blood test. **This is not a test for AIDS.** The test does NOT show if you have AIDS or an AIDS Related Condition (ARC), nor can it tell if you will develop AIDS or ARC in the future. **THE TEST DOES SHOW IF YOU HAVE BEEN INFECTED WITH THE VIRUS WHICH CAN CAUSE AIDS.**

Although the test is available at other locations, your anonymity is guaranteed if you take the test at an Alternative Test Site. You will receive your test results at the San Francisco Alternative Test Sites without revealing your identity or losing your privacy. Post-test consulting and referrals are available.

Your decision whether or not to take the test is a difficult one. The San Francisco AIDS Foundation is not recommending that you either take or not take the test. **YOU MUST DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.** We want to provide you with information that will help you make the decision that is right for you.

TDD: 621-5106

Funding for this message provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health

Hardwick from page 5

turn sodomy laws in state courts. With the Supreme Court decision, two avenues for challenging sodomy laws remain: the state legislatures and the state courts. "We are confident that the legal organizations that have been at the forefront of the court challenges to sodomy laws will continue their work," Levi said. "Our goal is to add the political component to this strategy. We intend to work very closely with the legal groups in this effort."

The Privacy Project is proposed at a time when NGLTF has embarked on a financial recovery program that mandates no new projects without funds earmarked to cover them. "As important as this program is, the board and staff of the Task Force are committed to never going into debt again," Levi said. Therefore, hiring of a staff person to coordinate the project will not occur until a funding base is established.

Contributions in support of the NGLTF Privacy Project can be sent to NGLTF at 1517 U Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. Their phone number is (202) 332-6483.

On Guard! from page 8

is no information either way about this possibility. It would seem prudent to be careful about loss of appetite, one of the side effects mentioned above, because of the importance of maintaining good nutrition.

Fortunately, the doses of PC used in the hepatitis studies are consistent with standard doses commonly recommended for commercial lecithin. The largest dose cited above, 3 grams of PC per day, is equivalent to about 14 grams of lecithin granules, which contain about 22 percent PC. Fourteen grams happens to be about equal to two tablespoons of the granules, which many of the commercially available packages have long recommended as the maximum daily amount.

Lecithin is commonly divided into two portions given about 12 hours apart. Those who haven't used lecithin previously want to start with small amounts.

Medical studies have involved administering up to 100 grams of commercial lecithin per day to patients and found that most can tolerate up to about 25 grams without side effects. Much larger amounts of PC can be given if purified preparations are used, but pure PC is expensive and not readily available.

On the low dose end, the average diet already supplies about one to five grams of lecithin per day. Therefore, very small amounts, such as the half-gram or so pills often sold in health food stores, probably have little effect.

The Bottom Line

None of this information proves that lecithin will be useful for treating AIDS or ARC, but it certainly suggests the possibility should be investigated. Researchers have unfortunately virtually ignored this area. Of the nearly four thousand articles on AIDS and over four thousand on PC found by a recent computer search of medical literature over the last eight years, only one concerned both: That was the AL 721 letter cited above.

Until scientists get the political, administrative and financial support to investigate this possible treatment, we will have to do it ourselves.

The best forums for researching lecithin and other treatments may be AIDS/ARC support groups. Individuals can get advice from others before beginning any therapy. Reports of results can be easily disseminated within groups by word of mouth. Scientific studies may be more precise, but group experience can determine if there are any major benefits. This is what we need to know.

We do not recommend specific treatments; these must be individually determined for each person. But we do hope this article stimulates discussion in support groups, as well as the medical and scientific communities.

There are many excellent support groups in the Bay Area. For more information call the People with AIDS/ARC Switchboard, 861-7309, Monday-Friday, 1-4 pm.

For a technical paper with the literature references, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to John S. James, P.O. Box 486, Santa Cruz, CA 95061, or call (408) 479-9296.

Ram Dass Video

"Exploring the Heart of Healing" is a three-hour invitation to look directly at our lives and deaths with clarity and without judgement.

There will be a video presentation and discussion over two evenings on Thursday, July 31, and Friday, August 1, from 7:30 - 10:30 pm (\$6 each night); and again on Saturday, August 23, 6:30 - 10:30 pm (\$10) at Shared Visions, 2512 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley (845-2216).

There will also be a single showing Saturday, August 2, 7:00 - 10:30 pm (\$10) at The Pride Center, 890 Hayes St., SF (Chapel, 3rd floor).

GET YOUR TICKETS NOW!

SCHEDULE OF COMPETITIONS AUGUST 9 - 17, 1986

- BASKETBALL**
Sun/10 8AM - 10PM Mon/11 - Fri/15 8AM - Noon
Tue/12, Thu/14 Fri/15 5PM - 10PM
SF State University
Sat/16 10AM - 3PM
Kezar Pavilion
- BOWLING**
Sun/10 Tue/12, Thu/14 9AM - 11PM
Mon/11 Wed/13 Fri/15 9AM - 9PM
Sat/16 9AM - 9PM
Park Bowl
- CYCLING**
Sun/10 Century - 8AM Sat/16 8AM - 4PM
Lake Merced
- GOLF**
Tue/12 11AM - 4PM Wed/13 9AM - 4PM
Thu/14 11AM - 4PM
Harding Park
- MARATHON**
Sun/17 7:30AM
SF Streets
- PHYSIQUE**
Thu/14 6-8PM Fri/15 8AM - 11PM
Civic Auditorium
- POOL (BILLIARDS)**
Mon/11 9AM - 3PM
Tue/12 - Fri/15 9AM - 11PM
Sat/16 9AM - 6PM
Park Bowl
- POWERLIFTING**
Sun/10 8AM - 7PM
SF State University
- RACQUETBALL**
Mon/11 - Fri/15 8AM - 4PM Sat/16 8AM - 4PM
UC Berkeley
- SOCCER**
Sun/10 - Fri/15 9AM - 5PM Sat/16 9AM - 5PM
W. Sunset Park
- SOFTBALL**
Sun/10 - Fri/15 9AM - 4PM Sat/16 9AM - 4PM
Moscone Field
- SWIMMING & DIVING**
Tue/12 - Fri/15 9AM (T) - 6PM (F)
Laney College, Oakland
- TENNIS**
Mon/11 - Fri/15 9AM - 7PM Sat/16 9AM - 7PM
SF City College & Golden Gate Park
- TRACK & FIELD**
Sun/10 9AM - 6PM Thu/14 Fri/15 8AM - Noon
Sat/16 9AM - 6PM
SF State University
- TRIATHLON**
Tue/12 9AM
Tilden Park, Berkeley
- VOLLEYBALL**
Sun/10 Noon - 9PM Mon/11 - Fri/15 9AM - 11PM
Sat/16 4PM - 10PM
City College & Kezar Pavilion
- WRESTLING (FOR MEN)**
Sun/10 8AM - 10PM
Kezar Pavilion
Times & locations subject to change.
Call 861-8282 for confirmation.

(T) Trials (F) Finals * Championship



OPENING CEREMONIES AUGUST 9
M.C. RITA MAE BROWN
GWEN AVERY • VOCAL MINORITY
BARBARY COAST CLOGGERS
NAPATA MERO • SHARON McNIGHT
CALVIN REMSBERG, STAR OF "CATS"
LESBIAN/GAY BAND OF AMERICA
PROCESSION OF 3800 ATHLETES

CLOSING CEREMONIES AUGUST 17
MARATHON FINISH & AWARDS
SAMANTHA SAMUELS
RUTH HASTINGS
GREATER BAY AREA CHORUSES
WITH JAE ROSS
BOB BAUER TRIO
TEA DANCE

AND STARRING
JENNIFER HOLLIDAY

\$20 FOR ONE CEREMONY
\$30 FOR BOTH

OPENING & CLOSING CEREMONIES AT KEZAR STADIUM
HOST: SCOTT BEACH
GATES OPEN AT 10AM
ENTERTAINMENT AT 11:30AM
CEREMONIES AT 1PM

TICKET HOTLINE 415/861-5686

TICKETS AT HEADLINES AND AT ALL BASS TICKET CENTERS
ALSO AT GAY GAMES OFFICE, 526 CASTRO IN L.A. TICKETMASTER
OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA: 1-800-225-2277
PROCESSION OF THE ARTS Tickets and further information at STBS Box Office, UNION SQUARE
BROCHURE and additional information at GAY GAMES OFFICE, 526 Castro, San Francisco 94114

PROCESSION OF THE ARTS THE CULTURAL EVENTS OF GAY GAMES II

INAUGURAL CONCERT

The SF Lesbian/Gay Chorus premieres six works by the Society of Lesbian/Gay Composers and performs a Benjamin Britten cantata
8/1 & 5 First Unitarian Church

KINDRED SPIRITS & NEW WORKS
Art Exhibit featuring Black Artists
8/1, 2, 6-9, 13-15 Western Addition Cultural Center

READINGS AT WALT'S

Readings of gay literary works
8/3 & 10 Walt Whitman Bookstore

THE POSTER EXHIBIT

Top entries in the Gay Games poster contest and other works by winning artist Sam Allen
8/4-8, 11-15 Atlas Savings & Loan

COMING OUT TONIGHT

The Vocal Minority in an upbeat romp through the music of the 40's and 50's
8/6 & 8 Intersection Theatre

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

The acclaimed AIDS Show
8/7-10, 14-17 Theatre Rhinoceros

CELEBRATING RELATIONSHIPS

Multi-media presentation
8/7 Hatley Martin Gallery

CONFERENCE CALL

Two evenings of modern dance by three guest artists from Boston, New York, and Washington, D.C.
8/7 & 8 Women's Bldg.

THE MAIDS

Genet's classic play of daboia: a role reversal with two gay male maids
8/7-17 Nova Theatre

FLUTE FOR A SUMMER EVENING

Flutist Margaret Cole and pianist Alan Blusdine
8/8 First Unitarian Church

CIRCUS PARADE

An old-fashioned circus parade featuring musicians from all over America: Ring Masters, John & Louise Molinar
8/10 1PM Castro Street betw. 17th & 19th

AN AFTERNOON OF CHAMBER MUSIC

Superb artists: The Wide Winds & chamber pianist Robin Higgs of Australia
8/10 First Unitarian Church

THE ZUNI MAN-WOMAN

A slide program on alternative roles
8/10 Women's Building

COME TO THE CABARET

Acclaimed cabaret artists including Leo-L-Jiles, Sharon McNight, Scott Rankine, Weslia Whitfield and numerous local comedians in SF Nightclubs
8/11 Various San Francisco Nightclubs/Cabarets

WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

Lesbian/Gay Marching Bands of America gather over 400 musicians under the Big Top
8/12 Davies Symphony Hall

IN PRAISE OF LOVE AND SEX

Survey of 300 years of Japanese gay culture done in the shadow theatre style
8/12-17 Victoria Theatre

SUE FINK CONCERT

An evening of outrageous technopop
8/13 Amelia's

OTHER DANCES

A concert of athletic and emotionally compelling modern dances from Boston
8/13 & 14 Footworks Studio

AN EVENING WITH ELEANOR

Pat Ben's performance of the relationship between Eleanor Roosevelt and Lorena Hickok
8/14 Women's Building

GAYS IN WORLD CINEMA

Festival by Frameline producers of the SF International Gay Film Festival
8/14 - 16 Roxie Cinema

VOICES RAISED IN SONG

An afternoon of performance by choruses and choral groups from the Bay Area
8/16 4PM First Congregational Church

DOWN HOME DANCIN'

Square & western dance extravaganza including instruction and exhibitions
8/16 Golden Gate YMCA
All events subject to change

HOST AN ATHLETE!

OVER 3800 ATHLETES ARE COMING TO SAN FRANCISCO, AND THEY NEED HOUSING. IF YOU HAVE AN EXTRA BED, FUTON, COUCH OR CHAISE LOUNGE, PLEASE CALL (415) 861-8282

Astrologer

Robert Cole

July 17-30, 1986

The ancient traditions of the zodiac are rooted in vivid animal images. The word "zodiac" means cycles of animals. The animals mentioned herein comprise the California Zodiac — the first major revision of the militaristic Roman Zodiac in 2500 years. By the year 1999, the animals will be fully reinstated with traditional dignity.

NOTES: There's a brilliant Full Moon in Capricorn on Monday (21). On Tuesday (22) the Sun enters Leo. On Wednesday (23) Mercury retrogrades back into Cancer. Clear skies and strappy nights promote playful romance in the street of SF. Lost love is found again.

Aries, The Sheep (Mar 21-Apr 19):
You cannot afford to just sit around the house and avoid the problems in your neighborhood anymore. This is a perfect time to zero in on your favorite complaint and to actually do something about it. The laws of your community can be changed; it takes someone like you to make the issue important enough for others to consider. Politically, you and your family have great influence, so start using it!

Taurus, The Ox (Apr 20-May 20):
Sluggish lethargy replaces the hyperactive ambition of the past few weeks. Your normally complicated schedule dissolves, leaving you with more time off than you're used to handling. It's perfectly acceptable to be totally unproductive right now. Commit yourself to

minimal responsibilities only. Spend your time lounging around the house and enjoy the summertime delights.

Gemini, The Wolf (May 21-Jun 20):
The Full Moon enlightens your life with an exquisite new idea for making money. Compared to your other schemes, this one has exceptional potential and, best of all, the start-up investment is next to nothing. There's only one draw-back — you must have the full cooperation of your lover. After several previous false starts, you may find his/her trust worn thin by exaggerations. So skip the hype, and get right down to business.

Cancer, The Crab (Jun 21-Jul 22):
The tension of the Full Moon could give you a million reasons for declaring war on your perceived enemies. But, in truth, there's no better time to beat your swords into plowshares. Unilaterally disarm yourself. The effect will stun your opposition and totally deflate the conflict. You'll be amazed to see your worst enemies turn into your best friends. P.S. This is your last chance to get a personalized birthday forecast. Send your birth date/time/place and \$5 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188. Happy Birthday!!!

Leo, The Snake (Jul 23-Aug 22):
As you wait with anxious anticipation for a sign that your life is going in the right direction, remember that wishes require a lot of work. You will definitely receive positive

confirmation from the higher-ups by the end of period; in the interim it would be wise to train yourself to adhere to rigid schedules and high-efficiency standards. You're life is headed in the right direction, and it's uphill all the way!

Virgo, The Pig (Aug 23-Sep 22):
There's no more time for wishing and noping. From here on out you must stick to the basic plan. The specific set of goals which you've formulated in the last month must be ingrained upon your brain because the rest of the year depends on your commitment to this vision. Whenever you seek motivation in the next twelve months, return to these dreams again and again for meaning. P.S. Chic new clothes appear in your future. Style it!!

Libra, The Leopard (Sep 23-Oct 22):
Your social scene is so energized with popular figures and worthwhile projects that your housemates might feel like wallflowers by comparison. You've already been advised to take your "family" with you into the limelight of success. . . no matter how weird they might act in public. So continue to show great pride in your housemates by inviting them to share even the most exclusive invitations with you. The others won't mind.

Scorpio, The Scorpion (Oct 23-Nov 21):
No one would ever believe the intrigue which has come along with such modest success this summer. As if by a miracle, your cash continues to flow enough to satisfy the craziness of personal relationships. Deeper and deeper you fall into the tunnel of love, knowing full well you can only afford to go so far; on the other hand, a who-cares attitude suggests that money's nothing compared to true love. Save your money, honey; look for love that's free!

Sagittarius, The Horse (Nov 22-Dec 21):
Gather several mystical friends together and do rituals in the light of

the Full Moon. You will be empowered with a special magic, and you will be asked to lead the group for the next two weeks. The fervor of your crusade is contagious, and soon the whole neighborhood will be joining your parade. But public success means nothing compared to the spiritual power. Suddenly you realize what leadership is!

Capricorn, The Whale (Dec 22-Jan 19):
The Full Moon on the 21st will occur in your sign. Your naturally fearless stance will be particularly obvious at this time; you may even appear as a threat to a lover who's going through a generally rough period in his/her life. Try to come down from your ivory tower and gently lend a hand to this person who has been a great admirer of yours for so many years. Give thanks for this chance to assist a fallen follower.

Aquarius, The Eagle (Jan 20-Feb 18):
SURF'S UP! And the race is on to catch the waves of romance which loom on the horizon. Driven by natural instinct, you leave behind the warm beach of security and rush madly into the cold thrashing waters of sex for thrills. Don't be surprised if land-lubbers stand aghast at the sight of your mania; it's just that your dash at challenges no one else even finds amusing. In the end, your modest friends will watch and wait until you safely return. They've been through all this before.

Pisces, The Shark (Feb 19-Mar 20):
Get ready to deal with the ramifications of your splurging earlier this summer. Remember you made that promise to repent and discipline yourself when the party was over? Well, the party's definitely come to an obvious conclusion, and it's time for you to tighten your belt. Turn away playmates, turn off the stereo, and turn out the lights early. If you pay attention to work and organization now, you'll find the time and money for more lover-dovey later on. Much later on.

At Ease



FICTION:

Slave of Babylon

by

Patrick D. Hoctel



The writer John Gardner used to say that there were really only two good plots: the story in which a stranger comes riding into town and the story in which a hero sets out on the road for adventure. But there's also a third: the one where someone from your past, who is at once both familiar and a stranger, suddenly reappears.

I was at a point in my life where everything seemed to be going well, but nothing satisfied me. I was making lots of money at my Silicon Valley job, doing work I didn't understand or care about. I was involved in three relationships: one, quite literally, petering out after seven months; another stalled in preliminaries — rounds of talks before we ever got to the bargaining table; and a third passionate, secretive one with a Dutchman who was the lover of one of my housemates.

Each Thursday night from the bedroom next to mine, I got to hear the rhythmic slapping sounds that Albolene makes when not used on the face.

I'd gone up to 24th St. in Noe Valley to cruise the men known in the Personals as "straight-looking gays"; somehow, I always felt more wholesome doing it there. The day was overcast, though, and people had that leaden gray look about them that they get in San Francisco. I was afraid to check out my own reflection in the storefront windows, so I ducked into Star Magic for a little distraction.

I don't remember when I first saw him, but I think I noticed him right off. Knowing me, I probably convinced myself that it wasn't actually him and then looked again a moment later to make sure. He was looking at kaleidoscopes, his head tilted up to reveal his smooth white neck, still flawless like a girl's, but considerably thickened since I'd seen him seven or eight years ago. In fact, his whole body seemed changed; it still possessed its grace, but was broader, larger, just more flesh.

I waited for him to catch me in the kaleidoscope, but he didn't. That would have been too perfect. He turned to pick up another one, and I went over to him. "Drew," I said. A woman behind the counter was watching me now, praying — I'm sure — not another crackpot. For a moment I thought I'd made a mistake, but the mole on his right temple made me repeat myself. "Andrew."

When he straightened up, his 6'5" frame loomed over me for a second by a good four inches, then he seemed to shrink to my level, shoulders coming forward. "Peter," he said, "Oh, God. I was just telling someone a story about you this morning. When we were in Church Camp playing strip poker." He hugged me tight and we stood like that in the store for a long moment, and I felt all around me how his body was different, how much stronger he was, and I thought about playing strip poker in an abandoned wooden cabin at Church Camp in Slidell, Louisiana, when I was ten with a boy who was skinnier than I was.

We talked on the street about the usual things, like we had to get through them to get back to the spot where we'd been so many years before. Where we lived. How long we'd been in San Francisco. Jobs. His mother was fine. Mine had died, which he knew. And he had heard about our friend who'd been killed four years ago in a robbery in New Orleans. We kept our arms around each other as we neared Castro where he had to catch a bus to take him to an appointment he was already late for. I guess our talk was perfunctory, but I could sense people looking at us, stopping to take us in, as we loped along, two tall men on a gray day, and I felt the thrill you feel when you know you look a certain way — a friend of mine and I dubbed it "The Glow" — and others recognize it.

"I miss your Mom," he said.
"You miss my Mom." He caught the tone of my voice — Mom had never liked him much, and he smiled into the plateglass on his left.

"I know she never approved of me," he said. "I remember her telling Reverend Chapin that I wasn't 'properly supervised' — God, did that piss my Mom off. But I always felt wild, like she said I was, when I was sitting next to you in church during those long sermons and her eyes were on our necks the whole time, I could touch your leg, and she couldn't see. When I went home for Christmas, she wasn't there in her usual pew, just your Dad, and it made me feel old."

Not many people had liked my mother, and it was nice to find out that someone she'd tried to keep me away from had actually come to sort of like her, even in a strange way. I laughed to myself because I knew she wouldn't have liked what he'd just said. I wanted to say — "Oh, she was really fond of you" — to tell a lie in her memory, but she'd been too herself to ever make up lies about her.

"I can't believe you're here," I said. "You were in Austin last I heard." The 24 Divisadero was a couple blocks away. He could get on the bus and just go. People do that. "I want to see you."

I watched him as the bus approached, mulling it over. And the old feeling washed over me while I watched him, the charge that made everything else in my life seem out of focus, unreal. I could see how it had been — when he'd had so many things to tell me but couldn't sort out any one specific thing because all the thoughts were crowding his head at the same time. I could read them all, though; they ran like waves from temple-to-temple, down and across his eyes. "Let's go away," I said. "Sometime."

"Out of the city," Drew said. "I know a beach on the north side of Point Reyes."

We did a quick exchange of phone numbers, acting like it was a silly thing for us to be doing, like, of course, we knew this information already; we were just observing a formality. He got on, and I kept repeating the seven numbers to myself as the bus struggled up the hill.

What thoughts led me to *Hercules Against the Moon Men* and the Joy's Kenner Movie Theatre I don't quite remember. But I think it was a card in the shop I went into after Drew's bus left: a hunky, naked young man trapped on the ground in a net, while a slightly older and even hunkier gladiator with a beard and an iron mask covering the top half of his face (except for the eye slits) stands above him — one foot on his quarry's hip, his finger pointing at the viewer, the caption on the inside reading: "I've bagged something for your birthday!"

Sixteen years before that card shop, I'd sat side-by-side with Drew in the darkness of that cool theatre, the Joy's Kenner, and had my first boner. The first one I recall, anyway. We were there on a Saturday afternoon, dumped off like most of the other kids by parents eager to escape their children in the maddening humidity of July in New Orleans.

Scattered boos that became a chorus started when not Steve Reeves, but some flabby imposter in a terrycloth toga, appeared on the screen to fight the invaders from the Moon. But it was during the second feature that it happened — our tanned, hairless legs lightly rubbing together, his shoulder resting against mine, his own smell — like a forest in Sweden, or so I imagined, his calm breathing in the dark. I initially suspected that I had to pee, then I realized that this was nicer than peeing. Then I got alarmed.

It didn't go away; it got worse or better; I wasn't sure which yet. That sensation lasted about another ten or fifteen minutes through *Slave of Babylon*, some wild nonsense about the defeat of Nebuchadnezzar, but I can't remember by what or whom, lots of cross-cutting to characters you'd never seen before, and a scene where the Hanging Gardens fall. After that, it went away. I decided I

wanted it to come back, but it didn't, especially not during the third feature, *The Glass Bottom Boat*, with Doris Day and Rod Taylor. This was my favorite film of the three, even though I had to pretend to dislike it, but it didn't promote hardons.

My earliest fantasies were pastiches of various movies I'd seen or imagined. My mind was a cesspool of stills that I'd either saved or created like a file of magazine clippings I could draw on when bored. The vampire's victim — all those midnight black cloaks with scarlet linings encircling me. Also, I'd invent lavish scenarios peopled with Stephen Boyd and Charlton Heston lookalikes. Usually, I was a haughty adolescent of noble blood, skin a few shades darker than my normal color, whose people had been conquered. I was being led in chains (I also have a vision of myself strapped to a shield) before the Conqueror. Naturally, I managed to attract the Conqueror's attention — either by spitting on him or yelling something like, "Filthy Christian scum!" Amused by his in his infuriatingly superior way, he would step down from his throne (which had once been my father's) to spare my life or keep me from being beaten for my latest impertinence. There was always a shot of him being horrified by the welts on my naked flesh. I was naked or nearly so most of the time, but ashamed of my scars (which, however, seemed to disappear in close-up) — my head averted when the Conqueror ripped open my native garb to expose my wounds.

I had to be tamed to be worthy of him. I was a heathen (non-Christian), even if I was from the "advanced" (meaning decadent) society. Usually, this required my being humiliated — like Maurice O'Hara in all those John Wayne movies — a public spanking or being pushed into a mud pit. Finally, the Conqueror and I would be united in our secret love (he would try to hold himself back, so would I, but we couldn't resist our fate — the passion — the spectacle) that only we understood. A woman, a Debra Paget or Pier Angeli type, might be in the picture, but only for the sake of continuing the dynasty the Conqueror and I had founded. I would tolerate her, becoming more truly noble as I got older; we might even be friends.

That fantasy always ended with the tables turning and my big sacrifice scene, where I saved the Conqueror and his throne, but like Medea, had to betray my own people in the process. Whatever happened, mutinous soldiers or disgruntled peasants, it always almost cost me my life. After I was brought in front of him, on a bier this time, bleeding, clothes shredded, he would realize the sanctity of my love for him, dismiss all the attendants, and nurse my delirious person back to health — a zoom-in on him holding me up to drink some red medicine, which runs down my right cheek, out of a jewel-encrusted goblet. Because I was so sick and defenseless, my guard down, I'd mumble incoherently about how I'd always loved him, not to leave me ever, etc. And, of course, I never died.

Drew was explaining, "I go by Andy now. That's why I didn't hear you in the store. I haven't answered to Drew in a long time." We were heading up 101 in his Toyota truck, my knees propped against the dash. He'd called me the day after we'd run into each other, and I'd taken it as a good sign — that he'd called first.

"You don't seem like an Andy," I said. For some reason, it irritated me. He had a new name. "It doesn't suit you." So many people I'd known had come out to California and changed their names — the latest was Bob, a friend of mine from undergraduate days, who'd moved to Santa Cruz to weave and now called himself Bright Water.

"Well, you're Peter," he said, "not Pete or Petey anymore." He stressed Peter more than I thought necessary — a name he



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knew I hated. I fiddled with the tapes in the box on my lap. Andy, I told myself, was nowhere near Bright Water at any rate.

"It's for my singing," he went on, the slight edge gone from his voice. "People don't go for a name like Drew or Andrew Gremillion. No catch. But Andy Gremillion sounds sort of funky and Cajun and black. Even though my music is nothing like that."

I tried to imagine him on stage, what he'd be like. He used to stutter; there was so much there, and he'd push it all out at the same time, all in a jumble. "I can't picture it," I said.

"I know how to talk now," he said, the edge threatening to creep back. "We're not in the fifth grade, and singing's not like giving a book report or reading aloud." He pushed a tape into the cassette deck, and after a moment, I heard a voice amidst applause that I recognized as his, but more polished, more sure of itself. He sounded like Rick Nelson, a pretty voice, but stronger and sadder, and he sang like a storyteller rather than an entertainer. He took it off after the first song, Isaac Hayes's "Your Good Thing."

He was staring out the windshield, waiting for me to say something. I could tell he wasn't going to ask. "It's a surprise is all," I said finally. "I never imagined you as a singer."

"I used to sing in the choir," he said.

"All I remember about the choir is fooling around in the choir loft during church suppers and writing things in the hymnbooks." "It was after you left the church. I was maybe eighteen. My voice had changed, and they needed a man with all those women."

Our conversation was a boomerang, coming in and out of the past and present — ricocheting between the two, we were trying to arrive at the same point, all caught up in the here and now. We'd been arguing in an odd, controlled way about his name change and singing, as if we were trying to convince the other of what was really true. "That's a dramatic way of putting it," I said, "leaving the Church — especially for Presbyterians. I stopped going."

"You weren't there much after that," he said, "and then there was college. The only news I ever got of you was through my Mom filtered through your Mom. It was like breaking a code to get information."

We didn't talk for a while, and I found myself repeating the names of exits we passed, mumbling them low out the window. He'd glance at me now and then; I'd feel it, but I didn't acknowledge it. In my head, I saw us swiveling our necks back and forth as the other looked away — in perfect timing — never quite catching each other's eyes. "Put the tape back in," I said because I did want to hear it. "I like your voice."

He didn't say a word, but during the chorus of Jackson Browne's "Sleep's Dark and Silent Gate," as Drew was fading out with "I found my love today / Don't know where I'm goin' / Don't know where I've been," he slid his hand over the seat and just put it over the top of mine. The delight I'd always had in his company came back full force. It was the calmness, the surety with which he moved, and the fact that he didn't talk much; he didn't need to be articulate. The rush I felt with his palm resting on my knuckles was so rare for me, and I knew that was why I'd told none of my friends or my housemates where I was going, who I was with. Explaining would take something away, and I wanted it all for myself, not to let anyone else in, not to risk it.

The north side of Point Reyes was white with heat at eleven in the morning, burning the bottoms of our feet as we sprinted across the sand to the cooler dunes above the beach. We moved like maddened gazelles, our long, skinny legs jerking with each leap, the backpacks and blankets threatening to spill out onto the sand. The beach was deserted, even by the gulls, a perfect unbroken quality about it. Sitting with Drew on his old Army blanket, rubbing my lobster red toes, I watched the water from above, sure that I'd slipped out of time to have this day apart from the rest of my life, glad that I'd kept it a secret.

We didn't eat anything, and we didn't talk. Only about how the cheese had melted. We took our clothes off, coated each other with sun shield, and then sat hip-to-hip on the blanket. I wanted to say something but didn't want to say anything. Not the wrong thing. I just wanted it to go on. I was taking mental snapshots of the beach, Drew, his back, the scar on his shoulder where a horse had bitten him, storing them up, if not cataloging them yet. This won't happen to you again, I thought.

"Remember the last time we were like this," Drew said, "naked and side-by-side." It wasn't a question; it was his way of testing me, seeing how sharp my memory was. That last time we'd been in a cabin — the same one we'd played strip poker in, but then we could only stare and wonder at our still hairless, impersonal bodies. This had been when we were older, around fifteen, my fondest and strongest erotic snapshot, a layout, really.

We'd been swimming, during a Fourth of July church picnic, and gone back to the men's cabin to change. He stayed white in the summer, but not pale, very smooth like he'd be cool to the touch, thin like me. There were freckles at the small of his back, and he now had some hair under his arms — and above his cock, a patch of fine hair, which was dark and emphasized the flatness of his stomach. Sitting on one of the bunks after drying off, we were rubbing our heads with towels, delaying getting dressed but not knowing how to go further than being naked on the bunk together while hoping someone wouldn't walk in on us.

We were both afraid of being "the queer one," the one who made the first move. Drew said he'd heard blowjobs felt pretty good. I said I bet that was true. Then he said he wanted to try it to see how "it" would taste. That seemed okay to both of us — an experiment. Keeping my dick from getting stiff while we were talking was difficult. Drew leaned over, smelling so clean, like a forest in Sweden, his black hair fluffy from the water and the sun, the white of his scalp on the side where he parted his hair; he took the tip of my cock into his mouth but only for a second and then pulled back immediately. I made myself to my everlasting regret/delight do the same. His crotch smelled faintly of chlorine, a trace. The tip of his pink, unlined cock, a Michelangelo cock, glided under my tongue, and I rolled it around for a second and then had to let it go.

The sun coming over the dunes lit Drew from behind, an aura coming off his shoulders and the back of his head. Another snap for my collection. And after all those years, no need for restraint. I could explore him and suck his cock and not let go unless I wanted to.

Drew ran his hand up and around my back and over my chest, stopping to gently tweak the nipple closest to him. "Still here?" he said.

I couldn't tell him that I thought Reverend Chapin was going to appear at the top of the dunes as we reached climax, or that I was sure my mother was watching from some vantage point with binoculars, waiting for something incriminating.

"This is my favorite place," he said. "I discovered it." At that moment, I felt I had to say whatever would take me from where I'd left off with him to where we were now on this beach, his favorite place. The thing that would make being with him immediate, rather than something remembered, like it had already happened even before it occurred. "Did I ever say to you that you were like a forest in Sweden?"

"Sweden has forests?" he said. "I don't think so." When he reached for me, I'd turned away, searching for that elusive remark. We came together as if we hadn't moved, just folded into each other. Then he was over me, blocking the light, no more pictures.

"It's the elements," a voice tells me, "the drama. Don't fool yourself. The sun and the sand. The crashing of the surf." But I'm dazzled, and it fades to a hum. My sunglasses have gone somewhere and Drew's saying, "I knew this would happen. Five minutes after I saw you in the store." His cock — I've always liked it, seems bigger with a curving head that's forever posing a question while erect. Maybe I'd only imagined the Michelangelo cock. Or maybe, a cock, like a face, can change over a period of years, fill itself out, so as to be almost unrecognizable.

I try reality: I tell myself that I'm going back to work tomorrow, that it's one day in my life, a few hours, and Drew will go back to where he lives. I don't know his address. His cock stays in my mouth. I roll it around, take it out and look at it, connected to it by a line of saliva, a rope from ship-to-shore. Kiss the slit.

"That's more like a blowjob," I tell him, and we take a breather and eat some grapes. Then — I lose track of the grapes — but we're on the blanket and he wants to fuck me. I don't consider how it's been two years, how it will hurt; safe sex seems like something some strange urban race practiced in another time, but I notice the lube and the lamb's intestine rubber lying by my side. He's managed to remove them from his backpack and get them onto the blanket without my observing.

When he's probing me gently, first applying the lube, then one finger, then two, I go away from him and back to my B-movie haven. A huge, circular shield in the sand, me on it, purple tunic or toga elegantly torn aside, and a shadowy figure blocked by the sun above me and a sword stuck in the ground to my left. But Drew's not letting me wander, the heat off his scorched back, the angle of his chin thrust to the right, and he's there inside me. I want to remember this, but my mind's no longer a camera. We're off the blanket, and the sand's finding its way into my scalp, burning my shoulders. His hands come up under me and lift me to him. The sun again in my eyes, figures playing behind my retinas, I turn my face into his neck, making noises I'm not even aware of and I don't know for how long. He's looking at me crying, but we're both finished, my cum a neat load in his bellybutton, although it doesn't quite contain it. We watch it slide down into his pubic hair, thicker

We came together as if we hadn't moved, just folded into each other. Then he was over me, blocking the light, no more pictures.

and coarser after fifteen years, and some of it drips back onto me, which strikes us as funny. We both are OK then, and I tell him it's really all right. I'm fine.

Drew said, "I know this place where we can get out of the sun."

I'd forgotten he'd been here before; we hadn't just tumbled onto this spot from the sky. We grabbed the blanket and truded up to a lean-to built into the back of a mound of sand. Someone had taken a bunch of beach debris, boards, wire, plastic jugs, and nailed them all together. There was a roof, though, and you could open your eyes and not squint.

Drew dropped off right away, his giant frame facing me, somehow curled into mine. I could study him all I wanted while I pretended to nap. It amazed me that he could simply lie down and sleep in this weird hut. It was a gift to be able to do that. To be that fearless or unconscious. A certain unthinking quality or straightforwardness he possessed like when we were in kindergarten and he had to pee, he would simply pull his "weiner," as we called it then,

out on the playground and urinate in a steady stream, oblivious to whatever else was going on. And I'd stand there in my freshly-ironed shorts with the white handkerchief, also ironed, in the pocket and watch in dumb wonder. Me who waited every day until I got home to go to the bathroom.

I touched his beard. I knew in the picture I had in my head of him he didn't have a beard. He did have one now; I could make an adjustment. The moustache made his mouth larger, pulling out the corners, and the beard covered his chin, which sort of faded into his neck without too much definition, his only weak feature. His eyes had always been small, but I'd liked them, blue slits that could flash and dance at times, get darker and almost disappear when he was mad. They were closed now, anyway.

Drew stirred, opened his eyes and mouth — I closed mine so he couldn't see I was awake — then rolled over, nudging me a little out of the hut. The sun was beating the hell out of my legs, but there was no room for them inside, so I let them burn. His head was in the crook of my arm and it wasn't worth disturbing him; he'd be awake soon enough. I caught myself once dozing or just drifting off; it kind of scared me, the thought I might miss something.

The water was so cold. I don't know why I expected the ocean to be warm. Drew went right in and came right back out again, yelling, trying to pull me in with him, scooping his bellybutton out with his index finger. I watched him jett off down the beach, heels slapping the foam from the surf, his butt, which was high and round, going right then left again. As he got further away, he started to blend into the fog that had rolled into the far end of Point Reyes and was creeping up to the dunes. It was too cold to be naked anymore. Now Drew was running back in my direction, a dog somewhere behind him. I heard it barking before I saw it, a collie, pursued by a woman in a green windbreaker, calling it back. Drew pulled up short beside me, no longer wet. He jogged in place, bumping me with his shoulder, a light wind raising goosebumps on the backs of our arms and legs.

"Over there," he said. I followed his eyes down to the edge of the waves where something was gleaming silver; you could see the glow even when the water covered it momentarily. "A rock," I said, but Drew had already sprinted down to where it was and was digging it up.

He put it into my hand, muddy sand and all. The top of it still hot to the touch, the bottom icy like the water it sat in. Specks of

quartz were what caused it to shine so intensely. "It'll probably be dull when it dries," Drew said. "Some shade of white. Beach rocks will fool you. It may just be a lump." But I kept it tight in my hand and carried it with me as we walked across the now cool sand to where our gear was.

On the way to the truck, we walked with our arms around each other, his hand resting on my shoulder and my hand in the middle of his back. When we turned the last bend and the truck was in sight, we almost knocked down a family of four, two teenage girls and a mother and father, going the opposite way towards the beach. All eight eyes went to our joined together bodies in such a way that I wanted to say, "We're Siamese," but the mother and father mumbled hellos as they stared down at the water cooler between them. The girls were more openly curious, and I couldn't resist looking back at them after we'd passed, and sure enough, they'd stopped to look, smirking, the older one with her hand over her mouth.

"Pillar of salt," Drew said and gave me a tug that pulled me around.

"I hate it," I said. "Fucking teenagers and their too-polite parents. I hate when it's a surprise like that, and I feel like a freak. I hate it when I can't prepare myself."

"Your legs are on fire," he said. They were already starting to burn; I could feel the tingling and the tightening in my ankles and calves.

"Maybe they were looking at them gams." He jostled me with his arm, which was now under my left armpit, jollying me up. "Besides," he said, "they were baby dykes. Especially the short one with the toothpick stuck in her mouth. They were studying us for pointers."

He was making an effort to continue the mood; small talk was foreign to him, but we were back at the highway, the fog preceding us. All my body wanted was for me to get in, put on my jacket, and close my eyes. But I was afraid to, afraid it would all pass in a moment, as soon as my brain became nothing but white space. So even though I was tired, which I get when I haven't eaten enough and I've gotten too much sun, that lightheadedness making me prickly as well, I decided to talk. "I like some surprises," I said, "bumping into people in stores in Noe Valley. Rubbers appearing by my side out of nowhere. Reverend Chapin in his blue seersucker suit, spying on us."

Drew massaged the back of my neck. "The rays have pierced your cranium," he said. "You'd better lie down." "Are you going to force my head into your lap?" I asked. "If you want."

"I'll do it myself then," I said. While the truck was warming up, Drew rubbed my sun-dazed

I felt the thrill you feel when you know you're a certain way a friend of mine and I dubbed it "The Glow" — and others recognize it.



head. I'd stuck my feet out the passenger window to make myself comfortable. "You're smiling again," he said, "to yourself. At least, when your eyes are open. I can guess at what you're thinking."

"I'm hoping you'll turn left," I said, "towards Oregon." "We don't live in Oregon," he answered.

I slept most of the way back, drifting in and out of Drew's voice on the tape, thinking he was too serious for an Everly Brothers' song, but I can't recall which one. I knew we were on the Golden Gate when slats of fading light kept hitting my face like a strobe, but I didn't raise my head. "Wild, Wild Horses" was playing when we reached the other side, and I sat up so Drew could pay the toll.

Then nothing happened. Not for a week. I'd needed a breather, or so I'd convinced myself, but not one quite that long, so I decided to call Drew. After all, he'd called me last time. I spent three hours reasoning it all out with myself before I dialed his number. This was a good move. His recorder clicked on after three rings, and then there was Drew, the real Drew, telling me to wait while he turned it off. Then another person picked up.

"I've got it," Drew said. "I've got it." There was a pause, and he didn't say anything. I'd forgotten how the phone made him freeze. Often when he'd call you, you'd have to figure out why he called because he wouldn't say much, just stay on the line.

There was an odd adrenaline rush behind his words, odd for him, like he was running everything together to cover any possible silence.

"If this is a bad time, I can call back," I offered. I surprised myself at how willing I was to get off the phone. "I called to see how you were doing."

"I'm real busy," he said, suddenly talkative. "I'm going up with some friends to Guerneville this weekend. Monday, I'm doing some studio work as a backup. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I have an engagement in Santa Cruz, and Friday, I'm helping a friend move."

He'd gone through all that in a few seconds, sounding strange, breathless. "Pretty busy," I said. "How about next weekend then? New Year's Eve? Valentine's Day?" I spit out the questions, rapid-fire. Again, I felt the freeze creeping through the receiver. I considered outwitting him, but I didn't have the patience, maybe because I always knew what I wanted to say next and he never did. "A joke," I said. "I was teasing. So what've you been up to?"

Drew proceeded to tell me about what he was cooking — fish, but he couldn't find any dill to sprinkle on it, and about the stove's thermostat, which was broken. I could hear pots and pans in the background. I imagined he was rattling them for my benefit, not really cooking at all. Paranoia, I thought. But somehow, this wasn't the conversation I'd hoped for. Not that I'd wanted an in-depth analysis of his emotional state, but I hadn't expected to talk about nouvelle cuisine, either. I started to suspect that this was another case in my life where I wasn't quite grasping the gist of the situation, but the notion of what was going on was coming to me. "Your machine is kind of screwed up," I said. "Comes on too quick. You need a new tape."

"The machine's not the problem," Drew said, warming to the subject. He seemed glad to drop fish seasoning as a topic. "But I get these calls. It drives me crazy. People don't leave their names. I can never figure out who they are or why they're calling." He went on about mysterious people he couldn't remember.

There was an odd adrenalin rush behind his words, odd for him, like he was running everything together to cover any possible silence. "Sort of like this call," I said. The troublemaker in me was being provoked.

"That's not what I meant," he said. His voice changed; he was almost apologetic. "I am busy. Singing takes a lot of my time. My life's complicated right now."

"Do you know anyone who leads an easy life?" I asked. "Or says he does?" I stopped myself from launching into my own activities, realizing how hurt I'd appear, like a kid striking back, how absurdly vulnerable I'd be. Already I could feel my voice rising, getting away from me. "I don't." I waited for him to answer or start up on the fish, but he didn't. I wished I could hang up and call back, but now I felt a momentum pulling me somewhere I wasn't sure I wanted to go. "You can tell me anything as long as you tell me," I said.

Not even his breathing came over the line, nothing but the noise of a pot being picked up and moved. I made a conciliatory offer. "Maybe I'll drive down to Santa Cruz Wednesday evening. It's not that far from work."

"It's a long drive back, though," Drew said. "Plus, you don't like my kind of music all that much, and the people there are real Santa Cruz types — you know, into crystals and ritual healing." No matter what our conversation was about, it kept coming to the same dead end. I decided to risk it. "I called you," I went on, "to tell you how special last week was. Point Reyes. It was a perfect day for me. I haven't had that in a while."

On the other end of the line, Drew sounded sort of like a refrigerator does when you plug it in. He was making himself reply, summoning up the power to force a few words in my direction. "It was nice to get out of the city," he said. "I never get a day away like that."

"That's not what I meant," I said. I had this impulse to shout an obscenity into his ear, but nothing seemed vile or appropriate enough. Silence from his end. I was determined he'd speak first, but the plug had been pulled. "I can't talk anymore," I managed finally. "You've got my number. Call me if you want." I hung up.

My resolve was not to call back, no matter what, and I kept it for two weeks. It wasn't that hard in the beginning, because I was convinced he'd call. I canceled all my dates and evening appointments those first few days; I was so sure. He wasn't there, when I finally gave in, intending to hang up if he answered, but the phone machine with his voice informed me that Andy and Jim were in Seattle for the Songfest. If I left my name and number and a short message, they'd love to return my call. A few short messages came to mind, but by the time I'd formulated a real succinct one, the machine had clicked off and I was left with a dial tone. Jim was the other person who'd answered when I'd called before, the one Drew was cooking the fish for. I hoped he'd never found the dill. Standing with the receiver in my hand, staring into space, I was as devastated as any sixteen year old, except I was twenty-nine and seeing three other men. Two of them, though, were filler, terrible as that sounded, and the third loved me and my housemate and half of northern California. I saw myself on a plane to Seattle, but what would I do? Storm on stage during one of his performances? Which him off to Aruba — as if I could? No answer came.

A year or so later, two weeks after my thirtieth birthday, three months after moving in with the Dutchman — my housemate had caught on and suggested we find a place of our own — I was sitting at the kitchen table with Einer, absent-mindedly thumbing through the local gay rag while dishing one of the regular callboys whose weekly ad made him look like one of the migrant workers in *Harvest of Shame*. We hooted over the ad's announcement that he was also doing real estate referrals now as well.

Drew's face came up from the page, a smudged photograph taken at close range, but his face. I looked up at Einer who was brushing one of our cats in his lap, the hairs rising in the noon sun and settling over the tablecloth. For a second or so, I thought of I made myself think that it would be fun to surprise Drew, show up in the audience where he was playing and wait for him to find me, our eyes to catch. But this wasn't an ad.

I was positive that if I got outside quickly enough and picked some parsley for the salad, it wouldn't be there when I got back. I just had to do everything very carefully: walk the long way around to the top of the garden where the parsley was and pick it with my left hand, not my right. That's where Einer found me, up against the back fence, kneeling, white and stunned. Our two cats watching me from either side of a lawn chair. I'd fallen somewhere along the path, mud on my face, and I'd lost a shoe. I could hear him saying, "What is it? What is it? I can't help you if you don't tell me what it is." I couldn't explain to him; he'd never even heard Drew's name.

Einer brought me back to the kitchen, walking slightly in front of me because I wouldn't let him touch me, guiding me and saying, "All right now. You'll feel better if you sit. Watch the cats." The paper was still open to where I'd left it, and I looked to prove myself wrong; the face was someone else's — such a bad picture. I'd misunderstood the name. I was aware I was hysterical; my body was shaking, and I was holding my breath until my ribs ate at my lungs because I knew if I let that breath out, I'd lose it completely, become a blank. Einer was getting me water, and when he bent over the sink, I glanced down and the whole thing stuck to me; I couldn't turn away quickly enough.

Andrew M. Gremillion, 29, died on Monday, July 8th, in Ward 5B at San Francisco General Hospital, surrounded by his friends and his partner-in-life, James Duncan. Andy had only been ill for a short time, but in that time he continued to perform as well as help organize fundraisers for People With AIDS. Andy loved music. He would say his guitar was his best instrument, but his friends would say it was his voice and how he used it to bring joy to others.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gremillion of New Orleans; his sister, Diane, and his brother, Terence, as well as his large and extended family of friends from the Bay Area who loved him and will miss his unique personality.

Memorial Services were held at the Neptune Society Columbarium on July 12th. Donations in his memory may be made to the Shanti Project.

I knew what I had to do. I asked Einer, who'd been standing behind me, stroking the back of my head, waiting for an explanation, for another glass of water. I slipped past his turned back and up the stairs. In my room, I found the rock from Point Reyes that Drew had given me. I guided it up my arms and inside my shirt over my chest, chalky white streaks where it passed. I held it over my left eye and then to my lips. I breathed into it, rubbing it into my face and neck, feeling its heat, bringing it back to life as Einer came up the stairs.

Patrick Hoctel is a fiction writer, living in Dogpatch (San Francisco by the Bay) with his lover Ed, and two felines. He moved to San Francisco in 1982 after graduating from the University of Arizona in Tucson with an MFA in Creative Writing. His most recent publication, "Bad Pictures," appeared in *Mirage* and was chosen for the anthology *Men on Men* (New American Library) due out in October of 1986.



Film

Ken Coupland

Tackling an Unfamiliar Taboo

In a sluggish season that has seen more than its share of duds, the demise of **Under the Cherry Moon**, directed — no less — by pop phenom Prince, has gone virtually undetected.

Prince's opulent first opus (unless you count the exorbitantly successful *Purple Rain* as his own) lingered for a week or two before entering into second run limbo. The neglect, while understandable, isn't entirely deserved.

Whether Warner Brothers decided it had another loser on its hands, or because the film's notoriously egotistical director wouldn't hear of it, *Cherry Moon* rarely screened for the press. That move restricted attendance to the legions of Prince fans, who must have gotten word pretty quick that the rock avatar's elaborate bid for auteur status wasn't their kind of movie: Prince's music is a relatively minor element in the story, and, worse, *Cherry Moon* lensed in black-and-white.

Sumptuously photographed by Fassbinder veteran Michael Ballhaus (whose Stateside credits include *After Hours* and last year's remarkable television version of *Death of a Salesman*), *Cherry Moon* looks fabulous. For a cameraman as astute as Ballhaus, filming in black-and-white must have been a dream — but from a box office point of view it's a distributor's nightmare.

Prince plays a cocktail piano player who works the rich matrons on the Cote D'Azur; his drummer, Jerome Benton, is the sidekick. The chemistry's there; in fact, the pair camp around their flat with an abandon that would embarrass a drag queen. In one engaging scene, a nude, heavily-muscled Benton tosses rose petals into the tub while Prince, sloshing around languidly, takes a phone call. Asked what he's thinking about, Prince replies with a half-question: "The?" For last year's rock 'n roll sex symbol, this guy seems to have very few hangups about his masculinity.

Prince takes his preening, narcissistic stage persona — an act that turned off most prospective viewers I talked to — and transforms it into a classic vamp. Wardrobe madam Marie France concocted some outrageously revealing costumes for rock's splashiest male coquette. It makes you wonder: Is he trying to tell us something?

Notable for some exemplary casting, including an impressive debut by Kristin Scott-Thomas (who looks awfully familiar) as Prince's love interest, *Cherry Moon* nonetheless suffers from its creator's inexperience. Prince can't pace the action, flirts with the implausible in the plot, and never — he's so vain — really connects with Scott-Thomas who, skilled though she is, acts as if she's playing some other character — maybe Lady Macbeth? And the novice director needed somebody to yell "Cut!" to his shameless eyelash-batting and faked reactions.

Stingy with musical performances by the star (but replete with references to Miles Davis and Sam Cooke, and some sizzling instrumental passages) and too muddled and lightweight for "mature" audiences, *Cherry Moon* will probably be forgotten. But it's a promising failure, more so than a string of comparatively successful recent films. Distracted by the film's haut-monde decor and jet-set mystique, viewers risk missing one radical innovation. Interracial sex must be one of domestic cinema's last taboos: Even buddy pictures with black and white characters carefully segregate their romantic attachments. Prince, half-Italian, is also half-black, and his steamy romance with WASP-ish Scott-Thomas may have been a hot potato in Hollywood — which could partly explain *Cherry Moon's* swift slide to



Prince takes his preening, narcissistic stage persona and transforms it into a classic vamp.

oblivion. (Galaxy).

□ Cross-racial romance, albeit it one-way, and platonic at that, tends to be used for prurient purposes in director Neil Jordan's *Mona Lisa*. Jordan's general attitude to sex seems to be that it's painful, shameful and basically nasty. Coming from the director of *The Company of Wolves*, a retelling of the Red Riding Hood myth that enthralled many viewers but left this one feeling queasy, maybe this is not surprising.

Barrel-chested Bob Hoskins plays a two-bit Cockney crime figure who takes the rap for his no-good boss (Michael Caine, in a masterfully rancid portrayal). After a long prison stretch, Hoskins returns to the only world he knows, the seamy underside of London's vice dens and tawdry rackets. Jordan's feel for mise-en-scene in the film's opening is so persuasive — he's lit and photographed the squalid surroundings like works by the old Masters — that you're immediately taken in. But *Mona Lisa* betrays its promise.

Caine grudgingly puts Hoskins to work chauffeuring a stylish young black woman to her as-

signments. As it dawns on Hoskins how she makes a living (he's on the slow side), he is initially repelled, then indignant and, as his feelings for her ripen, rebellious. The astonishing — and astonishingly young — Cathy Tyson scores a small triumph as Hoskins' conflicted, proficient charge. A high-class hooker with a specialized clientele, she works the ritzy hotels of London's West End, but her past pulls her back to the streets.

Jordan's brutal depiction of the pimps who recruit their means of livelihood from the ranks of young girls, beating and drugging them into submission, is on the mark, and rendered in every stomach-churning detail. Tyson is trying to find a young prostitute she fears has fallen into the hands of a particularly sinister entrepreneur — she charms Hoskins into enlisting in the search. The true horror of the situation is made shockingly clear in a scene where Hoskins surprises an elderly burgher pawing the doped-up, revolted girl while he wears a pair of rubber gloves. "You didn't like that, did you?" the old man whines.

Caine grudgingly puts Hoskins to work chauffeuring a stylish young black woman to her as-

trations, mediocre new songs, and a complete loss of dramatic structure and focus. Attenborough was obviously an A-student at the Francis Ford Coppola School For Botching Film Musicals. There's still lots of dancing, but with the way the camera moves and crops, not much is seen. Who needs to see feet during dance numbers, anyway? The part of Cassie, the aging dancer who left the chorus only to come back begging, has been cast with a twist we could care less about. The stories about each dancer have been diluted as well. We are left with a musical that is perfect for video. You can watch it in episodes and fast forward at will. The HiFi Stereo is a blast. The film is not.

Film Checklist

Previously Reviewed/Ongoing

- About Last Night★★½
- Back to School★★★★
- Big Trouble in Little China★
- Club Paradise½
- Dona Herlinda & Her Son★★
- Hannah and Her Sisters★★★½
- Home of the Brave★★★
- Joshua Then & Now★★
- Labyrinth★½
- Legal Eagles½
- Letter to Brezhnev★★★
- My Beautiful Laundrette★★★★½
- Out of Africa★★★½
- A Room with a View★★★½
- Running Scared★★
- Three Men and a Cradle★½
- Top Gun★
- Turtle Diary★★★½
- Vagabond★★★½

A note on the star system:

- ★★★★ As good as you'll get.
- ★★★ For what it is, very good.
- ★★ Flawed, but worthwhile
- ★ Some redeeming features
- I'd pass. —K.C.

Theatre

John J. Powers

Plays of Masks and Men

The shock of Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* lies in its sense of moral urgency in the midst of real desperation and terror. The play's startling relevance for America in 1986 is conveyed brilliantly in a new production at the San Francisco Repertory Theater, put on by the High Wire Theatre Company.

Indeed, this new *Godot* is a revelation of sorts. At the very least, it reminds us that Beckett was more than a diehard existentialist, and this play far more than an inspired period piece from the postwar era. *Waiting for Godot* questions the nature of existence and the possibility of action as helplessness engulfs so many lives.

This production is highlighted by the strong, complex portrayals of the two leads: Paul Tracey as Estragon, Max Proudfoot as Vladimir ("Didi"). Tracey's Estragon is awkwardly proud, angry and always vulnerable. The actor gives the play a real immediacy from the moment he appears. As Vladimir, Proudfoot projects a temperament that's more anxious and delirious than his counterpart's. In terms of physical types, the tall, thin Proudfoot is a perfect contrast to the short, stockier Tracey.

The other actors are a bit less impressive. Carl Turner's Pozzo is more annoying than disturbing. The horrid male arrogance of the character (at least one way of interpreting it) doesn't come across as effectively as I'd hoped. Still, Turner's characterization is unyielding and always interesting. Ken Narasaki's rendition of "Lucky" is devastating to watch, but director Dan Quinn might discourage him from too much fit-like movement. Penny Wallace's "Boy" is adequate enough for such a minor part.

Quinn's direction beautifully utilizes the small space of SF Rep at their 19th St. location. The action shifts unerringly from one side of the set to the other as this long, difficult drama unfolds. The sense of boredom one occasionally experiences seems intended by Beckett himself; after all, *Godot* is about filling time for the sake of it and always looking for something more.

Finally, a word of praise should go to Chuck Neifeld for his simple set and lighting plan, and to Craig Johnson for the understated music. Call 864-3305.

□ Two mask plays — Tony Pellegrino's *Deer Rose* and Lowell Kim Downey's *A Dog's Disgust* — also premiered this week in SF. *Deer Rose* actually appeared at Theater Artaud sever-

Rose wants to be too many things at the same time: a sensitive drama of a familial crisis (which it would be without so many audio-visual effects); an experiment in the use of masks to relate a surprising depth of emotions (nearly successful, but finally the masks and so many other colorful things onstage distract from the conflict of the play); and, most bizarrely, a kind of musical replete with a live mini-orchestra and taped recordings of Jimi Hendrix and other singers! Emily Klion's original music has its place and is sometimes appropriate; more often than not, however, it drains scenes of their emotional impact. Director Mueller and Pellegrino should avoid at all cost the use of music to impose certain feelings, the way bad movies do. The strongest scenes in the play are those without music in the early part of Act One, when mother and son



Waiting for Godot questions the possibility of action as helplessness engulfs so many lives.

al months ago but is now having its first run at a downtown "commercial" house, Theater on the Square. The play is an elaborately structured conceit based on author and mask designer Pellegrino's relationship with his ailing mother. The production features an awe-inspiring array of masks, costumes, multi-media effects (including 8mm film, several scrim curtains, and even voice-over recordings). Director Amy Mueller's stunning compositions for most of the scenes establish an integrity of sights and sounds that really isn't discernible in the script.

Ironically enough, Pellegrino's isolated dialogs between mother and son, neatly mimed by Jan-Marie Baldwin and Bill Gentner (and spoken or sung by Laurie Amat and Barney Jones, who appear off-stage), are very well written and balanced — but none of this comes together. *Deer*

are attempting to communicate after too long a time.

At last, *Deer Rose* collapses into a symbolic exposition about death, responsibility and longing (the latter embodied by a wonderfully designed reindeer on stilts, neatly maneuvered by Jan Kirsch). This final episode seems rushed and heavy-handed in contrast to the careful pacing in Act One.

Deer Rose is definitely worth seeing, but Pellegrino and Company need to reconsider some of the less inspired choices they've made. Call 433-9500.

□ *A Dog's Disgust*, at Studio Eremos, is the dizziest experiment I've ever encountered on a stage. Six actors of varying abilities attempt to deal with author-director Lowell Kim Downey's unfocused thoughts on war and violence. An idea involving

the rhythmic repetition of actions to express the banality of violence has some merit, but it's lost in a mish-mash of pseudo-abstractness. *A Dog's Disgust* is the sort of tacky theatre that gives genuine experimentation a bad name. Call 552-3541.

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Video

Michael Lasky

As Is

(SHOWTIME Cable, 7/27, 9 pm, repeated 7/31 and later in August)

SHOWTIME, more than any other national network, has exhibited extraordinary sensitivity, even enthusiasm, for airing responsible gay-themed dramas and comedies. Their "Broadway on SHOWTIME" 90-minute production of William M. Hoffman's gripping play about AIDS, *As Is*, is another noble outreach that others in the television industry haven't touched.

This is not your usual taped stage play, but a full-fledged film version (actually taped and transferred to film) for which Hoffman has written additional scenes. The result is much like manufacturers who needlessly "improve" already excellent products. What was a gut-wrenching, impassioned drama has been "opened up" (read tampered) and all but ruined.

Originally performed without intermission on one adaptable set, *As Is* nesses, salt-on-the-wound grittiness, and chemistry of human comedy and tragedy. This film version, directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, has been diffused with extraneous scenes, including one embarrassingly inept sequence in a leather bar, and self-conscious "acting."

The story remains simple. Rich (Robert Carradine) is stricken with AIDS and returns to his former lover, Saul (Jonathan Hadary, recreating his award-winning stage role). Just about everyone else — family and friends — has rejected Rich out of fear and misunderstanding about AIDS. But the play really is about "loving and accepting people, as is, for what and who



Robert Carradine (left) and Jonathan Hadary: affecting in *As Is*

they are," notes Hoffman.

Despite the tampering, *As Is* still has its inherent power, and there are a number of scenes that are emotionally devastating. Hadary is particularly affecting as Saul, the man who never lost his love of Rich even when his lover strayed. In a cameo, Colleen Dewhurst transforms maudlin opening and closing monologues into compassionate summaries of human nature.

If you never got to see *As Is*, this version is worth watching. Although its message has become garbled, its effect remains painfully intact.

Aretha!

(SHOWTIME 7/18, 10 pm, additional play dates in July, stereo, 60 minutes)

In her first television special, the "Queen of Soul" performs 17 songs,

including two with the 65-voice St. James Baptist Church choir. Accompanied by a 24-piece orchestra that turns soul into pop pap, Aretha is just a tad weighted down. But if there is a lack of fire, steam and energy, the blame rests largely with Aretha, who performs like a stodgy Pillsbury Doughboy on downers.

Yes, Aretha still belts 'em out, sans any of the gutsy passion and soul found on her records. She seems interested in getting through the hour as quickly and with as little work as possible. She all but talks through "Respect," "Chain of Fools" and "You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Woman." She gets cookin' with "Rock A Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody" but then cuts it short. Her latest hits appear to interest Lady Soul the most, and she gets some wake-up-call vocals out of "Who's Zoomin' Who?" and "Freeway of Love."

With the gospel choir, Aretha lets out a few yelps to remind us she is still breathing. Her sister Caroline, however, belts out with 20,000 volt electricity when called to the mike.

And while we're crabbing, whoever made those frocks Aretha wears should be exiled to K-Mart.

A Chorus Line

(Embassy Home Entertainment, 118 min., HiFi Stereo, \$79.95)

The troubled history of getting the ongoing *Chorus Line* to the screen didn't end when *Chorus* finally made it to this Richard Attenborough film. An essentially single-set stage drama, filled with theatrical frills and melodramatic immediacy in dance and song, has been transformed into an '80s MTV version with frenetic cutting, souped up, overpowering orches-

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Dance

Eric Hellman

The Joffrey's Swell Package

Clive Barnes, infamous bard of dance writing hyperbole, was recently quoted as placing the Joffrey Ballet among "... the seven great classical dance companies in the world." Such enthusiasm is admirable — however misguided or self-serving.

The Joffrey Ballet is certainly a well-packaged product, but its artistry is not exactly on par with the Bolshoi or Britain's Royal Ballet, or New York City Ballet or any of the truly distinguished classical dance companies.

Why not? Because greatness in classicism first requires a distinguished repertory that choreographers like Petipa, Ashton and Balanchine are able to provide and that Gerald Arpino, Joffrey's 25-year choreographic veteran, has never been able to produce. Greatness also requires stars — dancers who possess both a superior command of the technical language of ballet and strong dramatic presence, yielding variety and nuance of artistic interpretation. The Joffrey, alas, is filled with many beautiful, highly energetic, vibrant dancers, but the company's artistic policy — the requirements of the package — dictate that unique, distinctive personalities never emerge.

The Joffrey's claim to fame — its brilliance — has resulted from a repertory emphasizing shorter works, theatricality, athleticism and buoyant modernist abstractions. The Joffrey holds the distinctive position of being a 20th century, thoroughly American dance machine.

Recently, however, given the pressures of Barnes' delusion-producing quotation and further obligations that go with accepting big bucks from Philip Morris, Inc. (cigarette pusher) and Merrill Lynch (stockbrokerage, etc.), the Joffrey has been experiencing an acute crisis of identity. Or, at least, this is how it appeared to me during the company's recent engagement at the San Francisco Opera House.

I attended two performances, a mixed bill featuring three pieces (Arpino's "Italian Suite," Laura Dean's "Force Field" and Paul Taylor's "Arden Court") and the Joffrey's sumptuous, operatic-length production of yet another *Romeo and Juliet* (this time the John Cranko version, originally choreographed for the Stuttgart Ballet). Both evenings offered moments of great choreographic satisfaction and visual delight, but a world-class company of first-rank, the Joffrey is not. Let me explain.

To begin with, there are no official distinctions between "principal," "soloist" and "corps" dancers in the Joffrey's ranks. As a result, the company's dancing is remarkably crisp, elastic and uniform (one might also say predictably homogenized). This ensemble style works remarkably well for a piece like Dean's "Force Field" or Taylor's "Arden Court," as neither dance requires sustained passages for individual performers. But problems develop when a Joffrey dancer attempts to fulfill the dramatic and expressive requirements of leading roles, such as a Romeo or a Juliet. The ability to provide depth of artistic interpretation is, after all, one of the major requirements of a "great" classical company. More on this later.

□ "Arden Court," for me, was a piece that showed the Joffrey dancers at their very best. Taylor's choreography, set to numerous symphonic excerpts by English baroque composer William Boyce, is naturally inventive, complex and offers a delightful mixture of ballet and modern phrasing. This is a piece that the dancers (four women and five men) obviously enjoy performing; it's also a dance that showcases the abil-

ity exhausting) and the result is a distinctive dance product, but not a style and, certainly, not art. We see lots of very pretty dancers doing all kinds of difficult tricks. This is further coupled with an emotional sentimentalism (Deborah Dawn's solo with a bouquet of flowers was revoltingly adorable) that leaves one ready to throw tomatoes.

All in all, Arpino's work confirms the Joffrey trademark — athletic, highly energetic, and emotionally vacant dancing. "Italian Suite" also debases the spiritual aspirations of classic dance: The performers become technically adept robots, devoid of genuine feeling, subtlety or grace.

□ Although her style is radically different and considerably more original, the end result of Laura Dean's choreography in "Force Field" is

leaves something to be desired.

□ Finally, I must say something about the Joffrey's *Romeo* and why, despite this production's many successes, it reveals a fatal weakness in the company's aspiration to first-class international status.

Overall, the Joffrey's *Romeo* is a gorgeous, exquisitely-staged ballet. The costumes are rich, elaborate and immensely appealing. For the Capulet ball, designer Jurgen Rose highlights the tension and underlying violence with a dramatic contrast of black and metallic golds. Both the stage design and lighting were equally effective. And the dancing, especially the *pas de trois* for Romeo, Mercutio and Benvolio, had moments of great charm.



Members of the Joffrey Ballet dance Paul Taylor's "Arden Court"

ities of the company's men, resulting in a definition of masculinity that is virile and playful but never effeminate, stiff, or bossy.

"Arden Court" relates a series of chance encounters in a formal garden: Girls chase boys (and the reverse), boys invent games with one another, and the entire group dances in slightly ironic, courtly unison. Taylor's combination of modern movement (squats, walks, broken lines, head rolls) and a commanding use of ballet vocabulary results in a piece that is formal but intimate, refined yet comic. We delight equally in his creation of symmetries and the subsequent breaking of patterns.

The Joffrey holds the distinctive position of being a 20th century, thoroughly American dance machine.

"Arden Court" left me thoroughly enchanted with the vigor and inventiveness of the dancing. I was especially intrigued by the new possibilities for men dancing with men that Paul Taylor suggests. Unfortunately, the delight and visual refreshment that Taylor offers is exactly what's missing in Arpino's "Italian Suite" and Dean's "Force Field." But for very different reasons.

"Italian Suite" is a sugary, cloying, trivial set of six dances about nothing — in terms of ideas, emotions or dance formalism. The music, several pieces by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, is equally nondescript.

Apparently, Arpino feels it's necessary to make his dancers work as hard as possible (the

boys lift the girls so many times it becomes visually rougher than Arpino's. I must admit, however, all that spinning amid criss-crossing diagonals looked great on ballet bodies, wearing loose white pants and tops.

Dean uses Steve Reich's "Six Pianos" for her score. The idea behind Reich's music — the repetition of rhythmic and melodic patterns through a succession of keys and at different, out-of-phase intervals — is, as they say, interesting. It's also ideally suited to Dean's pursuit of movement repetition. In terms of tonal quality, Reich's compositions frequently remind me of plaintive communications from extraterrestrials.

The purpose behind Dean's work is to induce greater clarity of seeing, resulting from movement repetition and visual boredom. Dean does force us to look at isolated portions of movement and we do, ultimately, see more intently. However, I began to get worried when the audience was applauding the dancers' ability to avoid dizziness after sustained spinning (the trick is to constantly focus on a single spot).

I found "Force Field" to be both mesmerizing and disturbing. There were so many pretty dolls spinning with such vacant enthusiasm, but despite the spatial and intellectual complexities of Dean's work, she's still involved with a sophisticated form of dance robotics. And this, it seems,

Film from page 18

"Well, you're not supposed to." Jordan's done his homework.

Redemption of any kind in such a grim situation is at best elusive and, as the story grows bloodier and more desperate, just hopeless. When Jordan finally tips us to the reasons for Tyson's obsession with her young friend — you guessed it, it's love — his morality tale degenerates into a misogynistic rant. Tyson's passion is portrayed as deluded and, worse, self-defeating. The assessment is unnervingly judgmental. Tyson takes her revenge on her tormentors in a grisly showdown — and Jordan simply drops her. The next thing we know, Hoskin's happily out of work, without a hint of Tyson's fate. It's a callously dismissive act on the director's part, and all the flash and filigree of *Mona Lisa's* stylish

settings can't disguise the fact.

□ A permanent part of the landscape on the Universal lot, Norman Bate's home and Motel — as much as Norman himself — is the subject of the studio's blatantly redundant *Psycho III*. Tony Perkins directs himself this time around, in a suspenseful thriller whose main mystery seems to be, why a second sequel? If you skipped *Psycho II* (as I did), you'll spend most of the movie wondering how this familiar ground hasn't already been covered.

Norman's emerged from twenty-odd years in the looney bin, paying his dues for his shower-stall antics, when the appearance of a runaway nun (Dianne Scarwid) sets him off all over again. Scarwid does a remarkable job of salvaging a badly-conceived part: She's hokey, but strangely

radiant as a Bride of Christ looking for some "mortal" action.

In interviews, Perkins labels the original *Psycho* as "the Hamlet of horror movies," and well it might be; only Hamlet's mother wasn't stuffed, and Ophelia had orders to get herself to, rather than from, a nunnery.

Psycho III, true to its horror roots, rewards the chaste and punishes the wicked (the latter being girls who dare to have fun). In the former category, crisply efficient Roberta Maxwell plays a nosy reporter who stumbles on the story behind Norman's murky manias: When she confronts him with the tangled circumstances of his childhood in the film's penultimate scene, she crams pages of plot development into a single speech. Even Tony looks a bit confused. No problem. Shakespeare himself had a little trouble of his own with his last scene. ■

Circus at Davies

On Tuesday, August 12, Robert Michael Productions will present The Lesbian and Gay Bands of America in "With the Greatest of Ease," a circus theme extravaganza, at Davies Symphony Hall. Five hundred drill team, flag corps, tap troupe and band members will travel from 15 cities across America to perform in this rare event.

Tickets for "With the Greatest of Ease" range in price from \$5 to \$50 and are currently on sale at the Davies Hall box office, Ticketron, BASS or by calling 431-5400. You can charge them to your Mastercard or Visa by phone. There is a wheelchair accessibility, and special needs should be directed to the producer at 986-3185. □

Musicals

Mike Mascioli

Glitter and Litter from 'Cats'

The Golden Gate Theatre will house the road company of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Cats*, the Tony award-winning Best Musical of 1983, through December — a five-month run which will make it the biggest kitty litter west of the Mississippi. *Cats* is purrfectly offal.

I wanted to like *Cats*, which isn't something I can say about any of Webber's other musicals. For one thing, his "collaborator" wasn't Tim Rice, as it was on *Evita* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*, but the more esteemed T.S. Eliot. *Cats*, as everyone knows by now, places poems from Eliot's 1939 volume *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* in musical settings — a conceit with a certain built-in charm, not to mention literate lyrics that outshine anything from the pen, or crayon, of Tim Rice.

Indeed, the opening moments are enthralling. The houselights dim, and John Napier's breath-taking main set — a sprawling, larger-than-life junk heap spilling off the stage — is enveloped in a galaxy of stars, beneath which glow countless pairs of cat eyes in the darkness.

Then a high-tech circular lighting panel (my friend dubbed the *Starship Enterprise*) slowly descends from above — and immediately reascends. Innocuous enough; but its sheer meaningless bodes — accurately, as it turns out — ill. Instead of the rare vehicle in which spectacle co-

exists with artistry, *Cats* is yet another musical in which special effects camouflage failed art.

Perhaps it's unfair to expect the show to create an atmosphere and a distinctive musical language to draw one into the secret world of cats. Eliot's poems, after all, anthropomorphize them, giving

If there's one thing Cats demonstrates better than its contempt for its audience, it is an uncanny ability to assess their basest appetites.

them human appointments — theatre cat, railway cat, glamour cat — and fanciful Dickensian names like Rumpleteazer and Skimbleshanks (all right for children but too cute by half for adults).

Cats contributes some unfortunate characterizations of its own devising (Rum Tum Tugger is now a self-absorbed rock-star, Mr. Mistoffelees a tacky Vegas hooper, a sort of cross between Liberace and one of the Ernie Flatt dancers) and a lot of stock routines — vigorous vaudeville, tepid

tapping, opulent opera. And the show has no book to generate involvement — only individual songs, each sung by or about a different cat. Despite their human qualities, these cat people do not move us, not even the aging Grizabella, the Glamour Cat, who has nothing left but memories (as she sings in the show's smash hit) and nothing before her but death (more on this later). Only in the song of ancient Gus, the Theater Cat, reliving past stage triumphs, do the music, acting and a



rare restraint in Trevor Nunn's staging combine to create a touching portrait.

Act One of *Cats* is dry and (despite weak stabs at humor) humorless, a situation unalleviated by choreographer Gillian Lynne, whose inventiveness can barely fill a single number, no less accommodate a stageful of dancers for the duration of an all-singing, all-dancing musical.

Lynne's work earned her Britain's SWET award and, indeed, sweat is about all that her choreography — with its overdependence on acrobatics and ballet posturings — is able to muster up. For the most part it is, as I heard one prestigious Bay Area choreographer rightly tag it, generic jazz dancing (underrehearsed, at that, though the company has already toured five cities). But at least, unlike some of the other production values, it is not offensive.

Nor, surprisingly, is Webber's music — with a few exceptions, most notably Rum Tum Tugger's caterwauling pseudo-rock song. Webber's tunes are often unmelodic in a calculated sort of way, as if that could make them art songs, although all it does is make them parched. But many yield modest rewards, among them the slinky, jazzy "Macavity," the locomotively rhythmic "Skimbleshanks, the Railway Cat" and, especially, the exotic and lovely "Growltiger's Last Stand."

At times the music is eclipsed rather than showcased by the production's trashy elements which occasionally clutter and splatter onto the stage as if dislodged from the junkyard set. Napier's costumes, for instance, are less consistently crafty than his sets. Among convincingly scruffy alley cats roam others outfitted in the shaggy carpeting found in cheap modern apartments.

Dogs, in a cameo appearance, are rendered with old Kleenex boxes and hair curlers. And if the *Starship Enterprise* lighting panel portends disaster, it's Napier's costumes for one of the early numbers — with cats looking like Martians in antennae, black Reynolds Wrap togas and huge novelty sunglasses — that first hint at the extent of the damage.

Still, well into Act Two — which, with the songs of Gus, Skimbleshanks, Macavity and Growltiger, is for a time more diverting than Act One — one could in a magnanimous spirit pronounce *Cats* a reasonably well-intentioned disappointment.

By this time, lighting designer David Hersey is busy emptying his entire bag of tricks. But unlike the work of theatrical lighting greats, his is illuminating only in the most literal-minded way. Mistoffelees' shirt lights up. Xmas lights have been strung throughout the theatre and Hersey, like those people who keep their indoor Xmas lights up all year long, turns them on regularly, with almost an edge of desperation. He uses lighting as a sort of panacea, as if wattage, not music, soothed the savage breast. A few nice effects — that first starry night, or clouds passing across a moonlit sky — and two inverted letters in his name are all that keep Hersey from heresy.

In a scene out of one of Tom O'Horgan's worst nightmares, with smoke oozing across the stage, Grizabella eventually dies and ascends — where else? — to the catwalks above the stage, first on a huge tire, then in a balloon of — what else? — lights: Hersey, his patience exhausted, throws all the switches at once — Xmas lights, stars, *Starship Enterprise*. It's a sequence so laughably gauche that it might have been designed by a couple of whores in a cathouse (which in a broader sense it was).

You'd think that even the most entertainment-starved, thrill-happy patron would know by this point that he is being pandered to. (How else to reconcile the fact that director Trevor Nunn also staged the Royal Shakespeare Company's brilliant *Nicholas Nickleby*?) But if there's one thing *Cats* demonstrates better than its contempt for its audience, it is, sadly, an uncanny ability to assess their basest appetites. (The show is nearing its fourth year on Broadway.) Ultimately, Nunn must take full responsibility on all counts for this catastrophe. Or should I say cat-atrophy?

Beam me up, Scottie. No signs of intelligence here. ■

Chorus Auditions

The SF Gay Men's Chorus is now conducting auditions for new members. Both singing and staff positions are available. The Chorus just returned from Minneapolis where they opened the Tri-Annual G.A.L.A. Festival. Members joining now will sing with the chorus in their fall classical series and at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music in October.

For further information, please call 469-7323 and ask for Robert. □

Cabaret

Gary Menger

Plus ca Change, Non?

At least once a year the Chronicle runs a feature to remind us that the tatty little world of cabaret entertainment — peculiar to a very few cities like SF and LA and NY — is nearly extinct.

They've checked up again this year with a Gerald Nachman piece pointing up the demise of both **Buckley's Bistro** and the **1177 Club**, and delving into very old history to remind us of the long-ago closings of **Chef Jacques**, **Fanny's** and **Roxy Roadhouse**.

Actually the list is much longer, and the Cathedral Hill club, **Cats**, is likely to join it soon — the absence of promotion and publicity has kept its existence secret. That leaves us with the newly opening **City Cabaret** on Geary, which will probably do quite well: This has always been a city that can't well support more than one cabaret at a time, and we don't have enough first-class talent to spread any thinner.

For the record, cabaret entertainment doesn't flourish any better in the Apple — last year I visited Don't Tell Mama's, The Duplex and Jan Wallman's and saw the same sparse attendance, and heard the same tales of woe: Nobody comes but the vocalist's "following"; if the few good entertainers perform too often, attendance diminishes.

Cabaret has never been a very fertile breeding ground for male talents — that atmosphere of smoky, alcohol-hazed intimacy lends itself better to the glitz and the emotional excesses only permitted to women. And we don't have here the kind of well-seasoned warhorses that can equate grand old dames of the New York scene like Julie Wilson, Sylvia Sims and Barbara Cook.

In that city they play atmospheric little holes-in-the-wall much like our own short-lived, fly-by-night cabarets have been, but when they visit here it's with an ill-fitting overlay of pomp, playing more lavish and expensive venues like the Venetian or Plush Rooms, or even Davies Hall. We have a few ladies whose talents and professionalism compares — Sharon McNight, Weslia Whitfield, Leola Jiles... but they're in the process of outgrowing our "training-ground" city.

I see two reasons for cabaret's failure to work (it really hasn't worked very well since the '50s). The first is the number of fledgling hopefuls who refuse to believe no one attends a cabaret performance but friends — they bluff their way into a club and sing to an empty room, thereby learning that it's true after all and that they don't have any. Meanwhile, the club loses money. The other reason is the price tag. The piano bars don't charge a cover, nor do the hotel lounges with casual entertainment... but add a vocalist and you have a "show" warranting a cover of anywhere from six to ten bucks. Why? Not many people want to drop in for a modest diversion and pay that admission on top of inflated drink prices to hear a song recital unless they feel a strong enthusiasm for the singer.

Also piano bar entertainers and lounge combos are background music, whereas a cabaret vocalist requires full attention. That's just as likely to drive away people who aren't in the mood for it as to attract people who are; the more attentive the audience, the less they seem to drink.

The Polk Street show spots — the **N Touch**, **Q.T.** and **New Bell Saloon** — have consistently good houses. Note that their drinks aren't unreasonably priced and they aren't charging for the entertainment.

The same goes for the East Bay. Oakland's **Bench & Bar** frequently presents gay comedy nights (no charge), and **Big Mama's** in Hayward (which won this year's Cabaret Gold Award as Outstanding Bay Area Cabaret) operates the same way with their every-other-Sunday afternoon performances. And **Big Mama's** does not present "minor talent." They've recently featured Sharon McNight, David Reign, Ruth Hastings, Jae Ross, Cindy Herron, Leola Jiles... just about all of the area's most popular vocalists and comedians, as well as the most prominent newer talents.

Manager Jim Houghton indicates that they didn't want to scare away regular customers with a cover charge; rather, the idea is to attract more customers. It seems to be working — he says they have no problem making back entertainment costs from drink sales. Now that every other approach has failed, maybe more places here in the city would like to try it that way!

On the subject of good entertainment spots outside the city: I recently paid a visit to **Fife's**

and **The Woods** up in Guerneville, dropping in at some of the smaller watering holes as well.

The changes in Guerneville — some as a result of this year's flood — were immediately noticeable. Several people who'd been trying to sell their resorts have succeeded in doing so. One resort was lost through a non-renewed lease, and two weren't yet reopened because of the flood damage. "Half-mast" and only a few days before 4th of July weekend! Several of the restaurants are gone, too, for much the same combination of reasons.

This has always been a city that can't well support more than one cabaret at a time.

Here's a quick guide to nests and watering holes for people who haven't been, and a corrected update for those who are still thinking fondly of River Village, Casa Del Rio, Lenny Matlovich's Pizza Parlor and Triple R Resort which aren't there any more.

You can get to Guerneville by bus (it takes a

half-day and it's a terrible experience) or by car (less than two hours), or you can ride up and back in Scotty's Limo (nearly as cheap, just as fast and much nicer — 707/869-3870). The only places you might want to go that aren't walking distance from "downtown Guerneville" are **The Woods** (up the road two miles) and **Village Inn** (down five, in Monte Rio). Both are worth a visit, and also good places to stay. The Woods is extravagant, excessive, larger-than-real kind of lovely, and Village Inn is Old World charm.

There is no "best" gay resort in Guerneville, although **Fife's** is oldest and most well known. It's a big and pretty village-into-itself right near the heart of town. "Everybody" goes there, even if they're staying someplace else. **Highlands Inn** is a tranquil little place nestled on a hillside two blocks up from the Fire Station — feels like it's on a mountaintop — some fireplaces, billiards, weekend masseur, barbecues, tenting, the option of nude swimming.

Camelot is a placid, exquisitely manicured place just a block from Fife's — decks, some fireplaces, barbecues, table tennis, and the pool's kept at 85°. **Fern Grove's** right on the highway, but you don't notice that once you're inside — lovely cabins, some with kitchens and fireplaces,

and **Paradise Cove's** the newest — the units are a modern blend of wood and glass and Swedish fireplaces and mattresses on pedestals... and there's a pool. **Mountain Lodge** is really nice miniature townhouses crunched together in rows — it overlooks the River, and has a shallow pool, two hot tubs and cooking facilities. They've

been working on it for three years, and it still doesn't look quite finished.

The Willows, in many ways the loveliest of all, has a hot tub on its deck and a sloping lawn that will take you right into the River (if you're not careful)... oversized parlor with a big fireplace, grand piano and a nice collection of books and records — it's a "guest house," which means you get to share all these amenities, and a kitchen too, and fruit and soft drinks are provided. It also means you have to share a bathroom, and get comfortable talking to strangers... but you meet some very nice strangers there.

Prices don't vary that widely, so it's best to just pick the place you think you'd like to be. An okay unit for one or two is \$55-65 a night during the weekend; lower on weekdays. If you want extra amenities like a wetbar or fireplace or your own deck, add at least another \$20.

Of the aforementioned, only **Fife's Woods** and **Village Inn** serve food and drinks. You sleep, sunbathe and socialize in all the others and go out for face-feeding. Best restaurant's almost surely **Burdons** (full dinners, full bar, reasonable prices), or **Bout Time**, now being managed by Don Cavallo. Best bargain is **Molly Brown's** for "pub food" (it's great). This is also the friendliest of the bars. Others are the Bayou (across the road), the aforementioned **Rainbow Cattle Co.**, and the big and busy ones housed in Fife's and the Woods.

If you want your vacation to be a *real* retreat, one place is in a class by itself — **Wildwood Ranch** — big, beautiful, comfortable, spectacular view, bordering the State Park. Accessible only to the very determined; the road is narrow and the climb is halfway to heaven. Superb food is served to guests, the rates are "American Plan," and once you get there you don't leave till it's time to come home.

priestess of soul." A great singer is able to reap rewards from thin material, to invest it with substance and depth, and on her last domestic album, '78's acclaimed **Baltimore** (CTI), Simone recast, of all things, Jaye P. Morgan's bouncy '54 hit "That's All I Want From You" as a rich and poignant ballad.

The title of her new LP, **Nina's Back** (VPI), seems as heartening as *It Is Finished*, her last RCA LP, was ominous. "I intend to be at every performance and do what I'm supposed to do," she's promised in interviews, and a sheaf of glowing international notices seems to bear her out. In March she performed at New York's Town Hall, and the Times noted, "The biggest surprise was the diva's composure and good humor."

Simone performs benefits for the United Negro College Fund, 7:30 and 10:30 pm at the Masonic Auditorium, July 19. Her appearances are rare, her cause worthy. Not to be missed. □ During the nine years since **Julie Wilson** last appeared in San Francisco she retired to Nebraska to care for her family, resurfacing only in '84 when she began performing the songbooks of the great songwriters (Gershwin, Weill, et. al.) in New York niteries. It's Irving Berlin she's chosen to salute in her recent engagement at the Plush Room through July 20.

You won't find Wilson in any major reference books. She's appeared in two little-known films and on stage, mostly in touring companies and flops, and her recording career is, to say the least, sporadic (five LPs in 30 years, by my best count). She's won her greatest acclaim as the epitome of the soigneé chanteuse in chic boites (only French words need apply), gowned in black, a white gardenia in her hair (perhaps a tribute to Billie Holiday, whom she emulated early in her career).

"It's torch time in the old corral," she announces, perching on the piano to deliver her ballads, including a brace of the most heartrending "How About Me" and "What'll I Do." "I Got Lost In His Arms" from *Annie Get Your Gun*, is little more than an extended bit of romantic wordplay, really; but with her expressive and meaningful reading and her straightforward style, she made me hear it for the first time and nearly brought tears to my eyes.

Wilson was accompanied by Billy Roy on piano and occasional vocals — usually uptempos, where his light, unaffected delivery proved a brilliant complement to her throatier contralto.

Unfortunately, Wilson rarely ventures beyond the familiar ("Always," "Supper-time," "Remember"), and she tries to accomplish too much: Most of her thirty-odd songs are relegated to medleys (which are to music what Reader's Digest Condensed Books are to literature), insufficient vehicles for fully realized interpretations. Berlin's songs are simple and homey, lacking the wry sophistication of, say, Porter or Sondheim, and not the stuff of supperclub salutes by swanky songstresses. Still, the meeting of a fine singer and excellent material can never lead us too far astray.



Dining

Steve Silberman & John Birdsall

Fog City's Sweet Tooth

After a year on the scene, Fog City Diner is an institution. Coming upon its glittering facade in the deserted "clean spaces" of Levi Plaza, one feels a combination of exhilaration and familiarity: It is the dream diner of a million movies perfected, or at least gussied up beyond all limits.

It's all here — the neon clock, the black-and-white tiles... Fog City is at once a fancy and an inevitability.

The process of glorifying — chrome-plating, if you will — traditional elements is at the heart of this restaurant. Chef Cindy Pawlcyne has come up with a menu of stylish dishes that deliver the familiar American tastes: sweet, hot, deep-fried. This is diner food undertaken with skill, daring, even wit, an idealization of childhood memories with the resources and sensibilities of the New Cooking at its disposal. There is a counter, and you can build a satisfying meal out of appetizers and side dishes. The portions are large, the prices are low — even the checks say DON'T WORRY!

horseradish pickles (1.40), quarters of crunchy cucumber with slivers of fresh horseradish, were extremely sweet. By mid-meal, our tongues were fatigued by these extremes; we couldn't taste the wine, a reasonably-priced, semillon-enriched **Carmenet sauvignon blanc** (15). A salad of plump uniminted greens (3.50) in a balanced walnut oil-vinaigrette offered refreshment.

Happily, the **garlic custard with mushrooms, chives, and chopped seasoned walnuts** (4.50) was perfect. The tender custard tasted of roasted garlic and nutmeg, its amber sauce scattered with strips of fresh shiitaki and glazed walnuts. You won't find this dish at the Miss America Diner in Jersey City. You might find freshly-baked Parker

Fog City is selling not "merely" food, but an entire package, and the package is selling very well.

We began our meal with a plate of **onion rings** (2.95) and a dish of **homemade ketchup** (.50). The rounds of red onion were crisp and sweet, the ketchup too sweet — cloying, in fact — tasting more of sugar and cayenne than tomatoes. This one-two punch assailed us in nearly all the appetizers we ordered. The juicy, perfectly-cooked **Buffalo chicken wings** (3.85) with a clotted **gorgonzola dip** were numbingly hot. So, too, was the sherry-cayenne mayonnaise that accompanied three delicious **crabcakes** (6.90) flecked with yellow, green and red bell pepper. The

House rolls there, but how could they be as good as Fog City's **garlic buns** (2.95), fat, almost chewy, perfumed with chopped fresh garlic?

The kitchen really shines in its skillful handling of simple grilled meats and fresh fish. A **pork chop** (7.60) arrived juicy, medium-rare, just as we had ordered it. The **mashed potato pancake** along side it was terrific, a guy's dream of a latke fried crisp in bacon fat. Grilled roma tomatoes, however, were watery and tough-skinned.

A special grilled filet of **mahi-mahi** (11.95) was

Continued on page 24

Pop

Mike Mascioli

Nina's Back, Julie's Hanging' In

Not since Judy Garland has an important singer seemed to have had so troubled a career as **Nina Simone**. Though she was trained as a classical pianist, Simone's first, eponymous LP on Bethlehem was subtitled "Jazz As Played In An Exclusive Side Street Club" and yielded a hit version of "I Loves You Porgy" in '59.

In an extensive recording career on major labels, she helped popularize songs like "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" and "I Put A Spell On You" and almost singlehandedly made "The Other Woman" a contemporary torch standard. But her eventual involvement in the black power movement yielded increasingly political music, and she claims songs like her own "Mississippi Goddam" (recorded in '64) hurt her career. Bitter and disillusioned, she retreated to semi-retirement in Africa and Europe with an acrimony best evident in titles like the self-penned "I Was Just a Stupid Dog To Them" from '82's *Fodder On Her Wings*, never issued domestically and one of only three LPs she recorded in the last 11 years. Meanwhile, countless domestic and import re-packagings of her largely out-of-print recordings have testified to the high regard in which she is held — although it is generally conceded that Simone has never received her full measure of success.

Nevertheless, she recorded for RCA until '74, and it was more than her politics that hurt Simone's reputation. Personal problems have been manifested in her latter-day performing career — well-publicized cancellations, walk-outs and debacles, like her last Bay Area appearance, in the all-star tribute to Billie Holiday at the Oakland Coliseum six years ago. There a rambling, disoriented Nina forgot her lyrics and littered her performance with utterances like "I don't need no dead lady" (meaning Holiday) and "I just want my money."

At 53, Simone still possesses a rich, dark, clarion voice. Like Dinah Washington before her, she has a style that blends pop, blues, soul and jazz (though she cantankerously maintains that jazz connotes "brothel music" — but in a more earnest, almost regal, delivery. With it she has earned, like all the great black singers before her — Lady Day, the Queen, the Divine One — her title, "the high



Wilson's a fine singer whose excellent material can never lead us too far astray.

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Trivia Quiz Answers from page 2

- 1) b 2) a 3) c

Dining from page 23

very fresh and properly undercooked, but an undersalted chunk of butter with saffron and chifonaded basil say ineffectually on top. The accompaniment, a saute of snow peas and julienned carrot, suffered from an over dose of sugar or sweet rice wine. At this point, any extra sweetness was hard to take.

For dessert, a hunk of **brownie** (4.75) the size of a trashy novel came slathered with sticky-sweet vanilla Double Rainbow ice cream and chocolate sauce. The pecans in a **turtle sundae** (4.95) were a marvel of crispiness, first leached in water, then coated with powdered sugar and deep-fried. A "free-form" **apple pie** (2.80) was the best of the lot — thin slices of tart pippins in a tender crust more like strudel dough than short pastry.

All this nit-picking about the food is almost irrelevant — what Fog City is selling in not "merely" food, but an entire package, and the booked-up reservation sheet and mob at the door indicate the package is selling very well, thank you. Fog City is FUN — attractive people eating plates of attractive, if oversweetened, food in a setting that is boisterous without being riotous. Even ze orchestra - the floor staff - is beautiful as well as knowledgeable and efficient.

Fog City Diner is an attempt to bring together the carefree simplicities of an imagined past with the refinements of the present. We prefer our nostalgia with less candy-coating. Call 982-2000 for reservations.

'You and the Night and the Music'

'You and the Night and the Music,' an evening of music and laughter featuring many of San Francisco's best cabaret singers and comedians, will be presented by the San Francisco Band Foundation on Monday, July 28, at 8 pm at the Venetian Room of the Fairmont Hotel.

This evening of cabaret will benefit the Band Foundation's performing arts groups: The San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band, Twirling Corps, Flag Corps, The San Francisco Tap Troupe, City Swing and the Foundation's newest group, the Vocal Minority.

The evening will be hosted by the "Magnetics!" (NY Post) and local favorite Samantha Samuels. Other artists include Sylvester, Weslia Whitfield, Tom Ammiano, Marga Gomez, Jae Ross, Joseph Taro, Cindy Herron, Alma Sayles, Joseph Denny, Pamela Erickson, Grand Duchess Deena Jones, Nancy MacLean, Reginald McDonald, Scott Hughes and Gail Wilson.

Tickets for the event are \$25 and \$50 and may be purchased at Headlines (both Polk and Castro St. stores). Tickets may be ordered by phone by calling 986-3319. To order by mail please send check or money order to the Band Foundation address: 1519 Mission Street, SF 94110.

Rock

Don Baird

A Midterm Record Report

Due to the amazing number of great live shows regularly hitting San Francisco, I've managed to ignore many important records in this column. Here's a list of my ten favorites of the year so far. Don't forget, there're only 159 shopping days until Christmas!

□ **The Smiths' *The Queen is Dead*** is definitely my favorite album of the year thus far, and The Smiths are clearly the best band around. But upon first listening I wasn't sure I liked this record — a frightening thought. What would life be like or worth if I didn't lovingly embrace every note and witticism on The Smiths' long-awaited third LP? Before casting myself upon the lake of fire I listened again and was saved from the depths of eternal misery by a kind of misery that makes life worth living.

The Smiths' Morrissey writes songs that make me sigh, sparse and effective lines that evoke such emotional depth and imagery that I'm continually astonished. His grim meanderings on this record are more developed than ever. Morrissey gets away with lines that nobody else could deliver without sounding ridiculous. He's brilliantly cutting and nasty — my very favorite songwriter. Bassist Andy Rourke (who's now left the band) and drummer Mike Joyce stand out as a formidable rhythm section, and guitarist Johnny Marr plays like Morrissey writes. The Smiths have become like a staple food with me. I can't live without them.

□ **Colourbox** have released a self-titled LP that's surprisingly good. Fags will love this rec-

action on this list. *Let The Snakes Crinkle Their Heads To Death* is short, sweet and completely instrumental. It's a pretty record that doesn't lapse into a lazy or meditative feel. I particularly enjoy the cuts showcasing the organ. You've got to have a few records around that won't offend your mother when she visits.

□ **Yo** is a SF band whose third LP, *Once in a Blue Moon*, is their best to date. This record finds the original three-piece augmented by two new members and an array of new instruments (banjo, mandolin, violin, saxophone and clarinet) all put to effective use. Singer/guitarist Bruce Rayburn's dead-pan warble is more appealing than ever and the celtic influences are more intriguing than trendy. The hard and fast guitar is still intact, giving a proper balance of old and new. This expanded version of Yo shows great promise.

□ I like **Prince's** LP *Parade* more than I thought I would. In some respects it's back to basics for our doe-eyed powerhouse, and a quick return from the indifferent psychedelia of *Around the World In a Day*. This album packs a funk wallop as big as *Dirty Minds*. I was beginning to think the little guy had lost that ability, but *Parade* boasts four of his best dance floor offerings to



Husker Du's first LP for a major label is another record not to be missed.

ord. The production is complex and crisp; vocalist Lorita Grahame slides from style to style with power and ease. Colourbox dabbles in reggae ("Say You"), '50s girl group ("The Moon is Blue," The Supremes' "You Keep Me Hanging On") and some songs most easily likened to MOR pop. They pull this off and still sound smart. The use of lots of taped sounds, complex rhythms, meaty guitar and, again, that voice, setting this band apart from most pop music and all the self-serious bands on their label, 4-AD.

□ **The Cramps' *A Date With Elvis*** merits inclusion for the album cover alone. What's inside is just as terrific. If one of George Romero's dead movies ever had a song and dance number with a zombi-fied Elvis impersonator and band, it would sound like The Cramps. *A Date With Elvis* explores just about every way you can offend a feminist. With songs like "Can Your Pussy Do the Dog," "Cornfed Dames," and "What's Inside a Girl," this record could melt Susan B. Anthony dollars at ten paces. Lux Interior's hillbilly psycho-scum vocals are humorously perverse, and guitarist Poison Ivy can make her instrument sound just like a chicken. Buy it.

□ **Glass Eye**, a band from Austin, Texas, have a great debut LP entitled *Huge*. This half-male, half-female foursome remind me of two old faves, Gang of Four and The Bush Tetras. Guitars make sharp and terse noises, rhythms are broken up and rebuilt, and anthems like "I Don't Need Drugs to Be Fucked Up" are created. Other highlights include a cover of "Minnie the Mocher" and a perfect musical evocation of insomnia on "I Can't Go To Sleep." This cut includes some delicious slide guitar. The more I listen to *Huge*, the more I like it.

□ The latest LP by **Felt** is my Windham Hill sel-

date. "Girls and Boys," "Mountains," "Kiss" and "Anotherloverholenyohead" really tear it up while the other cuts find him exploring some new areas. The segues are brilliant, connecting many diverse elements into one very well-constructed record.

□ **Husker Du's** first LP for a major label (Warner Brothers) is another record not to be missed. *Candy Apple Grey* finds the three-piece band with one of the loudest wails in the world reaching new heights of aural majesty. Singer/guitarist Bob Mould's vocals emerge from the trademark wall of sound with a dignity I've only caught glimpses of on their previous records. His voice has finally matched the impact of his guitar. Some of the Husker's earlier albums may have sent you running from the room holding your ears. *Candy Apple Grey* is their most melodic and listenable vinyl effort yet.

□ I need to include my sickie-pick on this list, and that would have to be **Big Black's** LP, *Atomizer*. These three guys and their Roland drum machine are from Chicago. A printed sheet is included with the record; on it are not the lyrics but the ideas behind their songs. "Jordan, Minnesota" is about an entire town full of folks who fuck their own little kiddies and invite the towns' storekeepers, teachers and cops over for martinis and games of very special hide-and-seek and every special poker with Junior. "Fists of Love" involves taking expression of emotion to its physical end, and "Kerosene" combines the themes of sex and arson. Musically the band is hard, loud and completely riveting. This record makes me wonder why Jello Biafra is facing a jail sentence for the cartoon penises and vaginas that grace the inner sleeve of **The Dead Kennedy's** LP, *Frankenchrist*, when Big Black's message is so much more obscene.

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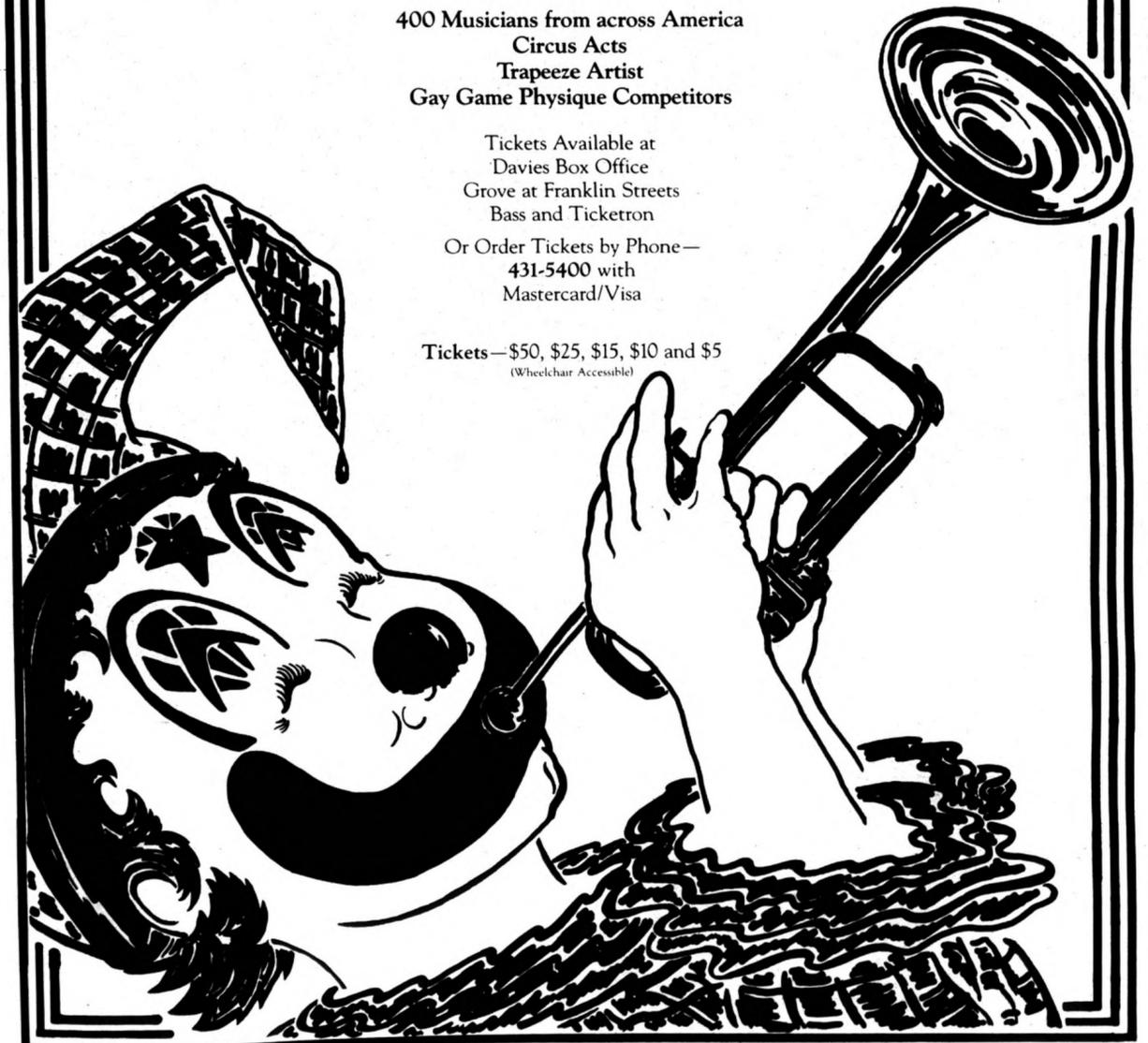
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Rock Previews

Adam Block

Eric Burdon: Twenty-two years ago Burdon had a number one hit with "House of the Rising Sun," as the 23-year-old lead singer with The Animals. His subsequent solo hits included "Sky Pilot" and "Warm San Francisco Nights" in '67, and "Spill the Wine" in '70. He had a wee 16-year fallow period since, so maybe this will be an oldies show, which wouldn't be a bad idea. The opening act and back-up band haven't yet been announced, but I have a hunch that rock's great growing midget may turn in a show worth remembering. Too bad they didn't have him open for Simply Red. That would make one weird bill. (Wolfgang, 7/25, 8pm, \$11 adv., \$12 day)

Van Morrison, John Lee Hooker: Van is arguably the best rock singer alive, but he is also one squirrely little Irishman whose live shows have long lurched from incandescent to insufferable, sometimes in the course of one performance. In the last decade, he has rejected rock, become a reborn Christian, and then got into Scientology, but his Latest LP, *No Gurus, No Method, No Rules* (Mercury), and a back-up band that unites most of the 11-piece Caledonia Soul Orchestra, who backed him on the stunning '74 live LP, *It's Too Late to Stop Now*, have fans chomping at the bit for tickets. Hooker is the greatest living Mississippi bluesman — an anachronism still vivid as a bolt of lightning. At 68 he can still unfurl black-snake dread as he calls down wonder: the twin-edged reason for his nickname, "the boogie man." It's a courageous, inspired bill, and could be some occasion if these two rise to it. Buy early. (Greek Theatre, 7/25, 8pm, \$14.50 adv., \$16.50 res.)



Handsome hillbilly Dwight Yoakum is at the Stone 7/26

OJ Ekemode & the Nigerian Allstars: A buoyant worldbeat hoedown to benefit the worthy Artists Against Apartheid brings expatriot OJ and his master ensemble down from Seattle. Shake a dashiki. (Oasis, 7/25, 10pm, \$10)

Taj Mahal, Steve Seskinen: Allen Toussaint once claimed that Taj Mahal has 2,000 years worth of black music coursing through his veins. Some folks will come just because they loved the soundtrack to *Sounder*. Either reason will do. (Full Moon Saloon, 7/26, 8 & 10pm, \$6.50)

The Cure, TBA: Robert Smith has captained his band from the haunted pop of "Boys Don't Cry," back in '80, through the astonishing atmospheric-angst of *Faith and A Forest*, to the wacky dance singles, which began with "Let's Go To Bed," in '82 and ought to haul in teen-legions for this outdoor gig. As a live act I have my doubts about this lot, but sightseeing in the crowd should make up for the doldrums onstage. (Greek Theatre, 7/26, 8pm, \$15.50 adv.)

Dwight Yoakum, Steve Earle: For those whose taste in country extends back before Billy Sherrill drenched the hayseeds in strings, this show is a must-see. Yoakum and Earle are the two rising stars out of the Hank Williams school. If Yoakum's debut LP *Guitars, Cadillacs, and Hillbilly Mu-*

sic (Reprise) overreaches a skoche, his recent club date won rave, indeed crazed reviews — with special nods to his guitarist. A straight friend also confessed that Dwight was so handsome, even he got bothered. Steve Earle's *Guitar Town* (MCA) is the critics' c&w choice — like he's the Nashville Springsteen, you see. So to find the two on a double-bill is reason enough for me to miss The Cure. Stetson Season: Memphis Mark is going to have to track down his cowboy belt for this one. (Stone, 7/26, 8pm, \$8.50 adv., \$10 day)

Jonathan Richman & The Modern Lovers, Izzy Topinski: It has been 15 years since 19-year-old Jonathan Richman wrote his suburban-Velvets classic "Roadrunner", and he hasn't performed that gem in the last decade, opting instead for such willfully infantile rave-ups as "Here Come the Martians, Martians." Rock's wily naif sounds contrived on recent albums (including his latest, *It's Time For*, on Upside), but at his best live shows, which feel like a summer camp talent show suddenly hosting an irrepressible genius, I'm inclined to agree with REM guitarist Peter Dinklage's suggestion that "Jonathan just might be god." A juggler opens. (Great American Music Hall, 7/19, 8 & 10:30pm, \$8)

WATTS RIOT: Joseph "Razormade"

Watts is the local remix-king, regularly crafting dance-floor concertos for an international array of talent. He recently popped Deborah Iyall into a New Order mix, and gave Until December's debut a gonzo Dead or Alive production that startled even the band. Now he'll be spinning discs and trying out new mixes on Sundays at this hospitable barn. Dance to tomorrow's music today. (DNA, 7/20, 27, etc., 6pm-3am, \$3)

54-40, Firehose: Power-pop with a little post-industrial angst thrown in from the Canadian headliners whose eponymous debut LP is just out on Warners. With a swell sound and lame lyrics, I'm hoping hungry youth will rise to the occasion. I'll be there in any case, to see the remnants of the glorious Minutemen rally around new lead-singer Ed Crawford. The trio were due to open for Sonic Youth, but van trouble finds them on this bill where they might steal the show. (I-Beam, 7/21, 11pm, \$6.)

Chris Isaak: The Roy Orbison of Modesto brings his cool vamp and metabilly instincts to the tiny stage. Reports are that he's been lit up these days with more roustabout confidence, while recording his second LP. He'll be trying out that material for the lucky and loyal who crowd in. Think of it as the chance to smell the sweat of a talent soon-to-be-embalmed on MTV. (Nightbreak, 7/21-23, 11pm, \$5)

John Giorno: Giorno is a gay S/M Buddhist, and a venerable mischief-maker on the New York poetry scene. A decade back he was already weaving disco-motifs into his hypnotic, sexually explicit, chanted poems and inviting the fist-fuck performers from the Anvil over to a St. Marks Place poetry marathon to do their act. As the mastermind behind Giorno Poetry Systems he has anthologized cuts by William Burroughs and Husker Du, Laurie Anderson and Sonic Youth, Patti Smith and Jim Carroll, increasingly setting songs and poetry readings in co-equal succession. He has also be-

gun working with a band, who may be along for this rare performance. Giorno looks, and sounds a bit, like Peter Falk. Chaste Buddhists and leather lads who don't like poetry (except maybe for Allen Ginsberg's "Please Master," if they happen to have read it) will want to attend this show against their better judgment. Anyone who likes language shouldn't need such persuasion. (DNA, 7/23, 10:30pm, \$5)

Boys Don't Cry, Rhythm Core: The headliners have that Euro-trash dance chant, "So you Want To Be A Cowboy," to their credit, which I've always thought of as a satanic invocation of Andy ("Best Little Boy In The World") Tobias' Spin & Marty fixation. That's not to recommend this show, though it may lure the Esprit-teens and other worthy fetishes. (Wolfgang, 7/23, 9pm, \$10 adv., \$11 day)

John Renbourn & Stefan Grossman: The Celtic sitar and guitar eccentric joins forces with the New York Jug-band and bluegrass picker in a civilized setting. Talk about world beat. (Great American Music Hall, 7/23, 8pm, \$9)

Katrina & the Waves, Legal Reins: The headliners haven't found a follow-up to last year's buoyant "Walking on Sunshine," which is why this is a club date, and all to the good. Ex-Soft Boy Kimberly Rew is still on lead guitar, which may draw some loyalists from the fringe. The openers are apparently some local business types who have been dishing it out in three-piece suits and have Geffen Records curious. Yuppies Rule — OK! (Wolfgang, 7/24, \$11 adv., \$12 day)

Simply Red, TBA: More blue-eyed soul from limey-land by the team who got way-funky last year with "Money's Too Tight to Mention," and now turn sensitive for MTV with "Holding Back the Years." These children of Two-Tone have lots of polish and that followup hit, which is why they're playing a theatre. (Warfield, 7/25, 8pm, \$14.50 res.)

Less Talk

Dave Ford

Boy Barred

Boy George's recent heroin bust has quashed some raging speculation, while engendering some tidily homophobic establishment media coverage.

I was standing outside the Stud a couple of weeks ago with a friend when an English friend of his, fresh back from the UK, tottered up. This winsome walf, a pal of Boy George and his shadow Marilyn, Wham!, and other pop "sub-versives," alleged (that, readers, is a lawyer-friendly word we'll see time and again in this space) that "Boy has lost about four stone (almost 50 pounds), his teeth are crumbling since he gets no calcium, and he lives on nothing but cupcakes." Funny, I should have thought Twinkies more appropriate.

During last week's media feeding frenzy, tongues wagged privately that perhaps this heroin nonsense was a cover-up for another, more devastating disease (generally transmitted by newly unconstitutional sex acts). The *CBS Evening News* of Wednesday, July 9, took a more public — and less gracious — tack. Dan Rather, CBS' own Max Headroom (that's the smarmy computer-generated vid-show host and, now, Coke TV shill), gravely intoned: "Tom Fenton in London reports that an epidemic of drugs is sweeping over a frightening and growing number of British young people." (emphasis added)

Fenton: "Pop star Boy George's outrageous but basically clean-cut

image appeals to the very young." Hello? That's why I keep seeing those darned 10-year-old girls — in dresses. Fenton went on to call one of Boy's friends "transvestite Marilyn." So that's what they call 25-year-old junkies — in Levi's. Finally, in a burst of carefully shrouded moralizing, Fenton concluded: "Somewhat late, the government has advertised an anti-drugs campaign. But experts [what experts?] question how much effect scare videos can have on the young when the idols of the videos they prefer to watch set a different example."

Not to mention the effect of scare reporting. Drugs are serious business, and this country has a problem. But in that two minutes, CBS — known for previous allegedly unbiased "news" reports like "Gay Pride, Gay Politics" — managed to link drugs, ho-o-sexuality, rock and roll and, oh yes, The Children!, which smacks of Administration-agenda sensationalism.

What's it all mean? Well, a recent MTV poll showed that 53 percent of those queried said their favorite rock star influenced the way they dressed, while 47 percent said not. Perhaps trends will dangle syringes from their earlobes this fall.

Bueller's Way Off

Apparently, filmmaker John Hughes' "modern" teens have no place for fags. In *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, Hughes' sophomore paean to upper-middle-class giddiness, star charmer Matthew Broderick encounters a fey, snooty maitre d', a character who plays into straight boys' misguided stereotypes about "rich" restaurants, authority figures — and gays. Broderick says, "I'm not going to let someone like that stop me." Fine, darling — then get down on your knees.

But what do you expect from Hughes? He gave us Anthony Michael Hall begging to sniff Molly Ringwald's underwear in "Sixteen Candles," and he gave us "Pretty In Pink" — period.

Straight Lace

The Rolling Stones are on the fritz, reports Nick Kent in the August *Spin*, noting as an example of the Jagger-Richards rift that while singing the chestnut "Time Is On My Side," Jagger donned an absurd outfit and minced around the stage, a purse hanging from an exaggeratedly limp wrist. Richards fixed him with a withering glare before manfully striding to the mike stand for the duel.

Kent betrays a "manful" discomfort with Jagger's campiness, if this is "the symbolic high point" of the band's problems, as Kent writes. I mean, we all know from his recent *Interview* cover that Mick's now "straight." Keith said in a 1981 *Interview* that "Mick's my wife. And he'll say the same about me" — while Jagger, introducing the band on the 1977 "Love You Live" LP, notes that "Keith, of course, is completely straight." Divorce is ugly.

□ This is where you come in: I'd appreciate any news clippings or gossip you'd care to share, having to do with the gay community, media celebs, politicians, clubs, bars, bands, music and so on. Write c/o Less Talk, The Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF 94102. Or call (415) 861-8100. I may not be in the office (I became known there as Casper the Friendly News Ed for my dependable invisibility), but one of our minions will gladly take down your offering and chuck it into the Less Talk file. Thanks. And keep your eyes and ears peeled...

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Twice A Month

July 18 — 24

Friday, July 18

Marga Gomez & David Scheuber, 7-9 pm, no cover before 8 pm, Page Hodel until 2 am; Donna Rego afterwards to 5 am, \$5, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Come party with Judi Friedman, celebrating the release of a cassette; vocalist & musician sings songs of hope and heart, 8 pm, \$4-6, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Discussions with Martin Lee, author of *Acid Dreams*, a social history of LSD and the psychedelic counterculture; the book uncovers the CIA's interest in the drug as a "truth serum" and the government uses of the '60s counterculture rebellion, 8 pm, free, at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

Rhiannon jazzes it, 9 pm, \$8, at Kimball's, 300 Grove St. Call 861-5555 for reservations.

Saturday, July 19

BWMT Falcon Crest Tour and Napa Valley Picnic, 8:15 am, meet under the big Safeway sign on Market near Church. Call Andre, 431-8912.

Annual summer picnic with SF chapter of Presbyterians for Lesbian & Gay Concerns, 1 pm, at Tilden Park's Indian Camp picnic area, Berkeley. For more info or directions call Dick at 431-6548 or Jamie, 929-1214.

FOG Birthday Party/Potluck: The Fraternal Order of Gays celebrates its 3rd birthday; lots of good things to eat, party games & prizes, 7 pm, at 304 Gold Mine Dr. Call 641-0999.

Mimi Fox, guitarist, soon to release her own album, is joined by recording artist Robin Flower doing vocals, acoustic/electric guitar, fiddle & mandolin, 8 pm, \$5, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Sweat, Dick & Leather, JO Buddies leather jack-off party, 260 Stonewall St. (at 16th), doors open 9:30-11:30 pm, \$10.

Saddletamps Saddlewalk Sale, bargains galore to benefit The Saddletamps country & western dance troupe, 9 am-3 pm, 3470 16th Street (near Sanchez).

Sunday, July 20

Meet artist Jon Reich and help celebrate his second West Coast showing at a reception with champagne/hors d'oeuvres, 1-5 pm, at 3006 18th St., SF. Call 923-1340 or 558-9037.

Goings On in The Next Two Weeks

Monday, July 21

R&B Jam with Pat Wilder & Rita Lackey; all musicians invited to sit in! 8-11 pm, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Robin Rogers, acoustic rock, 7-9 pm, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

A reading in celebration of *Without Names: A Collection of Poems by Bay Area Filipino American writers*, 7:30 pm, donation requested, at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

Tuesday, July 22

Blush Production's BurLEZk erotic dance show for women, 9 pm, \$5; dj Chris Wasmund spins till 2 am, at Baybrick Inn (also 7/29). Call 751-7341.

Gay Cable Network: "Pride & Progress," special coverage of the massive demonstrations in NY not covered by the media; "The Right Stuff," special cast party at Maud's, featuring The Gay Comedy Extravaganza crew & all The Right Stuff regulars. Screenings at Alamo Square Saloon. Cable 6, 9-10 pm.

Wednesday, July 23

Sapphron Obois & Dave Mathews, jazzy R&B, 7-9 pm, no cover; Back Room opens at 9 pm for exciting performance art meets Gregory James & Band, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

An evening with Armistead Maupin, where he discusses the truth & fiction of his writing life; reception & book signing afterwards, 7:30 pm, \$6, at Jewish Community Center, 3200 California St. Call 346-6040.

Danny Williams & Matt Weinhold, 9 pm, \$2, at Hotel Utah, 500 4th St. Call 421-8308 or 777-3411.

Denise Perrier with Marty Williams Trio, 9 pm, \$2, at the Endup (also 7/30). Call 495-9550.

Monday, July 28

"You & The Night & The Music" — an evening of music and laughter featuring 15 of SF's best cabaret entertainers including artists Sylvester & Samatha Samuels as Mistress of Ceremonies, 8 pm, \$25 & \$50, at Venetian Room of the Fairmont Hotel. Tickets available at Headlines (Polk and Castro St. stores) or by phone, 986-3319.

Tuesday, July 29

Hunter Davis, original soft rock, 7-9 pm, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

The Gay Cable Network: "Pride & Progress," news & views from NY to SF; "The Right Stuff," Doris & Tippi are at it again, featuring international director's interview series. Screenings at Maud's & Alamo Square Saloon. Cable 6, 9-10 pm.

Wednesday, July 30

Sandy Geller, synth pop originals, 7-9 pm, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

The Cocktail Twins & Miss Kitty Boudin, 9 pm, \$5; dj David Ramirez spins between sets and after the shows, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Marga Gomez & David Scheuber dish up the laughs, 9 pm, \$2, at Hotel Utah, 500 4th St. For info or reservations call 421-8308 or 777-3411.

Artemis rocks when Addie/Heroine's come to play; high energy attitude R&B, 8 pm, \$5-8, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Thursday, July 31

Is there a literacy crisis? Oppositional approaches to "illiteracy," 8 pm, \$2 (\$1 to members), at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

"Kindred Spirits: A Dual Reflection on African mysticism"; paintings by artists Asungi and Kemit Amenophis in conjunction with Gay Games II, runs concurrently with exhibit of new works by black gay artist Seitu Din; today through 8/30, 1-6 pm, at Sargent Johnson Gallery, Western Addition Cultural Center. Call 921-7976.

Thursday, July 24

Bonnie Hayes, solo, 7-9 pm, no cover; **Back Room** opens at 9 pm with dj Page Hodel, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

BWMT Rap: Presentation by Community Boards, 7:30 pm, at 1350 Waller St. (near Masonic).

Tattoo Competition and Party to benefit for *On Our Backs*; show off your tattoo (\$1 off at door); competition will be videotaped; dj dance till 2 am, \$5, at Amelia's on Valencia. Call 552-7788 or 751-7341 for time of event.

Free spaghetti feed, 8-10 pm, at the Endup (also 7/31). Call 495-9550.

Fried chicken cook-off, High Chapparral, 2140 Market St. Call 861-7484 for more info.

July 25 — 31

Friday, July 25

Comedy: Femprov, 7-9 pm, no cover before 8 pm; **Page Hodel** until 2 am; **Donna Rego** afterwards, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Bay Area Black Lesbians & Gays gather, 8 pm -12 midnight. For info call Midgett at 864-0876 or Tony, 929-9480.

Saturday, July 26

BWMT Outing to Mt. Diablo. Meet at 10:30 am under the big Safeway sign on Market near Church. Call Jerry at 550-0780.

Melanie Monsur: spontaneous, traditional, original music by a promising artist, on piano, synthesizer, guitar & vocals, 8 pm, \$3-5, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Sunday, July 27

Too Much Fun, Planet Rock, 4-8 pm, \$5 at El Rio (your dive). Call 282-3325.

Linda Tillery & Her Band, 5:30 - 8:30 pm, \$5 at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Mixed Reviews

The Critics Choose Favorites



Sylvester's in a show of "Kindred Spirits." See 7/31 facing page

Art: Fictional/L.A., current painting and sculpture by three Los Angeles-based artists who work from narrative viewpoints; now through 8/16 at SoMa's Art-space. Call 626-9100.

California Sculpture 1959-1980; key works by heavies in the West Coast movement, selected from the permanent collection; now through 8/28 at SF Museum of Modern Art. Call 863-8800.

Dance: Last chance for Franco Zeffirelli's lavish staging of *Swan Lake*, with the legendary Carla Fracci partnered by superstar Jean Charles Gil; bound to be the highlight of La Scala Ballet of Milan's visit here; now through 1 7/20 at SF Opera House. Call 762-2277.

Theatre Flamenco of San Francisco celebrates its 20th anniversary with three new pieces by artistic director Dini Roman; 7/26-27 and 8/2-3 at the Victoria Theatre. Call 863-7576.

Film: "Meeting of Minds", six-program series devoted to portraits of major 20th century literary and artistic figures; included tributes to Simone de Beauvoir and Anais Nin 7/22; Jean-Louis Barrault, Jean Cocteau and Luis Bunuel 7/29; all at the Castro Theatre. Call 621-6120.

World premiere of *Hail Umbanda*, short feature by director Jose Araujo about the enormously influential Umbanda religion of Brazil; festivities include live show by Brazilian dance troupe Bamba de Alegria; 7/31 at the York Theatre. Call 695-0673.

Music: Nina Simone, idiosyncratic songstress dubbed the "High Priestess of Soul" who recently emerged from retirement; appears for one night only tomorrow at the Masonic Auditorium. Call 621-3255.

Performance: New York poet *John Giorno*, whose confrontational readings link the performing styles of '50s beat with '80s rockers; makes a special appearance 7/23 at SoMa's DNA Lounge. Call 775-2197.

Photography: Legendary master *John Gutmann*, best known for his documentation of '30s San Francisco; lectures on his work 7/22 at SF Art Institute. Call 771-7020.

Prominent lesbian poet Judy Grahn's *A Queen of Wands*, adapted for the stage by John Goodman and presented by the Golden Gate Actors Ensemble, draws from the ancient myth of

Helen of Troy; world premiere 7/26 at Herbst Theatre followed by benefit reception. Call 392-4400.

Video: Tribute to the Seven Deadly Sins; an ambitious multi-

media series begins with *Green* involving an ad hoc coalition of SF-based performers; audience is invited to dress appropriately and bring offerings; 7/23 at SoMa's Artist's Television Access. Call 566-3646.

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Classifieds

STRICTLY PERSONAL

DADDY WHERE ARE YOU
Handsome, 5'6" GWM, 30, 135 lbs. professional, intelligent, romantic. Dark hair, green eyes. Well built, work out. Enjoy heartrending ballads, theatre, the ballet, looking good, passionate, sensual sex, trust and my individuality. Seeking a blond, blue-eyed man. 30+ esp. muscular, well developed chest essential. Need a strong hand to guide me, love me. Firm, but respecting my soul. Cock size is not important. Tit play is. Squeeze me tight, don't hurt me. Eroticism is as available as my imaginations. In return you'll have a bright, attractive boy/man who'll be totally yours and who'll do anything to make his Daddy happy and proud. Photo gets mine. SUSA Box 809. (P-15)

Crude Animal Lust
Our friend is an accomplished local writer/editor. However, outside of work he turns into a Mr. Hyde. We keep a collar on him most of the time to restrain his crude animal passion. We even wrote Dear Abbey, but that didn't do any good. We'd still really like to help him, so if you're a young, hot 'n horny dude just begging for trouble, come over to our place and we'll let him out of his cage for a few hours. Serious only reply to: SUSA, Box 803, SF 94102. (P-14)

PREPPIE PLAYMATE
ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL TOP 39, 6'1", 170, seeks cute, affectionate 18-30 year old who enjoys dominant men. Safe sex can be creative and fun with the right man. If you are open to experimenting and fulfilling your fantasies and not looking for a lover, just healthy fun sex, reply to SUSA, Box 804. (P-14)

HOT HUNG HAIRY TOPS
G-B-M 39, 5'7", 130 lbs., with smooth buns needs deep glowing long lasting huge hung white and Latin tops to fill my hot hungry hole. Condoms a must. 282-8940. (P-15)

HUNG HOT BOTTOM
If you want a hung hot bottom for daytime action let's get it on. I'm 36, 6'1", 165, looking for someone who can ride me hard (rubbers a must). You, 18 to 36, good looking, with hot ideas. Dildoes, leather, levis, open & discrete. Let's see what kind of action we can come up with? Your photo gets mine. SUSA, Box 805. (P-17)

AFFECTIONATE AND KINKY
Looking for someone emotionally mature, young in spirit, even child-like. Boyish games, which involve a little wrestling to get at each other's balls, slapping them enough to touch pain; working on each other's butts with paddles, some straps and hand; jacking cocks together. At the same time, mature affection, so that we connect in several of our chakras, and we combine auras to create one. I'm 57, exciting, attractive body, 5'9", 150 lbs. Don't bother with JO calls. Want to meet and do it. 863-0342. (P-16)

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SEEKING BLACK COMPANION
Attractive, mature, masculine WM, 30, in good physical shape, intelligent, with many interests seeks similar, dominant, hung BM, any age, for friendship, possible relationship. Reply to SUSA Box 812. (P-15)

ARE YOU:
a boyishly cute, black, latin, or dark skinned, naturally firm & hairless male under 35, into adventure, nudity, porno, touching and hot tender sex, occasionally with groups / women, but not into drugs or excessive alcohol? ARE YOU: looking for a very attractive, warm, sensitive, yet dominate, hot masculine GWM partner/big brother, with firm, hairy body, for a hot friendship or special open relationship? Then call 763-6392. You might find him. (P)

SMOOTH HUNKY GUY
Goodlooking, complex guy 5'10", 155 pounds, dark hair and eyes, Ivy educated. I'm clean-cut, flirtatious and verbal. Seeks intense top men from Brooks to leather. Muscular, intelligent guys who enjoy San Francisco life. I want to see it all with you and go everywhere too. From late nights to athletic days — and I'm healthy too. Letter plus photo to: SUSA, Box 802. (P-14)

MY BOTTOM IS UP AND WAITING
I am 43, GWM, blonde, blue-eyed farm boy type. I am looking for a real man to spend some time with. You must be between 30 and 55, GWM, top, clean and honest, no drugs. Reply to Bob. SUSA Box 808. (P-15)

PROFESSIONAL WRITER
Tired of the same old story. Hairy, 42, dark hair (balding), mustache, 6 feet, 170 lbs., good build, looking for a smaller hero, my age or younger, to help write a happy ending, or at least a few good chapters. Forget labels like "lover", "fuck-buddy", etc. We'll title it whatever it turns out to be. Romance, adventure, mystery, fantasy are just a few of the possibilities. Send sample chapter and photo dust jacket to Box 247, 2215-R Market St., 94114. (P-15)

COMPANION WANTED
GWM seeks companion. I'm 25, 5'10", 135 lbs., bl/bl, non-religious, libertarian/free market oriented, a non-smoker, always horny but safe sex aware. Men responding should be trim, 20-40 and non-smokers. Photo appreciated. Mark, 1800 Market St., 250, SF 94102. (P-15)

THE BEST IS YET TO COME
Handsome, bearded GWM, 39 (looks 30), gr/br, 5'5", 120 lbs., well-proportioned body, a bit shy but very responsive with right guy, artistic sensibility and politically progressive, safe-sex aware, seeks passionate, masculine non-smoking man in thirties interested in dating to see what develops. If you're physically affectionate with above-average looks, not a loner, maybe somewhat the romantic type, and are turned on by a combination of heart-mind-body, write me. A few of my loves: music, laughter, weekend getaways, bedroom eyes, being held (down), sand 'n surf, mountain tranquility, western dancing, surprises. All replies w/photo answered. Occupant, Box 609, 584 Castro, SF 94114-2588. (P-15)

SEEKING ONGOING SEXUAL PARTNER AND FRIEND
GWM, early 30's, seeking partner (age not important) for ongoing sexual encounters and friendship. Prefer Asian. Already involved in a relationship that is not sexually satisfying; seeking someone to help out on an ongoing basis. Rewards involved are friendship, fun, goodtimes, sex. Live in SF, prefer SF, but not necessary. This can be enjoyable for all involved, why not give it a try? 2124 Kiltredge #266, Berkeley, CA 94704. (P-15)

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JIM
I refuse to keep calling and uttering sweet nothings to your answering service. If you care for me, meet me at the **Endup Thursday** for their **Free Spaghetti Feed**. Show a little class and spring for the drinks. **FRANK** (P-15)

YOU'RE THE TOP
Attractive, dominant young top-man wanted for passionate, penetrating times by mostly bottom w/m, 28, slim, gym-toned body, boyish good looks. I'm bright, sensitive, intense, warm-hearted, playful, horny, non-druggie, with lots of heat at your service. You are healthy, fit, self-confident, 21-45, who takes charge and appreciates a good thing. Leather optional. Enjoy me now, avoid the rush later. Sense of humor and revealing photo required. SUSA Box 810. (P-16)

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is strictly for the young at heart! Call 24 hours only \$2 charge in (213) & (415) 976-0069. (P-16)

FANTASIES
Dark boyishly handsome man with absolutely smooth olive skin, chiseled muscular build of a Greek statue, masculine, affectionate, sensitive, would like to be partner in your fantasies and dreams if you are handsome, fit, imaginative, considerate. Maybe there will be enough magic generated in our togetherness to transform it into romance. Send photo (will return/reciprocate) and your fantasies regarding what you would like to do with this muscleboy! SUSA Box 806. (P-15)

PICTURE TRADING SCENE
Me 32, W/M, muscular, blue eyes, 5'11", 170 lbs., quiet, sincere, intense, handsome farm boy. Looking for well hung with large round helmet head. Age doesn't matter. If you are looking for the same and fun, and into trading pictures and cassettes, and possible get together, a picture of your manhood guarantees mine. Send address or phone. My pictures are stimulating and just waiting for yours. SUSA, Box 790. (P-14)

MUSCULAR AND SPIRITUAL?
Your very handsome face and well tuned-muscular body are balanced by your dynamic mind and gentle spirit. You're 25-35, versatile, non drug/alcohol, moustached. Maybe slightly hairy, tallish, nicely endowed. Me: very handsome, 6'1", 170, 31, blond-brown hair, moustache, muscular, very-defined, smooth, washboard ab., serious, silly, spiritual, political, love swimming, art, dance, romance. Only replies w/photo returned. Box 125, 2261 Market St., SF 94114. (P-14)

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT WANTED
Semi-retired executive seeks shy, intelligent, business oriented, college graduate between 21-27. Must be willing to learn about business investments and to relocate. Winters in Hawaii, some international travel. Ideal person-physically fit, non-smoker, non-drug, 5'10", 145 lbs., handsome, well-mannered, fine dining, expensive autos, tennis. Seeks long-term monogamous relationship. Excellent career opportunity for right person. Salary depends on qualifications. Please send resume and photos if available, if close on above requirements. SUSA Box 811. (P-15)

CIRCLE JERK CLUB
Men! Huddle up and squirt it up!!! Newsletter accepts free personal ads, art, photos, and news from its members. Send \$1.00 to: The CJ's Club, P.O. Box 16319, San Diego, CA 92116. (P-15)

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Take A Break
Lets take a break from the bars, the games, and the nonsense. I'm a handsome dark haired Italian with a great chest, big arms, sweet smile and a nice mustache. You don't have to be gods gift just masculine into working out and one who can deal with a good friendship perhaps more. Write to: 584 Castro Street, Box 442, SF., CA 94114. (P-22)

HOUSEBOY/VALET WANTED
Executive seeks houseboy/valet to perform various housekeeping, personal servant chores. Duties include some food serving/preparation, household chores, chauffeuring, automobile care, errands. Ideally 19-23, 5'9", 140 lbs., willing to relocate, clean, shaven, smooth body, well-mannered, non-smoker, straight looking/acting. Some travel involved. Must have agreeable nature, willing to serve. Good salary for right person. Expects monogamous relationship. If close to above requirements, please send resume and photos if available. SUSA Box 811. (P-15)

LAND OF HANALEE
Puff the Magic Dragon lives near the sea in Redwoods overlooking the Russian River and wants to frolic in the summer mist with horny Dragon chasers. Puff is big, masc. hairy, bearded, and has deep throat and hot fiery mouth that's excellent for sucking cock. All hot and horny top Lancelots reply (with photo if possible) to: Puff Box 1762 Guerneville CA, 95446. Ecstasy guaranteed! (P-14)

HOME SWEET HOME!
Responsible, quiet and mature 29 year old GWM looking for home in exchange for domestic and/or business tasks. I am returning to school to study physical therapy and will have financial aid package and part-time job. I have previously been a formal butler/cook and also managed a real estate brokerage in San Francisco. I presently manage an 18 unit building. My interests include: cooking, body building, art theatre, holistic health and I am a certified masseur. I am hardworking, personable, affectionate and even very attractive (5'11", 155lbs. with brown hair and eyes). I have local references. Call John at 564-2424. (P-14)

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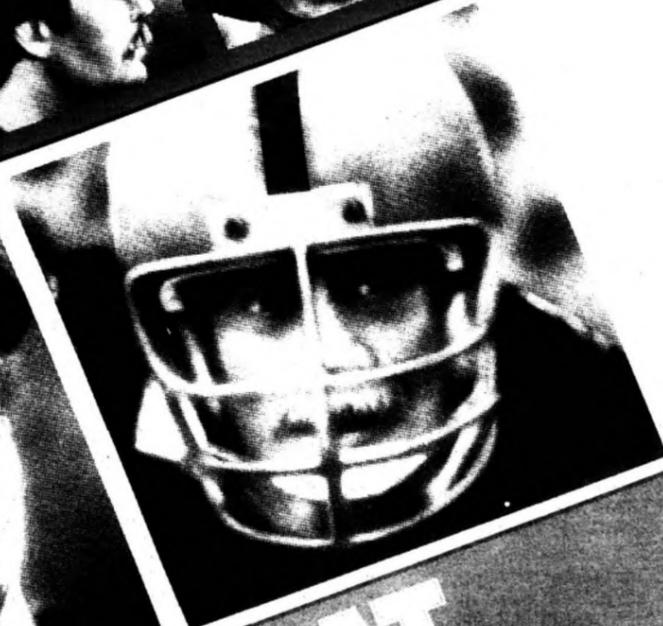
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