

Sentinel

AIDS Meditations pg. 17

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USOC Drops Suit Against Gay Games

by Charles Linebarger

This week the United States Olympic Committee (USOC) filed and then withdrew a suit against San Francisco Arts and Athletics (SFAA), organizers of Gay Games I and II, to collect over \$280,000 in court costs and attorney fees accrued during the long court battle over use of the word "Olympics."

The case, scheduled to be heard in US District Court in San Francisco on November 19, was dropped by the USOC early yesterday morning.

"The primary reason that they dropped the suit was that they realized their motion was made in error and there was a lot of force in the argument I filed," SFAA attorney Mary Dunlap told the *Sentinel*. "There must have been a number of internal conflicts over this case."

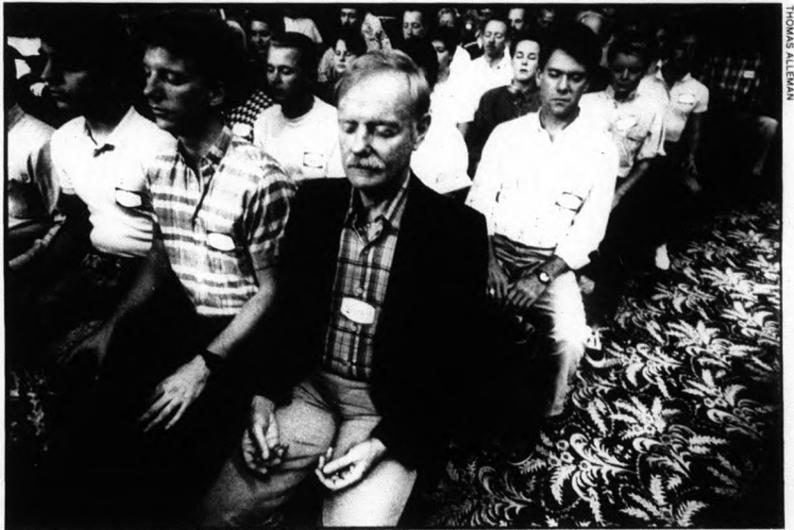
When contacted by the *Sentinel* as to why the USOC chose to drop the case, attorney John Hausen of Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro said, "I can't give a reason. It was a decision by the USOC."

Dunlap, who called the filing of the suit by the USOC "gay-bashing with a suit on," said there was a possibility that the USOC could have won, but would have ultimately lost on appeal to the Ninth Circuit Court.

Dunlap said the USOC had to prove that Gay Games' suit against the USOC for discrimination had been without any merit, a nuisance suit that the USOC had the right to collect from for its costs in fighting.

But according to the brief Dunlap filed with the District Court for Northern California, "four (4)

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A VISION OF LOVE

Radiant Light Ministry Attracts Gays Looking for a Path to Spirituality

by Casaendra N. Young

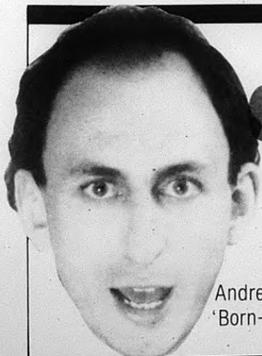
Love. Love is perhaps the most complex and misunderstood emotion that exists. An emotion that transcends time and space. Love has the power to heal, to mend broken lives and to cross the boundaries of race, sex and age. Radiant Light Ministries (RLM) is a nondenominational ministry that has lit a blazing candle of love in the heart of many gay men and women in the 16 months that it has been in existence.

RLM has rapidly become an emotional weekly celebration of life and love, which is changing the way our community views religion and spirituality.

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An evolution from the Human Potential Movement, RLM is an eclectic mixture of people and philosophies with a broad base of support

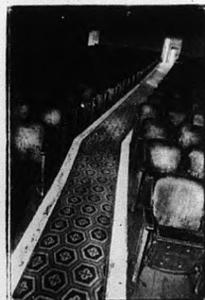
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In an effort to better serve our readers and advertisers, the **Sentinel** is conducting a survey during the month of November. In this reader poll we would like to know a little more about who you are, your likes and dislikes, and your suggestions and comments for how we might continue to grow and serve the gay and lesbian community.

For taking the time to fill out and return this questionnaire, we are offering a chance for a 4-day "Supercruise"® to Mexico, including round-trip airfare to Los Angeles. The winner will be selected December 15, 1987, from a random drawing (among the names of all respondents). One entry per person. **Sentinel** employees do not qualify.

CHECK ONE BOX PER QUESTION:

1 How often do you read the Sentinel?

- Every week
- Twice a month
- Less than twice a month

2 Do any other people read your copy?

- No
- One other
- More than one (specify) _____

3 What other papers do you read? (Check as many as apply.)

- Chronicle
- NY Times
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- Add your own: _____
- Examiner
- Bay Guardian
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4 Where do you pick up your copy of the Sentinel?

- Bar
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5 Is there someplace which doesn't currently carry the Sentinel which you would like to see added?

6 Overall, do you feel the Sentinel does a good job of covering the gay/lesbian community?

- Yes
- No

Please explain: _____

7 What is your favorite section? (Check one.)

- News
- Holistics
- Arts
- Classifieds

8 What are your favorite columns? (Check as many as you wish.)

- NEWS:**
- News features
 - Sentinel editorial
 - From the Publisher (Robert M. Golovich)
 - From the Desk (David M. Lowe)
 - At the Courthouse (Ken Cady)
 - Sportsights (Duke Joyce)
 - Cathartic Comics (Prof. I. B. Gittendowne)
 - News interviews
 - Letters

- ARTS:**
- Arts Features
 - Dance
 - FullFrame
 - Less Talk
 - Rock Previews
 - Second Glimpse (Steve Abbott)
 - Week at a Glance (calendar)
 - Centerfold
 - Classics
 - Film
 - Pop
 - Rock
 - Theatre

- HOLISTICS:**
- Health features
 - Body Wisdom
 - On Guard (John S. James)
 - Healing Resources (Van R. Ault)
 - Health interviews
 - Astrologer

- OTHERS:**
- (Please specify.) _____

9 If we were to increase the size (number of pages), use color, and remove the classifieds to a pull-out section, would you be willing to buy the Sentinel on a weekly basis?

- Yes
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- 50¢
 - \$1.00?
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Sex _____

Annual Income _____

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Own a car? _____

Times per year you vacation _____

Where is your normal vacation destination? _____

Do you donate to gay charities? _____

Have you done volunteer work in the past three years? _____

Times per month you (Fill in blanks):

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AIDS Commission Replacements Get Good Marks

by David M. Lowe

The latest appointments to the Reagan AIDS Commission are being generally well received by members of the lesbian/gay community who are familiar with their work during the epidemic.

"They are good additions to a hopelessly flawed commission," reacted Paul Boneberg, Mobilization Against AIDS, to the selection of 59-year-old Beny Primm of New Rochelle, NY, and 44-year-old Christine Gebby of Portland, OR, to serve on the beleaguered panel.

Primm, executive director of Addiction Research and Treatment Corporation in Brooklyn, NY, was chosen to replace chairperson Eugene Mayberry. Gebby, associate director for health at the Oregon Department of Human Resources, will replace vice-chair

Woodrow Meyers.

Primm's appointment received immediate praise from SF Public Health Department Director Dr. David Werdegar. "He's extremely knowledgeable about the AIDS-IV drug

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SCOTT MARTIN



Contestants at the Mr. South of Market contest on stage at the Trocadero Transfer.

Lesbian Conference Promises Action

by Cathy Cockrell

Over 500 Bay Area lesbians are expected to attend the Lesbian Agenda for Action Political Conference to be held Saturday and Sunday, November 14 and 15, at Mission High School in San Francisco. Sponsors say the two-day event will be the first major political conference for lesbians held on the West Coast since 1976.

"Lesbians have been organizing non-profits in the Bay Area for ten years, but we still don't get visibility or credit," says LAA spokeswoman Jean Harris. And when it comes to cutting up the pie for city funds or appointing people to city boards and commissions, lesbians and lesbian projects do not get their due, she says.

The conference was designed to speak to this situation by giving visibility to the lesbian community and its leaders. Its focus will be "political more than informational," Harris reports, and will seek to define issues directly affecting lesbians in the Bay Area and beyond — and then to develop

strategies to address them.

There will be fifteen issues workshops and five strategy sessions during the two days, as well as a keynote speaker followed by a panel discussion each morning.

Saturday's keynote speaker, Attorney Donna Hitchens, will talk on "The Process of Discrimination." On Sunday, political activist Pat Norman will discuss "Tools for Political Change." Author and professor Sally Gearhart will serve as mistress of ceremonies. Invited panelists include Roberta Achtenberg, Mary Dunlap, Roma Guy, Virginia Harris, Carole

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Return of the Leather Men

by Charles Linebarger

The last five years have been hard ones in the leather community. AIDS and economic changes have closed half a dozen South of Market leather bars, and for a few years, it looked as if we were witnessing the swan song of Folsom's "Miracle Mile." However, recently things have begun to look up again. Witness the Mr. South of Market contest held last Saturday night.

Scores of men, and some women, descended on the Trocadero Transfer for the first Mr. South of Market contest to be held since 1984 when that year's winner, Michael Merriott, later died of AIDS. The Troc was not packed for the event, but there were some gorgeous men around, strapped into their sexiest black leather chaps and torso straps and chains.

Bodybuilding and health consciousness were definitely in among the leathermen as huge arms and protruding pecs, as well as richly endowed butts, were accentuated by their leather finery. Amid the opulence of flesh and

cowhide, the epidemic seemed far away. But it wasn't. The event was dedicated to the handsome 1984 winner who died of the disease.

Five years ago, bars like the Bolt and the Arena on Folsom would have been packed with men on a weekend night, and other bars — the Ambush, the Ramrod, Feebies, Chaps, the Eagle and the Stud — all had their own aficionados. Bathhouses were doing a land-office business — from the huge Club Baths at 8th and Howard to the sleazier Barracks and the Slot on Folsom itself. There were restaurants catering to the leather crowd — Ham-

burger Mary's, the Canary Island Diner and the Ambush. The crowds were huge: Bay Area men and out-of-towners, all fitted into leather or denim or muscle shirts, and all on the make. And then came AIDS, and nothing would ever be the same again.

The epidemic, the fear of AIDS and rising rents have closed down all of the bars except the Eagle and the Stud. While the Powerhouse opened its doors during those years, the baths all closed, and the restaurants were discovered by the young straight set who remade the empty gay bars into a straight nightclub strip. A thousand gay San Franciscans died, and black leather almost disappeared from the streets, even from Folsom, but the most recent signs seem to point to a resurgence in the leather community. Maybe the corner has been turned.

"Back then [Folsom] went through some real hard times, but it's coming back now," blond bodybuilder James Buhlar explained to the *Sentinel*. Buhlar stood barechested in the Trocadero gallery, looking down at the benefit auction for the AIDS Emergency Fund.

"The bars that are open now are always packed, and I think more bars will be opening again. It's just that back then, people simply quit going out, but

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STAN MALETIC



Partygoers mingle at the AIDS fundraiser last Sunday at the Achilles Heel on Haight Street. "We felt the straight community needs to be more involved with the AIDS issue and this is our little way of helping out," said owner Bill Sepatis. Proceeds benefit Coming Home Hospice and the Shanti Project.

Shannon Eviction Case Looms

Shanti Goes to Court

by Mark Schoofs

Two months ago, the Shanti Project issued eviction papers to one of its Residence Program tenants, Jeff Shannon. Since that time, both Shanti and Shannon have become embroiled in a controversy where each adamantly insists that the other is in the wrong.

Shannon claims that Shanti's reasons for eviction are groundless. "Their charges are nothing but hearsay and gossip," said Shannon. "They only read the charges to me once and never allowed me to face my accusers."

Ellie Cousineau, Shanti Residence Program coordinator, disagrees. "Jeff was notified all along the way of his disruptive behavior, and he was given many opportunities to change that behavior."

When informed of Shannon's assertion that the charges against him amount to nothing but secondhand accusations and of his claim that he has never had an opportunity to face his accusers, Cousineau retorted, "That's absolutely wrong. I know his roommates voiced their complaints to him

face-to-face because I was in the room at the time."

Shannon's eviction notice cites his "continuing disruptive and intimidating behavior" which interferes "with the comfort and enjoyment of other tenants in the household." Besides Shannon, only one other of the residence's tenants was able to speak with the *Sentinel*, and that tenant preferred to remain anonymous and has since moved out of the residence.

Agreeing with Shanti's charges, he said, "I've never wished anything bad on him [Shannon], but I do want him to move. He's abusive to the other residents and talks down to everyone. Once I told him, 'You speak to people as if they're not your equals.' 'Tic,' 're not," he replied. "Asked if he and the other

residents had talked to Jeff directly, he replied, "Till we were blue in the face. But Jeff thinks he's never done anything wrong, ever."

Shannon responded this way. "The fact that the other residents are intimidated is not my responsibility. That is the easiest charge to make, but they have not produced any concrete evidence."

Asked why Shanti would try to unfairly evict a person with AIDS, Shannon replied, "Because I'm not passive and I'm not needy. I have no qualms about saying no to a Shanti policy or to a Shanti-advocate. I ask questions, and they [Shanti] don't like that."

Cousineau agrees that Shannon often questions Shanti but insists that his

attitude, and we have literally bent over backwards to address all of his questions. But Jeff's eviction is based solely on his behavior in the residence, which has been very disruptive."

Beyond repeating that Shannon's behavior is "disruptive," Shanti will not disclose any specifics of Shannon's conduct. Day stated that Shanti feels no obligation to make public specific incidents and prefers to keep those details confidential. Upon hearing of Day's comments Shannon quipped, "The fact is they don't have any specifics."

According to a person who claims to have lived with Shannon before he was admitted into the Shanti Residence Program, this episode does not mark the first time that Shannon has been in-

committed."

Shannon called the letter "cowardly" and an "anonymous character assassination."

Shanti and Shannon do not only differ as to whether Shannon deserves eviction; they also disagree over what is the larger issue that the eviction raises. According to Shannon, the larger issue centers on "the rights of people with AIDS for self-determination. Shanti has no formal and official forums for redress."

Shanti claims that this assertion is false. Said Greg Day of Shanti, "There is a whole review process for a client's complaints. It begins in the client's house and extends all the way to the board of directors. His [Shannon's] allegations that Shanti is run by insensitive bureaucrats who are out to get him is false. There are people with AIDS who work here at Shanti, and there are even PWAs on our board of directors. Jeff has had complete access to every level of Shanti, including the board."

Shannon, however, claims that Shanti's refusal to show him his files exemplifies Shanti's insensitivity and inadequate redress policy. "Any hospital is required by law to turn over a patient's files, and Shanti should do the same," Shannon added that "because Shanti receives money from the city, their files belong in the public domain. And there is even a clause in their contract with the city."

But Ellie Cousineau of Shanti disputed this claim. "We are not a medical organization. We contacted three separate lawyers, and they all advised us that our files constitute business, not medical files. Even the city's Department of Public Health agreed that our files are ours alone and not the public's."

Cousineau added, "Even in hospitals, a patient is never just handed his files. There is always a procedure where a doctor is present to explain the meaning of the records. And although we have not given Jeff his actual files, we have given him a written summary of all the complaints against him that his files contain."

These responses do not satisfy Shannon. He believes that Shanti ought to be subject to an independent review board. "As it stands now, only Shanti decides if Shanti is right or wrong," Day responded. "That [an independent review board] would just add another bump in the bureaucracy. We are very open. Our clients can come to us directly. And if they feel that that approach is not working, then they can do what Jeff has done and hire an attorney."

Concerning the whole issue of avenues of redress and client rights, Day said, "That may be one issue, but it is not the central issue. The Residence Program is our only program with a waiting list. People need our services, and the bottom line here is to provide the best care to the most people. One in-

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According to Shannon, the larger issue centers on "the right of people with AIDS for self-determination. Shanti has no formal and official forums for redress."

questioning is irrelevant to his eviction. "Jeff asks a lot of questions," said Cousineau, who paused and then repeated, "A lot of questions. But Jeff has never been told to shut up and not complain. On the contrary, we have never left any of his complaints uninv-

olved in a residence dispute. In a letter printed in the October 9 edition of the *Sentinel*, an individual whose name was withheld upon request claimed that Shannon exhibited an "erratic temper" and that "life became sheer hell with the disturbances he [Shannon]

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DPH Conference Spreads AIDS Message

by Alex MacDonald

The San Francisco Department of Public Health last week played host to a nuts-and-bolts conference for public health officials and workers, representing city, county, state and federal health departments in all regions of the United States. The affair, which ran November 4-7, heard speakers from the San Francisco DPH, and the private and public agencies which work with the DPH describe in detail model programs conceived, designed and implemented in the city's gay community to combat the spread of AIDS.

The conference is the first ever developed to train health administrators to work with community organizations for the purpose of addressing the AIDS epidemic through a coordinated community-wide response.

After welcoming addresses by Mayor Dianne Feinstein and Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi, the conference broke up into workshops to hear more than a 100 papers, which outlined projects ranging from delivering meals for the housebound to delivering bleach to homeless IV drug users.

Regardless of the topic under discussion by the speakers, the question periods afterward, invariably heard participants ask about turf battles, problems of public prejudice and, simply, how did you do it? Their questions received frank answers.

The conference listed as one of its aims the necessity of providing "the tools with which to mobilize and lead...communities in effectively responding to the AIDS crisis." For many of the participants from cities in the East and the nation's heartland, the

woman's true condition. Her own fears kept her from being tested. She did not know which of her sex partners were bisexual, had transfusions or used IV drugs.

Blinded to the true nature of her disease by denial — hers and others' — she allowed her boyfriend, an addict, to go to jail and have probable sexual encounters there without knowing that she may have infected him. "Denial," Norris concluded, "can be fatal in the black community."

Norris fears that AIDS may wipe out the black community. Behaviors, not people, are the threat: until AIDS, the behaviors did not carry catastrophic consequences. Where, she wonders, will future generations come from?

To break through the initial denial which puts the black community at risk, Norris advises using billboards and bus advertisements. Comic books work, she says. Brochures don't. TV advertisements also work, but non-blacks will not be heard if they come to the black community and try to talk about matters as intimate as drugs and sex.

In her boldest appeal, she called on black political leaders and educators to risk their careers, if necessary, but to speak the subject aloud.

The items Norris mentioned — drugs, reticence, prejudice among professionals towards the sufferer — affect IV users even more acutely than blacks. Dr. Harvey Feldman, project coordinator for Mid-City Consortium, spoke of the ways and the need to reach that difficult group whom professionals, he says, deem "hostile, dependent, a composite of traits more fitted for the criminal justice system" and fully adjusted only "to the imperatives of the streets, a frail basis for AIDS education."

When the DPH inferred from data provided by its counterparts in New York and New Jersey that a second wave of AIDS would soon wash over the minorities in San Francisco, Feldman told the conference that Mid-City adopted a strategy of necessity. Street workers "scoped out the Tenderloin, a sex trade zone," and the Mission.

They found that IV users, fearing the epidemic, looked to health professionals. They also found that needle-sharing practices quickly spread the virus. Needle cleaning, at the time, amounted to no more than the use of warm water to prevent clogging. "Public policy," Feldman says, "makes needle sharing a necessity. Needle cleaning was unrelated to the realities of street life." Media warnings were ineffective.

Mid-City found, however, that IV users responded to face-to-face discussion. The street workers, therefore, sought them out in alleyways, abandoned cars, pool halls, street corners,

cheap hotels, building sites, abandoned buildings and anywhere else they thought they might stumble over them.

They undertook a program of distribution of one-ounce bottles of chlorine bleach for needle cleaning. The bottles became an emblem of empowerment among users, who for the first time could do something to protect themselves. The bottles showed that the street workers cared. Incidentally, they gave the workers a means of defining user networks.

The workers accelerated discussion. They encouraged the use of condoms and safe sex. They developed sustained

relationships with users who otherwise live without any attachment to any legitimate agency and lack a fundamental requirement for intake by other agencies: a commitment to change or to abstinence.

Feldman concluded on a cautionary note. "The street worker," he said, "has no more authority than the client permits." He then told of a street worker in Harlem who was murdered because of poor supervision and poor training. "Undertake it," he warned, "with knowledge and skill."

If reaching IV users in the Tenderloin

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Federal Employees Face Mandatory Testing

by Alex MacDonald

Implementation of mandatory HIV antibody testing for some federal employees went into effect early last month. In an internal memorandum obtained by the *Sentinel*, the director of the Public Health Service's Division of Federal Occupational and Beneficiary Health Services (DFOBHS), Dr. J.D. Felsen, announced the new federal policy guidelines to his ten regional directors. The guidelines went into effect upon receipt of the memorandum.

The consent form for release of the test results advises the employee that the test "could be one of the factors used for determining your placement or hiring."

Neither the memorandum obtained by the *Sentinel*, nor documents accompanying it which outline testing and counseling procedures, states what will happen to an employee or job applicant who withholds consent.

A number of federal agencies, such as the Department of State, have for some time now required some of their personnel to undergo HIV tests.

The memorandum notes that permitting the client to refuse to be informed of the results of the test is "one of the most controversial issues." DFOBHS Director Felsen cited "reports of suicidal ideation in individuals diagnosed as being HIV antibody positive" as one of the reasons for allowing employees to refuse to be informed.

The consent form given to the employee states that recent research suggests that more than 50% of seropositive persons will go on to develop

AIDS. The form also states that AIDS "has thus far been uniformly fatal."

Other reasons Felsen gives for allowing the client to choose: the tests are mandatory; they are for the benefit of the government rather than the client; there is a high rate of false positives in low-risk populations.

Employees who submit themselves to the mandatory tests will receive pretest counseling, which emphasizes the implications of a positive result for life expectancy, lifestyle and insurance.

The guidelines require that employees who test positive receive psychological support "to assist them in dealing with the serious emotional turmoil which may ensue."

Felsen recommended that regional offices charge for one hour of doctor/nurse time per client. DFOBHS charges \$10 for each ELISA blood screening and \$35 for the Western blot confirmatory test. Presumably, DFOBHS bills the employee's agency, not the employee, for the test, but the memorandum does not state explicitly who pays.



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Lavender Vets for Peace

by Alex MacDonald

The Lavender Veterans for Peace, a new, upfront gay veterans organization which made its debut in the National March on Washington, began last month to turn its sights on the Sandinista movement in Nicaragua.

"There really needs to be a presence of gays and lesbians in Nicaragua," Michael Job, founder of the fledgling group, told the *Sentinel*. "to help as they struggle for their revolution, so that gay and lesbian Nicaraguans will not be left out when freedom does come — and not be repressed the way we are and

be told it's okay to be gay as long as you don't come out and tell anybody."

Job conceived Lavender Veterans for Peace while working with the NAMES Project. He became interested in doing outreach to veterans and went to the Outreach Committee and the Radical Faeries for ideas.

"That's how it came to be," he says. "It's more difficult to get a lot of veterans to come out to their veteran status than it is to their sexual preference because of the way veterans have been treated, especially Vietnam veterans. You were labeled a baby-killer, a drug-crazed killer and so on. If you say you're gay on top of it..." He does not finish the sentence.

The March on Washington, he told his small membership upon his return, "was one of the most empowering experiences of our lives. We were picked by the March monitors to head the entire veterans' contingent.... We chanted 'Condoms, not Contras' and 'Love Peace, not War.' Some of our members were dressed in camouflage skirts or just beautiful skirts. We carried bells and wore lavender beads. We were a colorful group to behold [and] we found there is a need for a flam-

boyant group among veterans."

In Nicaragua, he says, he was the only openly gay man in a veterans group which went to Central America to let people there know about Americans who oppose Reagan's policy and to monitor the peace process. Meetings scheduled with opposition organs, such as Radio Católica, were canceled. Job does not know why, but he says he found an active opposition press flourishing openly.

In Managua, when he met a major who dealt with veterans affairs, Job encountered an attitude familiar to him from his time in the American military. "I asked, 'Are homosexuals allowed in the military?' He answered, 'No, they don't have any homosexuals in the military. It would cause too much disruption.' It was, like, they don't weed them out, just they don't have any, which was a strange answer."

In small towns the group visited in the war zone, Job turned out to be the only openly gay man ever seen by the local people. "I am a person of peace," he told them. "My government does not like or accept me because I was born and am a gay man. Do the people of this community accept people who are different or pass judgment on them as my government does?" The response, Job states, was that "anyone who has helped them [is] accepted." He reports he experienced no hostility.

Job spent a total of eight days in Nicaragua, four of them in the capital and the rest in the provinces. Lavender Veterans, he says, concerns itself primarily with peace issues, especially with the issue of American intervention in Nicaragua.

Gay and lesbian veterans who wish more information can call Job at 386-7364.

Radiant Light

Continued from page 1

from the gay community. Many celebrants come to gawk and end up being ardent supporters of what is known as the fastest growing new age ministry in the Bay Area. A nonjudgmental atmosphere of simplistic love, combined with a supportive team of staff members eager to serve, has created a unique and vibrant ministry.

The purpose of Radiant Light Ministries "is to empower all beings to wake up, experience, own and demonstrate God's limitless love and abundance." Its philosophy is "There is no remedy for love but to love more."

What is so unique about this new ministry? Where is the magic? What are

believe, 10% is not. It's a wonderful community of spiritual nourishment where I can go to think and grow."

The 33-year-old minister prefers to be called Reverend Matt. His deep blue eyes twinkle with laughter as he recalls the shocked reaction of first-time visitors to the ministry when they recognize him from his past. When asked what his wish would be if he could have anything he wanted from the gay community, Reverend Matt Garrigan replied, "If they could love and respect themselves enough to give up attack and consistently express the love that they have in their hearts, no matter what." His eyes softened as he continued, "That's how changes in the world will be made. To be known for our gifts — and to admire the gift we all have to offer — will heal the separation. We are



community is coming together in a cohesive manner that is rekindling the bond of our early days of struggle. Men openly hold hands and kiss one another on the lips at the ministry. Women hold each other in tender hugs. Women and men dance, laugh, cry and sing together in a celebration that gives them permission to be whoever they are and then express that truth fully.

I asked Reverend Matt about per-

sonal growth and changes. "When people can release emotions with 100% responsibility without blaming others, then there is true release," he stated. "If that release is dependent on another changing, life then becomes the victim of another's behavior."

Acknowledgment is an important part of the ministry, and those who serve in various capacities as volunteers are the base of support around which

the ministry revolves. There are four people who were early influences for Reverend Matt and set the stage for his own personal growth and evolution. "Ross Todd was the man who woke me up in a bar. He changed my life, introduced me to Vern Black and taught me that there is no guilt. Vern Black taught me integrity and the power of keeping my word. Kenny Moore taught me the power of unconditional love. Terry Cole-Whitaker taught me that it's OK to be outrageous."

RLM teaches the power of unconditional love and insists that "the way out is to be where you are." In a recent sermon Reverend Matt told the celebrants that their "call for change has been heard" and insisted that the winds of change are indeed upon the planet. The room erupted in loud and sustained applause, and many wept openly as they recited the affirmation, "It is perfectly safe for me, (name), to express my life and manifest my passion. I Am A Radiant Light And I Am Free!"

Radiant Light Ministries has lit a torch of freedom from the bondage of traditional religion. The ministry embraces all truths, all religions and religious practices while stating, "The way out is the way through. We are one in thought, mind and spirit. Come home to the truth of who you really are on this planet."

Radiant Light Ministries is a new age ministry that insists love is the doorway to physical health and spiritual freedom, forgiveness the key that unlocks the door and integrity their only goal.

Radiant Light Ministries is located at 2174 Market St. (at Sanchez) in the Swedish-American Hall. Regular services are Sunday at 10 am. Call 861-1667 for further information.

Cassandra Young is a metaphysical consultant and psychic healer who occasionally attends meetings of the Radiant Light Ministry.

Acknowledgment is an important part of the ministry, and those who serve in various capacities as volunteers are the base of support around which the ministry revolves.

people so enthused about?

Devotee Brian Silva commented, "For me, it has been a consistent source of spiritual food. RLM has assisted me greatly in knowing what my purpose in life is, what my vision in life is and how to live that vision fully. It is by giving my gift to life that I can make a difference on the planet."

Another RLM believer, Rick Green, added, "I had been working spiritually by myself by reading books, and I found that working alone was not as powerful as working with a group of people. I enjoy working with a group of people and experiencing a weekly dose of energy. RLM presents important spiritual information in a non-denominational format. 90% of what Matt presents is what I think and

all one in God."

I asked Reverend Matt what his gift to the ministry was and he asserted, "My commitment's to do whatever it takes without the use of self-sacrifice and self-denial. My willingness to tell the truth about myself and laugh. My willingness to fall flat on my face and get up again. I am not afraid to tell the truth. I love everyone. That is what we all feel deep inside."

Love. The Sunday morning service is a fast-moving blend of meditation, dance, song, laughter and tears. The celebrants leap to their feet in applause, hug and hold one another freely and wipe away free-flowing tears in this emotional celebration of the human spirit and the healing of love.

In this time of AIDS, the gay com-

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Private Testing vs. DPH

No Basis for Comparison

by Alex MacDonald

While politicians make headlines with proposals for mandatory AIDS antibody testing, a few private physicians manage to make a nice profit out of the growing public concern about vulnerability to infection by the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV). One such, Dr. Tim Sankarav, offers same-day test results for \$39.00.

Street flyers advertising Sankarav's AIDS Prevention Center at 944 Market Street promise rapid, convenient, accurate and anonymous testing and counseling by a physician.

On an inside page, the flyer warns, "AIDS can strike anyone. Don't take a chance; protect yourself. It's your choice. Abstinence (in bold capitals) 100% safe."

"Safe Sex: Dry Body Rubbing, Telephone Sex, Fantasies and No Wet Contact. Condoms with Spermicides (Consider the High Failure Rate):

"OR: A Safe Partner (100% Safe)."

The flyer continues, alternating red lettering with black, "Know That You Are Negative (Uninfected). Have Proof That Your Partner Is Negative Before You Have Sex, Then Have Sex As It Pleases You. STAY SAFE with a SAFE PARTNER." (Punctuation added; capitals provided.)

And how can you know that your partner is safe (negative)? Although the flyer does not mention it, the AIDS Prevention Center offers an additional service. For another ten dollars, Dr. Sankarav will issue a card certifying negative test results.

The card, as Sankarav explained to this anonymous reporter, is tamper-

proof: the laminating process welds the surface of the card to the plastic covering. For further protection, a portion of the card contains holographic printing which cannot be counterfeited. The CIA and the Canadian Government, Sankarav says, use the same technique to protect the integrity of their official identity cards.

The secret of 100% Safe Sex, then — "Sex As It Pleases You" — lies in finding another card carrier.

But what about the rest of it, the rapid, convenient, anonymous, accurate same-day test and counseling by a physician? To find out, I put up my money and took my chances.

Sankarav's receptionist scheduled an appointment for me within 45 minutes of my call. Pretty convenient.

I was kept waiting only 15 minutes. That was convenient, too, and the time passed quickly because I was required to fill out a four-page form, which included, but did not require, a consent statement for release of the test results to my physician.

The form does, however, require that the anonymous client sign a statement releasing the center from liability for "any injury or damage to myself or others arising from this testing process

and/or its results, and I accept full personal responsibility for any unexpected consequences."

The AIDS Prevention Center's procedures, then, compromise anonymity. Payment by credit card will compromise it, too. And if you test negative and buy a certificate of negativity, you will be photographed twice, once for a card and once for what? To give you a choice of pictures for your certificate, according to Sankarav.

In any event, you leave behind you a photographic record matching your [anonymous] test number.

What about accuracy? The lab which assays the blood for the HIV antibody is state licensed and regulated. Even so, the data provided by the center on the reliability of the test used — the ELISA — varied considerably. A brochure given at the time of the appointment claims that only one tenth of one percent of negative ELISAs are false negatives. The consent form, however, puts the percentage of false negatives at twice that amount, while the so-called Safe Certificate puts it at one half. Take your pick.

then advised to seek further testing elsewhere, such as the Department of Public Health. In other words, the AIDS Prevention Center gives out only negative results.

Before the blood is assayed, the client is advised to: 1) come back in two months for another test; 2) bring partners in for testing; 3) have sex only with partners who have a Safe Certificate and are tested every two months; 4) take IV drugs only with rich partners who have easy access to quality drugs and sterile needles.

The entire process — counseling, drawing blood and taking photographs — took only fifteen minutes, yet in that short span of time Dr. Sankarav managed to give me not only the above advice, but to criticize the San Francisco AIDS Foundation for recommending condoms and failing to recommend having sex only with HIV-negative partners. My blood had yet to go to the lab.

Apart from cost to the consumer and the number of assays performed, the most striking contrasts between procedures at the AIDS Prevention Center

test." Further, the DPH shows a 20-minute video tape which explains AIDS testing in a neutral fashion. DPH counselors then take clients' questions and ask a few of their own. Safe sex practices and transmission of the virus are dealt with in some depth. Only then is the test administered.

When the results are given, more counseling ensues. Issues such as one's immediate response to the test results, questions of bereavement and the availability of emotional support are explored on an individual basis. Referrals to support agencies are given freely — along with encouragement to accept support, regardless of the test results.

Above all, the procedures of the DPH never compromise anonymity. Confidentiality is thus fully protected.

Under present California law, only the laboratory must meet state standards. No protocols or regulations currently exist with regard to counseling persons who undergo tests, nor does the state require confirmatory testing of the type done at the state-funded Alternative Test Sites of the DPH.

The current state AIDS budget, however, earmarked \$250,000 for the development of private-sector testing. In the absence of state regulation, consumers who prefer commercial testing will do well to approach it with rigorous attitude of caveat emptor.

The phone number of the AIDS Prevention Center is 397-3787. After this article was written, the center added a lengthy introductory tape to its answering device.

For information and appointments at the Alternative Test Site nearest you, call 621-4859. There is no charge for testing at an Alternative Test Site. ■

The AIDS Prevention Center's counseling efforts fall short of even its testing procedure.

Unlike the free Alternative Test Sites operated by the Department of Public Health, the commercial operation performs the assay only once. The DPH assays the blood sample twice and performs a different test if the two assays do not agree.

The AIDS Prevention Center's counseling efforts fall short of even its testing procedure. If the ELISA produces either a positive result or merely a questionable one, clients are told only that the results are "inconclusive." They are

and the DPH's Alternative Test Sites lie in promotion, counseling and confidentiality.

The DPH, unlike the center, does not urge testing. On the contrary, the informational materials circulated by the DPH state blandly but clearly, "If you believe you may be emotionally overwhelmed, you may not want to take the

A MESSAGE TO PEOPLE WITH AIDS AND ARC...



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bathroom. We find that those using our facility find care and support from the other guests who are here for the same purpose.

Our suggested donation is \$20 per night, per room. Some scholarships are available by prior agreement.

The Family Link also has a small group of volunteers who are available to meet people at the airport and provide limited in-city transportation.

To make an appointment to see the facility or to make a reservation, call 346-9973. Ask for Sr. Ruth or Ray Cope.

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The Supreme Court Debacle

Recently, my parents phoned from the Midwest, relating news about a legal battle they had witnessed in court. It involved someone they loved very much. The outcome was blatantly unjust. Mom and Dad were still dazed when we spoke, and were very, very angry. Mom's response was to shut down, to withdraw from others and insult herself. Dad's response was just the opposite: he was sad that there would be no justice unless he got a gun to go after the judge, the lawyers and wrongful victor. "But then I'd have to shoot myself as well," he realized, following that path to its logical conclusion.

Most people can observe and tolerate the small injustices life presents each day. Some people can absorb larger injustices because they do not touch them personally — a war in Vietnam, hunger in Biafra, racial discrimination in the South, apartheid in South Africa. Very few people can accept injustice when it hits home, when they are the victims.

When my parents finished their tale, I expressed my concern, then added, "Now perhaps you can begin to understand how gay people have felt time and again when society and its legal systems have blatantly disregarded our rights, when fear and bigotry, not fairness or justice, triumph. We get angry. Some of us protect ourselves by living in closets. Others, feeling like Dad, wanting to take the law into their own hands and fight back."

In 1969 we fought and resisted injustice at Stonewall. A disorganized group of drag queens who simply had had enough of police harassment, of being the scapegoats of the system, said "No."

In 1979 we fought back following the blatantly unjust verdict in the trial of Dan White. It was a night of rioting San Francisco will never forget.

In each of the above instances we were responding to a specific situation, not to the injustice within the overall system. More recently, another method of publicly refusing to tolerate wrong has emerged as a viable tool for gay people to utilize: civil disobedience. Rather than throw rocks at the police or smash the glass doors at City Hall, more than 600 people were arrested at the Supreme Court in October.

It was a powerful, nonviolent statement that we reject the way society and its legal system continue to treat us.

Bowers v. Hardwick reminded gay people more than a year ago of the falsehood and hypocrisy that can dictate legal decisions. Most recently, we watched the ludicrous debacle of President Reagan's attempt to secure a place for a new justice on the Supreme Court. His goal was not to nominate the most qualified person, but to fashion the Court according to a narrowly defined ideological position.

Robert Bork, Reagan's first choice, initially appeared a likely choice for confirmation. Then, in a surprising display of power, all of the minorities who knew Bork's true mettle organized and orchestrated a stunning defeat. We fought back without stones or guns. We just said "No" to the president and his cronies. Victory was sweet.

Once again, the dim-witted president nominated a man to safeguard his conservative agenda. Before we could organize, Reagan got a Ginsburg pie in his face. Lighting a joint years ago triggered an explosion that demolished the nominee's chance for confirmation.

There is, however, a sad irony in this latest example of how the Reagan years have substituted a shallow, supercilious facade of propriety in place of solid virtue. Ginsburg's deeper problem involved a conflict of interest over a large financial investment in a cable network; but then, conflicts of interest have been a common element in the resumes of Reagan's advisors.

Today, we watch as the Supreme Court saga continues. For a moment, the shoddy political veneer that is often marketed as justice has been penetrated and exposed for the nation to see. We have known about its existence long before this comedy of errors.

We must and we shall continue to resist the confirmation of any person to that court who will not safeguard the rights of all people. ■

Tom Murray
TOM MURRAY

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LETTERS

Impressive Growth

To the Editor:

I am deeply impressed with the growth the *Sentinel* has undergone in recent times. Your Washington March commemorative issue was stunning. And I want to acknowledge the breakthrough material published in the "Healing Resources" section. No other newspaper that I have seen is releasing information of this quality and caliber.

I am grateful for Mr. Van Ault's latest article, "Healing in The Spirit World." It illuminates a subject about which many erroneous, murky ideas are circulated. The ritual of release for the dead was deeply moving to me. I know of several people who have recently employed Mr. Ault's methods in completing with a deceased person, and been nourished thereby.

My thanks to you and your talented staff.
William Peele

Merits Noted

To the Editor:

Since your new management took over the *Sentinel* and upgraded it to a weekly publication, the paper's merits have soared. Your paper has far surpassed that other local gay weekly publication, certainly journalistically and photographically.

In my visit to Washington and other Eastern cities on the occasion of the National March, I looked at other gay newspapers and am compelled to say that, in my opinion, the *Sentinel* has become the best gay newspaper in the country today. And I do mean to include in this comparison those

periodicals that are not free but are sold! Congratulations, and I'm delighted San Francisco can claim you!

While I'm writing you, I can't resist mentioning my admiration of the work of a young photographer on your staff whom I know only as Tom. I saw him repeatedly in Washington at the time of the March, and he was usually taking photos at a feverish pace. I don't know if all the photographs in your archival October 17 "Commemorative" issue are his, but I'll bet he was a major contributor to these excellent and historic photographs.

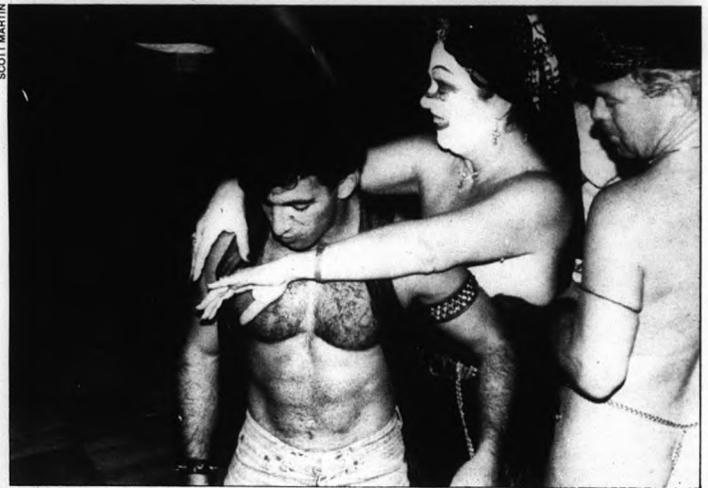
Thank you for the asset you have become to the San Francisco gay community and, by virtue of your superiority, to the national gay community as well!
Arch Wilson

Mehring Misinformed

To the Editor:

The 6 November *Sentinel* carried a letter from John Mehring stating that the San Francisco AIDS Foundation "agreed to limit the distribution of safer sex materials from their offices voluntarily" because of pressure from the Deukmejian administration. This is simply not true.

The AIDS Foundation has led the fight against state censorship of sexually explicit AIDS education materials. In fact, when the State Office of AIDS threatened to shut down our state-funded, toll-free hotline because we were distributing materials of which they disapproved, the foundation created a distribution scheme that allowed us to continue distributing these vital materials using private



These dancers were participants in last weekend's CMC Carnival to benefit the AIDS Emergency Fund. The Mr. CMC Carnival award went to James Buhler.

funds.

To state that the foundation has not "aggressively challenged government restrictions" on the distribution of our safe sex materials is absurd. As AIDS educators and public health professionals, we must challenge these restrictions to do our work effectively.

We have organized press coverage, letter-writing campaigns, phone calls, coordination with AIDS Project Los Angeles, legal analysis and direct discussion with the Office of AIDS in Sacramento in an attempt to remove state censorship for all AIDS educators.

If the state ban on sexually explicit

materials is lifted, we will have been successful. Even if the state refuses to budge, however, we will continue to produce and distribute sexually explicit materials through private means, regardless of the Deukmejian administration's position.

We welcome discussion with individuals like Mr. Mehring — especially before they write inaccurate letters to the *Sentinel*. Better that John spend his time writing to Sacramento where the real problem lies.

Timothy R. Wolff
Executive Director
San Francisco AIDS Foundation

Fighting Jack

To the Editor:

In my opinion the new fighting image being created for John Molinari in the upcoming mayoral runoff against Art Agnos is sure to backfire. In fact, it already did when Supervisor Molinari proclaimed to his supporters that he would "not give the city over to those who have a radical and dark vision of the future and visions more reflective of the tumultuous '60s than the '80s."

Many of Molinari's political supporters were children of the '60s and

Continued on page 10

FROM THE PUBLISHER

ROBERT M. GOLOVICH

Honor, Pride and Loyalty

No one should be particularly surprised by the recent defections of a handful of former supporters of John Molinari following his less than successful showing in last Tuesday's election. In politics there is always a crew that trims its sails to match the prevailing political winds.

When it seemed all but a certainty that Molinari would be elected, his bandwagon was loaded with some people who envisioned themselves in places of power. Now that Art Agnos is in the more favorable position, some of those same people are trying to ingratiate themselves with their former opponent.

But what is interesting is not that these rats are jumping what they perceive to be a sinking ship, but rather the reasons they are giving to ennoble their cowardice.

The most common excuse is that

Molinari has shifted to the right, beyond the range of what these so-called "progressives" can support.

Two things make that claim laughable. The first is that John Molinari has not changed a single position that he has held throughout the race. He has always described himself as a centrist who could work with both the right and the left. He is now forcefully articulating previously held positions that appeal to supporters of Roger Boas, the group that is up for grabs.

The second thing that makes these claims of ideological purity so transparently false is that if anyone is behaving in an unusual way, it is Agnos as he reaches out to voters on the right as well.

It was Agnos who trotted over to Roger Boas' headquarters at midnight on election night. And, should anyone miss the point that Agnos wanted the support of right-wing voters, Agnos held a widely publicized meeting with John Barbagelata, the virtual Antichrist to San Francisco progressives.

Agnos himself has characterized this kind of reaching out as being something like "Nixon going to China." It would be hard to find an example that would upset and embarrass progressives more than that one.

Take the widely publicized defection of the Reverend Cecil Williams of Glide Church, one of the first to go. Williams had spent every Saturday morning this fall giving pep talks to Molinari fieldworkers before they went out on the streets. To have heard him preach his message, John Molinari was the closest

thing to a second coming we would find in a politician.

But when the numbers were in election night, Williams no doubt remembered that he gets hundreds of thousands of dollars from the city each year, a subsidy that a Mayor Agnos would have a lot to say about. For Williams, the rock of personal survival had met the hard place of loyalty, and this time the rock won.

The most comic crossover came when former Molinari press secretary Allen White abandoned ship because he said he couldn't accept the direction that the campaign was taking. Press agent to the end, White spent a full day calling every newspaper in town and, reportedly, the Agnos campaign itself, to ingratiate himself with the new heir apparent.

Forgetting for the moment that everyone in town knew that if White had not quit he would have been relieved of his press duties in the new campaign, White's newfound righteousness came as a surprise. Up until now, White has been most widely known in the community as someone who uses his press credentials to get into every event free.

In reality, when White and others talk about the change in the direction of the campaign, they are not talking about a change in ideology; they are

talking about a change in the prospects for winning. Their real loyalty is not to an ideology or to a candidate, but to something much closer to home. The only ideology of such snakes is that of saving their own skins.

One taste of the kind of price Agnos is putting on the chance for rehabilitation of those who want to change sides is an upcoming fundraiser. The price of the ticket is \$750 — the complete limit for individual donations to the campaign. And it is a no-host bar to boot. The price of his mercy is high.

In politics, those who betray one side in order to favor the other put themselves in a no-man's land where either side may use them, but none will trust them. Art Agnos may take the money and votes of those who have switched, but he will treat them as lap dogs, letting them know that but for his grace all would be lost.

Very few people, in fact, have abandoned the Molinari campaign. Not only because they know that he is the same man that he always was, but because they know that there is no advantage to be gained by selling out. Even today, there are still plenty of people for whom honor, pride and loyalty are more important than winning. Thank goodness for that. ■

FROM THE DESK

DAVID M. LOWE

Pat, Dick, Doris, Tim, Cleve, John, Billy, Julie and Harry

All eyes turned toward Sacramento this week as political prognosticators began advancing names and scenarios about who will replace Art Agnos in the State Assembly. Such speculation may be premature, but that has never, ever stopped political animals from such vigorous discussions; especially in light of Agnos' huge margin of victory on November 3 and his likely landslide election as mayor of SF on December 8.

Even though very few people were willing to go on the record at this early date, many observers were participating in behind-the-scenes strategies concerning who would run and why they would or would not be elected.

Harry's Dilemma

Of course, the first name that surfaced in virtually every discussion was Supervisor Harry Britt. It is generally believed that Britt will choose to make a run for the opportunity to become California's first openly gay elected member of the legislature.

Discussions of a Britt candidacy usually result in pungent and diverse comments. An analysis of those

responses reveals that Britt's support is not as strong when compared to last spring's congressional race. Britt's decision to back Molinari for mayor is being viewed as a necessary evil that voters may be willing to accept and forget. However, his postponement of board discussions on issues potentially harmful to the Molinari candidacy and his self-serving "blindness" to key mayoral issues are likely to haunt his future chances for success.

Britt could possibly attract a number of Agnos and progressive supporters to his candidacy, but the loss of support from even a minority of those voters might be enough to deny him an Assembly victory.

Financial support may also short-circuit a Britt candidacy. Harry still owes a sizable debt from his congressional race and may not be willing to incur further encumbrances unless a victory is readily guaranteed.

In Britt's favor is the fact that his candidacy would likely energize many lesbian/gay activists. However, a number of progressive voters and long-time Britt opponents are already searching for another candidate to represent our community's concerns.

Pat, Tim, Cleve

Three other names have surfaced as possible choices for the lesbian/gay candidate: Pat Norman, Tim Wolfred and Cleve Jones.

Among the alternative candidates, Pat Norman appears to be the leader. Norman, who would prefer a seat on the Board of Supervisors, is being urged by supporters to seek a seat in the Assembly. She has already received several commitments of financial and volunteer support.

Even though Norman has yet to be elected to office and has no record as a legislator, she is viewed as a competent advocate of progressive causes and an individual who possesses the ability to learn quickly. Her success as one of the national co-chairs of the remarkably successful March on Washington will be viewed quite favorably and serves as a springboard to increased local power. Norman's uncompromising commitment to advancing progressive causes will also make her a very attractive can-

didate outside the lesbian/gay community.

Don't expect a decision on a Norman candidacy any time soon; many possible scenarios are under discussion. Her lover, Karen, will also have a considerable influence on whether Norman will consider serving the community in a capacity that requires spending a lot of time in Sacramento.

Community College board member Tim Wolfred is also being viewed as a possible alternative to Britt. Wolfred's credentials include being a close ally and one-time City Hall aide to Harvey Milk, plus the fact that he has been elected to public office as an openly gay man.

I doubt you'll see a Wolfred candidacy unless he's the only lesbian/gay person in the race. Also, don't expect Wolfred to run without an Agnos endorsement, which he is not likely to obtain. However, don't count Tim out, he could surprise us.

Cleve Jones may choose to run and may be able to amass a small army of volunteers from the NAMES Project, but it's doubtful he could mount a winning campaign.

Billy, John, Julie

Supervisor John Molinari, Supervisor Bill Maher and Julie Tang have also surfaced as possible candidates.

Maher and Tang may choose to run, but I doubt either would be successful. Molinari may also seek to advance his political standing and try to rebuild his political credibility by seeking the Assembly seat. I doubt Molinari would be successful and he would be crazy to run unless he makes a strong showing against Agnos on December 8.

Richard and Doris

The two front-runners in the race are likely to be Supervisors Doris Ward and Richard Hongisto. Both of them would present non-gay voters with a hard choice, but outside of the black community, Hongisto is the likely leader.

Ward, who is viewed as a competent legislator who effectively represents her constituents and issues with integrity, will wage a very strong campaign. And don't count her out among lesbian/gay voters! Ward could conceivably pick up strong backing from leaders in the lesbian and women's communities.

Ward will most assuredly receive the support of Assembly Speaker Willie Brown — an endorsement that could result in the support of many prominent people.

Hongisto would give Britt the most serious competition in the lesbian/gay community. The Hongisto/Britt pairing would once again produce profound divisions of support among lesbians and gays. Hongisto has been a long-time supporter of lesbian/gay causes and was the star of the show in the fight against the homeporting of the *Missouri*. It wouldn't be as easy to call supporters of Hongisto over Britt as being deserters of the movement as it was in the Britt vs. Pelosi contest.

Hongisto will also pick up progressive disenchantment with Britt as well as lesbian/gay voters who have never been pleased with Britt. No matter what else happens in the rest of the 16th Assembly district, look for a good fight in the lesbian/gay community.

Finally, my advice is don't jump on

Continued on page 16

CATHARTIC COMICS

Featuring THE BROWN BOMBER and DIVA TOUCHÉ FLAMBÉ by Prof. I.B. Gittendowne



AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

Slices of Life

Assistant Public Defender Mark Nissenbaum recently attained a rather surprising verdict in San Francisco Superior Court. His client, 28-year-old Casey Morgan, a heavily tattooed parolee, was accused of robbing a 31-year-old man he had met at the Eagle bar on a Sunday evening last May.

The victim told police that he had brought Morgan to his home after a short conversation at the bar. They spent about an hour in bed when the resident told the guest that the time had come for him to leave. The guest protested that it was too late for him to get back into his residence. He subsequently threatened the host with a kitchen knife and proceeded to tie him up. The victim was then robbed of his keys and wallet and the house ransacked. The robber then asked for a phone number of a friend of the victim, so he could call someone to untie him. The victim's

phone cord was cut, however, before the attacker fled in the victim's car.

The defendant had a different version of the event. He admitted being with the victim, but claimed that he went to his house when the victim agreed to buy some computer equipment from him. Thereupon, the victim agreed to pay him \$40 extra for sex, but later reneged. The defendant simply took what was due him.

These cases boil down to one person's word against another's and are always hard for a DA to prosecute. In this case, Assistant DA Teri Jackson

presented the victim as well as evidence that Morgan had pawned his property. When Morgan presented his defense, it came up to the jury to decide credibility.

Nissenbaum was able to show that the victim had been drinking — he was at a bar — and that he was out for sex. Then, again, his client was, too. The jury was instructed by the judge that if they believed that the defendant took property from the victim by force or by fear, they should convict him of robbery. If there was no force or fear, then it was a lesser offense, grand theft.

The jury came back with a verdict of grand theft — they believed the victim when he said that property was taken from him. But did they believe him when he said force was used? Apparently not, since they didn't return a guilty verdict of robbery. They said grand theft, but they complicated matters by finding that the grand theft occurred with the defendant personally using a dangerous or deadly weapon, a knife. Well, you might ask how that does not

amount to robbery, and I can't tell you. It's a pretty inconsistent verdict, one which indicates that the jury didn't want to do more than they had to.

According to Jackson, some jurors indicated that the circumstances of the theft bothered them. "We had a very difficult time reaching a verdict," one juror told her. Another stated that they didn't believe the defendant that he was promised money for sex. Another expressed disgust at the casual sex nature of the case.

Assistant DA Chuck Haines was getting ready to start jury selection when the defendant decided to have a trial by the judge instead. Since his scheduling had just accelerated rapidly, Haines rushed to the phone to call bank employees to court who had witnessed the robbery. They unanimously refused to come! It seems that they were all in Halloween costume and were too embarrassed to be seen in court that way. A nervous Haines returned to court to explain to the judge that he was unable to proceed, but the judge just laughed and put the case over to Monday. Everybody lived happily every after, except for the defendant. He was convicted.

And finally, I bring you this

transcript from a case where the judge had just held the defendant to answer in the Superior Court:

The DA: May bail continue to be set at the amount set by this court?
The Court: What was that?
The DA: One million dollars.
The Clerk: On October 5th the defendant stated, "Set it at a million."
The Court: That's right. This is at the defendant's request. He requested that bail.

The Defendant: You gave me a million-dollar bail, man. You try to. Shit. Funny. Uncle Tom. Mother-fucker. You mother-fucker.
The Court: I'm going to give you something else. I'm going to make it two million.

The Defendant: Why don't you make it one billion?

The Court: All right. One billion.
The Clerk: Seriously?

The Court: Bail will be one billion dollars, at his request. He asked for it. Attorney: Well, your honor, he may have asked for it, but I think the specific request was not serious.

The Court: I'm sorry? He asked for it. I can't give him a lot, but whatever he asks for, I'm inclined to give him that. ■

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

became intensely politicized through the black civil rights movement, the anti-war movement and the gay civil rights movement. But where I see those movements coming together most effectively in San Francisco in the '80s is in Art Agnos' campaign.

I certainly cannot say what my former lover, the late Gerry F. Parker, would have thought about Molinari's statement, in light of the

fact that they were political allies, though I can tell you that Gerry was very much radicalized by the great and lasting social upheavals of the 1960s and that his personal vision of the future was very radical and generally bright.

Billy Amberg

Ironic Rodeo

To the Editor:

The Gay Rodeo came to town amid lots of advertising hype and some

generated interest. It is ironic that people struggling against oppression and injustice find entertainment and benefit in the fruits of oppression and injustice. Rodeo is a celebration of the human ability to dominate and oppress animals using brutality and fear.

The animals' lives are spent and manipulated for human pleasure and profit. Animals buck because a "bucking" strap is pulled tightly around a sensitive area (and contestants are graded on raking spurs across the animals). Kicking, electrical prodding, tail-twisting and other forms of torment occur in the chutes to agitate the animals and to get them to run out. The injuries sustained range from extensive bruising and pulled muscles to crushed tracheas, internal hemorrhaging, and broken ribs, legs, necks and backs. Animals are hauled around the rodeo circuit

until slaughtered, and all they know of humans is their capacity for violence, insensitivity and instilling fear.

The attitude that rodeo glorifies is the very attitude we resent when we are the recipients and is no less objectionable when we are the perpetrators. **Barbara Grove**

Support Schools

The following is an open letter to the lesbian/gay community.

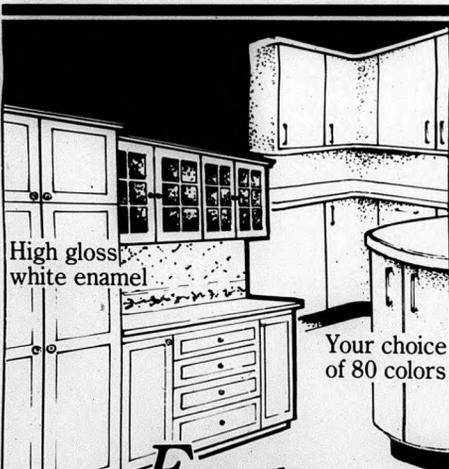
To SF Lesbians/Gays:

If you had occasion to be in a public school classroom this term, you were probably shocked by what you saw. Volunteers for CUAV's Lesbian/Gay Speakers Bureau have spoken to classes of 35 students or more without enough chairs to go around. No doubt many of you in-

tend to donate the California tax rebate check you will soon receive to the school district. We are writing to propose a community effort to do just that, together.

By signing over your rebate checks with us, you will help to counter the lingering myth that gay people don't care about kids, save as prospective recruits. Of course we care. We care about our own children and the children of our straight friends, and we care about young people, straight and gay, whom we will never meet. We know that life on the planet, including our own lives, can only improve if public education does. Let's let the district know these are gay dollars, so that those teachers, parents and students who support us, as well as those who do not, will see that our support of school-age youth is real.

Continued on page 14



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An Urgent Appeal from Shanti Project

With more than three new cases being diagnosed in San Francisco each day, Shanti Project is in critical need of volunteers to provide emotional support to persons with AIDS and their loved ones.

Currently, all of our 500 volunteers are at near full capacity. In order to avoid a waiting list for the people we

Volunteers Needed

The next Emotional Support Training will begin the weekend of December 4th and continue on December 11th.

An additional Training will be held the weekends of February 5th and 12th.

A Practical Support Training is the weekend of January 15th.

To Volunteer, please call Shanti Project at 777-CARE.

serve, we need a minimum of 70 new volunteers for each training.

One way to show that you care about what is happening in our community is to volunteer a few hours of your time each week at Shanti Project.



SHANTI PROJECT

ON THE JOB

ARTHUR LAZERE

Chinn Up

"I have never conformed to anyone's preconceived or stereotypical notions of what an Asian American is, nor, for that matter, what a lesbian is 'supposed to be.' I don't come neatly packaged," says Lenore Chinn. Chinn, 38, is a painter and an activist, as well as a softball player and the roommate of a talking Siamese cat named LaRue.

Her varied activities have led to growing public recognition. "I am a public figure, but a very private person," she says. "Not being publicly assertive or vocal is something we were brought up with. It works well within the Chinese culture, but not as well in the American culture."

Chinn's Cantonese grandparents emigrated to the United States. While her American-born parents are bilingual, Chinn speaks no Chinese at all, a typical pattern among second generation Americans from many ethnic backgrounds. Her father is a mathematician, a now-retired professor who taught at San Francisco's City College. Her mother worked as a translator for the US Department of Immigration.

In the 1950s, when she was a small child, Chinn's parents wanted to buy a home for their growing family in the suburbs of San Francisco. But they found that suburbanites at that time were unwilling to sell real estate to Chinese. Instead, the Chins bought in



at Images Gallery, 372 Hayes Street, San Francisco. Gallery proprietor Rick Salinas notes that people always have a positive reaction to Chinn's paintings. "They frequently smile when they see her work," he says. "It evokes a warm, appealing response."

prospective. "The figures are reflective, but never lonely or forlorn or abandoned as in Hopper's work." Salinas observes.

With strong compositions and muted colors, Chinn's paintings evoke intimate, personal feelings, feelings she has some difficulty sharing in a verbal way. As a lesbian and as a woman of color, she says she feels fragmented, a part of many different worlds. "When I look back on the pattern of my life," she says, "it becomes obvious that I was a lesbian, but I didn't realize that until I was in my late 20s, and I didn't really act on it for a while after that."

"There is not a whole lot of tolerance for gays and lesbians in the Asian community," she says. "It is an unspoken thing. Chinese, for the most part, won't even discuss sexual issues. It's just not dealt with. ... There is more tolerance for me as an Asian within the lesbian/gay community than there is for me as a lesbian within the Asian community."

Since 1980 Chinn has been active in the Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club, which she now serves as recording secretary and a member of the executive committee. She also chaired the club's lesbian caucus for three years. But in a club that is renowned for the intensity of its political infighting, Chinn, according to club president Maurice Belote, steers clear of all the controversy. "And she's embarrassed about the recognition she gets," he adds.

"I've never felt that I could speak for Asians or Chinese," Chinn says, "although I certainly come from a viewpoint that is nonwhite, which sets me apart. I've tended to involve myself in humanitarian issues that are more general and less controversial."

When a close friend with AIDS was dying, Chinn got emotionally caught up in AIDS concerns. In her typically low-keyed fashion, she established in 1985 an ongoing women's blood drive modeled on a similar effort in San Diego called the Blood Sisters. Under the aegis of the HMLGDC, the drive has its own account with San

Francisco's Irwin Memorial Blood Bank. All blood donated is for the benefit of people with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Demand for transfusions has grown as more PWAs receive AZT, a drug which has anemia as a frequent side effect. Chinn's tireless efforts resulted in a record 162 units of blood donated in one day during last August's blood drive.

include those detained because they are homosexual.

Chinn's devotion to good works was recognized this year with an award from the Friends of the San Francisco Human Rights Commission. Although she is sure that they were aware of it, Chinn had never directly discussed her lesbianism with her parents. At the well-attended awards ceremony, with her



"She is independently, completely responsible for the blood drive," says Belote. "It's an all-year-long effort, and her phone rings all the time."

As a self-labeled workaholic, Chinn has also been a case worker for Amnesty International for seven years, writing letters to public officials around the world on behalf of incarcerated people. She is closely observing the efforts to get Amnesty International to expand its definition of prisoners of conscience to

parents present, a speaker pointed out that Chinn was the first lesbian ever to be honored by the Friends. "My father was so excited, he didn't seem to notice," Chinn says. "He was busy taking pictures. My mother had this pained expression. I think it was because it was so public. But the crowd was so overwhelmingly supportive that it cushioned the effect." She laughs. "It was kind of hilarious, really." ■

"There is not a whole lot of tolerance for gays and lesbians in the Asian community. It is an unspoken thing."

— Chinn

San Francisco's Richmond district, then an all-white section of the city.

"We were the first Asian family in the neighborhood," Chinn says, "but I didn't feel discrimination at the time. Later, I realized that my parents had cushioned my brother and me from the brunt of the hostility that was there."

Lenore attended City College, where she majored in advertising art and design. At San Francisco State, where she finished her BA degree in 1972, she was somewhat sidetracked into sociology. Her father encouraged her interest in art, but her mother, she recalls, was "more interested in an acceptable career, something stable with a regular paycheck."

Finding a middle road, Chinn has worked since 1970 as a laboratory assistant at Davies Medical Center, a job she first worked on a part-time basis while still an undergraduate. "I hang on to it because it's stable and allows me to do the other things I want to do," she explains. She is first and foremost a serious artist, a painter with a growing reputation for her work in the Bay Area and beyond.

In 1977, Chinn entered an art competition sponsored by San Francisco International Airport. Her canvas, a large (4' x 6') acrylic painting of a Mexican street scene, was purchased by the airport for its collection. "After a number of people asked me what happened to the painting, I looked all over the airport and couldn't find it," she recalls. "I made inquiries. It took a year of battling with both the Art Commission and the Airport Commission to get the painting out of storage, hung and properly displayed in a publicly accessible place at the airport, which is what had been promised in the first place." The painting can now be seen in the airport's central terminal. And in the process, Chinn was initiated into politics.

Chinn works in a realistic style, doing portraits, figurative studies, genre works. She currently has work on view

Chinn often portrays solitary figures in interior environments, figures that are turned in and contemplative. The observer feels physically in close proximity to the subject, but the figure is independent, emotionally isolated and in-

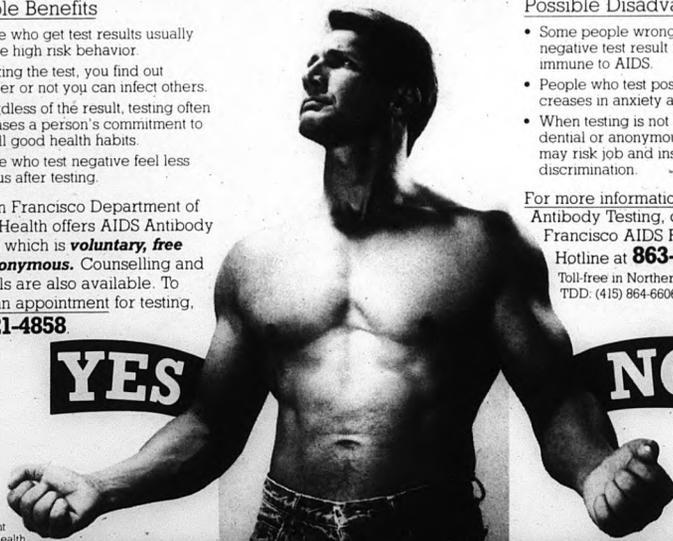
SHOULD YOU TAKE THE AIDS ANTIBODY TEST?

Possible Benefits

- People who get test results usually reduce high risk behavior.
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- Regardless of the result, testing often increases a person's commitment to overall good health habits.
- People who test negative feel less anxious after testing.

The San Francisco Department of Public Health offers AIDS Antibody Testing which is **voluntary, free and anonymous**. Counseling and referrals are also available. To make an appointment for testing, call **621-4858**.

Funding for this message provided by the S.F. Department of Public Health.



Possible Disadvantages

- Some people wrongly believe that a negative test result means they are immune to AIDS.
- People who test positive show increases in anxiety and depression.
- When testing is not strictly confidential or anonymous, some people may risk job and insurance discrimination.

For more information about AIDS

Antibody Testing, call the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Hotline at **863-AIDS**. Toll-free in Northern CA: (800) FOR-AIDS. TDD: (415) 864-6606



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Olympic Lawsuit

Continued from page 1

justices of the Supreme Court held it meritorious."

"They've won everything they could hope to win," charged Dunlap, "and now this is just an attempt to grind people into the ground. It's simple homophobia."

The Gay Games lost its suit in the US Supreme Court last summer to use the word "Olympics" in the context of the Gay Games. The vote was 5-4 against Gay Games. But the president of the USOC, Robert Helmick, went on national television at the time to say that the USOC would not seek court costs from the Gay Games or its founder, Dr. Tom Waddell. Waddell was dying of AIDS when Helmick made his remarks.

Dunlap said she believes that the USOC made a conscious decision to wait until after Waddell's death — and after the media attention to the case had died down — to begin the current effort to collect over a quarter of a million dollars from Gay Games.

"We can't pay that," noted Dunlap. "The corporation doesn't have that kind of money."

A congressional effort is underway, Dunlap added, that could lead to the amending of the Amateur Sports Act to allow "popular non-confusing uses of the word 'Olympics.'"

"We want the Congress to say what they meant in the first place when the Amateur Sports Act was passed," said Dunlap.

"There is an Olympics for police," added Dunlap, "and the USOC knows that because we have pointed it out to them since 1982, but they haven't done anything about it."

Dunlap said that Congresswoman

Nancy Pelosi "is carrying the ball in Congress right now." Asked what the prospects were for the bill she responded, "It turns a lot on whether other organizations feel equally involved as we do, organizations like the police."

Nancy Pelosi could not be reached for comment as this story was being written. Calls to Vaughn Walker, of Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro, the attorneys for the USOC, were not returned.

AIDS Commission

Continued from page 3

epidemic in New York. I would describe him as a very good addition," said Werdegar.

"It's good to see someone knowledgeable about IV drug use on the commission since it's the fastest growing area of the AIDS epidemic," said Boneberg.

Geby's appointment was well received by those familiar with her work in fighting the AIDS epidemic in Oregon. "Her record is very good," commented Tom Koberstein, executive director of the Cascade AIDS Project in Portland. "She brings the commission two things the panel lacks: experience in forging a comprehensive package of AIDS legislation that can serve as a model for other states and the ability to change her mind."

Geby has been supportive of community-based AIDS organizations, urged the mainstream media to run condom advertising and publicly supported the Oregon lesbian/gay rights bill as "a good-sense public health strategy," according to Koberstein.

Geby has been criticized for making decisions that are politically advan-

tageous and for a media campaign that failed to target gay or bisexual men. "The media campaign was too general and was designed to appeal to anyone engaged in high-risk sexual activity," Koberstein told the *Sentinel*. "We weren't sure gay men would get the message." Geby has since agreed to fund a Cascade AIDS Project proposal for a statewide competition to design a media campaign with an AIDS prevention message targeted to gay men.

Possibly Geby's greatest asset is the ability to change her mind on AIDS-related issues. "Originally she was opposed to anonymous HIV testing," said Koberstein. "After being educated on the matter, she publicly admitted that she was wrong and mandated that every state health department provide the anonymous testing option at alternative test sites."

Geby also received good marks from the SF AIDS Foundation. "She has been a strong advocate of AIDS education for health care workers and their responsibility to treat people with AIDS with compassion and dignity," said Holly Smith, SF AIDS Foundation media relations coordinator. "Both Geby and Primm bring to the commission what we have always advocated — individuals with actual experience in dealing responsibly with the disease." Smith did have some doubts about how Geby and Primm could affect the final decision of the commission.

"I'm not sure they can have a substantial effect, given the overall make-up of the commission and the lack of support from the White House," said Smith.

The Reagan AIDS Commission is scheduled to complete its study by July 1988 with a preliminary report due December 7 of this year.

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AIDS Conference

Continued from page 5

required some daring, reaching substance abuse counselors in Alameda County required smarts and imagination. Nancy Hall, drug program consultant for that county's Health Care Services Agency, told how she first breached the wall of denial in the East Bay.

She asked each of the 24 programs in the county to designate one person to attend a three-day training; 54 people showed up. They went back to their programs convinced of the need to tackle AIDS prevention. They now meet monthly to evaluate results and plan strategy; 80 agencies send representatives. To date, they have had 125 hours of training and 50 hours of personal emotional support. They influence every aspect of AIDS policy in Alameda.

Hall delivered her dry statistics with pride and urgency. Boasting that the change in attitude among the professionals was accomplished without any budget augmentation, she echoed Mid-City's Harvey Feldman as she concluded her presentation with a sweeping gesture of her arms towards the walls of the hall, which were covered with panels from the Names Project. "We don't want," she said, "a quilt that will cover the face of the earth. We will stop this epidemic in a throwaway community."

Greg Day, chair of the Lesbian and Gay Youth Advocacy Council, described another community of throwaways, street youth. Nationally, 1.4 million runaways live within a street culture wracked by chronic epidemics of sexually transmitted diseases, suicide, pregnancy, drug addiction and alcoholism. Add AIDS.

Conventional wisdom, Day says, prescribes returning them to their homes, but 60% are throwaways escaping situations of abuse, neglect and abandonment. Returning them to their families is a quick fix and counterproductive. The criminal justice system treats them as offenders rather than as runaways.

The Larkin Street Youth Center, Day says, successfully uses the culture of the street to reach out and provide alternative settings for them. Because runaways leave their own communities, they amount to a politically powerless migratory population.

The effort to find foster homes for them — or group home settings — required a citywide coalition and a ruling from the attorney general to the effect that all counties are legally responsible for homeless youth. The ruling allowed the counties access to state and federal funds for the care of the runaways.

Day concluded with a telling reference to barriers erected within the very institutions established to provide help. Covenant House in New York, well known nationally because of the many public service advertisements given it by media across the country, reaches out effectively to youth, Day claimed, but serves them poorly.

Specifically, it serves them hot chocolate but denies them safe sex information because the archbishop will not allow condom distribution at the facility.

Covenant House in Toronto, Ontario, on the other hand, distributes condoms. There the archbishop defines condoms not as birth control devices, but as devices for disease and abuse prevention.

David Y. Ja of San Francisco's Asian AIDS Project staggered his audience by describing the sheer complexity of the Asian community here: education must go on in 32 languages among pockets of Japanese, Polynesians, Laotians, Cambodians, Chinese, Vietnamese and others scattered throughout the Sunset, Richmond, Chinatown, Tenderloin, Excelsior and Mission districts. They share homophobia and taboos against discussion of sexuality and terminal disease. It took Ja himself two years of discussions with the DPH and other minority leaders to realize that AIDS is not a gay disease.

The current project is the first for Asians in the United States. A \$65,000 appropriation will fund the creation of videos, a brochure and colloquial translations. The first translation proved to be incomprehensible to 90% of its target audience.

If diversity and dispersion solidify denial in the Asian community, invisibility and division rob Native Americans of virtually any protection against the spread of AIDS. "Indian," Ron Rowell told the conference, "is a label which misleads. We are many peoples, many nations, many tribes. Old divisions survive. No one group represents us all or ever will."

Rowell, project director of the National Native American AIDS Prevention Center, called the rate of sexually transmitted diseases among Native Americans "a potential for disaster." To illustrate, he pointed to an STD rate of 7.1 per 100,000 in eight states which report "Indian" as a category to the Centers for Disease Control. Among Indians in one of those states, Arizona, the rate was 79.1 per 100,000 in 1985. In another, Alaska, the rate was 2,000 per 100,000. Yet there is no coordinated national policy coming from the federal government.

Epidemiologists regard STDs, in the absence of widespread HIV antibody testing, as the best predictor of AIDS in a population.

The statistics, Rowell said, jolted Native American activists. In San Francisco, they went to the Shanti Project, the DPH and the AIDS Foundation for help in determining the prevalence of STDs. Gay American Indians (GAI) now does advocacy and training.

The Reagan Administration, Rowell charged, has consciously not met the challenge of AIDS. He reminded his audience that 40 million dollars taken from Indian health services three years ago has never been restored, despite the appeals of both gay and Native American activists. The National Native American AIDS Prevention Center exists more on paper than in practice. It is still at the stage of trying to move the federal government to act.

The session on outreach to IV drug users and minorities reported here in some detail typified the 28 sessions held during the four-day conference. Between them, the sessions addressed all aspects of the AIDS crisis at the urban level: epidemiology, hospital administration, education in clinical settings, employee health education, antibody testing, nursing/hospice care, media, research issues, subacute care, sex industry, jails, pediatric AIDS, client support services, educating adolescents, gay/bisexual men, forecasting, financing of services and intergovernmental relations — to name only the most obvious.

The conference held one major surprise. On Friday morning, US Surgeon General Dr. C. Everett Koop made an unscheduled appearance and delivered a short address in which he called AIDS the worst disease in history and prophesied eventual victory over the virus. In the question period afterwards, Koop once again endorsed the distribution of free needles to IV users if that will help stop the spread of HIV infection.

On Friday evening, the DPH hosted a two-hour reception and mixer in the City Hall Rotunda. California wines and a variety of hors-d'oeuvres were served by employees of the department. In a brief farewell to the conferees, Nancy Walker, president of the Board of Supervisors, alluded to occasional and apparently stormy disputes between her and the DPH. Calling theirs a love-hate relationship, Walker acknowledged that she sometimes becomes angry with the DPH because it is not always perfect. "And I want you," she said, "to be perfect." ■

Positive Antibody Support Group

Gay and bisexual men who have tested positive for the AIDS antibody have an opportunity to join a support group with others who have also tested positive. The next group begins Tuesday, November 24, at 7 pm. The group is designed to provide a safe, nonjudgmental atmosphere where these men can discuss their concerns and share their feelings about having been exposed to the AIDS virus.

The group will meet once a week for eight weeks and is limited to ten participants. An intake interview must be arranged prior to joining the group. Tuition is \$225 for the eight sessions. Inclusion is welcome, and payment plans are possible.

Facilitators for the support group are Bill Folk, MFCC, and Steven Abbott. Bill has over 15 years experience in counseling and conducting personal growth workshops and has served as executive director of the STOP AIDS Project in San Francisco. Steven is currently a consultant/trainer for the STOP AIDS Project's national outreach effort and has many years' experience with personal growth workshops.

For more information and to arrange an intake interview, call Bill at 621-5413 or Steven at 563-3723. ■

Care to Dance?

WANTED: A thousand Dancers who Care to help in the fight against AIDS by participating in San Francisco's first AIDS Dance-A-Thon.

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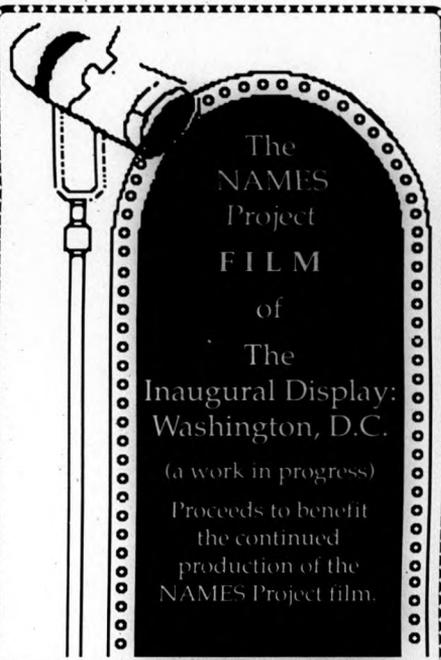
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YES! I Care to Dance. Send me my Dance Card / Registration Kit.
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Dancer's Name _____ Phone _____
 Address _____
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(Note: You may register with a partner if you wish, in which case your partner should also complete a registration form. But don't worry — most people will not have partners. We'll find you one at the Dance!)

Please return this form to Mobilization Against AIDS, 1540 Market Street, Suite 60, San Francisco, CA 94102 (415) 863-4676.



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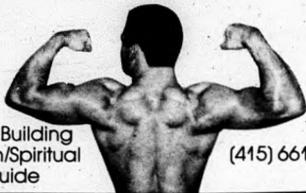


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Leathermen

Continued from page 3



Contest winner Chad Siebold

now they know how to protect themselves," added Buhlar, who noted that he was a leather titleholder himself — Leather Daddy's Boy for 1986. Said Buhlar of his title, "It's to raise money for charities. It gives you a little help to raise money."

Police-community liaison Ray Benson was serving as auctioneer for the evening. He agreed with Buhlar, "I used to work down here in the South of Market on the midnight shift, and there are not as many bars as there used to be, not as many people, but there are still plenty around."

"Actually, I think it is starting to resurge as people are recognizing what is safe and what can no longer be done until the end of this epidemic. The places that are here are doing very well. Go to one of the Eagle's beer busts," said Benson.

"Yes, there have been changes," noted leather muscleman Brian Berger, "but there is still a lot of community spirit, and I think all the bars are just as crowded on weekends."

Berger helped Alan Selby, the contest's organizer, on stage and wore appropriate attire: black leather chaps, biker's cap with chains and crisscrossed leather straps across his muscular chest. In true leatherman tradition, his handsome buttocks were open to the fresh air.

Among the contest's judges were Sentinel publisher Bob Golovich; NAMES Project director Cleve Jones; and popular comic Danny Williams.

Jones told the Sentinel that the South of Market community "has been hit hard by the epidemic, but there has also been a change in the scene. There have been economic changes, too."

Sky Renfro, a woman in full leather, was also at the Trocadero. Renfro is the president of International Ms. Leather. And though she reported that there were no women's leather bars in the city, she added, "Leatherwomen in San Francisco network very well. We put on private parties, and we socialize at each

other's houses."

Renfro said she saw no specific resurgence in the South of Market leather scene. "But by and large the leather community has always been the community that has been steadfast through this disease. We are at all the fundraisers. I think leatherwomen are becoming a more vital part of the South of Market scene. That's why you see more of us here. We really do exist."

Among the 14 contestants vying for the title of Mr. South of Market was Tom Rodgers, a 37-year-old attorney for whom Renfro works as a process server.

"Why am I in this contest?" asked Rodgers. "Because I want to help the community. A title is nothing but a tool to raise money." Rodgers said he was Leather Daddy in 1986, the same year that Buhlar served as Leather Daddy's Boy.

Asked about the impact of AIDS on the leather and South of Market communities, Rodgers commented, "The leather community has gotten stronger, and there is better bonding. Crisis brings people together, especially leathermen."

Rodgers also noted the pre-dominance of gym-built bodies in the leather crowd. "There were always some of us, but now there are more. The gym routine wasn't popular until

the last five or ten years, and now it's coming into the leather community."

After the auction, Selby announced that \$3,500 had been raised for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Said Selby, "It's a financially crippling disease, and we do the best we can."

Selby noted that the fund has increased its emergency grants to people with AIDS to \$1,000 and that the AIDS Emergency Fund does its work without offices or a paid staff. The fund has been of immense help to many people in the community, giving people with AIDS an opportunity for once to decide what their own priorities are. Older men with AIDS have been able to get state-of-the-art hearing aids, and young men have been able to get wigs when they lose their own hair to chemotherapy. The grants have been invaluable to many people during the epidemic.

The judges chose as the winner of the Mr. South of Market title a moustached leatherman wearing a cowboy hat and fringed brown chaps, Chad Siebold. Rodgers came in first runner-up.

With the auction and contest out of the way — and the AIDS Emergency Fund \$3,500 richer — the leathermen, and women, began dancing on the Troc's dance floor, pec to pec, black leather to black leather, and the night was only beginning.



Alan Selby holds a picture of the first Mr. South of Market, Michael Merriott.

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

Just write "Pay to the order of S.F.U.S.D." on the back of your rebate check and sign your name. (Or, if you prefer to have a receipt, deposit your rebate and write a check payable to "S.F.U.S.D." for the same amount. You'll have your canceled check for your records.) Send the checks to: CUAV Speakers Bureau School Fund, 514 Castro Street, San Francisco 94114. We'll present the checks to the district and let you know how much we've collected.

If you like the idea, ask a friend or two or three to join you in making this gesture. The *New York Times* may forget, but we haven't, that we're a part of the "general public," too.

Patrick Mulcahey
Volunteer
Lesbian/Gay Speakers Bureau.

Diana Christensen
Executive Director
Community United Against Violence

Bad Business

The following letter was sent to both Time and Newsweek.

Dear Sirs:

It was my understanding that you were planning on running an extensive photo article on the NAMES Project and the making of the quilt memorializing people who have died of AIDS of AIDS.

I now understand that you have decided that the topic is no longer timely and therefore will not run the story. It is my belief, the belief of the 650,000 who marched on Washington, DC, on October 11 and the belief of those millions who could not attend that remembering and mourning our loved ones will not lose its timeliness. In that case, with a disease of such epic proportions, we will all be mourning the loss of loved ones for many years to come.

Therefore, I am sending this letter to many local and national newspapers, and we in San Francisco who have watched this epidemic, and its quilt, grow over the years are calling for a national boycott of your magazine. If the 650,000 who attended the quilt's unveiling, plus the millions who didn't but eagerly awaited your article, all cancel our subscriptions and tell everyone we know to do the same, you will become aware of the insult your decision is to those of us who put people over business. In addition, you will lose the prospective sale of all of those copies of your special article, and that is bad business.

Marjorie Sheffield

The Sentinel welcomes your letters. All subscriptions must be typed, double-spaced and no longer than 200 words. Brevity is a virtue. We reserve the right to edit according to our space needs. Please include your name, address and phone number for verification purposes.

SPORTLIGHTS

DUKE JOYCE

Battle of the Sexes

There's a unique sporting event scheduled for next Friday, November 20 and it should be supported by the community with great enthusiasm. At Eureka Valley Playground gymnasium, the San Francisco Slammers (women) will challenge the San Francisco Hotshots (men) on the basketball court in a charity game.

The game should be interesting from several viewpoints, but what got my interest was the opportunity to introduce some of the elements of these teams to the community.

The Hotshots basketball team is basically a loosely knit group of athletes, who on Friday evenings meet in a casual pick-up type basketball setting and proceed to play without fanfare. That was until the idea for a charity game arose. Now they're getting more organized. The event's branch is the Hotshots organizer, Tony Jasinski, who announced, "This is a first. It's never been done before."

The "it" of course is the basketball game between a men's and women's

Able and Nancy Wells form the nucleus of the Slammers. In March of this year, the trio simply took up the game with no great plan in mind. Suddenly, they were involved with over 12 committed players, who since June meet regularly, twice a week.

Nancy Warren is the spokesperson for the Slammers, and the first question I had to ask was "How did you get the name Slammers?" She chuckled, "Someone very generously gave us some shirts manufactured by LA Gear, and on the shirt was written Street Slammers, so we decided that was a good name." Warren credits Ellen Able with most of the work of putting the club together.

High-Tech Publicity

Warren's professional venue is in financial planning, and through the magic of computers, the upcoming Battle of the Sexes game was announced on the computer terminals of a network of friends. One technically, however, is the size of the ball used for the game. Apparently, the NCAA women's basketball is smaller than the men's, and there'll be some ironing out of that issue — as well as the number of seconds allowed on the shot clock (either 30 or 35).

New Coach

The men's team announced the signing of a new coach for whom they had been searching for several weeks. Former Gay Games coach of the Denver team, Rich Brown, has moved to San Francisco and will take up the task of shaping the Hotshots into accurate shooters. In addition to the men, Brown is considering taking on the added responsibility of coaching the women, a task he performed in Denver.

Dire Straights

The Eureka Valley Gymnasium, located at Collingwood and 18th Streets, is the site of the upcoming game. It has, however, a more significant meaning in that the gym has for many years been the final bastion of the "straights." They congregate each day and hold down the fort as if it were the Alamo. According to Jasinski, there was resistance at having the game held there, but the event prevailed. I, for one, have witnessed on several occasions a great amount of animosity at the playground, usually in the form of insulting remarks. Hopefully, the Battle of the Sexes game will be received favorably, and a new era of understanding will emerge. This is definitely a public relations gimmick that should work beautifully. The charities benefit, the lesbians and gays benefit, and the straights should benefit, too.

The Game

The game is scheduled for Friday, November 20, at 7:30 pm. Donation is \$3, and all proceeds will be sent to the AIDS Emergency Fund. The cost for hiring the gymnasium was generously underwritten by Trax on Haight St., home of the Hotshots when they're not otherwise dribbling. This will be an opportunity to get a preview of what our Gay Games III teams are up to and what they need to do to be victorious in Vancouver in 1990.

Although the guys might be taller and more muscular, the gals should be quicker and possess more stamina. The teams are worth a look. They merit your support.

"This is a first. It's never been done before."

— Jasinski

team. And I agree with him; to my knowledge, this is the first time the lesbian and gay communities have competed against each other in basketball.

Jasinski is a by-product of the first Gay Games of 1982. In that year, he came to San Francisco as a member of the Boston basketball team, and after winning the Silver Medal, he went home to Boston and was back here in three weeks to stay. Disenchanted with the way Gay Games II's basketball team was put together, Jasinski decided to prepare early for the games in Vancouver. He also very much enjoyed the spirit of the game, and he hoped to find others to share his enthusiasm.

For the past 14 months, he and his roundballers have been meeting at the Youth Center in the Haight and play, as he describes them, "non-hostile, but competitive" games among whoever shows up on a given night.

Court of Appeals

On the other side of the ledger is the women. Their origin is a result of three lesbian gals who attempted to merely get themselves into shape — and then a team evolved. Nancy Warren, Ellen

And the club is a good one. Warren states, "We're going to give them a run for their money, if not beat them outright." Strong words, indeed, but she may have reason to boast.

Nancy's girlfriend, Ann Banks, is a former Kent State player, who is currently killed as an "all-around type player." She is joined by Slammers' center Alice Butler, who was also a college player and, according to Warren, is "a fantastic rebounder and shooter." Currently recuperating from a sore knee, she will be ready for the Hotshots come Friday.

Height is important, notes Warren, but "we've got quickness, finesse and agility. I promise you a close and very entertaining game."

Aside from the sporting aspects of the event, the women feel special about this game because it allows them the opportunity to support the AIDS Emergency Fund and gives them the chance to participate in a community effort. Nancy offers, "The country is taking a very definite swing toward the conservative right, and it's time for all of us to be visible and to promote the community."

Lesbian Agenda for Action

Continued from page 3

Migden and Del Martin.

Issues to be covered in Saturday's workshops include Workplace Discrimination/Affirmative Action, Health Care, Violence Against Lesbians, Decriminalizing Sex, Reproductive and Body Rights, Politics of AIDS and Disability.

Each Sunday workshop will focus on a specific arena or method by which the above lesbian issues might be addressed — Grassroots Organizing, Social Services, Workplace Organizing, Cultural/Political Art and Electoral/Legislative Action.

Registration will be held Saturday from 8:30 am at Mission High School, 3750 18th Street at Dolores. The conference opens at 10 am. Childcare will be provided (advance

notice required); the entire conference site is wheelchair accessible. The fee is \$25 to pre-register or \$30 at the door, but organizers say that no one will be turned away for lack of funds. For more information, call Lesbian Agenda for Action at (415) 552-5677.

Shanti Eviction

Continued from page 4

dividual's idealized expectations of service simply is not the main issue."

Jim Geary, executive director of Shanti, agreed. "We need to keep the welfare of everyone foremost in our mind... and if one person is being disruptive or having a negative effect on the welfare of others, then I feel we have an ethical responsibility to respond."

Geary went on to add that "in responding we also need to look at many different avenues of resolution, and I feel that in Jeff's case the

residence staff has done that." Greg Day concurred. "We have not kicked Jeff out into the cold. We have offered to help him find a new living situation."

Shannon, however, contends that Shanti's alternatives "cost more and are of lower quality" than his current house. "Therefore," said Shannon, "I will not accept their offers."

Day retorted that "because Jeff has proven himself unable to live cooperatively, we can only look for individual apartments, and those are simply more expensive." Ellie Cousineau agreed that Shanti has offered Shannon fair alternatives and added, "We don't want to kick people out. We really don't. But I am convinced of the rightness of what we're doing."

Shannon remains just as convinced of the rightness of his position, and because neither he nor Shanti will be of the courts will decide the matter. As of press time, no court date had been set, but one was expected to be announced soon.

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ALIVE AND WELL

DENISE BUZZUZIAN

Your Liver and Your Emotional State

Every organ in the human body has specific emotional patterns associated with it. The liver contains the entire emotional framework that motivates the individual. Our ideas and actions are largely generated by emotional drives seated in the liver and released as our circumstances challenge us to grow. We need to understand the function of the liver, the influence it has on our body-mind-spirit and learn how to work with it so that we become stronger.

The Chinese say the liver houses the soul, stores the blood and is the organ most sensitive to stagnation or inertia because it rules the flow of energy, or *chi*, throughout the body. How we relate to the world and the people around us depends to a great extent on the health of this important *chi* storehouse.

Balance is the key to maintaining the liver's harmony. Americans are especially prone to firing up the surface of the body (running on superficial energy) at the expense of deeper, more stable energy. There is a tendency in many popular diets and herbal treatments to create emotional instabilities in this way. While we may think that stimulation is giving us energy to function better, the liver and kidneys are being sapped of their long-term capacities to regenerate the life forces which animate us.

Stimulation affects the liver more immediately than any other organ. This explains why people experience rushes of false energy from substances like caffeine or sugar — because the liver is quickly stimulated to begin drawing energy from deep, physical *kidney*

strength isn't squandered on imbalanced, emotional expressions. It helps, naturally, to be able to recognize the difference between stimulation and deeper, more refined durable energy.

People with strong livers are emotionally balanced and not easily

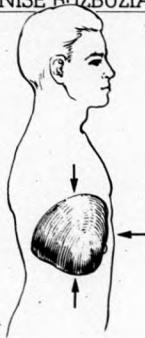
People with strong livers are not easily disturbed by the stresses of life.

reserves. The problem is that sheer stimulation gives no nourishment to the body; it simply borrows energy and doesn't replenish it. It drains reserves by fooling the system into believing that real food energy is on the way.

What we need instead is smooth-flowing food energy which maintains openness and consistency so our

disturbed by the stresses of life. People with weak livers tend to become angry quickly and lack the drive to accomplish much with their activities. In many cases, they're thrown out of kilter by the slightest difficulty and can't seem to recover from arguments or stress without tremendous effort.

Physically, weak liver types suffer



from jumpiness, lethargy, arthritis and joint weakness (liver also rules the joints), poor circulation and slow healing capacity. Often they find it impossible to maintain an even disposition. They experience many problems in working with others. *Self-indulgence* is the watchword that most accurately describes people with liver imbalances. Whether it's alcohol and drugs or the desire to disrupt the lives of others because "I'm not getting what I deserve," the patterns of liver disharmony ripple out to affect everyone around them.

Here are some supplements and techniques that will help you and your liver to stay alive and well for a long time.

Vitamin and Mineral Supplements

Amino Health and Corbicula are products that have been extremely helpful in building the liver when incorporated in a nutritional program. Also recommended are beta carotene, B complex, C, choline, B-6, B-12, E, lecithin, niacin, Aamgamic DMG and brewer's yeast.

Helpful Herbs

Dandelion, horsetail, bolbo leaves, St. John's wort, yellowdock, pau d'arco.

Herbal Combinations

Liver Cleanse and Detox, made by Crystal Star Herbs, and **Hepatone**, by Rainbow Light, are effective. The Crystal Star line uses herbs, gathered on a weekly basis which helps ensure freshness, potency and effectiveness.

Foods

Be pollen is unique in its liver-energizing properties. It builds liver *chi* faster and restores energy more effec-

tively than any other single food due to its balance of so many complex elements. Whole grains, sprouted seeds, almonds, artichokes, cucumbers, red beets, garlic, lemons, yams, sweet potatoes and all high-quality proteins are also recommended.

Substance to Avoid

Coffee, alcohol, processed, canned and refined foods are to be avoided. In general, avoid diets high in saturated fats.

There are many ways to cleanse the liver. Since this process can be disruptive, I do not want to recommend any method in particular. I recommend that you consult with your health-care professional in selecting the appropriate approach for your own body.

Bodywork

Acupressure is very useful. Press the top of your right foot behind the third toe for 15 seconds. Press on both sides of the shoulder blades three times for ten seconds each. Press point on the abdomen two inches above the navel to stimulate. Don't forget to breathe deeply; exercise mildly every day. Acupuncture and acupressure are wonderful for healing the liver.

By understanding how to care for the liver, we can live in greater emotional balance and strengthen the flow of our life's energy more profoundly. ■

Denise Buzzuzian is a private nutritional consultant who specializes in working with athletes, people with CMV, candida, Epstein-Barr, herpes, AIDS and ARC. Denise has successfully worked in tandem with the mainstream medical community and alternative health-care practitioners. She does lectures, seminars and workshops in the community.

FROM THE DESK

Continued from page 9

anyone's bandwagon too soon. This upcoming race could make the congressional contest and the mayoral sweepstakes look like pabulum. You never know, Britt might want the seat so bad that he'll desert Molinari in the final days of the mayor's race and back Agnos. It probably wouldn't get him an Agnos endorsement, but it might remind the support that Harry enjoyed last spring.

Alice's Rebuttal

The general membership of the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club has overwhelmingly approved full-page advertisements in the *Sentinel* and *Bay Area Reporter* in response to earlier ads placed by the club's Molinari supporters.

The proposal to purchase the ads reminding voters that Alice did *not* endorse any candidate was ruled out of order by Alice President Roberto Esteves. The general membership overruled the chair with more than a 3/4

vote. Then, after an hour floor debate (led by Molinari supporters), voted to place the advertisements.

The ads will also urge Alice members to put the mayor's race behind them and begin a healing process.

Art's on Top

This week the Molinari's satellite campaign headquarters in the Sunset got a surprise. The Molinari campaign occupies the first two floors of the building. The third floor is an apartment whose resident was apparently

miffed that the Moles had moved in downstairs. This week the occupants of the apartment above the Molinari headquarters put an "Art Agnos for Mayor" sign in the window.

Ginsbork

The Feminist Men's Alliance was just getting ready to fight the nomination of Douglas Ginsbork to the US Supreme Court when he withdrew. On the very morning Ginsbork pulled out, the FMA was receiving a shipment of T-shirts they were intending to sell to Ginsbork

opponents.

The shirt read: "Ginsbork, A Real Toke'n Judge" above a picture of a justice's gavel with marijuana smoke coming out the end.

Luckily, the FMA only ordered a few of the shirts, which they will now sell as commemorative items. If you're interested, pull out \$5 and call T.J. Anthony at 337-2061. ■

ASTROLOGER

R O B E R T C O L E

November 13-19, 1987

WEEKLY ALMANAC: The theme this week is SCORPIONS. Most scorpions are born during this season of the year. Scorpions are members of the arachnid (spider) family and are some of the oldest living creatures on Earth. How does your animal sign relate to the delicate and sensitive scorpion? For special metaphysical insight, study the life of the scorpion during these times.

♈ ARIES, THE SHEEP (Mar 21-Apr 19): When you find yourself walking through the confusion of not knowing what to do next, turn to your lover and beg for help. He/she has lots of off-the-wall ideas which could keep you busy for days; but this means you'll have to change some of your ways. You could continue spinning around in a galactic vortex of self-assurance all alone and going nowhere, but you're advised to take the chance of asking for more love while it's still available. Kiss.

♉ TAURUS, THE OX (Apr 20-May 20): Watch out for creepy feelings of jealousy flitting around your heart this week. You have reached a deep level of commitment in your relationship, so you

should have no qualms. When you start sneaking through personal papers and listening in on phone conversations, however, you know the problem has gotten out of hand. Resign yourself to the simple fact that you are your lover's most cherished friend and lifelong companion. Hug.

♊ GEMINI, THE WOLF (May 21-Jun 20): Business seems to pick up this week as your health is restored to full-energy output. You are still quite fragile, but the recuperation period is over and it's time to face the maddening crowds. Give family friends a call if you're looking for more work and income, and turn to your lover for more body massage and more delicious meals. As a team you will experience success beyond measure; alone you won't. Stroke.

♋ CANCER, THE CRAB (Jun 21-Jul 22): Are you having fun yet? It must be incredibly difficult to keep your amusement secret. Your crafty plans and wicked humor combine to give you a mysterious edge in the latest round of the game of love. If you keep the record, the thrill will linger; but you also run the risk of appearing pathetic to youthful by-

standers. Keep the crowds mystified while divulging everything to your best friend. Pet.

♌ LEO, THE SNAKE (Jul 23-Aug 22): Just hanging out around the house can make you feel withdrawn and vulnerable this week. So now's the perfect time to execute those plans to refurbish and redecorate your humble abode. Push aside the old furniture, paint over the old colors, and throw away old rugs. Don't stop working until the entire job is done. You and your housemate can then enjoy the holidays with a fresh new feeling. Snuggle.

♍ VIRGO, THE PIG (Aug 23-Sep 22): Stay close to your mailbox this week; very important messages will arrive by mail and they require your immediate reply. Old allegations and even older accusations are surfacing once again for final resolution. You may end up having to xerox all those legal papers one more time, but the effort is crucial if you expect to receive a fair hearing by Thanksgiving. For advice on personal matters, turn to a relative. Relate.

♎ LIBRA, THE LEOPARD (Sep 23-Oct 22): A headstrong friend comes up with a fantastic idea for making extra money; follow her advice because she has a good idea of what you need. Your little scheme will earn enough to pay for a trip on which you'll fall madly in love with each other. Your manipulation may be subtle but it is very effective. You always get what you want. Touch.

♏ SCORPIO, THE SCORPION (Oct 23-Nov 21): The heavenly omens point to another week of introspection for you. Meditating on your birthday brings realization of inner beauty and wisdom. Free yourself of old expectations and complications so your aura can reflect the serenity you feel inside. Add more bright colors to your wardrobe and flaunt your jewels. Happy Birthday! For your astrological chart, send birth date/time/place and \$1 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

♐ SAGITTARIUS, THE HORSE (Nov 22-Dec 21): All year long you've been taking on the worries of the world. Like a psychic vacuum cleaner you've been sucking up the problems of friends and the bad vibes of foes. This week you have time and spiritual composure to dump a ton of psychic garbage. Start each day in the next week with a cathartic meditation. Empty yourself of the fear and despair, the confusion and disgust. A new day comes! Reach.

♑ CAPRICORN, THE WHALE (Dec 22-Jan 19): Go back over the last three weeks and gather up the dreams and fantasies which have most excited your imagination. Check again on any offers from business associates or politically influential friends. This week you want to plan your strategy for the coming year, so meticulously review all options. Creating your future, rather than being a victim of it, is an experience of great majesty. Push.

♒ AQUARIUS, THE EAGLE (Jan 20-Feb 18): The glamor of the coming week might make the "country boy/girl" in you want to slip into a corner and avoid everything except occasional eye contact. Come now, you have the whole stage to yourself; there's nothing to be afraid of. There may be an oddball critic in the crowd, but negative whining will be lost in the roaring approval of friends and lovers once you take credit for your success. Strut.

♓ PISCES, THE SHARK (Feb 19-Mar 20): Travel to far-off lands is in your stars for the coming week. You and your lover may decide to blow your present scene and clope to fantasy island while the time is right. Tripping along the light fantastic, responding to mere whim, taking psychic pictures of it all — what more could you want? Enhance your bliss with the lotions of gratitude, it'll keep the magic from drying up. Rub.

HEALING RESOURCES

VAN R. AULT

That Bedroom Voice:

Dennis McMillan Offers AIDS Meditations

You've heard of bedroom eyes, haven't you? What about a bedroom *voice*? One bedroom voice that's well worth experiencing is Dennis McMillan's. It can presently be enjoyed on a series of hypnosis tapes he's co-created with well-known hypnotherapist Mary Richards. Two of the tapes, previewed for this column, are designed to deal with the AIDS epidemic: *AIDS: A Self-Healing Process* and *Opting for Vibrant Health in This Age of AIDS*.

Dennis McMillan is a core member of the Fruit Punch radio collective, the durable gay radio program which broadcasts on KPFA every Wednesday night at 10 pm. He's also known as Sister Dana Van Iquity in the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence and makes his living as a writer of erotic fiction.

McMillan's presence is exceptionally striking on the tapes; his voice has a kinesthetic quality that lets you feel like you're being gently held and stroked by a trusted lover. *Trust*, that's what the voice conveys.

McMillan and Richards share the narration on these tapes. They employ the same successful formula found in the other tapes in Mary Richards' "Master Your Mind" catalog. The subject is taken — very, very gradually, step by careful step — into a totally relaxed state of consciousness, then into a deep trance for the work of reprogramming on the subconscious level.

On *AIDS: A Self-Healing Process*, McMillan and Richards guide you through a process of self-forgiveness,

release of old emotions, visualization of wellness and affirmation of healing. It pretty much covers the necessary bases. The processes are safe, gentle and, with a lot of repetition, very helpful in reprogramming the belief system and directing one's consciousness towards genuine recovery.

McMillan's voice lets you feel like you're being held by a trusted lover.

Opting for Vibrant Health in This Age of AIDS is designed more for the worried well. It addresses the subconscious build-up of negative expectations and suggestions that are so prevalent in this time of the epidemic. It carefully guides you in scrubbing away the dirt that becomes caked on the window of your vision of the world. This is a wonderful way to purge those subconscious fears that "we're all going to get sick and die."

The process also guides you through various parts of the body for revitalization with visualization and deep breathing. "Imagine your bloodstream with every cell in perfect order, keeping your body in perfect health," instructs Mary. You are led towards images of healthy self-expression, positive expectation and confidence in the future. "Use all your senses; make it real in your mind's eye," suggests Dennis. "Take time in making this image very real for you."

The only problem, however, is that before the listener can get *into* the imagery in any kind of depth, the narrator is moving you already into something else. More silent time on the tapes would be most welcome. I find this a common drawback on many hypnosis tapes and guided visualizations performed with groups. It's "Do this, see that, feel such and such, go deeper and deeper, and notice how fabulous you feel."

The hypnotists don't seem to trust the subject's ability to be in his own process for any length of time without their incessant prompting. I realize that the average attention span is very brief, but it expands considerably in the trance state. Richards does sometimes

say on her tapes, "If you need more time, turn off the tape recorder." It would be great if that wasn't necessary.

The only other complaint I have for the Richards/McMillan team is the background music that sounds practically identical on each and every tape in the "Master Your Mind" series. It's like new age elevator music and, in my experience, has more of an *anesthetizing* effect rather than a relaxing one.

The second side of both cassettes is

Tutare Takes Healing Music to a New Dimension

If a top ten chart existed for performers of healing music, I'd want to see **Tutare** on it. Tutare, a Sanskrit word for an expression of joy, is the name of a trio of remarkable musicians who have emerged on the scene with a sparkling first recording titled, appropriately, "Rejoice." It's a delightful contribution to the field of transformational sound because it redefines this sphere in its own terms.



Chester Washington, Shafia and Art Wohl are Tutare, a name which is Sanskrit for joyful expression.

"Rejoice" is different from most of the other healing music on the market. At first listening, it sounds jazzy with influences of blues, classical and new age space music. But you can't pigeon-hole it. The music is not easy to follow at first exposure. But after the third or fourth time around, you realize you're being drawn into a mini-universe of sound and texture that sends you spiraling into the higher dimensions of your own psyche.

The combination of talents that makes up the group is impressive. Art Wohl plays violin and viola. Chester Washington, an original member of Earth, Wind and Fire, performs on sax, flute and piano. Shafia, a pianist and composer, balances out the trio. Together, they create an astonishingly unified, powerful sound which comes, obviously, from a match made in heaven — or at least some higher plane of consciousness.

Side one offers one lengthy composition, "Seeds of Joy," which Washington composed as "a musical doorway through which the musicians entered into a spontaneous and improvised composition." "Some of the sounds in the first number," explains Art Wohl, "reach people at such a deep level, drawing out negative emotions, that many people find the experience uncomfortable at first until they get used to it. Many others find themselves immediately going into an altered state of consciousness."

What impresses me about "Seeds of

Continued on page 18



Dennis McMillan: the face behind the magical voice.

subliminal hypnosis, that is, music with positive suggestions about health concealed behind the sound of ocean waves. The conscious mind hears the music but not the suggestions, which are picked up and hopefully implemented by the subconscious mind, the part of your consciousness which *really* pulls the strings of your behavior. I think subliminal hypnosis can sometimes be even more useful than regular trance work. The less resistance you have to a process, the more effective it can be.

But coming back to voices, this is where the real power in the tapes is found. The interplay between McMillan and Richards is flawless. Both of them have worked to make their voices carefully tuned, almost *musical* hypnotic instruments. I wish more teachers and

leaders of visualization and relaxation processes would study their technique and apply it to developing their own styles. It is quite lovely to experience. And these two AIDS tapes are welcome additions to the repertoire of self-healing tools our community is blessed to have access to.

Mary Richards has donated a large collection of her hypnosis tape library to both the Shanti Project and the Coming Home Hospice where volunteers, staff and patients have access to them. The "Master Your Mind" series is also available at the Vibrant Health Center, Tower Records or directly from Mary Richards at 881 Hawthorne Drive, Walnut Creek, CA 94596, 945-0941. Dennis McMillan can be reached at 864-6554.

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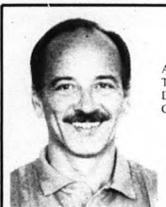
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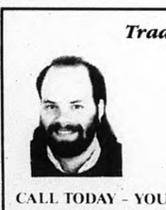


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Continued from page 17

Joy" is that it isn't strictly meditation music designed to catapult you into trance states. In fact, in parts, it makes you feel like dancing, which underscores the fact that healing can be equally effective in a vigorous, animated state of being, rather than just a relaxed one. And what is more healing than joyful celebration?

The second side spotlights the piano of Shafia and the shimmering sound of guest vocalist Kathryn Kietzman in Shafia's song, "Who":

*Who sings in brightest night
 Who prays in deepest light
 Who soars across the sky
 Who looks out through these eyes*

It is, simply, haunting. Tutare concludes its maiden voyage with the instrumental track, "Rejoice." It is actually quite sensual, as Chester Washington's saxophone vibrantly caresses the listener. Perfect for raising the frequencies in your next romantic interlude.

Tutare's first offering is a must-have for anyone who savors music with a multidimensional approach. If "Rejoice" is any indication of their potential, then we have much to look forward to from Tutare. I'd particularly love to see Tutare make it onto the CD format because their work has such a permanence to it. They're definitely in my top ten.

"Rejoice" is available at Tower Records on Columbus Avenue in San Francisco and the Amron Metaphysical Center on Van Ness Avenue. Or order directly from Tutare for \$12.60 postpaid at PO Box 2855, San Anselmo, CA 94960. Tutare will perform Nov. 21 at 8 pm at the Yoga Society, 2872 Folsom St. Tickets are \$8 at the door.

New AIDS Books Probe Spiritual Questions

AIDS: From Fear to Hope offers channeled teachings about the ramifications of the epidemic. A panel of disincarnates, including beings who have never been physical, supposed space people and graduates of earth life offer their insights into many facets of the challenge AIDS brings. There's plenty of vacant "channeled" material being published these days, but this book has substance. I found it fascinating and powerfully right-on, although a little repetitive.

The material was first brought through psychics associated with the *Spirit Speaks* publications. The book was due out last month, but I've not seen it in the bookstores yet. You can order it from New Age Publishing, PO Box 01-1549, Miami, FL 33101, for \$10.95 postpaid.

AIDS: Time to Reclaim Our Power, by Christopher Spence, comes by way of Lifestory publishing in London. In these brief but powerful 64 pages, he considers the reclaiming of power in three broad categories: developing self-love, eliminating isolation and living without limits. If your bookstore can't get it for you, order direct from Lifestory, 178 Lancaster Road, London, England W11 1JQ. Sally Fisher swears by this one.

Paul Reed has just released *Serenity: Challenging the Fear of AIDS* through Channel Arts. Reed is the author of *Facing It: A Novel of AIDS* and *How to Persuade Your Lover to Use a Condom*, and also writes for the *Bay Area Reporter*. He discusses the nature of serenity and presents it as the ideal that our community may now pursue since the hectic days of disco and drugs have come to a close. "It is really a matter of being quiet," he says, when exploring the nature of spirituality. "Keeping still in order to hear one's own thoughts and feelings, and of keeping one's attitude toward life on a positive, hopeful track, filled with that forgiveness and simple acceptance we learn in silence." ■

The Conversion of DAVID CALE

From Cabaret Singer to Comic Monologist, This Black-Clad Brit Is One of the Emerging Stars of Performance Art

by Andrew O'Hehir

This morning I was thinking that I could never describe what I do," said David Cale between bites of apple pie. "I thought, 'God, I've gotta work this out.' But I couldn't." What this rubber-faced, goggle-eyed guy does apparently, is deliver monologues — unless it's tell stories he's written, or maybe perform all the characters in a single play. He describes his work rather shyly, as intense, emotional and demanding. If you believe the critics, it's also very funny.

Yeah, you guessed it — Cale is a performance artist (a term he avoids), the latest invader to hit town from the New York nebula. One of the problems with the usage is that it means remarkably different things to different people, depending partly on where you are on the geo-cultural map.

Here in Frisco, the theatre-hounds usually mean large-scale technological work when they say "performance" — stuff like George Coates, Antenna Theatre, Laura Farabough, SOON 3. In the beastly East, though, the term tends to refer to low- or anti-tech solo performers such as Spalding Gray, Eric Bogosian, Karen Finley (of "Yams Up My Granny's Ass" fame), Ann Magnuson and drag artist Ethyl Eichelberger.

Oh, and David Cale. Whatever he does — and the *New York Times* says it's "gothically surreal prose poetry" — you can watch him do it in his show *The Redthroats*, which runs Wednesday through Sunday at Life on the Water in Fort Mason.

Bogosian, Gray and Finley have all ap-

Continued on page 22



PHOTO: PHILIP



Houses For Sale

The Changing World of Repertory and Art Cinema in San Francisco

by Daniel Mangin
Photos by Thomas Alleman

The latest word buzzing around town has the Castro Theatre signed, sealed and just about delivered to a major Los Angeles-based entertainment company. The Castro, one of the nation's most important venues for repertory cinema, is reportedly being sold along with the Lumiere and Clay theatres. All are owned by their parent company, Surf Theatres.

Similarly, all or some of the San Francisco properties run by the Renaissance-Rialto chain — the Opera Plaza, Bridge, Four Star and Gateway theatres — are also reportedly for sale. Within the next few months San Francisco audiences may see a major reshuffling of screens — a change that some observers feel could negatively affect the kinds of films available for years to come.

But a more careful look reveals that, except perhaps for the future of quality repertory cinema, things aren't quite as bad as some say. Change is, however, clearly in the air.

("Art cinema" is an inexact term that describes independent, foreign or lower-budgeted studio films of a more intellectual quality than traditional Hollywood fare. Films such as *Maurice* and *Matewan* are among those currently playing in San Francisco that are considered "art" films. "Repertory cinema" refers to the presentation, usually on double bills of one or two nights, of film classics or other recent films past their first and second theatrical runs.)

Ask the spokespersons for the local chains if there's any truth to the rumors about their theatres, and they'll deny them flat out or say coyly that "any theatre in the city's for sale at the right price." But from the inside offices of any major player on the local film scene, one might overhear a conversation with more than a little moaning about the need for a new job. Soon.

When I recently talked with several key operators about prospects for art or rep theatres here, three things came up every time: 1) most of them are for sale; 2) repertory is almost impossible to make money

because of labor and shipping costs and the fact that many classics are "burnt out" from too many showings over the years; and 3) the late 1980s are an important transitional period because national chains are starting to move into the booking of art films here.

Despite the fact that on any given day San Franciscans have access to up to ten classic films at four different houses and over a dozen first- or second-run art films, many local observers are worried about the future.

Some fear that everything we see may soon be booked out of Los Angeles or New York by people not sensitive to our specific tastes. Others are concerned that the national chains will abandon art films for easier-to-market domestic product. A look at the past, however, reveals that art films have been flourishing here for years and are likely to continue to do so, no

matter what becomes of the current group of exhibitors.

A Healthy History

A 1957 article in *Variety* reported even then that business for SF's "arties" was quite strong. The Rio and Bridge theatres, under the direction of local impresario Maury Schwarz, presented art films from all over the world, along with documentaries and revivals of Hollywood classics. The Clay, Larkin and Stage Door, owned by Herbert Rossener, "the king of French films," did healthy business and the Vogue, now a sometimes art house, had been showing art films for years.

A well-attended 1957 French Film Week program at the Rio and Bridge featured appearances by film director Jean Renoir and an assortment of French movie stars, and prompted gala parties from Hillsborough to Pacific Heights.

The Castro's status as a neighborhood icon aside, its demise as a rep house could be catastrophic to repertory cinema nationwide.



San Francisco's art and rep exhibitors, from the charismatic Schwarz to the visionary Mel Novikoff, recently deceased founder of Surf Theatres, have always been a quirky and passionate group of filmophiles who will occasionally abandon good business practice when it gets in the way of what they think is best for local film. Perhaps this is the explanation for the involvement of a local cinema partisan in the effort to save the Castro, one of the chief rivals to his own interests.

This local theatre owner and his associates became alarmed when the now well-known (and presently dormant) plans to divide the Castro balcony into two theatres surfaced earlier this year. The official position of Surf Theatres is that the Castro doesn't need to be "saved," that Surf is, as its office manager Yvonne Cannon put it during a terse telephone conversation "trying to keep things at the Castro the way they've always been. That's it."

A Premiere House

"That" is not it, to hear most everyone else on the local scene. By many accounts, the Surf's agreement with the Los Angeles buyer specifies a sale of the Surf chain at one price with the plans for the Castro triplexing legalized and another, lower one, if they aren't.

The Castro's status as a neighborhood icon aside, its demise as a rep house could be catastrophic to repertory cinema nationwide. With the recent end of repertory programming at New York's Regency Theatre, the Castro has become the premiere repertory house in the country (when it's not being a first-run art house, as with this past week's presentation of *A Death in the Family*).

According to a recent *Village Voice* article, the NY Regency and the Castro were the only two theatres whose loyal audiences for extended runs of Hollywood classics could justify the striking of a new print (rare even in their cases) or the loaning of precious vault prints by the major studios. With classic films increasingly be-

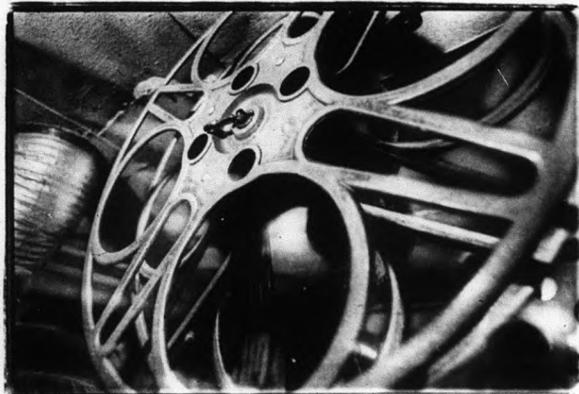
ing forced out of circulation due to the unavailability of showable prints, this is no small point. Even a conversion of the Castro to a permanent first-run art house could have a serious effect on the screening of good prints in SF. A visit to the Red Vic or York theatres, stalwart champions of repertory though they may be, reveals the quality of prints likely to be the norm should the Castro (and a few other lesser but still significant houses) cease repertory.

It may be that the days of high quality repertory are just about over, except in university or not-for-profit settings. The Castro's esteemed reputation was due in large part to the savvy and personality of owner Mel Novikoff. His death has left the chain without its greatest asset, and it remains to be seen over the long haul whether or not the present staff (who declined an interview with the *Sentinel*) has the passion or wherewithal to maintain his legacy.

The Kabuki Conquers?

In the meantime, say some, make way for the chains, marching in to take over. Well, maybe. Cineplex Odeon, the Canadian mega-chain, will have to wait until sometime in the 1990s — assuming some last-ditch effort doesn't land the Giants at Third and Mission — to splash onto the SF scene with their Yerba Buena Center complex of 14 theatres, some of which will presumably play art films. Already here are AMC's Kabuki 8 Theatres, of which up to four on any given day play art films.

The Kabuki, with its plush screening rooms and free parking is making "significant inroads into the market" as its personable general manager Larry Whittenberger puts it. The Kabuki pulled off a major coup by hosting last year's SF International Film Festival and seemed poised to conquer the art film scene. That hasn't really happened yet, in part because the peculiarities of the SF art film scene take a little time to master. Whittenberger admits to some rough times learning the ropes in San Francisco, but suggests that in the end it may be AMC that sets the standard for art film exhibition here.



Back in the 1950s, exhibitors were crying the blues over a variety of negative influences on their market, including daylight savings time, night football, radio and, of course, television. The smart operators figured out where their markets had shifted and went after the new business.

An interesting footnote to the history of repertory cinema is the 1956 hype/experiment cooked up by Hollywood mogul David O. Selznick and Maury Schwarz that pitted the movie houses against television. As reported in *Variety* at the time, Schwarz took out newspaper ads for a double bill of *Intermezzo*, starring Ingrid Bergman, and *Bill of Divorcement*, the Katharine Hepburn vehicle. At the time, *Intermezzo* was also playing on KPX-TV. In the first promotional campaign that directly pointed out the disadvantages of television presentation of motion pictures, Schwarz accused television of hacking up the films and offered San Franciscans the chance to see the films "the way they were made, without commercials." Great fanfare ensued and the success of the bill led to an increase of local screenings of Hollywood classics.

New Realities

Then as now, the important thing was to offer something more than what the customer could get at home. It is the reality of the marketplace that the customer will no longer loyally trot down to a poorly designed screening room or one with cockroaches silhouetted on the chair backs to see a film rentable on cassette for a third the price of a theatre ticket. There are exceptions to this rule, as with camp classics that are more fun with a crowd full of queens, but the roll call of theatres meeting their fates at the hand of the VCR ever expands.

Some of the theatres that have died have simply deserved their fates. It's hard to shed too many tears, for instance, over the closing of the sometimes art house, the Ghirardelli, with its bizarre sight lines, or the Parkside, with its preschool on the main floor that forced everyone into the balcony, or the always freezing Cento Cedar, outside of which grisly concessionaires proffered nickel bags of heroin, or the hapless ghost of Schwarz's Rio, the Mercury, which rarely booked a film worth seeing.

One theatre that has wised up to the changing marketplace is the Roxie. Co-

owner Bill Banning proudly points out that the Roxie consistently plows the profits from successful runs like last year's *Mother Teresa* back into the theatre. The last two years have seen new projectors and seats for the theatre, and new carpeting and paint for the lobby of the once hideous facility. A new screen has just been installed and carpeting is planned for the aisles.

A better sound system would also be helpful, but the commitment of Banning and his partner Robert Evans to upgrade their plant bodes well for the theatre's future. In any case, the films screened by the Roxie more than make up for any flaws in decor.

A former rep house, the Roxie may well be the true gem among local theatres, presenting a gutsy mix of documentaries like *Houses Are Full of Smoke* and features such as *The Runner, Scarecrow* and the controversial *Hail Mary*. The Roxie also premieres the work of local filmmakers, hosts all or part of some of the smaller film festivals in town and sometimes rents out the theatre for a screening of a video like the recent AIDS documentary, *I'm Still Alive*.

Some observers think there are too many art screens in the city and that a shake-down resulting in fewer screens might leave those that remain with fuller houses each night. For all the uncertainty the local houses face, however, there appears to be a thriving market for films with a little more tooth than *The Prince of Darkness*.

When asked what she thinks about the state of art and repertory cinema in San Francisco, Karen Larsen, publicist for many of the art and independent films that come through the city, says rep is shaky but "the market for art films is solid enough that such fare will always be available to San Francisco audiences."

Later she also muses, "Even if all the theatres closed tomorrow, people would start showing films in garages and begin the whole process over again. In fact, I know somebody in Bernal Heights who's doing it now." ■

Four Star Theatre

2200 Clement, 752-2650. (Renaissance-Rialto).

First-run art films. Good neighborhood house, 350 comfy seats. Strained necks for patrons in first 15 rows. General admission: adults \$6, seniors & children \$3; bargain matinee 1st show Wed., Sat., \$3.

Gateway Cinema

215 Jackson, 421-3353. (Renaissance-Rialto).

First-run films. Serviceable house, average sound, seats 400. General admission: adults \$6, seniors & children \$3; bargain matinee 1st show Wed., Sat., \$3.

Lumiere 3 Theatres

1572 California, 885-3200. (Surf).

Excellent selection of films presented poorly with annoying sound bleedthrough in all theatres, approx. 550 total seats. General admission: adults \$6 or \$5.50, seniors & children \$3; bargain matinee 1st show daily \$3.

Opera Plaza Cinemas

601 Van Ness, 771-0102. (Renaissance-Rialto).

First- and second-run art films. Usually very fine product. Two larger theatres have Dolby sound, so-so layout. Two small screening rooms are all designed but keep good films in circulation. General admission: adults \$5.50, seniors & children \$2.50; bargain matinee 1st show Wed., Sat., \$2.50.

Red Vic Movie House

1659 Haight St., 863-3994. (collective).

Repertory of classic and recent films. A little on the rustic side, projection quality uneven. Dedicated staff. Seats approx. 100. General admission: adults \$4 (\$3 with card also good at the New York Theatre), seniors & children \$2; bargain matinee 1st show daily \$3 (\$2 with card).

Roxie Cinema

3117 16th St., 863-1087. (Banning, Evans).

First-run art and documentary films, plus special programs and festivals. New seats, projectors have improved the viewing experience. House seats approx. 285. General admission: adults \$4.50 (\$3.50 with Roxie card), seniors & children \$2.

Strand Theatre

1127 Market, 621-2227. (Michael Thomas).

Still shabby after all these years, shows less repertory than previously, presents films seen nowhere else in town. Seats 700. General admission: adults \$3.50, seniors & children \$1.50; bargain matinee \$1.75 until 2 pm, \$2.50 until 7 pm.

Vogue Theatre

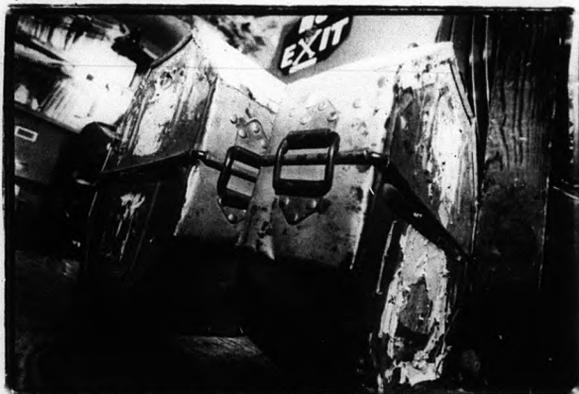
3290 Sacramento, 221-8183. (United Artists).

Not always an art house, serviceable facility, lousy popcorn, 300+ seats. General admission: adults \$6, seniors & children \$3; bargain matinee 1st & 2nd show Mon.-Fri., \$3.

The New York Theatre

2789 24th St., 282-0316. (collective).

House a little run-down, projection quality uneven, 950 seats. General admission: adults \$4 (\$3 with card also good at the Red Vic Movie House), seniors & children \$2; bargain matinee until 5 pm Sat., Sun., \$3.



RATING THE HOUSES:

A Guide to Repertory and Art Theatres in SF

Kabuki 8 Theatres

1750 Geary Blvd., 931-9800. (AMC).

First-run art films. State-of-the-art house, Dolby sound in all theatres. 112 to 260 seats in the theatres showing art films. Cafe opens Dec. 14. General admission: adults \$6, seniors & children \$3.25; bargain matinee daily \$4.25; daily "twilight" bargain show (starting between 4-6 pm) \$3.25.

Bridge Theatre

3010 Geary Blvd., 751-3212. (Renaissance-Rialto).

First-run, mostly foreign films. Fine sound system, good sight lines, gourmet coffees/desserts. General admission: adults \$6, seniors & children \$3; bargain matinee 1st show Wed., Sat., \$3.

Castro Theatre

429 Castro, 621-6120. (Surf).

Classic 1920s movie house, a little worn around the edges. Plays classic and recent repertory, some first-run. Seats 1,500. General admission: adults \$5.50, seniors & children \$3; bargain matinee 1st show Wed., Sat., Sun., \$3.

Clay Theatre

2261 Fillmore, 346-1123. (Surf).

First-run art films. Serviceable house, generally very good product on screen. 400 seats. General admission: adults \$6, seniors & children \$3; bargain matinee 1st show daily, \$3.

DAVID CALE

Continued from page 19

peared locally within the past year or so (Finley's recent week at Intersection was a total sellout), but Cale looks like one of the hottest New Yorkers about now. With a special to be taped for HBO, a book forthcoming from Random House, and four weeks at LA's Mark Taper Forum impending, the ex-Londoner seemed awfully unassuming over pie and coffee, telling me how he "loved" his 24-hour PR trip to San Francisco and couldn't wait to come back.

So how did an unpromising English lounge singer — after a *really* unpromising English childhood — become one of the most acclaimed figures on the Soho-and-below arts scene? Cale isn't quite sure. His personal Cinderella fable is also a remarkable testament to the survival of culture — hardcore stuff like drama and poetry — in a media-dominated, increasingly illiterate world. As a child, he neither read nor wrote; his education came from American movies, TV cartoons and pop music.

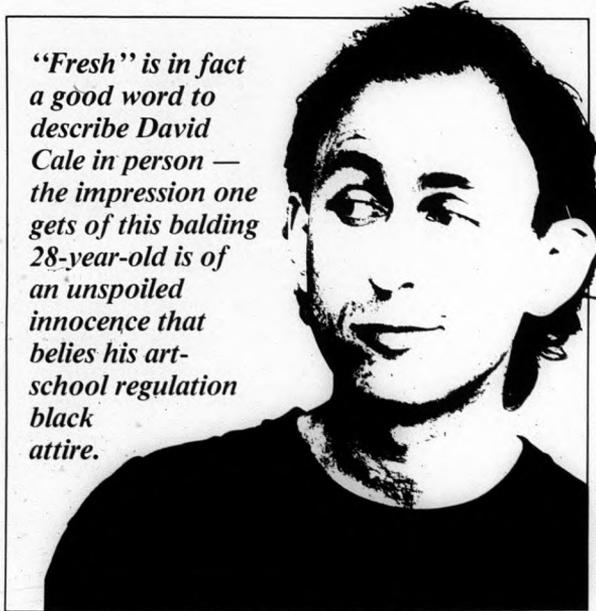
"I always wanted to be a singer," he says, and this desire and its influences seem mirrored in "The Weirds," the first major section of *The Redthroats*. Eleven-year-old Steven Weirid insulates himself from the violent collapse of his working-class family by submerging in his collection of Judy Garland records. Not something, to be sure, many "normal" boys do.

Once he'd finally flunked out of school at 16, Cale went to London to pursue his vocal career in various dismal pubs. Probably the high point was his version of "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," which garnered one pub's monthly prize (a bottle of sparkling wine). Steven Weirid goes to London too, in "Swagger." Part II of *The Redthroats*, only to begin hustling in the King's Road almost by accident. "Swagger," one of Cale's personal favorites, has attracted some notoriety because of its subject matter, but he isn't out on a mission to shock the prudish. "Steven's just a regular kid. He needs money. This happens to him."

Understandably wary about the element of autobiography in his work, Cale insists he only takes ordinary life — his and other people's — and pushes it a little farther. "I've never hustled, but it isn't an uncommon order of experience; I've been in situations not too far removed from that."

"Welcome to America," the final segment of *The Redthroats*, brings Steven to our own bonny land, or anyway to New York, where he finds the beginnings of emancipation from the hopelessness, gloom and repression of youth. Some

"Fresh" is in fact a good word to describe David Cale in person — the impression one gets of this balding 28-year-old is of an unspoiled innocence that belies his art-school regulation black attire.



critics, I gather, have found this the least convincing part of the show, and it's clear that while Cale feels his success would have been impossible in Britain, his own self-discovery required more than a simple change of scenery.

In fact, Cale came to New York in 1979 almost on impulse, with nothing more in mind than furthering his increasingly gruesome singing career. His ideas about America came from the movies — to prepare himself for the trip he watched *Manhattan* three times in three days. He rented a room at the Y for \$12 a night and launched into three years of odd jobs and unrewarding cabaret work. One night in 1982, perhaps in desperation and perhaps in dim awareness of the burgeoning spoken-word performance scene, he read some of his own songs at an open poetry reading. "People liked it; no one had ever liked my singing."

This marks perhaps the most astonishing moment in the story — Cale's surprised realization that he was a writer. He'd failed English in school and evinced no interest in literature. Affected only by popular culture and the life he saw around him, he was without "influences" in the traditional sense. (Lately he's gotten interested in dramatists like Joseph Chaikin, Sam Shepard and Jon Guare.)

Cale denies any connection between his performance styles as a singer and monologist, insisting he's in fact more musical and less inhibited in his reincar-

nated state. The economy and symmetry of songwriting have undoubtedly helped Cale structure his monologues — but he's apparently sworn off crooning for good. Working alone in a theatrical space, he notes, can be more charged than either ensemble theatre or less formal nightclub performing. "If the audience doesn't like you, they're trapped. There's nobody else to look at."

Most audiences liked Cale, after he made his great conversion; before long he was appearing in clubs and (increasingly and now exclusively) performance spaces all over lower Manhattan, and acting in commercials to pay the rent. Major attention started coming his way in 1985, when he strung together the three Steven Weirid pieces into *The Redthroats*, presented first at P.S. 122 and later revived by the uptown Second Stage. He was no longer a singer, and no longer some kind of weird (pun intended) narrative poet or offbeat comic. He was a playwright and — yes! — a performance artist.

At his earliest shows he was so taken aback by audience laughter he talked straight through it, but before long the *Times* and *Vanity Fair* had decided he was a "comic monologist." Gradually he discovered the constantly changing performer-audience relationship that's the supreme essence of live theatre. "You can never predict what people will laugh at and what they'll think is serious. Recently I gave a reading of some new stuff, and

the audience was giving me back so much — I really felt we were all on stage."

After major profiles in the *Village Voice* and a series of reviews in the dailies, Cale is eager to experience working and living outside the performance ghetto. He speaks of one-shot shows he's done in Milwaukee and San Diego with great enthusiasm. "The show was fresh, the audience was fresh, even the critics were fresh." Looking out of the cafe window into 16th Street, he repeats "I'm *really* excited about this whole West Coast thing!" as if the concept of California is being explained to him for the first time.

"Fresh" is in fact a good word to describe David Cale in person — the impression one gets of this balding 28-year-old is of an unspoiled innocence that belies his art-school regulation black attire. He speaks of not wanting to lose the naive optimism that underlies even the darkest of his pieces. With a success story as implausible as his own for illustration, any amount of optimism would seem justifiable.

Like Steven Weirid, Cale feels sure he's left Britain behind. His one return to London as a performer was on a bill with Karen Finley; the producers were threatened with closure and arrest under obscenity laws if she went on. "When I did 'Swagger,'" Cale remembers, "the audience was hushed, completely humorless. I could hear them all thinking, 'Poor boy, he's come home to confess his sins!'"

Cale hopes to work both in collaborative theatre — maybe in something like the experimental unit Wooster Group, who've spawned the careers of Spalding Gray and Willem Dafoe — and in film. He's landed small parts so far in a Paul Mazursky film (due out next spring) and in Woody Allen's *Radio Days*. The kid who sat through *Manhattan* three times got to work with the maestro himself — is this America or what? "Working with other actors and directors, so much stuff I never tap into emerges. I can only go so far by myself."

He admires Allen in particular for his seriousness, lack of pretense and intolerance of phoniness. Behind his modest exterior, Cale clearly believes he possesses the same artistry — when he tells you his work is intense and demanding, you accept it. He also believes he hasn't gotten this far by accident, but because of essential order and justice in the universe. "I've worked hard for 12, 13 years. I worked hard as a singer. And got nothing. The past few years I've found this thing — whatever it is — that I can do."

David Cale will perform *The Redthroats* this Wednesday through Sunday at 8:00 pm (with a matinee added Saturday at 3:00 pm) at Life on the Water, Building B, Fort Mason Center. Tickets are \$12-\$15, available at BASS, STBS and the box office. Call 776-8999.

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Dialing for Sex

It's a rainy Wednesday morning. You have the day off and feel bored, horny. Paging through the *Sentinel*, you see phone sex ads where bathhouse ads used to be — eleven to be exact.

"When one just is not enough!" teases a blue banner headline above four photos of attractive nude guys. "Only 95¢... conference call... 976-BODS (not a recorded message)."

Staring at the phone I feel silly. I want to see a guy's eyes, face, how he moves his hands (80% of all communication lies in body language, psychologists say). If I'm calling someone I really like, I sometimes stare nervously at the phone for 20 minutes before dialing.

Like Dean, a guy I met last summer whose phone voice was hypnotic. Just as certain opera singers can hit a pitch that shatters glass, the timbre of Dean's voice automatically gave me a hard-on. Or was it how he'd start to murmur? Is language innately sexual with some words carrying extra voltage? "Murmur," for instance, or "spank"? (All "sp" words turn me on actually — speak, spark, sperm.) If I heard Dean's voice on the phone now, I'd swoon.

So screwing my courage to the sticking place, to steal Shakespeare's metaphor, I dial 976-BODS. A scratchy, rapid-fire recorded message says, "Welcome to the gay conference line. You'll be connected to up to eight other guys. Start talking and enjoy."

"Hi," I begin hesitantly. "I'm Steve and I'm looking for someone. Is anyone there?" Dead silence. I babble on inanely a minute more before hanging up, feeling foolish, irritated, relieved. I hang up and smoke a cigarette.

Then my phone rings. Is BODS calling me back? No, it's Stan, a friend I can make a real date with. We chat, I relax, smoke another cigarette. When our conversation's over I return to the phone sex ads.

Some turn me off right away. Sleazeline offers truckers, bikers, B&D. I guess I never thought of them as my kind of people. On the opposite page a smaller ad catches my eye. Is that my heartthrob Lou Cass on the couch? "My girlfriend's gone and I'm horny," says the headline. So I dial 976-RODS. A young voice answers.

"I was on my way home from the gym when I see this hot punker get off the bus. He was carrying a skateboard and I could see he had a big, hard dick. He followed me home to my apartment and..."

A recorded message but the script's well written, actually believable, and the narrator gets breathy and excited as he builds up steam. I can imagine I'm right there...

Voyeurism lies at the heart of all good storytelling. You haven't really had an experience until you've shared it. So porn, like gossip, confirms our human identity. We need it to exist like we need air to breathe because we're social animals. Repress it and it will pop up in your dreams. (What does Ed Meese dream about I wonder, or Jerry Falwell?)

back soon." Click. Silence. Silence — there's the rub. When the State wants to break a person, they throw them into solitary confinement. When the New Right wants to break our community, they try to silence all our porn outlets. He who controls the airwaves (including phone lines) controls the nation. About 40% of the 976 numbers are for "adult services" and Pac Bell claims to get 100 complaints a month — mostly from parents. Phone sex calls generate about

12-year-old son who molested a 4-year-old girl after listening to \$50 worth of phone sex chatter. Precocious child, it would appear.

Who can I sue for the contradictory sex messages that were stuffed into my head as a child: "Sex is bad — unless used to sell Coke or new cars... Sex is playful, but should be carefully regulated and controlled.... Only the young are wild and sexy; only the old are wise and nurturing.... Homosexuality is

sex outfit," Jeff tells me. "I like talking on the phone and I like talking dirty so it was great. But exploitative. I got \$5 for every recording while my company got \$35. Phone sex is safe but it's not healthy."

Not healthy because we're driven to it out of loneliness, or because it reflects our fear of real intimacy? Jeff doesn't say.

"I called the Connector," *Sentinel* rock critic Don Baird tells me with a laugh. "Every guy I talked to said he had eight inches." Marc Geller says it's great if you get the right message but just when you spring a boner, your call is over, he laments.

Chris complains that his ex-lover ran up huge phone bills making 976 calls to NYC. "Some of the recorded messages are a real hoot," Chris says. "The conference calls are more interesting. You can listen in to other people before joining in. The hard part is getting the right guy to call you back."

I don't want to dump on anyone's pleasure, but what I wonder is how much real satisfaction phone sex gives. If I want to masturbate, I can come up with some pretty good fantasies on my own and to disembodiment the sexual experience by talking to strangers on the phone strikes me as the height of absurdity. And yet a lot of people seem to enjoy it. Are we becoming addicted to the tension of dissatisfaction?

"Intemperate language wreaks havoc on the heart," Matthew Arnold wrote in *Culture and Anarchy*. Intemperate dialing, it appears, does the same.



Porn, like gossip, confirms our human identity. Repress it and it will pop up in your dreams. (What does Ed Meese dream about I wonder, or Jerry Falwell?)

... So I'm just getting into this hot story when an adult voice breaks in: "Ron's fantasies change with every call, so call

\$12 million a year for the phone company and Ronald Thompson is suing Pac Bell for \$10 million for corrupting his

an illness." Can I sue the Church, the government, my parents?

I ask friends about their phone sex experience.

"I used to work for a phone

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Berkeley Rep Updates O'Neill 'Ape' of the '80s

Genius usually follows innovation by a few careful paces. The first rush of inspiration usually comes to rest as an academic footnote, while the second or third passes live on, taking ideas that may have seemed only "novelties" at first and wedding them to the kind of disciplined content and structure that make for great art.

In his day Eugene O'Neill found time to be both genius and innovator. But predictably, the scales rarely weighed equally on both ends on the same occasion. Outrageously challenging in their day, most of his earlier works are now fascinating primarily as critical points of passage on the road to an American experimental theatre.

It takes a vigorous sensibility to breathe some of the fire back into texts that now have the slightly musty nostalgia interest of theoretical tracts from several revolutions ago. Violent, crazy, brilliant, Berkeley Repertory and Theatre Artaud's current co-production of *The Hairy Ape* roars to life like a zombieified corpse in a horror movie: some signs of respiratory collapse remain, but that doesn't mean the scary thing won't grab you by the throat anyway.

Dashed together in a three-week burst of artistic fervor and staged with surprising popular success (it eventually moved to Broadway) in 1922, *The Hairy Ape* is O'Neill at his most angry-young-man polemical, slapping up one-dimensional archetypes and slapping down social injustices with the crude, inspired passion of a WPA muralist. It's energy and rage are a good deal more palpable than its precise point at times. Its "characters"



Berkeley Rep comes to the city: The company's first "parallel season" at SF's Theatre Artaud presents Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* through 11/29.

are comic-book primers in elementary, industrial-age, proletariat/bourgeois warfare; its "structure" is a jerry-built succession of agitprop skits that jerk roughly toward conclusion.

This is a long way from the autobiographical confessions and more conventional drama of such later works as *Ah, Wilderness!* and *Long Day's Journey into Night* (which comprise the other two-thirds of Berkeley

Rep's O'Neill festival). This is the work of a much younger playwright, fresh off the boat of radical awakening, interested in painting the Big Picture at whatever cost or simplification is necessary. Already more poet than propagandist, however, O'Neill lends *The Hairy Ape* just enough angst-ridden complexity to keep its frequent preaching from sinking the ship.

Director George Ferenz, a NYC specialist in O'Neill and Sam Shepard, takes this abstract load of dated social commentary, somehow finds a live fuse, and makes things go boom for 90 straight minutes. Expectations are raised from the moment we enter the theatre. The cavernous

we're hurled into a different corner of the animal kingdom. Men swarm the stage, terrorizing each other and the audience under flashes of light. Directed to act like a troupe of angry baboons

they're baggage. We belong!"

But his balance is thrown off when Mildred Douglas (Stacey Jack), a spoiled debutante with collegiate good intentions toward the other half, decides to do

Director George Ferenz takes this abstract load of dated social commentary and makes things go boom for 90 straight minutes.

— stuck-out underlips, half-crawling, half-walking, grunting — they scarp and bellow in an alarming exaggeration of macho posturing. Two get into a serious fight and are stopped when the

a bit of socio-anthro tourism. Climbing down into Yank's hell with a 2nd Engineer (Jim Abele) as chaperone, she abruptly comes face-to-face with Yank in full shovel-swinging vigor. They surprise each other like deer caught by headlights; they don't even recognize themselves as sharing the same species category. "You... filthy beast!" Mildred shrieks, shrinking back to her sterile civilized world above.

Yank is profoundly troubled by this aborted encounter and, for the first time in his life, sets himself to "thinkin'." The thoughts in his head aren't the Beast's unrequited love for Beauty, though. Yank's obsession with Mildred starts as confusion, then turns into a burning rage at her snubbing — by seeing him as no more than some "hairy ape," she's denied him his basic humanity. Adding to his fury is the discovery that she's the daughter of the steel magnate he slaves for — he is, in effect, her slave.

The rest of the play finds Yank on land. At first he actively searches for Mildred on Park Avenue to return the insult. Then, thwarted and increasingly unghinged, he struggles to find a way — any way at all — to deliver some blow to the rich "stiffs" and their system that will restore his grunt pride as an individual, as a man.

The play's combination of arty theatrical expressionism and blunt social criticism runs the risk of seeming archaic, even cute. But George Ferenz' fevered interpretation hot-wires the text; the maximum-impact result may seem as harsh and unpleasant to some as it does exhilarating to others.

The original score by jazz innovator Max Roach (performed by two live musicians) doesn't just "set the mood" or provide filler — it forms an equal part

Continued on page 33

biggest and strongest of the gang unceremoniously slams their two heads together.

The scene abruptly downshifts slightly toward recognizable human behavior. The "apes" are really the stokehold crew of a transatlantic liner. Their leader Yank (Sam Tsoutsouvas) is an iron-muscled he-man who has no time for "thinkin' and dreamin'"; he sees in his own bullish labor the real core of strength behind boats, skyscrapers and other modern monsters of steel.

Proud and secure in his stokehold hell, Yank feels scorn but no resentment toward the outside world of "softies" and "swells." The wealthy passengers in their liner suites above are just abstracts to him: "Them birds don't amount to nuthin' —

The lights go out, and with the opening percussive barrage of Max Roach's nonstop score,

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Sculptural Meltdown

In recent years, sculpture has undergone an identity crisis. Mainstream sculpture now exists in a world of its own, addressing sculptural forms in a sculptural language. The rise of pluralism has collapsed and blurred the idea of a distinct medium, chipping away at the necessity for artistic specialization. This, in turn, has freed artists to combine and rework mediums into new forms. Two current South-of-Market shows demonstrate how younger artists are currently addressing their "sculptural" concerns.

"Reworks" at New Langton Arts, presents a wide range of recent sculptural work by four young artists: Michael Gonzalez, Liz Larner, Bruce Brodie and Didi Dunphy. At their best these artists branch out to include narratives and cultural concerns existing outside a purely sculptural vocabulary. However, not all of the work is completely effective, nor is the show conclusive; but it often challenges the viewer's accepted notions of sculpture.

To those familiar with New Langton Arts, the first thing that is striking about "Reworks" is its static-ness. The gallery, in its curatorial outlook, is known for its dedication to non-commercial, avant garde work. In the past 10

years this has almost exclusively meant installation and performance. At a point in time where installations are commonplace, artists and progressive galleries must re-evaluate their inspirations, perhaps finding them in old familiar mediums.

years this has almost exclusively meant installation and performance. At a point in time where installations are commonplace, artists and progressive galleries must re-evaluate their inspirations, perhaps finding them in old familiar mediums. "Reworks" brings Langton closer to the look of a commercial gallery than it has been in years.

Michael Gonzalez's pieces, which play with concepts of scale, are the most formal in the show. One commonly expects sculpture to be of a large scale. These exquisite, small-scale pieces rarely rise above 12 inches. Chained to their scale by Gonzalez's choice of materials — machine parts, nuts and bolts, dissection tools — the pieces exist as elegant monuments in a Lilliputian world. It is a scientific, machine-age look made up of masses and tangles of mechanical parts that are carefully arranged. Gonzalez almost magically transforms his cast-off materials into elegant objects.

The formal aspects of Gonzalez's work seem somewhat out of place in a non-commercial show. The experimental nature of the rest of the work in the show seems markedly different in tone, and far less saleable than Gonzalez's pieces. This is not to discount the artist's work, which is well worth seeing, but rather to scrutinize the purpose of its inclusion in this show, which is unclear.

The inclusion of Liz Larner's work, though not always effective, is much easier to understand. Larner's "sculptures" look as though they were taken

and Roll artifact. Here Larner performs a feat of alchemy by choosing contents by ideas.

Unfortunately, most of Larner's other pieces fail to translate the artist's intent. The choice of objects seems muddled and nebulous. The ideas are interesting but do not seem well thought out or presented. Often Larner's pieces are like scientific experiments that lack essential documentation to back up the artist's discoveries.

The blurred distinctions between sculptural concerns and installation is addressed, but not put to rest, with Bruce Brodie's untitled piece. The enclosed structure is, like Larner's work, made up of found, working objects. These include a whirling ceiling fan, a rolling bingo cage (which also provides sound), and a kerosene lamp that adds light as well as scent. Brodie's piece,

mind risky stock endeavors and the crash of '29. The use of movement and scent within the piece effectively creates a transitory experience for the viewer which is in keeping with the work's ephemeral theme.

Didi Dunphy's work, with a very female viewpoint, couples minimalism with the packaging and placement of mass-produced consumer objects. Dunphy fills long, rectangular boxes with oceans of single elements: crumpled white Kleenex, cotton balls, steel wool and natural sponges. The color-coordinated boxes contain and dictate proper usage of their contents. There is a sly sense of humor in Dunphy's work. One piece is made up of two carefully placed rows of bright red curved pieces of steel that resemble industrialized press-on fingernails. These are gender-bending cos-

duction of hygiene and the dictation of behavior by way of the correct separation and placement of products. Dunphy's minimalism occasionally seems unresolved, but overall the cleverness and humor of her ideas poke through.

Michael Furey's engaging *The Agnes P. Flapp Memorial Dog Show*, at Neon Neon, is a refreshing group of sculptures free of pretentious artistic restraint. The artist molds the exhibition into the form of a circus sideshow, complete with mechanized monsters and pickled atrocities. This choice is but one level in which the work succeeds. There is some powerful and grotesque stuff here.

Furey's sculpture takes on some of the concerns addressed in "Reworks." The use of operating machinery and transitory elements add both an accessibility and an ephemeral quality to the work. There is also a low-grade technology employed in the sculpture, often in the form of neon. The artist's use of neon thankfully ignores the Melrose Avenue school of design. The artist takes his inspiration from old horror films. Here colored light takes on industrial, scientific and organic facets.

There is a liveliness to many of the pieces. Light is used as a living metaphor and some of the pieces use actual living animals (or pieces thereof). *Rest in Peace, Live in Tension* is a version of the jockey lawn ornament as if produced by Survival Research Laboratories. A moving skeletal figure raises and lowers its lantern, which is a coil of red neon resembling an electronic bug killer. Inside the figure's head an oblivious canary flutters.

Furey's show exudes the spirit of a freak show, yet the pieces are accessible, amiably perverse, and lack any hint of pretension. The exhibit works out of its fun-loving, skewed vision of the world and succeeds as artwork free of the limits of neon or sculptural genres.

"Reworks: Recent Sculpture" continues through November 21 at New Langton Arts, 1246 Folsom Street, SF. For more information, call 626-5416.

"The Agnes P. Flapp Memorial Dog Show," by Michael Furey, continues through November 25 at Neon Neon, 270 7th Street, SF. Telephone: 552-4163.

directly from a scientific laboratory and bring up questions of using relatively unaltered objects. On elegant steel bases and supports Larner places beakers and jars filled with various fluids and an assortment of working scientific instruments engaged in the ephemeral process of altering elements.

This adds the notion of time and impermanence to the work. Substances change before our eyes. "Distillation" is an operating still that gurgles in the process of distilling rose wine into pure grain alcohol. Frequent references to earthquakes and the recombination of natural substances are made, in one case with the use of an Osterizer.



Duchamp revisited: Bruce Brodie's untitled sculptural environment, 1987, from the "Reworks" show at New Langton Arts.

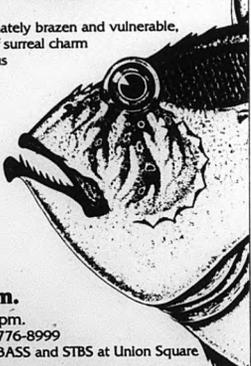
however, is far from clinical. There is a rusty, timeworn quality employed here.

The theme of the work is reality and a sense of place. The piece evokes an imaginary navigation room for an undetermined vessel. The antiquated appearance of the component parts, especially the bingo balls, brings to

metic accessories for a large, unbending monument to mediated womanhood that could also double for motorcycle fenders. In her work, Dunphy raises questions about the mass pro-

David Cale THE REDTHROATS

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DANCE

ERIC HELLMAN

The Ellen Bromberg Ensemble Cocktails, Anyone?

The Ellen Bromberg Ensemble made a debut of sorts last Friday, presenting an evening-length selection of new work at Oakland's Laney College Theatre (included as one of the final events in this fall's Bay Area Dance Series). The result, especially in the case of the choreographer's previously seen dance, *The Black Dress*, was a resounding success. It appears that a major new dance troupe has emerged on the local scene.

The Black Dress was inspired, according to program notes, by a painting of the same name by Alex Katz. A book of the artist's work, conveniently located in the theatre's lobby during intermission, seemed to confirm the inspiration — the painting (like the dance) depicts several women looking rather tense, wearing simple black dresses and pumps, circa the Jackie Kennedy era. The dance is also a wonderful, potent and astonishingly mature work of contemporary art.

The Black Dress is compelling because it provides such a com-

plete theatrical experience, blending choreographic complexity with psychological drama. In fact, *The Black Dress* is something of a shocker. It consists of six presumably nice, proper-looking young women (Wendy Diamond, Francie Glycenfer, Julie Kane, Lisa McCaughrean, Anne Reeb and Jean Sullivan) who progressively "go crazy."

The dance opens with the women in a casually arranged tableau; one almost expects a waiter to enter with a tray of cocktails in hand. We begin to

hear voices. The same voices that the women hear — murmurs from a not-so-distant past. The tableau breaks apart, and the dancers shift position. They move slowly, and gradually their tempo begins to increase. Suddenly, one woman is on the floor and on her back, and she's stomping and thrashing in a fit of rage, terror, and insanity.

As the dance evolves, all of the women break the bonds of social convention. They twist, writhe and stomp in a rhythmical, ritualistic exorcism of absent, unnamed oppressors. *Black Dress* never, however, loses its focus; the movement is carefully orchestrated, and we sense a gathering of strength from the ground that the dancers pummel so furiously.

The piece ends with a slow return to the tableau. The women comfort and caress one another. The voices are heard

by a cast that included some (if not all) men.

Tooings was the other pre-intermission selection, and it told us more about Bromberg's range of movement choices than any of the pieces. The dance con-

duet for a boy and a girl set to Nelson's "I Bless the Day I Found You." The treatment was mostly humorous, but also mixed in were some believably tender moments. In another sequence, a boy tries to catch a

The Black Dress is compelling because it provides such a complete theatrical experience, blending choreographic complexity with psychological drama.

sists of a series of distinct groupings for the five dancers (it would be useful if the program notes would list the names of dancers for each selection). The choreography calls for lots of punching

girl's attention by performing a remarkable series of handstands, backflips, cartwheels, rolls and handwalks. The scene was rather funny, and the gentleman is quite an acrobat. Another segment entailed a face-off at a table between the ensemble's two men (Peter Rothblatt and Keith Goyden). It was equally amusing and equally unconnected to the idea of dance. I wondered whether this was due to the kinetic limitations of Bromberg's two men, or whether her well of choreographic options had, again, simply run dry.

Despite certain reservations, I still found the debut of the Ellen Bromberg Ensemble to be most promising. The group presents a feeling of quality and a freshness that suggest a most auspicious future.

Last week, I also attended a performance by the Isadora Duncan Dancers at Footwork Studio and experienced an illuminating but incomplete lesson in dance history. The Isadora Dancers consist of three women — Linda Elkin, Maria Villazana-Ruiz and Shain Stodt — who have all studied with teachers who trace their artistic training back to Isadora.

The concert at Footwork gave me a much more intimate appreciation of Isadora's movement, but technique, clearly, is not what Duncan was all about.

Instead, what I saw in the movement was a gestural, musical, lyrical and highly celebratory art form — one that was designed to serve as a conduit for intense physical and emotional expression. And this is where the contemporary Duncan Dancers fail: the performers were too self-conscious and never authentically passionate. Isadora's drama became melodrama, a caricature of itself.

Still, it was enjoyable to hear music that, presumably, Isadora actually used: a Brahms "Gypsy Dance" and many pieces by



A lesson in dance history: Linda Elkin performs with the Isadora Duncan Dancers.

again. But a tentative peace, a momentary catharsis has been achieved.

I can't really recommend seeing *Black Dress* strongly enough (it will be repeated tonight, 11/13 — see the listing at the end of this review). In addition to the choreography, the set design and lighting by José Maria Francos are equally superior. The dancers perform in front of an open doorway — the door never closes and is also never passed through.

There were two other pieces preceding *The Black Dress* that, although partially troublesome, were also appealing. *Consonance* is something of an academic dance, performed without music and consisting of four dancers (all women) who slowly roll on a diagonal across the stage before executing a lengthy series of sculptural floor exercises. Later the women perform a series of runs — circular and diagonal — before exiting the stage in a burst of body-stretching jetés.

Consonance is a highly cerebral piece and musical in its rhythmical self-reference; it also demands a shot of sexual/psychological tension. The dance would take on a new identity, a new urgency if performed

of space, sliding in space, running, pushing and all-around acrobatic activity. The piece is humorous, and the costumes — designed by Cheryl Koehler and at times reminiscent of those worn on TV's "The Jetsons" — are delightful.

The odd thing about *Tooings* is that it tended to "deconstruct" as it developed. It began as a comic dance and ended as a piece

The women twist, writhe and stomp in a rhythmical, ritualistic exorcism of absent, unnamed oppressors.

of mimed comic theatre. I wasn't sure what happened, although it appeared that the choreographer simply ran out of ideas.

This same problem — mixed with some very appealing dance passages — was also true of *Over the Rainbow*, set to six songs by Willie Nelson and included as the program's second-act offering. It was difficult to tell how or why the six vignettes were connected, and again, the piece evolved from dance to mimed theatre.

One of the best passages was a

Schubert, Chopin and Gluck were included. The pianist did, unfortunately, have a tendency to hit the wrong keys. He also played loudly and with a great paucity of tonal variation. ■

The Ellen Bromberg Ensemble performs a double bill with Contraband on Friday evening, 11/13, 8:30 pm, at the Laney College Theatre, Oakland. (Take BART to the Lake Merritt station.) Call 464-3543 for info, and tickets.

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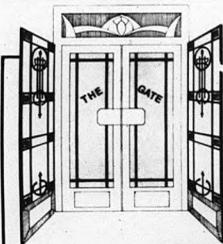
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A Courageous 'La Traviata'

In June of 1983, my oldest friend in San Francisco and my apartment maté was diagnosed with pneumocystic pneumonia. The summer was hot and fair; Eric recovered quickly and seemed to be thriving. As fall came upon us, the disease upped the ante. Never was the fairy-tale remoteness of opera more welcome.

In the midst of the gorgeous, iridescent masterpieces of ultimate artifice — Strauss' *Ariadne of Naxos* was, I recall, the hit of the first part of the season — there came *La Traviata*, Verdi's intimate tale about the party girl tempted by love on her way to death. 1983 was still one of those early McEwen seasons when everybody seemed to be canceling on the San Francisco Opera. Leonie Rysanek withdrew from the *Ariadne*; the promised Violetta, Katya Ricciarelli, fell ill; and her replacement, Faix Brown, couldn't begin the run until the second performance. So into the breach jumped Nelly Miricioiu.

And I cried all night long. Not only for the obvious reasons, but because the Violetta had internalized her role in a way you don't encounter very often. Every phrase was rethought. Once we were past the first act, which was a bit of a compromise

colors; his metrical subtleties are limited, and he is weak on long-range planning. But he clearly loves his work, and it is with great pleasure that I report not only on his appearance in the pit, but the deeply felt manner in which much of the music was phrased. The pathetic strains of the overture were exceptionally lyrical, and in exquisite moments throughout the evening, like an incandescent "Dite alla giovine," eternity seemed temporarily to open up.

Meltzer was courageous to take on this opera, and he gave it every ounce of devotion that he had.

That does not mean that he attempted to stay together with Miricioiu's erratic handling of the text. The two were happy to go their own ways and content at crossing paths only haphazardly.

This time Miricioiu has a dashing tenor who at least sings in tune, which is more than



Soprano Nelly Miricioiu gets a handsome, albeit clumsy, suitor in tenor Francisco Araiza — from SFO's new production of *La Traviata*.

create a suave impression. Still, Araiza got better as the evening wore on. He threw the money at Violetta in the bordello scene with an angry lunge, and he sang his last-act scene with the dying woman strongly and selflessly.

In his great scene with Violetta, baritone Juan Pons sang beautifully but acted stiffly, both with his voice and his body. In response to Violetta's gathering self-awareness, he remained monochromatic and precise. It made an apt image of the unimaginative, bullheaded old man, but Germont is supposed to learn through this scene just as Violetta does. Germont's aria to his son — shorn of its cabaletta — brought down the house, but it always does.

The new set for *La Traviata*, the latest in the Opera's continuing series of expensive, gorgeously realistic and ponderously heavy productions of the standard repertory that began with *The Marriage of Figaro*, was quite attractive, and I like the way it scaled down the stage — making the scenes oppressively claustrophobic. This is, after all,

the only Verdi opera in which all the scenes take place indoors.

However, one point confuses me. Verdi wrote *La Traviata* in three acts. The first scene of the second act, in Violetta and Alfredo's country hideaway, was played before a shallow curtain, and the bordello scene followed it directly, after dropping the front curtain and clearing away Violetta's writing desk. Verdi meant for us to go from

country innocence to urban decadence without intermission; he meant for us to be startled by the contrast.

Tradition has for many years declared that *Traviata* is in four acts with an intermission between the two scenes of the second act. Perhaps this was acceptable in a time when audiences preferred a long evening drawn out with an extra intermission, but today's audience wants nothing of the kind.

If my guess is correct, the audience wants one intermission, as is par at the Symphony. (That is one of the reasons the Symphony is doing so well.) They will tolerate two intermissions, but they are made actively impatient by a third.

I think that the audience is bored by that last intermission — even in legitimate four-acters like *Bohème* and *Carmen* — and that the Opera is foolish to continue to build productions of these operas that require three intermissions. But it is a total mystery why the Opera would create an extra intermission when the composer did not demand it.

I realize that this structure allowed the designer to do some lovely detail work in that country hideaway set that he could not have done if he did not have an intermission to get it off the stage. But the challenge is to make a production that will look beautiful without taking up 20 to 25 dead minutes. How the Opera could be so imperceptive about its audience, their habits and desires, is beyond my comprehension. Maybe the patrons in the boxes don't have to get to work tomorrow morning, but the rest of the house does. ■

How the Opera could be so imperceptive about its audience, their habits and desires, is beyond my comprehension.

(though an intelligent one), the technical difficulties were all cleverly negotiated. Not only did she get through the role, but she used it to show off a rather unusual voice.

The words and the music were equally rethought. Some listeners felt that Miricioiu was taking too many liberties with Verdi's phrases, but I loved the stretch and the pliability she put into the music. The drama of the words became continuously interesting, while at the same time, some very lovely sounds were floated from the stage. While the doubters grumbled, the audience cheered Miricioiu with a standing ovation.

The diva did not return again until last season, and when she did, she was disappointing. Mimi's tessitura suited Miricioiu less well than Violetta's had, and the soprano's headstrong style fit Puccini's fading flower less well than it had Verdi's demimondaine. Mimi is more sinned against than sinning, while Violetta takes an active part in her fate. Mimi's circle is always contracting in *Bohème*, but Violetta's awareness is continuously expanding.

This season the opera house put the question of AIDS smack in the middle of its new production of *Traviata*, for the conductor, Andrew Meltzer, was diagnosed with the disease a couple of years ago. To my ears, Meltzer has never been the most refined of conductors: his palate favored the biggest and boldest

Alberto Cupido did for her, either in her first *Traviata* or in last year's *Bohème*. Francisco Araiza, however, does not have the ultimate polish required for a great Alfredo. He is blunt and frank where he should be anguished and subtle. If he is going to sing the often-cut cabaletta to his aria so clumsily, he might as well not sing it at all; it does not

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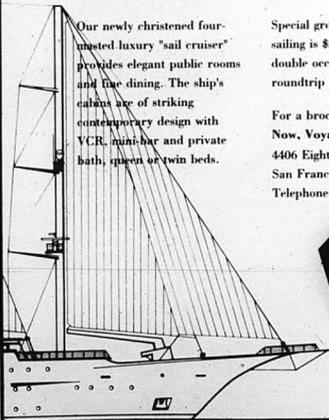
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John Sayles' 'Matewan' A Satisfying Labor

John Sayles has been a hero of mine ever since he made *The Brother from Another Planet* for some ridiculous sum like \$600,000 in 1984. *Matewan* is his entry into "big budget" (\$3 million) filmmaking, and like a child wearing new clothes that have to be grown into, *Matewan* stumbles over itself now and then. But there is a freshness and a thoughtfulness about Sayles' treatment of the subject matter that make the film well worth seeing.

John Sayles earns his living largely by being script doctor for Hollywood genre films. When he gets around to making his own films, he says, "I make movies that I don't think other people are gonna make." *Return of the Secaucus Seven*, about '60s radicals getting older, *Liana*, about a married woman and mother coming out as a lesbian, *Baby It's You*, about the stratification of class roles after the "democratic" high school years, and *The Brother from Another Planet*, about a black alien coming to terms with Harlem, all presented issues and themes that were universal — yet in many ways new to the big screen.

Matewan does this, also. American labor history is a sub-

ject that barely makes it into school textbooks, and you can count Hollywood films about labor history on one hand. The film is based on actual conflicts during the "coal wars" in West

One of the most successful aspects of the film is the way it breaks the Hollywood convention of having one smart guy know all the answers.

Virginia in the '20s. It is the story of a union organizer's encounter with the people of Matewan during a strike. And as the title indicates, it is the story of a town.

West Virginia was a hard nut to crack for union organizers —



Workers unite: Chris Cooper plays a low-key union organizer in *Matewan*.

the mine owners had little feudal kingdoms. In a recent *Cineaste* interview, Sayles commented, "There was a point where companies in other states told the UMW to organize West Virginia because companies there were underpricing them so badly."

Matewan takes place at a time when outsiders — blacks and European immigrants — were coming into the area looking for work.

Joe Kenehan, the organizer (Chris Cooper), encourages the white local miners to reject the divide-and-conquer strategies of the mine owners. In a riveting speech, he tells them that to the owners they're not men, they're equipment, and it doesn't matter what color they are. When the men complain about letting in "niggers and dagoes," he says, "That's what union is — you better get used to it."

One of the most successful aspects of the film is the way it breaks the Hollywood convention of having one smart guy know all the answers and inspire the people to do great things. Kenehan indeed has a way with words, and as a former Wobbly (member of the IWW), he has a far-seeing class analysis (he refused to fight in World War I, which he saw as "workers fighting workers"). But he is seen, both in his characterization and by his effect on events, as just one person whose ideas are sometimes embraced and sometimes resisted, and it's clear that

the path the new union will take will not depend solely on him.

For some audiences, this non-heroic characterization is a problem because we really don't "get to know" Kenehan the way movie audiences are used to getting to know characters. But I found it brought home the humility of the best aspects of trade union work — understanding that charisma and personality don't mean anything unless to help get across that we all need one another. It was somehow okay for him to be a little bit cardboard because by contrast the workers and the town as a whole came more alive.

Matewan takes place during a time when the economic realities of industrial society had not yet become entrenched in small West Virginia towns. In this particular town, the sheriff and mayor stand up for the miners in the face of company threats. Geographic loyalties are still thicker than machine politics. This takes Kenehan aback and makes the audience recognize that the strike issues and strategies are complex and specific to the situation.

The film is good at getting across complex issues without

Matewan's failing lies in biting off more than it can chew — one of the more honorable flaws a film can have.

becoming too dry and expository. Scenes, such as Kenehan being grilled on his knowledge of labor history before gaining admittance to a miners' meeting, preclude any temptation on the part of the audience to have a condescending attitude towards the workers. At

the same time, the film gets away from itself in places.

Sayles thinks of his filmmaking as storytelling, which is both a virtue and a problem of his film. Putting paramount importance on the *yarn* rather than visual or thematic concerns produces a film with plenty of intrigue and suspense in the parts that are supposed to be suspenseful (as well as lovely, simple, social realist imagery by cinematographer Haskell Wexler), but not a lot to sustain it in between. *Matewan* lives for its dramatic highlights but, unfortunately, does not quite construct a substantial cinematic fabric out of this yarn.

Looking back on the film, it seemed like it didn't have much of a personality. I had the impression that sustaining a period setting took up the energy Sayles would otherwise have put into enlivening the film's texture.

Sayles' use of crosscutting at times annoyed me also — instead of building suspense, it sometimes had the effect of prolonging a tease. Sayles talks about wanting to make films differently than the usual formulas call for. "I raise certain expectations, and then I don't pay off. Then I try to show some of the reasons why the easy way... won't work."

This is effective when he is subverting our expectations of heroism on the part of Kenehan and when he gets across complex ideas simply. Perhaps it's Hollywood indoctrination, but I just don't think being teased is an effective way to relearn dramatic structure and unlearn formula filmmaking. At any rate it's an idea which doesn't always work here.

I am starting to sound more negative than I mean to. *Matewan's* chief failing lies in biting off more than it can chew — one of the more honorable flaws a film can have.

Will Oldham's performance as the 15-year-old miner whose voice as an old man narrates the film is a memorable one — at

times reminiscent of Ron Howard in *The Shootist*. Kevin Tighe delivers a splendidly villainous performance as a company thug — detached critical eye and all, I had to remind myself that the actor is probably a nice guy. James Earl Jones, the one "name" actor in the film, is riveting as "Few Clothes."

Most moving to me were scenes where the different ethnic groups start to get along. As Kenehan says, "All we got in common is our misery. The least we can do is share it." An Italian strumming a tune from the old country is joined by two local boys with their fiddles, and then a black harmonica player turns it into a blues number.

The positive things — the labor history education, the realness of the struggles of people trying to work together — that I got from this film more than compensated for the small parts that dragged or teased. I continue to respect Sayles' project of making films that others won't, because so often those are the films I want to see. ■

Matewan is currently playing at the Gateway, 215 Jackson St., SF. Call 421-3353 for times.

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Teen Tips

It's tough being a teenager. I should know: I was one, once. So were you. So you remember the modulating moods and harrowing hormones that blitzed your body, and the tedious teachers and preposterous parents that vexed your vision.

Being gay, of course, only complicated matters. And from that standpoint, at least, things just ain't changed a whole lot....

The Teening of Life

The Oct. 21 *New York Times* ran a p. 12 piece headlined, "The Deadly Specter of AIDS Brings Added Turmoil for Gay Teens." Of course, it took AIDS for the *Times* to acknowledge gay youths even exist; the disease lends a comfortably tragic slant to teenage homosexuality.

Jane Gross reported that gay teens "are more likely than their heterosexual peers to be seriously troubled, hiding their maelstrom of feelings and pushed by loneliness into furtive, dangerous sexual encounters." And: "Gay teenagers, even those who appear well adjusted, say they feel lonely and scorned." The piece went on to note that: it's tough to teach teens about AIDS (they consider themselves immortal); AIDS makes being a gay teen more difficult than it was before the disease appeared; and AIDS has reduced the incidence of casual teen sex.

Gross also sketched the "grim netherworld" of the street hustler, where "smooth-faced youngsters prwl the piers... and sell themselves for \$10." And, Gross wrote, "experts agree that the fear of AIDS will not convert a gay youngster to heterosexuality, although it might slow a decision to have intercourse." (As though fear of a disease could turn a boy or girl "straight!")

Not a bad job at all, despite the sensationalistic slips. But you kinda wonder if the *Times* is gonna try to dig up happy gay teens next. Bet?

The Tragedy of '69

Gay teen trauma proved fatal to one 15-year-old St. Louis ghetto boy, "way back in the halcyon days of 1969.

John Crewdson's excellent Oct. 25 *Chicago Tribune* report, run in the *Ex* here, noted that "Robert R.," as he was known, was recently shown to have died from Kaposi's sarcoma by researchers who thawed and analyzed blood and tissue samples they'd saved since 1969. So much for Randy.

Teacher's "Het"

Some teens face a disease far worse than AIDS: "straight" attitudes.

A self-confessed "male high school teacher" writes to *Dear Abby* (*Chron*, Oct. 28) claiming a student of his is "a little light in the loafers," as we say around here. (In other words, "gay.") He continues: "I am convinced that the boy is 'straight,' even though when he talks, he gestures broadly with his hands and finds it impossible to drink a glass of milk unless his pinkie is pointing due west."

Just what convinced the man that his student is "straight" remains unclear. Did the boy bring

a weapon to school? Did he hurt and kill small animals? Did he spend an inordinate amount of time waxing his automobile and talking about mileage? Or did he have drunken sex with a buddy, then claim alcohol-induced amnesia the next morning, just before heading for the football field, bashing his body against his opponents', then patting his teammates on the ass?

The teacher goes on: "Is there a school where young men can go to 'butch up,' so to speak? If there is, his dad would like to know about it." His dad? Hmmm. The teacher, like many "straight" men intent on "proving" their "masculinity," signs himself, "Heavy in the Hush Puppies."

Bless her heart, Abby responds: "I find it very sad that a father would ask his son's teacher to recommend a school where young men can go to 'butch up.' A drama coach might be helpful," she continues (!); but she urges the teacher to tell the father that "what his son 'is' is more important than what the boy appears to be. And encourage the father to work on establishing a closer relationship with his son."

And lighten up in the Hush Puppies, honey: we see right through you.

Cheer and Present Danger

Perhaps the "straight" teacher should send his long-suffering student to Napa High. There, according to Tessa DeCarlo's Nov. 2, p. 2 *Chron* story, 16-year-old Ron Dozler is the only male cheerleader — his school's first in 25 years.

"I kind of feel out of place," Dozler says, "when 37 girls are talking about guys and I'm sitting on the bench saying, 'I can't handle this.'" (I don't see the problem.) At cheerleading camp, according to faculty advisor Sandy Wyckoff, Dozler was one of two boys among more than 500 girls. "Ron really



Valerie

1986

liked the odds," Wyckoff says. Me too: being with one other boy reduces the risk of... distraction.

Apparently, "peer pressure" doesn't faze Dozler: "At my first game in Pinole," he says, "guys would walk by and say stuff — nothing real major. It didn't bother me." He did not elaborate; presumably, "guys" being what they are, it was some clever comment about the length of Dozler's baton. ("Straight" boys are obsessed with dick size.)

But Dozler's "safe": "I have a lot of friends in football," says the former footballer, who took up cheerleading when leg injuries ended his ball-playing career. "They say, 'He's a regular guy.'" Which apparently means Dozler waxes his car a lot.

Boy Wonder

USA Today writer Edna Gundersen simply waxes poetic about *Growing Pains* star Kirk Cameron (Oct. 6): "At 16, this fatally cute teen idol with green jubebe eyes and choirboy curls already is outgrowing TV." No, she doesn't mean puberty has enlarged his appendages beyond the scope of the small screen; just that Kirk's now in movies. (As for her description: in the age of the wasting disease, a phrase like "fatally cute" takes on a galling new meaning. Yuck.)

As a service to faithful Less Talkers intent on landing the yummy youngster, here are a few Kirk Cameron Dating Tips,

culled from Ms. Gundersen's piece:

- Renew your Muscle Sisters membership. Kirk's "Favorite Activity" is "working out." He goes to the gym daily for weight lifting, racquetball and aerobics. Tip: those sore muscles require rubdowns. Practice your Shiatsu technique. Xmas shopping tip #1: spandex leotards in "kicky" colors.

- Plan an intimate night with just you, Kirk and the VCR. Make a point of renting *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Arthur*, Kirk's two cinematic faves. Tip: once

you're intimate, remind your sweet that *Cop* star Eddie Murphy is an upfront, arch-homophobe who paradoxically wrote a hit song about putting things in his butt.

- If you're cranking up the compact disc player, be sure to stock plenty of Phil Collins, Genesis, Prince and Bruce Springsteen. Tip: once you get the boy warm, slip on some *Butt-hole Surfers*, *Bambi Slam* and *Smiths*. He'll learn.

- Quit smoking. Kirk hates it.

"Please don't make me smoke

Continued on page 33

Hank Irons co.

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Gay Zombies

Who would've thought a mayoral candidate could outdistance the Butthole Surfers? Boggling but true. If the Buttholes were unspeakable last week, thundering under an all-too-graphic wide-screen film of a penile skin graft, they looked downright silly next to the vertiginous weirdness over at Molinari headquarters where the vapid glad-hander came quaking to the lectern like some refugee from *Night of the Living Dead*.

The Mole muttered darkly about "not turning over the city to forces of darkness with values forged in the '60s," while clusters of gay zombies who had thrown their ill-considered support behind the bozo could be seen twitching nervously, clapping vacantly and desperately eyeing the exits.

Molinari's stunning act of self-revelation and self-immolation outshone even the incomparable Butthole king, Gibby Hayes. I'd wager that Battlin' Jack may have a future as a pro wrestler or a vena punk rocker now that his mayoral prospects are nil. Within days of his mean-spirited outburst, all but the most obtuse of his opportunistic backers were begging the lunk to get out of the race.

Though some may take perverse pleasure in watching the desperate decimation of our regal mayor's chosen heir, I hope he'll pack it in and maybe schedule a cozy vacation with Bork and Ginsberg, where the three can commiserate as fellow victims of the dark forces of liberalism. I'll take the gig as manager if the three want to

team up on the wrestling circuit or maybe form a band called the Lynched.

Even if they do get that band together, I won't be able to book them at the city's wickedest venue — because amidst all that cheap posturing about homeporting the *Missouri*, a much more significant urban asset, The Farm, was successfully shut down — without a holler of complaint from any of the mayoral hopefuls. That's depressing.

This week offers a maelstrom of promising gigs, though, and we've got a stable of struggling venues. If Molinari would only contribute all of his remaining campaign funds to buy tickets for locals to support these shows, it might not win him the mayor's race, but it would sure be a classy way to concede.

R.E.M., dBs

This barn of a venue is all wrong for the rough-hewn wonders crafted by this lot, but I still rate the frayed and disarming headliners the best band in America, and since they chose the place, I've got to trust (or challenge) them to make it shrink and shine.



A passion for canines or is it next wave Neanderthal? Fetchin' Bones opens on Monday, 11/16, at the I-Beam.

Answered prayers. (Oakland Coliseum, 11/13, 8 pm, \$17.50 res)

Jimmy Cliff, David Lindley & El Rayo-X

Cliff's cult status dates back 15 years to his Rasta-rebel role in *The Harder They Come*. He is actually a Black Muslim, and Bob Marley emerged to incarnate the role. Cliff is supple, gifted and wry, and wacky LA ethno-guitar whiz Lindley is an able opener. (Berkeley Community Theatre, 11/13, 8 pm, \$18.50 res)

Chris Isaak

Neon lights, broken noses: A local hero returns for an SFAI sock hop. (Wreckers' Ball, Kilpatrick Bakery, 16th and Folsom; 11/13, 9 pm, \$35 includes food & drink)

Jerry Shaffer

The authentic lumpy prince of roots rock and country can light up your soul and steal your heart away. Even hard cases like Bobo Baird and Memphis Mark heart the dude. Get anointed. (DNA, 11/13 & 14, 9 pm, \$4)

Steve Earle & the Dukes, Phil Alvin

Steve is the young Nashville cat with a gut — and a country handle on Springsteen and Mellen-

camp. His second LP stumbled, but I'm still a true believer, and Memphis Mark picks this gig over R.E.M. or U2. The opener is the throw-back guitarist/musicologist from the Blasters — not to be confused with his bro who writes the good songs. (Fillmore, 11/14, 8 pm, \$15)

Don Dixon & Marti Jones, Ben Vaughn Combo

The Yankee Nick Lowe, Dixon is best known for producing R.E.M., Fetchin' Bones, Marshall Crenshaw and Marti Jones, but his two Costello-inflected solo LPs announce a fascinating artist in his own right. This rare gig with protegee Jones promises to be a real treat. The openers are a bonus with disarming novelties like "Jerry Lewis in France" and the deathless "I'm Sorry (But So Is Brenda Lee)." Hippest show of the week. (Kennel Club, 11/14, 10 pm, \$10)

Cabaret AIDS Benefit

A sultry temptation with comedian Jim Samuels as MC, Manhattan Transfer-inspired Pastiche opening, followed by the '40s a cappella of the Spoolie Sisters, R&B torcher Gwen Avery and guitarist Glen Allen. Aren't we everywhere? (Rolands, 11/14, 4-8 pm, \$5)

Dude Ranch

The mobile club resurfaces with DJ dancing and go-go boys: DIY underground fun. (401 Alabama St. (at 17th), 9 pm-4 am, \$5)

U2, Pretenders, BoDeans

Very few shows with a human voice can survive a stadium, but this promises to be one of them. My favorite reborn Christians headline. Ex-Smiths' guitarist Johnny Marr debuts as a member of the Pretenders, and the endearing openers are gonna have to work their butts off. Expect a crowd littered with the prettiest boys in the world and a night to remember. For the ticketless: scalpers guaranteed. (Oakland Stadium, 11/14 & 15, 5 pm, \$20)

Lonnie Mack

The roadhouse guitar-king, who carved his strings in granite with "Memphis" back in '63, remains a stunning touchstone with a dauntingly authentic band. Get real. (Great American Music Hall, 11/15, 8:30 pm, \$10)

Hurrah, Royal Court of China, Will & the Kill, Northern Pikes

The concept sure is alluring: four hungry combos (with major label debut LPs) tour the states in a free showcase with a radio syndicator and a corporate sponsor footing the bill. Too bad that the homophobic, right-wing Coors Beer Corporation is one of the sugar-daddies. Also icky because the bands don't boast much of a buzz. The exception is Will & the Kill, fronted by Charlie "Cheekbones" Sexton's little brother, who has remained true to Austin unlike the sappy sibling who went Hollywood. The club just could be entertainingly overrun. (DV8, 11/15, 9 pm, free)

BoDeans, Hard Rain

The headliners (who can sound like Ricky Nelson and Alvin of the Chipmunks harmonizing to R.E.M.) are fluttering great-pop-hops with lots to prove and this club gig can do it in after their stadium slot with U2. The openers are hopeful local folkies. (City Nights, 11/16, 9 pm, \$12.50)

Jule Styne Revue Against AIDS

Eleven local chantoozes and chantoots, featuring Sharon McNight and Val Diamond, honor the Broadway tunesmith and donate the proceeds to the AIDS Emergency Fund. God bless them all (Great American Music Hall, 11/16, 8 pm, \$25/\$40)

Fetchin' Bones, Divine Horsemen

High marks to the regrouped Carolina quintet on their new *Galaxy 500* LP: think Patti Smith meets the Violent Femmes. The openers, on SST out of LA, are fronted by former Flesheater Chris D. Go for the Bones. (I-Beam, 11/16, 10 pm, \$5)

Sister Double Happiness

Ruthless and grand: Welcome back the best queer band in the land. (Rockers at the Endup, 11/18, \$3 til 10 pm + \$1 beers; \$4 after 10 pm)

Divine

The drag hippo's disco novelties get tired in a hurry, leaving costumes and vicious dish to carry the show. On rare occa-

Continued on page 33

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WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY JOHN FRANK

14 NOVEMBER SATURDAY

The gay and lesbian square-dance club, Western Star Dancers, presents **Club Le Star**, its fourth annual variety show, with singing, dancing, comedy and mime. The talent is local, the theme is French, and the showgirls — *oo la la!* Producer Jim Head has lined up some 20 acts for the show to raise funds for the organization. 8 pm. Central YMCA, 2nd floor, 220 Golden Gate Ave., SF, \$8 adv/\$10 door. Info: 621-6408.

The Plutonium Players celebrate their tenth birthday with a revival of **Ladies Against Women: An Evening of Consciousness-Lowering!** LAW have parodied the anti-feminist movement and "p.c." attitudes of all political stripes at gatherings of NOW, Phyllis Schlafly's speeches, the SF Gay Freedom Day Parade. Starting tonight, they abandon home and kiddies once again for a three-weekend run at the Victoria Theatre. 8:30 pm (Fri. & Sat.), 7:30 pm (Sun.). 16th St. (at Mission), SF. \$8, \$12. Tickets: 762-BASS or 863-7576.

Dig our your poodle skirts, boys and girls, and let's pony on down to **50s Night**, featuring one of the more palatable legacies of that grim decade — great music! "Rip it up and have some fun tonight." Sponsored by Dignity/SF. 7-11 pm. MCC Hall, 150 Eureka St., SF. \$12.50.

The 12th annual American Indian Film Festival hosts a **Tribute to Will Sampson**, noted Native American actor, with film clips, music and dance. The American Indian Motion Picture Awards will also be presented. Rounding out the program is a screening of two Canadian films of the "Daughters of the Country" series, **Places Not Our Own** and **The Wake**. These films chronicle the displacement and subsequent lives of the Mats of the Canadian Plains through the eyes of one Mats family. 7:30 pm. Palace of Fine Arts, 3301 Lyon St., SF. \$4 general/\$3 seniors and students. Tickets/info: 762-BASS or 554-0525.

As part of its ongoing "Eyes of Hell" film series, Artists Television Access offers French filmmaker Jean Rouch's feature-length "ethnographic fan-

the Paramount's Wuritzer organ in 1981 and has opened the Organ Pops Series every subsequent year to sold-out houses. 8 pm. 2025 Broadway, Oakland. \$6-\$11. Tickets/info: 465-6400.

15 NOVEMBER SUNDAY

You're invited to meet and mingle with SF's gay and lesbian sports community at the sixth annual **Gay Sports Day** on Angel Island. The SF Front-Runners, along with more than 25 other sports organizations, offer all kinds of physical exertion, including a "fun" run, hiking, volleyball and softball. (Fine for some, but what about a nice, leisurely round of croquet?) Pot-luck picnic at 1:30 pm. Bring a dish (in the culinary sense, that is) to share. 11 am-4 pm. Free. Info: 922-1435.

The gay and lesbian members of the Golden State Peace Officers Association host **Pigs in Paradise**, a tea dance benefiting their education fund and the AIDS Emergency Fund. DJ **Robbie Leslie** of NY's The Saint provides the tunes. 4 pm-midnight. Dreamland, 715 Harrison (at Third St.), SF. \$10 adv/\$15 door. Tickets at Headlines, All American Boy, G.W. Finley, New York Man.

"All the news that's fit to print"? Tonight professor, lecturer and author Michael Parenti speaks on **Inventing Reality: Media Distortions and Political News** at 7:30 pm. The Book Center, 518 Valencia St., SF. \$2 general/\$1 members.

EVENT OF THE WEEK

Tonight's your only chance to catch **Ethyl Eichelberger** in two of his most widely praised performance pieces, both based on Shakespeare(!). **Leer** retells *King Lear* as a story of the American South, and **The Tempest of Chim Lee** transports *The Tempest* to SF's Chinatown during the 1906 earthquake. Eichelberger has appeared in ten productions of NY's Ridiculous Theatre Company and has portrayed Nefertiti, Catherine the Great, Mexican Empress Carlota, and Jocasta. *Oedipus'* mother. 7 pm. ACT's Geary Theatre, 450 Geary St., SF. \$6-\$16. Tickets: 673-6440.

The ever-so-original **Ethyl Eichelberger** presents a **one-man show for one night only!** See "Event of the Week" listing for Sunday, 11/15.



17 NOVEMBER TUESDAY

SF Symphony opens the 1987-88 season of the **Merrill Lynch Great Performers** series with four by Ravel: *Rapsodie espagnole*, *Piano Concert in G major*, *La Valse* and *Bolero*. Armin Jordan conducts Switzerland's renowned **Orchestre de la Suisse Romande**, with piano soloist Cecile Licad. 8:30 pm. Davies Symphony Hall, Grove St. & Van Ness Ave., SF. \$9-\$32.50. Tickets/info: 762-BASS or 431-5400.

No longer creatively stimulated by paint-by-number sets? Did your 6-year-old niece rip off your etch-a-sketch? Tired of losing those "Draw Me" contests on matchbook covers? Your problems are over! **The Gay Men's Sketch Class** meets every Tuesday (also first and third Wednesdays) and is open to gay men of all skill levels, novices to advanced artists. \$10 donation, but no one is turned away for lack of funds. Info: 621-6294.

18 NOVEMBER WEDNESDAY

Roxie Cinema presents **Cannes Goods II**, a compilation of the best entries in the 1985 Cannes International Festival of Award-Winning Commercials. *If paying*, to see TV ads doesn't seem too strange to you, you'll be able to compare the almost boundless inventiveness of foreign commercials with our...ah...less artistic domestic product. 6, 8, 10 pm, 3117 16th St. (at Valencia), SF. \$5.

Ever dream of waltzing away balmy tropical nights in the strong, comforting arms of Mr./Ms. Right...only to remember that you never did learn how to waltz? You can remedy that situation by taking **ballroom and Latin dances classes** for lesbians and gay men tonight and every Wednesday night at 8:30-9:30 pm. Music to practice what you learn is offered directly after class. Old Sears Bldg., 3435 Army St. (at Valencia), Studio #204, SF. \$4 drop-in/\$12 monthly. Info: 431-4883.

19 NOVEMBER THURSDAY

Gary Ruchwarger, author of the recently published *The People in Power*, discusses the role in New Nicaraguan society played by popular mass organizations and their capacity to exert influence over national policy. Ruchwarger is cofounder of the Center for the Study of Popular Organizations, based in Managua. 7:30 pm. Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St., SF. Free.

SF Cinematheque screens **two rare silent films of the 1920s**: Kenneth Macpherson's *Borderline*, featuring Paul Robeson and poet Hilda Doolittle (H.D.), is remarkable for its complex, metaphorical editing in contrast to the bland product of the day and deals openly and compassionately with racism. *Fievre*, by Louis Delluc, is played out in an atmosphere of psychological tension in a seamy waterfront cafe frequented by sailors and prostitutes. 8 pm. SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut St., SF. \$3.50 general/\$2 students, seniors and disabled.

The Thanksgiving turkey's on fire in the oven, all your friends are flying back East for Christmas, and you're still limping from those too-tight pumps you wore on Halloween. What to do? You could learn about **Managing Holiday Stress**, tonight's BWMT rap at 1:30 pm. Black and White Men Together meet at 1:30 Waller St., SF. Free. Info: 931-BWMT.

SF artists **Rex** and **Mark I. Chester** announce their inclusion in the SF Arts Commission Gallery show, **Chain Reaction III**. Rex creates pointillistic drawings from a private mythology of men, machines, animals and sex that are imbued with sexual obsession. Chester produces, through black-and-white photography, a world of bizarre sexual eroticism peopled not by paid models but by the boy- and girl-next-door. Opening tonight with a reception 5:30-7:30 pm. 155 Grove St., SF. Free.

20 NOVEMBER FRIDAY

The Waterfront Theatre presents a concert by guitarist **Will Ackerman**, founder of Wyndham Hill Productions. In his first Bay Area appearance in three years, Ackerman shares the stage with **Phil Aberg**, one of the country's leading jazz pianists. 8 pm. 900 North Point St., Ghirardelli Square, SF. \$15-\$17.50. Tickets/info: 885-2929.

Robin Flower & the Bleachers and the **Blazing Redheads** join forces for a high-energy concert and dance tonight at La Pena. On the heels of their new LP, *Babies with Glasses*, Robin and her band stretch the boundaries of the New Acoustic Music. The seven-member Redheads get you dancing with their urban Latin/jazz sounds. Open to everyone. 9 pm. La Pena Cultural Center, 3015 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley. \$8.

The SF Macrobiotic Network sponsors a vegetarian dinner, followed by meditation and a discussion led by **Bob Starkey** and **Rob Villacari** at 6:30 pm. Zen Guest House, 273 Page St. (at Laguna), SF. Res: 431-2122.

The Red Vic Movie House screens camp classic **Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!**, directed by '60s master of sex-and-violence exploitation films, **Russ Meyer** (*Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, *Vixen*). Meyer's work has been a major influence on sleazemaker John Waters. *Pussycat* features three out-of-control Women On Bikes who reek havoc on everything that crosses their path and stars the amazing Tura Satana. *You can judge this movie by its title!* 2:15, 7:30, 9:15. 1659 Haight St., SF. \$3 matinee/\$4 evening.

The Sentinel welcomes submissions of community and arts events for possible inclusion, as space permits, in our weekly calendar. The deadline is eight days (Thursday at 4 pm) or more in advance of Friday publication. Send items to: **Calendar Editor, San Francisco Sentinel, 500 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.**



Broadway babies: Sharon McNight (left) and Val Diamond star in an AIDS benefit/musical tribute to pop songwriter **Jule Styne**. See listing for Monday, 11/16.

16 NOVEMBER MONDAY

Jule!, a tribute to Broadway tunesmith Jule Stein, hits the stage of the Great American Music Hall to benefit the AIDS Emergency Fund. Donald Westcott directs a cast headed by **Sharon McNight** (*Nunsense*) and **Val Diamond** (*Beach Blanket Babylon*). Numbers from *Gypsy!*, *Funny Girl*, *Bells Are Ringing*, *Hallelujah, Baby!* and *High Button Shoes*. Ann Fraser of KPIX's "People Are Talking" emceed. \$40 main floor/\$25 balcony. 859 O'Farrell St., SF. Tickets: STBS, 762-BASS or 885-0750.

Still the Furies Shake the Fires: A Recital for Four Sopranos. Sopranos Judy Hubbell, Anna Carol Dudley, Judith Nelson and Deborah Kavash perform — together and alone — works by Richard Felciano, Charles Shere, Deborah Kavash, Charles Boone, Gerald Mueller, Virgil Thomson and Luzzasco Luzzaschi. The program, conceived by Judy Hubbell, puts seemingly disparate elements together in harmony rather than in competition. 8 pm. Hatley Martin Gallery, 41 Powell St., SF. \$10. Tickets/info: 392-1015.

tasy." **Jaguar**. A combination of documentary, improvisation and essay, this *verite* work details a journey undertaken by three African men and includes, as part of the sound track, their comments on the footage as they reviewed it. Also on the bill are a Rouch short of a shamanistic celebration of a successful hunt, and Arda Ishkaman's North African trance-dance video. 8:30 pm. ARTA Gallery, 992 Valencia St., SF. \$4. Info: 824-3890.

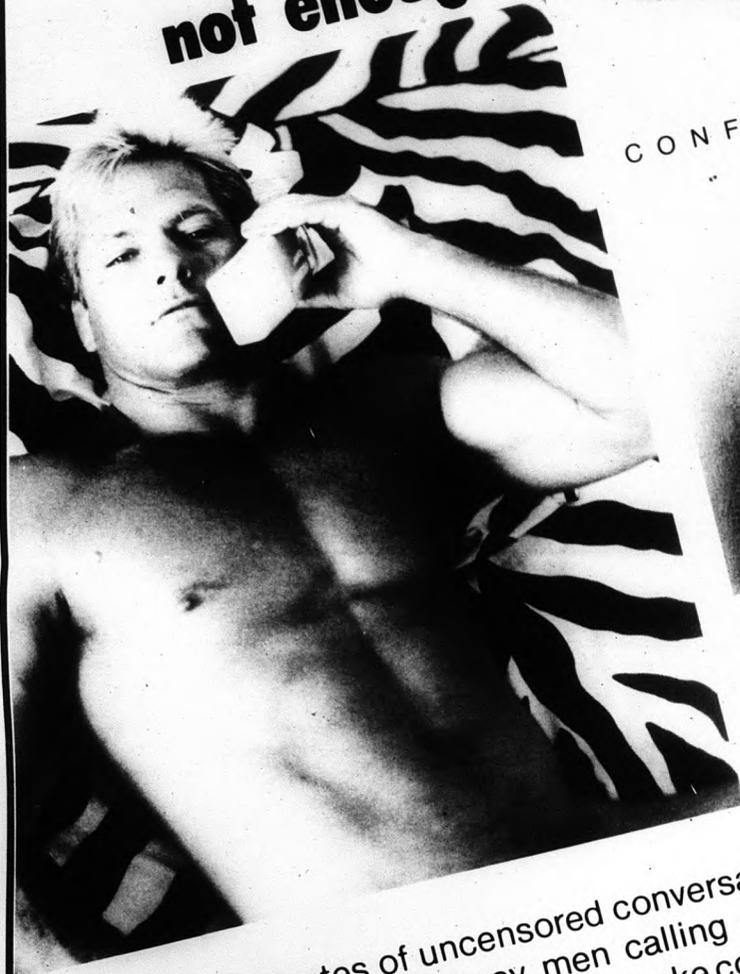
Bay Area Women's Philharmonic opens its 1987-88 season with **A Forgotten Treasure** — the world premiere of Louise Farrenc's *Symphony No. 3 in G minor*, which was recently discovered in the basement of Paris' Bibliotheque Nationale. Sharing the bill are performances of Jacqueline Fontyn's 1982 *Crenaux* and Samuel Barber's *Concerto for Violin, Op. 14* (1940), which features guest soloist **Jorja Fleezanis**, associate concertmaster for the SF Symphony. 8 pm. First Congregational Church, Post & Mason Sts., SF. \$12 (season ticket, 4 concerts, \$38). Tickets/info: 626-4888.

Oakland's Paramount Theatre launches its 1987-88 **Organ Pops Series** with **George Wright**, noted theatre-organ revivalist. Wright premiered

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LESS TALK

Continued from page 29

with you," he pleads. "Wear a bag over your head." Tip: play on his sympathetic nature — tell him you've just quit, and you need some sort of oral substitute. He'll learn.

• Eat healthy. Kirk's a Pritikin baby. No kidding. Still, at a cozy 5'9", he's a whopping 145 lbs. Must be all that gym work. Tip: No HoHo's.

• Pop for jewelry. Kirk wears a diamond earring. Tip: Ask him what it means when it's on the left side. Xmas shopping tip #2: a dangling skull earring. He'll get the joke (after he's heard the *Buttholes*).

• Finally, don't, whatever you do, mention girls, or "he squirms uncomfortably, tapping a Nike-clad foot... hardly the picture of the Hollywood lady-killer." Tip: once you're relaxed him with rubdowns, gifts and fruit juice, gently probe his deepest sexual fantasies. And talk about guys. A lot.

He'll learn.

In and Out

• Cheers to **Bill Mandel** for his scathing Nov. 2 *Ex* column blasting **TWA**, which disinfects plane seats of PWAs en route to DC for the March.

• Cheers, too, to *Ex* writer **Nancy Scott** for her warm Oct. 30 profile of "Faces of AIDS" fotog **Jim Wiegler**. (*The Sentinel*, by-the-way, scooped the *Ex* with

its "Faces" feature in our Feb. 6 issue.) Endquote, from 20-yr-old **Lee Joseph**: "The hardest thing is seeing myself melt away and disappear." ■

HEATER

Continued from page 24

nership with O'Neill's often rhythmically calculated prose and Ferencz's action, never drawing undue attention to itself even at full hammering throttle. It helps greatly in maintaining tension during the play's several lapses into bone-dry monologue.

Physically, the production is so athletically demanding and resourceful that I expected a choreographer to be credited. (There is a Fight Director, Michael Cawelti.) The stylization of movement is intense, mostly centered around the literal interpretation of Yank's slangy observations — the world is divided between fluttering, clucking, high-society "birds" and the simian fierceness of Yank's pals on ship and (later) in prison.

The effect is often stunning in the high industrial-expressionist mode of *Metropolis*. Mildred and the 2nd Engineer crane necks and peck at each other in a grotesque cartooning of courtship; it takes five buddies pinning Yank's torso and each of his limbs to (unsuccessfully) subdue his primal rage. There's a fierceness of invention here that the

Bay Area rarely gets on such a large scale or in such a finished form.

Sally J. Lesser's costume designs for the bourgeois "parasites" have a truly demented comic horror — what with mock-Uncle Sams wearing 12-inch fingernails, ladies' hats topped by entire pheasants, etc. Peter Maradudin's lighting makes one realize how seldom we get to see stark technical minimalism so intelligently applied — single-spot glaring on Yank in his prison cell creates a desolate interplay of light and

bulging with or without muscle shirt, NYC actor Sam Tsoutsouvas is as much pit bull as "ape." He paces the theatre space with more energy than it can hold, alternately coiled like a spring and whirling about in a wild display of machismo.

This is the kind of driven, yowling, half-insane performance people whisper about in holy tones when discussing the early stage appearances of a Brando or Pacino, and it's absolutely riveting. It's also, if classically rough-trade images are your *metier*, wildly sexy. If we can ex-

There's a fierceness of invention here that the Bay Area rarely gets on such a large scale or in such a finished form.

shadow you can't shake for hours afterward.

Ferencz puts his cast of Berkeley Rep vets and free agents through such vigorous paces, with no time wasted on opportunities to individually shine, that one can easily forgive them the mood-breaking jig he and Roach allow them for a curtain call; they've earned their release.

There is something of a star turn, however. Butt hanging out of his dirty jeans, a convincingly un-Nautileus Conan torso

pect Theatre Rhino's *Dancing in the Dark* to be this season's boon to boy-lovers, *The Hairy Ape* provides unexpected thrills for those who prefer 'em bulging and frothing.

The old-line subscribers that Berkeley Rep Artistic Director Sharon Ott has been doing her best to intimidate are sure to run for the hills if they stray into *The Hairy Ape* — this production wants to leave you rattled and gasping. It succeeds. It's great, great stuff.

The Hairy Ape plays Wednes-

days through Sundays at Theatre Artaud, 450 Florida through November 29; call 621-7797 for performance times and ticket info.

ROCK PREVIEWS

Continued from page 30

sions they have, but I wouldn't bet my evening on it. (DVS, 11/18, 11 pm, \$8)

Looters, Capture the Flag

The local World Beat funk team returns from their second visit to Nicaragua, waving a contract from Island Records to convene their loyalists. The openers are tagged as "U2-ish." Sounds ennobling. (I-Beam, 11/18, 10:30 pm, \$6)

Tracy Nelson, Marc Benno

As lead singer with Mother Earth, Nelson was a contemporary and rival of Janis Joplin. The truth is that she was her equal vocally, if not in the realm of masochistic excess. Semi-retired in Nashville, Nelson's occasional Bay Area concerts are treasured events for the savvy who have discovered her. Do yourself a favor by becoming one of them. (Great American Music Hall, 11/19, 8:30 pm, \$9)

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A PHONE CAN BE USED FORTALKING, RECEIVING, LISTENING AND GIVING THROUGH MEN'S ELECTRONIC NETWORK. YOUR SEARCH IS OVER! ONE CALL — YOU'VE GOT IT ALL. M.E.N. THAT SPELLS & TELLS WHO AND WHAT WE ARE. YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR POT OF GOLD M.E.N. YOU CAN BE AS CREATIVE AS YOU DARE BY JOINING THE MEN'S ELECTRONIC NETWORK. FIND OUT WHAT M.E.N. HAS CREATED JUST FOR YOU.

(415) 861-11EN

GOOD LOOKING BOY-NEXT-DOOR BOTTOM WANTED

by good-looking GWM top, 38, red-brown, blue eyes, 5'11", 155 lbs. My gay sexual preference is not my lifestyle. Old fashioned, mid-Western upbringing. Sincere, responsible. No drugs, nonsmoker! Brian 864-2171.

DESPERATELY SEEKING CHICKEN

I'm a BI WM, 40, clean, friendly, sense of humor, intelligent, but passive and I need to be mostly by myself. I'm seeking a compatible guy for occasional, very safe sex. I like only (repeat only) very young (18-30), thin, smooth, clean guys. Please send picture. PO Box 2201, SF 94122.

COMMUNICATE 2 MEN WITH M.E.N.

SEX IN COTTON

Muscle — You've earned it, a matter of preference. Give so much for so little. The Tie Shirt by Jeffrey Long. Not a tank or a Tee, but designed to flaunt the 1986 flesh of summer. It's in your size, in colors for the tan. S, M, L, XL. Olive, Teal, White, Black. \$16.50 includes postage and handling. Allow 3-4 weeks delivery. Jeffrey Long 1139 Market #220 SF, CA 94103

It's the real muscle shirt.

STRAIGHT MEN

I'm not tall, dark and handsome, but I give excellent head to straight guys 18-35 with good body. Call until 11:30 pm, 647-7775 or 282-0061. Ask for Danny. Let's talk.

FRIEND

GWM, 41, healthy, happy, honest, sincere, career oriented, masculine. Lewis, leather, truck, motorcycle. No smoking, no drugs, no disco, light drinker, desires friend 37 plus, with same qualities. San Jose, Santa Clara. Sentinel Box 46M.

HOTHOUSE & CATACOMBS ALUMNI

35, trim, professional, well-bung, very versatile, married, has kids, seeks buddies for safe and wild play. Looking for a versatile, honest, considerate, in-shape pal who wants an occasional hot time — not a relationship. Straight-forward letter and phone to Sentinel Box 46B.

HUSKY/BIG GUYS

Friendly 27 year old seeking fun and friendship with husky or heavy set men for warm and sensual times. Open to most types and ages. Send descriptive letter with picture (if possible) to Martin, 358 Roosevelt, SF, CA 94114.

THE SENTINEL EDITORS ARE TURKEYS

... but we don't care about that, do we? GWM, 27, weird, goony and faggy looking, seeks sympathetic, preferably leftist oriented others for friendship/proximity who won't mind my weird, goony, faggy looks. 824-9522.

YOUNG ASIANS WANTED!

By goodlooking GWM, 29, 6', 170# with brown hair and eyes. Seeking very, very slender boyish types for hot/JO and safe oral sex sessions. Prefer smooth-skinned, dark-complexioned guys. All races welcome. Call 979-4504, anytime.

I FOUND LOVE THROUGH M.E.N.

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR?

Halloween night. Sour Mouth put in the first honest day's work in her life and she was so tired (as usual) that she thought she was going to stop BARFING on Sixth St. and find another ally to terrorize.

BLUE COLLAR TOP

Tough dominant ex-military GWM 39, 5'11", 235, brown hair and beard, big neck, massive smooth body with bare gut is blue collar top that likes to drink beer and more with other guys. Sarge, POB 11582, SF, CA 94101-7582.

HOT BOTTOM

35, 5'8", 140 lbs, brown hair and blue eyes with a moustache, hairy chest and legs, hairless dick, balls and ass, and a hungry butt. Looking for Hot Tops with Big Tools for prolonged pumping scenes. Send letter, photo and phone to Sentinel Box 46X.

REFINED GENT

33, tall, dark, distinguished, European, seeks companion to visit/Enjoy Opera, Ballet, long walks in the rain, hot drinks by a fire, strolling through antique arcades, honest conversations, being held. You, 35 plus, romantic, professional, hairy, a non-smoker, tall, beefy — not overweight. All letters and photos returned. Sentinel Box 450.

The Sentinel and the AIDS Emergency Fund would like to thank JAY PLATT, of Designs Manufacturing, for the donation of trophies to the "Mr. South of Market" contest and other fund-raisers in our community.

Allan Selby
Carl Stern

FIND MEN 24 HOURS THROUGH M.E.N.

GLC / HOLE VIDEO SET II

The carriage zooms in on your crotch through the glory hole. You tug at your jeans and pull out that long fat cock you're proud of. You tease the camera and start making it showing it off in every angle knowing the pleasure it's about to receive. Watch your manhood be fully admired, licked, sucked deep and slow in a throat that could become an addiction. At the same time, meet a creative, goodlooking man, 37, 5'9", 142. No faces filmed but mine. Private with just you and me. Free copy available. Serious men 8 plus, call Tom 285-4196. JO Finish.

Read the *Sentinel* for complete coverage of this weeks stories.

LAST WEEK'S MYSTERY PERSONALITY WAS GRACE BUMBLY (b. 1937). Her career was established at Bayreuth in 1961 as a mezzo-soprano. She returned to her homeland in triumph for her debut at the Met in 1965. By 1970 she had absorbed the soprano range, a rare feat. Miss Bumbly is one of the most exciting performers on the operatic stage today. She is currently appearing with the San Francisco Opera as Abigail in Verdi's *Nabucco*.

W.O.M.E.N — WE'RE NEW FOR YOU

A PHONE CAN BE USED FORTALKING, RECEIVING, LOVING AND GIVING THROUGH WOMEN'S OWN MATURE ELECTRONIC NETWORK. W.O.M.E.N. THAT TELLS & SPELLS WHO AND WHAT WE ARE:

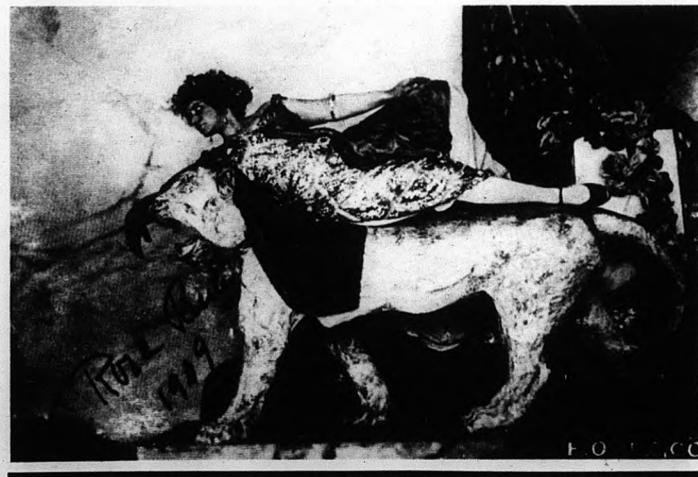
W.O.M.E.N. W.O.M.E.N.

FOR MORE INFO CALL

(415) 864-4420

Continued on next page

I Get So Carried Away When I Read the Sentinel Personals.



HELP HOMELESS GAYS

35% of S.F. homeless are Gay. Winter clothing, blankets, sleeping bags and money urgently needed. Please drop off or send tax-deductible donations to Gay Rescue Mission, 1080 Folsom, SF 94103. Your inspiration of our Community Center is invited. 863-4682

LOTS OF BIG HARD COCKS

On screen and live in audience at Seaside Video Festival and jack-off party. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, continuous 7:30 PM until midnight, 1080 Folsom. Mandatory clothes check, \$5 donation. Films of the group sex movement of the 1970s. 431-8748

GWM with mild ARC seeks same. Stable, honest, oral, well bung, blue eyes, hairy and balding, sports minded man at 43, 5'9", 155#, 8" fat. Interested in younger, smoother, light eyed, drug free man with some balls. For just a buddy or more, drop a note or whatever to Boxholder 193, 2215-R Market St., SF 93114.

SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

Continued from previous page

"MADE IN HEAVEN"

Tall, handsome, muscular Nordic-type man sought by equally handsome, 32-yr., muscular Mediterranean ex-Texan combo mix that will drive you crazy with attention, romance and companionship. You shouldn't be over 40, but you should believe that this could be a match "made in heaven." I know you're out there! Your picture gets mine. Sentinel Box 46C.

HUNK SEARCH!!

Attractive, successful GWM, 36. Too busy to date, go to bars, etc. Looking for a fun, healthy, very good-looking GWM, 18-40 to be my escort to dinner, theater, vacations, and other fun events and basic overnight companionship at your place. Safe sex only! I can make your finances a lot easier and your life itself a lot more fun. If you qualify respond with photo and phone (A MUST, RETURNABLE) to Steve, 584 Castro St., Suite 434, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

AT YOUR SERVICE

Naked, collared, restrained, the boy awaits your pleasure. Is your pleasure applying your belt to his butt? Hanging your boots from his balls? Administering other forms of bondage, discipline and light S&M? Then this boy would like to submit himself for your inspection. Boy is 35, 5'10", WM, healthy, handsome, muscular. You are attractive, intelligent, dominant, commanding, safe and sane. Sentinel Box 46E.

MEN M.E.N. MEN

We have a way to enhance friendships, love, relationships; communications, safe sex and so much more!!! Through MEN'S Electronic Network, M.E.N. an alternative way to be discreet and meet with men through our state of the art telecommunication system.

Just as you can place your personal ads and receive mail through a P.O. Box or your mail box, now you can make personals with men through M.E.N.

Hear the men you are missing Listen to what men want tell men what you like and what men you want. Find out what men are waiting for you. And get more men with M.E.N. For more information or to make your personal ad just dial

(415) 861-1MEN

For more information: 861-1636

I'm in pain. Tommy, Sentinel Box 44C.

Are you a person who doesn't quite fit all the stereotypes? I don't. Are you somehow alone more than you'd like? Do you have a low key, average approach to life? Call me. 552-5364. I am attractive, unaffected WM 39, 5'11", 148. Would like to meet only honest, sincere, sensitive men 25-40, drug-free, reasonably attractive, not overweight for safe sex and/or friendship. (46)

STRONG HAND WIO CLAWS WANTED GWM, 29 years old, 6', 160 lbs. still looking for sexual relationship with father figure, six foot or over, dark hair, in late 30's to mid-forties. Making one last effort before leaving my twenties behind. Send photo. Box #49, 2059 Market St., SF 94114. (47)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY Well... maybe once in a decade... comes the opportunity to meet a bright but not brilliant, spunky but not extreme, serene but not comatose, professional, 32 yr. old, 153 lb. veteran of a stable six-year relationship. As a gay man of color, there has been a need to develop perspectives on life, which I'm eager to share with someone who is also a non-smoker, stable, attractive, soft-spoken and slyly witty. I also believe very strongly in creative dating. What does that mean? Drop a line or two with a photo, phone number and maybe an adventure will unfold. Sentinel Box 47A.

-NO MORE ONE-MAN SHOWS

This GWM is tired of going at it alone and would love to have someone to share life's experiences with. I'm 26, high-tech professional, 5'9", gym-toned 160 lbs., brown hair and moustache with nice green eyes and a pleasant smile. My interests include movies, music and theatre (I sing/dance/act), sports, Western dancing, moonlight walks and quiet evenings at home. You are a stable, moustached GWM between 25 and 35. We don't smoke, but do share some of above interests. We might just be friends or maybe more. There's only one way to find out (photo optional). Sentinel Box 46A.

Discover...
THE GARDEN OF SENSUAL DELIGHTS
An Erotic Massage Workshop for Men
November 21 & 22
For a brochure, or more information, call 543-3470

YOU + ME = MONOGAMOUS
You: GWM, 30-45, slender to well-built, employed. No drugs, no or light drinker, smoke optional. Prefer being bottom, yet masculine. Some home interest or hobby. Me: GWM, 43, 5'11", 170, trim beard, slight gray, brown hair, blue, well-endowed, employed. Some dining out, films, weekend trips, dancing, many home hobbies. Both: HTLV neg., not against condoms, seeking a well-rounded relationship. Not into frequent social life or bars. Will answer all logical responses with phone # exchange. 552-8988.

WHEN LOVE IS LOST - THERE'S ALWAYS M.E.N.

TIRED OF HAIRLESS PORN? Subscribe to BEAR, the magazine for hairy, bearded men and their fans. \$17 brings you four issues and a free man-to-man personal ad. SASE for information. Make checks payable to COA, 2215R Market St. #148, SF, CA 94114. (46)

A note to that sour mouth BARFING on 6th St. At least the young men on Polk St. are nicer to look at than that slob boss you have to contend with

The Hotline Network
a new gay experience
661-LOVE

WANTED: PASSIVE YOUNG MEN & BOYS

who like to lay back and have their dicks played with. Shy or inexperienced OK, squeaky clean a must! Come play with Big Daddy Bear in his cub den. Call 626-4879 evenings and weekends for appt.

I MADE FRIENDS THROUGH M.E.N.

Meet Students and Beach boys on the best gay connection. Rings till connected. \$2 + toll, 18 +.
415/213 976-1881

Meet a hunk, on the gay 1 on 1. Rings until connected. \$2 + toll. 415/213 976-3937. 18 +.

COACH HAS A PADDLE

Seeks a jock who needs direction, attention and discipline. Beauty not a consideration. Mind and body are. Write Coach, P.O. Box 590, San Francisco, CA 94101. Include phone number. (46)

THREE WAYS PLUS

GWM couple in mid 30's seek creative singles or couples 20s to 40s for versatile, sexual encounters. Condoms only please. Reply with photo and letter to Box 296, 584 Castro St., SF, CA 94114.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

AIDS Information Volunteer
The Sentinel is looking for a volunteer to assist its librarian compile, sort and classify the large amount of AIDS-related material published in the newspaper over the past 7 years. If you're good at organizing and interested in helping with this important project (4-5 hours a week for the next few months), please contact Keith Clark at 861-8100 on Tuesdays or Fridays.

LANDSCAPE SERVICES

Robert West
GARDEN CARE
Design • Maintenance
922-4661

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... tell them you saw it in the Sentinel!

PERSONAL GROWTH

GAY MEN'S THERAPY GROUP
On-Going Group:
Now Accepting New Members
This group is designed to assist you in experiencing how you communicate and relate to other men and support you in your growth toward openness and intimacy. Sliding scale, insurance.
Murray Levine, PhD
861-2844

INCHES ...
WHY NOT LOSE SOME?
AT: ALWAYS TAN AND TRIM
NO EFFORT - MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE!
626-8505

Sexual Techniques

Saliva, natural lubricant, absolutely necessary for profound oral functioning; anal sexuality. Don't swallow saliva. Marijuana stops saliva. Enemas relax sexual region, prevent disease, premature orgasm, impotency. Dirty colon causes anal tension, warts, ripples, gangrene, death: quickly. Technical, truly safe, high power sexuality, must be learned. Free introduction.
STEVE 864-8597

GRIEF SUPPORT GROUP
Bereaved men whose lovers have died of AIDS: 6 week + support/healing group. Release feelings, receive comfort, find strength. Facilitated by Stuart Horace, PhD, Hospice psychologist, and Tom Grothe, Hospice RN. Low fee. Info: 731-4931 or 665-3031

I HAVE AIDS
Please hug me

I can't make you sick

24 HENRY
An intimate gay-house located on a quiet tree-lined street in the heart of the Castro district. Near numerous gay bars, restaurants, and public transportation.
24 Henry Street • San Francisco
(415) 861-5686

IT'S LIVE! HOT TALK



ME
ONE ON ONE
PRIVATE CONVERSATION
SHARE YOUR FANTASIES
YOU

MAKE THE CONNECTION

415 • 213 • 818

976-8855

\$2.00 + toll, if any.

WOMAN TO WOMAN



(213) 976-HERS
(415) 976-HERS

At last, a hot new fantasy line designed for Gay women. Dial 976-4377 and hear erotic tales of hot lesbian action making your wildest dreams come true. Created for women by women.

It's for you.

Just remember **976-HERS**

Must be 18 years old to call. \$2.00 + tolls if any.

SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

WORKSHOPS

TAOIST EROTIC MASSAGE

A Class With Joseph Kramer
Where most conventional male sexuality focuses on discharging energy from the body, Taoism heals by circulating erotic energy through the body. In this pleasurable class you will learn both to give and receive an hour erotic massage. You will also receive a written description of the complete massage. This hands-on class is done nude. December 11, 7:30-11:30 pm. \$25. Body Electric School. Call 653-1594 for reservations and free brochure.

PLAYING WITH MYSELF, PLAYING WITH OTHERS

A hands-on class with Joseph Kramer. Explore a special way to make love to yourself: a full-body, self-erotic massage using warm oils, acupressure, breath, movement, stretching, sound and affirmations. Also learn Tantric practices to energetically and pleasurable connect with other men. November 29 (10 am-5 pm). \$50. Body Electric School of Massage and Rebirth. Call for brochure. 653-1594

FOR SALE

HIDE-A-WAY

2 houses for the price of one on 1/2 acre in Mill Valley. Very private, 2 patios, one house with a view, hot tub, but needs work. 4 car garage, assumable first owner may carry some paper. Can be seen any time by appointment: 661-2255. Will be open Sunday, Nov 11 from noon to 4 pm. 620 Eucalyptus Way. For directions: 386-3214.

Gay Bar and Restaurant For Sale: Portland OR: the Liveable City! Very Large and well equipped. Owner wants freedom!

KATE (503) 288-1681.



SMALL THEATRE

Good downtown location. Fair acoustics, comfortably seats 1,600. Completely remodeled in the 1950s. Best offer over \$500,000,000.

CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS

GOLFERS!

Out of Bounds, a golfing club providing support, encouragement and companionship for gay men and lesbians, of all abilities, who enjoy golf. No membership fee. Call 647-3687.



652-7144

3924 Telegraph Ave., Oakland

VACATION RENTALS



SMALL COUNTRY CABIN

Ideal for those who like to rough it. Outdoor toilets, spring for water. No electricity. So remotely located in the Big Sur area, it takes a special map, compass and Indian guide to find it. Ideal for nature lovers or honeymooners. Comfortably sleeps three. \$500.00 per night. Sentinel Box 200.

RENTALS

Furnished Room

Private home
Hayes Valley
Phone, color TV,
washer/dryer.
Use of all
electric kitchen
821-3330

UPSCALE, LUXURY LIVING

Beautifully furnished room in private home. All amenities. Must see to appreciate. K, L, and M lines direct. (Gents preferred.) St. Francis Wood — West Portal. Call after 6 pm weekdays, anytime weekends. \$500 up. 731-2830

STUDIOS

1 & 2 ROOMS

Must see to believe. Newly renovated building with all-electric kitchen, drapes, WW carpets, electric heat with pre-wired telephone and cable ready.
Requirements: first month's rent, \$300 security, \$35. Telephone installation. **NO PETS!!**
Rents start at \$300 studio and \$400 up 2 room studios.
Info call 474-4094 or see at 57 Taylor St.

1 BDRM COTTAGE

\$725 — private, secure, quiet, bright, new kitchen w/gas self-clean oven. Beautiful garden w/fountain and hot tub. Fell/Stevener. Avail. late Nov. Call 864-6626 eve. & wknd.

Bunkhouse Apts.

Office: 419 Ivy Street
San Francisco
Mon.-Fri. 1-6 PM

Commercial Space
Available for Rent

\$800 — 1 BR, 562 Hayes, #4
Hardwood floors, tiled kitchen and bath, curtains and shades.

\$600 — 1 BR, 419 Ivy, #17
AEK & w/w carpeting, tiled kitchen and bath, southern exposure. Unique.

\$600 — 1 BR, 514 Hayes, #3
w/w carpeting, curtains and shades, quiet secure building.

\$550 — 1 BR, 419 Ivy, #4D
AEK & w/w carpeting, tiled kitchen and bath, curtains and shades.

\$500 — Studio, 501 Octavia, #3
w/w carpeting, curtains and shades, quiet secure building.

Stove, refrigerator included. Cable ready. First and last months rents required. No deposits. Must be employed.

863-6262

MILL VALLEY ELEGANCE

Spacious 1+ BR, top floor on estate. Quiet. Private. Perf. for working couple. Avail. Dec. 1. Lease \$1300 Mo. incs. utils. Msg. 388-6640.

HOTEL CASA LOMA

600 Fillmore Street
San Francisco
(415) 552-7100

RE-OPENING SOON
— NEW MANAGEMENT
— REMODELLED
ALAMO SQUARE SALOON
— BAR AND RESTAURANT

NEAR OPERA & SYMPHONY HALL
Very large flat, hardwood floors, dishwasher, washer/dryer, fireplace, 2 large bedrooms, dining room, country kitchen with pantry. Completely remodeled, decks. Close to Van Ness. Ideal for sharing. Call Atiq day 661-5300, eve 621-6549. \$995.00

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Say you saw it in the *Sentinel*

MEN CALL NOW!

San Francisco's
LIVE TALK LINE
Talk with up to 5 other
guys all at once.

CALL NOW (415) 976-1221

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LEATHER GALORE!

Comfortable, quiet E. Bay apartment complex with a strong "leather" orientation has rooms & apartments available soon. Details: 674-1653.

LIVE IN SAUSALITO!

A Decorator's dream house. Brand new elegance! Breath-taking San Francisco Bay view! 4 levels of dramatic design by Michael Partow, AIA. Open design to fit your own unique needs. 4 stop elevator lifts you to the top floor library/study. Marble baths, private decks — it has everything!

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FOR RENT

ROOM FOR RENT IN 3 BEDROOM APARTMENT. POLK AND GEARY. CLOSE TO 3 MAJOR BUS LINES. \$278/MONTH PLUS PHONE. DEPOSIT REQUIRED TO MOVE IN. AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. CALL 928-4461.

ROOMMATES

\$400. FIRST AND LAST

GWM offers beautiful twin peaks apartment with panoramic view of city with sundeck, washer and dryer — also bus service (MUN) to front door — parking available — Safeway nearby — fully furnished — electric kitchen — piano — stereo — color TV. Available December 1st, 1987 — must see — great —

BOB — 285-1273

\$365 New 3 BR/2 BATH
Sunny all electric kitchen, safe, W/D, cable TV, garage, clean, share with 2 quiet gay males. Available Nov. 1. 19th and Dolores — 864-4150.

ROOMMATE

6 room flat, W/D, \$450, with one white male, non-smoker, Duboce Park. Call after 6 PM.

621-1769

SHARE 2-DRAPT NOE VALLEY W/VIEW

Professional, masculine WM, 35, has bedroom available. You must be responsible, employed, clean, health-conscious, AIDS neg, 20/40, no drugs, wild parties. Laundry in bldg, parking space. \$350 1st/last \$50 deposit. Near "J" line. Available now. Jon 648-1860.

ROOMMATES™

For compatible, trustworthy roommate!
EAST BAY • CONTRA COSTA
533-9949
SF • SOUTH BAY
553-3836

PLACE WANTED

Asian male, interior design student going to Academy of Art College needs place and can move from Sacramento to SF after Dec. 18, '87. Prefer to live with non-smoking single GWM. Nice area. Close to transportation. Call after 6 pm at (916) 442-0223.

ROOMMATE WANTED

Two lovers looking for roommate to share 2 bedroom Victorian in Hayes Valley. No parking, cable, W/D, must be responsible, employed. \$275.00 plus 1/2 utilities, first, last months rent. 861-1263.

2 BR, 2 BTH CASTRO/22ND W/VIEW
Considerate, fun, independent, happy, GWM needs GM roommate. Modern AEK, large living room with fireplace and panoramic view. Secluded sundeck with redwood HOT TUB. \$575. plus utilities includes cleaning service twice a month. Easy street parking. Garage optional. No tobacco smokers. 824-8790

OAKLAND/LAKE MERRITT
GWM seeks quiet MF, any race/age to share nice, large two-bedroom apartment. Sunny, large room. No smokers, drugs, Republicans. Near lake and BART. Rent: \$275/mo. First, last month's rent. Available Dec. 15. Doug 452-9479.

Continued on next page

Once upon a time...

an orphan puppy named Susie came to The San Francisco SPCA.

Susie was adorable. But she had a heart condition and would not live long enough to find a home.

Then a Fairy Godmother—called The Cinderella Fund—paid for the operation that saved Susie's life.

Help a stray animal requiring life-saving surgery get a second chance. Give to The Cinderella Fund.

The San Francisco SPCA
2500 16th St. San Francisco, CA 94103 415-554-3000

Sentinel

Classified Order Form

Mail to SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF, CA 94102.

861-8100

Category:

Headline:

Text:

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT:

cash check Mastercard/Visa

CC# _____

Expiration date _____

Signature _____

COMPUTE YOUR COST:

40 words or less @ \$10.00

Additional words @ .25 each

Subtotal _____

x _____ number of issues

Double bold headline \$1.00

Revised ad \$1.00

Verification charge for Personal service

telephone numbers \$1.00

SENTINEL BOXES: 1 Month

Will call _____ \$5.00

Forwarded @ \$10.00

Total Amount _____

Personal Policy: SF Sentinel encourages you to place ads that are lively, creative and health-conscious. We reserve the right to edit or reject any ad whatsoever. Deadline for all classified advertising is noon on the Tuesday prior to publication.

SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

JOB OFFERS

Continued from previous page

EXTRA CHRISTMAS CASH
Need nude models/escorts, must be 18-30 with good body, blonds preferred, super body, \$40 per hour, San Jose Area only, (408) 249-5224. (47)

We're Looking For A Few Good Men.
MODELS/COMPANIONS
RICHARD OF SF
821-3457

SALES
AGGRESSIVE, articulate person wanted for entry-level sales position. Lt. clerical. Excellent opportunity for promotion and advancement. Great pay and benefit package for right candidate. Mail resume, refs to: The Connector Inc., S. 515 Broderick St., SF, 94117, or call 346-3733. Sorry, NO DROP IN'S.

UPKEEP AND RENOVATIONS

CARPET CLEANERS OF SAN FRANCISCO
Residential and Commercial Accounts
Free Estimates
STEVE 864-2846 CHUCK

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CLEANING
BY
RICK

Reasonable Rates
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ROOFING & GUTTERS
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Patching, Shingles, Comm'l
Work Guaranteed, Lic.-Ins.
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Percentage given to Shanti Project

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CARPENTRY
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Quality craftsmanship
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INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES



'THE BREAKERS'

Fabulous palatial country estate of the late Corn. Vanderbilt II. Magnificent beachfront acreage on Newport's stately Bellevue Drive. Swank neighborhood. Luxury yacht included. Priced negotiable over 2 billion. Sentinel Box 200.

AUDIO & VIDEO SERVICES

25 DIFFERENT 60-MINUTE JO VIDEOTAPES

Transferred to tape from private film collection. Dozens of hunky young models, huge equipment, great blastoffs every 5 or 6 minutes! Good image, good color, soft rock music. All safe sex! Let these videos on your VCR become your favorite home companion! Sorry, no brochures or stills on these. But look into this bargain collection. Each \$24.95 plus tax. VHS in stock. Beta made up on order. Ask for Adonis Cockplay series, ADONIS VIDEO, 369 Ellis, San Francisco 94102. (415) 474-6995. Open Noon - 6 pm daily. Upstairs over Circle J Cinema. See Hai Call. M/C-Visa OK.

Subscribe Now

Sentinel

PHONE TALK

Meet Students and Beach boys on the best gay connection. Rings till connected. \$2 + toll, 18+.
415/213 976-1881

M.E.N.
WE BRING YOU TOGETHER
TO FIND MEN
(415) 851-11MEN
for more information call
861-1636

Meet a hunk, on the gay 1 on 1. Rings until connected. \$2 + toll. 415/213 976-3937. 18+.

ARE YOU TIRED OF THE BAR SCENE? DISGUSTED WITH THE SAME OLD GAMES? THEN CHANGE YOUR ATTITUDE!! DISCOVER A NEW MATURE ALTERNATIVE. WOMEN'S OWN MATURE ELECTRONIC NETWORK. JOIN THE ELITE AND CHOOSE MORE FOR LESS.
EXERCISE YOUR FREEDOM OF CHOICE EXPLORE YOUR ALTERNATIVES THROUGH W.O.M.E.N.
CALL 864-4420

ATTORNEYS

CRIMINAL DEFENSE
DUI, Juvenile, Family
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Reasonable rates - evening appointments
BOB DOUGLAS 552-9640

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS!

AIDS BULLETIN BOARD

The purpose of this section is to assist persons with AIDS solve their needs (other than sexual or companionship). Individuals diagnosed with AIDS will be offered space in this section at a discount rate, based on nature of needs and ability to pay.

SF FLAT TO SHARE
GWM with KS looking for GM to share my flat. Private room. MUST be responsible, clean, quiet. PWA/ARC in stable health OK. \$350 month - negotiable. Available Jan. 1st.

Tom 285-7816
Leave message

ENERGETIC PWA'S MEET
also PWARC and Sero Positives
The group, formerly known as C.I.P., now meets twice every week. Wednesdays on Twin Peaks Boulevard and Sundays in the Castro from 6:30 pm to 9:30 pm. For more information call Jan at 826-4671, Ron at 431-7887 or Todd at 863-1270.

ITEMS WANTED

"DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSA"
The Sentinel Library needs to locate complete copies of some missing issues of the newspaper between 1974 and 1984. Anyone having complete copies of the newspaper during this period please contact Keith Clark, Librarian. SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF Ca 94102 or phone (415) 861-8100.

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- But don't you forget the Unicorn Bookstore in West Hollywood, because that's where you can pick up a copy of the *Sentinel* when you're away from home.

"The sights and sounds of Seattle are at the Pike Street Market...."

- Savor the smells, cruise the locals and taste the temptations of the most colorful market in the Northwest.

When the rain gets you down and you'd rather see fog instead of snow, you can run around the corner to the Left Bank Bookstore at 92 Pike Street and ramble through the very latest in all that is gay San Francisco.
Setting the pace on Pike Street.

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MASSAGE

BLONDE CANADIAN

Photo by Reno



FULL MASSAGE
RON \$40 In 775-7057

WARM CURRENT
STRONG HEALING ENERGY
821-2351 MAX \$45/90 min.

ONE OF LIFE'S REWARDS
A healing massage blending strength and sensitivity. I am a certified Swedish/Shiatsu bodyworker with an intuitive and nurturing touch. My style combines gentle and deep work in a flowing massage to release tension, ease discomfort and balance energy.
90 minutes, \$35. Castro location
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I'm a certified, experienced, professional and an instructor at the Body Electric Massage School. I GIVE EXQUISITE MASSAGE! Sensual. Relaxing. Nurturing.
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You choose what my hands do for you to relax you, to renew you. For the finer touch —
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Table — atmosphere \$40 in 885-6309 anytime

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Massage by extra nice, extra hung young man
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Come to my massage! Full body — buns & legs my specialty! Hot man 6', 160#, BrBr, moust. Call Russ anytime
In/Out \$40/50, add \$5.00 for VISA/MC. 647-0944. Try me!



HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIC MASSAGE
Extremely handsome, young athlete. 160 years experience. Let my musical hands massage your backbone and make it feel like a piano keyboard. For appointment, write: Sentinel Box 200.

IRRESISTIBLE
Fatal attraction or magnificent obsession? Magnificent attraction or fatal obsession? Your body... my hands. \$20 for hot men 21-40. Steven 641-9426

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You'll be blindfolded at the door. Skilled unseen hands will give you a superb Swedish/Esalen oil massage and balance your chakras. A very interesting, unique and effective experience. 18th & Noe. Certified, caring.
\$30. Jim 864-2430.

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Stretch out naked on my fur rug. Experience a warm fire, soft music and a therapeutic hot-oil massage. Let physical & emotional tensions drain away. My nurturing hands and gentle words will leave you relaxed, refreshed and naturally high. Call Rick, 824-6730. 60 minutes — \$30.

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ASIAN OR LATIN?
Hit! Handsome, aggressive blond stud, defined physique clean and healthy, massages in the nude.
EXPERIENCED \$35/in
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Done by experienced Massage Therapist in Oakland Call after 4:30 pm.
Fees: \$25/hr. \$35/1½ hrs.
MARK 261-3319

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Built tight, muscular & hung.
Very friendly gentlemen over 30 preferred.
Sensual massage in the buff.
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Relaxing, sensual, full body Hot Oil massage. Luxurious, non-hurried, nurturing session, \$30.00 M-F after 6 pm, Sat & Sun am & pm. Certified massage therapist through Body Electric School of Massage and Rebirthing. In please. Potrero Hill.
BRUCE 282-6879

★ \$25-Hot Athlete. Hung nice ★
★ Bill 441-1054 Massage, etc. ★

WOW! WHATTA MASSAGE!
Just lay back and enjoy my deep, sensual touch! You'll never forget it! 24 hrs. In/Out. Enjoy!
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Hot oil massage from a young, handsome, caring man certified through Body Electric. Give yourself the pleasure to receive. Come to my beautiful Castro penthouse and allow my sensual hands to fully explore your body. 90 minutes you'll never forget.
\$45.
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Hard working — Good looking — Stress reducing — Safe — Perfect for men on the go. 1st class, clean apartment, fireplace, loving hands to revitalize mind, body, spirit. 5'11", 160 lbs, brown, green, smooth, uncult.
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For Men Only



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A 3-DAY HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIC SENSUAL MASSAGE
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The highlight of my trip to San Francisco! TRAVEL AGENT
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100 times better than any other massage I've ever had! CRUISE SHIP EXECUTIVE
Thank you both... it was heaven! BODYBUILT DREAM

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Do what you must, then let me help ease away those stresses. Spend 75 minutes on my massage table in a warm and comfortable environment being cared for in a special way. Certified. Non-sexual.
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Athletically oriented massage by weight-training instructor. Competent, handsome and very muscular. Days.
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Fun & x-handsome Nordic man swimmer & BB 9' cut 6' 185" ESPECIALLY LIKE SMALL, CUTE ASIAN & LATIN YOUNG MEN
Ron, for a massage \$40/55 931-3263 24 hrs

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Leo 346-5679
Continued on next page

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SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

MASSAGE

Continued from previous page

THINK BIG "Danish Built"

6', 180#

Blue eyed, Masculine beauty
Hard Chiseled Body
Hung, Tantalizing 9"
Extra Handsome,
Always a Top Man
Nude Erotic Massage
\$50 In • \$70 Out
Friendly & Fun Man
HORST 931-0309

PLEASURE PLUS

Reward yourself and revitalize your pleasure centers with a professional, nude, deep muscle oil massage by a certified acupressure and reflexology expert. I'm 29, attractive and my nurturing massage will ease discomfort and clarify your energy.

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in the Castro

Achieve optimum relaxation, reduce stress and tension in your body and mind. Treat yourself today to a sensual Hot Oil Massage you'll enjoy. It's non-hurried and wonderfully nurturing in a quiet, warm environment. Non-sexual. 90min. \$25.00

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YOU'LL LOVE YOURSELF FOR IT
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Handsome - Clean Cut
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By professional certified masseur, seven years experience. Sensitive, caring, very handsome hunk relaxes your body-mind-spirit. Specializes in deep, firm, sensual hot-oil Swedish. Surprise birthday messages for friends and lovers available. Castro area, 9am-9pm, weekdays and weekends.
William 626-6210 PWAs welcomed

AMMA MESSAGE

Enjoy the nurturing and revitalizing effect of touch through this form of traditional Japanese bodywork. AMMA uses no oils, can be done clothed, and is effective in reducing physical and emotional stress. Treat yourself!! Certified.

non-sexual

JOHN 626-1569

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BETTER, IT'S A JOURNEY...

- Ionic Bath
- Reiki/Energy Balancing
- Acupressure
- Swedish/Esalen

\$30/90 min. Session

Non-sexual
MARC 863-1765

DREAM MESSAGE

Hung 9", bisexual, exceptionally handsome, muscular, speedo tan, blond/blu. Are you a young Asian or Latin guy, sensitive and nice? I have a special rate for you

RON 931-3263

FULL BODY MESSAGE

Enjoy a relaxing, therapeutic massage from a trained, mature professional. I am certified in several types of massage and use a combination for a fantastic feeling. \$30. Call Roy, 8 am to 10 pm at 621-1302.

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Stimulate your muscles, brain, nerves and internal organs. Increases cellular respiration. Promotes nourishment of every part of your body. It makes you feel good! Professional non-sexual in only.

Carlos Del Angel
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Treat yourself!
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GARY 821-1005

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A RELAXING MESSAGE by a handsome, masculine blonde

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Firm, Erotic Swedish Massage
Massage Lotion & Table, Hard to Beat It
\$40 In/\$55 Out 75 min.
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Must Be Exceptional

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22, good looking
hot body
very well endowed

► SCOTT ◀
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HARD HAT
CONSTRUCTION WORKER



23 - 6', 180 lbs, 44" c, 30" w

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MATT 824-2312

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Scott, 26, 5'10", 160lbs, 44" C
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Green Eyes. Available 24 hrs.

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Tall Lean Texan

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Richard of S.F. 821-3457

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Tight Buns. 8" Thick Versatile
Lean back and Watch me work
HOT Deep Massage and More
Good Companion, No BS

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DREW, 29, 5'10" Smooth body
EYES/WEEKENDS

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Good body, brown, hair, blue eyes,
5'10", 150 lbs, clean cut.

Call 9:30-10:00 pm for appointment
GREG 932-9961

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NOT PRICE!
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8 1/2 EXTRA THICK CUT
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Boysish Good Looks

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