

Sentinel

Polio Vaccine
for AIDS?
pg. 17

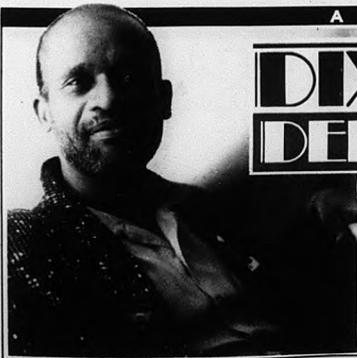
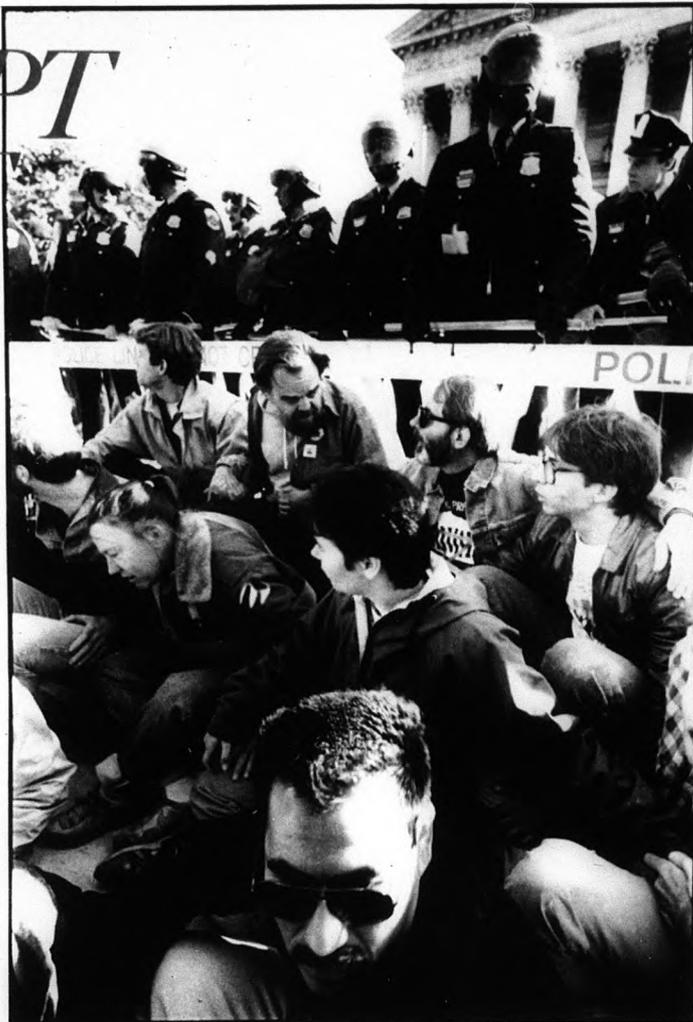
November 13, 1987 • Vol. 15, No. 46 • 500 Hayes Street, SF, CA 94102 • 75° Outside SF Bay Area

CONTEMPT OF COURT

A HISTORY OF GAY PEOPLE AND THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

Over the past 30 years, the US Supreme Court has registered a little-known but colorful history of gay-related cases — cases involving “lustfully stimulating” articles about young lesbians in love, about Green Berets caught naked and ready for action of a noncombative sort, about the “common knowledge” that gays had achieved high office in Congress and the Executive Branch, and about the “treacherous definitions” of the term “psychopathic personality.”

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SAN FRANCISCO

Sentinel

Mayor's Missouri Plan Revised



Peace activist Ethel Sanjines (l) speaks against the temporary homeporting plan while Navy brass (c) and SF Port Commissioner Dr. Arthur Coleman (r) look on.

by Alex MacDonald

Under pressure from the city's attorney's office, members of the Board of Supervisors and opponents to homeporting the *Missouri*, the SF Port Commission approved a revised version of the Feinstein Administration's plan to provide "temporary" berthing for the battleship.

The original resolution proposed by the Administration "directs" staff to make available Pier 30-32 with necessary support services to the US Navy to temporarily berth the USS *Missouri* in San Francisco Bay.

The revised resolution approved by the Port Commission directed the staff "to explore with the US Navy" the possibility of temporarily homeporting the *Missouri*.

The mere fact that Feinstein and the Port Commission were holding the hastily called hearings on the matter drew as much criticism as the temporary homeporting plan itself.

"This process is fatally flawed and a cynical insult to the intelligence of San Franciscans," said gay attorney John Wahl, who charged that access to the hearings was discriminatory. (See "Police State," pg. 10.) "In addition

to restricting access by *Missouri* opponents, they tried initially to keep these hearings a secret." Wahl told the *Sentinel*. "This proposal didn't come from the Port Commission; it was generated by the mayor's office an hour after City Hall closed on Friday, November 13," contended Wahl, pointing out a copy of the time-dated document.

Wahl also contended that many people on the meeting notification list never received notice of the hearings.

Board of Supervisors President Nancy Walker also presented written testimony to the Port Commission questioning the legality of passing a plan prior to an environmental impact

study being completed.

Jean Harris, an aide to Sup. Jean Britt, represented Walker and Britt at the meeting. "Supervisors Britt and Walker oppose the homeporting of the *Missouri*, no matter where it's berthed," said Harris, who also had trouble gaining access to the commission. "The Navy has failed to agree to adequate protections for lesbians, gays and other minorities as well as address

environmental concerns." Harris further stated. "The two mayoral candidates made the homeporting of the *Missouri* a major issue during the campaign. We all know the results of the first election and how people feel on this issue."

Harris was referring to Agnos' overwhelming defeat of Molinari who supports Feinstein's homeporting plan and

Continued on page 11

Big Victory for SEC

Gay Columnist Goes to Jail

by George Mendenhall

R. Foster Winans will serve 18 months in jail because of a US Supreme Court ruling this week. The former *Wall Street Journal* columnist ("Heard on the Street") fell from grace in May of 1984 when it was revealed that he had passed advance "insider" information on to a stock investor. The US Supreme Court ruled on Monday that Winans, 37, had practiced mail and wire fraud (8-0) and violated security fraud regulations (4-4). The tie vote had the effect of affirming the lower court decision.

Winans was accused of telephoning inside information about Wall Street operations to Peter Brant, a stockbroker. Brant was able to then buy and sell stock before the information became public — thus gaining profit. The transactions involved 21 firms, including Greyhound, Western Union

and Getty Oil. The investor netted \$690,000 in profits from the arrangements and gave Winans \$31,000. Winans denied that he had violated federal law as the *Journal* did not lose any money in the dealings.

The matter became of special interest to gays on April 2, 1984. On that date

the normally staid *Journal* published a revelation about the Winans case, one that brought Winans and his lover, David Carpenter, out of the closet. The front-page article was an attempt to discredit the two men by exposing their relationship. Carpenter was a former *Journal* staffer.

The *Journal* reported, "Winans and Carpenter were lovers. They live together, and Mr. Winans wears a gold ring given to him by Mr. Carpenter. They have known each other since 1971: ... Mr. Carpenter contracted leukemia, and Mr. Winans often complained about not being able to make it to his meetings. He canceled a planned European vacation last fall with Mr. Carpenter."

A *Journal* reporter wrote that he could not find Winans at his Greenwich Village apartment, so he talked with neighbors who reported that Winans had said he was being unfairly treated at the *Journal* because he was homosexual. Another source disclosed that Winans had allegedly told a friend, "I got involved with some wrong people. I've done something wrong. Very stupid. The big job now is staying out of

Continued on page 10

Terry Goes to Washington

This Sunday, November 22, at 7 pm, the AIDS Action Pledge and the NAMES Project present a screening of David Thompson's film documentary of the inaugural unfolding of the NAMES Quilt. This special screening at the NAMES Project at 2362 Market (at Castro) will benefit the "Send Terry Blankenship to Court, Not to Prison Fund." A donation of \$5 is requested (or whatever you can afford).

Terry Blankenship was arrested in Washington, DC, at the historic civil disobedience at the Supreme Court *Hardwick vs. Bowers* protest as a member of the NAMES Project affinity group. When arrested on the day following the arrests, Terry and several others chose to plead "not guilty" and face trial on charges of trespassing at

the Supreme Court. Terry explains that while she shares in the pride of those more than 600 lesbians and gay men who chose to plead "proudly guilty," she pled "not guilty by reason of compelling necessity." I feel that there is a relationship between increasingly homophobic laws and the rising incidents of homophobic violence.

and between AIDS-phobia and the continued lack of adequate funding and compassionate government response to AIDS research, education and treatment programs."

Her mandatory court date has been set for December 2 in DC, and Terry is in urgent need of travel funds. If Ms. Blankenship does not make it to her appointed court date, a warrant will be issued for her arrest, and she could face six months to a year in jail.

Terry is also a founding member of the new AIDS direct-action group, the AIDS Action Pledge (meets Thursday nights; call 821-9087, and is a long standing member of Citizens for Medical Justice and the ARC/AIDS Vigil family.

For more information, contact Terry Beswick at (415) 647-7972 or the AIDS Action Pledge at 158-A Lexington St., SF 94110.

TEN YEARS AGO . . .

in the Sentinel

California Senator John Briggs was forced to withdraw his first anti-gay initiative, claiming a "typographical error" created a legal problem only hours before a legal challenge was to be heard before the State Supreme Court.

But Paul Hardman of the Pride Foundation here said it was the Foundation's legal legwork and challenge in the Court that forced Briggs to temporarily back away from the statewide initiative to ban gay teachers in California's public schools.

Addressing the 128th Episcopal Convention here at Grace Cathedral, California Bishop C. Kilmer Myers said, "To be a Christian is to be radically human. The model for humanness is Jesus. I know many homosexuals who are radically human. To desert them would be a desertion, I believe, of our Master, Jesus Christ. And that I will not do no matter what the cost."

The controversial Bishop spoke, in part, to reiterate his support of Ellen Barrett, a self-proclaimed lesbian serving at an Episcopal parish in Berkeley.

Speaking to representatives of the City's gay community, Mayor George Moscone said, "There'll be a gay police commissioner before I leave office," and committed himself to try "to sell" the idea of city funding for the Gay Freedom Day Parade to Chief Administrative Officer, Roger Boas, who had turned down funding for the first three years of the parade.

In sports, San Francisco's Community Softball league champions, The Badlands, swamped New York's Ramrod team in a two-game sweep 13-3 and 17-3, to win the Gay World Series here to the cheers of some 4,000 baseball fans at Hayward Field.

Camera store owner Harvey Milk was elected the City's first openly gay supervisor in the newly created fifth supervisorial district, defeating six other gay candidates for the district seat and placing third in overall votes citywide. Milk trailed in total votes after Board President Quentin Kopp, who ran unopposed in his district, and former Board President Dianne Feinstein.

Milk ran on a progressive reform platform against the hand-picked Burton gay candidate, Terence Hallinan, who placed a distant second to Milk in the largely gay district, and against attorney Earl "Rick" Stokes, who trailed Milk by over 3,000 votes.

Hundreds of supporters and well-wishers gathered outside 575 Castro Street at Milk's shop as the evening results began to come in and his victory became assured. The atmosphere was described as "reminiscent of a large block party." One Milk supporter summed up the mood of the area this way, "They (City Hall) know we're here now and they're going to have to deal with us whether they like it or not."

And that's the way we were.
November 1977.

SSC Hears Hard Facts on AIDS

by Alex MacDonald

Members of the Select Senate Committee (SSC) on AIDS met Tuesday with the senior staff of San Francisco General Hospital as part of a continuing effort to keep AIDS from becoming a political football.

Senators Milton Marks (D-SF), Torres (D-LA) and Hart (D-Santa Barbara) listened and questioned for the better part of three hours as administrators and chiefs of staff outlined SF General's policies and experience with two issues which threaten to derail public health policy in the state: testing and confidentiality.

The senators also heard that as General approaches its saturation point for AIDS cases, MediCal policies amount to an economic deterrent for the private hospitals and physicians who will have to carry more and more of the growing number of AIDS cases.

The next session of the legislature will see an attempt by Senator John Doolittle (R-Sacramento) to pass bills requiring either routine or mandatory testing of all patients admitted to hospitals. Doolittle and his supporters defend the proposals as a necessary screening device to protect health care workers against accidental exposure to the Human Immunodeficiency Virus.

Doolittle's critics accuse him of using scientific loopholes to create a counter-agenda which will undermine public health and work to the detriment of patients while providing health care

workers with no protection they do not have under existing procedures.

The senators were told that the Human Immunodeficiency Virus is "the least transmissible occupational pathogen." Over a three-year period, General monitored 1,000 cases of exposure to HIV through accidental puncture wounds involving contaminated needles. Only one case later developed the HIV antibody, indicating infection with the virus.

In contrast with HIV transmissibility, 200 health care workers in the United States died last year from hepatitis acquired through accidental needle sticks. Last year also saw one instance of a health care worker who was stuck with a needle contaminated with both HIV and hepatitis. The worker developed hepatitis but did not develop the HIV antibody.

The number of cases of seroconversion among health care workers, however, is rising and causing a "second wave of concern" among both professionals and the public, according to Dan Sooy, chief of surgery at General. Furthermore, the number will continue to rise as the number of AIDS cases increases and more health care



Sentinel reporter Alex MacDonald (r) talks with State Senator Milton Marks during a recent visit to the ARC/AIDS Vigil.

workers handle contaminated needles, blood and secretions.

Although the risk of infection remains unchanged, the greater prevalence of the disease creates the impression that the experts were wrong when, several years ago, they assured the public that health care workers were not a high-risk group. That impression, though false, misleads the public and tempts politicians to take policy-making out of the hands of health professionals.

The issue dividing the professionals from a growing minority in the legislature centers not on whether to test, but on informed consent. The Doolittle measures allow for testing without the patient's consent or knowledge. Dr. Merle Sands told the committee members that he sees a potential for abuse of patients: a positive test result might lead frightened practitioners to avoid performing necessary procedures, especially as fear of AIDS spreads through the medical community. In addition, the significance of positivity for the patient is so great that the patient *must* be informed of the results and be given adequate counseling. "Testing," he said, "is not even a quick fix. It is a diversion."

There was general agreement, however, about the value of voluntary testing. In particular, it helps protect the blood supply, helps with diagnosis, allows for counseling and stimulates changes in behavior. In the near future, as treatment strategies improve, it may also help physicians and patients to make decisions about early treatment before the onset of symptoms and the beginning of immune collapse.

There was also guarded agreement about a need to change the confidentiality requirements written into California law by Assemblyman Art Agnos in 1984. With the increase of

AIDS among newborns, an obstetrician should be able to inform the pediatrician of the mother's antibody status, it was argued.

At present, about 50% of infants born of HIV positive mothers go on to develop AIDS, but 100% of them carry the mother's antibodies at birth and for several months thereafter, a period when crucial medical decisions must be made.

Pediatric AIDS raises other testing issues. Often the mother dies before the child's antibody status? Should the mother make the decision as to whether the child should be tested? At present, in San Francisco, disputes are referred to the juvenile court. When the court approves a test, the results are turned over to the Department of Public Health to be used for the benefit of the child.

In spite of their desire to limit confidentiality, Sands and the others laid a heavy condition on any change in existing law: it must be accompanied by strong and enforceable anti-discrimination legislation.

Although most of the meeting of the committee was taken up with testing issues, the legislators were treated to a bleak picture of the future of AIDS care at San Francisco General. The hospital, Sands told them, has already treated 1,500 AIDS cases, the largest body of AIDS patients in the world. Currently, according to Phillip Sowa, General's chief administrator, the hospital sees 35 to 40 AIDS patients daily, out of a total of 135 treated each day throughout the city. The hospital, over the years, aggressively developed outpatient care, reserving inpatient care for the most acute cases. Outpatients cost about \$100 per day as compared to \$800 per day for inpatients. But saturation is

near. As a teaching hospital, the committee was told, SFGH must not turn into an AIDS hospital. Some hospitals in the East, according to Dr. Wolfy of UCSF, already find themselves short of applicants for staff positions because of their large AIDS caseloads. "Caring specialties," she said, "are less attractive now than surgical specialties."

In some ways, General appears to be a victim of its own success. When he asked whether General has become a dumping ground because people with AIDS often lose their insurance coverage, Senator Marks was told that patients seek out General because of the excellence and humaneness of its practices.

General and the Department of Public Health are trying to meet the impending crisis through agreements with private hospitals to take the overflow. So far, functioning arrangements are in place only with Mount Zion and Saint Luke's. The difficulty in reaching agreement is not so much fear of AIDS or shortage of beds and services as it is payments. "MediCal payments," Dr. George Rutherford of the DPH noted for the benefit of the senators, "won't even pay for the secretary, not to mention the rent."

The senators who attended Tuesday's meeting brought with them a wide range of legislative experience in the fields of health, the judiciary, education and finance. Because of a special session of the legislature called to deal with relief measures for the victims of the recent earthquakes in Southern California, the majority of the Select Committee did not attend. Select Committee member John Doolittle was especially conspicuous by his absence.

Thanksgiving Dinners for SF's Homeless Youth

The Castro Lions Club and Old First Presbyterian Church will jointly host this year's Thanksgiving Dinner for homeless youth (through age 17) from the Larkin Street Youth Center.

Lions Club Vice President Jeff Harlowe reports that the Thanksgiving Day festivities will be held in the Old First Presbyterian Church facilities at Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Streets from noon until 2 pm. All food preparation and serving will be provided by the two host groups. Accord-

ing to Larkin Street Youth Center Volunteer Coordinator Roxane Robinson-White, up to 50 youths may participate in the event. Contact Lions Club President Gardner Pond at (415) 626-9081 for further information.

Who: Castro Lions Club

What: Thanksgiving Dinner for Homeless Youth

Where: Old First Presbyterian Church, Van Ness Ave. at Sacramento St., SF

When: Thursday, November 26, 1987 (Thanksgiving Day)

Time: Noon until 2 pm

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LAFAs Brainstorms an Agenda

by Cathy Cockrell

For two days this weekend, November 14-15, Mission High School looked like the Dyke High of many a girl's dreams: 500 lesbians talked in the cavernous hallways, spoke from the auditorium stage and applauded and kissed in its hard folding seats, and brainstormed in classrooms decorated with math formulas and photos of endangered woodland creatures.

The ambitious event was a conference called by Lesbian Agenda for Action, and "its goals were really questions," as one of its organizers, Pam David, put it. Question #1 was "How can lesbians organize ourselves to have political strength?" and #2 was "What are the issues that are central to our organizing?"

Using a series of morning talks by

Virginia Harris, Del Martin, Carole Migden, Melinda Paras and Carmen Vazquez.

Each of Saturday's 15 workshops produced a long list of issues of concern to workshop members. All the lists were compiled into a single working document that will be used as Lesbian Agenda for Action begins to hold general meetings and to attempt to serve as a



Workshops on a diverse number of issues provides women attending the Lesbian Agenda for Action conference a chance to express their opinions and exchange ideas on how to address lesbian-specific areas of concern in the future.

Defining a distinct lesbian political agenda is an idea whose time has come.

leading activists from the lesbian community and afternoon workshops on issues and strategies, the conference took a beginning stab at addressing these questions. Speakers included Donna Hitchens, Pat Norman, Roberta Achtenberg, Gloria Anzaldúa, Mary C. Dunlap, Sally Gearhart, Roma Guy,

source of expertise and leadership for Bay Area organizing.

The age of the conference participants and the depth and breadth of political experience they brought to it were noteworthy. According to a show of hands requested from the stage, close to half the conference-goers were over

40. Introducing themselves at workshop sessions, they mentioned past political experiences that covered the gamut of "lesbian issues" as well as of progressive causes not specific to lesbians — like registering black voters in the South, defeating Philippine dictator Ferdinand Marcos, ending the Vietnam War, defending reproductive rights and opposing the prison system.

Though the presence of women of color was less than had been hoped, the attention to racial and cultural factors in the speeches and workshops was believed by many to signal significant political development within the lesbian

community. The need to address issues "until they're dead" that divide the lesbian community, to define a broad agenda and to work in coalition with other "vulnerable populations" were recurring themes of the weekend.

"As a community we've done well at building institutions that keep us sane," said Melinda Paras, a Filipina active in the recently formed Bay Area Lesbians

and ageism the two most common forms of discrimination in the lesbian community. At Sunday's grass-roots organizing workshop, Filipina activist Leni Martin asked how we build a multiracial, multinational and multi-class lesbian movement. Carmen Vazquez told the conference that her belief in coalition building came not from idealism but from her struggle to live in

"As a community we've done well at building institutions that keep us sane, but that community doesn't protect us from the world."

— Paras

of Color and with *Frontline* newspaper. "But that community doesn't protect us from the world." She said that lesbians of color have entertained that illusion less than others and that the need for an agenda that encompasses foreign policy as well as city politics "for us is no news."

Black lesbian author and photographer Virginia Harris called racism

the US as a person of Puerto Rican, black, Jewish and Italian-Catholic heritage and in the straight world as a lesbian.

"We can't let go of one hand," civil rights attorney Mary Dunlap emphasized from the podium in her gym shorts and team baseball shirt. "If we do dismiss bisexuals, prostitutes,

Continued on page 12



Last weekend's LAFAs Conference provided lesbians an opportunity to enjoy each other's companionship in a comfortable, worry-free environment.

Milk, Moscone Memorial March

The ninth annual candlelight memorial march in remembrance of slain SF Supervisor Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone will be held next Friday night, November 27.

The march from Market and Castro Sts. to City Hall will begin at 7 pm and be followed by a rally on the Polk Street steps. The theme of this year's rally will center around the increase of anti-lesbian/gay violence in the era of AIDS.

March participants are asked to donate \$1 to benefit the NAMES Project national tour. Donations of canned foods and usable, clean clothing will be appreciated. The clothing will be distributed to people with AIDS living in downtown and Tenderloin hotels. Canned goods will be used for the NAMES Project holiday dinner and the surplus donated to the SF AIDS Foundation Food Bank.

For more information, call 863-5511.

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Baez, Garcia to Perform AIDS Benefit

Singers Joan Baez and Jerry Garcia will perform a benefit Christmas concert in support of the AIDS Emergency Fund on December 17 at the Warfield Theatre.

The concert "Joan Baez and Friends" will include performances by Linda Tillery, the SF Gay Men's Chorus and the SF Lesbian/Gay Chorus.

Tickets for the show produced by Bill Graham will go on sale Sunday, November 22, at all BASS ticket outlets. 200 tickets donated by a corporate sponsor will be given to PWAs through the AIDS Emergency Fund. All tickets for the two-hour performance are \$20.



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CONTEMPT OF COURT

In the first of a two-part series, Lisa M. Keen explores the history of gay people and the US Supreme Court, beginning with 'Sappho Remembered' and ending at the present moment, with the Gay Games.

Continued from page 1

The cases came from all over the United States. There was the gay activist in Seattle who gained notoriety for kissing a man in public then "marrying" one. From Mississippi came a gay group which tried to place an ad for its new community center in the University of Mississippi student newspaper. And there was the air traffic controller in Denver — married and with kids — who nearly lost his job over a homosexual encounter he had as a teenager.

Many of the cases which sought review from the Supreme Court were set here in DC at such places as the now demolished YMCA and a "homosexual hangout" on P Street. Not all the characters were gay. But each of the cases — more than 50 in all — took a stab and a step toward ending discrimination against gays.

What emerges in a study of these cases is a clear picture that the fight to establish gay rights began long before the Stonewall Rebellion in New York in 1969. In fact, the fight began at least as early as 1958, and it began with individuals. Some were sentenced to prison. Some were deported. Some fought to save their jobs. Some to save their families. Most of them lost. But a surprising number won, including the first.

That "first shot" fired in the gay rights movement in the US courts was triggered in October 1954 by a gay magazine publishing out of Los

Angeles. It was mailed out about every other month to 600 subscribers and was called *One*. But in October 1954 when the publishers delivered copies to the Los Angeles post office for mailing, Otto Olesen, the postmaster for the city, refused to forward the issues. In his judgment, the magazine — which described itself as dealing with scientific, historic and educational issues involving homosexuality — was cheap pornography. A trial court and the US Court of Appeals for the 9th Circuit agreed.

In upholding the postmaster's decision, a 9th Circuit panel argued that *One* magazine did not fulfill its stated purpose but rather had the "primary

What emerges in these cases is that the fight to establish gay rights began long before the Stonewall Rebellion.

purpose of exciting lust, lewd and lascivious thoughts, and sensual desires." In short, it was "morally depraving and debasing."

The 9th Circuit held up as its primary evidence an article called "Sappho Remembered" which appeared in the banned October 1954 issue. That article, said the appeals panel, was a story



about a lesbian's "influence on a young girl only 20 years of age... in her struggle to choose between a life with the lesbian or a normal married life with her childhood sweetheart."

Ironically, the appeals panel neglected to mention the gender of the young girl's "childhood sweetheart," but given the court's overall impression

of the same issue, calling it "dirty, vulgar and offensive to the moral senses."

The poem, "Lord Samuel and Lord Montague," it seems, was indescribable. In fact, said the court, it "pertains to sexual matters of such a vulgar and indecent nature that it tends to arouse a feeling of disgust and revulsion."

"[W]e are not unmindful of the fact that morals are not static like the everlasting hills, but are like the vagrant breezes to which the mariner must ever trim his sails," wrote the appeals panel, exercising its own brand of literature. But *One* magazine, the court concluded, should not be allowed to cruise these postal waters.

(This reporter was unable to obtain a copy of the notorious October 1954 issue of *One*. But the December 1954 issue includes an index which indicates that the banned issue included 53 separate entries, including, apparently, quotes from Shakespeare, James Joyce, Walt Whitman, Oscar Wilde and Queen Victoria. On page 4 of the issue was a column addressing "The Law of

Mailable Material." and on page 7 was an essay entitled "Democracy.")

The publishers of *One* appealed to the US Supreme Court, and on January 13, 1958 — without hearing oral arguments and without issuing a written opinion — the high court reversed the circuit court decision.

Four years after *One, Inc.*, the high court voted 6-1 (2 justices did not participate) that publications carrying photos of nude men could not be refused passage through the postal system. But while the Supreme Court was keeping the postal system open to gays, it was not keeping the borders open. Between the *One, Inc.* decision in 1958 and the *Manual Enterprises v. Day* decision in 1962, the Supreme Court refused to review the deportation order of a resident alien, Ganduxe y Marino. Marino, according to research done by Ohio State University Law School Professor Rhonda Rivera, was deported for failing to tell Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) of

Continued on next page

Poll Now, Cruise Later

The Sentinel Offers a 'Supercruise'® to Mexico for the Price of a Short Quiz

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 Examiner
 NY Times Bay Guardian
 Coming Up! B.A.R.
 Advocate
 Add your own: _____

4 Where do you pick up your copy of the *Sentinel*?

- Bar News Rack
 Restaurant Store
 by Mail 18th & Castro
 Other _____

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 Arts
 Holistics Classifieds

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

- NEWS:**
 News features News interviews
 Sentinel editorial Letters
 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)

ARTS:

- Arts Features Centerfold
 Art/Photography Classics
 Dance Film
 FullFrame Pop
 Less Talk Rock
 Rock Previews Theatre
 Second Glance (Steve Abbott)
 Week at a Glance (calendar)

HOLISTICS:

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

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 No
 If yes, would you pay:
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10 READERSHIP PROFILE:

Age _____
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 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):

Dine out _____
 Attend a movie _____
 See a show _____
 Attend a sporting event _____
 Attend the opera, ballet or symphony _____

SWEEPSTAKES INFO: (Will be separated from reader poll.)

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____ State _____
 Zip: _____ Phone _____

Please return poll to:
SF Sentinel/Reader Poll
 500 Hayes Street
 San Francisco, CA 94102

Continued from previous page

ficials upon entering the country that he had once been arrested for loitering "for the purpose of inducing men to commit acts against nature."

DC Police in the Old Days

The year after *Marino*, 1961, the high court refused to review two civil service employment cases. The first was brought by local gay activist Frank Kameny, seeking to retain his job as an astronomer with the Army Map Service. The second involved Joseph Shields, chief of the Personnel Statistics Branch of the US Air Force.

In May 1954, after working for the Air Force for six years, Shields was notified that he was about to be removed from his job. The reason? A lieutenant commander stationed in Paris had signed a statement saying that nine years earlier he had engaged in sex with Shields. Shields denied it.

The Air Force had more. An undercover officer with the DC Police Department had provided information to the Air Force contending that Shields was "acquainted with" four persons "known to be homosexuals," that he had resided for two weeks at a P Street address which was a "hangout for a homosexual clique," and that he had attended parties given by and attended by "persons identified as homosexuals."

Shields acknowledged knowing the four persons named but said he didn't know they were gay and never attended any gay parties. He also acknowledged having failed to list the P Street address when applying for his job. He only stayed there two weeks and said he simply forgot to include the address.

At a grievance procedure hearing, he was not allowed to have either the lieutenant commander, the DC police informant, nor anyone else who allegedly saw him at the parties testify and undergo cross-examination. The commander was "too busy" to attend the hearing, said the Air Force. The DC police simply did not send anyone. And the other sources, said the military, were "confidential."

Shields was dismissed and took his appeal all the way to the Supreme Court. The government's argument in its written opposition to the high court taking the case contended that Shields' "failure to list his residence at a 'homosexual hangout' blocked investigations which might have been made sooner." The Supreme Court refused to review the case, and Shields, like Kameny, was out of a job.

The following year, 1962, the Supreme Court issued its first written opinion in a gay-related case, *Beard v. Stahl*. The adversary was again the military, and the accomplice was again the DC police.

Lt. Colonel J.B. Beard, married and with five children, was stationed at Fort Monroe, Virginia, and was in Washington for two days in September 1960 for a conference at the Pentagon. According to court records from the US Court of Appeals for DC, Beard was out for an evening walk when he stopped at the YMCA in DC to use the men's room in the basement. He was on his way back outside when a "stranger" in the lobby nodded to him and led him back down to the men's room. Once in the men's room, said the court, the stranger "in rather vulgar phraseology... indicated to [Beard] he was looking for a partner for a homosexual act." Beard told the court that he refused the man and attempted to leave the men's room when the stranger stepped into his path. The "stranger," an undercover officer with the DC police, contended that Beard said yes and touched him "in an indecent manner."

The DC police officer arrested Beard but did not charge him with a crime. Instead, the police turned Beard over to the military, which then began a discharge hearing against the 19-year veteran.

In the circuit court of appeals, judges weighed the evidence that a psychiatrist

had testified that Beard was not gay and weighed Beard's charges that DC police had "declined" to have the undercover officer appear at Beard's discharge hearing for cross-examination. But the court was bothered by its understanding of the Beard had "allowed himself to be lured by a complete stranger into a latrine." The appeals court refused to stop Beard's discharge, and the high court dismissed Beard's legal challenge of the Army's administrative proceedings.

The brief majority opinion simply stated that Beard's challenge of the proceedings was premature because, at the time he filed them, the Secretary of the Army had not yet removed him from the service. But in a relatively lengthy dissent, Justices William Douglas and Hugo Black (two of the three remaining

the Immigration and Naturalization Act of 1952 amended the invitation to exclude persons "afflicted with psychopathic personalities."

Three years after ignoring the *Marino* case, the high court heard oral arguments on a case involving the deportation of a Swiss man, George Fleuti. But on June 17, 1963, the court issued a bitterly divided opinion, not over whether being gay constituted affliction with a psychopathic personality, but over a technical matter concerning whether Fleuti's return to the US after a two-hour visit to Mexico constituted "re-entry" into the US. Although the 9th Circuit had voided the deportation against Fleuti, five justices in the Supreme Court vacated that decision.

Four years later, the high court got

reports. Justice Tom Clark, writing for the majority, noted that the 1952 law was specifically intended to do, among other things, exclude "homosexuals or sex pervers" from immigrating.

"It may be," wrote Clark, "that 'psychopathic personality' is a medically ambiguous term... But the test here is what the Congress intended, not what differing psychiatrists think."

In a lengthy and fiery dissent, Justice Douglas, joined by Justice Abe Fortas, vehemently disagreed.

"The term 'psychopathic personality' is a treacherous one like 'communist' or in an earlier day 'Bolshevik,'" wrote Douglas. "A label of this kind when freely used may mean only an unpopular person. It is much too vague by constitutional standards for the imposition of penalties or

sonality" but a sexual deviant "who by some freak is the product of an arrested development...."

Citing a psychiatrist's report that Boutlier was an "immature young man," Douglas argued that Boutlier was not "afflicted" with homosexuality.

"The fact that he presently has a problem... does not mean that he is or was necessarily 'afflicted' with homosexuality," Douglas contended. The court, Douglas believed, should be guided by the expertise of doctors, not the words of bureaucrats.

The majority opinion in *Boutlier* became the guiding light in subsequent immigration cases, including most recently in *Longstaff v. INS* in 1975 when an Englishman living in Dallas was refused citizenship.

Privacy and the Public Toilet

In between the *Fleuti* and *Boutlier* cases, the Supreme Court received a request to review a case in which Justice Thurgood Marshall — who in a dissent last year voted to extend the right to privacy to the bedroom — argued that privacy does not extend to the public restroom.

Marshall had just begun his tenure as solicitor general, and the case he presented for the government involved two men engaging in sodomy in Public Restroom No. 600 of Yosemite National Park.

According to court records, park rangers had observed "congregations of individuals... believed to be homosexuals" near the restroom in a camping area. "Such individuals," stated Marshall's brief in opposition to the review, "wore unusual and distinctive clothing, engaged in conversations and made remarks which were of a homosexual nature." In an effort to curb alleged homosexual activity inside the restroom, one park ranger and a photographer hid in the ceiling of the restroom and through a hole they had cut there watched men using the bathroom. What they eventually saw,

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THOMAS ALLEMAN



Roosevelt appointees on the court at the time) chastised the court's reluctance to order a "hearing that comports with the requirements of due process."

"The one witness whose testimony was critical to the case was not called," wrote Douglas. "Perhaps the missing accuser... would have made such an unbecoming witness that the [Army Discharge] Board would have dismissed the charges. Faceless informers are often effective if they need not take the stand." Douglas said the high court should "halt this irregular procedure *in limine* [at the beginning]."

The Supreme Court did not intervene in the military's unique brand of justice then, and in the five military-related cases it received subsequently, the high court simply refused to review the military courts' decisions. The last of those military cases appealed to the Supreme Court was from the 9th Circuit, *Hatheway v. Marsh*.

Lt. Joseph Hatheway Jr. was second in command of a Green Beret unit stationed on the West Coast. He was caught naked with an enlisted man from his unit by the enlisted man's roommate who walked in on them. As in the *Newak v. Air Force* case — which the US Military Court of Appeals reversed this month on a legal technicality — the enlisted person was given immunity to testify against the officer. Hatheway's attorney brought forth a psychiatrist who testified at the court-martial that because Hatheway had been drinking during the encounter with the enlisted man, Hatheway had been suffering from "pathological intoxication" and did not know he was participating in "sodomitic acts." His attorney also charged that the Army statute prohibiting sodomy, Article 125, was enforced only against personnel engaging in homosexual sodomy, thus violating the Green Beret's right to equal protection under the Constitution. When the Supreme Court refused to review the case, the 9th Circuit decision stuck and so did Hatheway's dismissal from the service only 10 days before he was due to receive an honorable discharge.

About Those 'Huddled Masses'

In only one other category besides the military has the Supreme Court consistently ruled against the rights of gays — immigration. While the Statue of Liberty proclaims America's welcome to the tired and poor, the "huddled masses yearning to breathe free,"

around to arguing about what constitutes a "psychopathic personality," and the four justices who had dissented in the *Fleuti* deportation switched places with two justices who had upheld the deportation on the technical issue.

The case this time was *Boutlier v. INS*, involving a gay man from Canada, Clive Boutlier, who sought citizenship in the US where his mother, stepfather and three of his brothers and sisters were living. In a 6-3 decision, the high court held that the term "psychopathic personality" was intended to exclude gays and that it was not unconstitutional.

Pointing to congressional committee

punishment," Douglas further argued that it was "not credible" that Congress intended to exclude gays.

"It is common knowledge that in this century homosexuals have risen high in our own public service — both in Congress and in the Executive Branch — and have served with distinction," he explained. "It is therefore not credible that Congress wanted to deport everyone and anyone who was a sexual deviate."

Douglas was fighting for gay rights, but his choice of argument revealed he was not necessarily the court progressive. A gay person, he went on to explain, was not a "psychopathic per-

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

EDITORIAL

The Heart of the Matter

During political campaigns, much ado is made over a candidate's position on the left-to-right spectrum. This year mayoral candidate Roger Boas located himself on the right, while John Molinari occupied the center, and Art Agnos landed on the left. Each extreme fears its counterpart; and the person in the middle is often considered a compromiser, weak and ineffectual. While party affiliation matters, most often it is the conservative-centrist liberal stance on issues that garners or loses votes.

Gay people must look beyond popular ways of choosing candidates and facing issues. We are a creative community, and we must draw upon a more basic, fundamental criteria for achieving justice. We must become radicals.

The very term "radical" evokes images of unbalanced, fanatic leaders like Moammar Khaddafi wandering with his followers through the desert, planning to rule the world. Webster defines it very differently: 1) from Latin radic, radix, root, or at the root, a basic principle; 2) marked by a considerable departure from the usual or traditional; 3) tending or disposed to make extreme changes in existing views, habits, conditions or institutions.

Another way of defining radical is to go to the heart of the matter, not to approach it from the left or even the middle, but to penetrate to the core. Being radical means going beyond politics, beyond popular or traditional solutions; sometimes it means stepping outside the law when the law is unjust.

In this issue we are featuring a history of cases in the United States Supreme Court involving gay people. There have been 56 cases over the past 30 years. In all too many instances the Court ruled against the gay person. Only recently, as our movement

became public and vocal, have powerful, radical means of responding evolved.

Last month's civil disobedience at the Court offered a diverse portrait of hundreds of fine, gentle men and women who were outraged over lack of government funding for AIDS research, outraged over the *Bowers v. Hardwick* decision, outraged over the defeat of SF Arts and Athletics in the attempt to obtain usage of the term "Gay Olympics." Most of these 600 people were unlikely candidates for arrest. Herb Donaldson is a gay man and a judge in the city. Yet he was angry enough to make this public statement, sit on the ground holding hands with his support group and be hauled off by the police.

One of my lovely friends was arrested in a tweed coat and paisley tie, an Ivy League graduate radicalized by his deep knowledge that gay love is good. Another friend, a quiet financial analyst for a local bank, was arrested wearing a T-shirt bearing the picture of his lover who died of AIDS last year. Yet another friend appeared in a news photograph smiling serenely on the steps of the Court, with a phalanx of police officers behind him. He, in fact, spent 40 hours in jail sustained by watered-down lemonade and the camaraderie of his affinity group. When I met Scott a decade ago, his politics were about as radical as those of my grandmother in Cleveland. But he knew that his love was good and refused to be denied by a court of his right to live that love freely, in the sunlight.

Being radical is a natural outgrowth of coming out. Love transcends politics and left-to-right spectrums. As gay people we must turn the source of our oppression into our most powerful tool for attaining justice. ■



THOMAS ALTMAN

LETTERS

The Right Stuff

To the Editor:

While I was waiting for the 33 bus at 18th and Castro yesterday, I was sitting on the bench there with a copy of the *BAR*. I started flipping through it, and finally I just said to the guy next to me, "I can't read this paper — it's just all bad news!" He replied, "I tried to read one this morning."

And now my sweetheart just comes up the stairs and brings me the latest *Sentinel* and what a difference! Immediate! Your whole front page is dynamite! Thanks for emphasizing positive stuff. I don't know how you manage to keep up such great quality, but you do:

Clear Englebert

Kudos to Camille

To the Editor:

Thank you so much for printing Camille Roy's coverage of *Sex Work: Writings by Women in the Sex Industry* (Sept. 4, 1987). Roy's reporting, in the special section on "Feminism & the Politics of Sex," was a much appreciated breath of fresh air.

Felice Newman
Co-Editor, *Cleis Press*

Clarifications

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter to clarify and to correct statements that were made in the article entitled "Lavender Vets for Peace," which was written by Alex MacDonald in your last issue.

The second paragraph of the article is the one that mainly needs to be corrected. It stated: "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."

Lavender Veterans was conceived while working as a member of the Bay Area Outreach Committee for the National March and not through the NAMES Project. That is an important clarification since I was unable to donate time or work to the NAMES Project as so many workers did. It was the Radical Faeries who turned us on to the idea of the "earth skirts" which some of us wore during the March and which we continue to wear.

The last clarification that needs to be made is regarding the local townspeople of El Cua, Nicaragua. I did not say nor do I believe that I am the only openly gay man the people have ever seen. I did not mean nor do I mean to even imply such a statement.

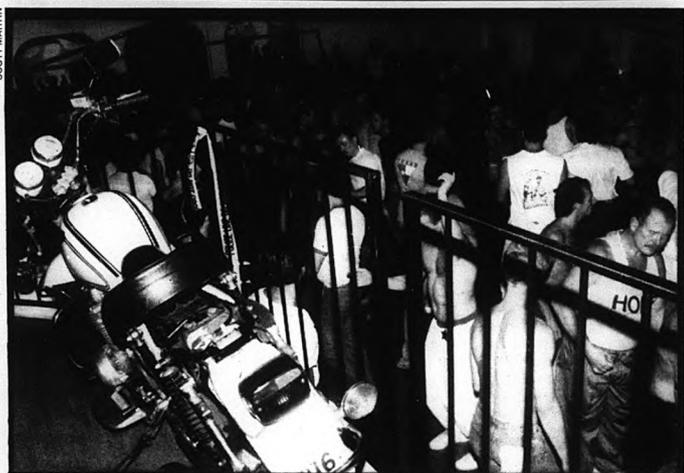
Michael Job

Dishing Diva et Al.

To the Editor:

Having followed the "Brown Bomber" for eight years now, I wish to share some insights with you concerning this comic strip. The author of the strip has all the right intentions; however, the strip reeks of puritanical respectability. Gay people cannot win at convincing the ignorant and puritanical by being puritanical themselves; this ethic has nothing but dead-end remedies for gay rights.

The Brown Bomber is bogged down in respectability and a protracted adolescence. He does not date, get



"Cop shoppers" cruise and dance with lesbian/gay police officers during last Sunday's "Pigs in Paradise" fundraiser at Dreamland Disco. The benefit for the AIDS Emergency Fund netted \$2,000 for the organization that provides direct services to people with AIDS.

visited by neighbors who are Jehovah Witnesses or find himself in someone else's bed; he does not ever go to bars nor run into someone from the "Christian" right. He never develops sarcasm or cultivates sardonic wit — despite the fact that the society in which he lives is cruel, hostile and absurd.

Divya Touche Flambe is not very gay, either. Instead of being a rough-and-tough black lesbian who will jump on any slob like "white on rice," she's more like a vestal virgin. She has none of the wit that gay women have, and like her counterpart, the Brown Bomber, she also leads a rather boring life. She has no wild scenes at women's bars and has

never had a scene with the Hayward Police Department.

It's time to regard puritanical morality for what it is: antiquated hypocrisy. I think that the characters of the strip should give the insipid majority hell. There is a lot to be said for a little bit of seething parody and sarcasm.

Conrado J. Principe

Official Violence

To the Editor:

This week may provide very graphic evidence of the viciousness of some Republicans and conservatives toward gay people. If the Gramm-Rudman cuts are allowed to be im-

plemented, AIDS funding will be frozen or even cut. Our government will have made the conscious decision that weapons systems, Star Wars, hypersonic planes, Contra funding and all the rest are more important than giving hope to thousands of Americans in their battle against this terrible plague.

Gays have always had to deal with violence. What is frightening is that violence and bigotry are increasingly becoming official policy. Gays and lesbians must understand the seriousness of the threat to our community. We must work, help, support and donate to only those candidates who will defend our community. Some

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

ROBERT M. GOLOVICH

The Price of Revenge

If people want to get a good idea of the kind of mayor Art Agnos will be if he is elected on December 8, they might be interested in a remark made by Agnos' campaign manager Richie Ross, as reported by the pro-Agnos columnist for the *Examiner*, Rob Morse.

According to Morse, Ross said that if there were one position he would want in an Agnos administration it would be "Minister of Revenge." Actually, it is England, not San Francisco, that has ministers. But perhaps Ross envisions Agnos as being more of a king than a mayor.

Agnos and his allies are used to handing out political punishment. When Julie Tang had the audacity to oppose Lou Papan, another former member of Agnos' machine, her name was wiped off a slate card that she had already paid for. Likewise, when an aide to Leo McCarthy, Agnos' mentor,

backed Harry Britt for Congress rather than machine-picked Nancy Pelosi, he was promptly fired from McCarthy's staff.

So it's not surprising for people to report that punishment will be meted out to those who opposed Agnos in this election. But there are a couple of problems with that.

One problem of concern to our community is that most of the leaders of lesbian and gay organizations backed Molinari. These are people who didn't achieve their success at the hands of Molinari patronage; they were chosen

for leadership positions in their various organizations. That is how they came to know and work with Molinari in the first place.

If Art Agnos were to exclude these people from access to or influence with City Hall, he would essentially be inflicting revenge on not merely hundreds of individuals, but on virtually every lesbian and gay organization in our community. His attitude would force organizations to choose between loyalty to members of their community or loyalty to City Hall. That is ward politics at its ugliest.

The second problem with this revenge talk is very simple — Agnos isn't mayor yet. We still have time to remember the last time we witnessed such an open display of political revenge mentality. It was a politician who had been elected president with a huge majority and set about to "screw"

his enemies.

That politician was Richard Nixon. Perhaps it is only coincidence that Art Agnos has on several occasions said that he would reach out to his ideological opposites in the same fashion as "Nixon going to China." On the other hand, perhaps the comparison is subconsciously more accurate than Agnos realizes.

We have seen ugly intimidation tactics by some Agnos campaigners in our community. Many of those people now talk about "revenge," and make coy remarks about punishing — or not punishing — opponents.

Perhaps they should remember who, in a democracy, always has the final revenge. It is the people. Richard Nixon learned that lesson the hard way. With the final vote for mayor yet to take place, Art Agnos and his machine would be wise to heed that lesson, too. ■

FROM THE DESK

DAVID M. LOWE

Police State

"The *Missouri* at any cost" appears to be the new motto of the Feinstein administration — even if it means risking possible violations of the law and seriously restricting access to information by the press.

This week's hearings before the SF Port Commission on Feinstein's hastily contrived "temporary" homeporting plan for the USS *Missouri* resembled a police state.

The commission, without notification, allowed only testimony from persons who had signed up 30 minutes prior to the meeting. I suspect supporters of the Feinstein plan were informed of this rule to ensure their remarks would be included.

The administration also invoked the little-used fire marshal law that limited access to the room to 50 people. Given the administration's knowledge that many people were interested in the issue, it was a blatant attempt to restrict testimony. If Feinstein and her appointees to the Port Commission had truly been committed to fair and open hearings on the matter, they would have moved the meeting to a space large enough to accommodate the anticipated turnout.

Besides restricting access to the hearings to a specific number, the administration also selectively enforced a rotation rule. While some people were forced to stand in line to gain temporary access long enough to give testimony, Feinstein supporter State Senator Quentin Kopp and others were given open entry and exit privileges.

Even reporters and photographers were not granted open access to the hearings. *Sentinel* reporter Alex Mac-

Donald and photo editor Thomas Alleman were forced to stand in line to obtain temporary entry. MacDonald could not even obtain a copy of the document the port commissioners were considering or written testimony given by Supervisor Nancy Walker.

Given the manner in which the administration restricted access to the press, I'm surprised you got any news at all on the hearings. MacDonald and I had to talk to people outside the hearings or on the telephone the next day to obtain what little information was available.

There is also doubt that the administration gave adequate notice of the hearings with announcements of the meeting mailed late last Friday catching most of the supervisors by surprise.

Now the administration is putting pressure on the Board of Supervisors to hold hearings before the end of Feinstein's administration without any attention to due process or allowing ample time for open discussions on the issue.

Not a chance, Dianne. Whether you're committed to the democratic process or not, many public servants are. We're not ready to circumvent the laws or bow to undue pressure just

because your time is running out and you want the *Missouri* at any cost.

Roger's Rousing Reception

Now the news about a couple of class acts.

Former mayoral contender Roger Boas hadn't even made it inside the front door of the Agnos for Mayor headquarters last Monday when the assemblyman's supporters broke into rhythmic footstomping and applause on his behalf.

Boas had come to announce his support for Agnos' candidacy and was received with enthusiasm that reverberated off the walls of the cavernous campaign offices.

Paradoxically, the wild reception he received was probably greater than any during his campaign. The overwhelming support from these grass-roots liberals seemed to surprise Boas, who probably never got such a reception from his moderate-to-conservative supporters. All the hoopla noticeably lifted the spirits of the man who fought a tough battle which brought him surprisingly close to defeating Molinari and making the runoff.

Boas, who showed real class even in defeat, didn't presume that he could tell his supporters how to vote. "They have to vote for who they think is the most qualified," said Boas. "For me that person is Art Agnos. He has the broadest vision, the most receptive to new ideas and is very, very dedicated. I'm just one citizen, and I'm going to vote for Art. As a public figure, I thought it was a matter the public should know about. I wouldn't

presume to tell anyone else how to vote."

Agnos accepted the Boas endorsement as an introduction to Roger's supporters saying he would have to "earn their support."

Boas denied his support of Agnos was any kind of deal, saying, "Art couldn't give me anything. I wanted to be mayor."

Congress Comes to Town

A congressional subcommittee will be in SF next Monday holding field hearings on the federal government's response to AIDS.

The hearings, scheduled at the request of Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi, will be held at the Department of Public Health, 101 Grove Street, Room #300, beginning at 9:30 am on Monday, 11/23.

This is your chance to let Congress

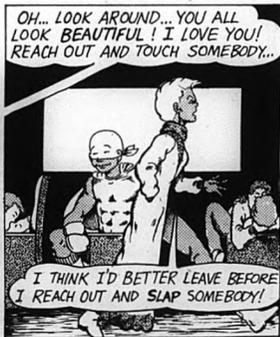
Continued on next page



Assemblyman Art Agnos (left) accepts the endorsement of his candidacy from third-place finisher Roger Boas.

CATHARTIC COMICS

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



AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

Finally, a Good Lawyer Movie!

It's happened! Hollywood has finally come through with a courtroom drama that even lawyers can enjoy. And that's not just because the public defender gets mugged at the beginning of the movie! As a matter of fact, you wouldn't have thought that Cher could play a defense attorney as well as she does in this movie.

Currently the number 5 box office attraction is *Suspect*, also starring Denis Quaid. The show gets off to a fast start with a Supreme Court Justice committing suicide, a Justice department clerk getting murdered, and Cher getting mugged as she waits in her car for a traffic light.

She then heads to court where she is appointed to defend the indigent transient who has been arrested for the murder of the secretary. As soon as she gets into a holding cell with him, he smacks her on the head. Twice the defense attorney has been attacked in one day! She still represents him, of course, and maybe that's a bit illogical, but it works in the movie.

Usually lawyer shows cause me to grit my teeth because they are so far from reality. This movie has a major

flaw in that regard — it's about the defense attorney and Quaid, a juror in the trial, becoming allies in the search for evidence to show that the homeless guy is innocent.

Quaid starts it off with an anonymous phone call to Cher, telling her something about her client she hadn't appeared to notice. At their first confrontation, she tells him to bug off for fear that she could be accused of jury tampering.

It doesn't stop though, since Quaid seems determined to play investigator. This is a bit reminiscent of another famous courtroom drama, *Twelve Angry Men*, where Henry Fonda played a juror who played detective and singlehandedly convinced the 11 remaining jurors of the defendant's innocence. That movie caused me a great

deal of trouble last year when a female juror on a rape case I was prosecuting decided to play Henry Fonda and investigate the case on her own. Only after the other jurors refused to deliberate further did the judge find out and have the investigating juror excused. Then a guilty verdict was quick to follow — not everybody's innocent, you see.

Jurors are admonished frequently throughout a trial that they are not allowed to form any opinion until the case is over, not allowed to discuss the case with anybody — their wives, friends, lovers or defense attorneys — and not allowed to visit the scene of the crime or perform any investigation of their own. They are supposed to be impartial, making their decision based only on the evidence lawfully admitted by the judge. For that reason, defense and prosecuting attorneys rarely, if ever, are allowed to sit on a jury in a criminal case.

But Quaid was a big chance for the prosecutor to take in this movie. He violated every rule in the book — calling Cher, meeting with her, visiting the scene, gathering evidence, researching case law, and even kissing the defense attorney. He wisely tells her, however, that he'll vote guilty if the guy really did it. I didn't tell you that he also saves Cher's life, but that's because if I told you that she gets assaulted again, you'd think that I enjoyed seeing the public

defender learn what it's like to be a victim of crime. The truth is, their job is hard enough without getting assaulted throughout the case.

Well, I guess I should tell you that she gets attacked once more in the movie, this time by the real killer, and once again Quaid saves her. But I haven't told you enough about the movie to ruin the suspense, and this show has a lot of it. It's a very real courtroom drama, and Cher is great at conveying the true concern that an attorney has for her client. Like most defense attorneys, she devotes long hours to her job and the fact that she succumbs to the persistent attempts by Quaid to intercede is made easier to accept by the fact that Cher conveys this dedication with such accuracy. Her case is falling apart, yet her belief in her client remains strong, and here is this handsome juror willing to go out of his way to help her with the case. After all, we know her client must be innocent, so it's easier to accept, at least for the movie, that she allows herself to do things for which she should be disbarred.

The greatest burden a defense attorney has is to defend an innocent client. This movie helps the viewer to see the burden on the shoulders of the attorney, and Cher is surprisingly good at conveying the stress that burden causes. But then, innocent people only go to trial in the movies, don't they?

Once again, Bank of America is offering a "service" to its cardholders

which gives credit and ATM cards protection from unauthorized use. After a three month "free" period, the cost of this service is \$36 for three years of coverage. Your liability for unauthorized use is set by law at a \$50 maximum per credit card, and that's only if the loss occurs before you notify the credit card company. If you only have one card, you only have to make one call and may not be liable for anything.

Without making a judgment on the wisdom of accepting the B of A offer, I simply re-offer this summary of your credit and ATM card rights and responsibilities.

You are not liable for unauthorized use of your credit card unless all of the following three conditions are met: If the card issuer (1) has notified you of your limited liability; and (2) has provided you with adequate means to notify them of the credit card loss; and (3) has provided a means of identifying the authorized user. If those conditions are met, then you are liable to \$50 per card for transactions occurring before you notify the card issuer of the loss. If you notify them before any transactions are made, then there is no liability at all.

It's just a little different with ATM cards. If you notify the card issuer within two days, your liability is limited to \$50. After that, your liability may be up to \$500. If you don't tell them within 60 days of receiving a bank statement showing that unauthorized charges are being made, then you could be liable for the entire amount in your bank account. Protect those PIN numbers! ■

FROM THE DESK

Continued from previous page

know what you think of the Reagan Administration's inaction on the AIDS epidemic. Come support those who will be testifying on our behalf.

'Home for the Holidays'

If you couldn't make it to Washing-

ton for the unveiling of the AIDS Quilt, you'll get a chance to relive the moment on December 17. That evening, the NAMES Project will recreate the ceremonial unfolding at the Moscone Center. The \$50 fundraiser will benefit the Project's national tour.

If you can't afford to attend the fundraiser, you can still view the quilt on

Friday, December 18 through Sunday, December 20 at the Moscone Center.

NAMES Project Executive Director Cleve Jones is close to signing a deal with two major corporate sponsors to underwrite the Moscone display entitled "Home for the Holidays."

Sacto March Update

The date of the March on Sacramento has been changed from Memorial Day to Sunday, May 7, 1988, to coincide with nationwide demonstrations by civil disobedience groups.

Hallmark Packs Up

The Phillip's Hallmark store on Castro just packed up and left last week. A spokesperson for the store who asked not to be identified told the *Sentinel*, "The owner decided to close the

store because it wasn't making enough money. The business just wasn't the same anymore."

They didn't close because the business was failing, just not making enough money. Well, I guess you shouldn't expect them to hang in there and support a community when they were only interested in making money. They wouldn't even put up a March on Washington poster. Good riddance.

Dancing David

This week "Care to Dance" organizers Paul Boneberg and Ralph Payne descended upon my office and asked me to participate in their dance marathon to fight AIDS being held at the I-Beam on Sunday, December 6, from 2 pm-2 am.

I have agreed to attempt dancing for 10 hours to benefit Mobilization Against AIDS. Now I need your help filling my dance card. If you'd like to support our efforts, give me a call and sign on as a sponsor.

Maybe I'll be able to sweat off those



extra pounds I've been trying to shed and raise a few bucks for the folks who have spent a lot of time lobbying on behalf of our community and its fight against repressive AIDS legislation.

Call me at 861-8100. Or, if you'd like to sign up as a dancer yourself, call 863-4676. See you at the I-Beam. ■



NAMES Project Quilt will be on display December 18-20 at Moscone Center.

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LEARN HOW TO PLAN A NEW KITCHEN

A new program that will teach you how to select, design and plan a new kitchen is now offered by **The Kitchen Center** located at 1665 Mission St. (near Van Ness) in San Francisco.

Free classes are Saturdays, 10 a.m., November 21st and 28th.

This new seminar will show you the latest ideas in cabinet styles, counter surfaces, appliances, floor coverings, sinks, lighting and storage. You will also learn how to plan your color theme. The class takes place in a model kitchen showroom displaying the latest storage options and accessories. It's a great way to start planning.

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Gay Columnist

Continued from page 3

jail."

The *Journal* itself became controversial over its *National Enquirer*-style news report. There were national news articles about the *Journal*'s revelation. The *Journal* responded with a partial editorial apology and published letters to the editor which called its coverage "unnecessary," "vindictive" and "not germane." The *Journal* has not mentioned Winans' sex life since 1984.

Winans was prosecuted and lost in the lower courts and appealed. During Winans' October 7 hearing before the high court, which the *Sentinel* attended, Winans appeared confident. Two justices questioned whether he was legally guilty under current anti-fraud provisions. Chief Justice William Rehnquist and Justice Antonia Scalia expressed doubts about the government's case. They questioned whether there was damage involved if there had been no financial loss to the *Journal* from what happened.

The *Journal* contended that its

reputation was of value and that it had been damaged. Scalia asked, "But is that criminal?" Winans and Carpenter, who no longer live together, appeared surprised that the courtroom was crowded and appeared to be confident after the hearings. They were obviously enjoying the attention later outside of the courtroom when they were approached by 30 reporters and photographers — but they would not comment on the case.

The Supreme Court ruled that monetary loss does not have to be a factor in wire fraud — that it is enough that there be an intangible factor such as a newspaper's reputation. The stakes were high in the Winans ruling for some Wall Street manipulators now under investigation. Numerous federal investigations and prosecutions by the federal Securities and Exchange Commission had been virtually halted until the Winans case was resolved. These cases will now proceed, and the ruling is being held as a victory for the SEC.

Winans is expected to begin his 18-month sentence within the next 60 days unless he is able to somehow reduce the sentence through further court action. ■

POINT OF VIEW

BILL FOLK

Living with AIDS Antibodies Being Positive About Being Positive

"I feel like a leper," "I feel contaminated," "I feel diseased," "I feel dirty," "I feel I have just been given the death sentence," "I feel overwhelmed and devastated," "I have a lover and I keep wondering when he will leave me," "I'm not in a relationship now and feel that because I'm 'positive' I will probably never have someone to love me ever again."

These are the very real statements of those who have tested positive for the AIDS antibody. And how sad it is that people feel this way about themselves. These are the individuals who have tested positive but who are physically healthy. Some have only recently received their test results; some have known their status for years.

Regardless of time these individuals have lived with their test results, the effects are basically the same. And it is clear that most people who take the test and receive a positive result are shattered by the news, even when they have already suspected they were positive before the test.

I have worked with AIDS-related issues for the past four-and-a-half years, ever since I came to San Francisco. And in all this time, with all my work, with all my reading, with all my research, I have never heard anyone articulate the psychosocial damage caused by the awareness that one is positive for AIDS antibodies.

Gaining a Perspective

AIDS has not come upon us in a very rational way. Because it involves so many social taboos, our general societal response has been one of panic and hysteria. As a culture, we don't like be-

in general, personal mortality specifically. But these are huge topics and not central to this discussion.

The questions at hand are: 1) How do we gain a perspective about AIDS and about testing positive for the AIDS antibody? 2) How do we not let the positive test results destroy our lives? 3) If we are currently healthy, though positive, how do we stay healthy on all levels — physically, emotionally and spiritually? and 4) How do we get on with our lives and continue to feel good about who we are as human beings?

I am frequently frustrated and angry with the medical profession for their willingness to perpetuate half-truths — and for their unwillingness to communicate more openly and directly and to see possibilities for staying healthy beyond their limited perspective focused on illness, disease and death.

At the same time, I have great empathy for the medical and scientific communities; their power and authority are being scrutinized and questioned like never before in history. Personally, I believe this is healthy for us all. As we regain some of our personal power for our own health and well-being, we will have less reason to blame doctors and scientists for not being perfect, for not having all the answers.

One of the things I never seem to hear regarding the AIDS antibody test and being positive is the fact that our immune systems are supposed to make antibodies. That is what healthy, properly functioning immune systems do. What we individually don't know is to what extent our immune system is functioning; i.e., to what degree it is doing what it is designed to do — fight foreign agents like the AIDS virus.

In spite of the grim reports about the large numbers who are positive and who will ultimately get AIDS and die, I refuse to believe what we are being told. Call me naive, call me unrealistic, but I

also know the powerful effects these negative messages can have on us psychologically as well as physically. It is not necessary for me to quote the extensive research; we all know about the power of the mind and how emotions and stress are related to disease. Being positive is no guarantee we will develop full-blown AIDS and die.

But unfortunately, what is being heard is: being positive equals death. From my experience, when people are told they are positive for the AIDS antibody, they immediately believe they have been sentenced to die. *This simply is not true.* We must stop perpetuating this lie. Just because the 20 people in the next room get AIDS and die, doesn't mean you or I will. Why are we so willing to accept the word of others who, in fact, have no real knowledge of our inner workings?

Giving Up Our Power

One of the major problems with us in this society is that we have given up our personal power to others — to doctors, to scientists, to politicians, to all those authority figures who have decided know us better than we know ourselves, and who we want to say and do what is best for us. We just don't want responsibility. This way we have someone to blame when our life doesn't work the way we would like. We are a culture, really a world of people who do not wish to assume any responsibility. And in fact, we are all victims. No wonder the media loves that word *victim*.

It is especially easy for us as gay men to believe all the gloom and doom of the traditional medical and scientific establishments. We have lived such oppressed lives for so long that it is easier to give in or give up rather than fight. After all, haven't we believed all along how innately bad and evil we are?

Historically, as gay men, we have struggled to find even an ounce of self-worth in a world that says we are worthless. Add on top of this history of low self-image a positive antibody test, and it is easy to see how devastated we can become, how frightened, how hopeless.

Many of us sadly would welcome getting AIDS; it could provide an early out for a life that is marginally fulfilling at best.

Seeking a Way Out

Since August, I have been offering support groups for men who have tested positive. I have seen the tragic effects; I have heard the nightmare stories; I have felt the sadness, the pain, the loneliness and isolation of these men.

But through it all, there is an undercurrent of determination, and I have also seen the courage, the willingness to risk, to open up, to reach out, to not accept what could easily be acceptable. The groups run for eight weeks, and although that seems like a short amount of time, I have seen miracles happen. I have seen isolation turn to a feeling and sense of connectedness; I have seen despair turn to hope, and fear turn to love.

There seems to be a power in people coming together and opening up to one another emotionally. It is the magic that happens when people are willing to risk and to find in others what they are often afraid to see in themselves: the beauty of being human. It is the willingness to let go of those ideas and beliefs that separate us that allows us to discover those things we all have in common. It is the willingness to reconnect with a trust in one's self and reclaim one's power that makes the difference. And it is about acting on that power.

In the support groups, I think many of the participants are surprised to discover how little time is really spent on being antibody positive. The real issues are about living, about the quality of life. Being antibody positive must be seen as an opportunity. We must stop seeing the glass as half empty when it could just as easily be half full.

Bill Folk is a licensed Marriage, Family and Child Counselor in private practice. He currently leads support groups for gay and bisexual men who are antibody positive and healthy. For more information about the groups, call 621-5413.



Bill Folk.

ing confronted so blatantly with subjects we would rather not think about, let alone talk about, not to mention do something about: sexuality in general, and homosexuality specifically; death

the likelihood that Agnos will be the next mayor. Unable to gain full access to the hearing, the *Sentinel* had to obtain Harris' testimony and the Walker letter at our offices the next day.

Questions about the Navy's policy regarding lesbians and gays were also raised by activist Pat Norman. "The mayor has said I don't care about whether the Navy is going to treat you without discrimination. She's clear about that," Norman told the *Sentinel*. Norman was not allowed to testify, because she had not signed up 30 minutes prior to the hearings.

"I'm not interested in my property tax money going to make a discriminatory employer comfortable," said Wahl on the lesbian/gay discrimination issue. "The Navy is the most homo-

phobic employer in the world. Their hiring policies towards lesbians, gays and bisexuals reflect the same attitudes as [those held by] Jesse Helms."

Feinstein has requested the Board of Supervisors to address the temporary homeporting plan at their December 21 meeting. Supervisor Walker has expressed doubts that the issue can come before the Board that quickly.

Walt Westman proudly displays his find — a bark beetle — to fellow members of the SF Hiking Club at Gay Sports Day on Sunday morning after spending the night camping out on Angel Island.



Missouri

Continued from page 3



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LETTERS

Continued from page 8

Republicans and conservatives want to see us dead. Will we stand by and let them succeed?

Patrick A. Tifer

The following letter was sent to the SF Jacks.

Savage Already

To the Editor:

This evening while looking over your December 1987 newsletter, I saw under *What's Happening* for Nov. 23:

Pilgrims and Indians. Celebrate Thanksgiving with a Bondage/Ripoff night; learn what lack of freedom is; wear things the savages can rip off you. Be there or be squaw.

I find this imagery to be extremely offensive. It is both racist and sexist. I have no problem visualizing gays ripping bonds or even clothes off of each other and enjoying some sort of "savage" fantasy.

But they need not fantasize at being Indians (or Chicanos or blacks) to accomplish this. After all, white gays can remain well within their own Euro-cultural reality, and still fantasize quite successfully at being savages. Europeans have been busy savaging each other for centuries. They came to this continent and savaged the indigenous peoples — and wrote the crabbed history which turns the victim into the oppressor.

In order to encourage white colonization, the native peoples were depicted as being uncivilized nomads in a wilderness. These so-called nomads hunted and grew crops. They had enough surplus food to help feed, at one time or another, all thirteen of those historic, beloved, struggling little white colonies, which very likely wouldn't have survived without that food. So now we see what bloodthirsty *ingrates* and *liars* those Europeans turned out to be. So much for the historically misinformation. So much for your cultural conceits and pretensions. So much for your damaging stereotypes. Get over it.

"Be there or be squaw" — I see your point. After all, what right-thinking Jacks member wants to be

called a woman... and an Indian woman, at that? I was raised by an Indian woman. She taught me that to have peace one must respect the rights of others. And I grew up without the feeling that I should look on other cultures as my adversaries. Look around you, pals; this nation's chickens are starting to come home to roost. And no small part of the problems here and abroad are due to racist and sexist attitudes.

Antonio Perales

The following letter was sent to Henry Muller, editor of *Time*.

'A Small Protest'

Dear Mr. Muller:

On October 11th of this year, a demonstration was held in Washington, DC, to protest the current administration's attitude of generally ignoring the crisis of AIDS in the United States and to recognize that homosexuality is not a matter of choice but a natural occurrence and that the laws should reflect knowledge of the 20th century.

The event was not only a protest but also a memorial to all of those who have already died from this disease. An enormous quilt was displayed which contained the names of 1,920 people who have already died from the disease. The name panels for the quilt were prepared by friends and loved ones of the deceased.

The number which came to Washington was variously estimated at between 200,000 and 650,000. Not an insignificant event.

There were 600 persons arrested at the Supreme Court for peaceful civil disobedience. Not an insignificant event.

The Reverend Jesse Jackson addressed those assembled along with other notable persons. Not an insignificant event.

Yet *Time* could find nothing newsworthy about any of this and reported absolutely nothing. As a subscriber, I find this to exhibit a very special kind of prejudice, and it lends credence to the criticism often heard that the press creates the news by its choice of what to report and not report. The choice not to report

in this case is blatant.

As a small protest, my subscription will not be renewed this January. My label is enclosed for your information. I wish you better news reporting in the future and a more intelligent approach to AIDS and homosexuality, which must be a difficult subject for your publication.

David P. Gaskin

Outrage over Flyer

To the Editor:

How does one contain outrage? Last week I was walking down Castro Street and I found a copy of the *Sentinel* at the corner of 18th. In the middle of the paper was a flyer advertisement from a Colorado corporation. The ad was for a commemorative coin that obliging gays can now buy to show how easily they can be exploited: the coin boasts a bad illustration of a young, dark male and some pseudo-poetic writing. More importantly, of course, this charming token pays tribute to those who have died in the AIDS crisis. And out of the hundred dollars you send to this corporation, \$26 or so will go to an AIDS center in Colorado.

The ugliness and madness of this sort of exploitation ought to be quite obvious. And I'm upset because people who have died are not being paid tribute by this sort of thing. The dignity of their deaths is simply and effortlessly being trampled upon. The stupidity and real injustice of such unbridled capitalism is frankly horrifying.

Who are these people to mock those who have died with their money-making operations? And how can this sort of thing be endorsed by a gay newspaper? We may correctly blast the straight community for a lot of things, but at least they're not dumb enough to tolerate the idea of a commemorative coin for survivors of a fatal disease!

John J. Powers

The *Sentinel* welcomes your letters. All submissions 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.

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.

All you have to do is ask your friends to pledge a small amount of money for each hour that you dance at the Dance-A-Thon, collect the money, and dance! Let's harness the fantastic energy generated at the discos. Fight AIDS while you dance!

WHERE? The I-BEAM, 1748 Haight, San Francisco

WHEN? Sunday, December 6th — 2 pm till 2 am

IT'S SIMPLE!

1. Complete the Registration Form below and return it to Mobilization Against AIDS. We will send your DANCE CARD on which to gather pledges.
2. Start talking up the event to your friends and collecting checks for their pledged amount.
3. DANCE!

- YES! I Care to Dance. Send me my Dance Card / Registration Kit.
 Furthermore, this is such a great idea that I've enclosed a contribution of \$25 \$10 \$5 to help with organizing expenses.
 Dancing isn't really my game but here's a contribution to help Mobilization Against AIDS.

Dancer's Name _____ Phone _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(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.



Roberta Achtenberg, Virginia Harris, Carole Migden and Melinda Paras (l-r) participate in a panel discussion at the LAFA Conference.

Lesbian Agenda

Continued from page 5

friendly men or heterosexual feminists," she said, "we break the whole chain."

Dunlap touched on another theme of the weekend — the importance of lesbian visibility and its relationship to political influence — in her hard-hitting remarks on three strategic responses to three great lesbian fears: fear of being hated or hurt for being lesbians, fear of losing on issues we might take up to fight, and fear of the sheer dimensions of homophobia.

A number of speakers also raised independently the question of leadership — how to identify it, develop it and hold it accountable. "Having seen leadership exercised in anti-democratic ways, where someone takes all the power, lesbians have tended to reject the notion of leaders as a male concept," comments Pam David. But many lesbian activists have come to the conclusion that we need to rethink that stance, she says.

Conference organizers note the fact that in San Francisco several political campaign organizations for the first time are looking at lesbians as a voting constituency separate from gay men. Pam David also recalls how her descriptions of the upcoming conference

"struck a chord" with lesbians she met from around the country while serving as national outreach coordinator for the March on Washington. Lesbian Agenda for Action believes these, among other indicators, show that defining a distinct lesbian political agenda is an idea whose time has come.

The accuracy of that belief may begin to unfold in 1988 as LAFA works to build up its membership of individuals and organizations and to refine the "agenda" that the conference started to articulate. The organization's next public happenings will be a December 5 event featuring lesbian-feminist luminary Charlotte Bunch, followed by its first official general meeting at the Women's Building on January 13. ■

CONTEMPT OF COURT

Continued from page 7

and photographed, was Joseph Smayda and Wendell Gunther enter separate stalls and engage in sodomy through a hole someone had cut between the stalls. Arrested under California's "Oral Perversion" statute, Smayda and Gunther argued that the park ranger's activities had violated their right to privacy in the stalls. The lower courts didn't buy the argument, and the Supreme Court refused to review their decisions. The men were sentenced to three years in prison — all but six months of which was suspended — and five years probation.

What California called an "Oral Perversion" other states called a "Crime Against Nature." After *Smayda v. US*, the Supreme Court was petitioned to review 13 cases involving sodomy. The first, *Delany v. Florida*, was dismissed by the high court for want of a constitutional question. Florida's law stood.

The next six cases argued a constitutional question: that "Crime Against Nature" laws were unconstitutionally "void for vagueness." In other words, argued persons arrested under the statutes, the language of "Crime Against Nature" did not give people "fair warning" about what activities are considered crimes against nature.

"The term 'psychopathic personality' is a treacherous one..."

— Justice Douglas

In its first written opinion on that matter, issued November 5, 1973, in *Wainwright v. Stone*, also out of Florida, the Supreme Court said that its dismissal of *Delany* — which was not accompanied by a written opinion — already held that "there could be no complaint of vagueness" that oral and anal sex was covered by "Crime Against Nature" laws because these acts "were among those that prior cases

had held were covered." Again, the Florida law stood.

In a heterosexual rape case two years later, *Rose v. Locke*, the high court deemed that cunnilingus was also covered by "Crimes Against Nature" laws. This case out of Tennessee marked the first sign of divisiveness among the justices concerning sodomy.

against the state's "Crime Against Nature" law, stating that it violated their right to privacy, freedom of expression, due process and forbiddance of cruel and unusual punishment. The district court disagreed, and the Supreme Court affirmed.

In only two of the 13 sodomy cases did the Supreme Court's action void

THOMAS ALLEMAN



Justice William Brennan, joined by Justice Marshall, argued that the high court was acting irresponsibly to uphold such broad interpretations of the words "Crime Against Nature."

"It is difficult to recall a more patent instance of judicial irresponsibility," wrote Brennan. "For without plenary review the Court announces today, contrary to our prior decisions, that even when the statute he is charged with violating fails of itself to give fair warning, one acts at his peril if the state court

convictions. One was a heterosexual rape case out of Arizona, and the Supreme Court refused to review a decision which reversed a conviction because a jury had not been properly instructed. The second, *People v. Onofre* out of New York in 1980, involved both homosexual and heterosexual couples engaged in consensual sodomy. The Court of Appeals for New York, in striking the state sodomy law, explained that it did not believe the Supreme Court's affirmation of *Doe v. Commonwealth* was "necessarily significantly approval of" the Virginia court's opinion that the statute was constitutional. The New York court declared its statute, with respect to unmarried couples, violated the equal protection clause of the Constitution. The Supreme Court, without comment, simply decided not to review the New York opinion. Some legal observers speculated that the high court simply wasn't ready to debate the issue yet.

Of course, last year, the high court was ready to examine the 11th Circuit opinion that a Georgia sodomy statute prohibiting sodomy was unconstitutional, and in a 5 to 4 decision the high court upheld the law as it pertains to gay people.

The Freshman and the Flaunt

Though they are not many, there are some decisions on which the Supreme Court has acted to protect the rights of gays like it did, however inadvertently, in *Onofre*. As early as 1964, it was ready to review a decision which upheld

according to Professor Rivera, complained that he "haunted his homosexuality" because he kissed a man in public outside his office, got "married" to his lover, and dressed in a manner which seemed to indicate that he was gay. The CSC argued that Singer's conduct hurt employee efficiency in the office, an argument which the appeals court sustained. But the Supreme Court, on January 10, 1977, vacated that decision and sent the case back to the lower court to reconsider in light of recent changes in the CSC regulations. Those changes included the elimination of "immoral conduct" as a grounds in and of itself for firing, Singer won.

Another area of success for gay rights in the high court has been in cases involving equal access for gay groups on university campuses. At the University of Mississippi in 1977, an off-campus group lost its suit to be able to place an ad for a gay community center in the student newspaper. The Supreme Court refused to review that decision. But, in 1978, the Supreme Court also refused to review a decision involving the University of Missouri. In that case, the 8th Circuit ruled that the university was violating a gay students group's right to free speech and freedom of association by denying the group recognition and access to campus facilities. And twice, in 1980 and 1985, the Supreme Court refused to review a 5th Circuit decision which said that Texas A&M violated the freedom of association of members of a gay student group when the university refused to grant recognition to the group.

While gays batted three out of four on cases involving universities, the success ratio was exactly reversed overall. Of the 57 separate petitions brought before the high court between 1958 and 1987, three out of four failed to win a victory for gay rights. Of the 16 positive decisions rendered, 13 came during the last ten years.

This article has been reprinted from The Washington Blade.

the firing of a Denver-based air traffic controller who was fired over homosexual acts he had engaged in as a teenager.

In that case, *Dew v. Halaby*, William Dew, married and a father, was fired for having engaged in the acts at the age of 18 while in college. A psychiatrist characterized the activities as "isolated incidents... of curiosity" normal to an inquisitive youth. The Supreme Court never got around to hearing arguments because the Federal Aviation Administration, which employed Dew, changed its mind and reinstated him with back pay.

In 1977, a clerk typist working for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission in Seattle filed suit after being fired for "immoral conduct." That case, *Singer v. US Civil Service Commission*, is one of the more colorful ever brought to the Court.

John Singer, a Seattle Gay activist, had been the subject of considerable media attention during his activism. But the Civil Service Commission, ac-

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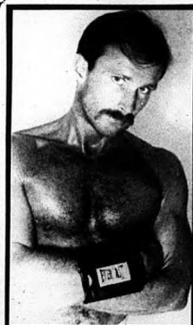


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DUKE JOYCE

Oh, Canada!

It's official! Gay Games III organizers have set the dates for the third Gay Olympiad. From August 4 thru 11, 5,500 gay athletes and 3,500 gay artists will convene at Vancouver, British Columbia's parks, pools, links, theatres, stadiums and other appropriate venues to participate in "Celebration '90: Gay Games III and Cultural Festival," a \$900,000 event planned and directed by the Games' sponsors, Metropolitan Vancouver Athletic and Arts Association (MVA).

Former Olympian Bruce Kidd, now head of the Canadian Olympic Academy, and Don Saxton, the current captain of the Canadian National Volleyball team, have lent their prestige and identity to Celebration '90 and been signed on as honorary board members. The current and former Vancouver mayors, Michael Harcourt and Gordon Campbell, are among the many politicians of the province to join in the support of the organizers of Gay Games III.

Vancouver Leadership

The MVA's board of directors offers representation equally as impressive as the honorees. The list reads like a curriculum of any well-rounded university: lawyers, accountants, psychologists, journalists, educators, physicians, finance officers, landscape contractors, retailers and more. The seven women and six men comprising the board have adopted Dr. Tom Waddell's (Gay Games founder) philosophy: "To do one's personal best is the ultimate human achievement" and will employ it as the cornerstone of their efforts in organizing the massive international event.

The board has declared, "The games were conceived as an opportunity for thousands of individuals with their athletic skills at various levels of development to have the thrill and joy of international competition. There was (sic) also a definite attempt to avoid the ageism, sexism, racism and nationalism which organizers believed were becoming dominant factors, sometimes overshadowing athletic achievement in international sports."

History

The Gay Games (originally called the Gay Olympic Games) were conceived by former US Olympic decathlete Tom Waddell. He and several hardworking enthusiasts successfully launched this gay sporting event in San Francisco in 1982. 1,300 athletes from over 179 cities competed in 14 individual sports events. Gay Games II, also hosted by San Francisco, tripled in size and was the largest international amateur sporting event held in North America that year. Gay Games III moves north to be hosted by Vancouver, a major Canadian metropolis with a large lesbian and gay community.

Scheduled Sporting Events

Plans are firmly in place for 17 sports to be included in Celebration '90, according to sports director Mark Mees. Bowling, basketball, volleyball, soccer, cycling, wrestling, powerlifting, billiards, tennis, golf, swimming, diving, track and field, and softball are all holdovers from the formats of previous games. A triathlon, racquetball and a marathon are additions to the list. Also under consideration are touch football, squash, badminton, martial arts and equestrian events. The board hopes to have a final list of sports by next spring.

"When we receive a suggestion, our first question is how many people would likely be interested," explains Mees. "Whether or not a sport is finally included depends almost entirely on the interest shown and how extensively that particular activity is already being done by gays and lesbians," he concludes.

New Games Logo

Vancouver artists were invited to submit designs and suggestions for a logo design, and from these, the board of directors selected three concepts and asked those artists to collaborate on a final design. The result is a 3-D 1990, incorporating the universal Gay Games symbol of three split interlocking circles set over a graphic mountain and ocean. Officially, the logo will be printed in yellow, aqua and red. The board has registered the symbol as an official trademark.

Barry McDell, Celebration '90's spokesperson, waxed glowingly during the unveiling of the Gay Games III logo: "We were pleased to be able to convey the date, the Games' permanent symbol and our own city's natural beauty." McDell continued to assess the logo: "Naturally, we want the logo

to be as widely circulated as possible, and I expect we will quickly approve all nonprofit uses of the symbol." However, says McDell, "we will be marketing a full line of souvenirs and clothing ourselves, so we will insist anyone making commercial use of the symbol have a contractual arrangement with us."

International Planning Session

48 men and women from 16 cities met in Vancouver recently for the first Gay Games II planning conference. Delegates from San Francisco, Seattle, Denver, Chicago, Edmonton, Calgary, San Diego, Portland, Los Angeles, San Jose, Sacramento and Washington, DC, attended. The attendees visited the city and examined some of the pro-

controls over 20% of the disposable income in North America. In fact, a few reports suggest as high as 38%. This is very attractive to corporations who go after that type of dollar," says McDell. He suggests major distilleries, entertainment producers and clothing manufacturers as potential advertisers within the international gay community.

Dollars and Sense

The games organizers have estimated that approximately \$12 million will pump up the local economy of Vancouver, and for this reason, they felt confident in requesting the use of the city's major stadium, BC Place — a fabulous accomplishment for our Canadian neighbors, and we collectively tip our Yankee hats.

"Whether or not a sport is included depends on the interest shown and how extensively that activity is already being done by lesbians and gays."

— Mees

posed venues. The delegates also engaged in discussions on fundraising and an analysis of the good and bad points of previous games' events.

Corporate Sponsorship

Celebration '90 planners are currently in negotiations with major corporations and are complying with the corporations' requests to remain closeted in their support. As spokesperson McDell explains it, "Usually our sponsors want a very low profile. Like anyone else, they want the gay consumer to know who his friends are, but they don't want their overall public image associated with what some people believe is a political issue."

"We know from American studies that the gay and lesbian population

I'll let honorary director and former Olympian Bruce Kidd sum up this column: "The games are good news for the gay and lesbian communities throughout Canada and for Canadian sport in general.

"For as long as I can remember," he continues, "lesbians and gays have counted among the most successful of Canadian athletes, and they have contributed in a number of important ways to progressive developments in community sports, physical education and recreation. But because of the tremendous homophobia of many in the sports community and the 'compulsory heterosexuality' of the dominant ideology, they have had to keep quiet — often even to deny — their sexual orientation."



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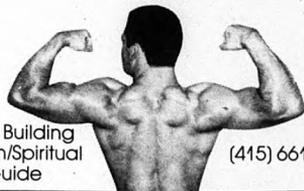
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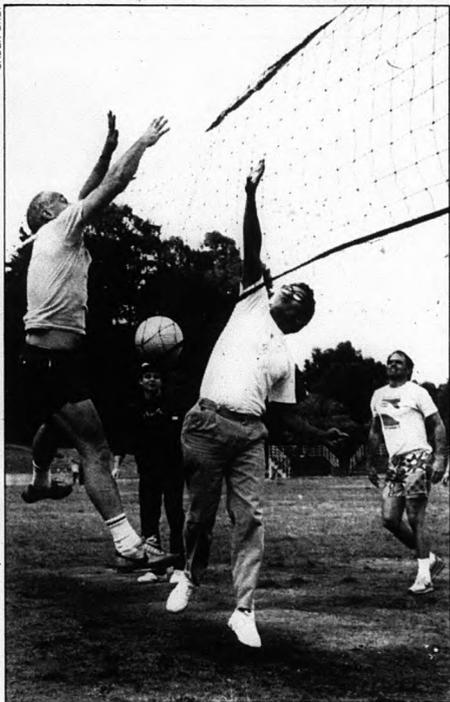


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CADEN GREY



A vigorous game of volleyball was one of many activities available to participants at Gay Sports Day.

The preliminary events of the day were, of course, athletic in nature, and participants headed off in various directions to partake of their chosen sport: softball, biking, running, hiking, volleyball or whatever occupied the early hours of the day's activities.

The San Francisco FrontRunners organized, financed and hosted this

One table was dedicated solely to desserts attesting to the sweetness of the event. Unlike prior picnics, appetites this year reached epic heights and the entire buffet was devoured.

CADEN GREY



Enjoying the comfort of the cool grass at Gay Sports Day.

the Bay Area with their telephone contact numbers. The *Sentinel* has agreed to assist in the compilation of the registry and publish the results in a future issue. Any group wishing to be included should contact me at 922-1435 or Duke Joyce at the *Sentinel* office. With daylight savings time over, the

CADEN GREY



The beaches of Angel Island provide a moment of peace at last Sunday's Gay Sports Day.

year's event. They provided a welcoming committee with banners, the rainbow flag, a sign-in sheet and name tags for all. It took two hours to register the five boatloads of picnickers. Some FrontRunners and hikers spent the night before on the island (video available upon request).

The objective of Gay Sports Day was to get as many gays and lesbians as possible to meet and mingle — with hopefully an outgrowth of increased camaraderie and understanding, as well as support for each other's organizations, as a result. Toward that end, the FrontRunners is compiling a registry of the participating groups from around

day was much too short, but we did experience a fun-filled day, plus great food and the promise of moments of glory yet to be digested at Vancouver in 1990.

A Heavenly Day on Angel Island

by Jim Miller

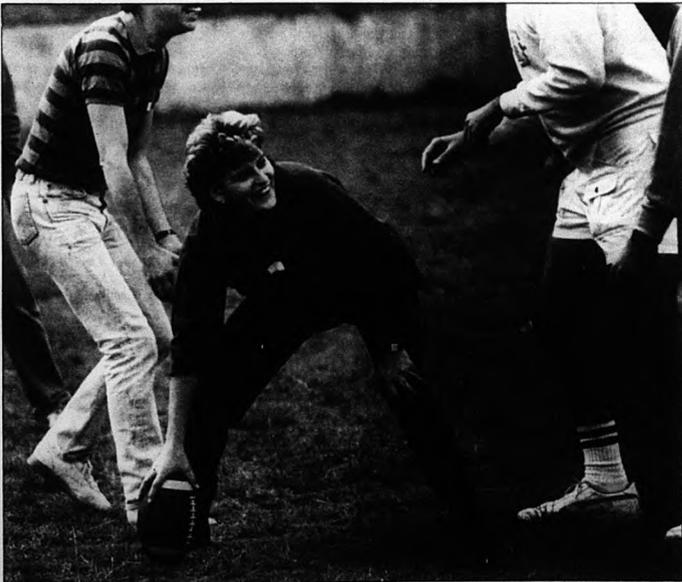
Nearly 400 gays and lesbians invaded Angel Island for the sixth annual Gay Sports Day last Sunday; it turned out to be a day of pure enjoyment and relaxation for all. Some came to run, others to simply bask in the glorious sun; some came to find new love interests, others to find new sports interests.

As the sports fans disembarked from the ferries, they toted running shoes, 10-speed bikes and other athletic accoutrements. They all, however, ported some type of culinary contribution for the day's main event, a gigantic "pot-luck" picnic.

Several picnic tables labored under the loads of every dish imaginable:

fruits, breads, salads, casseroles and beverages of every variety. One table was dedicated solely to desserts, most homemade, attesting to the sweetness of the event. Unlike prior picnics, appetites this year reached epic heights, and the entire buffet was devoured by late afternoon. Hopefully, everyone had at least one go-around at the repast.

CADEN GREY



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BODY WISDOM

ANTHONY MARTIN



Muscle Sisters

Along with the Gold's Gym empire, which encompasses hundreds of gyms worldwide, there is another legend in San Francisco's gym community. While not as famous as Gold's, the Muscle System gyms have been a combination landmark/staple in the community for quite some time.

The original Muscle System is one of the longest running businesses in the Castro area. Considering all the chain stores and video shops springing up, it's a minor miracle that it's endured. Even

know — or think — about the Muscle System may differ, but longer than my memory can recall, the original Muscle System gym on Market Street was associated with gay men getting into

Most of these people are serious; I'm just not sure what they are serious about.

though the original Muscle System has moved a half block away, it still operates as an extremely visible gay-run business.

Member or not, what people may

shape. There was a kind of status associated with a Muscle System membership. The best-looking guys trained there, and to be accepted (by the clique) meant you were one of the

crème de la crème.

Today, however, the scene has changed. The Muscle System is still the premiere gay gym in town, but that title does not mean much. While gay men have moved out of the Castro and dispersed themselves around the city, many other gyms are finding themselves with a growing gay clientele. Also, other gyms that offer what the Muscle System does not offer — powerlifting equipment, aerobics, heavier free weights, more advanced equipment — have steered many Muscle System devotees away.

However, the Muscle System has many members with new members joining all the time. In fact, they are so successful that a second facility at 364 Hayes was created to catch the overflow and attract prospective members from other parts of town. The newest Muscle System, located in the hub of the city, has quickly overshadowed its Market Street counterpart and has been continually praised as one of the most

beautiful gyms in town. This article centers on the Hayes Street location, or as it is properly called, the Muscle System-Civic Center.

What Kind of People Patronize the Muscle System?

For starters, there are people who hang around and do nothing. Thank goodness, these types are few, and their numbers are dwindling. Many exercisers at the Civic Center location are entering the intermediate stage, while most already fall into that range. There are a few more members who demonstrated advanced skill in weight training, but they — unfortunately — are as numerous as the hanging-around types.

What Type of Place is the Muscle System?

The gym is located in a reconverted carriage house at 364 Hayes Street between Gough and Franklin Streets. The facility is clean and spacious. The Muscle System-Civic Center boasts a large assortment of Icarian equipment, including numerous machines designed for hitting various parts of the chest.

brings you into the beautifully designed shower/locker area. Unlike the Body Center where the locker room looks down into the shower area, the Muscle System's showers peer into the locker room. Spacious, clean and well-lit, the showers sit above the locker facility, adjacent to the sauna on one side and the whirlpool on the other.

The sauna is easily accessible from both shower and locker areas. The sauna is large and can accommodate many members while still maintaining privacy.

Downstairs is accessible from either the locker area or the large staircase located in the center of the gym. Many fixed bench-press and squat-rack stations fill the lower level, while still making room for stretch, abdominal and leg equipment. Abdominal stations are numerous and include slant boards, roman chairs, flat benches and — a rare find — room for twists with a straight bar. Utilizing a broom or any type of straight pole, correct twisting movements can help shape the waist better than most other exercises. Many gyms have poles for twisting but lack the needed space to properly perform this exercise.

The Muscle System has often been nicknamed the Muscle Sisters, pointing up the fact that several members just gossip and do little exercising.

Free weights are found here with fixed barbells reaching 120 lbs. and EZ curl bars ending at 90 lbs. Dumbbells are also numerous with many duplications in the popular 20-40 lb. range. The heaviest dumbbell in this gym is 110 lbs.

Entering the top floor of the facility, you are faced with the independently owned snack bar on the left and the large reception area on the right. Many items, including supplements, gloves, T-shirts and gift certificates, can be inquired about and purchased at the reception desk. The workout floor is in the exact middle of the top floor space and features upper-body exercise machines.

Venturing to the rear of the facility

What Extras Does This Gym Offer?

Lively music, towel service and friendly staff add much appeal to the Muscle System-Civic Center. The lending of weight belts, straps and other necessities is free and can be used by any exerciser. Longer hours on weekends and a lack of annoying weight-lifting decor (old, ugly weight lifters pictured doing excruciating exercises or annoying posters announcing this muscle event or that) are definitely a welcome "minus" here.

While the Muscle System-Civic Center is a generally good gym and certain-

Continued on page 18

ASTROLOGER

R O B E R T C O L E

November 20-26, 1987 (Thanksgiving)

WEEKLY ALMANAC: On Friday, the New Moon in Scorpio will occur at 10:32 pm. On Sunday, the Sun will enter Sagittarius at 12:29 pm. On Monday, Mars will enter Scorpio at 7:19 pm. After all that, we should be ready to celebrate Thanksgiving 1987. Give thanks to your friends and neighbors first this year. Let your family be your God!

♈ ARIES, THE SHEEP (Mar 21-Apr 19): Wow! You sure have a lot to be thankful for this year. Some of you are just thankful to be alive; some have an incredible new adventure waiting for them in the year ahead, and some have acquired large possessions which have already brought great pleasure. A serious look at your situation reveals that you'd be dead or impoverished if it wasn't for someone who loves you very much. Break down and give hearty thanks to your lover; he/she deserves it most!

♉ TAURUS, THE OX (Apr 20-May 20): You could say that you're especially thankful for your job and for all the wonderful support you receive from customers and co-workers. You could say you're even more thankful for the power which these people have given

you. But you know deep in your heart only one human being really turns you on with joyful passion. You two should plan a very special meal for the rest of the family; and when the party's over, show your true feelings to each other. Lik those chops!

♊ GEMINI, THE WOLF (May 21-Jun 20): By the time Thanksgiving rolls around, you should have an exciting new relationship for which to be grateful. If you've been looking for a new job or a new social connection or a deeper level of understanding in an old love affair, you should be able to make arrangements by Turkey Day. If your options look slim right now, you must spend the next week persistently knocking on doors once slammed in your face. Don't give up, give in!

♋ CANCER, THE CRAB (Jun 21-Jul 22): You've definitely achieved an immense reputation within your circle of friends. All the publicity is one thing, but the real attention for most of your neighbors is the wild and wispy playmate you've had on a leash for at least a month now. Everybody, simply everybody wants to be around you

when your little slave is there to play too. Stop pretending this affair's just work-related. Celebrate a Thanksgiving wedding!

♌ LEO, THE SNAKE (Jul 23-Aug 22): Let the mommies and daddies in your life have their way this Thanksgiving. If they want you to come home, let them pay for the plane ticket, but don't promise to stay longer than a day or two. Paying too much attention to parents with deep pockets and shallow minds would leave your live-in lover feeling abandoned and lost. Give the relatives the respect they deserve, but let them know they come second most any other time.

♍ VIRGO, THE PIG (Aug 23-Sep 22): This Thanksgiving will be one you'll not soon forget. A few days before the big celebration, you'll receive news that will radically change your housing situation. For some, a move to a new home is implied; for others, the change will come when housemates reveal decisions independently made. By next Thursday the excitement will have subsided, and the new arrangement will inspire thankful celebration.

♎ LIBRA, THE LEOPARD (Sep 23-Oct 22): It's difficult to give thanks when you feel like you're scraping the bottom of the barrel in order to survive. But maybe it's not all that bad. Is it possible that you've spent this last year spending and splurging in an attempt to escape terminal depression? Is it possible that the dark light of reality quickly tarnishes the glitz of uncontrollable consumption? You don't need any more food or money or success. Life may seem empty but you're full of it!

♏ SCORPIO, THE SCORPION (Oct 23-Nov 21): Through a bizarre set of coincidences, this week will bring you a fresh new financial direction. You may receive one last birthday gift from afar or you may win a modest sum on the lottery. This unexpected boost will be enough to get your business started in time for the holiday rush. Oh, by the way, be sure to pay off old debts to close friends. It's an honorable way of giving thanks to those who helped you through the crisis past.

♐ SAGITTARIUS, THE HORSE (Nov 22-Dec 21): What an outrageous birthday you're going to have this year! That distant responsibility you've avoided for so many years now suddenly seems close at hand. The relationship which you've feared will be waiting to eat turkey with you by week's end. It's time to admit that you are beautiful and very lovable and that you're ready to give independence for serious and solid commitment. For your astrological chart, send birth date/time/place and \$1 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

♑ CAPRICORN, THE WHALE (Dec 22-Jan 19): Wouldn't it be great if you could move your Thanksgiving to another time of the year! You're ready to leap into a wild business venture with some very important people, the bank's willing to process the paperwork, and the contract is willing to be signed; but here comes this namby-pamby holiday and the incredible confusion in scheduling. You'd be better off taking care of past responsibilities before accepting new ones; the coast won't be clear until mid-December.

♒ AQUARIUS, THE EAGLE (Jan 20-Feb 18): This week it will feel unusually trite to be offering thanks for what's happened. In the past year of your life. Oh sure, there are a few modest accomplishments for which you have yourself to thank most of all. But 1987 will appear trivial when you begin to tackle the opportunities of 1988, and that's why proper organization is so important right now. Forgive and forget the past; the future is yours for the planning.

♓ PISCES, THE SHARK (Feb 19-Mar 20): Thanksgiving is your favorite time of year to get out of the house, so you should make yourself an unexpected guest at several celebrations around the country. Ignore friendly jokes about being lazy and opportunistic; just walk right in on the party as if you were the star. Expect others to wait on you hand 'n' foot and you will not be disappointed. Your lover's family will be especially generous in these spur of the moment situations. Gobble.

ON GUARD

JOHN S JAMES

Polio Vaccine for AIDS Treatment?

Twelve persons with ARC and one with AIDS have been treated by repeated injections of killed-virus polio vaccine three to seven times per week. All have shown major improvement or complete remission of symptoms, usually within two months, and T-cell counts have also improved. Results of one case have been published (F.N. Pitts and A.D. Allen, *Clinical Immunology and Immunopathology*, 43, 277-280, 1987). A report on the next four cases is going to press, and a complete report will be published later.

The physicians tried the polio vaccine because they had already had good results with one case of acute lymphocytic leukemia, which is believed to be caused by a retrovirus related to HIV. In this case, a child who was not expected to live was given the vaccine for

however, and stopped the treatment in favor of another experimental therapy — and was lost to follow-up.

The next four patients treated were gay men with ARC; an article on this phase of the study will appear in *Clinical Immunology and Immunopathology*.

Improvements started within six weeks; by ten weeks, the KS, thrush and most of the other symptoms had disappeared.

several years, then tested for eight years to confirm the remission of the leukemia. He has now been healthy for 20 years after the treatment began.

The child's physician had tried the vaccine in desperation after learning that new leukemia cases decreased in areas which had a polio outbreak. This decrease suggested that there might be a cross immunity between polio and the retrovirus — perhaps because mammals had evolved an ability to produce antibodies to certain groups of disease-causing organisms when exposed to only one of them.

The first HIV patient was a physician with KS, thrush, fatigue, weight loss of 60 pounds and a T-4 count of 40. Improvements started within six weeks; by ten weeks, the KS, thrush and most of the other symptoms had disappeared. He still had severe mental depression.

pathology. Three of these patients started with relatively high T-cell counts averaging over 400; their symptoms resolved completely within two to seven months. The fourth did not have an initial T-cell count available; his lymphadenopathy resolved completely, but some fatigue remained after 11 months of treatment.

The killed-virus (Salk) polio vaccine used is believed to be entirely safe, and it is commonly used for persons with immune deficiencies who cannot use the Sabin live-virus vaccine. However, there has been some controversy about whether persons with AIDS or ARC should receive any immunization because of fear that increasing activation of the immune system could stimulate the growth of HIV. Yesterday we spoke with Dr. Pitts, one of the authors of the paper cited above; he is convinced that

the benefits far outweigh any risk.

He has now treated 12 persons with ARC, and every one of them has shown complete resolution of symptoms. They are now entirely healthy and able to work. T-cells have increased by at least 67 percent — and sometimes much more.

The polio vaccine trial has met skepticism from some immunologists who say that polio immunization would not work for AIDS because it is a different virus. Immunologists are currently emphasizing the specificity of the immune response. Dr. Pitts points out that although the polio virus and HIV are in different families and reproduce differently, they are very similar in structure in a number of ways. And there are many examples of common antibodies among different viruses, going all the way back to the first vaccination, which used cowpox virus to prevent smallpox.

Dr. Pitts is board certified in both psychiatry and pediatrics. He has studied the effects of viruses in the brain's limbic system (which controls mood) — including possible viral causes of depression. He became interested in retroviral diseases because the child whose case is described above is his son.

The polio vaccine trial has IRB (institutional review board) approval to enroll 100 patients in his study; since only 12 are enrolled so far, places are open for others. Dr. Pitts will consider persons with AIDS as well as ARC for the study. Only one person with AIDS has been treated so far, however, and it is not known whether the vaccine will be effective if the illness is very far advanced.

Dr. Pitts is also recruiting physicians to work with him in testing this treatment. Physicians could of course use the treatment anywhere. Physicians or patients interested in the study can contact Ferris N. Pitts, Jr., MD, professor of Psychiatry and Behavioral Science, University of Southern California Medical School, 7500 E. Hellman Avenue, Rosemead, CA 91770. Phone (818) 571-4866 and ask for Claudia, a registered nurse who is working full-time on this project. ■

Healing Group in the Castro

A Healing Group facilitated by Jason Serinus and Fred MacKissic will be held every Tuesday night starting December 8 at the Center for Self Love, Growth and Healing, 552 Castro Street, Suite B, between 18th and 19th streets. Doors open at 6:45, and the group begins at 7 pm sharp. This is a drop-in open to all individuals. Please come any Tuesday night that you are free. Donations are appreciated.

Our focus together will be on experiencing the alignment of mind, body and spirit, which is the essence of all healing. The techniques we will use in-

clude: deep relaxation, meditation on resonant healing tones, work with the breath, group massage, visualization, affirmation, guided chakra meditation and laying on of hands.

Jason Serinus is a healer, bodyworker and editor of *Psychoimmunity and the Healing Process: A Holistic Approach to Immunity & AIDS*. Fred MacKissic is a therapeutic bodyworker, metaphysical teacher and consultant who conducts workshops throughout California on the healing dimensions of touch and the process of spiritual development.

Please join us for an empowering evening of love, affirmation and joy. For further information, call Jason at 652-2180 or Fred at 344-8505. ■

AIDS Treatment Lecture

"Experimental & Alternative AIDS Treatments" is the monthly Metaphysical Alliance program Tuesday evening, November 24. Margo Adair, author of *Working Inside Out*, will open the meeting promptly at 7 pm, coinciding with the worldwide AIDS healing meditation. Featured speakers are John James, editor of *AIDS Treatment News*, and Keith Barton, a holistic doctor with many AIDS/ARC clients. Contributions will be accepted. Signed for the hearing impaired on advance request: First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St. at Geary, SF. Call 431-8707 for further information. ■

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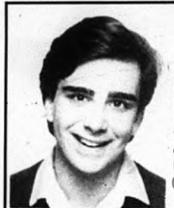
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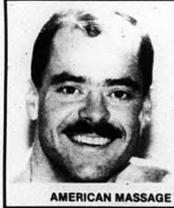
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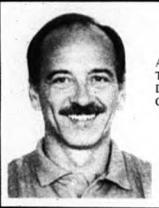
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BODY WISDOM

Continued from page 16

ly worth checking out, the facility has several problems that need to be addressed.

1) Almost every bench in the gym is either fixed or impossible to move. Instead of having various movable benches surrounding the dumbbell area, the Muscle System has installed about five (four too many) seatless incline benches that would not move even if the Great Earthquake finally hit.

2) Even with the abundance of barbells and dumbbells in this muscle haven, the fact remains that most of the leg equipment (bars squat and calf machinery) is awful and in desperate need of replacement. The leg-extension and leg-curl machines are so old and out-of-date that most members steer clear of these two stations. Although the knowledgeable exerciser can make a complete workout from adequately weighted barbells and dumbbells, most Muscle System members lack the superior knowledge necessary to create these exercises and are basically used to modern machine apparatuses. Consequently, the leg-extension and leg-curl stations become that much more important and definitely need to be attended to.

3) The staff, as mentioned before, is friendly and helpful, but they are generally limited to reception duties and minor workout advice. The good news is that most personal trainers (male) are admitted and can be used as assistants.

The Lowdown

The Muscle System has often been nicknamed the Muscle Sisters, pointing up the fact that several members just gossip and do little exercising. Also, the gym members (not the owners or management) sponsor an annual drag show every year just before Halloween. This last bit of information reinforces the Muscle Sisters nickname, while also hinting that this is not a serious gym. Believe me, most of these people are serious; I'm just not sure what they are serious about.

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- Suffers from gossipy members and their less-than-professional attitudes
- Leg equipment needs replacement
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Overall Grade: B

The Muscle System is located at 364 Hayes Street (near Gough), SF. Call 863-4701 for further information.

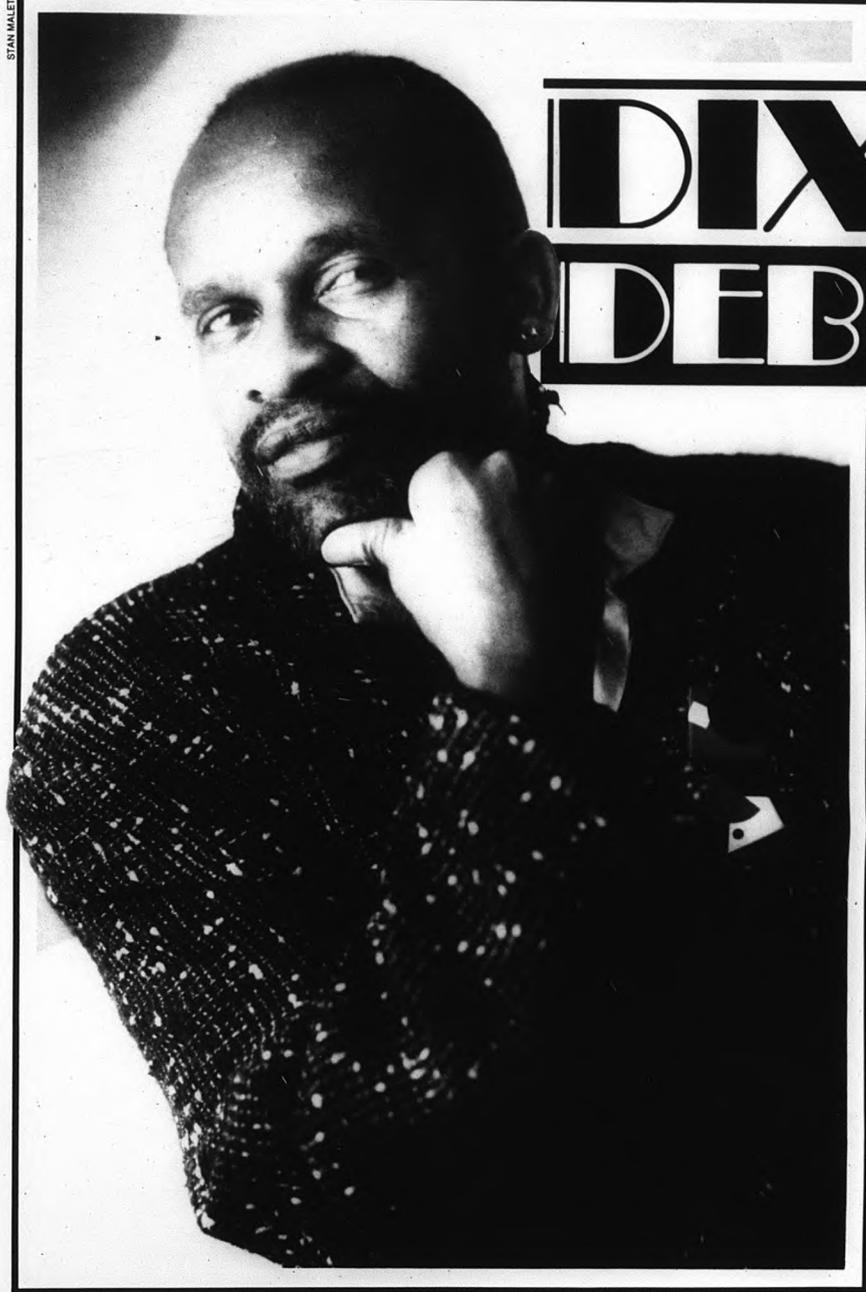
The author is a personal trainer experienced in various aspects of weight training and bodybuilding. For an appointment or information, call 821-2811.

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STAN MALETIC



DIXON DEBUTS

Theatre Rhinoceros's New Artistic Director Talks About Life and Art on the Gay Stage

by Robert Julian

The new artistic director of Theatre Rhinoceros, Ken Dixon.

Theatre Rhinoceros has always been something of a sociological and theatrical phenomenon. It has teetered on the edge of bankruptcy,

received international recognition for *The AIDS Show*, produced its share of artistic disasters and endured the tragic loss of many creative artists (including Allan Estes, the theatre's founder) due to the health crisis. Despite the obstacles, the theatre has survived and is currently celebrating its tenth anniversary season.

Rhino's two stages, the 49-seat Studio and the 99-seat main stage, have a reputation for being maddeningly inconsistent in the quality of their productions. This inconsistency is perfectly illustrated by their two most recent offerings.

Poppies, which opened in the Studio on

October 16, is a complex and innovative play, intelligently directed, and performed by an excellent ensemble of actors. It deals with universal themes of age, death, nuclear war and man's inhumanity to man — all within a gay context. *Dancing in the Dark*, which opened on the main stage November 14, is cliché-ridden "comedy" with pretensions to social relevance which fall even flatter than the jokes. It contains only one believable performance (Steve Abel's) and generally presents the kind of stereotypical gay male images that were last *au courant* in 1974. Only the Frye boots have been changed to protect the innocent.

When I spoke with the theatre's new artistic director, Ken Dixon, I wanted to determine not only where he felt the company was headed, but also where it is and how it got there. Dixon comes to Rhinoceros with a diverse background as a clinical psychologist, actor and singer

who spent the bulk of this decade living and performing in Amsterdam. Whether or not he can pull a rabbit out of the Rhinoceros hat remains to be seen. But during the course of our conversation Dixon impressed me as an intelligent, articulate man, not only in control of his life but willing to take risks.

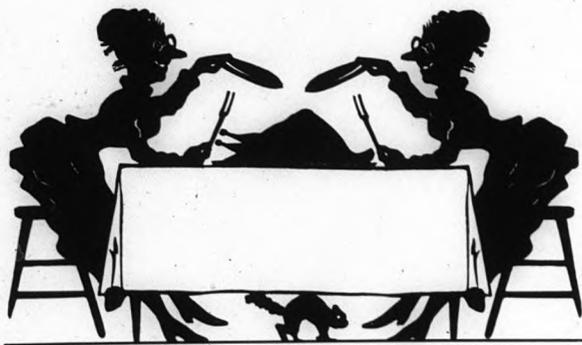
RJ: Let me give you a quotation from the artistic director of another Bay Area theatre company who describes Theatre Rhinoceros as follows: "It's a company that has survived by sprinkling nude male bodies and radical lesbian philosophy through a series of mediocre productions. If it's going to survive or, more importantly, if it's going to transcend itself, a lot of housecleaning is in order. The company needs to purge itself of little cliques and reach out in a totally new direction." How do you feel about that?

Dixon: Well! Some of it I have to agree with. I think that — well, let me give you

my history of wanting to be involved with Theatre Rhinoceros. When I started out, when I considered myself an actor in 1977 and left my job, I wanted to work somewhere and when Rhinoceros was founded in 1979, I wanted to work for Rhinoceros. I went to a lot of auditions, but I had a clear sense then that the things they were doing were not things I was going to be in — for one, I was a black actor. At that point, they were doing plays that tended to bring in the audiences, and they were dealing with a white, gay male audience, so they did a lot of stuff that brought that audience. I think it's unfair to say that Rhinoceros stayed there.

In terms of cliques, I can't really speak to that because I was gone for most of Rhinoceros' development time. I only came back in 1985 and the theatre was already making a transition. It had gone from a predominately gay male audience

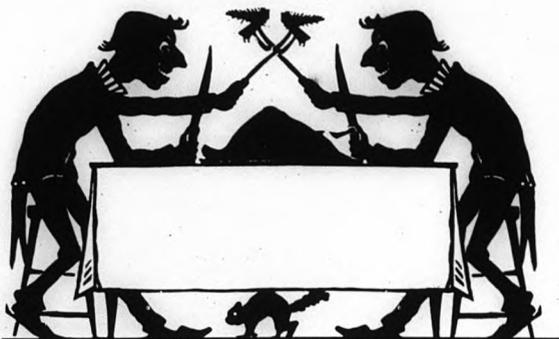
Continued on page 22



Thankful Eating

A brief history
and a culinary guide to
the pleasures of Thanksgiving

by
John Birdsall and Steve Silberman



Squanto may have taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn, but he never rubbed elbows with separatist elders over a jellied cranberry mold.

In back of the Rockwellian icon of Grandma lugging in the Thanksgiving turkey are thousands of pre-Christian British and Native American harvest celebrations. The Iroquois celebrated a string of thanksgivings in summer and early fall as strawberries, raspberries, beans and corn ripened; the English rejoiced and celebrated when the last of the year's wheat was stored away. People gorged themselves, sang the old songs, got drunk and, in some places, swapped gender roles.

The prim zealots who colonized New England banished ecstasy from thanksgiving, but the ritual gorging remained. The *mysterium* for flesh-hungry Europeans in the New World was meat, specifically game, of which our domesticated Thanksgiving turkeys — bred by artificial insemination, crowded in vast sheds, slaughtered after nine months, shrink-wrapped and frozen — are descendants.

Far into the 19th century, Thanksgiving was a local, almost exclusively New England celebration marking the end of a community's annual summer task, such as driving home cattle from a distant pasture. Its date varied from year to year, set by town fathers who consulted Providence and their bunions. The growing number of advocates of a national holiday pointed to Thanksgiving as a potential symbol of American unity: one people sitting down to thank one god for the gift of a continent.

Not surprisingly, Abraham Lincoln launched the first national Thanksgiving during the Civil War amid a hailstorm of rhetoric about America's collective destiny. The local festival was dead.

The prevailing modern picture of Thanksgiving as a model of friendly cooperation between Europeans and "savages" is a self-flattering myth, a post-

New Deal framing of the "American experience" to reflect the blessings of ethnic diversity in an urban culture. Squanto may have taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn, but he never rubbed elbows with separatist elders over a jellied cranberry mold. Like the native peoples, lesbians and gay men were never invited to the feast.

We embrace the old idea of a communal, local thanksgiving. We celebrate our place on this square of the city. We are thankful to feel breath in our lungs, to lie in the Panhandle on a bright afternoon and watch the silver maple shed summer's leaves one by one.

The Meal

The glossy urban monthlies and food rags invite us to exploit a novel theme or cast an exotic mold from which to fashion our Thanksgiving meals. One may take the advice of a popular food

magazine and recreate Thanksgiving in old Santa Fe, or heed one widely published local food writer and combine the elements of oyster and cornbread stuffing into "an unusual first course."

Silly suggestions for Thanksgiving dinner are nothing new. The chilled pumpkin soups, cranberry sorbets and roast Cornish games hens with red chili salsa are the modern equivalents of "Oysters Etiquette" and "Lafayette Ducks with Snow Balls" of sugared rice and raisins, dishes recommended for Thanksgiving in 1852 by *Godey's Lady's Book*, a popular women's magazine published in Boston.

We find that what is least unusual is most appreciated at Thanksgiving. A straightforward meal prepared from first-rate ingredients makes everyone feel at ease.

Roast turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie are stamped deeply on the American collective unconscious, as they were already in 1827 when Sarah Josepha Hale, editor of *Godey's* and an aggressive

advocate of a national day of thanksgiving, wrote that "roasted turkey [takes] precedence" at the feast, and pumpkin pie is "indispensable."

The following Thanksgiving recipes steer clear of fashion. With the exception of some modern advice on how to cook a turkey, all are taken from cookbooks published before 1850.

Roast Turkey with Herb and Giblet Stuffing

Steve once saw a wild turkey in Provincetown, at a place where streets with names like "Bayberry Court" and "Priscilla Alden Way" now cover several acres of sand dune. That's the closest either of us will probably ever get to wild turkey, at one time a taste as familiar as Thanksgiving itself.

We know all too well the freezer bins of pallid factory birds, the "butter-injected" breasts, pop-up plastic timers and artificially plumped flesh. Fortunately, there's an alternative, raised by a handful of conscientious poultry farms like Shelton's in Pomona.

Shelton's turkeys, available by special order from Real Food stores, are grain-fed and free of antibiotics. They live out their nine months in outdoor pens big enough to let them get a little exercise and are killed just before the holiday. They taste better than their factory-farmed cousins and, in our opinion, are worth the higher price they fetch.

The Stuffing

This is a very simple stuffing with clear, deep flavors. It's adapted from a recipe contained in an 18th-century

manuscript collection from Williamsburg, Virginia, attributed to a "Mrs. A.D."

Typical of family recipes that were handed down from mother to daughter, the original is somewhat vague:

Put the Gizzard, Heart, and Liver in cold Water and boil till tender. When done, chop fine and add stale Bread, grated, Salt and Pepper, Sweet-herbs, two Eggs well beaten.

We have altered it to suit our taste.

The choice of bread is important. A home-baked white loaf with little or no sweetening is ideal; a loaf of white egg bread from the Tassajara Bread Bakery is a good substitute.

To make about 6 cups of stuffing — enough to fill a 10- to 12-pound turkey — you need:

The liver, heart and gizzard from the turkey; a loaf of good white bread

A note on brown sugar: Where brown sugar is called for in a recipe, we like to use the genuine unadulterated article, sold in certain Latin American markets as piloncillo.

weighing about a pound and a half (see above); a handful of chopped parsley; a teaspoon of dried marjoram or twice as much fresh; the same quantity of thyme or lemon thyme; 3 eggs; a stick of softened butter.

Trim the crusts from the bread, cut it into slices and dry them out in a very low oven for an hour or two. The slices should be thoroughly dry but not colored. Remove the bread from the oven and break it with a rolling pin and your fingers to a mass of crumbs and irregular cubes.

Trim the fat, connective tissue and membranes from the liver, heart and gizzard. Slice the heart and gizzard, and sauté the giblets gently in a little butter until stiffened but rosy. Chop them small and add them to the bread along with the herbs, the eggs and the soft butter. Season with salt and pepper. Stuff and truss the turkey.

Cooking the Bird

The following method for cooking a turkey, which we learned from John L. and Karen Hess in *The Taste of America* (Penguin Books, 1977), calls for relatively rapid cooking at high heat. The common way of slow roasting at a



The common way of slow roasting at a moderate temperature as often as not yields a bird whose flesh is dry as rags.

moderate temperature as often as not yields a bird whose flesh is dry as rags.

Heat your oven to 450°. Smear the stuffed turkey all over with a stick of softened butter, and rub in salt and pepper. Lay the bird on its side in a roasting pan that just accommodates it, lest the buttery juices burn and spoil the gravy.

Place it in the oven. After 15 minutes, turn the turkey over. In another 15 minutes, reduce the oven temperature to 400° and baste the bird with some of its juices. Repeat this every 15 minutes. After about an hour, return the turkey to its original position.

A 12-pound turkey will be done in about two hours; a 14- to 16-pound bird in something less than three hours. There is no foolproof way to know when a turkey is cooked, but color and a certain plump firmness of the flesh are reliable guides.

A turkey should rest half an hour or longer before it is carved, which is just enough time to heat the twice-baked sweet potatoes (see the recipe below), and concoct a sauce out of the pan juices.

Cranberry Sauce

Whether or not you think cranberry sauce goes well with turkey, a Thanksgiving table without it is a sad one.

The following recipe is from *Miss Leslie's Complete Cookery* by Eliza Leslie (Philadelphia, 1837), one of the best American cookbooks ever published. It makes about 2 cups of thick, sweet sauce.

"Wash a quart of ripe cranberries, and put them into a pan with just about a teacup [approximately ¼ of a cup] of water. Stir them slowly, and stir frequently, particularly after they begin to burst. They require a great deal of stewing, and should be like a marmalade when done. When they are broken, and the juice comes out, stir in a pound of brown sugar.

"When they are thoroughly done, put them into a deep dish, and set them away to get cold.

"You may strain the pulp through a cullender or sieve into a mould, and when it is in a firm shape send it to table on a glass dish. Taste it when it is cold, and if not sweet enough, add more sugar."

Miss Leslie is right about the brown sugar; its rich, caramel flavor lends depth to the cranberries. For our taste, however, the original is too sweet. We prefer to use half the sugar Miss Leslie calls for. Keep in mind that with so little sugar the sauce will not set in a mold.

A note on brown sugar: Where brown sugar is called for in a recipe, we like to use the genuine unadulterated article, sold in certain Latin American markets as *piloncillo*. *Piloncillo* has a dark resonance that makes commercial brown sugar seem insipid in comparison, and is closer to the brown sugar used by early American cooks. It comes in hard cones of various

sizes, and there is a moist variety that comes in pound-and-a-half bricks.

A good source for *piloncillo* is Casa Lucas Market, 2934 24th Street in the Mission, where it's sold in bulk. Look for it in back, among the dried chillies.

Twice-Baked Sweet Potatoes

Sticky and studded with marshmallows, candied sweet potatoes have become vehicles for sugary excess. Jane Grigson, in her excellent *Vegetable*



We find that what is least unusual is most appreciated at Thanksgiving. A straightforward meal prepared from first-rate ingredients makes everyone feel at ease.

Book (Atheneum, 1979), gives a restrained version of the archetype: sweet potatoes are boiled, peeled and arranged in a buttered baking dish, then sprinkled with pieces of butter, drizzled with maple syrup, orange juice and a little brandy or rum, and glazed in a hot oven.

In the early 1800s, when sugar was still a luxury, sweet potatoes were "candied"; baked, peeled and baked again till their natural sugars caramelized. Sarah Rutledge, in *The Carolina Housewife* (Charleston, 1847), describes this method.

"Among the various ways of dressing sweet potatoes, that which appears the most generally preferred, is to bake them twice. You may put two or three plates full at once into the oven, bake them till quite

An 18th Century Pumpkin Pie

This is the first recipe for pumpkin pie published in America, and one of the best; the restrained spicing allows the mellow sweetness of the squash to really sing. It comes from *American Cooking* by Amelia Simmons (Connecticut, 1796), the first American cookbook. We have reduced the quantity of the original recipe.

To make a deep, 9-inch pie you need: *Pie pastry; 1 ¼ cups of cooked, strained pumpkin or red-fleshed winter squash; 1 ¼ cups of heavy cream; 6 oz (¾ of a cup, packed) of brown sugar (see the note on*



Pumpkin pie is best when still slightly warm, an hour and a half after it comes from the oven.

soft, peel, and put them on a tin sheet, and bake them again for half an hour. Serve them up hot.

"This way of baking twice makes them more candied. If you prefer eating them the same day they are cooked, bake them first at an early hour, so that they may be quite cold, which must be the case before a second baking, and when cold the skin comes off easily."

We prefer the moist, orange-fleshed Garnet or Jewel sweet potatoes (sometimes mistakenly called yams). Pale-fleshed Jerseys have a drier, starchier texture.

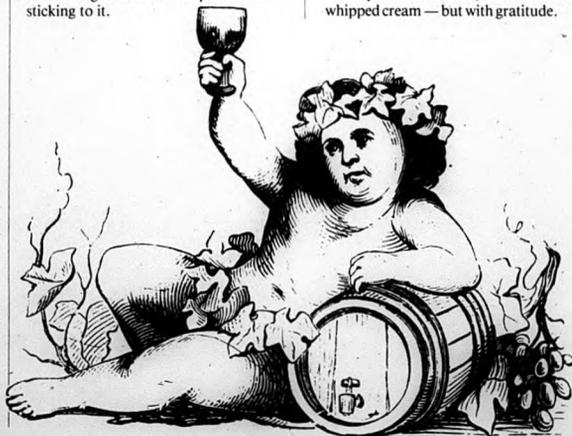
A 400° oven will reheat 2-inch diameter potatoes in half an hour. Lightly buttering the baking sheet will keep them from sticking to it.

brown sugar above); 2 eggs; a teaspoon of freshly ground dried ginger; ¼ teaspoon of freshly ground mace; nutmeg.

Heat your oven to 450°. Line a pie plate with pastry, and flute the rim. Whisk the pumpkin, cream, sugar, eggs, ginger and mace to a thick cream, and pour it into the pie shell. Grate nutmeg over the surface.

Bake the pie for 10 minutes. Reduce the oven temperature to 350° and bake 40 minutes longer, until the filling is puffed, just firm at the center and shiny.

Pumpkin pie is best when still slightly warm, an hour and a half after it comes from the oven. On Thanksgiving it's doubtless more practical to bake it early in the day and eat it cold, with or without whipped cream — but with gratitude. ■



DIXON DEBUTS

Continued from page 19

to a 40% female audience. The theatre had done productions that were black in their orientation, and had helped the Lorraine Hansberry company get established. So I think the theatre was already moving and changing. I hope to continue that process.

We have to be careful about how critical we are about some things. Look back to *Boys in the Band*. If you mention that to theatre people today and say, "Let's do a revival," people go apeshit. They say it's a terrible play, full of hatred, blah-blah. . . . Well, if it hadn't been for that play, Theatre Rhinoceros might not be sitting at 16th Street today. Gay people must maintain a sense of cultural identity. We are special and unique, and that's an important thing. So I think that assessment is a little bit critical, but I can understand where they're coming from.

RJ: You mentioned that Rhinoceros has been a predominately white theatre in its staff, actors and directors. But I have heard some directors complain that they can't attract good minority performers to auditions. Many roles are not race-specific and could be played by anyone. Are you going to address this in any way?

Dixon: I addressed it with the staff and it is on the agenda for December. I think because the board of directors hired me, the theatre comes under a more crucial light in this area. What I've said to the staff is that I don't want us to be in a position where we have to react to someone's comments about us not doing it; I want us to go out and do something so we're being the leader. When I'm sitting in on casting decisions, I keep in mind that maybe this part could be played by a nontraditional person.

There's a double bind with that because there are some black actors who might work at Rhino who haven't really worked through their issues around homosexuality. Not just black, actually, but I think it's probably the same with Hispanics. So you get in this bind because they won't come to auditions. Being on the stage here is like "coming out" and some people don't want to do that. I have a playwright who signed a contract to do a play in the coming season and then wanted to pull out of the contract because in essence, she was worried her family would know from the context of the play that she is a lesbian.

It's an educational process for the minority that you are not necessarily what you play. If you're a good actor, you shouldn't worry that someone is going to say: "Oh, that black guy's playing an outrageous drag queen so he must be one." I played a drag queen for four months this summer, and to me it was challenging to do. I hope minority actors will learn that. I want to find plays that provide possibilities for Asians, Hispanics and blacks.



RJ: Do you plan any teaching programs for actors or directors?

Dixon: I would like to see that happen. I think that's the other weak part in Rhinoceros. Since Rhinoceros is there to foster gay artists, we need to do more in this area. It is also an area where the theatre could obtain more grant money. If you're talking specifically about actor training or director training, I think some of the foundations are willing to be a little bit blind to its being a gay/lesbian theatre. I don't have to say it's a grant for gay actors' training, but once I get the money, I will advertise where gay artists are going to see it first. Of course, I'm not going to say a straight artist can't come and take the training either.

I'm about having a high quality of living. I don't mean financial comfort, I just mean getting up every day knowing I'm doing something I really want to do and that I love.

RJ: Money is always a problem for theatres, nonprofit or otherwise. Putting on a play is a labor-intensive endeavor, done by human beings, not machines. What ideas do you have about generating grants? Have you ever written grant proposals?

Dixon: Yes, I have written grant proposals. The first thing I did when the board of directors offered me the job was to write a grant to Apple Computers so we can automate the box office and some of the record keeping. I come to Rhino having spent the last year and a half working for UCSF in fundraising, so I've developed a certain feel, if you will, in what I consider high-quality fundraising techniques.

I currently have a young woman working with me who has an interest in learning

I'd like to see Rhinoceros continue to increase the quality of what it does. I would like it to remain a community theatre — with its target audience the gay/lesbian community, but also to make the transition to being a professional theatre company.

more about grants and foundations and fundraisers. We have set up a kind of internship where she comes to me and I give her ideas about things she should research.

I think the secret for Theatre Rhinoceros is that it must now specify what it's raising money for. In the past we've gone for grants and asked for contributions to the theatre. This year, I'll be asking people for money for something specific like a lighting board or a paper cutter. I think people will give money for something specific. If you ask someone to contribute to renovate a dressing room or buy a chair for the Studio, they say, "Yeah, that's a good idea. I'll give \$25 dollars for a dressing room or a chair."

The donor then has more of a sense of ownership and I think that's important.

RJ: Since the current season was finalized before you were hired, what artistic contributions will you be making this season?

Dixon: The season is finalized in terms of the plays that have been selected. But it is not finalized in terms of directors and designers, input into the process of auditions — watching what people are doing and being there to assist in any way I can. I have been sitting in on auditions and been involved in the casting process, and I am currently looking for a director for the final show in the Studio. Negotiations with costume designers and stage managers are still coming up, and I will have artistic input in those areas. I have to see to it that things happen.

RJ: Have you made any decisions about next season yet?

Dixon: I've probably read about 200 scripts since I was interviewed — stuff that's come into the theatre. I haven't made any hard choice about next year. I'd like to see the theatre do some classic gay writer's work again, like Oscar Wilde or Tennessee Williams or Truman Capote. . . but I don't have, out of that group, any hot prospects. Robert Pittman has written a really beautiful new play that I like, and I'm certainly going to include it in next year's list of considerations.

I'm reading and trying to see what's available to get the right balance. I'm trying to find plays that meet the needs of the subscription base (60% male and 40% female) while at the same time providing stuff that allows us to do those other things we talked about — cast more broadly, try to do some outreach into the third world and gay communities. And also to provide some interesting quality stuff that straight people will come and see.

RJ: What's your vision for the theatre? Specifically, how do you see Rhinoceros evolving as a company over the next five years?

Dixon: Personally, I'd like to see Rhinoceros continue to increase the quality of what it does. I would like it to remain a community theatre — by that, I mean a theatre with its target audience the gay/lesbian community, but also to make the transition to being a professional theatre company — being able to pay actors more and draw not only from our own community but doing work of such quality that everybody wants to see it.

RJ: Putting theatre aside, on a human, personal level, what is most important in your life right now?

Dixon: I would say to have the highest quality of living that I can have. I've been fortunate in that when I was growing up people said I was strange and radical. My mother really fostered in me the idea of doing things that I wanted to do. She didn't always understand them and didn't always approve of them, but she always encouraged me to try something when I wanted to.

I don't want, at this stage of my life, to be in some office job looking toward my retirement as a time when I can get to do things, because some of us might not get there. Given the AIDS crisis and all that, it's not about "let's plan to do it next year." My life is about "let's do it now." When I was offered the Rhinoceros job, a lot of things came up for me, like taking a substantial pay cut. But then I said to myself that I'd just have to deal with it, because this is the culmination of being in the theatre — to be an artistic director.

So I'm about having a high quality of living. I don't mean financial comfort, I just mean getting up every day knowing I'm doing something I really want to do and that I love, and not end the day feeling "Oh God, I can't stand things another day. I can't wait till I retire." It just can't be about that right now, it's got to be about what's happening for me now. ■

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Triumphes en Francais
SF Opera Redeemed

Last week, the San Francisco Opera redeemed a season that had been perilously close to becoming one of the stodgiest in recent memory. We owe this phoenix-like revival to an odd quarter.

When Terence McEwen gave his first press conference as the general director of the San Francisco Opera, he explained that he came from a French-speaking city in Canada and that we could expect to hear more French opera during his regime than we had under Adler. More French operas we have certainly had, but in the past, they have been so ineffectively cast that most patrons went away thinking Adler had been right after all: French opera is the extra padding in the repertory, useful only when the audience has been satiated on the masterpieces of the Italian and German schools.

However, with this season's productions of Charles Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* and Jules Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman*, things have finally turned around. French opera has triumphantly returned to the War Memorial. While neither work, to my ears, has the searing greatness of Wagner or Verdi, Beethoven or Debussy, both are examples of elegant artifice and as such have few peers. In *Romeo* Gounod's bourgeois sentimentality encountered a force stronger than itself, and the result is some of his most compelling music. This opera is melodically more interesting than *Faust*, and its declamation more dignified. When *Romeo* is serious — as, for example, in the four duets for the lovers — it is quite compelling.

In *Hoffman*, Offenbach



Soprano Ruth Ann Swenson as Juliette.

doll, Dahl spins a warm and rounded tone in music that is usually squeaked out at best. She has the abundant agility needed for the coloratura and a crystalline thread of the voice to show off the echo effect. One would have been happy if she had just stood there and sung like a diva, but she has a comic touch that raised her Olympia to greatness.

If I bypass Placido Domingo to give the next honors to James Morris, it is because Morris surpassed himself in the Sunday

Domingo is, of course, one of today's superstars, and his singing of the title role more than justified all the hoopla and sold-out houses that his appearance here occasioned. Furthermore, the part fits Domingo's voice particularly well, for it shows off that radiant sound he can produce at the top of the staff without forcing him to go much higher.

The great glory of Domingo's art, however, is his commitment to the deepest truths in the roles he assumes. Unfortunately, Hoffman has no deep truths to tell. The character is peripheral to the greatest music at the core of his opera. So, while it is a delight to hear Domingo sing so well — so instinctively musical and so delightfully uninhibited — still I long for him to return in a meatier role.

Nancy Gustafson in the crucial part of Antonia does not quite rank with Dahl, Morris and Domingo, for she does not possess either their purity of sound or their rhythmic finesse, but she does have the guts for Antonia and the ability to make her story the pivot of the work. Though Mary Jane Johnson has the high C required to ride over Giulietta's big ensemble, she has little else to recommend her.

Susan Quittmeyer, who sang Hoffman's page, Nicklausse, is in dangerous trouble. Her basic problem is that she does not control the outer edge of her sound so that when she pushes a note too hard, it titters out of its orbit. In recent years, this problem has been steadily deepening, infecting more and more of Quittmeyer's singing. Unless the young lady corrects it soon, it will spell the end of a career that began so brightly here in San Francisco.

Michel Plasson conducted both the *Hoffman* and the *Romeo*. Though one comes away from them with the singers' greatness foremost in mind, Plasson is the more hidden reason these operas are playing so well. Particularly in *Hoffman* he has pulled an international cast into an ensemble — and that alone denotes a rare control.

Sometimes I quibbled with his accompaniment of the singers. Morris' "Diamond" aria was more supplely phrased than Plasson's. Domingo's "Klein-zach" ballad had more finesse. In *Romeo*, Alfredo Kraus was frequently more subtle than his conductor and even Ruth Ann Swenson showed a more natural feeling for rubato than Plasson. The conductor should learn to follow his betters.

Nevertheless, in both operas the composer's melodies have rarely shone so luminously. In *Romeo* this effect can be most credited to Kraus, but in the *Hoffman*, Plasson gave the



A sacred bond: Friar Lawrence (Gwynne Howell, center) performs the secret marriage ceremony for Romeo (Alfredo Kraus) and Juliette (Ruth Ann Swenson) in Act II of Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*.

whole a gusto that was welcome, while at the same time underlining Offenbach's allusive structure.

However, the brightest stars of last week sang *Romeo* and *Juliet*. Alfredo Kraus is one of the few poets alive who is also a tenor. He is also one of the very few tenors suited to the French repertory. Domingo has, by dint of concentration and hard work,

made himself a superior exponent of the heavier French roles, but Kraus, with his pure, bright sound, is a natural for the lyrical ones. His phrasing is now studied, rather than spontaneous, but it is so rewarding to hear him declaim even the simplest melody that he made Gounod's flimsy tunes seem profound.

Soprano Ruth Ann Swenson

Continued on page 30

Alfredo Kraus is one of the few poets alive who is also a tenor. He made Gounod's rather flimsy tunes seem profound.

distilled the best of his operetta impulses into a delightful satire of romantic love. The tunes bubble up from the orchestra and spin off the stage. Never was the Mozart of the Champs Elysee — as Rossini called Offenbach — more comfortably himself than in the Olympia act, and in the Antonia scene, the composer touched a raw and deep nerve. Only genius could have created the hypnotic pull of Antonia's love affair with singing. With it Offenbach gained a central place in the world of opera.

The San Francisco Opera was surely right in restoring Offenbach's original act sequence. For since the Antonia act is the main course, it is best placed in the middle. The Giulietta act thus becomes a parfait dessert — frothy, perhaps, but sweet.

The vocal honors in this production belong first to Tracy Dahl as Olympia. A 1985 graduate of the Merola program, Dahl is another of the up-and-coming singers who has been helped along to greatness by the SF Opera. Singing the stratospheric role of the mechanical

afternoon performance of *Tales*, while Domingo did not. The bass roles in Offenbach's only opera are customary territory for Morris, but I have never heard him sing them with such lightness and fleetness. When enunciated with crispness and sung with delight, Offenbach's melodies create an effect denied them by more lumbering basses.

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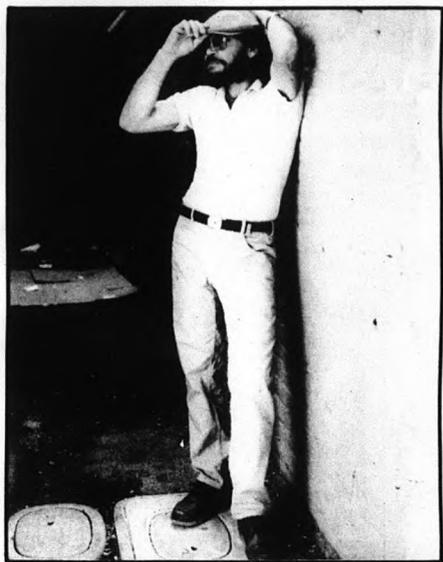
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Motown Memories

Dreamgirl: My Life as a Supreme
by Mary Wilson
St. Martin's Press, New York, 1986.
299 pp. + Index, \$4.95, paperback.

Mary Wilson has once again made it back into the top ten — but not in the record charts, which she once reigned over so proudly as one of the original Supremes. The bestseller list is Mary Wilson's current domain, where her popular memoir, *Dreamgirl: My Life as a Supreme* (now out in paperback) has been happily enthroned for some time. "This story," writes Wilson in the introduction, "has all the elements of a classic opera — the comedy, the tragedy and finally the will to survive." Indeed, it does.

Chronicle the transformation of three young black women from the Detroit ghettos into international superstars, this is a tale of love, struggle, harmony, ego, dedication, dignity, heart-break, glamor, death, growth and change. The way it's converged says a lot about the

ground Wilson has traveled in over 25 years in show business. This is written by a woman who has faced some severe self-examination, been strengthened by it, and now has the presence of mind to reflect on it credibly.

Dreamgirl is not a maudlin visit through the past or a weepy,



Social climber: On the backs of her friends (Barbara Martin, Mary Wilson and Florence Ballard), Miss Diane Ross ascends the pop charts, c. 1963.

whiny commentary on the unfairness of life. The author insists, "I have no desire to expose or indict anyone. I want to tell the true story behind the rise and fall of the greatest female pop group of all time — a real-life Cinderella story and a tragedy deeper than anyone ever knew."

With the help of two professional writers and several research teams, Wilson covers the ups and downs, triumphs and humiliations of her stellar career with evenhanded aplomb. The book is packed with fascinating anecdotes of the '60s music scene. In 250 brief pages, an astonishing amount of history is touched upon. We get much deeper insights into what made the Supremes the pioneers they were, the system that made them household names and the ruthlessness which ultimately destroyed their dream.

Florence Ballard, Diana Ross and the author — The Supremes — are traced from their beginnings in Detroit in the late '50s. The Primitives, as the group was then called, was doing sock hops and making their own dresses before Motown finally took them on. Even then, the personality patterns that would later emerge more dramatically were in place with each member.

In the beginning, the three Supremes would share the lead vocal position, each being talented in her own right. After coming under the tutelage of mentor Berry Gordy, it was decided that Diana Ross' voice would always be in the forefront. With more commercial success, the complex harmonies and versatility that marked some early recordings (*Meet The Supremes*, *Supremes Sing Country & Western*, *Supremes Sing Rodgers & Hart*) disappeared, and the dynamic of the group changed. It became more and more ap-

parent what a terrible blow this was to Wilson's and Ballard's talent. Relegated to singing "ooohs" and "aaahs" in the background, while Diana Ross was pushed further into the spotlight, the gifts they so greatly wanted to express and develop were stifled.

In their stage show, Wilson was often called "the sexy one," and understandably so, since she was undeniably the most physically attractive of the trio. But Wilson reveals herself as a fence-sitter, the one in the middle, that, when push came to shove, would go along with whatever was decided. Self-assertion in the manipulative world of management came hard to her. "Instead of keeping a scorecard on who was doing what to whom, I focused all my energies on singing."

Ross' often quarrelsome behavior was benignly tolerated by Wilson and Ballard. They just figured "that was Diane's way."

Wilson's portrait of Florence Ballard is tinged with deep affection, as well as sadness. As a singer, Ballard's voice was so powerful she was required to stand back as far as 12 feet from the mike during recording sessions. She shone equally brightly on stage: "I could see that many men regarded her as the sexiest one, and critics never failed to mention her beautiful voice or brilliant [comic] timing. Flo could have gone far, and she knew it. Looking back, I suspect that Berry and Diane saw it, too. But Flo needed support, and all she got from Motown were constant reminders to stay in her place."

Ballard's one solo spot in the show was taken from her and

given to Diana. When the trio's name was changed to "Diana Ross and the Supremes" in 1967, it was a crushing blow to Ballard's fragile ego. She went into a downward spiral of self-destructive behavior, drinking heavily, missing performances and projecting enormous resentment about the preferential treatment Ross was getting from Berry Gordy, who had become Ross' lover by then.

The conclusion of *Dreamgirl* takes the reader to the funeral of Florence Ballard, who died in 1976 of a heart attack. It's obvious that Ballard suffered more damage than the other women in the Supremes and was never able to pull herself back together. Wilson traces her difficulties to a devastating rape as an adolescent in which Ballard lost her virginity. Certainly, Berry Gordy, Diana Ross and Motown Records helped return her to obscurity after being fired from the Supremes. But basically, it was Ballard who gave up on herself. The stories about her gradual decline are truly heart-rending.

Diana Ross comes across as a deeply insecure woman who desperately needed the adulation of the spotlight. She would do anything to get it and made keeping her partners out of it a top priority, while conspiring secretly with Berry Gordy to plot her solo stardom. Ross' often quarrelsome behavior was benignly tolerated by Wilson and Ballard. They just figured "that was Diane's way." Their official policy was to ignore it. This later proved to be a disastrous response, as Ross' ego swelled to gigantic proportions and ruthless self-interest dominated her actions. The result: Florence and Mary were seen but seldom heard from.

When the time came for Ross and Supremes to part professional company, it was a great

relief for Wilson. "In the public's eye, every group has its star and that's fine. But in the day-to-day work, a group has to function as a team, and that was something we hadn't done for a long time now. That the world still believed we were the best of friends seemed the perfect ending." Incredibly, Ross and Wilson never even discussed the professional breakup. Wilson read about it in the newspaper like everyone else.

Dreamgirl seems to function as something of an emotional catharsis for Wilson. Despite the difficulties, she is very grateful for her illustrious history as a Supreme and seems to hold no bitterness for the indignities she endured from Motown and Diana Ross. What shines through here is a lot of love — and pride.

Mary Wilson has been touring the world as a soloist, establishing herself as an individual entertainer, and recently released a new record (ironically titled "Don't Get Mad, Get Even," a 12-inch disc from England). Wilson seems poised now for a whole new dream, a new era of success and creative self-expression. After reading *Dreamgirl*, it's obvious that no one deserves it more.

Van R. Ault is the Sentinel's *Holistics* editor, a psychic and a believer in theatrical miracles.

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'Less Than Zero'

Boy, oh boy. What is there to say, as the song says? You think you've seen it all, right? You think you've seen rapid luminous MTV cinematography. And seen titillating exhibitions of forbidden sins in supposed service to predigested morality. *Less Than Zero* is a coke-in-the-eyeballs romp with the late-teen spawn of the Beverly Hills beautiful people. It not only mythologizes the lurid death-throes of corrupt money culture, it destroys itself in a blaze of hypocrisy, inviting its audience to indulge in a voyeuristic sneer of mingled hatred and envy.



Hollywood high: Robert Downey, Jr. (left) and Andrew McCarthy star in the homophobic film version of Bret Easton Ellis' brat novel, *Less Than Zero*.

"A two-hour Calvin Klein commercial where nobody takes their clothes off," said my editor. "If the ads in *Vanity Fair* could talk," said Patrick Hoedel. Why bother reviewing (or seeing) such a movie? For one thing, screenwriter Harley Peyton has superficially Reaganized Bret Easton Ellis' already vile novel, which centers on a bisexual triangle of sorts. In fact, gay sex becomes the most horrific of this film's dirty little secrets. Doomed crack junkie Julian (Robert Downey Jr.) reaches his final degradation when the nefarious dealer he owes 50 grand pimps him out as a cocksucker.

Protagonist Clay (played here by the featureless mask of Andrew McCarthy), in the novel a detached, amoral predator, on screen becomes not just a hetero hero but the sober, sane Hope of the Future. He's home for Christmas after one term at an Eastern college, crusading to save Julian and the vacantly lovely Blair (Jami Gertz), the girl they trade off, from civilization's decay. Gertz has achieved the impossible already in her young career: I couldn't have imagined her appearing in a movie even emptier than *The Lost Boys*.

British director Marek Kaniévka (of *Another Country*, which featured vastly more sympathetic treatment of gay sexuality) and cinematographer Edward Lachman drive the narrative with careful manipulation of light, color and camerawork. Radioactive neon pastels that infuse the neo-Gatsby party scenes give way to more attenuated primary colors as moralizing sets in, in the latter stages. (Gertz's

makeup also decreases in volume and intensity as she's gradually redeemed — a device as old as the Hollywood Hills.) Night sequences invariably communicate sensuality, intoxication and evil; daylight remains the province of hope, innocence, reason — the promise of the straight life.

Kaniévka revels in this kind of sophomoric symbolism — his characters repeatedly dip into the (literal) candy bowls in their parents' living rooms, later dipping into the cocaine vials they all carry with identical nonchalance. When Clay and Blair have sex in his vintage Corvette on Wilshire Boulevard, it's Christmas Eve, and they're enveloped in a flight of angels.

(Hell's Angels, that is.) Nor is the Corvette scene an aberration; sex scenes in this film focus on the "commodified" body. We see nylons and pumps, a leather jacket, a silk blouse — never bare flesh. Fetishism has its limits, I guess.

Downey's the only actor in *Less Than Zero* with any emotional range, and of course his devotion through addiction, eviction from Dad's house (and wallet) and mewling and puking

"A two-hour Calvin Klein commercial where nobody takes their clothes off," said my editor.

overdose — captured in loving detail — down to the horrors of prostitution allow for extensive histrionics. I feel uneasy discussing this film in technical terms; it certainly doesn't suffer from an absence of craft, just of integrity. Kaniévka's masterful orchestration of the nightmarish nightclubbing lifestyle is outdone only by New York pop impresario Rick Rubin's soundtrack, a too-hip compendium of contemporary pump, from punk to glam metal to Hendrix to reggae to rap.

It's not surprising that *Less Than Zero* effectively undermines its supposed message — the story gets increasingly tedious on its way to the grimly

cautionary denouement. That first hallucinatory, palatial Christmas party — sort of an '80s LA video-graffiti version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Ice Palace* — is what you take away with you. Someone at the party tells Clay, "These people are assholes. Who gives a fuck about these people anyway?" Indeed. In a sense, this is a very important movie, and the profundity of its corruption is nothing short of amazing. Pray the post-nuclear archaeologists never find it.

Less Than Zero plays at the *Galaxy*, *Van Ness and Sutter*, 474-8700; and the *Empire*, *West Portal at Vicente*, SF. Call 661-2539.

'The Hidden'

This glibly violent intergalactic monster chase, while pointless in any human sense, at least avoids the pretense of social meaning. Made on the cheap in LA (it's convenient when evil aliens turn up in Southern California), *The Hidden* blends tried-and-true formula from *The Thing* and *The Terminator* with a dose of *Repo Man*-style bad attitude and an endless stream of explosions and gunfights. Pretty much a live-action cartoon, but I found it refreshingly and hilariously dumb after the sinister sheen of *Less Than Zero*. It'll be even better as a VCR-party item in, say, two or three months.

Kyle MacLachlan (of *Blue Velvet* and — much, much worse — *Dune*) is such a pitiful actor; I'm convinced David Lynch keeps casting him in things as a sick joke. Looking more like a refugee from the high school drama club than an extraterrestrial gumshoe, he's on the earthy trail of a cat-headed tarantula covered with rotting vegetables that's really from Altair 90 or something. This pleasant thing behaves like a high-spirited teenager — it crawls down your throat (yuck-o scene of the month) and makes you steal Ferraris, listen to punk rock, and run over infants and invalids.

We start off with a boffo motor vehicle chase that destroys at least ten police cars, and gets into the rather predictable "who's the monster? — ack — you're the monster" business. Michael Nouri is the handsome, cynical LA cop who takes a while figuring things out. He believes MacLachlan's vague story about being a Seattle FBI agent even though Kyle can't use a knife and fork and tries to eat Alka-Seltzer. (Much of the humor is reminiscent of *Mork and Mindy*, or the Conehead family on *Saturday Night Live* who claim to be from Remulak, "a village in France.")

Apparently the sludgeheap doesn't care if its hosts are living or not, as long as the bodies more or less work, so only after you completely blow it apart will it need a new victim. This makes for some awfully lengthy fire-fights, paced by the soundtrack's constant hard rock groove (the LA-alienation sound of Concrete Blonde works particularly well). The most reprehensible and funniest moments come when the beastie inhabits a glassy-eyed businessman — I think the first alien fart scene in movie cinema — and then a stripper, who leeringly feels her own tits and screws guys to death. Yeah, I saw *Invasion of the B Girls* too.

This movie is essentially garbage. But isn't honest, dopey garbage preferable to sleek, insidious lies?

So we're not talking humanism or political correctness here. It's unfair to suggest that *The Hidden* has no ideological program whatever — when the monster takes over cops and finally a presidential candidate (hmm...), one recognizes the imprecise paranoia that provides much of the horror genre's subconscious potency. This is less a matter of political dread, I'd say — though that might be justified — than the ego's fear of other people (a fear, I suspect, that we all share to some degree).

Okay, let's not cut ourselves. This movie is essentially garbage. But isn't honest dopey garbage



Michael Nouri (top) and Kyle MacLachlan (bottom) shoot 'em up in *The Hidden*.

preferable to sleek insidious lies? Well? *The Hidden* plays at the *Kabuki*, *Post at Fillmore*, SF. Call 931-9800.

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Christmas Presents

Wendy MacLeod's *Apocalyptic Butterflies*, at the Magic Theatre, isn't much concerned about the fact that it's set smack in the middle of the winter holiday season. The trappings of Christmas are just one more element in a bizarre Americana, painted on a canvas that's as gleefully tacky as the most absurd highway off-ramp souvenir shop.

Hank and Muriel Tater (Mark Petrakis and Kathleen Cramer) are not having a merry little Xmas. Marital communication has sunk to those unfortunate lows at which no pleasantries can be safely voiced ("What do you want for Christmas?" "A compliment.") Snow dumps itself in heaps around their dump of a home in rural Maine. The baby, seven weeks old, still hasn't been

highly unwelcome gift from Hank's retired Dad (Morgan Upton). With Mom's (Priscilla Alden) dismayed approval, Dad is busy unraveling any vestiges of parental dignity by adopting a fake "quaint" New England accent for the benefit of the tourists, a trailer home for a residence, and an alarming bent toward septuagenarian whimsy. Hank can't do anything right.

A Bologna Christmas is much better than the real thing, and far more perverse.

named. Given her parents' current inability to agree on anything, she may well graduate high school as Baby X.

Muriel says the doctor told her not to have sex for eight weeks after the birth; Hank isn't sure if she's telling the truth. What's worse, he thinks that even if it is the truth, Muriel doesn't miss "it" anyway.

To add further insult to his injured manhood, there are \$4,000 worth of "genuine" Indian totem poles in the front yard—a

Not at the shoe factory, and certainly not at home, where his attempts to play lord of the manor only result in digs at his slob behavior. When Hank leaves coffee grounds in the new porcelain sink, which then "looks like smoker's teeth," it's the last straw.

Muriel packs off with the unnamed Baby and Hanks' Visa card to Howard Johnson's, a place where there are a multitude of ice cream flavors and somebody else makes the beds. Hank



American Gothic: The Weber Family stars in a fractured version of every good boy's WASP Christmas.

paces off to the arms of Trudi (Karen Hott), a local type with Big Ones and a few too many schizoid mood swings to qualify as being truly "easy."

It looks like the New Year may be spent in divorce court. Can this marriage be saved?

Wendy MacLeod's play as the loopy frivolity of those postcards solemnly commemorating jackalopes; it's a profoundly silly and affectionate reflection of kitsch Americana. The play's characters are earnest crackpots, funniest when at their most common-sensical or distraught. "Get back in here so I can leave you!" Muriel shrieks at the husband, who's just stormed out.

It's a sweet lark of a script, but so thin that it crumbles like a paper doily in the dishwasher when you think about it afterward. It's basically just *The Honeymooners* with a (sort of) new postmodern self-consciousness of tone. Mark Petrakis bears more than a passing resemblance to John Belushi at his most fuming and blustery, while with her disheveled page cut, bookworm glasses and screwball mannerisms, Kathleen Cramer is a dead ringer for Jill Clayburgh.

The movie-star resonances basically sum up their characters. He's a rube. She has aspirations. He's one of the guys. She's sick of this macho b.s. We accept

that they must love each other, because...well, that's the way romantic farce is supposed to work. The shallow mechanics of the script guarantee a reconciliation that's managed here via a "miracle" that's a little too grotesque to be funny, a little too abrupt to be touching; as an attempt at a big final note, it's timid and off-key.

That ending and the top heavy title are emblematic of *Apocalyptic Butterflies*'



American Kitch: Mark Petrakis and Karen Hott star in *Apocalyptic Butterflies*.

ultimate failure to turn its endearingly skewed fluff into the major play it sometimes seems to think it is. At this point MacLeod seems like a hipper Beth Henley—humorous in often unique small ways, but oblivious to the fact that she's dragging a full sled of tired conventions under her whimsy.

If the script doesn't hold up under any real scrutiny, the Magic's production easily suspends that scrutiny for two hours. As Julie Hebert proved last year with a delicious mounting of her own *True Beauties*, she's a director capable of bringing off moods both funky and ethereal, like Rice Krispies splashed with champagne—all snap, crackle and bliss.

Every detail here has an off-center charm, from the day-glo clutter of John Mayne's set to the hilarious pastiche of Top 40 Christmas tunes that comprise Earwax Productions' score. And each performance is a gem of comic inspiration. Hebert's sure hand with her actors and pacing

make this show a pure, if fleeting, delight; hopefully it will also make lots of friends for the Magic after a disastrous season start.

A Bologna Christmas is about a happy all-American family's celebration of Baby Jesus season, and thankfully it's completely demented. As much as the "Cosby Show" or other displays of earnest WASP-like togetherness make my stomach gurgle and heave, cruel send-ups of the same warm my crusty heart.

I Fratelli Bologna, the four-man comedy troupe who've created this drag family-photo be-in, only intended their "Christmas show" to run at the Climate Theatre through this weekend, but they'd be unfunny fools not to extend it through the actual season it undresses so well.

At the Climate, we ring the doorbell and are greeted by sister Sally Sue, (Drew Letchworth) she of the killer pigtails, who ushers us to seats above a wondrous mockup of the suburban nuke-family living room disaster—a TV in every corner not otherwise occupied by Sears appliances, synthetic furniture or frighteningly perfect Yuletide mementos.

Dad (John X. Heart) greets us with pipe and placid upbeat idiocy; Mom (Richard Dupell) is the graciously fussy hostess in search of a little pick-me-up. Sort-of-son Bradley, (William Hall) whose "parents left him with the Webbers years ago but still write," provides the geek adolescent element.

In two and a half hours broken by one intermission (after which we are offered Tums and moist towelettes), we stalk through a giddy landscape of lifestyle investigation and Freudian implications. Incest, Christian rock, Eastern mysticism, the pangs of manhood (Bradley holds a chair up to his waist to conceal a hard-on), literal seizures of remorse (over the loss of family mutt Fluffy), a slide show, audience participation, a hilariously animated sex-ed video, some direct talk with God, and an imitation of Crosby and Kaye in *White Christmas* are all part of the grisly fun.

There's another climactic "miracle" (which seems as dumb, under different circumstances, as the one in *Apocalyptic Butterflies*), and a final exchange of presents. *A Bologna Christmas* has the sick humor toward American family archetypes that Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders* did (with a direct cop in the character of twitchy teen sociopath Brad), if little of its focus or depth.

But this isn't intended to be a statement show, for god's sake. The satire here is deliberately throwaway. It's also convulsively funny. *A Bologna Christmas* is much better than the real thing, and far more perverse. The final shows may well be sold out, so call the Climate and clamor for a return engagement.

Apocalyptic Butterflies plays through December 20 at the Magic Theatre at Fort Mason, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, Sundays at 2 pm and 7:30 pm. Tickets range from \$10 to \$17. Call 441-8822 for info.

I Fratelli Bologna's *A Bologna Christmas* plays through this Sunday at the Climate Theatre, 252 Ninth Street. Call 626-9196 for ticket info and any newly scheduled dates.

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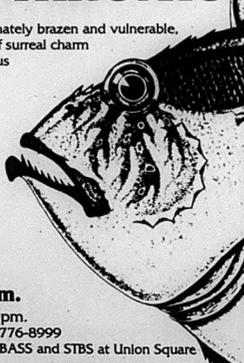


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Ethyl Takes the Prize Talent Show

There's this guy named Ethyl — Ethyl Eichelberger. He's got an absolutely unbelievable act that I have to describe somehow, but that's not going to be easy. If you missed his one-night stand at ACT last Sunday, you missed one of the best mondo-bizarro, laugh-out-loud, brilliant, borderline lunatic performances of the year.

Eichelberger takes Shakespeare's plays, and a variety of historical and literary characters, and uses them as a point of departure for his own comic productions. In his original one-acts, Eichelberger plays all the parts with the assistance of a variety of hand props, a piano and an accordion. Sunday's offerings were *Leer* and *The Tempest of Chim-Lee*. (But I'm really waiting to see him play *Jocasta*, mother of Oedipus, in *Boy Crazy*, or *She Married Her Son*.)

With *Leer*, Eichelberger moves the story of King Lear to the American South, throws in a few lines from Tennessee Williams, and portrays Lear like a 1980s Big Daddy on a day-pass from Bellevue. He also plays the part of his daughter, Cordelia, and a stuttering nincompoop called, simply, The Fool. The Fool, it turns out, is actually Lear's nephew, his sister Leona Lear's son.

Anyway, to make a short story shorter, Lear scorns his loving daughter Cordelia, she dies by accidentally drinking poison, and The Fool commits suicide by hanging. Throughout this piece, Eichelberger keeps the house lights up and works the audience with some devastating asides. At one point he stops the action and breaks into a tap dance in his black, high-topped tennis shoes explaining, "This is for Ralph. I promised him I'd tap dance."

But before we get there, we're treated to Eichelberger in a modified Chinese coolie outfit. Complete with a floor-length, braided pony tail, he plays Chim-Lee, the opium dealer; lo, the object of Chim-Lee's affections; and a variety of related characters. This madcap romp through the streets of Chinatown ends with a song that proclaims happy endings as the rule and



Before and after: the transformative Ethyl Eichelberger.

points out that "only money can ease the pain of a broken heart." lo, whose brother Chan died at Chim-Lee's hands, decides to get rich by taking the shrunken corpse on the road and charging \$8 a pop to view it. Do you get the idea here?

Eichelberger uses great make-up and wigs, minimal lighting effects and slightly seedy but imaginative costumes to present his plays. The smattering of songs which spring up during the course of the evening are not only funny, but sometimes quite moving. The effect is both high drama and high camp, with Eichelberger coming across like the illegitimate son of Bette Midler and Laurence Olivier. But presenting this kind of act as successfully as he does requires

no small amount of artistry. What actually happens with the characters and story line is secondary to the casual brilliance of Eichelberger's presentation. Somewhere in the middle of the evening, I figured it out.

When I was a kid, all the boys and girls on my block would get together and put on an annual talent show. The performance usually occurred at the end of

sharpest delivery and the most ingenious way of grabbing the audience's attention and stealing the spotlight.

Eichelberger is that kid. Freed from the excess baggage of inferior supporting players, he creates his own lunatic tour de force, throwing in everything from whoopee cushions to sparklers, even eating fire at one point. Since no one else is doing

Eichelberger creates his own lunatic tour de force, throwing in everything from whoopee cushions to sparklers, even eating fire at one point.

summer, and the show traveled each year from one back yard to another, staged on patios and back porches with folding chairs set up on the grass for the audience. We would sing songs, tap dance, and do our own dramatic skits for a large assortment of neighbors and family members. In retrospect, I realize how truly entertaining we must have been.

But every year, there was one kid who was the standout. This kid had the best costumes, the

this kind of performance art/satire, you probably have little in your experience that compares with an evening in the presence of Mr. Eichelberger. But based upon the audience response last Sunday, you may have another opportunity to catch his act in the near future. Don't pass it up.

In every performer's life, there is a time when things really start to happen. For Eichelberger, it looks like that time has come. ■

The second act, *The Tempest of Chim-Lee*, transports *The Tempest* to San Francisco in 1906. Given the date, you can probably figure out the ending



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Rock, Saints and Spray Paint Bono Fried

It's late Saturday night, and I've just returned from the **Chatterbox**, a neighborhood rock club with integrity and finesse beyond its years, posters of Emma Peel and Johnny Thunders on the wall, *Reform School Girls* on the video and the **Housecoat Project** on stage.

Absent from this pleasurable were out-of-towners, flaky dudes on the make, sweaters, dainty new wave babes and Mr. "Sunday Bloody Sunday," himself, **Bono** Hewson. Perhaps that darn U2 guy opted for a small bar on Lower Haight — or maybe DNA or DV8. Then again, he and his co-writer, God, might be in jail for spray painting their latest divine revelation on public property.

At any rate, the Housecoat

and on-show nights lands directly in the lap of classic glamour/trash rock. This consistent feature became a Chatterbox standard long before the recent birth of Trash Tuesday at the Kennel Club, Glam Monday at Holy Cow and Wednesdays at Rockers!

A trend towards retro-glam rock and rock in its raver forms in SF clubs is a very welcome movement. I love to hear Kiss, the New York Dolls, Led Zepp-

DNA Lounge, who will be celebrating the club's second anniversary next week. DNA has excelled over the past year as a regular showcase for local talent. From the traditional sounds of Jerry Sheller to the political mayhem of the Beat Nigs, plus a smattering of Miss Kitty, Carol Doda and Patsy Cline, the venue covers a lot of ground. Besides that, dancing at the DNA after hours when owner **Brian Raffi** is spinning discs has become a definitive late-night activity. He reels through a unique mix of styles, taking chances on things other DJs wouldn't touch.

The club's obvious musical assets combined with a responsible record of benefits, the most vibrant, amusing doormen in town and the sublime charm of Claire, my favorite bartender, make for one of SOMA's finest watering holes. I hope the owners and staff will hold still long enough to bask in some well-deserved praise. Don't miss the all-star, gala anniversary celebration (for details see Rock

Previews).

On the live music front, lots has been happening. Of course, the city was all aglow and frantic over **U2**, scrambling for tickets, awed by their surprise downtown concert featuring God's greatest co-hits and keeping their eyes peeled at the clubs for Bono, leader of the "feel-good" group of the year. Unfortunately, a dark shadow fell over the

home and searched U2 records for backwards satanic messages instead.

Well, that was fun, but I better pull myself out of the bitch ditch, wash off the hype, and say something positive for a change. It's a bit difficult, though, because the omnipotent Bono kept popping up, in reference and in person, at two shows I attended.

"Did you all make it down to

Unfortunately, a dark shadow fell over the crusade in the form of an intense and swelling scandal: The Spray Paint Incident.

crusade in the form of an intense and swelling scandal: The Spray Paint Incident.

Controversial words and deeds have been thrust upon a split public by rock performers for decades, enhancing the passion of followers while creating a

see Boner today?" asked one member of the Boston three-piece, the **Volcano Suns**. Opening for the **Celibate Rifles** at the I-Beam, the Suns kicked butt, topping their set off with a cover of Big Black's "Racer X." Shortly after, the I-Beam's newly refurbished sound system definitely got a healthy workout by the unsung Australian headliners.

Over a year ago, I saw this band of guitar-mad veterans pummel an audience into movement with excessive volume and every familiar guitar heroic from the past 30 years. Their return to SF last Wednesday found the five-piece in tremendous shape, twice as effective as before. The songs got shorter so guitars got tougher, and vocalist Damien Lovelock (great name!) was similarly terse and powerful. I craved a fix of screaming guitars. The Rifles obliged with gusto, and the whole house rocked happily ever after.

Finally, we come to the best show of the week, an event so good that even Bono (sitting and rocking straight across the auditorium from me) seemed to enjoy it. **R.E.M.**, direct from the cover of *Rolling Stone*, delivered a passionate set, erasing any doubts I had about their latest LP, *Document*, their only record to date that I didn't love immediately.

Vocalist Michael Stipe was magnificent, bounding forward from his shy and mysterious stage demeanor of past shows into an energetic realm of showmanship. Like a child finally growing into a pair of shoes mistakenly purchased a size too large, R.E.M. at last managed to comfortably fit into a large stadium situation. They did so without seeming contrived, diluted or predictable, maintaining the trademark R.E.M. magic that I first witnessed over five years ago.

As Bono watched Michael Stipe perform, I had to wonder how he felt. Before him was a band making straightforward political statements without climbing the stage scaffolding to wave a white flag. Stipe's delivery was human, filled with a youthful enthusiasm completely different from the grandstanding of a rock super hero. For Bono's one singular stage personality, Stipe created at least a dozen, ranging from Southern Baptist minister to madman prophet, yet always returning to a joyous, childlike innocence, spinning and flailing with boundless energy. Bono seemed jaded in comparison. Perhaps that's why the Irishman's seat was vacant well before the show ended. Too bad, he missed three great encores. ■

Speaking of Jesus, I'm reminded that many people think Bono is Jesus, or at least they act like it. Recalling Bono's comments about God's co-writing abilities makes the man sound like a TV evangelist in comparison.

Project was just what I needed. They were fast enough to bang my head to, funky enough to dance to and very funny. Besides some blistering originals, they did covers of "What's New Pussycat?" (twice), "It's a Small World" and a great rendition of Iggy Pop's "Endless Sea." This loose but feisty performance really got the small bar hopping, a common weekend occurrence at this venue.

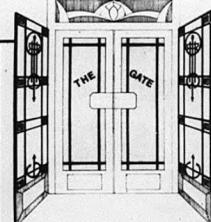
The Chatterbox has hosted Friday and Saturday night shows like this for quite a while now. The music played between bands

lin, old Iggy or Cheap Trick when I'm out drinking. It beats the shit out of Bono and Whitney, and the Chatterbox deserves some credit for spearheading this R&R shot in the arm. The friendly staff knew exactly what they wanted and pulled it off, all the way down to the decor and free splatter movies Thursday and Sunday nights. Every time I walk into the Chatterbox, I thank the spirit of Marc Bolan that I live just around the corner.

As long as I'm praising clubs, I'd like to extend a hearty congratulations to the staff of the



R.E.M.: Best show of the week, even Bono was there.



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new opposition. Bono's spraying spree, the most discussed and argued point on MUNI and a sure setback in the war on graffiti, will not be ignored in rock history. In fact, there hasn't been a more dangerously controversial statement of equal magnitude since Lennon said the Beatles were more popular than Jesus. The punk explosion pales in comparison, as this incident permeates the thoughts of an entire nation. I almost forgot about the hole in the ozone layer.

Speaking of Jesus, I'm reminded that many people think Bono is Jesus, or at least they act like it. This horde of disciples should listen to Prince's song "The Cross." He handles the subject of religion with point-blank strength and integrity, no ego. Recalling Bono's comments about God's co-writing abilities makes the man sound like a TV evangelist in comparison. I fully expected that he'd actually heal the entire handicapped section of the stadium. Hallelujah and pass the spray paint! I would have missed the miracle. I stayed

Quick 'N' Dirty

"This is representative of Texas countryside," said my friend **Rob Kinsey**, as we sped south on I-45, past sprawling malls and car dealerships. "Flat, flat, flat." Indeed; and it is perhaps only this contourless geography that distinguishes a city like **Houston** from a dozen other heartland American megalopolises, all of them with stilted freeway overpasses under construction, sky-clawing clumps of downtown skyscrapers, and outlying suburbs spreading like ossified lava from a long dormant volcano.

All boast the familiar detritus of Americana: McDonald's, car exhaust and an unsettling Any City, USA, facelessness. What's the difference between them? And how can I best fashion some sense of a city's uniqueness?

Money Walks

I did it with a recent quick 'n' dirty plunge into Houston's gay scene; here's a report both highly subjective and incomplete.

I stayed with Kinsey, a poobah of Houston high finance, and his lover, **Rikki O'Shea**, a rascally local female impersonator. They live comfortably in Montrose, the city's largely gay section ten minutes south of downtown. Once a middle-class neighborhood, it is now a curious mix of well-tended lawns and, round some corners, dilapidated, peeling porches and abandoned cars.

Like everything else in Houston, housing's fairly cheap: the monthly tariff on a quasi-tony SF apartment will rent you a two bedroom house in Montrose. About five years ago, Houston went bust in a big way: the oil market crapped out when foreign import prices fell drastically. (While you puffered around at 90¢/gal., Houstonians either fled, boarded up or bit the bullet.) And the city still shows alarming signs of depression: empty storefronts and a general air of fatigue evident in littered streets and untended public gardens.

But locals assure you the city's rebuilding; some even point to the new **Wortham Center** (or, in tanga local slang, "Worthless Center"), with its 1,200-seat Cullen Theatre for chamber opera; its 2,200-capacity Brown Theater for Grand Opera; its one million square feet of air space in the Grand Foyer. And the downtown vacancy rate (in buildings designed by architectural superstars like **I.M. Pei** and **Philip Johnson**) has shrunk to a respectable 22 percent.

So the smart real estate money's making noises about "ground floors" in housing and land speculation, and Houstonians hope for an influx of new blood and, of course, its con-sanguine cohort: new money.

Lovin' The Allin'

In the midst of all this thrives a sizeable gay community (figure about 170,000, or Kinsey's 10% of Houston's 1.7 million population), remarkable both for its oddly poignant *recherche* quality, and for the division of its members over the relative merits of their host city.

"If you're single," a tall U. of Houston student told me over a beer one night, "Houston has

the best looking guys. And they're friendly. It's the best gay scene of any city I've been to — and I've traveled through 21 nations in the world." (He added that on a recent trip west, he'd found SF unfriendly and clone-riden.)

Not everyone agrees. "I've been here five months," said one native, who'd returned from an extended stay in Seattle, "and I'm ready to leave." And a self-defined "space brat" (i.e., NASA baby) and native Texan, who lived in SF and Sausalito from 1978 until 1982, and who's been in Houston three years now, put it a little more succinctly: "I hate it." Then why does he stay? "My parents live here."

Rumor of You

The gays who choose between the city's 20 or so bars, two baths and bookstores form a closely-knit and potentially incestuous clan. "I bet if Rikki and I sat down with five of our friends," Kinsey said one night, "between us we'd know almost every queen in the city." And familiarity breeds chatter. "Gossip is big here," a quick talker in his early twenties told me. "And it gets vicious." **Arby Burnett**, a staffer of the gay weekly *This Week in Texas*, agreed, but noted that it's not a Southern phenomenon *per se*. "It wasn't like this when I lived in New Orleans and Florida," he said, exhaling cigarette smoke in *TWT*'s comfortable Montrose office. "People love to get each other's goats down here. They thrive on it."

All of which creates a kind of linguistic time-capsule almost nostalgic to West Coast ears. You hear lots of "Marys," "Listen, queens" and "ohh, girls" in Houston. A button-fly



The March, D.C.

Oct. 1, 1987

bulge is called "a tasty-looking box." And someone starts to dish with, "Okay, here's the tea."

Not to say there are no avant garde gossips. **Tommy Hunt**, a 21-year-old bar-back, said he goes by the name "Cosmic Suzy Space Slut Sex-Kitten Whore-Goddess In Orbit Zip-Zip Ping!" Or, alternately, "The Contessa Conchetta Blanchetta Marquessa Methamphetamine-sedamona Whore May June."

"We don't use 'Mary' when we dish," Tommy sniffed over coffee one morning. "We use Blanchette, or Violetta — anything but Mary!"

The Boys of Sex

If Houston chatter's chapped, its bars peel the skin off memory. The Sunday night I arrived, Kinsey immediately whisked me to **The Barn**, a sawdusty place in the so-called "Bermuda Triangle" of Montrose bars (at Pacific and Grant Streets). In an upstairs room, a dozen drag queens and their friends mourned a performer recently lost to AIDS. They smoked and drank, picked at a platter of hors d'oeuvres and posed for video pictures pursued by a stout guy in a leather vest. (Three nights later, the place burned to a crisp amidst predictably salacious speculation: the owner, tongues wagged, had only bought the place two months before, and it wasn't doing all that well...)

Across the street, the **Montrose Mining Company** boasted a cozy, Badlands kind of feel; out on the back porch, men in shorts

and boys in jeans soaked in the thick, gray humidity. A stone's throw away, **J.R.**'s featured the same easy-going feel: guys huddled around a pool table, poked at video machines or cruised nonchalantly against brass rails.

So Youth Say

In the few bars I saw, patrons' ages appeared to range from 25 to 40. There are no organized groups for gay youths in Houston; most, in the words of one gay press member, "either party with their friends or, if they're a normal kid, get a fake ID." (The Houston drinking age is 21, up from 19 in September 1986. But Texas is a big drinking state, and habits die hard: an open-container law allows a vehicle passenger to drink an open alcoholic beverage. Until recently, so could the driver.)

Young barhounds tend to cluster around two watering holes: Heaven, the linchpin of the Bermuda Triangle, or Numbers, on upper Westheimer Street.

Glare Must Be An Angel

For all the talk about the vaunted Texas friendliness, I found Heaven insufferably awash in attitude. It's a large place: there's an octagonal room hung with six video screens, a long barroom with a pool table and video machines, and a sunken dance floor surrounded by white railing — all of it glowing under pink

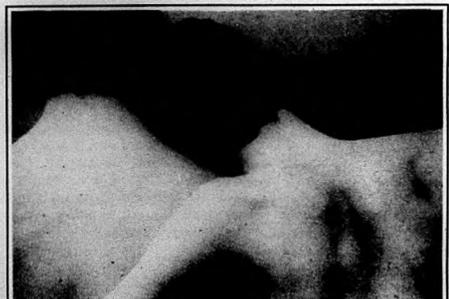
neon. Heaven appears to cater to an admirably eclectic crowd: blacks, Hispanics, women, the young and old alike. But the door staff tends to be snuffy, and the bar's claws-out cruisions inhibits casual conversation.

On Thursday night, I watched Tommy Hunt work the spotlight for a cascade of spangled, waxed and shaved go-go boys. "Male dancers are a big thing down here," Tommy said, pinpointing the pink spot on a G-string crack. "Every bar has them some night or other." (Plus predictable amenities: 10¢ beer nights, cheap drink nights, etc.) In between the dancers, a comic worked the crowd with a patter both "classic" (lots of "Marys" and, to feminism-sensitive ears, wickedly misogynist: lots of lesbian jokes. (One community insider said gay men and lesbians remain separatist in Houston: among men, he said, "there's an intense distaste for pussy here, and an incessant need to talk about it.")

The Hole Truth

Numbers, by contrast, boasted a massive, shambling, low-lit and grungy charm. (It's not to be confused with the LA Numbers, a gruesome mirror-and-naugahy confection in which over-kill and overripe daddies paw feline babies with flashing cash-register eyes.) It shook with the feel of a demented frat party for

Continued on next page



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Timely Temptations

Last week was unrelenting: a gridlock of competing rock events that left even rugged renegades overwhelmed — not unpleasantly, but profoundly. It was a week to get giddy, to get gone, to get grateful.

Rock Previews began preparing for Thanksgiving early: roasting the turkey Molinari in last week's column. Naturally, within days of publication, the sorry, grinning gopher found that his supporters now numbered only 18% of the city's voters — undoubtedly that unlucky minority who failed to read my painfully fair evisceration of his candidacy. It was a selfless act of conscience — one that certainly merits a pricey appointment by Mayor Agnos: lord it over Parks and Recreation, or Teen Sex Education, or possibly Bob Ross' place on the Bridge Commission.

Pending the post though, I faced the music. Hopeless. Despite daring and determination, I missed Don Dixon, the Dixie Hummingbirds, Neil Young, Lonnie Mack, Jerry Sheller, AIDS benefits at the Great American and at Roland's, DV8's four-band

freebie, the BoDeans and the immortal Ethyl Eichelberger. I careened from a garrulous, god-awful set by Warren Zevon; to an unheinged delight from R.E.M.; a staggering, heart-warming triumph by Steve Earle; and on to a risky, redemptive grandstand by U2.

By Monday night the whole city seemed tapped out. Fetchin' Bones drew an unspeakably small crowd to the I-Beam. "They look great," my stalwart photographer friend Geller grinned, but as our eyes locked it was obvious that we were both slipping towards overload. Close to catatonic. I glanced back at the breathtaking boy-guitarist and savoring the Agnos ascent, a staggering succession of shows, and the bead of sweat that traced the guitarist's perfect jaw line, I mumbled, "Thanksgiving looks to be coming up timely this year." And thus, here's a guide to the temptations en route.



Joey Arias refines the art of attitude at DV8, Friday, 11/20.

John Sex, Joey Arias, Carol Doda

A party for *Details* magazine at Dr. Winkie's House of Horrors sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure seems tempting: the local silicone-supplemented sweet-heart opens with a fashion show introducing her new line of lingerie. Miss Doda is followed by two legends from New York's downtown scene. Joey reinvents drag and channels Billie Holiday (when he isn't covering Led Zepplin anthems). John reinvents sex and show business with an intensity that is both hilariously subversive and disarmingly sweet. Beyond Pee Wee's Playhouse. (DV8, 11/20, 10:30 pm, \$10)

Jerry Sheller

Back at the crossroads where country met the blues, this unassuming wonder staked his claim and continues to bring up gold. (DNA, 11/20 & 21, 9 pm, \$4)

Camper Van Beethoven, The Mercy Seat

Santa Cruz's wiley neo-hippies headline and — with a major-label debut disc due — it's enough to perk even this skeptic's interest. Violent Femme's leader Gilbert Gano's Pentecostal-gospel combo open. Artistic license rules. (Kennel Club, 11/20, 10 pm, \$8)

Chuck Berry

At 60, the master hasn't lost a lick, though he could sleepwalk through most shows. The intrigue here is the upscale black audience that usually favors this hall with its dizzying revolving stage. Lit by his recent reborn celebrity, he might stretch out for them. Might. (Circle Star, 11/20, 8:30 pm, \$?)

Kats & Kittens

Miss Kitty is more dependable for rock and raunch than these torch sets, but she can still fill up this cozy club, and she'll be here for those soloing on Thanksgiving. (Paradise Lounge, 11/20, 21 & 26, 9 & 11 pm, free)

KQED Wine & Food Tasting

As Mick Jagger sang it, "Thank you for your wine Cali-

forn-ya," this sentiment is celebrated in this charitable debauch. Temptation, appreciation and inebriation face off. Someone will divine the meaning of "a-wop-bop-a-loo-bop-a-wop-bam-boom." (Great Concourse, 11/21, 1-5 pm, \$45)

Roseanne Barr, TBA

The wide-ride's savage dish on domesticity is supposed to have earned her a big gay following. Sounds like Joan Rivers meets Erma Bombeck to me, but Memphis Mark, who has actually seen the lady, approves. So — lynch him if she stinks. (Warfield, 11/21, 8 pm, \$17.50)

Henry Kaiser, Leaving Trains

Art-rock guitarist Kaiser swears that this is his straight-ahead rock set, "like ZZ Top, only tougher." The openers are boosting their latest LP, *Fuck*, on SST. Right. (Kennel Club, 11/21, 10 pm, \$7)

DNA's 2nd Anniversary & AIDS Benefit

Headliners from the club's cabaret series (Kats & Kittens, Beatnik Beach, Timmy Hesia, Jerry Sheller, Extreme Exposure) will be joined by special guests on stage, honoring this SOMA survivor. Free champagne until 10 pm, and all proceeds go to fight AIDS. Kick in and celebrate. (DNA, 11/22, 9 pm, \$3)

Joe Cocker, Peter Himmelman

Cocker is still the only heir apparent that the astonishing Ray Charles recognizes. After a couple of decades of towering self-abuse, Cocker has stumbled into a maturity that many feared he'd never reach. His new LP, *Unchain My Heart*, is wobbling up the charts. Come and see if you want to argue with Ray. (Warfield, 11/22, 8 pm, \$17.50 res)

Schooly D., Too Short, Beat Nigs

A rad rap show for the SOMA crowd teams the comer from NYC (riding his *Saturday Night LP*) with Oakland's X-rated upstart: the wondrous industrial/funk locals lead off. (DV8, 11/22, 10 pm, \$8)

Flipper, Housecoat Project

SF's seminal answer to the Buttholes revive their endless farewell tour. Baird reviews the openers in his column. (I-Beam, 11/23, 10:30 pm, \$6)

Wire Train

An acoustic set from the local Waterboys-wannabees. (Paradise, 11/24, 9 & 11 pm, free)

Sister Double Happiness, Bohemian Luv Jones, The Hellhounds

Cathy Cohn requests that you bring a can of food (for the food bank) in lieu of admission, and share the wealth. The openers illuminate a quirky roster of covers. BLJ swamp it up danceable, and SDH is fronted by a substantial Texan homo who just might be god. (I-Beam, 11/25, 10 pm, free)

Free Turkey Dinner

The coziest venue on Haight Street thanks its unfed clients on a day when even prisoners get a dose of gobbler. Raise a glass to Yurg. (Nightbreak, 11/26, 6 pm, free)

CLASSICS

Continued from page 23

is the answer to those who claim that greatness has fled the contemporary opera stage. She is young, she is beautiful, she is instinctively musical, and she has the voice of a goddess. She has also been greatly gifted by this Juliet, for French style must be learned young, if it is to be learned at all. Still on the threshold of a great career, Swenson is learning not only the lyrical finesse necessary for this music, but a vocal technique that will stand her in good stead for the rest of her life. French technique demands an easy access to the singer's head tones; if she can keep that staircase open and uncluttered, Swenson will keep that gleaming brightness that is the glory of the human voice. ■

LESS TALK

Continued from page 29

the terminally alienated: a couple made out in one corner; a young guy slumped, passed out, on a speaker; collegiates in shorts stared bleakly at black-clad/big-hair hardcores soaring and nose-diving on the wooden dance floor, pumping to the Big Bang/New Music/Slash Guitar beat.

And to burnish this indisputable patina of hip, the bar was to feature a Friday the 13th performance by Texas' own flame-carriers of the avant-cogniscent: the *Butthole Surfers*.

Bye Out

There's more to the great (but not late) state of Texas — winding two-lane roads whistling past farms where longhorns graze; one-horse towns whose primary focus is the high-school football team; oil rigs and smoking refineries — but it'll have to wait. Unlike the flat fields of the Big T, this column has actual boundaries, and I've just run up against 'em. So I'll skip to the wings, spurs clicking and tengallon hat perched rakishly. I'll be here next week — so y'all come back now. Hear? ■

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WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY JOHN FRANK

21 NOVEMBER SATURDAY

Cal Performances presents wicked, bluesy jazz by trumpet master **Wynton Marsalis**, the only instrumentalist awarded back-to-back Grammys for both jazz and classical music. The rhythm section for this performance includes drummer Jeff "Tain" Watts, pianist Marcus Roberts and bassist Bob Hurst. 8 pm. Zellerbach Hall, UC Berkeley. \$10.50-\$16.50/\$2 discount for seniors and students. Tickets: 642-9988, 762-BASS, STBS. Info: 642-9988. (See related entry under 11/23.)

Abortion rights are threatened now more than ever. To combat that threat, the Pro-Choice Coalition of Northern California, the Coalition of Labor Union Women and other groups are sponsoring a **Speak-Out for Abortion Rights** to reaffirm the importance of legalized abortion. Women will share their experiences of abortion, both legal and illegal. 1:30 pm. Women's Building, 3543 18th St., SF. Free. Info: 558-8303.

The SF Symphony's **New and Unusual Music** series opens its 1987-88 season with the world premiere of Bay Area composer David Carlson's *Rhapsodie*. The program, conducted by the Symphony's associate conductor Andrew Massey, also includes Elliott Carter's *Pentode*; Pierre Boulez's work for seven violoncellos, *Messagisme*; and the SF Premiere of Luka Foss' *Renaissance Concerto for Flute and Orchestra*, with Robin McKee on flute. 8:30 pm. Herbst Theatre, 401 Van Ness Ave., SF. \$10. Tickets: 762-BASS, 431-5400.



Camp classic: Acme Famous Players revive Maxwell Anderson's horror melodrama, *Bad Seed*. See **Event of the Week, Sunday, 11/22**.

You went to Washington. You marched. Maybe you did CD at the Supreme Court. Now what? Some answers may be found in **Carrying Forth the Spirit of the March on Washington**, a half-day workshop for the marchers and their supporters who wish to explore ways to continue the spirit of the march as individuals and as a community. Ritual, discussion and visualization will be some of the tools used. Proceeds to benefit the NAMES Project and UCSF AIDS Health Project. 1-5 pm. First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St., SF. \$10. Res/info: 655-7801.

New dance is showcased in **Several Dances/Several People**, a collaborative project by five Bay Area choreographers (Gary Palmer, Betsy Ceva, Mary Reid, Dean Loumbas and Frank Montoya), three composers and thirty dancers. Tonight and tomorrow at 8 pm. New Performance Gallery, 3153 17th St., SF. \$8. Res: 863-9834. Info: 861-5059.

Cultivate a Garden of Sensual Delights: An Erotic Workshop for Men, which offers massage techniques that foster relaxation and intimacy, and introduces safer sex options for couples and single men. The weekend workshop is led by Kenneth Ray Stubbs, PhD, author of *The Sensuous Lover's Guide*. Today and tomorrow, 10 am-6 pm. 890 Folsom St. (at Fifth St.), SF. \$98. Info: 543-3470.

Hang on to your hats, cowpokes and buffalo gals, 'cause **The San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Chorus Rides Again!** with an evening of song, dance and comedy. Sharing the stage with the chorus are the Barbary Coast Cloggers, Fiddlesticks, Men About Town, The Foggy City Dancers, Menage, the South Bay Stompers, Raw

hide II Saddle Tramps and comedian Danny Williams. Sign-language interpreted for the hearing impaired. 8 pm. First Congregational Church, Post & Mason Sts., SF. \$10. Tickets at Headlines, Big Mama's, Word Processing of SF, or at the door.

22 NOVEMBER SUNDAY

Critically acclaimed Bay Area pianist **Justin Blasdale** returns after several years absence from major recital halls in a concert presented by Old First Concerts. Blasdale performs *Drei Klavierstuck op. 11*, by Schoenberg; Bach's *Tocatta in D Major BWV 912*; and Lisa's *Tre Sonetti di Petrarca nos. 47, 104 & 123* with *Après une Lecture du Dante*. 4 pm. Old First Church, Van Ness Ave. & Sacramento St., SF. \$7 general/\$5 seniors and students/\$3.50 members. Info: 474-1608.

En garde! Touche Unlimited presents a **Two-Day Swashbuckling Intensive** — instruction in the art of the Western Sword using historically accurate stage combat. Taught in a completely safe manner with broadsword, rapier and dagger, courtsword and hand-to-hand techniques to prevent physical stress and to encourage the correct use of muscle groups. (Is this how Errol Flynn got his start?) Today and tomorrow, 10 am-4 pm. Drama Studio London/USA, 2325 Fourth St., Berkeley. Info: 526-3755, 525-8290.

EVENT OF THE WEEK

You may have missed the opening last night, but you still have time to catch Acme Famous Players' production of *Bad Seed*, a horror melodrama by Maxwell Anderson, and produced and directed by Phillip R. Ford. The child in question is eight years old. She's blonde, she's pretty, Rhoda Penmark is a perfect, sweet little girl... who kills people. **Tippi** resurrects Patty McCormack's 1956 film role, with **Miss X** as Rhoda's nervous mother, Christine, and **Doris Fish** portraying Monica Breedlove. Performances on Thursday, Friday and Saturday through December 12. (No performance on Thanksgiving.) 8:30 pm. The Studio at Theatre Rhinoceros, 2926 16th St., SF. \$10. Tickets: 861-5079.

One of France's most active and committed film artists, **Rose Lowder**, is in the limelight as SF Cinematheque screens *Rue des Tenturiers*, *Scenes de la Vie Francaise: Paris*, and *La Ciotat*, all of which feature the filmmaker's rich imagery and passionate concentration. Lowder herself will be present for discussion following the screenings. 8 pm. SF Art Institute Theatre, 800 Chestnut St., SF. \$3.50. Info: 558-8129.

23 NOVEMBER MONDAY

Rob Villacari's **Iyengar-style yoga class**, for stiff beginners as well as looser, more experienced students, meets every Monday night. The 90-minute class includes systematic stretching combined with conscious breathing and concludes with guided relaxation — all taught in a loving, supportive atmosphere. PWAs welcome. 6:30 pm. So haul your chakras on down to 455A Valencia St., SF. \$7, drop-in/\$24, 4 classes/\$55, 10 classes; sliding scale. Info: 864-1141.



Ecstatic transport: Paris is one of more than 150 images included in an exhibit of works by master photographer Robert Frank at Berkeley's University Art Museum, now through December 13. This show is a "must see" for all serious shutterbugs and other fans of the frozen image. Call 642-1438.



And what's your fairy godmother done for you lately? Cinderella gets an excess of thanksgiving bounty when Disney's classic, myth-making film returns to the Alhambra, Alexandria and Empire cinemas on Friday, 11/20.

The SF Conservatory's **Ortega Baroque Ensemble**, directed by Timothy Day and Laurette Goldberg, presents a program of early Bach and Vivaldi, with soloists Day, baroque flute (in his Conservatory debut); Gideon Meir, harpsichord; Gonzalo Ruiz, oboe; and Charles Teitsworth, mandolin. 8 pm. Hellman Hall, 19th Ave. (at Ortega), SF. Free (voluntary donation suggested). Info: 564-8086.

The Regents' Lecture Series hosts a free public lecture, **An Evening with Wynton Marsalis — Words on Music**, by the celebrated jazz and classical musician. 8 pm. Hertz Hall, UC Berkeley. Info: 642-0212.

24 NOVEMBER TUESDAY

The SF Macrobiotic Networks sponsors a **tai-chi class** with Shessa, followed by a vegetarian dinner. 5:30 pm. Zen Guest House, 273 Page St. (at Laguna), SF. Res: 431-2122.

Students at the SF Conservatory get a chance to show their stuff as David Krebbel directs a **Brass Ensemble Concert** in a program of works by Handel, Grieg, Beethoven and others. 8 pm. Hellman Hall, SF Conservatory, 19th Ave. (at Ortega), SF. Free (voluntary donation suggested). Info: 564-8086.

Bob Waterman, bestselling author of *In Search of Excellence* and *The Renewal Factor*, is also a recognized artist holding his first public showing this month. Waterman's paintings are a soft blend of traditional and classical works done in both oil and watercolor. A special reception to honor the artist takes place at 5:30-8 pm. The Gallery, 329 Primrose Rd., Burlingame. Info: 347-9392.

25 NOVEMBER WEDNESDAY

After all those years pantomiming "Blame It on the Bossa Nova" before your full-length mirror, you finally have the chance to be a real star! Belt out that song at **Teddy Bears' open-mike cabaret**. You'll be accompanied by Judy Hall on piano. And if tonight things don't go quite as you had planned, try again next week — this event happens every Wednesday night, 9 pm-midnight. Teddy Bears Restaurant and Lounge, 131 Gough St., SF. No cover. Res/info: 621-6766.

Marga Gomez, la mujer extraordinaire, brings her cockeyed worldview to Amelia's at 8 pm. 647 Valencia St., SF. Free. And same time, different venue: Just when you thought it was safe to go back to El Rio, **Tom "Wrists" Ammann** and **Karen Ripley** share the billing at that Mission hotspot. 8-10 pm. 3158 Mission St. (at Army), SF. \$2.

Celebrate the kick-off to the holiday season at Trocadero Transfer's ninth annual pre-Thanksgiving party, **Drumsticks & Dancin' Shoes**. Dance to the high-energy music of Steve Smith. 9 pm-4 am. 520 Fourth St., SF. \$3 general/free to members. Info: 495-6620.

26 NOVEMBER THURSDAY

Everyone's welcome to bring a favorite dish and share the feast at **BWMT's Thanksgiving potluck dinner**. 6-9 pm. Black and White Men Together is located at 1350 Waller St., SF. Info: 864-0790.

The Castro Lions Club and the Old First Presbyterian Church jointly sponsor a **Thanksgiving Dinner for Homeless Youths** (through age 17). 12-2 pm. Old First Presbyterian Church, Van Ness Ave. & Sacramento St., SF. Free. Info: 626-9081.

On the tube it's **Electric City** interviewing the sisters from *Nunsense*, checking out the Mr. South of Market contest and visiting Barrett, a warlock. 9 pm. SF Viacom Cable channel 6.

27 NOVEMBER FRIDAY

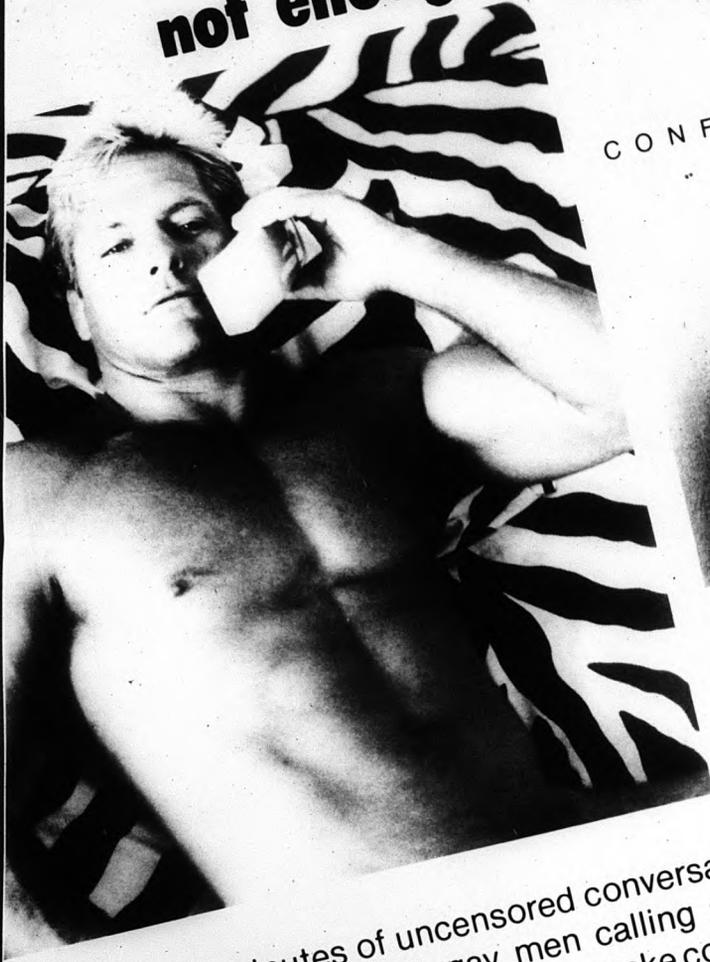
Did you eat a little too much yesterday? The **FrontRunners** invite you to work off that extra cargo with a **3 1/2-mile run**. Meet at 10 am at Lafayette Park, Sacramento & Octavia Sts., SF. Free.

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.**

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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 (re)eat only very young (18-30), thin, smooth, clean guys. Please send picture. PO Box 22201, SF 94122.

GREAT FRIENDSHIP SOUGHT
Real friendship doesn't happen often, but this handsome, fit, intelligent BI WM, 33, hopes it's possible. I seek emotional and physical intimacy, along with shared interest in outdoors, sports, the arts. You're handsome, athletic, masculine, bright, assertive — 20s or 30s — comfortable in a suit or jeans and boots. We're clean-cut, healthy, supportive. Boxholder PO Box 8027-214, Walnut Creek, CA 94596.

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.

SERVICE MAN
Hunky, horny BI WM will service guys with big builds (safe oral/anal). Have glory hole. BI or straight discreetly welcome. Call Rob weekends only.
562-774

GLORY HOLE VIDEO SET II
The camera 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 milking 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 265-4196. JO Finish.

Don't B.A.R.F. at me, madam! I already know the next *Sentinel* Classified's deadline is Monday, 11/23, at 5 pm — because of the Thanksgiving holiday.



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 inspection of our Community Center is invited.
863-4882

LOTS OF BIG HARD COCKS
On screen and live in audience at Please 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

FIND MEN 24 HOURS THROUGH M.E.N.

"ELECTRIC CITY"
Quality television for the gay and lesbian community. See it on Thursday, November 26, at 9 pm on cable 6 in San Francisco, and Sunday, December 6, at 10 pm on cable 35 in Oakland and Piedmont. Coming soon to Berkeley, Alameda and Emeryville. Happy Thanksgiving from "Electric City."

COMMUNICATE 2 MEN WITH M.E.N.

INTENSE MASCULINE BUDDY
Goodlooking professional guy strongly self-perceived as naturally masculine seeks same. I am uncouth, imaginative, affectionate, totally flexible. Also strongly disciplined and responsible by day. Need to be undisciplined and irresponsible in bed. Great capacity for sexual fantasy. I get very intense and like similar qualities in my daddies! I am terrific sex.
CHUCK 648-7791

Handsome, 35, moustached, with 8 inches of meat that likes to be sucked wants relationship with 25-45 year old men who also like their dicks worshipped. Into anything that's safe, including ball pumping, nipple work, etc. Not into bars, but an affectionate, loving, and ready to share my life and love with someone else who also loves sex but is neither a whore nor a bore. Now is that asking too much? Sentinel Box 47C.

ASIAN SEEKS COMPANIONSHIP
Mid 20's attractive Asian values sincerity and loyalty, seeks Caucasian 20's -40's. Me: 5'10", 155 lbs. Please reply to Loxholder #238, 1455A Market St. San Francisco, CA 94103. Photo will be appreciated and returned upon request.

NEW TO EAST BAY
GWM 40, 6', 145 lbs, masculine, clean and sober would like to meet other guys who are clean and sober for safe sex and friendship. Age and race not important, but you should be honest, healthy — not overweight. Call Tom 834-2030, 7-10 or weekends.

GAY MEN ARE UNITED ON THE MEN'S HOTLINE NETWORK. (415) 881-LOVE.

SHOWOFFS
GWM, 32, lean and muscular, hot, high-energy, wants both exhibitionist and bottom (safe) for semi-regular encounters. Should be lean and toned, smooth or shaved, hung plus, under 35. Definitely a good time! Letter to Sentinel Box 47M.

GWM with mild ARC seeks same. Stable, honest, oral, well hung, 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 95114.

Meet a hunk, on the gay 1 on 1. Rings until connected. \$2 + toll, 415/213 976-3937, 18+

WANT YOUNGER BUDDY
I'm 33, boyish, have motorcycle, naturally muscular build, want younger buddy for bowling, movies, fishing, sports, swimming, camping, etc. Must be slender-medium build, want older brother relationship. Get info from Don, 863-2079.

WE'VE GOT THE POWER TO COMMUNICATE THE MEN'S HOTLINE NETWORK. (415) 861-LOVE.

ARE YOU LOVER MATERIAL?
Horny exe-type looking for Latin/Asian/Black 25-32 for monogamous relationship. You are under 5'7" and trim, bright and educated, affectionate and cuddleable. I am 37, mediterranean looks, Silicon Valley lifestyle, HTLV negative. Picture if possible, PO Box 11683, SF, CA 94101.

YOUNG ASIANS WANTED!
By goodlooking GWM, 29, 6', 170# with brown hair and eyes. Seeking very, very slender boyish types for hot J/O and safe oral sex sessions. Prefer smooth-skinned, dark-complexioned guys. All races welcome. Call 979-4504, anytime.

THREE WAYS PLUS
GWM coupe 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.

Submissive, attractive W/M, 37, 160 lb, 5'6", 145, still looking for the sado-romantic time of my life. Open to possible long lasting relationship. Loving dining, wine, music of all kinds, intellectual/philosophical conversations, exotic bondage, chains, caging, J/O, WIS, TIT, handcuffs and roses... write Box 2283, St. James Park Sta., San Jose, CA 95109. Photo appreciated.

San Jose area slim, shy male, 37, 5'8", 125#, hard body seeks same for good times. Aff in running, bike riding, movies, sci-fi. Send phone number and pic if possible to Rakk, PO Box 3455, Santa Clara, Calif. 95055.

M.E.N.M.E.N.M.E.N.
A PHONE CAN BE USED FOR TALKING, RECEIVING, LISTENING AND GIVING 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.
(416) 861-1MEN

I need parents I can feel comfortable writing to. Tommy, Sentinel Box 49A.
I FOUND LOVE THROUGH M.E.N.
Continued on next page

SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

Continued from previous page

REDHEAD WIGGLASSES AT THE PATIO
We saw each other three times in 1987. I'm the blond BB with the red mustache. I would like to find out more about you than just that you were at the wrong restaurant. Hope you see this and call me. 864-3105.

SHIMMERS 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 282-0081. Ask for Danny. Let's talk.

HEAVEN? IN OAKLAND?
Practicing black masseur offers free rub for men 6'+" 180 lbs+ 40+ Sincere only, stimulating, sensual. PO Box 7441, 1445 34th Ave, Oakland CA 94601. P.S. Direct communication only. No phone machines. Thanks.

STRONG HAND W/O 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)

Discover...
THE GARDEN OF SENSUAL DELIGHTS
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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

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Depression/Self-Esteem/Aging

Support/Therapy Group: Gay Men in our 40's and 50's

HAL SLATE MFCC
SF and East Bay (415) 832-1254
MWWDD3205 Skating Scale Fees Insurance

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

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, ruptures, gangrene, death: quickly. Technical, truly safe, high power sexuality, must be learned. Free introduction.
STEVE 864-8597

ONGOING PSYCHOTHERAPY GROUP FOR GAY MEN
We have openings in a small, long-term, professionally guided, interactive group. With compassion and support, we challenge our own and each others' self-limiting attitudes, feelings and behaviors. Members work on issues such as loneliness, sexuality, self-esteem and grief.
Facilitating Bay Area Gay Men's Groups for 9 years.
Meetings are Thursday evenings, 7:30-10 pm. Call now for an interview. Insurance.
Dave Cooperberg, MA 431-3220
or
Pedro Rojas, MA 841-9198

INCHES...
WHY NOT LOSE SOME?
AT: ALWAYS TAN AND TRIM
NO EFFORT - MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
826-8505

INDIVIDUAL COUNSELING
Counseling for gay men experiencing stress and confusion during these difficult times. Sliding scale fee. Kevin Miller, M.S. 826-8692. MFCC Intern IR011080.

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.
Honor your sexuality. 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 pleasurably connect with other men. November 29 (10 am-5 pm). \$50. Body Electric School of Massage and Rebirthing. Call for brochure. 653-1594

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.

FOR SALE

Gay Bar and Restaurant For Sale: Portland OR: the Livable City! Very Large and well equipped. Owner wants freedom!
KATE (503) 288-1681.

Ribavirin for sale - 285 0817
Evenings, weekends.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FREE THANKSGIVING DINNER
The Empress Tessie Holiday Dinner Committee will present a free Gay Community Thanksgiving Dinner on Thanksgiving Day from 2 to 4 pm at Saint Paulus Lutheran Church, Eddy and Gough Streets. Everyone is welcome. Anyone who would like to help can call Empress Phyllis 621-2531 or the Gay Rescue Mission 431-2188.

Read the Sentinel for complete coverage of this weeks stories.

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 NOW.
TOM 285-7816
Leave message

JOBS WANTED

HEALTHY YOUNG MAN SEEKS WORK
Pleasant disposition, mechanically adept, personable, coordinated, library competent, College educated. Would like to assist in research, housework, driving, food preparation, sewing and miscellaneous. Have own car. Experienced as driving teacher, housekeeper, hotel waiter, puppeteer and professional dancer. Resourceful, business sense, quality-oriented, good worker.
BROOKE 752-4390

RENTALS

LEATHER GALORE!
Comfortable, quiet E. Bay apartment complex with a strong "leather" orientation has rooms & apartments available soon. Details: 674-1653.

GAY SHELTER
A shared room, all meals and immediate work is available now at the U.S. Mission.
2 Locations
788 O'Farrell
86 Golden Gate Avenue
Or call
775-5886 or 775-6446

Bunkhouse Apts.

Office: 419 Ivy Street
San Francisco
Mon.-Fri. 1-6 PM

Commercial Space
Available for Retail

\$600 - 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

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

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ONE ON ONE
PRIVATE CONVERSATION
SHARE YOUR FANTASIES
YOU

MAKE THE CONNECTION

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976-8855

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1 & 2 ROOMS**
Must see to believe. Newly renovated building with all-electric kitchen, drapes, W/W 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.

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RE-OPENING SOON
— NEW MANAGEMENT
— REMODELLED
ALAMO SQUARE SALOON
— BAR AND RESTAURANT

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.

ROOMMATES

PART TIME ROOMMATE
Gay man will share 2 bedroom furnished apartment with gay woman — nonsmoker, no alcohol or drugs. \$225.00 per month plus 1/2 utilities. 1 block from SF Jewish Community Center, California St. Call — Patrick 563-7869 — 7-9 am - 5-6 pm.

ROOMMATE WANTED
Want to join household committed to conscious health and a stand for healing. Prefers So. Marin County or Palo Alto. Am 43 years old with KS diagnosis of 14 months — considered in remission.
STEPHEN 439-5032

PWA NEEDS RENTAL
Person with AIDS in good health and doing very well needs a studio apartment or a share with one other person for December 1st.
RUSS 952-2389

SHARE LUXURY VIEW CONDO
Professional GWM, young 50, active and responsible to share Potrero 2 bedroom/2 bath with pool, tennis, spa, gym. Quality living area furnished, orderly and clean. Nonsmoker. \$625 plus utilities. PH: 550-9159 Will return calls evenings.

ROOMMATE(S) WANTED
GM share house in Berkeley. Walk to UC & BART. Clean, honest, responsible. \$250 or \$310 plus util. First and last month's \$50 deposit. 845-8119.

\$310 NEAR SERRAMONTE MALL
Share modern Daly City home with two quiet gay men. Garage, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, many extras. Prefer employed, non-smoking professional. Pay 1/2 utilities, security deposit, first, last month's rent. No pets. Loren 992-8827.

GWM 28 graduate student in theatre looking for a room to rent starting in January.
WILLIAM 956-6345

ROOMMATE RUSSIAN HILL
GM share 2 bedroom 1 1/2 bath. No smokers. \$380. W/D dishwasher. Good transportation.
474-3506

\$400. FIRST AND LAST
GWM offers beautiful twin peaks apartment with panoramic view of city with sundeck, washer and dryer — also bus service (MUNI) 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

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.

\$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.



652-7144
3924 Telegraph Ave., Oakland

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

ROOMMATES™
For compatible, trustworthy roommates!
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FLAT FEE \$95

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BANKRUPTCY CHAPTER 13
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864-0449
Walter R. Nelson Law Offices
Continued on next page

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Sentinel

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Mail to SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF, CA 94102.

861-8100

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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

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GARY 431-7621

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Patching, Shingles, Comm'l Work Guaranteed, Lic.-Ins.
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Located in the heart of the Loire Valley. For generations, this fabulous estate was the entertainment center of the Bourbon Kings. A steal at only \$2 Billion. Sentinel Box 200.

AUDIO & VIDEO SERVICES

25 DIFFERENT 60-MINUTE JVO VIDEOTAPES

Transferred to tape from private film collection. Dozens of funky young models, huge equipment, great blastoffs every 5 or 6 minutes! Good image, good color, soft rock music. All safer 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 Hal Call. M/C/Visa OK.

ATTORNEYS

CRIMINAL DEFENSE
DUI, Juvenile, Family Tax Law
Reasonable rates - evening appointments.
BOB DOUGLAS 552-9640

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) 861-1161
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+.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES

HOLIDAY PORTRAITS

Highest quality, archival black and white photographic portraits. Any size from 5x7 to 20x24. Couples and groups a specialty. Sittings in my studio or your home. Competitive prices.

JOEL 420-1674

CELEBRATION PHOTOGRAPHY

- Sensitive portraits
- Creative candid
- Business events
- Social occasions

ON LOCATION
Hourly rates - one hour minimum
(415) 343-4554

ITEMS WANTED

"DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN"
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.

CLOTHING SERVICES

DESIGNS ON YOU
Specializing in custom-made active wear for working out, aerobics, swimming, bicycle riding, etc.
FERDINAND RIVERA (415) 861-4048
Models wanted for fashion video.



DREAM DESIGNS
BY Frau Lucie
Don't fall for that false advertising by Mrs. Birgie in last weeks Sentinel. It is a known fact that she deals in Jackie O's hand-me-downs. And we don't sing while we sew, we screech! Sentinel Box 200.

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MOVING & STORAGE
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DELIVERY, HAULING AND SMALL MOVES

Low rates
Careful and Dependable.
References.
JASON 665-7509

MASSAGE

MASSAGE THERAPY
Goodlooking young guy rubs you the right way, head to toe, back and front, top to bottom, and everything in between. Special day rates, available evenings also. Call:
J.J. 979-5740

PLEASURE PLUS
Reward yourself and revitalize your pleasure centers with a professional, nude, deep muscle oil massage by a certified accupressure and reflexology expert. I'm 29, attractive and my nurturing massage will ease discomfort and clarify your energy.
JOHN 861-0843

MIKE
Offers a 70 minute oil massage in the nude. Plus a complete erotic ending. Handsome, masculine with a beautiful athletic build, 6', 165, 34 years, experienced and friendly, all ages welcome.
\$45 IN, \$60 OUT.
863-8947

The SF Sentinel is no longer available at the Rawhide II. For the convenience of our readers, nearby bars/distribution points include:

- The Powerhouse, 1347 Folsom St.
- The Watering Hole, 1347 Folsom St.
- The Endup, 401 6th St.
- The Line-up, 398 Folsom St.
- C.W. Saloon, Folsom near 5th St.
- The Stud, 393 9th St.
- The Eagle, 398 12th St.
- The Holy Cow, 1535 Folsom St.

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A different horny hunk every time you call.

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Great Looking Guys!

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976-6282

SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

MASSAGE

BLONDE CANADIAN

Photo by Reno



FULL MASSAGE RON \$40 In 775-7057

SOMETHING SPECIAL

Take the time to pamper yourself with a massage which is both relaxing and therapeutic. 75 minutes of individualized attention in an environment designed specifically for massage using soothing music, warmth and positive energy. Haight location. Enjoy benefits that go beyond the moment. Only \$30.00.
STEPHEN 668-9318

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
DAVID BLUMBERG
552-0473

SCOTT

Handsome - Clean Cut
masculine - well endowed
in/out - call anytime
431-7621

EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME

Masseur, straight appearance. Professional, clean-cut young man, 30, athletic. I will massage you in the nude on my massage table for 1 hr.
\$35/in, \$45/Out.
NICK 771-6731

EXPERT PRIVATE TRAINING
Individually arranged instruction in traditional natural strength development, emphasizing correct fundamentals for beginners, and on focus, task-orientation and alternative forms for intermediate and advanced trainees, including concentration and bodywork. Nineteen years experience - reasonable rates.
821-6477 Max

ATHLETIC MALE

Masculine male available for strong Swedish, Esalen massage. Evenings, weekends. Out only.
TOM 431-2830

A NATURAL MAN

Gives an erotic massage. Handsome, masculine, hung and healthy. Strong but sensitive. Andy, 24 hrs., 864-6097.

ORIENTAL FULL-BODY MASSAGE
Nude, young, smooth, good-looking Oriental full-body masseur. Complete, relaxed. All ages welcome. Bob 387-1192. In/Out. Travel Bay Area.

ATHLETIC MALE

Masculine male available for strong Swedish, Esalen Massage. Evenings, weekends.
TOM 431-2830

EXQUISITE MASSAGE

I'm a certified, experienced, professional and an instructor at the Body Electric Massage School. I GIVE EXQUISITE MASSAGE! Sensual. Relaxing. Nurturing.
Charlie 821-7607

MASSAGE, ETC.

You choose what my hands do for you to relax you, to renew you. For the finer touch -
Eric (415) 885-6272

BEST 8 1/2" IN S.F.

Smart, nude masseur
build, gldking man, tall blond
blue, gobs of fun, safe. Bi.
Table - atmosphere \$40 in
885-6309 anytime

EXPERIENCE BLISS

Relaxation and wholeness with the transcendental healing energy of the Radiance Technique. Promotes wellness on all levels. \$25, 60-90 minutes. Certified. Van Ault. 864-1362.

TRIP TO ECSTASY!

Come to my massage! Full body - buns & legs my specialty! Hot man 6', 160#, Br/Br, moust. Call Russ anytime. In/out \$40/50, add \$5.00 for VISA/MC. 647-0944. Try me!



TRANSCENDENTAL YOGA RE- BIRTHING MASSAGE

All types of massage rolled into one tiny finger... mine! Extremely handsome, young Italian athletic BB. Out only. Cheap, only \$100. per minute, non-sexual. 1% discount with this ad. 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

A FREEING EXPERIENCE

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.

SENSATIONS!

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.

Not Too Shy Are You? ASIAN OR LATIN?

H! Handsome, aggressive, blond stud, defined physique, clean and healthy, massages in the nude.
EXPERIENCED \$35/in
RON 931-3263

FULL BODY MASSAGE
Done by experienced Massage Therapist in Oakland Call after 4:30 pm.
Fees: \$25/hr, \$35/1 1/2 hrs.
MARK 261-3319

TOM ADVENTURESOME

Built tight, muscular & hung.
Very friendly gentlemen
over 30 preferred.
Sensual massage in the buff.
\$40 in \$60 out 24 hrs.

567-4572

NORDIC MASSAGE

Out Calls \$35.00
Certified • 9 AM-9 PM
THOR 861-4676

**WARM CURRENT
STRONG HEALING ENERGY**
821-2351 MAX \$45/90 min.

★ \$25-Hot Athlete. Hung nice ★
★ Bill 441-1054 Massage, etc. ★

DO YOU NEED TO BE TOUCHED?

Why not call me and enjoy the deepest, most sensual massage in town? 5 years experience. In or out, anytime!

ALEX 861-1362

-FOR MEN ONLY-

Hot oil massage from a young, hand some, 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.
PHIL 864-0649

EROTIC MASSAGE

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.
Joe 346-2921 9-5
For Men Only



VISIT HEAVEN!

S.F.'s FAVORITE DOUBLES (OR SINGLES)
SENSUAL MASSAGE
- WARM - FRIENDLY - PROFESSIONAL - GUARANTEED -
- TRULY FACILITATES AN UNUSUAL SATISFY -
MIKE & JEFF 567-2345

I feel as though I've died and gone to heaven!
ATTORNEY
The most erotic experience I've ever had!
PHYSICIAN
The only way to fly!
AIRLINE STEWARD!
The best birthday present I've ever had!
COLT MODEL!
I can't believe how comfortable I feel with you guys!
ART STUDENT!

OVER-EXERTING YOURSELF LATELY?
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.
Stephen 668-9318

CHRISTOPHER

Athletically oriented massage by weight-training instructor. Competent, handsome and very muscular. Days.
431-2830

ROMANTIC ATTRACTION

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

STUDENT OF MASSAGE

KNEADS CLIENTS
Swedish/Esalen
\$25/hour
non-sexual, certified
Leo 346-5679
Continued on next page

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THE BIG CONNECTION

24 HOUR TALK LINE

SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

LIVE ACTION LINE

TALK WITH THE MEN
WHO HAVE MEN ON
THEIR MINDS!



SAY WHAT YOU FEEL

OR JUST LISTEN IN

HOT, SAFE SEX

CALL US... YOU'RE
GONNA LOVE IT!

213
415
619
818

976-3800

You must be 18 years or older. This service is an automated telephone network connecting callers for live uninhibited open forum conversation. We are not responsible for the conversation of callers. A \$2.00 charge will be discreetly posted on your phone statement.

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

DIAL 'M' FOR MASSAGE
M&M's M-m-m-m good! Massage & Men. Men & Muscle. Muscle & Massage. For Men & Muscle 21-40. \$20!
STEVEN
M41-942M

ANNOUNCING

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976-LADS
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- 24 hour service.
- Messages change 3 times a day.
- Your personal message FREE.
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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 massages for friends and lovers' available. Castro area, 9 am-9 pm, weekdays and weekends.
William 626-6210 PWAs welcomed

AMMA MASSAGE

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
75 minutes \$20
JOHN 626-1589

MY MESSAGE IS A TRIP! BETTER, IT'S A JOURNEY...

- Ionic Bath
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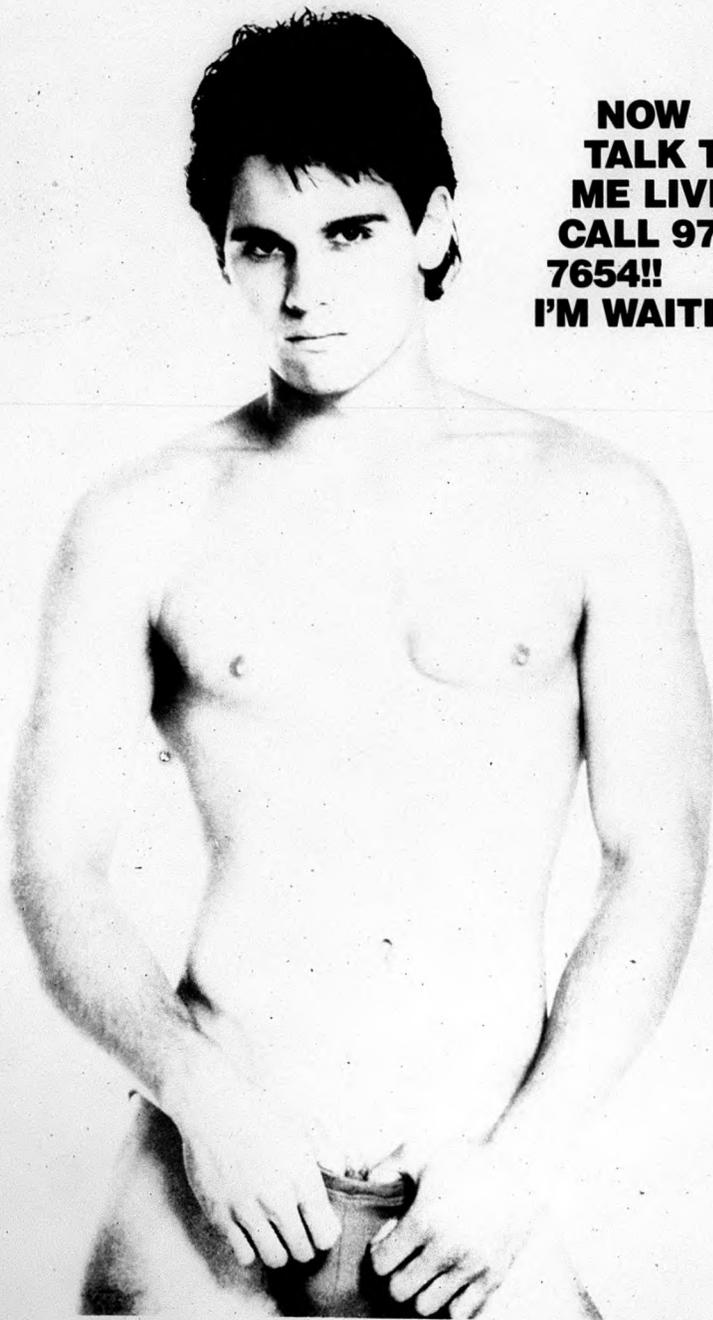
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