

Sentinel

Steps to Self-Regeneration
pg. 14

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ESCAPE FROM FUNDAMENTALISM

An East Bay lesbian "escapee" from Christian fundamentalism describes her journey of liberation from a malevolent God and a cult of "heterosexuality gone berserk." Cathy Cockrell reports.

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ARTWORK BY DONALD CURRIE



SHOWDOWN IN CALIFORNIA

The gay and lesbian vote is one of the prizes to be won in the June 7 presidential primary that pits Jesse Jackson against Michael Dukakis.

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Royal Flush

Daniel Mangin
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Street XXIII

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the strangeness of Oldsmobiles



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Week at a Glance . . 28

COME CELEBRATE OUR 4th ANNIVERSARY A WEEK OF SPECIAL EVENTS MAY 30th to JUNE 5th

FREE T-SHIRTS AND COMMEMORATIVE PINS EACH NIGHT

- MON. MAY 30 CHILI COOKOFF 9 PM — \$100 PRIZE
- TUES. MAY 31 LINE DANCE CONTEST — \$100 FIRST PRIZE
- WED. JUNE 1 DANCE CONTEST — ALL PHASES — \$100 FIRST PRIZE
- THURS. JUNE 2 BUFFET — PATSY CLINE LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST
- FRI. JUNE 3 '50s DANCE PARTY 9 PM
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- SUN. JUNE 5 DANCING AND LIVE ENTERTAINMENT 9 TO 12 PM
AND LIVE WESTERN BAND: "FIRED GUNS." \$6 AT DOOR.

FIRST PRIZE:

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Fernandez Ousted in Secret Meeting

Shanti Faces Fiscal Woes, Drop in Volunteers

by Charles Linebarger

The San Francisco Health Commission voted recently to limit city funding of the Shanti Project for only three more months, pending the outcome of the investigation by the Human Rights Commission. One week later at the Shanti Board of Directors meeting last Tuesday, the board heard that both private donations to the agency and the rate of sign-ups by new volunteers had taken a recent nose dive. And in a secret meeting the same day, the board voted to oust Dr. Shelley Fernandez as one of its members.

The Health Commission refused to fund Shanti for a full year as asked for by the agency and instead limited funding to a three-month period beginning July 1. According to the minutes of the Health Commission Budget Committee meeting, the commission told Shanti, "[I]n the meantime, ask staff to start searching for alternative sources for these services; and, the decision on the remaining allocation of funds to Shanti Project will be considered after the Human Rights Commission's investigation is completed."

Jess Randall, Shanti's finance director, notified the board last Tuesday that the agency's private donations had suffered in recent months. Private contributions in April were less than half of the average monthly figure for private contributions in the nine preceding months. According to a handout given to board members, Shanti raised only \$3,945 in private contributions in April, compared with a total of \$114,000 for the

period from July 1987 to April of this year. Shanti's total income in April was \$209,303, while expenses during the same month were \$241,780. The agency's handout described a "net income loss" for April of \$32,477.

Said Randall, "Income is not coming in as well as we had hoped last month."

Complicating Shanti's financial problem is the agency's loss of its entire fundraising staff over the past three months. Geary mentioned it later in the meeting when the loss in private contributions was brought up again. Said Geary, "We have suffered. Obviously we've lost an entire department for about a 3 1/2-month period."

Bea Roman, Shanti's former development director, was terminated by Geary in February despite Roman's collection of 29% more in contributions during 1987 than her fundraising goal.

Roman's departure led to resignations by the rest of Shanti Development Department staff. Marta Ashley, who



Dr. Shelley Fernandez (inset) confronts Shanti finance director Jess Randall, board president Carol Tocher and executive director Jim Geary.

had set up the Baryshnikov TV ads for the agency, left in February and was followed by Roger Way, who handled grant applications, and Tighe Foley, who was department secretary.

More bad news came when Randy Chelsey, the practical support program coordinator, told the board that applications to take the Shanti training by new volunteers had also fallen off. Chelsey told the board that applications for Shanti's volunteer trainings had risen at every training session until the last one in April. From a high of 65 volunteers at the last such session before the Human Rights Commission began its investigation of Shanti, the number of volunteers had fallen to only 40 at the April training.

"My guess," said Chelsey, "is that people are waiting because they are

hearing that things are not comfortable at Shanti." Chelsey added that only 20 volunteers had so far signed up for the June training session.

Geary responded to Chelsey's comments by saying, "I think some people are affected by the publicity, but many are not. Historically with the programs, people apply late."

In a private session held later in the evening where Shanti's numerous legal problems were discussed, the board voted to oust Shelley Fernandez from the agency's board of directors. Fernandez had been the only member of the board to question Geary's responsibility as director of the agency for the problems now overtaking it.

A Shanti press release concerning the Fernandez removal noted that the project's bylaws "provide that any director

may be removed by a vote of a two-thirds majority of the 13-member board." The release stated that "substantial differences over board process" with Fernandez led to the decision.

However, discussing her dismissal, Fernandez told the *Sentinel*, "It was because I ask questions and they don't want things said in front of the press. Actually I feel there are cultlike qualities about Jim Geary's influence on Shanti."

"There is the Shanti Project, and there is Jim Geary, but I don't think that Jim Geary understands that. I think he thinks he is the Shanti Project. And he has seemingly absolute power there."

Fernandez called for a reorganization of the board and staff.

New 'Horizons' for GGBAF

The GGBA Foundation has shed its name and its affiliation with the gay and lesbian chamber of commerce. To reflect a new, independent identity, the philanthropic group will now be called the Horizons Foundation. Its mission of providing seed money to promising community organizations remains unchanged.

The name was revealed at Horizons' "Coming Out Party" on Friday evening, May 20, at San Francisco's City Club. Past presidents of the former GGBA Foundation board unveiled a large banner displaying Horizons' new logo, a rich yellow and purple design reminiscent of the sunrise.

The GGBA Foundation was founded in 1981 as a subsidiary of the Golden Gate Business Association and was primarily a vehicle for the business group to become involved in charitable undertakings in gay and lesbian community projects. The foundation's board of directors was separate, but ultimately subordinate to its parent group.

Over recent years, however, the foundation has become increasingly independent, and the name change and break from GGBA represent the final separation of the two organizations.

Since 1981, the foundation has given away more than \$132,000 to some 125 organizations and projects.

In his remarks, Horizons board president Robert Munk acknowledged the genesis of the foundation from within the Golden Gate Business Association. He presented GGBA board president Gary Dill with a plaque detailing the important role GGBA and its

active role in negotiations with United Way that increased the share of their funds used to serve lesbians and gay men, including the creation of their AIDS Crisis Fund.

Horizons' aggressive posture in grantmaking is demonstrated by "venture philanthropy," Munk said. "Many times we are the first funding source to learn of a new organization serving lesbians and gay men," Munk said. "Many times we are the first to



The Horizon Foundation's logo was unveiled last week by Rochelle Dineen and Roger Gross.

members have played in the growth of the foundation since its creation by GGBA in 1980.

Munk went on to describe Horizons' goal to stimulate lesbian and gay philanthropy beyond that awakened as a result of AIDS. He cited the founda-

tion's active role in negotiations with United Way that increased the share of their funds used to serve lesbians and gay men, including the creation of their AIDS Crisis Fund.

respond with financial support. And many times these organizations become major service providers with impact far beyond the Bay Area."

The Horizons Foundation office is located at 604 Mission Street, Suite 306. Its phone number is 546-5226.

Agnos to Name Melbostad Commissioner

Paul Melbostad, an attorney and gay community activist, will be named a commissioner on the powerful Board of Permit Appeals. The announcement was made last week by Mayor Agnos in an address delivered at the annual dinner of the Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club.

The Board of Permit Appeals is one of the most prominent city agencies, yielding final decision-making power over land use and zoning issues for major developments, small businesses and residential dwellings. Previous gay commissioners Harvey Milk and David Scott used the high-visibility post to launch political careers.

Melbostad was active in the 1983 campaign to limit downtown commercial development, and his appointment is in line with Agnos' campaign promises to steer development policies toward more neighborhood-based concerns and to limit oversized buildings.

In making the announcement, Agnos said, "For the first time since Harvey Milk served on the Board [of Permit Appeals] more than a decade ago, a Harvey Milk Club member will occupy his seat, Paul Melbostad."

Agnos described Melbostad as having "the talent and commitment to both his community and the city that exemplify the lesbian and gay community at its finest."

In turning to Melbostad to fill the position, Agnos has picked a grassroots activist who was one of his earliest backers in his uphill campaign for



Paul Melbostad.

mayor last year. Melbostad was an area coordinator for Agnos and helped steer the Milk Club endorsement to him, a move that was seen as critical in helping Agnos overcome his initial low visibility in the gay community.

In addition to being a member of the Milk Club, Melbostad is on the board of directors of 18th Street Services, a gay and lesbian nonprofit agency dealing with alcohol and substance abuse problems. He has been active in the political campaigns of Harry Britt and was an early supporter of Roberta Achtenberg's unsuccessful attempt to win a seat in the state Assembly this year.

Stanford Takes Heat over Student Testing

by Gerard Koskovich

The Cowell Student Health Center at Stanford University is under fire for violating HIV antibody testing regulations that its own director helped to formulate. For eight months last year, students who tested negative received no post-test counseling to explain the meaning of their result. Despite pressure from campus AIDS activists, Cowell officials have refused to contact the affected students for retroactive counseling.

Cowell director Dr. Paul Walters is a founding member of the AIDS Task Force of the American College Health Association (ACHA), the national organization of student health professionals. ACHA mandated both pre- and post-test counseling in its December 1985 model AIDS policy —

attention on [HIV policy] at the time. I oversaw most of the approximately 120 tests we did in 1987, and I felt that the results would be understood based on my pre-test counseling."

Dorman's assertion drew a critical response from the AEP coordinator. "The ACHA guidelines were for-

Doesn't their health matter?"

On a broader level, Bao has also questioned why Stanford provides HIV antibody screening in the first place. The service is readily available at nearby alternate test sites in Palo Alto, San Mateo and San Jose, where it is done free of charge and anonymously.

According to Dorman, Cowell began the HIV screening service "because we had requests from students. The county facilities weren't very close at hand." While Cowell charges students no fee, it conducts the test "confidentially," which means that the health service maintains written records of the results for seven years.

A *Sentinel* sample of representative Bay Area universities found that Stanford was almost alone in routinely offering the test to its students:

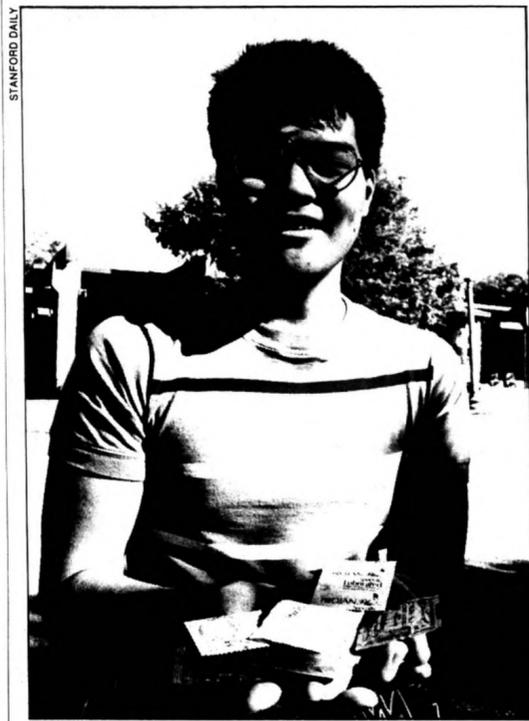
- San Francisco State University refers students to the alternate test sites run by the City of San Francisco. "We don't provide the test because the city's services are so good," said Dorith Hertz, health educator at the SFSU Student Health Services. "We've had discussions about offering the test, but there would be problems with maintaining anonymity. Truly anonymous testing means that the person wouldn't go to the same facility for ordinary health care."

- Santa Clara University adopted a formal policy in May 1987 stating that "the Student Health Service shall under no circumstances provide HIV antibody testing. A list of competent referral clinics will be available." According to John Follstedal, an openly gay law student who served on the Jesuit-run university's task force on AIDS, a well-advised campus AIDS information tape (408) 554-5400 refers students to the Santa Clara County Health Department AIDS Project for testing.

- The University of California at Berkeley "sort of" offers the test, according to Cara L. Vaughn, public information manager of the Student Health Service at Cowell Hospital: "We can have the test done, but we encourage students not to be tested here, because of all the issues of having the results in their records. We provide counseling and referrals to the anonymous test sites." Vaughn is aware of only one UC student who chose to take the test on campus after receiving the counseling.

The ongoing imbröglia at Stanford has seriously strained relations between Cowell and the student-run AIDS Education Project. The recipient of two Dean's Service Awards, a Cable Car Award and international media attention for its innovative health promotion efforts on campus, AEP has heretofore seen no public criticism from Stanford administrators.

While acknowledging AEP for



Coordinator of the Stanford AIDS Education Project Daniel Bao helped organize the condom rating contest at the university.

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While acknowledging AEP for

teach you about AIDS, it doesn't work the other way around either."

Bao responded with surprise to Dorman's remarks. "I don't know how he defines the AEP as a gay organization," he said. "I don't know the sexual orientation of most of our volunteers and wouldn't think to ask. I am gay, but that doesn't make it a gay organization."

"You [gay people] probably wouldn't appreciate having straight people try to teach you about AIDS, it doesn't work the other way around either."

— Dr. John Dorman

"keeping us on our toes," Dorman asserted that "you need to have heterosexual individuals who are trying to be spokespersons for the heterosexual population on these issues. If the main cry comes from a gay organization, it has the potential to underscore the impression that AIDS is a gay disease. You [gay people] probably wouldn't appreciate having straight people try to

"I think people teach people," Bao continued. "But it's also understandable that gay people should take a leadership role on AIDS issues, because we are currently one of the most experienced communities. It's unfortunate that Dr. Dorman would countenance bigotry instead of supporting all well-informed people who work on AIDS outreach." ■

Former GGBA President Strikes Back at Critics Rod Palmer Speaks His Mind

by Alex MacDonald

After a tenure of almost 18 months, Rod Palmer resigned under fire as president of the Golden Gate Business Association on May 16. Palmer's critics blamed him for being out of step with the community and his own membership on issues of vital importance to San Francisco and the city's gay community.

In particular, Palmer's stand on the Olympics — he favors bringing the games here — brought both him and the GGBA under attack. Subsequently, the GGBA's name turned up on the letterhead of San Franciscans for Homeporting of the *Missouri*. Now he is also opposing Proposition K, which would remove the so-called Gann limit on government spending. In this May

respect you and respect what you're capable of doing.

I don't necessarily have a problem with having the left out there beating the drums and having this other group working within the system, but when it comes to a point where the left or the extremists say there is no credibility on the side that is working within the system, that's where I take exception —

"Why is the gay community not screaming about Agnos' plan to bring the 19 support vessels here? Why isn't the gay community screaming about that?"

21 interview, Palmer speaks his mind and hints at an even stormier future.

Why did you resign as president of the Golden Gate Business Association?

We had a board meeting a week ago Monday. The board went into executive session, and after the session, I offered to resign as president. There are several reasons for that. You mentioned to me on the phone that I had been somewhat reticent about expressing my own point of view. I've had to walk a fine line between representing the association and expressing my own point of view. Whenever you're a leader, you have to walk that line. But now I'm a private citizen.

I've been accused continually that I had something to do with the name of GGBA being put on the [homeporting] letterhead. I had nothing to do with that whatsoever.

Were you aware it was going to happen?

No. My lover and I were away on vacation. The letter went out apparently on Monday, the 9th, before the general membership meeting. I got a phone call on Wednesday afternoon trying to identify where that came from. I did get a call from the [Chamber of Commerce] about two months ago, asking whether the association would support homeporting, and I said, "After what's happened with the Olympics I don't even want to touch it. I won't attend your fundraiser." Well, that [homeporting] organization asked the chamber what organizations they were working on, and they mentioned the GGBA — and GGBA turned up on the letterhead.

I've been accused. I should've gone down there in a very belligerent fashion with a lawyer in tow threatening legal action. I don't work that way. I'm not a sue-happy person. I feel that in order for us to gain any of our rights we have to work within the system. I stated that publicly before. We have to earn the respect of the heterosexual community as well as the Asian community, the black community. Going around and beating our drums won't get us any farther than if we work within the system.

Who are "we"?

I'm talking about the gay community. I'm not one of the politically correct. I'm not one of what you would call the "leadership" in this city, and I have a real hard problem with the leadership. Some want to gain our rights, respect, through confrontation. I say the only way you're going to gain respect is by working with people, so that they do

like with Robert Barnes' comment that the Republicans are a fringe and don't have credibility. I can't buy that. I'm a registered Democrat — but we have a lot more credibility in the system than the extremists do. What I see happening here in San Francisco is the gay community blocking some very important things. For instance: the Olympics, the *Missouri*. When I hear Mayor Agnos saying he doesn't want the *Missouri* but he's willing to support the 19 ships that will come with it, that's still the Navy. Where's the gay community screaming about that? If the "leadership" of the gay community is going to scream about the *Missouri*, then they should certainly be screaming about these 19 support vessels.

What of the symbolic importance? The Olympics are not coming here, after all.

Obviously not. I was accused of working with someone from the chamber to get the gay community to go on the Olympic side. I have worked with the Chamber of Commerce to open up that line of credibility, because neither one of us will survive alone. I see the gay community as basically an island unto itself. There is no comprehension of what's happening in the East Bay, for example. There's a greater world out there. For us to gain the respect of our peers, we have got to open up those lines of communication.

Implicit in this is the idea that we don't have that respect.

I think we've lost a lot of that respect.

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Rod Palmer.

same needs they have.

Do you see an issue of discrimination around the Olympics?

Honestly? Yes.

As far as pure discrimination, like discrimination against gay athletes, gay Olympians, I've never seen that. I don't know what transpired in the courts. I don't know what was said. That's all hearsay.

What's your own opinion about it?

I'm sure there probably was some discrimination. But I can't fine-point it. I'd like to see the proof that it was a pure antigay situation.

What about the Navy?

Well, they adhere to the affirmative action of the law. But that doesn't include us. Yes, there is discrimination. What I do find interesting, though, is the recent case in Washington where the court found in favor of the gay officer. For me, that's a step forward for us. It was a victory for the gay community, and it's through that demonstration of credibility that we won that case. That wasn't won by us beating down the doors and working in a confrontational way. [But] yes, it was confrontational because it was in the courts.

I have to ask the question, why is the gay community rising to the homeporting question — with Alameda sitting across the Bay, or Treasure Island?

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going to create more jobs? What I'm concerned about is that I'm spending the leadership of the gay community say, like Tim Taylor's column, where is the \$40,000,000 for AIDS going to come from? Well, if we don't increase the tax base of this city, we're not going to have any money for AIDS. I don't hear anything from the gay leadership about how to bring more revenue into the city, other than expecting the government to do it. Government's not going to do it. I have a real hard time when I pick up a brochure from the AIDS Foundation and I see a tremendous amount of support coming from straight organizations like the Chevron Foundation, and then the gay community says, no, we can't have the Olympics here, we can't have the Navy here.

Does the opposition jeopardize that kind of support?

Possibly.

What's happened to you in the course of all this?

I've been president, up till now, since 1987, and I've tried to build the GGBA into an organization that is well-respected in the community — straight and gay — working to develop member businesses, to assist them in the everyday working world. Personally, I've had to reevaluate how I can continue to assist the community. I've never been a quitter. I'm certainly not walking away from anything. I have a voice that needs to be heard.

Why did you offer your resignation?

For several reasons. My business needed more time. I was spending a lot of volunteer hours. My efforts were certainly hurting my own business. Also, I did not want my personal expressions of opinion to hurt the association, and obviously I was hurting it. I needed to be able to speak out on issues that are important without hurting the organization. That's basically why I resigned.

You told me a few weeks ago that the attacks on you were personal. Do you still feel that?

Yes, I do.

Do you have political ambitions?

Myself? I've always had political am-

bitions, and I would be a fool to say that I don't. What they are right now, I don't know. I've been accused of running for an office. I'm not. I've been asked by several people if I was looking at that.

Who asked you?

Name names? Arthur Lazere, for one. I found Robert Barnes' comment rather curious, that he stands for the community and I stand for the chamber. Well, I'm not running against Barnes. Some people from the chamber have asked me. I'm leaving the options open. Harry Britt mentioned it two years ago, running for his seat. He was running for Congress at the time. ■

"I have to question why we're talking out of two sides of our mouth."

There's a good possibility. And if you increase the tax base that way, you will increase AIDS funding.

Even with the Gann limit in place?

By releasing that limit, taxes will go up and the tax base will shrink — because businesses will find that they can't do business in San Francisco. By bringing the economic benefits [of the *Missouri*] here, you will increase tax revenue.

But the Gann limit will prevent use of the increased revenues.

Up to a point.

What's the point?

I'm not sure. What I'm saying is that by encouraging businesses, is that not



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Supervisor Harry Britt and Sheriff Mike Hennessey invite you to an

"End Of Memorial Day Weekend Party"

to help elect
Richmond Young
to the Democratic County Central Committee

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Sixteen on Primary Ballot Gays Vie for Slots on Central Committees

by George Mendenhall

Sixteen lesbian and gay political activists will be on primary ballots on June 7 vying for slots on the central committees of the city's Democratic and Republican parties. They include the current chair of the Democratic committee, Carole Migden. There are currently nine openly gay people on the Democratic committee out of 24 members and one on the Republican committee out of 25 members.

Migden, past president of Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club, has been endorsed amidst controversy by sizable votes by all three gay Democratic clubs. Her endorsement of Supervisor John Molinari cost her the recommendation of the Milk Club's political action committee, but Migden launched a vigorous campaign and won an overwhelming Milk endorsement. She also ran into difficulty at the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic

Club because of longtime interclub rivalry, but won that club's support also. She was endorsed by the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club.

The city is divided into three Assembly districts — each with its selection of central committee slots — with the gay Castro area divided between the 16th and 17th districts. The 16th encompasses 40% of the city, including Noe Valley, Glen Park and the San Bruno Avenue area. The 17th

reaches into the Richmond, Pacific Heights, the Haight and the Western Addition. The 19th includes the Sunset, Park Merced and St. Francis Wood.

There are 12 lesbian and gay Democrats running in the three districts in a field of 43. There are four gay Republican candidates with 52 in the race.

District 16 Democrats

Two gay Democratic incumbents in District 16 did not file for reelection. They are former Toklas president Sal Rosselli and the founder of the NAMES Project, Cleve Jones. Five lesbian and gay candidates are running among 18 on the ballot in this district:

Rick Hauptman is treasurer of the Milk Club and the club's former membership chair.

Steve Krefling is an incumbent who is also regional director for the California Democratic Party. He serves as treasurer of the San Francisco Democratic Party and is a former political vice-president of the Milk Club.

Zachariah Nethercot is corresponding secretary of the Milk Club and has been active in Campaign for Economic Democracy.

Connie O'Connor is an incumbent and former president of Toklas. She also served on the club's political action committee. O'Connor is an administrator in the county sheriff's department.

Simeon White is an incumbent and Milk Club member. He is active in the Jesse Jackson for President campaign.

District 16 Republicans

There are two gay Republicans on the ballot in District 16:

Chris Bowman is a former president of the local gay Republican club, Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights (CRIR). A former aide to state Senator Milton Marks, he's currently on the state board of the California Republican League.

Brian Mavrogeorge is CRIR president and is on the city's public advisory committee to the Private Industry Council. He is on the board of directors of Young Audiences, the California Republican Assembly and the national

gay Republican group, United Republicans for Equality and Privacy.

District 17 Democrats

Seven lesbians and gay candidates are running among 20 on the ballot in District 17:

Sharon Bretz was recently appointed to the city Fire Commission and serves as issues chair of Toklas.

Greg Day is an incumbent and former vice-president of Toklas. He served as the club's issues committee chair and is the former director of the Larkin Street Youth Project. Day is an administrator with the Shanti Foundation.

Catherine Dodd is an incumbent and member of Toklas. She is past president of the San Francisco chapter of the National Organization for Women and is a former officer of the California Nurses Association.

Ron Huberman is an incumbent and former vice-president of Milk. He serves as a vice-chair of the SF Democratic Party.

Carole Migden is an incumbent and chair of the San Francisco Democratic County Central Committee. She is a former Milk president and former co-chair of the Lesbian and Gay Caucus of the state Democratic Party.

Tony Travers is the Milk vice-president of internal affairs.

Richmond Young is the former political action committee chair of Toklas and a former Dignity officer. He is on the state Democratic Central Committee.

District 17 Republicans

There is one gay Republican running in a field of 11 candidates:

Bob Bacci is an incumbent who is a former CRIR president. He is an attorney and delegate to United Republican Clubs.

District 19 Republicans

There are no lesbian or gay Democrats on the ballot in District 19. There is one gay Republican:

Martin Keller is the secretary of CRIR and the club's former vice-

president. He serves as the chair of the state United Republican Clubs.

While the Democratic race is relatively calm, the Republican central committee race involves two slates of candidates. One is from a faction headed by the current chair, Terrence Faulkner, and the second slate is from a new group, Citizens for a Better San Francisco.

During the current campaign, Faulkner has sent a mailer to 1,200 Republicans attacking the local gay Republican club, CRIR. Faulkner is promoting a slate of candidates that does not include any openly gay or lesbian people. Chris Bowman, a former CRIR president, believes Faulkner is attempting to appeal "to a small minority of Republicans who may be homophobic."

The Citizens group is recommending two former presidents of CRIR — incumbent Robert Bacci and Chris Bowman — current CRIR president Mavrogeorge and Martin Keller. It has raised \$85,000 and is readying its third mailer to Republicans in support of its slate of candidates.

Some CRIR members were fearful of talking to the *Sentinel*. They said Faulkner once mailed copies of a published article in a gay newspaper on gay Republican candidates to registered Republicans in an attempt to discredit them.

Support for Gay Issues

The functions of county committees include registering voters, getting them to the polls, finding candidates, raising funds for them and taking positions on major issues.

Migden emphasizes, "There is nowhere in the country that gay people have the strength that we have had here in a Democratic central committee. The committee is very progressive and supportive of all of our issues. There is a recognition of the extensive lesbian and gay political activity here. Our job now is to make sure that San Francisco remains a Democratic stronghold, as it works best for our community."

Activists Anticipate Convention Clout Demo Candidates Court Gay Vote

by George Mendenhall

California's June 7 primary is the biggest prize in the last lap of the delegate selection process for the Democratic National Convention, and the presidential campaigns of Jesse Jackson and Michael Dukakis are in high gear to add to their delegate count. Among the constituencies being courted by the Democratic finalists is the gay and lesbian vote, and both campaigns are working avidly to obtain gay support.

Most gay and lesbian Democratic clubs in the nation, including San Francisco's three clubs, have lined up behind Jackson. Moreover, the insurgent populist was early in setting up within his campaign structure a specific gay and lesbian outreach effort.

But Dukakis has recently sought ways to blunt Jackson's apparent edge

the convention in July with as much strength and momentum as possible. This is the only way we can be guaranteed that our agenda will be strongly represented. This fight is partly to make the platform meaningful. That means opposing the plan by Dukakis and Paul Kirk, the national Democratic Party chair, to make the platform as skimpy

"Dukakis may not have dotted all the i's and crossed all the t's, but he can win. Here is a man who is practical and who really cares about our issues."

— Jean O'Leary

among gay voters. Congressmen Barney Frank and Gerry Studds were early Dukakis backers, and as the California primary approached, Dukakis' campaign dispatched prominent gay political veterans such as Vincent McCarthy of the Human Rights Campaign Fund to prospect for community votes.

As the race heats up in California, two distinct political messages are emanating from the campaigns.

From Jackson supporters, the pitch being made is that the gay and lesbian community should vote for him as the only candidate to consistently champion gay concerns.

Meanwhile, workers for the Massachusetts governor, keeping an eye on November, are saying that the Dukakis bandwagon is already rolling and that gay and lesbian voters should jump on now, before the primary, or it will be too late.

Overall, Dukakis now has 1,589 committed delegates to Jackson's 944, with 2,081 needed to secure the nomination. It is now privately stated by gay Jackson advocates that their aim is to have the clout at the convention under the Jackson banner.

It is a historical first that the leading Democratic candidates are openly seeking the gay vote. Jackson told 600,000 at the March on Washington, "I come because you asked me. I come because I disagree with those who try to divide us — those who would isolate you or me or anyone else who is different. America is a quilt made up of many patches, many pieces, many colors, many sizes, many textures. Everybody fits. Everybody counts. Everyone must have equal protection under the law in the real America."

Dukakis, in his State of the State address this year, said, "My parents came to this country 75 years ago seeking the American dream. And they found it — for themselves and for their sons. I'm a product of that dream. I believe in it. And I want to help make it come true for every citizen in this Commonwealth — no matter who they are, or where they come from, or what the color of their skins, or what their sexual orientation. That is the promise of America."

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port of their candidate. They believe Dukakis proved his dedication to lesbian and gay rights in his years as governor of Massachusetts.

Steve Krefling, San Francisco regional chair of the state Democratic Party, thinks, "It is important that we have gay people in both campaigns. This has had its effect. We now have better positions on gay rights than ever." He says, "AIDS is the number one issue, and Dukakis has an excellent record in his state on this. In the end, it is not so much who we chose in the primary election."

The executive director of National Gay Rights Advocates, Jean O'Leary, a Dukakis supporter, had praise for Jackson. She said, "I understand that many people in our community want to support a candidate who has been most vocal on the issues and has raised the level of our agenda to a national level. But with Dukakis we have a man with a very good track record on our issues and who has implemented them."

She mentioned Massachusetts' inclusive health care system, funding for AIDS research and mass distribution of explicit AIDS education. "He has made a commitment to find out why experimental AIDS drugs cannot be made available quickly."

Dukakis-Bashing

There was some ugliness on May 15 when Dukakis talked with 20 gay and lesbian leaders in West Hollywood. The candidate called for sexual abstinence for gay people, declaring there is no such thing as safe sex. He reiterated his position that adoptive children should be "first placed in traditional settings" and not with gay parents.

But Dukakis and his lesbian and gay followers believe he has been unfairly maligned in the gay community over the Massachusetts foster parents issue. In 1985, the governor issued guidelines that said "whenever possible" families with married couples with prior parenting experience should be given children. Dukakis insists, "This was not, as some

suggested, antigay or antilesbian," and points to the fact that he later successfully lobbied against legislation that would have made lesbian and gay placements illegal.

Krefling stresses, "There has been a lot of Dukakis-bashing going on. There are appropriate ways to express one's positions. I cannot apologize for his stand on foster care. He is very strong on our issues. It is important that we are plugging into his campaign to have avenues to work on issues that concern us. In the bashing, it is important that Dukakis not see our community as a hostile force in his campaign. The enemy is George Bush, not Dukakis."

O'Leary said that while Dukakis needs some educating, "He is getting a bum rap because he comes from belief in the Beaver Cleaver household. Well, that is where he comes from. He may not have dotted all the i's and crossed all the t's, but he can win. Here is a man who is practical and who really cares about our issues."

Dukakis also has his record of eight years as a governor to stand on. He obtained the first state funding for AIDS research, expanded AIDS testing and counseling sites, sent explicit AIDS information to every Massachusetts household, fought for a gay civil rights law and sponsored a conference on violence for 200 law enforcement leaders that included crimes against lesbians and gay men.

Dukakis draws local support from attorney Paul Wotman; former Milk Club president Rick Pacurar; Milk treasurer Steve Krefling; the founder of Sha'ar Zahav, Bernard Pechter; and congressional aide Steve Morin. Nationally known gay leaders for Dukakis include Sacramento lobbyist Rand Martin, former legislator Elaine Noble, Congressman Barney Frank, Human Rights Campaign Fund director Vincent McCarthy, businessman Jack Campbell, Congressman Gerry Studds and two former heads of the National Lesbian and Gay Task Force, Virginia Apuzzo and Jean O'Leary.

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Rubinfeld Leaves Lambda

Abby R. Rubinfeld, legal director for the New York-based Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, will retire August 31 to return to the private practice of law in Nashville, Tennessee. Lambda, founded in New York City in 1973, is the nation's oldest and largest legal organization dedicated to the rights of lesbians and gay men. Rubinfeld has worked for Lambda continuously since January 1983. She was the first full-time lawyer hired by the organization.

"Lambda's extraordinary growth in recent years is attributable in no small measure to Abby Rubinfeld's vision, together with her perseverance in pursuing that vision," said Thomas B. Stoddard, Lambda's executive director. "We are saddened by her retirement."

When Rubinfeld joined Lambda, the annual budget was less than \$100,000 and the organization employed only

Jackson has support locally from National March officials Pat Norman and Ken Jones; attorney Roberta Achtenberg; AIDS activist John Belskus; labor leader Vince Quackenbush; former Milk Club president Gwenn Craig; the club's current president, Maurice Belote; Republican activist Kevin Wadsworth; Tom Brougham of the Peralta Community College Board; Santa Cruz mayor John Laird; San Mateo supervisor Tom Nolan; Phyllis Lyon; and Del Marin. Nationally known activists supporting Jackson include Reverend Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church; Boston councilman David Scordras; and two Southland activists, Ivy Botini, Los Angeles, and Nicole Ramirez-Murray, San Diego.

The candidacy of Republican George Bush has drawn little attention in the gay community. Bush has not cooperated when activists attempted to record his positions on a variety of issues. The candidate has not sought gay community support. The local, gay Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights organization has not endorsed George Bush in the primary, but its president, Brian Mavrogeorge, said it was only because Bush is unopposed. He said CRIR may endorse Bush after the primary election.

The national, gay United Republicans for Equality and Privacy met last week in Dallas and overwhelmingly endorsed Bush — but on issues other than gay rights. Mavrogeorge said, "The bottom line was that Dukakis has made statements not to our liking, and we thought he was openly homophobic while Bush is not. Bush has been clearly within the Republican position that no group should get special interests — but that doesn't mean, of course, that discrimination should take place." Bush's most widely quoted remark about the gay and lesbian call for equality has been, "No one group should have special privileges granted by government."

three people. More than five years later, Lambda employs 15 people, and the budget surpasses \$1 million.

Rubinfeld was among the first lawyers in the United States to recognize that AIDS posed a legal crisis as well as a medical emergency. She put together the first book on the legal issues arising from AIDS.

She also founded a regular forum for the lawyers around the country who work on lesbian and gay issues, the National Lesbian and Gay Civil Rights Roundtable, which meets under Lambda's auspices two or three times every year in different cities around the country.

Lambda will immediately begin a search for her replacement. Potential applicants should write Lambda at 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012 for further information.



The annual AIDS Candlelight Vigil will occur Monday, May 30, at 8 pm. It starts at Castro and Market, and winds its way to City Hall. The rally and service include speakers and entertainers, and will be duplicated in 75 cities worldwide, including Rio de Janeiro, London, Dublin and every major American city.

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The Long Road Back from Fundamentalism

A Lesbian's Pilgrimage Out of the 'Christian' Wilderness

by Cathy Cockrell

A dozen men and women met recently in the East Bay to discuss the topic of the fundamentalist family. One referred to "a sadistic God who wants to fry your butt forever." Another spoke of a life in which she focused great passion on the church, but was unable to cry and had no independent emotional life.

A majority of the people in the room were women; at least three were lesbian. All had been fervent Christians at one point in their lives and all had found their way out of the fundamentalist wilderness to Fundamentalists Anonymous (FA), the survivors' self-help group with more than 50 chapters across the country.

Christian fundamentalists are defenders of the fundamentals: five fundamental Christian doctrines drawn up at a religious conference in Niagara Falls in 1895. These include the virgin birth, the absolute infallibility of the scriptures, Christ's payment on the cross for man's sin, his physical resurrection and his future return to earth.

An estimated 35 million adults in the US qualify as fundamentalists. They speak of living a life "apart" from such worldly vices as smoking, drinking, extramarital sex and homosexuality — though thousands also serve as foot soldiers of the Christian Right and its worldly projects like the antiabortion movement and Pat Robertson's presidential campaign.

While mainline churches have proved themselves largely powerless to slow the growth of fundamentalist Christianity, Fundamentalists Anonymous, which does not actively recruit but merely provides support for the disillusioned, grew to 25,000 members in its first year and a half of life. It began on April 1, 1985, with a two-line ad in the *Village Voice*: "Fundamentalists Anonymous/NYC chapter for dissatisfied or ex-fundamentalists." Hundreds of people trying to break out of fundamentalism called the phone number listed in the ad; the two founders appeared a few weeks later on the "Phil Donahue Show"; and the New York FA office was flooded with more calls from across the country.

Among those callers was a lesbian (who grew up as a preacher's daughter) in the East Bay who had heard about the newly formed organization from a friend and subsequently started the FA chapter that still meets weekly in Oakland. She was present at the recent meeting focusing on fundamentalist families and agreed afterward to speak at greater length about her experiences growing up, her journey away from the faith, and how sex, gender and sexual orientation relate to fundamentalism. She preferred to remain anonymous and, when asked what name she would like to use, said, "Just call me Mary."

Mary was born into a "super-Christian family" in a Midwest state "that is strongly Baptist and definitely has a strong fundamentalist and evangelical community." Her parents were full-time Christian workers. It was assumed that she, too, would marry a preacher, missionary or evangelist — or else stay single and become a missionary herself.



"It was a secret life," Mary says of her lesbian feelings when she was a teenager. "I really separated the two [homosexuality and spiritual life] effectively in my mind."

preachers in the Baptists. Women don't do much of anything in fundamentalism except support the men."

Between worship service, Sunday school, missionary conferences, evangelistic campaigns and youth groups, Mary says she probably was sent to church about four times a week as a child and so "got that spiritual orientation drummed in... pretty far." Movie-going and dancing were forbidden. "Those worldly activities," she states, "are discouraged because it is said that the time you spend doing things like dancing or going to the movies or just being worldly, you could be devoting to the service of the Lord. You're supposed to dedicate all your time and energy to being a Christian."

While many fundamentalist families also forbid their children to receive any secular education, Mary's were "really

quite pro-education," although "they just didn't want your education to lead you away from their belief system." After finishing at a three-year Bible institute, Mary's parents allowed her to attend a secular university. She refers to this moment, tongue in cheek, as "my big mistake." Besides learning to dance and going to movies for the first time, she says, "I liked to read a lot and I found that the fundamentalist set of ideas really didn't jibe with reality as far as I was concerned." The realization forced her to leave the fundamentalist world to preserve some integrity.

One of the things Mary refers to most when talking about the fundamentalist experience and former fundamentalists is the complete religious and social system it represents for those living inside it, and the difficulty faced by anyone trying to break away. "I guess [as a child] I was obliged to be content," she

thats a big decision. It's a big move for somebody who was raised from birth in a fundamentalist belief system. There's very much an environment of terrorism in childhood. I mean, to believe that you're really bound for an eternity in Hell, if you are successfully convinced of that, there has to be some terrorism involved."

Mary emphasizes, "It takes some heroism to pull away.... [I]t requires that you defy a lot of stuff that you've been taught — a lot of powerful teachings about where you're going to spend eternity and whether or not you're a child of God or a child of the Devil. And sometimes it requires giving up any meaningful relationship with your family. And people in FA have an awful lot of integrity. They have done something very, very brave."

For Mary, the road away from fundamentalism was by way of a series

school and the library and the radio.... So I managed to maintain a link with the secular world."

In fundamentalist homes, she recalls, "There was just no allusion to sexuality at all. Hopefully [she thought], if no one talked about sex, kids would never notice it. So it was this real secret part of life, which really enables you to be gay without ever letting anyone know. But when you admit it, you really feel bad. You have very little connection with or knowledge of the significance of your own sexual orientation. Because you're not integrated into the world. Because you come from a separate world. It's almost like coming from another culture, another planet. So to feel that you really are gay is one thing, but then to come out and try to be part of the gay community is something very different. You don't have the concepts and you don't have the experience of interacting with other gay people. It can be a real culture shock. You always feel like no one really understands — at least you do until you find FA."

Mary believes there are lots of fundamentalists who are lesbian or gay and know it, and that for many of them, unlike for herself, the situation is a tragedy and a kind of hell. "If you stay with it [fundamentalism], it's just an ongoing conflict, it's a real drama. Especially, I've heard, for gay men. Nobody ever talks about lesbians. Gay people are sort of looked upon as being freaks, or like being real rare like three-headed calves. Maybe because men are more taken for granted, it's something you pray about, you know, that a poor brother has stumbled and fallen."

Here she assumes the voice of a fervent fundamentalist to recreate the preacher's words to a fallen gay member of his flock: "The Lord will help you not to commit that sin again."

Asked if she thought there are also a lot of lesbians and gay men among former fundamentalists, or "escapees," as she referred to them, Mary said yes. "There are a lot of gay people in FA. I think maybe we feel it more strongly than most people, because it's touched our lives so intimately with its exclusion and condemnation of any gay feelings.... Fundamentalism is such an assault upon your own reality. It really is militantly antigay and, in order to preserve your own integrity, you have to get away from it."

"I don't know any figures or statistics," she continues, "but I would say there's a large proportion of gay people in FA. I'm sure that would cause fundamentalists to gloat: 'Well, they're just a bunch of queers. What do you expect? It's a homosexual organization' — as though FA were set up to combat the fundamentalist drive against the gay community." That is simply not the case, she says, and stresses that FA members come in all sexual orientations.

She refers to fundamentalism as "heterosexuality gone berserk." What does she mean by this titillating idea? She explains that fundamentalism "tends to deify reproductive sex, to sanctify it so much. There's such a strong insistence upon exclusive heterosexuality. And also it's a great way of controlling people. If you can control people's feelings, you can control the person. There's a lot of power in it. And if you can negate sexuality, if you can control it, you get a real grip on the person's personality and upon who they are and upon their individuality."

Several people at the FA meeting had spoken strongly about the suppression of feeling in fundamentalist homes and circles. Mary reiterates that point, noting that fundamentalists "almost equate sin with human emotion. There's such a strong connection in their minds between sin and human feelings. And a lot of being good or being as sinless as possible comes from combating your own feelings, stifling your own feelings, controlling your feelings, suppressing your feelings. That's a big part of remaining righteous or pure or dedicated

"I really separated the two [homosexuality and spiritual life] effectively in my mind. I had this secular life within myself. I lived as much through the

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

to the Lord, to be as sanctified as you can be, or as close to sanctified."

Mary calls fundamentalism a "male-ness cult" and thinks that in its Catholic and Mormon varieties, as much as in its Protestant strain, it has the potential of putting women back 50 to 100 years. She illustrates her point with an anecdote about calling her former husband

of self-image and the early childhood experience of women in fundamentalism. An interview with a born-again woman in the chilling documentary on the Christian right, *The Kingdom Come*, seemed to indicate there might be a history of sexual abuse for many fundamentalist women. Mary did not affirm or deny that theory, but did talk about emotional abuse in general terms

"You get this marvelous super-identity, that you are a child of God. You have a new supernatural identity. And oppressed people need that desperately."

in reference to their son. "He said that his wife was at class. And I thought, 'Oh, that's really great. She's taking a class. I'm glad.'" Mary asked what kind of class it was, and he replied, "It's a class in submission."

Women's place within the fold "is strictly to feel and act inferior," Mary relates. "And they're very highly invested in male spiritual and temporal leadership. They are very highly invested in keeping women down.... It's a very easy road in a way [for women], if you're really content with that kind of role to play. I think women are so in need of something spiritual, they're so drawn to spiritual things that they'll even put up with that. That kind of value system is very comfortable for some women. It answers a lot of difficult questions. It helps you find a role in life."

"All you have to do," Mary goes on, "is raise your kids and teach Sunday school on Sunday and be a devoted wife and pray when you're expected to pray at home but not in church. For preachers and evangelists, there's a great deal of star quality available to them. It's a big ego trip for preachers. They're not all rich by any means, but they do all have a lot of power over their congregations."

"I think they [fundamentalist groups] have grown as a direct result of the gains of feminism and gay liberation. I think they've just fed on it like sharks. Because those are things that alarm people. When you get into changing sexual tradition and standardized roles, that's very threatening to people. There's something very sacred to fundamentalists about the old sex roles. So they've alarmed a lot of people and said, 'This country is going to Hell in a handbasket on these sexual issues.' That's why they've gained the political power they've gained, out of alarm."

Mary talked about women and fundamentalism from another angle, that

that echoed sentiments expressed by other FA members at the Oakland meeting.

One self-described "fundy" there recounted how a disillusioned fundamentalist friend of hers had said, "Do you know what fundamentalism does to your self-esteem?" — and had torn a packet of sugar that was in her hands, emptying the contents. Mary's comment in that vein was that female sexuality is very much resented by fundamentalists around the world.

"In Muslim fundamentalism," Mary explained, "they believe that female sexuality is so powerful that it can undo or destroy society. And that's why women are forced to cover themselves... at all times. They feel that it's such a force that it will disrupt society fundamentally, pardon the expression."

In the US today, fundamentalists don't go to the extreme of having women cover themselves, "but there's very much emphasis on shame of women and about the danger of female sexuality," Mary says. "And women are very much blamed for the failures of men, for the weaknesses of men.... And I think for female children, there's a great deal of inherent abuse in that

"I think they [fundamentalist groups] have grown in direct result of the gains of feminism and gay liberation. I think they've just fed on it like sharks."

fundamentalist belief system, because women are so denied.

"I think we can buy into our own bad feelings about ourselves," she states, "because although it's not explicitly stated, it's very much desirable to be male. Like fundamentalist Jews are always thanking God that they were not

born a woman. That attitude prevails not only in Jewish fundamentalism, but I'm sure in Islamic and Christian fundamentalism, too. It has very much to do with sex and gender and very much about males over females."

"The women just sort of accept that subservient and inferior role. And I think that they do, eventually, believe that they deserve, that they are particularly weak and evil. And I think that if a woman was abused as a child, she probably fits into that mind set much more easily than someone who would have a lot of resistance to it if she'd been strongly nurtured as a child."

Mary, who is Caucasian, then went on to speculate that "bad feelings about being black" make fundamentalism "natural and appealing" to many blacks in the US, as is the case for women. "If you feel that you're weak or evil or bad or that you're oppressed.... it's easy to find your rationale in [a] type of mind set that preaches a very strong concept of good and evil. It fits right into an oppressed mentality and gives you comfort to say, 'Well, this world is painful and is sinful and I'm not accepted and I don't have much comfort in this life, but God loves me and God loves me so much that he sent his son to die for me that I could even become a member of God's family.' And you get this marvelous super-identity, that you are a child of God. You have a new supernatural identity. And oppressed people need that desperately."

"I think [fundamentalists] are very powerful, and they have a lot of appeal. And they've consolidated," she continues. "Denominations have gotten together for political reasons that wouldn't get together for anything before now. There's been an alliance of Roman Catholics and Protestant fundamentalists that never would have happened a few years ago. But they've formed an alliance against abortion. You'll find that fundamentalist ministers and priests are working to-



"Fundamentalism is such an assault upon your own reality. It really is militantly antigay and, in order to preserve your own integrity, you have to get away from it."

politics to represent a formidable political force in this country. And even though they didn't succeed in electing a president in '88, I'm not at all sure that they won't elect a president in '92. And even if they don't, they can still accomplish other goals.... like making abortion illegal, and certainly setting back gay rights. Everything around sexuality they will succeed in doing."

"They won't give up, that's the thing," she says. "I think a lot of them are in for the long haul. There's a segment of the fundamentalist community called the reconstructionists. And Christian reconstructionists are committed fully to putting this country on a biblical basis, revising the Constitution and the laws to go by biblical rule. Almost like they do by the Koran in Iran. They want to revise all the institutions of our country to make them follow God's law. The Bible would be the basis for national life. And they're raising a lot of Christian children. They're raising children in their Christian schools to be the political leaders of tomorrow. So the Christian school movement is real important to them because they think that these kids that are growing up now in their Christian schools are going to be the moral back-

bone of the nation in the next few decades. And also, hopefully, the political leaders. So it's a ball that's still rolling." ■
The East Bay Fundamentalists Anonymous chapter is located at 463 Hanover Avenue, Oakland, CA 94606. Call 465-7577 for more information. They will also provide details regarding the regular San Francisco FA meetings.



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Continued on next page

Jesse Jackson for America

"America is a quilt of many patches, many pieces, many colors, many sizes, many textures. Everybody fits. Everybody counts. Everyone must have equal protection under the law in the real America."

Those words were spoken by Jesse Jackson, who has consistently, eloquently and unabashedly incorporated the gay, lesbian and feminist communities in his presidential campaign.

Jackson has woven into his platform key issues that confront our community.

He supports a federal gay and lesbian civil rights law. He will issue a presidential executive order banning antigay discrimination in federal hiring and approval of contractors.

He supports domestic partners legislation that would extend benefits such as health insurance to same-sex couples; he opposes the use of sexual orientation as a criterion for granting child custody; and he recognizes that gay and lesbian relationships are of equal importance as traditional family ties.

On the number one crisis facing our community today, AIDS, Jackson forthrightly has challenged the existing inertia in government. He will increase funding for treatment and research; make available explicit educational materials on safe sex and IV drug use; and support legislation to ban discrimination on the basis of antibody status.

Jackson was the only presidential candidate to march with us in Washington last October, and he reaffirmed his commitment to our causes last month in Sacramento.

His outreach to the gay and lesbian community merits our response by giving him our vote June 7.

Jackson also has articulated campaign themes which speak to our concerns in the larger community in which we all live.

His economic program is sensitive to the hardships which eight years of the Reagan administration have placed upon the working class and middle class of this country.

Jackson supports accessible, safe abortions and federal funding to make them available to women of all income levels. He

supports the Equal Rights Amendment, and the principles of pay equity in the workforce.

He will end military intervention in Central America, work to abolish nuclear weapons and develop a foreign policy of economic cooperation and interdependency, rather than military confrontation with the Soviet Union.

In the most neglected and poorly administered aspect of our governmental world view — our relations with the Third World — Jackson will promulgate a policy that will be supportive of the aspirations of indigenous movements, assuring that our foreign policy is culturally sensitive to other regions.

Our endorsement of Jackson is not quixotic. We do it because we want him to win the primary, but we also do it to send a message to the Democratic Party. The message is that Democrats cannot ignore our concerns any longer. The assumption that the gay and lesbian community has no place else to go is false; our votes are not an automatic given. Democrats cannot ignore our voice within the party hierarchy without paying a price.

The Democratic Party has been a reluctant ally in our fight for civil rights and dignity. It has equivocated on AIDS funding and programs. That response is no longer acceptable. The Democratic Party must do better on issues that involve our lives, and it must be supportive of gay empowerment.

We also endorse Jackson without illusions. The Rainbow Coalition is an imperfect entity. The poor representation of gay and lesbian delegates within the Jackson ranks reflects the tensions that have emerged among the competing factions of his coalition, and Jackson has not been sufficiently firm with his own supporters in assuring fairness for gay people.

Still, his overall positions are head and shoulders above his competitor Michael Dukakis.

Gay congressman Barney Frank, a Dukakis backer, has noted that all the Democrats running for president are better than all the Republicans. We agree, but that is not the choice that confronts us on June 7.

In the California primary we're voting for the best Democrat. We think that person is Jesse Jackson.

LETTERS

Geary Should Stay

To the Editor: I have read with interest and with respect Mr. Andre Laventure's Point of View ("Jim Geary Should Step Aside," 5/20) regarding Shanti's recent difficulties and, in particular, the conclusion that Jim Geary should step aside as director. Mr. Laventure's conclusions sadden, disappoint and anger me as I truly believe that they arise from only a partial knowledge of the events and more importantly, from a lack of any personal interaction with Jim Geary.

Having been an emotional support counselor now for over two years, and working closely with Mr. Geary at times, I have grown to admire, respect and to love him and his style. Although Mr. Laventure implies that Jim's charisma and eccentricity are negative qualities, those of us who have worked with him regard these very unique qualities as valuable assets to Shanti and to each of us who volunteer performing this difficult work. I personally would urge Jim to "hear" our praise and to resolve to continue to direct the project.

I am confident that the recent charges directed at Shanti and at Jim Geary will be rapidly and fully cleared. I hope one of the positive consequences of this investigation will result in an opportunity for the community to gain a glimpse of all the beauty and love associated with the Shanti organization and, in particular, with Jim Geary.

Shanti has mushroomed from a small group of less than a score of individuals to a huge number of several hundred members — serving one of the most difficult areas of human ex-

perience, i.e., the needs of individuals and their loved ones who are living with a life-threatening illness. The fact that Shanti Project has been performing this work so effectively — and with so much love and acceptance and without major incidents to date — speaks well for the administration and for Jim Geary.

Leonard A. Simpson

Above Reproach

To the Editor: After reading the many letters with reference to the Shanti Project, I think some clarification is necessary as to what the subject matter of the controversy is. The letters criticizing Shanti related to its management practices and at no time questioned the extraordinary work of the practical and emotional support volunteers. Even though Shanti is one organization, it has many facets; the fact that it may be suffering from extreme nepotism among its paid leadership in no way reflects on the fine work of its support staff or volunteers.

Each letter in defense of Shanti has defended its volunteers, totally missing the issue at hand. Let's not allow the Shanti leaders and board members in question to hide behind the outstanding volunteer work and not answer for their actions. The reputation of the Shanti Project could never be tarnished by the current uproar, as it was earned by the dedication, concern and hard work of the scores of volunteers and its support staff who are above reproach — despite the leadership, who are not.

David Leahy

MISE EN SCÈNE by Anne Hamersky



Gar + Er

1987

Huck Hits Paydirt

To the Editor: Since I've stopped writing for the BAR because of their scandalous rate of nonpayment to writers and for the Advocate because of their dedication to a vision of gay people as white and wealthy, I've seen the California gay press deteriorate into writing not worthy of a high school newspaper.

This is why it gives me such great pleasure to congratulate the Sentinel on their publication of Bill Huck's review of Yo-Yo Ma's recitals of the Bach cello suites, which is the best piece of music criticism I've seen — ever, anywhere! (This is not to undervalue Cathy Cockrell's charming news

piece on Michael Mallet and the Haight Ashbury Cooperative Nursery, Robert Julian's thought-provoking critique of "The Cosby Show" or Steve Abbott's unique advice column.)

It is completely uncommon and rare to see music criticism so impeccably researched and the intentions of a great artist — two great artists, Ma and Bach — so clearly communicated. If Huck continues to write like this, it will only be a matter of time before people start realizing that he is the best music critic since G.B. Shaw and a source of pride not only to himself and the Sentinel, but to the gay community at large. Thank you, Bill, and congratulations. You've

struck writer's paydirt. My thanks and appreciation also go to the Sentinel for believing that there is a place for good writing and writers in the gay press.

Ron Bluestein, aka. Ronettttt

Fleeting Fame

To the Editor: Patrick Hoctel's interview with gay porno performer Lou Cass ("Hard for the Money," 5/20) made for very interesting reading. I must admit that Cass' youth and sexual attributes might justify his somewhat elevated ego.

What I find perplexing, though, is

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POINT OF VIEW

MAYOR ART AGNOS

Prop. K Is a San Francisco Fair Share Plan

When I became mayor, I found the largest deficit in our city's history — \$180 million. During the last few months, I've worked hard to make city government leaner and more efficient. Now I'm asking you to join me in completing the job by voting for Prop. K to lift the artificial and outdated Gann limit.

When I looked at how to balance the budget, I looked at the same two things any person does.

First, I looked to cut expenses as far as possible. Then I looked to see whether we were collecting all the money owed the city and where we might get new money — like we did this year from the state legislature.

I froze city pay raises to save \$43 million.

I didn't like to do that, and I looked closely at what it would mean to city workers. I kept my promise not to use comparable worth to balance the deficit. I also made allowance for regular promotions to take place.

The result is that no city worker making under \$20,000 a year will face a pay freeze. That's fair.

Two categories of workers — police and fire fighters — can have pay increases frozen only by the voters. I put Prop. B on the ballot to make it a level

playing field for all city workers when it comes to freezing pay increases.

I cut services and eliminated more than 1,000 jobs — saving \$75 million. Some of the savings comes from better management. We were using highly paid police officers as clerks at the Hall of Justice. It's cheaper and more appropriate to hire civilian clerks for those duties and put police officers back on the beat.

Some of the efficiencies we've had to make aren't popular. We've slated four neighborhood library branches to be closed. I preferred a choice that made people walk a little farther to the choice of cutting back on the books and publications that are available to our library patrons.

The city share of AIDS costs will go down, but I believe we'll actually deliver more because of changes I'm making. For example, I'm increasing the staff that helps people with AIDS establish eligibility for social security, SSI and



VA benefits at the Department of Social Services. That saves city money and gives people with AIDS a bigger check at the same time.

I've also approved the plan to make the Tom Waddell Clinic a special AIDS health center for the homeless. For the first time, the Lyon-Martin Clinic will get city funding. In the past, it was the only community-based health program left out of our city plan.

Some decisions were painful, but I made them without favoritism. Every department, including police and fire, went through the same close scrutiny and is facing cuts.

More cuts can't be justified on the merits.

In fact, those who advocate more cuts have yet to offer a single proposal on where additional cuts should be made. That's because they know there's no

place left where cuts won't seriously hurt us all.

But there are fair ways to get more revenues.

As I sought them, I ran straight into the Gann limit.

I put more money into our budget so we will be more efficient at collecting the taxes already owed the city.

But I found out that we'll only have to give back the money owed us because we've reached the artificial limit set by ultraconservative Paul Gann.

I hired a full-time state lobbyist to bring us more state aid. In the current year, San Francisco won a special \$5 million state allocation to use as we saw best. We spent \$2.5 million on health and social service programs.

But the artificial Gann limit means that if we were to win no-strings-attached state aid again, we would have to send it back.

After cutting services and freezing pay increases, I also looked at whether business could pay a fair share toward our budget deficit.

As others have documented, a substantial part of increased San Francisco city budget costs over the past ten years have been in the services most demanded by downtown — police and fire. City resident services, such as health, have stayed steady.

But the Gann limit prevents any increase in business taxes — even the one-tenth of one percent rate increase I am proposing.

That doesn't make any sense. The way to fix it is to lift the Gann limit — and that's why I've put Prop. K on the ballot.

Prop. K certainly isn't a blank check. It won't allow property taxes to be increased. That can only be done by the voters.

It won't allow new taxes not on the books to be imposed. That requires a two-thirds vote of the people.

It won't give a blank check to the Board of Supervisors because the city charter gives only me, as mayor, the authority to propose budget expenditures.

And it won't be a permanent arrangement. The Gann limit can be lifted for only four years, and then voters would have to return to the polls to agree to lifting it again.

The simple fact is that no other solution will let the city use the revenues we need.

Maybe you've heard the argument that the city ought to encourage business growth, because as their profits grow, so would the city's share in increased taxes.

Unfortunately, the Gann limit neglected to include business growth as one of the factors that determines what city governments can spend. The Gann limit is determined by resident population growth and a national consumer price index that lags behind local cost of living increases.

As business revenues grow, they're taken off the table and protected from taxation.

In a family, everyone pulls together. I've acted as mayor on the principle that San Francisco should include everyone in the benefits, whether it is the Olympics, the Missouri or any other economic plan that is put forward.

I also believe everyone should share in the solutions we need at this time.

I hope you'll agree that San Francisco's family should pull together with everyone doing their fair share — and join me in voting yes for Prop. K and Prop. B.

CITISENSE

TIM TAYLOR

Beware False Prophets of the Rainbow

The campaign to build a deeply rooted Rainbow Coalition has spawned its own variety of opportunists and rip-off artists. Prominent among them is Lenora Fulani, whose independent presidential campaign is trying to piggyback onto Jesse Jackson's efforts (emphasis on the word piggy).

Fulani preaches, "Two roads are better than one," saying she is for Jackson in the primaries. But she adds, when Jackson is rejected at the Democratic convention this summer (and she speaks of Jackson's "impending rejection" with crocodile tears), she says the Rainbow, including lesbians and gay men, should then reject the Democrats — and vote for her.

She hopes her campaign will attract enough votes to play the role of spoiler in a closely contested election, and thus deny Democrats the White House.

To help Fulani score political points, she would have us let George Bush slip in — and continue the ruinous AIDS policies of the last eight years.

She would have us put off again efforts to overhaul the national health care system, reorder Reagan's fiscal and tax policies, end military intervention — all because Fulani wants to exploit Jesse Jackson's organizing efforts to build her own independent political base.

I, for one, am not buying it. The mass suicide instinct of lemmings, which is what Fulani is appealing to, does not of-

fer much appeal.

Fulani professes to be a staunch supporter of Jackson, but press her on her personal contacts with him and she becomes evasive, acknowledging Jackson is not her biggest fan. Ask higher-ups in Jackson's campaign what they think of her, and their reactions range from exasperation to outright anger. They feel she is exploiting their efforts. Jackson has said this November he's voting Democratic.

Fulani's roots are in the New York-based New Alliance Party, a fringe group of no consequence in that political scene. Nor is this the first time that her party has tried to play the role of spoiler. When the prospects emerged that an openly gay man, David Rothenberg, might unseat an incumbent member of the New York City Council, Fulani's gay associate, Jim Mangia, also jumped into the race and actively tried to divert sufficient votes to defeat Rothenberg, who ultimately lost.

Whether it was Mangia that made the difference is debatable.

But he did provide unnecessary diversion to a promising campaign effort.

Now Mangia peddles a petition on Castro Street for an AIDS Bill of Rights, a cruel and exploitive device to build up a mailing list for Fulani's presidential campaign, not help on the issue.

The Sentinel staff this week voted unanimously to endorse Jesse Jackson. But if Jackson is not the nominee, I, for one, will settle for second best, Dukakis, over Bush.

Unreadable Art

In an otherwise finely tuned reduction plan, Agnos' glaring blooper is his proposal to close four branch libraries.

To pare one-tenth of one percent of the city's \$180 million budget deficit, Agnos will close four branches in Noe Valley, Ocean Beach, Golden Gate Valley and Glen Park. It's a maneuver that makes no discernible dent in the deficit — and it impoverishes the cultural and educational life of the city.

The cutbacks hit a system already suffering. One of my vivid first impressions upon arriving in the city was the debilitated state of the main branch library. Just last year, 50,000 books in the permanent collection at Civic Center were put in storage because the building is a firetrap.

The closure of the branches only adds salt to the wound.

Agnos made reading books one of the centerpiece of his campaign. Hopefully he'll reconsider his library cuts and make them accessible, too.

Who Asked These Guys for Help?

Former presidents Jimmy Carter and Jerry Ford have assembled a blue-ribbon panel of all the usual Washington insiders to advise the next president on impending crises in public policy.

The issues they targeted are all the predictable ones: the deficit, economic policy, foreign affairs.

Conspicuously missing from the list is any mention of AIDS, or even health.

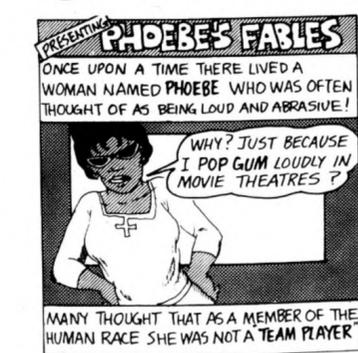
The rationale offered by Carter and Ford, as reported by the New York Times: Health is not a "front-burner issue."

Only last month the number of people diagnosed with AIDS exceeded the entire number of American casualties of the Vietnam War, and they say AIDS is not a front-burner issue.

That kind of logic by Carter and Ford may account for why they are the only two presidents since Herbert Hoover not to be reelected.

CATHARTIC COMICS

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



AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

AIDS Education Coming to the Courthouse

Every day my mailbox is full of fundraising requests from various worthy causes. Some of them hit the wastebasket, some get a check, and others sit on my desk until I feel either rich enough or guilty enough to respond. A couple of weeks ago I had just cleared the desk by mailing several checks, thinking, "This is it for a while," when Tim Wolfred, the executive director of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, called.

I like to say that Tim has known me since I was a 13-year-old back in Indianapolis, Indiana, and on occasion I tease that he taught me everything I know. That's not really true, but it does draw some interesting reactions. At any rate, I know that a call from Tim occasionally has a price tag on it, so I said, "How much is this going to cost?" It seems that the AIDS Foundation was having its first annual Leadership Recognition Dinner, and I was invited. A hundred dollars later I agreed to go.

Political dinners are something I like to avoid, both because of the bad food and because of the lengthy speeches. But last week's AIDS Foundation dinner held, ironically, I thought, at the Galleria was pretty interesting. Although I had spent the day bemoaning my obligation to go, I'm glad I did. Shortly after I arrived, the importance of the fight was once again pounded into my head when I learned that another dear friend, someone I really put high up on the "admire" list, had been diag-

nosed with AIDS.

I became very grateful for the leadership shown by the AIDS Foundation and the honorees of its dinner. KPXTV was recognized for its now national "AIDS Lifeline" series; Selma Dritz, MD, was honored for her help in alerting the medical community to the danger posed by AIDS back at a time when no one wanted to hear it. A post-humous award was given to Jack Townsend, who inspired many people with his work on the People with AIDS and ARC Switchboard. And former mayor Dianne Feinstein, who has made her own contributions to fighting this epidemic, presented an award to Robert Haas, the chief executive officer of the Levi Strauss Company. Haas helped to shape the corporate response to AIDS and has been a leader in this area for other companies as well.

As a video clip rolled off the Levi AIDS education program, I thought to myself, "Why hasn't this been done at the Hall of Justice?" The silence in response to AIDS has been greatest in the courthouse. If corporations care, do AIDS education, why not an area where many PWAs come as victims, witnesses and defendants, not to men-

tion employees.

When I was in New York, I learned that Manhattan DA Robert Morgenthau organized AIDS education for his staff as well as the Legal Aid Society, their version of the public defender. This effort was prompted by an incident in Westchester County, where a person erroneously thought to be a PWA had to be arraigned in a courthouse parking lot. Although our courthouse personnel have never reacted so badly, I have heard of incidents where it was clear that somebody needed to become more familiar with this disease to develop an intelligent response. Although many in the Hall of Justice have educated themselves, others have never had to take up the details of what AIDS is and what it's like to have it.

Three years ago Ron Huberman, a DA investigator, tried to get the ball rolling in this area. As a result, three people who worked with a PWA were given a session with an educator from the AIDS Foundation. We waited to see a larger program develop, but after a while it was quietly forgotten. Last Friday, as another issue of the *Sentinel* hit the streets, I walked over to the public defender's office to have lunch with Gordon Armstrong — yes, DAs sometimes socialize with defense attorneys. In the office, I ran into Public Defender Jeff Brown.

When Brown asked me, "How's it

going?" I guess these thoughts were close enough on my mind that I immediately started talking about the AIDS Foundation dinner and the corporate response to AIDS. When I said that I thought AIDS education should happen at the courthouse, Brown looked directly at me and said, "You're right. I'm going to see to it that it does!"

Thus was born the Hall of Justice AIDS education effort. Brown is going to try to make it happen throughout the building. District Attorney Arlo Smith has already signed on and before you know it, I think it will become a reality.

At the end of the AIDS Foundation dinner, Ron DeLuca was honored for his outstanding achievements in fundraising. He commented that many people across the country told him how lucky he was to be a fundraiser in a city like San Francisco. As appreciative as I am of his efforts, I couldn't help but sit there and wish that he was unemployed — that there would be no AIDS epidemic to fight.

But there is. As Tim Wolfred said when he recounted all of the different people and all of the different agencies that have made San Francisco a leader in the battle, "We have given hope to the rest of the world." I'm glad that the courthouse is getting more involved in that fight.

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

that with Cass' acting experience, why would he choose to appear in gay porno which is generally looked on as demeaning and not recognized as a legitimate profession?

There is a stigma attached to those individuals who appear in porno films which may prevent them from going into other chosen careers. The foregoing may be why so-called stars of gay and straight porno movies fail to make the transition to mainstream motion pictures.

I find it paradoxical when Cass states that he is a "one-man man," "has a lover and is very loyal," and yet he consents to appear in porno films that require him to perform sexual acts with strangers. What gives here, Lou?

My very best wishes for success to Lou Cass in whatever endeavors he pursues. He could do well to be a little humble and not let his ego get in the way of things. Fame is a transitory state of mind that can be here today and gone tomorrow.

Ed Dollak

USOC Goes After Seniors

To the Editor:
The US Olympic Committee is trying to bar the National Senior Olymp-

pics from the right to use the word Olympic in its biennial competition, according to the May issue of *National Masters News*. (The National Senior Olympics sponsors a wide variety of athletic events for women and men over age 55 and, in 1987 at St. Louis, drew over 2,500 senior contestants from 44 states, District of Columbia, Canada and Taiwan.) The USOC has demanded that the USNSO stop using the word Olympic, even sending a formal cease and desist order. The seniors are fighting back through a campaign in Congress led by Rep. Claude Pepper of Florida.

Does all this sound familiar? We're all aware of the homophobic behavior of the USOC in denying what became the Gay Games the right to use the term Olympic. The prejudices of the USOC now appear to include ageism as well. So who's next on the USOC hit list? The Special Olympics for the handicapped? The Junior Olympics for young people?

The policy of the City and County of San Francisco, adopted earlier this year, is not to accept a bid to hold the Olympic Games here until such time as the USOC agrees to conditions which recognize the rights of the lesbian, gay and bisexual athletic community. This policy becomes even more meaningful given this new attack upon senior athletes by the USOC.

The voters of San Francisco can send a message to the USOC protesting the narrow, stone-age mental-

ty of its top bureaucrats on June 7 by voting No on Proposition M, which would invite the Olympics here unconditionally.

Harry Siitonen

Don't Mess with Bill

To the Editor:

Re: Robert Julian's article "American Dreamer" on "The Cosby Show" . . . OK, OK, the point that Julian makes about the show can be made about every fun, family situation comedy. The fact that he singles out this one show illustrates that he is following along with the cliché notion that dumping on the #1 family show is in vogue.

I believe that Mr. Julian should move away from his assumptions that stereotypes dealing with negative real-life issues are the only shows that are valid and should be portrayed. Remember, it is entertainment — for better or worse. Yes, most blacks and whites know of the problems blacks face with infant mortality, drugs, the legal system, and nausea (whether they admit it or not). Those who watch the news or TV are aware of these problems daily. Plus, we all know that black people are lawyers and doctors, which is real life (whether we admit it or not).

What America needs to see (and "The Cosby Show" is an example of this) is fun material that is not stereotypical. We have seen enough

of the slick, cool-talking males and females in situation comedies. There are no shows that portray blacks as financially successful, happy families. But they do exist (whether you admit it or not). Let's not knock the show just because it doesn't always deal with negative real-life issues we already know exist. "The Cosby Show" is breaking new ground that does not deal with the negative stereotypes but does address real positive issues that America needs and likes to see.

Wendell W. Wilson

Praise for the Saint

The following letter is an edited portion of a letter to Bruce Mailman, owner of the *Sentinel*, that was sent to the *Sentinel* in response to Leslie Gervitz's article of May 6 on the closing of the famed gay landmark.

Dear Bruce,

In the fall of 1982, I was living and had been working in a Northeastern city. I had just been fired for being gay. Together with a close friend (who had also been similarly employed and fired), I came down to New York to recharge my batteries. On this occasion we were taken to the Saint for the first time. The first overwhelming impression which hit us was that we were with family. Here were thousands of guys who were just like us. If the city where we worked couldn't handle us, it was that city's problem; we had our lives to lead and the power, energy and oneness which we felt at the Saint that night has carried us through the years. It was not a question of coming out of the closet, but more of a question of the reaffirmation of our gay maleness.

Because of the Saint, I have made many lasting bicoastal friendships; I have been able to help share grief and I have grown as a man.

The last party was the best yet. I saw people I had not seen for 10 or 12 years — people I had automatically assumed were dead, but who, in reality, were very much alive and looking great with their added maturity. There were other friends who, although sick, were determined and had come to party. It was a chance to hold them once again and to share the strength.

The final stage show was just as it should have been. After Marlena Shaw had finished, Robbie Leslie, the DJ, took the entire energy from the floor and pushed it up, through

the dome to the infinite beyond. It was as if we were all part of one huge prayer; the words were unspoken, but we all said them.

As we all began to quietly leave the dance floor in our various groups, I was aware that everybody with whom I made eye contact was feeling exactly the same. We had all been a part of something that was truly, indescribably magnificent, and no matter what would happen in the future, or where our lives would lead us, we would all take that feeling with us. Nothing could ever take that from us.

Thank you for it all.

Mack Lyon

Taking Responsibility

To the Editor:

Recently, my longstanding physician referred me to another MD because of a very low T-cell count. The doctor to whom I was referred is a gay man whose practice is comprised primarily of AIDS patients.

During my initial visit, the doctor indicated that he doubted whether I would be alive in 1½-2 years and stated that I should consider myself a person with AIDS. On my second visit, I was told to get used to the fact that I was "a walking time bomb."

I found myself reeling from this pessimistic attitude from a physician obviously overtaken by the realities of all that is ours collectively and individually to bear. My dispute was not with the medical diagnosis, but with the unsupportive, negative, take-it-or-leave-it attitude. After speaking with a counselor and friends, I retrieved my records and referred myself to another knowledgeable gay physician.

Lo and behold, I have only a bronchial infection. Nothing more serious! The effects of unduly alarming myself, my family, friends and lover are beyond description. I realize we are all human, and I prefer to forgive and move on.

However, I move on with a much greater realization of the need to question medical authority and to take final and overall responsibility for my own health care. I urge others to do likewise!

Keith Wismer

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.

BEYOND THE BAY

Police Target 'Deviants'

PARKERSBURG, WV — A police list of "sexual deviants" in the Wood County town of Parkersburg has provoked outrage among local lesbians and gay men. The police department, meanwhile, denies all charges that the gay community is being targeted by this list.

"We're not just keeping information on homosexuals, but all deviant or abnormal sexual activity — the whole gamut, from pedophiles to homosexuals, the whole nine yards," explained Sgt. Robert Blankenship, the officer in charge of collecting information on those suspected of deviant sexual behavior. "The only thing we're doing is gathering any type of information on behavior that we feel is atypical. We're not really doing anything with the information except compiling it."

Blankenship insisted that the files are being created strictly for "crime prevention" purposes. "If a guy is gay, that's theoretically his business," he said. "There are no laws in West Virginia against [homosexuality] as long as they're consenting adults. But if anybody steps over the border of the law, we're interested."

Guadalajara Gays Murdered

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO — Four prominent members of the gay community of Mexico's second largest city have been gruesomely murdered since December, according to the Cox News Service. The four — a painter, sculptor, fashion designer and choreographer — were all well-known members of the gay community, although they are believed to have traveled in different social circles.

Alberto Ramirez Gil, state prosecutor for the state of Jalisco, of which Guadalajara is the capital, reportedly denied a reporter's request to comment on the speculation that a connection exists between the four mutilation murders, saying, "Don't create problems for me."

Many Mexicans believe that a secret ultrarightist organization long associated with the city's Autonomous University and its prominent families is involved.

Partners Bill Creates Backlash

MADISON, WI — A domestic partners proposal for Madison city employees is up for a city council vote

S1220 passed the Senate along with two Helms amendments. One states that federally funded AIDS education cannot "promote or encourage, directly, homosexual activity" and sexual abstinence outside heterosexual marriage should be promoted. The second amendment calls for repeal of the DC AIDS insurance law which prohibits insurers from denying life, health or disability coverage based on an applicant's HIV antibody status. The bill now goes to a House-Senate conference committee.

Help Stop Swan Song

SPOKANE, WA — Editors of the eastern Washington lesbian and gay newspaper, the *Swan*, reported in the April edition of the paper that publication is "dying for lack of support." Begun in July 1985, the *Swan* is priced at \$1.25 per monthly issue or \$13 per year. Former Spokane residents or others who would like to revive the *Swan* through ads, subscription or outlet sales should contact the paper at PO Box 9639, Spokane WA 99209 or (509) 489-7078.

Condom Counting in Maryland

BALTIMORE, MD — In an imaginative effort to estimate the extent of "safer sex" practices among Baltimore residents, city health officials are collecting and counting the number of used condoms that float to the surface of a city sewage treatment plant.

Dr. Diane Dwyer, acting AIDS coordinator for the Baltimore Health Department, said the research is being conducted with a \$48,000 federal grant from the Centers for Disease Control. The method was developed because monitoring condom sales only indicates what is being purchased, not what is being used, officials said.

The condoms have been collected each day for eight months by a worker from the Health Department dispatched to the city's Back River Waste Water Treatment Plant in a Baltimore suburb. The daily counts have ranged from 200 to 400 per day. "It's certainly not a very pleasant job," admitted supervisor Courtland Storck, "but it is important."

MCI Charged with Discrimination

NEW YORK, NY — Although he received excellent performance reviews during his three years as an employee of the MCI long distance telephone company, David Gatten says he was fired without warning by Branch Manager Lawrence Gayson. Gatten says that the manager told him he was being discharged because his sexual orientation "offended other employees."

Now the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund is filing a complaint against MCI with the New York City Human Rights Commission. Lambda attorney Paula Etelbrick said the action violates New York City's ordinance banning discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation in housing, employment and public accommodations as well as its own personnel guidelines requiring verbal and written warnings before discharge. The complaint seeks back pay and reinstatement.

Baby Boomers Homophobic

NEW YORK, NY — An opinion poll survey of the baby boom generation conducted for *Rolling Stone* finds that "this generation is . . . incredibly homophobic." According to the survey on matters of sexuality and personal morality conducted by Peter Hart Research Associates, 75% of those surveyed consider homosexuality unacceptable, and 53% describe increased openness toward homosexuality as a

change for the worse. Forty percent of those polled said they are less sympathetic toward gays because of AIDS; 27% said they are more sympathetic because of it; 29% said that the epidemic has made no difference in their sympathies. Forty-seven percent also said they have avoided contact with gays because of their fear of AIDS. Only 2% of those surveyed confirmed having had a same-sex sexual experience.

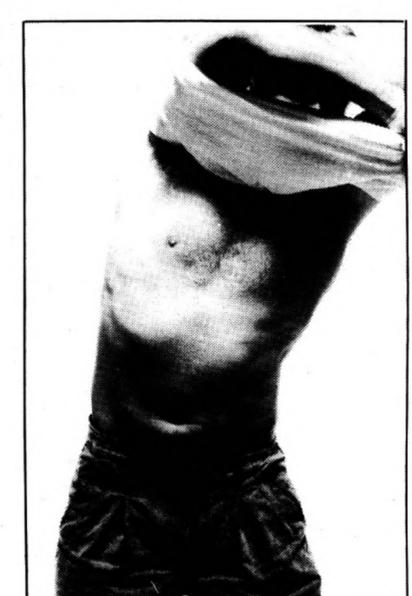
Atlanta Conference Draws Lesbians and Gays

ATLANTA, GA — Nearly 500 people attended the 13th Annual Southeastern Conference of Lesbians and Gay Men at the Pierremont Plaza Hotel in Atlanta April 14-17. The four day weekend included over 70 workshops and events. Black lesbian author Sabrina Sojourner gave the opening address, where she urged that outreach to people of color be placed at the top of the agenda. Two gay men, including a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, announced their candidacies for the Georgia State Legislature. The Atlanta Feminist Women's Chorus and the Atlanta Gay Men's Chorus performed what locals called a historic joint concert. The 1989 Southeastern Conference will be held next April 13-16 in Dallas, Texas.

Items in this week's *Beyond the Bay* were selected from *The Weekly News (Miami)*, *San Diego Gay Times*, *Washington Blade (DC)*, *Bravo! (San Diego)* and *Seattle Gay News*. The column was edited by *Sentinel* Assistant News Editor Cathy Cockrell.



Who says lesbians don't have a sense of humor? See p. 31 starting this week in the **Sentinel**



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HEALING RESOURCES

Out of the Pit and into the Light: Steps to Self-Regeneration

As a spiritual being, you have enormous capacities for self-regeneration. The power to stimulate renewal resides within your own consciousness. If you know how to tap into that power, you can regenerate your life no matter how deep a pit you're in. Any part of your life which seems to be exhausted or destroyed can be brought back into harmony and peace.

Conventional wisdom tells us that everybody takes their blows in this life, and you deal with it as best you can. You mustn't be too surprised if you have to sacrifice some valuable part of your reality forever, because "that's

1) Decide to regenerate yourself.

The first step is the simplest yet the hardest. It involves a basic decision to regenerate yourself. It may come in the form of "I'll be damned if I'll let this do me in!" You might be very tired of your melodrama and decide it's time to get on with your life.

You might also become angry with the limitations and use the anger as fuel to move towards self-regeneration. Often people will let themselves slide until they can't stand it any longer. In cases of severe discouragement, it can be difficult to pull yourself together enough to make this basic decision. Whatever the case, you must come to a point of demarcation where you're ready to get out of your pit. You basically decide "I am going to bring myself back" or "I'm going to renew this part of my life which isn't working."

That's the hard part. The consolation is that your conscious mind doesn't have to figure out how to accomplish the regeneration. If you know how to climb out of your pit, you probably would. But you don't have to know how to get out in order to be free. Your conscious mind merely needs to consent to the process.

2) Make room in your consciousness for regeneration.

Once you've declared your intention to regenerate, you must make some room in your consciousness for it to take place. It's like when you bring new furniture into your house and you must move the old furniture around so there's somewhere to put it. Create a clearing in your thoughts, beliefs, attitudes and behavior for renewal.

Just affirming, over and over, that you are ready for renewal, whatever it involves, can help a lot. Simple meditation, in which you tell yourself that you're making room for the limitless-



Letting go: Regeneration need not be a heady experience.

ness of God/Goddess/Higher Self, prepares you for step three. Become as receptive to getting out of the pit as you possibly can.

3) Go to your inner Source for help.

With receptivity as the ground of being, you are able to assertively approach the higher dimensions of your own consciousness, thereby tapping into the Source of all life — God/Goddess/Higher Self, or whatever you wish to call it. Assertiveness is essential in this step. You must assertively claim and accept your own regeneration. Begging is futile. Supplication is based on a belief in separation from the Source, and regeneration occurs when you've bridged that sense of separation.

I'm not suggesting that the Higher Power won't respond to gentleness. It's just that when you're in a pit, you sometimes need to be firm with your own awareness, which has grown accustomed to its darkness. Assertively calling on the powers of Divine Love tells your subconscious, "Hey, I mean business, let's get moving again!" You can call forth the Higher Power

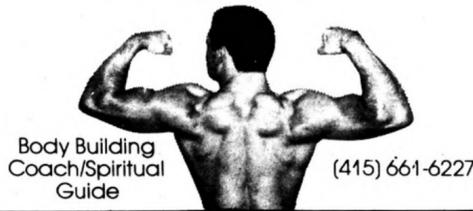
quite easily. You don't need sophisticated words or complex techniques — just a strong intention, utter sincerity, true receptivity and a willingness to be healed. From the core of your intention, speak to the Source in very firm, definite terms: "I call forth my own healing now, and I command all necessary support for the regeneration of my life to manifest now and lift me into balanced, whole expression."

You want to *unify* with the Higher Power, creating a strong, conscious link through which you are lifted. The Higher Power does the regenerating. It pulls you out of the pit. You don't have to figure it out — your Source will arrange all the fragments of your life back into wholeness if you get out of the way and let it happen.

One very effective technique I accidentally discovered is what I call screaming at God. If I can't seem to make headway with something, and I need help, I scream at God to help me. I don't ask, beseech, or hope. I yell, pound my fist, stamp my feet, and demand assistance: "Hey! I'm sick of all this and I want some help right now! So

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get with it!"

My help always comes shooting out of the void, faster than a laser beam. I am quickly given the energy and direction I need to get on with my life. It's usually done easily and in ways that I could never have dreamed up with my conscious, scheming mind that wants to control everything.

I always end up giggling at how Universal Law works so precisely — it doesn't take offense at my antics. The Higher Power is more precise and perfect than the laws of mathematics. It is always doing what it's supposed to do, always giving itself, never withholding love. If I need to play drama queen to get myself into the flow with It, that's fine. Screaming at God is one way to bridge the sense of separation: my tirade breaks the deadlock of resistance and signals my subconscious to cooperate with my Source because this time I mean business!

Sometimes Divine Assistance comes as an idea, an insight, an intuitive flash that propels you into a pattern of well-being. You may receive instructions from within on what to do, as if dictated by Divine Intelligence. But don't worry — the voice is subtle, often speaking in whispers. It won't sound like Charlton Heston or your mother.

Sometimes the Higher Power takes the form of a phone call, a letter, a newspaper article or some piece of information that is vital to the healing process. Your assistance might show up in person as a teacher, a healer or loving friend that can help you take your next step into wholeness. Such helpers can be anyone from a bag lady to a corporate executive. Sometimes it's almost as if the Higher Power delights in the incongruity of the package as compared to expectations.

Divine Assistance can also take forms that are pure feeling, experienced only inwardly. Difficult to explain in words, these forms are lifting, healing, inspirational, sometimes experienced as power surges of deep love and bliss. These are not emotional highs which quickly dissipate and leave no lasting imprint on your life (like the after effects of an exciting movie). They are deep, transformational catalysts. The sign of genuine Divine Support is usually a greater feeling of love within you. Love is, after all, the ultimate healer.

4) Embrace the path of wholeness.

The Higher Power will help you, bit by bit, in seeing a new path of wholeness. Yes, there is a light beyond the darkness of your pit, and it illuminates the direction you're to go in. Keep your eyes open and your attention focused on this path. Concentrate on where you're going, not where you've been.

On the path of wholeness, you will be lovingly prepared to make important changes necessary to expand your regenerative process. It's up to you to flow with these preparations, accepting every bit of the Higher Power's limitless love for you.

5) Let go of the old ways.

As you step out of your pit and onto the new path, you also have to let go of the old ways, your old psychological baggage. Regeneration is an upward spiral. Any component of your con-

Continued on next page

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Health and the Seasons

In my work with people with AIDS, I have found that those who pursue a systematic and clearly defined approach to rebuilding health are the long-term survivors. Without a map to match the territory, you can get side-tracked into expensive and ineffective cul-de-sacs of healing. If your energy is weakened and imbalanced, you will need to follow a well-organized program to correct these conditions.

ALIVE & WELL

DENISE BUZBUZIAN

One system of healing that you may choose to explore comes to us from the Orient. Over thousands of years, the Chinese have observed and correlated the complex interactions between human health, lifestyle and environment.

The Chinese healers found that there is a life force which follows a predictable rhythmic progression throughout the year. They named this intense bioenergetic force "chi." The Chinese therapists studied and mapped the flow of chi throughout the body, which led to the development of acupuncture, herbology and shiatsu-style chi massage.

The healing methods were handed down and refined through the centuries. In time the healers learned that treatments had varying results depending on seasonal and environmental conditions. A treatment that is beneficial in May might be deleterious in November.

We can learn a great deal about managing our health by studying the Chinese paradigm of seasonal change and health. The Chinese Law of the Five Elements is a beautiful model of energy flow on both a microcosmic and a macrocosmic level. This system utilizes the elements of fire, earth, metal, water and wood to describe the various stages of energetic transmutations in the interaction of humanity and nature. The chi of your external environment corresponds to the chi of your internal environment. Our internal organs and our psyches are being fed by chi energy that conforms to specific seasonal qualities.

The spring cleanse is an important step in healing your liver and gall bladder functions.

Spring

This spring season is represented in the Five Element System by the energy of Wood. The Wood element characterizes living and growing things such as trees, plants and the human body. The organs governed by the Wood element are the liver and the gall bladder. The

INNER SPACE

Continued from previous page

sciousness that hooks you into a downward spiral must be released.

Call on the Higher Power to give you the energy to move away from that which harms you. It is your responsibility to step out of unsupportive conditions. Holding back, making excuses, being lazy and spacing out are simply devices of your negative ego to chain you to the familiar limitations. You

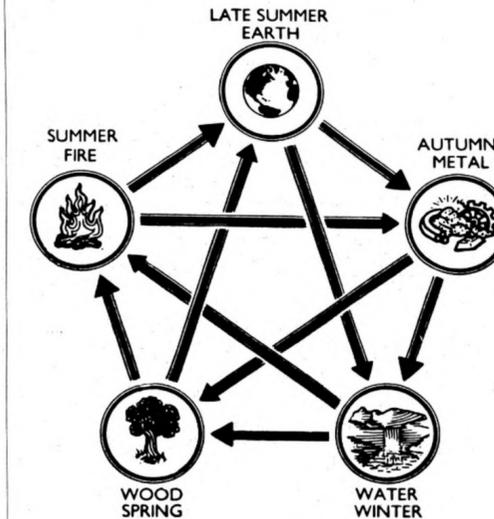
organs governed by the Fire element are the heart and the small intestine.

The color associated with Fire is red. A red hue to the skin, especially when accompanied by broken surface capillaries, indicates hypertension and coronary weakness. The opposite condition of this is evidenced by a lack of red or pink tint to the skin. This indicates a poor pumping capacity and anemia.

The small intestine is the organ which is responsible for our ability to assimilate nutrients and energy from food. A sluggish and congested small intestine can undermine the rest of the body's functions because it is unable to utilize the nutrients necessary for health.

The gall bladder stores and secretes bile for digestion in tandem with the liver.

The spring cleanse is an important step in healing your liver and gall bladder functions. There are several approaches to cleansing these organs. The Crystal Star herb suppliers have two good formulations: Liver Flush and



energy is building and rising, which helps to discharge old waste and rebuild tissue.

Spring is the time of year to address the health of your liver and gall bladder. The liver helps with the metabolism of carbohydrates, fats and proteins. It helps to keep the blood sugar levels regulated. The liver forms gamma globulins and plasma proteins which

Liver Cleanse. Nature's Plus has a formula called Liv-R-Actin, which contains milk thistle.

Summer

The season that we are slowly slipping into is the summer, which is represented by the element of Fire. As we move into summer, you may want to work on strengthening these organs and their functions. Crystal Star distributes a Strong Heart formulation of herbs to cleanse the blood and tone the heart. This company also markets a very effective formula to improve the functioning of the small intestine which is called Fibré & Herbs Colon Cleanse. This formula is most effective in cleaning the large intestine or colon, but it also helps the small intestine. Nature's Plus has an excellent formula called Nature's Cleanse, which is very complete and easy to use.

The Chinese recognize five seasons

what is appropriate for you.

If the release of unsupportive elements makes you uncomfortable, you're probably making a powerful shift. The more resistance your ego kicks up, the more substantial is the transformation you're engaged in. Welcome the discomfort the change involves, rather than fight or resist it. Welcome the discomfort, and you'll move through it more quickly than you may have imagined.

Continued on next page

that correspond to the five elements' energetic cycles. Late summer is the time that we often refer to as Indian Summer, the golden, mellow time after summer and before autumn. This is a short season which compels us to make changes and get active before the com- placent energy of winter is upon us. This time of year is characterized by the Earth element.

be aware of. An excess of grief can weaken the lung and the large intestine function. The AIDS epidemic has produced an overabundance of this emotion, so it is a good idea to boost the function of these organs. The idea of intestinal fortitude has to do with the ability to withstand the assault of grief, an ability which indicates strong bowel health.

This link between Metal energy, autumn and grief is important. An excess of grief can weaken the lung and the large intestine.

The spleen and stomach are the organs the Earth element resonates with. The spleen is considered to be the primary mover of chi in the body. Spleen weakness may manifest itself as worry and forgetfulness. Stomach weakness is often characterized by impatience and intolerance. This is evidenced by the expression "I can't stomach that."

Autumn

Autumn, the harvest season, is linked with Metal. This is the time of year when energy begins to move downward. Autumn is also known as fall — and that is the movement of energy at this time. The chi settles down for the winter before rising again in the spring.

Autumn is a time for turning inward. The early part of the season is a good time to cleanse the system before consuming the heavier foods that give heat in winter.

The Metal element governs the functions of the lung and large intestine. A weakness in this area can manifest itself as breathing difficulties or bowel irregularities. Metal is associated with the emotion of grief.

This link between Metal energy, autumn and grief is an important one for the gay and lesbian community to

Winter

The final phase of seasonal energetic change is the winter season. December 23 is the date of the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year. This is the time of year to turn inward and rest in preparation for the activity of spring and summer. The Water element represents the qualities of winter. The kidneys and the bladder control the body's water flow and are the organs of concern in the winter.

A kidney or bladder malady can cause a slow and subtle toxic condition to arise in the body. These organs channel waste fluids out of the body. If the filter of the kidneys is not working properly, then some toxins will remain in the system.

I hope to offer more detailed suggestions for the seasonal care of your health as we progress through the cycle of the year. My previous columns have detailed the ways in which we can strengthen our liver, heart and large intestine. I hope you will find this system of Five Elements a helpful guide in your pursuit of health. I recommend reading *Staying Healthy with the Seasons*, by Elson M. Hass, MD, for more detailed information.

Denise Buzbuzian is a private nutritional consultant and can be reached at Au Naturel, 431-9963.

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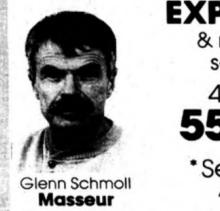
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Continued from previous page

You may also find yourself releasing attitudes, judgments, long-held convictions that are no longer nurturing. You may drop old forms of behavior, activities that used to be part of your "normal" reality. Your preferences in simple day-to-day things, from diets to movies, may change. Rather than fearing these changes, celebrate them and have fun exploring your regenerated reality.

I remember seeing a bumper sticker that read, "It's Hard to Soar with the Eagles When You're Flying with the Turkeys." Don't be surprised if you are called to withdraw from the company of people who cannot support your regeneration. Misery loves company. You owe no loyalty to the victim/martyr role or to anyone that insists that you play it. If your acquaintances can't love you as a fully regenerated being, you may have to leave them where they are. You attract what you are, so eventually appropriate companions will meet up with you.

On the other hand, you may find that your regeneration draws you closer to people already in your life, enhancing life-affirming bonds you've had in place. Your renewal can have a ripple effect on people around you. Your growth supports the growth of everyone else.

6) **Walk the walk of healing.**
 You've decided to change, made room for change, and summoned the help that you need. You've embraced a new path and released the old ways. Now you must create! With the support of your intuition and the Higher Power — the Source of all Life — you'll be upheld while taking balanced footsteps.

Walking the walk simply means you apply the new information, creativity, mental clarity and emerging possibilities to every moment of your experience. To every choice, every contemplation, every plan, every breath you take in. You set all your sights and all of your strength into living as a regenerated being. You really have only two choices in life: love or fear. If you choose love, you're walking in the light. If you choose fear, you're back in the pit.

Get a support system going. Be around people who are fun, creative and cheerful in their growth process, and who love you for being you. Utilize all the love and support available to you — take the information and guidance received and put it to work. Show up for yourself! Cooperate and participate fully in your own growth. See what else you can do to enhance your joyful transformation — on the physical level, on the mental level and on the spiritual level.

Please be gentle with yourself. Patience helps — you probably didn't get into that pit overnight and you may not regenerate yourself overnight. Remember — this is a process.

Expressions of gratitude to the Source reinforce your growth. Love and gratitude empower you to share the best part of yourself with others. Let your magnificence out, let others see it and enjoy it. As you do, you'll be opening yourself to experiencing more of theirs and the simple goodness of everyday life.

Through this six-step process, or one of your own devising, you'll discover how amazingly resilient you really are. As you tap into the Source of all life, the limitless perfection from which all regeneration comes, you bring together the broken-down, fragmented parts of your being. You are lifted out of your pit and into the light of wholeness. In that wholeness, you discover that there's nothing that cannot be healed. ■

Related articles by this author include: "Claiming Your Highest Good" and "Pitfalls and Praefalls on the Spiritual Path." For copies, send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Van R. Ault, 519 Castro St., #23, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Timmie, pick up those toys and put your shoes on. We have to go soon." My mother's voice floated down on a cloud of Arpege as her red-and-black T-strap pumps slid silently across the living room carpet. She had already disappeared around the living room corner, heading for the back of the house, when I whined my half-hearted protest.

"Oh, Maaaaaaa."
 I hated tearing myself away from the TV and heading out with my parents on these Wednesday night junkets. I had no idea why we went at all, and my previous questions had only provided the explanation that it had something to do with Dad's business. I couldn't figure out what our nighttime visits to the factory where he worked had to do with his daytime job.

By the time I scrambled up from the floor and reached the back of the house, Betty was already standing in front of the full-length mirror, buttoning the jacket of her black suit and checking her makeup in the mirror. Why did she have to look so perfect every time she walked out the door? Even to a six-year-old, it seemed pointless, especially when I knew she wouldn't leave the car from the time we pulled out of the driveway at 9:30 until we returned home a little before 11.

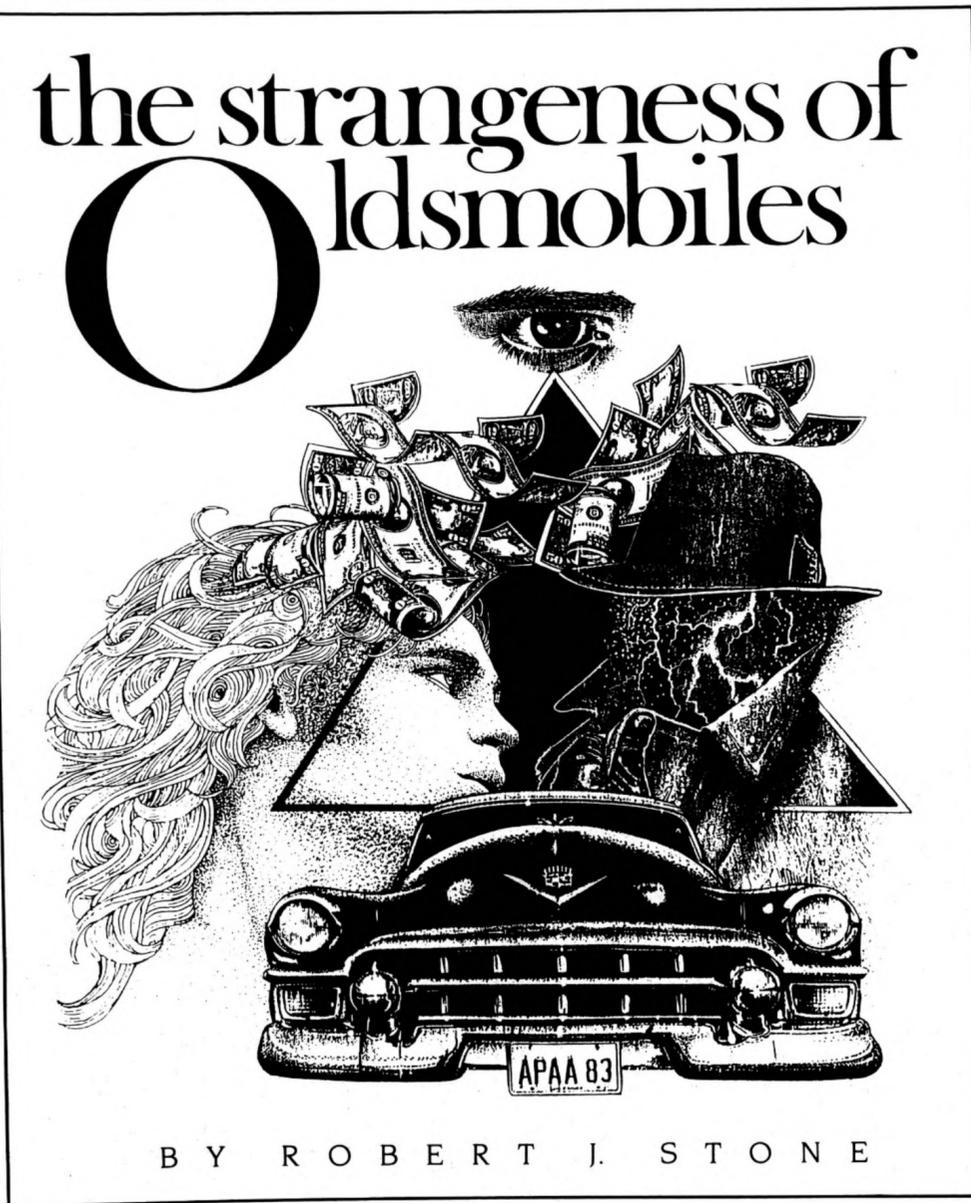
My father walked in from the hallway and went straight to the dresser drawer, removed a large roll of cash held together by a rubber band, and stuffed it into his pants pocket.
 "Come on, Betty, let's go." He glanced at the clock. "It's 25 minutes after nine." These visits were always precisely timed.

With the sweep of her hand, Betty tamed a wayward blond straggler and pushed a lazy bobby pin deeper into the round clump of hair gathered neatly at the nape of her neck. Abandoning the mirror, she walked quickly to the nightstand, withdrew the familiar 45-caliber Smith and Wesson revolver from the top drawer and placed it in her black satin purse.

"Timmie, sweetheart," she said as she brushed the curls from my forehead. "Go get some toys and put your jacket on. We're ready to go."
 Even in those days, when I measured life by Howdy Doody standards, I knew there was something strange about us — my parents and me. In the beginning it was tough to figure out exactly how strange we were; relative abnormality, especially the parental kind, is hard to assess from a kid's point of view. But there were definite signs that the three of us formed a weird little trinity of eccentricity — the father, the son and the ghostly blonde mother with Maybelline eyes and an hourglass figure.

The rest of the family treated us with the kind of distant respect usually reserved for traffic court judges and proctologists. But it was their unexplained silences, the way family conversations would suddenly stop when I entered a room, that first made me realize there was something bizarre about our family unit. On Wednesday nights, stretched out horizontally in Betty's car, I started to put things together.
 The back seat of our 1956 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight was my own private territory. A plush green armrest folded down from the middle of the back seat, serving as a pillow when I was tired and a telephone book when I wanted to look out the window and survey the distant world outside. The Olds was always pressed into service for family vacations and Wednesday night outings. Jack could ride to work in his Chevrolet Bel-Airs but Betty had to have her Oldsmobiles, and every two years I would stake out the back 40 of the latest model as soon as it materialized.

The cars, the big house on Chicago's Northside, the maid who showed up every Friday and the conversations that stopped whenever I entered the room were all strangely connected to our Wednesday nights. And this one particular evening,



BY ROBERT J. STONE

without warning or premeditation, I would be given the keys to unlock a mystery it would take me years to unravel.
 The Oldsmobile purred smoothly over the asphalt and, perched on top of the armrest, I called out the make and model of every car we passed on the drive down Jefferson Avenue to the plant. After a 1954 Chrysler DeSoto, I caught Dad's eye in the rearview mirror and he shot back a question. He was always testing me.
 "Seven plus four. How much is that?"

them by any number and give an answer precise to the second decimal point without writing down a single digit; but he got messed up on words and sentences. Jack couldn't read and write, never had a checking account and never applied for a credit card. He paid cash for everything — including the house.
 "Look at that Cadillac!" I shouted as a long black Coupe de Ville turned the corner. Jack's eyes followed the car as he mentally calculated the sales tax and

spaceship from Venus, Dad made a wide U-turn and pulled the car to a stop at the curb 50 yards from the factory gate. He killed the engine, turned off the lights and paused a moment, glancing up and down the deserted street, making sure there were no unexpected visitors hanging out in doorways. I sat up in the back seat, familiar with the procedure but still excited by the brief and mysterious silence that always followed our arrival.

He stepped quickly from the car. The cool autumn smell of burning leaves rushed in through the open door and, as soon as the metal latch clicked shut behind him, Betty reached across the front seat and locked the door. She glanced over her shoulder to check the other locks before her eyes followed my father's diminishing silhouette as he walked briskly down the black sidewalk.

Straddling the hump in the floorboard, I stood peering over the edge of the front seat until my father's figure was illuminated by the distant yellow light coming from the watchman's booth. In an instant, he turned a far corner and disappeared into the factory. The waiting began. It would be 45 minutes, maybe an hour, before he returned, and I braced myself for what seemed like an eternity of sitting in one place, listening to the radio.
 Lining up plastic soldiers on a lime-green battlefield, I supervised several mock battles, executing deserters, sending the injured to the infirmary and watching

There were definite signs that the three of us formed a weird little trinity of eccentricity — the father, the son and the ghostly blonde mother with Maybelline eyes and an hourglass figure.

I knew it made a two-column number, but things got a little blurry beyond nine.
 "Seventeen."
 "That's a guess."
 "No! It's 17." I never did learn how to lose gracefully.
 "It's 11," he replied calmly. "Count on your fingers to seven, then add four. You'll get 11."
 Although he couldn't write much more than his signature, my father had numbers down cold. He could add a column of figures as long as your arm, divide

license fee, and added it to the average sticker price. Two seconds later, he responded.
 "Nice. But too showy."
 Bored with the street scene, I flopped down on the seat and placed my head by the door and my feet on the center armrest. As I looked up through the side window, a series of flying saucers masquerading as street lights passed rhythmically before my eyes while Jack and Betty talked landscaping. They never talked about anything interesting on these trips.
 After the 11th, or maybe the 17th

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Their imperial majesties: (bottom, seated left to right) Empress Sissy Spaceout XX; Empress Ginger XIV, the Imperial Grandma; Emperor Steven Rascher XVI; Empress Lily Street XXIII; Emperor Matthew Brown XIV; Empress Marlene III of Modesto. Their imperial functionaries: (top, standing left to right) Ms. Reklina, Princess of the Lost and Found; Inga; Diamond John; Dame Tatiana of the Imperial Order of the Garter; Trixi, Imperial Pianist; Cha Cha; Joe Tolbe, Prince Imperial III.



Royal Flush

Empress Lily Street Re-Vamps the Image of SF's Imperial Court

by Daniel Mangin

photographs by Marc Geller

My first encounter with San Francisco's Imperial Court came shortly after I arrived in town, when I applied for a job at an Upper Tenderloin bar called the Rendezvous, a den of iniquity run at the time by a portly transvestite named Francesca. During the course of her days at the Rendezvous, the wily Francesca was the mastermind behind the campaigns of a few of the Empress candidates of the 1970s.

I found myself before this imperial attendant compliments of my roommate, a lad of marginal dancing ability whose shapely tush had won him the Rendezvous jockey shorts contest, entitling him to \$100 and a job as a cocktail

waiter. My roommate had bigger fish to fry and suggested to Francesca that I be hired instead, which was fine with her loveliness, "as long as he has a ten-inch dick."

After a brief trip to peruse the fine art at Polk Street's Le Salon, roomie and I appeared at the Rendezvous, he in an advanced state of mirth and I jeans-a-bulgin' with a concealed and appropriately positioned dildo running half-way to my knees.

"Whooh! He really *does* have ten inches!" squealed Francesca, wriggling in her pink chiffon blouse with lascivious delight, and my days of poverty were — temporarily — over.

The Rendezvous folded shortly after my engagement began, and the years immediately following were rocky ones for the Imperial Court as well. Empress XII, Jane Doe, one of the wilder, younger and more beautiful Empresses, had put the very survival of the Court in jeopardy with her "wicked ways that we now find so amusing," as an ex-Empress put it at Kimo's one day. Jane Doe had little patience for the tedium of imperial duties. She dispensed with Court meetings, insulted her predecessors to the point where some moved to impeach her and generally behaved in a manner that made a laughingstock of an already dubious institution.

Empress Jane ended her tumultuous reign with a bang, reacting with great petulance to several perceived slights at

the coronation ceremonies for her successor. Fueled by assorted chemicals — now anathema to gays of good standing — Jane's numerous supporters were so enraged by the injustices to their mistress that they threatened violence if she were not given her final "Imperial Walk."

My roommate, a Jane supporter, arrived home from this bash bloodshot and hoarse, unable to remember if the Empress had gotten her walk or not. It turned out she had, but Jane used the occasion to hurl her imperial bouquet at members of the Empress Council who had displeased her. Before he passed out, my roommate said that either way the event proved one thing — "Get a drag queen mad and there's going to be trouble."

Given this acquaintanceship with the institution of the

Court, one can imagine the hesitation with which I accepted the assignment of writing a "personal but serious piece about the Court." Like so many others in the city, my impressions of the Court have been formed by peripheral associations and accounts in the press that accentuate the zanier aspects of the imperial officeholders.

Monarchial Makeover

The currently reigning head of SF's drag aristocracy is the 23rd Empress, Lily Street. She answers the phone a few minutes after I arrive at her home on Lily Street in San Francisco's Western Addition.

"Honey, I can't talk," she explains to her caller. "Somebody from the *Sentinel's* here to interview me. No, it's not David Lowe, he's not there anymore. Not Bob Julian, either. Who are you, anyway?" she asks. "Just kidding — a little imperial joke. Gotta go, doll."

I'm at Lily's house compliments of Bob Julian, who wrote in a review of an act at the Plush Room that the performer "looked more like a candidate for Empress than a professional entertainer." Empress Lily took offense and challenged Mr. Julian to meet with her to be "educated" about the Court system. Unfortunately, due to other writing commitments and because, one assumes, he already knows as much about the subject as he'd care to,

Julian declined, hence my assignment.

The first thing Lily wants to get clear is that being Empress entails all the rigors of being a professional entertainer, and, indeed, one of the primary duties of the Empress is to preside at various charity events.

"You try keepin' a crowd of queens happy at a benefit. They'd tear you to ribbons in a minute if you weren't a pro!"

One of Lily's main goals is to change people's impression of the Court. She acknowledges that she's "facing an uphill battle." It's not that she wants the Court to become "stuffy or boring." Nothing of the kind from the Empress who recently awarded positions on her Court — the Court of the Shaky Quake, or It's Not Our Fault — via a "Bowling for Titles" tournament at Japantown Bowl. But she does want people to know that she and her imperial courtesans "spend as much time raising money for charity as we do camping it up." Says Lily, "Being the Empress is not just being a party girl anymore. They didn't elect me to be a clown. They elected me to uphold the dignity of the throne."

Lily's remonstrations remind me of another party girl who had trouble shaking a frivolous image, San Francisco socialite Pat Montadon. Ms. Montadon came off looking rather foolish during the course of a well-publicized divorce case at which she professed the need for gargantuan sums of money for cut flowers, massages, pedicures and other such "necessities" to which she'd grown accustomed. Now, only a few years later, this notorious high-stepper crusades for peace and the rights of children.

If Montadon was able to turn her image around, why can't Lily? San Francisco's new imperial majesty seems to have the perfect blend of camp, circumspection — and an intuitive public relations sense. She's already appeared in Herb Caen twice since being crowned in February and here she is with a two-page spread in a paper not known for its fastidious coverage of Court activities. "My job is publicity, when you get down to it," she asserts. "The more interest I create in the position [of Empress], the more good it is to all the charities I work for. But it has to be the right kind of publicity. I think I know when to be serious and when to be light."

Lily's main problem is that drag is about as politically correct these days as buying a jug of Gallo was in the '70s or calling a woman a "broad" in the '60s. A lot of gay people don't like the idea of men dressed up as women — "elected" or otherwise — speaking for the community as a whole.

"And of course that's exactly what happens when the TV cameras come to town to cover the gay community," says Lily. "Give 'em a choice between a man in a suit and a man in a dress and they'll pick the one in the dress every time," she says, advising that rather than complain about drag queens, people should "educate the girls, teach 'em what to say," because "drag queens aren't going away and they're always going to get the attention."

A brochure published in 1985 during the reign of Sissy Spaceout, one of the most popular Empresses, points out that drag queens were once in the vanguard of the gay movement, the first who dared to be "out" — how could they hide? — and that it was drag queens who started the Stonewall uprising.

The irony of the quest to "tone down our more outlandish folk" is not lost on Empress Lily. "It's just turning around and doing the same thing to us the rest of society is already doing to mainstream gays. We've all got to work together or nobody'll be free to be who they are," says Lily. But in the meantime, she admits, "It's not always easy being a cultural stereotype."

A Brief History of the Court

The process of electing and being Empress is so byzantine that even the 17-page *Rules and Regulations [of] the Council of Empresses of the City and County of San Francisco* only partially clears things up, although reading the document is guaranteed to induce a headache *royale*. Take for example, this excerpt from page four:

"If the second highest vote-getter held a permanent title in the Council of Empresses prior to being a candidate for Empress, that person may elect to return to the Permanent Title with voting privileges or become the next-in-line Princess Imperiale subject to regulations. If the Empress cannot or does not represent herself at a function and the Princess Imperiale is not able to represent the Empress at said function, the Empress shall select a member of the Council of Empresses to represent her. If the Empress fails to notify the Princess Imperiale that she will be absent from a function and the Princess Imperiale is present at such function, she shall automatically represent the Empress. If the Chairperson is aware that the Empress should be at a function and the Empress, for whatever reason cannot or does not appear and the Princess Imperiale is not aware or present, the Chairperson of the Council may designate an Active Member of the Council to represent the Empress."

The Court system grew out of the San Francisco Tavern Guild's desire to have a "Queen" to serve as the official hostess of the guild and the gay community. In 1966, Jose Sarria was selected as the first hostess, but having been a "Queen" already, decided he'd rather be "Empress Jose I de San Francisco." He called himself "The Widow Norton" as a camp take-off on "Emperor Joshua Norton," the self-proclaimed Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico who parlayed his fantasy into a way of life during the second half of the 19th century in San

Francisco.

In the late 1960s there was only a handful of visible gay groups, among them the Mattachine Society, the Daughters of Bilitis and the Society for Individual Rights. Many gay community leaders at the time were horrified at the thought of a drag queen fronting for the community, so they talked Jose out of wearing a dress to his coronation. Jose obliged, but appeared with a first lady in full regalia and made such a big production of it that the uselessness of this stance became evident and by majority vote all of the Empresses since Jose have been free to "dress" as they please.

In 1986, the Tavern Guild turned over ownership of the titles "Emperor" and "Empress" to the Imperial Board of Trustees. Since then the Guild has ceased to have as much to say about the running of the organization, although it does maintain a seat on the board.

There have been 22 Empresses since Jose I, with the title of Emperor dating from the early 1970s. The present Emperor, Steven Rascher, is the 16th Imperial Consort. The reigning monarchs fulfill the self-appointed function of "official" host and hostess to SF's gay community. They also represent the Imperial Council inside the city and out. At present there are over 50 "satellite" courts in the US and Canada. (Even former Empress Ginger, the "Imperial Grandma" and unofficial Court historian, is unable to pinpoint the exact number.) The other cities participating in the Court system are generally in the Western states. These include San Diego, Los Angeles, Modesto, Salt Lake City and Denver. The imperial reach stretches as far east as New York, however, and to the west all the way to Hawaii.

The Imperial Response

Since AIDS, the philanthropic activities of the Court have become more visible — the Court has been involved in fundraisers for the NAMES Project, Shanti, AIDS Food Bank, AIDS Emergency Fund, PAWS, Open Hand, CUAV and others — but, says Empress Ginger, the Court participated in fundraisers prior to the 1980s. She cites monies raised to help start Operation Concern as an example of earlier fundraising. The Emperor and Empress these days are apt to attend as many as a dozen fundraisers a week, some directly connected to the Court, others not. According to Sissy Spaceout, last year's Court raised approximately \$15,000 for its own charities and assisted at many other fundraising events as well.

In a recent interview, Emperor Steven XVI, a former executive director of the Golden Gate Business Association, said that the philanthropic aspects of the Court are what attract him to it.

"It's a chance to do good — to do what's right — and have a good time. We've made a concerted effort to put camp back in the proceedings, but what we do is serious and I'm proud of it."

When asked how the Court has weathered several transitions in gay life since 1966, Emperor Steven points to the organization's flexibility — what others might term its lack of direction — as its main reason for survival.

"The Court has always responded to what's going on in the community and has gained a certain credibility because of its survival. What Empress Lily and I try to do is to market the history of the Court to community organizations. We're available to participate in activities that benefit the community — it's what we're elected to do."

Scandals, Backstabbing and Rose Kennedy

I must confess to being charmed by the Emperors and Empresses I've met these past few weeks and am admittedly taking the Rose Kennedy approach to this piece of San Francisco history. A gal who knows a bit about being a grande dame herself, the Kennedy matriarch wrote in the introduction to her memoirs that one can remember the bad times or the good times, "I prefer to remember the good." So you'll get nothing here about: fiscal escapades of past Empresses; vicious campaign tactics ("We may be competitive, but we're not nasty," says Ginger); charges of racism (Ginger: "I hope we laid that to rest with our letter to your editor"); and accusations of "bought" elections that go to the highest reaches of a local publishing empire, to concentrate on the imperial set's *joie de vivre* and *noblesse oblige*.

If the little horror in last month's *Sentinel* about the "BOY" phenomenon left you longing for the good old days when men were girls and the Goodwill knew it, then check out Empress Lily and the Court of the Shaky Quake at their next charity gig. Long before there were "BOYS," there were only "GIRLS," with a capital "G." Tacky GIRLS, who made the memories for which San Francisco is now infamous. GIRLS who liked to slink around the house in leopard-print pants, who wore pink lipstick and French-kissed their Salem 100s while watching the "Virginia Graham Show" with their hair in curlers. And the biggest GIRL in town was always the Empress, the belle of the Beaux-Arts Ball, the tackiest of the tacky, the mistress of gay San Francisco. She may have changed her tune, but the song remains the same.

Not a party girl: The many faces of Empress Lily Street XXIII de San Francisco.



the strangeness of Oldsmobiles

Continued from page 17

an entire cavalry battalion leap headlong to its death over vinyl cliffs into a cut pile valley. But the thrill of battle was short-lived and, as usual, I soon lost interest.

My favorite doll, Puddin'head, remained at home because Jack couldn't stand to see me fondling her hard rubber body, putting on her underwear and arranging her white cotton dress. It made him nervous. He kept saying if Betty didn't get rid of those dolls I'd grow up to be the kind of guy who runs around sniffing bicycle seats. I didn't know exactly what he meant by that, but the sentiment was so strong I didn't ask for my first Schwinn until I was 13 years old.

In a last-ditch effort, I reached under the front seat for the coloring book and crayons permanently stored on the passenger side. But before the question was out of my mouth, Betty had the answer.

"No. We can't turn the light on."
"Please, Mom, just for a little while."
"No. This is a bad neighborhood and the dome light attracts too much attention."

I tossed the crayons back under the seat since the decision was obviously final — no point in arguing. Anyway, it wasn't my practice to offer any serious challenge to official policy; a minor protest might be entertained, but the chain of command left few opportunities for outright rebellion. With my head on the armrest I stared up at the shadow of the dome light, chasing soldiers and spaceships, until my mind came to rest on the gun.

I knew it was given to my parents by Uncle Clyde, who used it when he was a prison guard in the '40s. The revolver had never been fired since its arrival in our house, and it was always kept in the top drawer of my parents' nightstand, where it was reserved for unexpected intruders and Wednesday nights. Of course, I was forbidden to touch the nightstand, much less handle the contents of the top drawer; the gun was unregistered and missing something called a "safety" which evidently made it dangerous.

"Are you tired, Sweetheart?" Betty lowered the volume of the car radio and reached her hand over the seat to stroke my knee. Perry Como crooned the last few verses of "Jeepers Creepers, Where'd You Get Those Peepers?" as I sat up.

"No, I'm not tired. Mom, why do you have a gun in your purse?"

It was a simple question, one I had thought about before but just never gotten around to. There were so many weird things adults did, like shaving armpits and eating hogs' brains, if I tried to figure out all of them I'd spend half my time asking questions and the rest of it sorting out answers. So I just knocked them off one at a time, and this one's time had come.

"Well, I... it..."

She stammered for a second until her voice trailed off to a whisper, then she adjusted her position on the front seat and turned to look me in the eye. I knew the look, but I'd never seen it on her face before. It was exactly how I must have looked when my parents walked into the kitchen and wanted to know why there was popcorn all over the floor and Wesson oil splattered on the walls and I had to explain I was trying a little cooking but didn't realize you have to make popcorn with the top on.

At least I knew I had her attention.

"You see, dear," Betty began slowly, "I bring it just in case. There's nothing to worry about."

"In case what?"

"In case your father should have problems. It's a long walk from the car to the watchman's gate and if anyone tried to harm your dad on the way, I could come to his rescue."

This was getting interesting; it was just like *Boston Blackie*. Maybe my father really didn't work on an assembly line. Maybe he was Chester Morris, moving

dangerously in the shadows of the darkened factory with a cigarette dangling from his lips and smoke circling up around his black felt fedora. There was no way I could let this drop, but since I didn't exactly know what to ask next, I just sat there trying to take it all in.

Betty knew she wasn't out of the woods yet, but she waited patiently for my reaction. She was no chatterbox. During the Depression, she and Jack moved to Chicago from Kentucky, looking for work in the factories. With no connections, no education and no marketable skills, Betty learned to do man's work and speak only when spoken to. During the Depression, the wrong word to the wrong person and you were out on the street and back in the soup line. Now that her years in the factory were over, tailored suits and three-inch heels helped erase the memory of dirty fingernails and dungarees.

"But why would anyone want to hurt Dad?"

It was the moment of truth. Betty could try and finesse this one, but it wasn't her style — she was a lousy liar.

"Because some of the men in the factory owe your father money. They pay him back a little at a time, every Wednesday

Over the years, in exchange for my continued fidelity to our promise, I was gradually able to extract more details from Betty about my father's business. The factory worked on a 24-hour basis and Dad loaned money to men on all three shifts, collecting from the midnight gang early in the morning before starting his own work, and using his lunch time to make collections from men on the day shift. Since guys on the afternoon shift often came in late to avoid him, the Wednesday night outings became necessary. Their timing was strictly scheduled to take advantage of the guard's booth who accepted regular payments in exchange for his continuing cooperation.

Jack worked alone, ran his business on a cash basis and kept one little black book with annotations only he could decipher; and he never talked money with anyone who was not seriously interested in taking advantage of his services. No one knew how much this sideline brought in, not even Betty, but the proceeds, when combined with the salary from his regular job, provided a seemingly endless flow of cash. When compared to the financial cir-

how much money had he made off them, and how did he feel about the morality of his conduct now that it was behind him?

The shock of my questions, coming so unexpectedly on the heels of a peach cobbler, left him momentarily speechless. Betty was still in the kitchen putting plates in the dishwasher as Jack pushed himself away from the dining room table and curled his index finger in my direction.

"Come here."
We left the dining room and I followed him down the hall, into the bedroom where Uncle Clyde's revolver still rested in the top drawer of the nightstand. He quickly closed the door behind us so what he was about to say would not carry down the hallway, past the dining room and into the kitchen. As he turned in my direction, I watched his head become a bright red ball and I half expected him to have a stroke right on the spot. But he didn't. Without warning, without sitting, without asking me to sit, he exploded in my face.

"Look, how much money I made and how I made it is none of your goddamn business. Do you have any complaints about the way you live? You have everything I didn't have as a kid and you haven't had to do a goddamn thing for it except keep your nose clean. I don't see you refusing a summer in France or sending back that Volkswagen I bought you last year. And what do you know about morals?"

"I've been a dumb factory worker all my life, and the men I loaned money to were dumb factory workers, too. I just made my money work a little better for me than they did, and I didn't waste it on booze and gambling. When these guys needed a loan, there was no place else they could go. They didn't know how to fill out a loan application, they had no credit rating, and there wasn't a goddamn thing they could offer anyone as collateral. So they came to me and I gave them what they needed because they couldn't get it from anyone else. If they could have gotten it cheaper some other way, they would have. That's all I have to say on the subject, and I never want to hear you mention it again."

And I never did, nor did he.

He turned away from me and walked out of the room, calling to Betty from the hallway that he needed to go out for a bit of fresh air. I sat down on the bed, trying to recover from what I felt was an unwarranted, irrational assault by someone who probably had a screw loose somewhere, not realizing he must have felt exactly the same way about me and the questions I proposed. It had never occurred to me that my father perceived himself as a philanthropist, but that was pretty much the way he saw it. Maybe he was right; time certainly proved him right about other things.

It would be unfair to blame poor Puddin'head, but the journey beyond the back seat of my parents' Olds ultimately led to a variety of unnatural acts Jack and Betty had unconsciously prepared me to execute with great panache. I did not develop a fondness for bicycle seats, but in a variety of languages I acquired and satisfied a growing sexual appetite for other men. From Buenos Aires to Stockholm, my education and affluence allowed me not to assimilate, but to drop in and out of groups and situations that interested me, all the while remaining somewhat detached — and alone. The few men who developed a fondness for me were all frustrated by a certain aloofness, a distant strangeness they found almost impenetrable. But this is my natural state, the ultimate legacy of Jack and Betty.

Now, living alone on the edge of the California desert, I am building a fence along my property line, toying contentedly with time and watching the oleander grow. I marvel at its ability to survive the most inhospitable of environments. Battered by wind and sand, it thrives in the impossible desert heat, producing bright pink blossoms above billowy limbs that shimmer gracefully as the afternoon sun disappears behind the mountains. Surely there is something beyond memory, something embedded deep in the leaves of the oleander that points it toward the light and shows it the place where it belongs. ■

cumstances of the other factory workers and truck drivers in our extended family, our relative wealth and its vaguely understood origins set us apart, made us different. The three of us lived in a style they could not, and, in comparison we were a little eccentric, distant — and strange.

The same money that separated us from the rest of the family also propelled Jack and Betty into situations where they fit economically, but not socially. By simply telling the truth they could have mesmerized any crowd. But in a roomful of doctors and attorneys, or on occasional trips to the country club with neighbors, the nature of their *business* and a lack of formal education forced them into an awkward self-conscious silence. It was difficult for Jack to discuss the intricacies of the stock market or the latest best-seller when the NBC news was his only source of information. And in comparison to the well-heeled professionals, my parents' style was a bit "off."

Caught between two worlds, belonging to neither, I became their go-between in an unspoken bargain between the three of us. They would provide the money, and I would acquire the education and social graces that would transcend their limitations. If they couldn't make the journey themselves, they would do so vicariously through me. It would take me another 25 years to understand the deal we had silently cut, and how it all somehow stemmed from our Wednesday night outings.

One day in the late '60s, filled with flower power and intoxicated by the experience of my first two semesters at Harvard, I forgot my promise to Betty and cornered the withered little man whose failing health had recently forced him to retire from all forms of *business*.

There were some questions of ethics I needed to propose. Just how much did he charge those poor slob in the factory,



ILLUSTRATION BY GARY PUMMEL

It had never occurred to me that my father perceived himself as a philanthropist, but that was pretty much the way he saw it. Maybe he was right; time certainly proved him right about other things.

THEATRE DENNIS HARVEY

Four One Acts by O'Neill Found At Sea

A hoy, mateys. Push yer postmodernist dignity out to sea and get thee to the Hyde Street Pier where the best local theatrical event of the year-to-date is currently docked, providing more artistic illumination of Eugene O'Neill's birth centennial than all of the proscenium stagings we've had so far.

Just So Productions' maiden effort of *Four Plays of the Sea* is an evening that should, by rights, be primarily academic in interest. The quartet of one-acts presented here are from O'Neill's rough-hewn playwrighting adolescence, when his work served more as a telling indication rather than fulfillment of his later genius; and the performances themselves, directed by Michael Cawelti and Marc Bruno, are yeomanlike rather than brilliant.

What makes this evening to be remembered is the viewing experience itself. Hauled onto the beautifully preserved 1890s lumber schooner *C.A. Thayer* to witness O'Neill's four salty slices of life in different shipboard settings, we get a feeling of participatory richness that dynamites all of the politely unillustrative "tours" of historical sites you've ever endured. O'Neill's life and language come vibrantly alive here — the pain, poignancy and rough macho bonding of his own early seafaring adventures achieve an environmental vividness aboard the *C.A. Thayer* they probably didn't summon up even in their original stagings with the legendary Provincetown Players.

The four plays chosen here (from seven or more sea-oriented one-acts O'Neill wrote in the 1910s and 1920s) form a loosely connected cycle of life among the crew of the British tramp steamer *Glencairn*.

In the opening play, *The Moon of the Caribbees*, we sit on deck as the sun sets, the *Glencairn* supposedly anchored outside a West Indian isle. Bored and irritable after a long spell at sea, the men are itching to avail themselves of the nearest available booze and women. Old Tom (Chris Ayles) has arranged just that, promising to smuggle

Hauled onto the beautifully preserved 1890s lumber schooner C.A. Thayer, we get a feeling of participatory richness that dynamites all the politely unillustrative "tours" of historical sites you've ever endured.

aboard some local wenches and rum if the boys pay out of their wages and don't carouse so loudly that the captain notices. They all get blotto, of course, resulting in just the sort of fisticuff fracas Old Tom had feared would get them in trouble. Trying to stay outside the fray is the curiously detached Smitty (Richard Lindstrom), who's given to "thinking... and drinking to stop thinking."

The key to his solitude is eventually unveiled in *In the Zone*, which finds most of the same crew (now viewed from

him with. As the other crew members snore around him, Yank is comforted by his best buddy Driscoll (James Reese). This benevolent lug's touching, feeble assurances offer only momentary distraction for Yank, who pathetically wishes he'd "stayed on dry land yer whole life" and wonders if after his dissolute years at sea, "He'll hold it against me — God, I mean."

In the final play, *The Long Voyage Home*, we move to the *C.A. Thayer's* cargo hold, standing as a "bar of a low dive on the London waterfront." Cocky Driscoll and others are

could hope to find. The arrangement aboard the *C.A. Thayer* isn't flawless. The limitations of being seated in an environmentally perfect setting like this (only 50 or so viewers can be taken per performance) result in a fair amount of neck-

craning. During the poignant *Cardiff*, things are blocked in such a manner that the dying Yank is facing away from half the audience, blunting the effect of one of O'Neill's most touching dialogues.

Continued on page 26



All players on deck: The cast from Just So Productions' spellbinding and "seaworthy" production of four one-acts by Eugene O'Neill.

bunks in the forecabin below deck) punchy with nervous dread as they sail through a World War I combat zone, delivering Allied ammo for use against the "blasted Huns." A mysterious secret action leads the hot-tempered punk Cocky (Kris Logan) to suspect aloof Smitty of being a saboteur. Inflaming the other men with doubt, they all attack and interrogate the bewildered sailor. They drill him for an incriminating truth that

out for a ripping night on the town, their haul completed and their pockets heavy with pay. The sailor Olsen (Joe Cole), an amiably simple Swede, is sitting out the general inebriation because "I come ashore, I take one drink, I take many drinks, I get drunk, I spend all my money, I have to ship away for another voyage." Olsen longs to finally return to the farm and family he hasn't seen in ten years. But the carousing of his buddies leaves innocent Olsen prey to dockside scoundrels who dope and shanghai sailors onto sadistically long voyages for petty pay. Duped by the barman and the attentions of old prostitute Freda (Verona Seiter), Olsen may have a much longer voyage home than he'd bargained.

These plays don't have the psychological density of O'Neill's great later works, and they seem quaintly conventional alongside the expressionist experiments of his subsequent middle period. (Yank was later resurrected as the central figure in the symbolist *Hairy Ape*.) But they have a rich simplicity and lyricism that befits the rough lives they portray, utterly without condescension or easy sentiment. The minor revelation among them (and a nice downshift in mood from the general high spirits) is *Bound East for Cardiff*, a prolonged farewell that's as tender a portrait of platonic male bonding, and the yearning for "home," as one

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ART
 GLEN HELFAND

**Ethics and the Art Critic
 A Writer's Dilemma**

The other day I came home to a strange and lengthy message on my answering machine: The owner of a local gallery, which will remain nameless, is showing paintings that might be suitable for the *Sentinel* because the artist happens to be a transvestite. Not only that, the artist also uses himself as the model for his glamorous female subjects.

This message, while somewhat amusing, was also a bit disconcerting. The owner added that the artist doesn't really choose to make his personal habits public information. Leaking this to the press seems hardly the way to keep such a fact private, but some people will do anything for a review.

I didn't return the phone call, but I did stop by the gallery — in-cognito. The paintings depict statuesque female figures, which are clothed in a variety of stylish garments and posed in opulent



interiors that could double for "Dynasty" sets. They are competently done, though not particularly interesting. (But if the phone message was correct, the artist does have quite a wardrobe with which to work.)

If the paintings themselves were not that exciting, the experience was effective in stimulating thought about art in the context of a gay publication. Is there more of a responsibility to cover exhibitions based on their relevance to the gay community than on their artistic merit? The ethics of the phone message may be questionable, but contacting this paper is not so out of line.

It's not always easy to make the choice of what to review here. The sexuality of an artist, their sensibility, or the content of the work takes on meanings that

erotic paintings, which have recently surfaced over 50 years after his death, have received far less media attention than Andrew Wyeth's "Helga" pictures.

All of those mentioned above merit special attention within these pages not only because of their sexual concerns, but also their artwork is frequently successful at carrying out their intentions.

A more problematic type of gay-themed artwork is one that is "politically correct." Broaching a subject such as AIDS or minorities in art can make a work worthy of mention, but it doesn't absolve an artist of artistic concerns. I was recently contacted about a show that fits into this category. SF Camera-work is currently featuring work by two photographers who are interested in the notion of family. One concerns herself with photographing gay and lesbian couples, while another documents his straight family in an almost voyeuristic manner.

Sage Sohler's series of black-and-white portraits, entitled "At Home with Themselves: Gay and Lesbian Couples," is a rather earnest, straightforward affair. The photographer has created something of a public service project, which seems well intended, even if her moti-

would not necessarily be applicable in the *Chronicle*. Even the title of a show could spark some innuendo. (Contrary to what one might imagine, the Frankel Gallery's current show, "Queer Landscapes," is a salon-style exhibition made up of strange and fascinating landscape photographs.)

Unlike the literary world, where gay-themed works are frequently pigeonholed into a genre, a gay presence in fine art is less clearly demarcated (although gender plays a significant

Sohler has created something of a public service project, which seems well intended, even if her motivations are not particularly clear.



Friends and lovers: Sage Sohler's *Jerry and Chuck/Methuen, MA (1986)* from "At Home with Themselves: Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Couples."

variations are not particularly clear.

Sohler, who is identified in the show's printed materials as straight, has photographed gay and lesbian couples who have been together for over five years. The subjects, whom she has met, ironically, in bars and through personal ads, include a well-rounded representation of gay lifestyles — gay parents, elderly couples, S&M relationships, racially mixed couples, PWAs, young/old etc. — and some are photographed while engaging in sexual activity.

Sohler's pieces have a documentary feel, even though she describes her work as art photographs. The photographer doesn't attempt to capture an accurate representation of the par-

CLASSICS
 BILL HUCK

The Advantages of Recordings

The title is a trick. "The Advantages of Recordings" thought to introduce an article about the splendors of home-listening and the glories of a new technology that can make even ancient mono recordings sound like the newest digital sonic delight. But the advantages I have in mind are those accruing to the patrons of the San Francisco Symphony when the symphony decides to play a piece that it is going to record. In recent weeks, Blomstedt and the orchestra have been practicing on us for the big event, and what a practice it has been!

I confess that I was a shade disappointed last fall when the works to be recorded were performed. They were all good, especially Paul Hindemith's *Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber* and Carl Nielsen's Fifth Symphony, but they were not polished to a high sheen. Blomstedt, who is always meticulously prepared, was just that. It was as if the music had not caught his unconscious. He was playing it all quite professionally, but that magic of true dedication was missing.

Of course, I do not know what happened last fall when Davies Hall was turned into a recording studio. The results of those sessions have not yet been released. It will be interesting to hear if Blomstedt became fully engaged or if perhaps the expertise of the cut-and-splice masters can generate hair-raising performances. Perhaps London Records is dallying over these releases, because fine as they are, they are not propelled by that extra finesse that comes not from mastery but from love.

In the spring, things have been different. Richard Strauss' *Don Juan* and Edvard Grieg's *Incidental Music to Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt'* will need no engineer's magic to make them great recordings. Blomstedt swept through Strauss' youthful masterpiece with an ease and confidence that came straight from his own luxurious enjoyment of Strauss' triumph.

It is interesting how well *Don Juan* fits one part of Blomstedt's musical interests. This score is an audaciously swirling tone poem,

In the weeks that they have been playing the material they will record, a fire has been added to their spirit.

with sumptuous melodies and springy rhythms that verge on the erotic. But it is an Eros still innocent, still adolescent. On a mythological level, it doesn't yet know that the love-object is other than the self; on a musical level, it is still sweetly in love with its tonal system. The lurid power of *Salome* and the ultimacy of *Elektra's* experiments with chromaticism are still unknown to the composer of *Don Juan*.

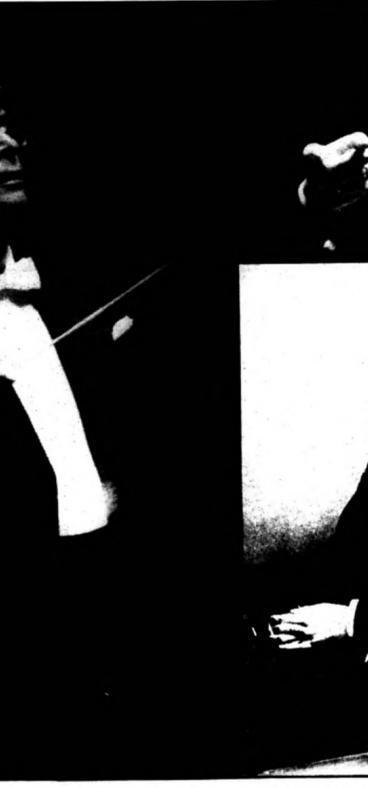
This musical persona is perhaps Strauss' most characteristic, and Blomstedt was fully at home with it. The conductor caught the show-off swagger of the piece vibrantly. He did not look over his shoulder or long for the penetrating greatness to come. Instead he heard grandeur in the scope and freedom of Strauss' youthful melodies, and

shadow. The attentive reader has probably already discerned a lurking suspicion I have about Blomstedt's musical profile. Is he most comfortable with comfortable music? Blomstedt's *Don Juan* surpasses even his *Alpine Symphony* in the cohesion of its vision and the persuasiveness of its pacing. But then, in the *Alpine* the complicated harmonies almost topple the whole tonal system, while in *Don Juan* they are simply adding a little extra rouge to the face color.

The rest of the program that began with the *Don Juan* seemed to confirm this fear. Except for a commissioned work from Berkeley composer John Throw, which Blomstedt performed conscientiously but not magically, the evening included Chopin's Second Piano Concer-

chestra grew in the depth of their colorations, a fury of new insights came fast and thick.

The complete score of Grieg's *Peer Gynt* music is not the thing of countrified charm that the



Good friends: SF Symphony maestro Herbert Blomstedt (left) and composer Richard Strauss (c. 1880).

in their tonal effects, so deeply playful and yet so simply honest, Blomstedt heard mastery. He is unquestionably right. *Don Juan* is a glorious masterpiece, and I, to, in a superficial reading by Christina Ortiz upon which Blomstedt graciously attended, and then a rather thickly laden account of Strauss' also sweetly ironical *Till Eulenspiegel*.

The suspicion lingered as I looked forward to Blomstedt's return two weeks later for Edvard Grieg's *Peer Gynt*, which I remembered loving in childhood. But then Grieg and the way in which Blomstedt relished not the lighter but the darker side of this music upset my own complacency. Blomstedt may like comfortable music most, but he is not afraid of delving beneath the surface.

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The tripping lightness of Grieg's "Prelude" to Ibsen's mammoth play had just the right bounce in its step and shine to its colors. While the "Halling and Springar Dances" rather defeated violinist Geraldine Walther and concertmaster Raymond Kobler, when the musical pathos mounted and the or-

Blomstedt may like comfortable music most, but he is not afraid of delving beneath the surface.

into an ambiguously seductive texture.

Even the famous music, "In the Hall of the Mountain King," when it is done with chorus under Blomstedt's cool, rhythmic control, shows that it's a more complicated thing than childhood remembered: the chortling bassoons and plucked strings are but a prefiguration of the underground violence threatening the civilized world. In Ibsen's play, Peer's visit to the Trolls is a nightmare vision of uncontrolled sexuality.

In the melodrama of "Peer Gynt and the Boyg," the music becomes suddenly disruptive, and Blomstedt followed every change of mood and every hint of evil. It is during his absence among the Trolls that Peer's mother dies, and when all the music from this scene is included, the well-known prelude takes on a new and bitterly haunting hue. Throughout the evening, new depths of this kind were added to music that I used to think I knew too well. The concert provided a pleasure like discovering that an old friend you haven't seen for years is a more complicated and more interesting person than you used to think.

Likewise, in recent months, the San Francisco Symphony has rather meandered from one good concert to another, without too much excitement, either. In the weeks that they have been playing the material they will record, a fire has been added to their spirit, a fire that owes not a little to the recording adventure itself but also quite a lot to Blomstedt's love and mastery of the music they are recording.

suite is. It has those elements, and Blomstedt particularly relished the Herd-Girls with their

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Adlon's 'Bagdad Cafe'

Transcontinental Chemistry

Percy Adlon's hit film *Bagdad Cafe* is an unexpected surprise: a film by a man about love between women. Adlon says, "I am more interested in women than men, but it's more their chemistry than gender." Though I'm unclear as to just what the distinction is that he's making, the film succeeds like no other nongay film in recent memory in evoking and celebrating chemistry between two women.

Adlon is a German filmmaker whose most successful earlier film, *Sugarbaby*, was written for the charismatic large actor Marianne Sagebrecht, who stars in *Bagdad* as Jasmin Muench-stetter. Sagebrecht is at the center of this film as well, as a German tourist who has just left her husband and descends on a run-down California desert truckstop cafe populated by an improbable assortment of folks. Adlon's wife Eleonore collaborated as co-producer and co-screenwriter, so the film springs from a partly female vision.

Bagdad is a comedy — yet that seems almost like a fringe benefit. It draws you so deeply into the relational structures of this isolated little community's encounter with Jasmin that you almost forget to notice that not only are you laughing, but you aren't really laughing at "jokes."

Adlon carefully trains his audience to be alert to visual serendipity. At first glance the use of gel filters and the Garry Winogrand-esque insistence on tilted camera angles smack of early film school surrealism. But the preeminence of the formal aspects in these early scenes primes

blink.

The humor at times reminds me of Jacques Tati — there is a similar sense of making the audience feel like a bemused tourist in its own land. A trucker comb his beard; the Indian short-order cook Cahuenga (George Aquilar) meticulously replaces toothpicks in a bottle; Jasmin wears a vacuum cleaner hose around her neck like a feather boa. The sound track is markedly quiet, also calling attention to the silent and visual aspects of scenes, even while couching them in beautifully timed and written dialogue which works with the images like a setting with a jewel.

At other times Patricia Rozema's *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing* is brought to mind, particularly in the fantasy sequences and in terms of the emphasis on the redemptive value of art. There's a great scene where Jasmin "gets" the paint-

CCH Pounder as the harried black cafe owner Brenda is introduced in a scene seemingly as tight and complex as the *Psycho* shower scene. The two women, both having parted with their husbands, see each other for the first time as Jasmin walks up to the cafe in her Bavarian suit and

always seems to be in her path. Of course the dissolving of this enmity results in a tension of another kind, the chemistry of hard-won respect and love. Brenda is softened and Jasmin is loosened by the relationship, yet rather than develop into a romance, what flowers from it is a

The film succeeds like no other nongay film in recent memory in evoking and celebrating chemistry between two women.

hat, dragging her suitcase behind her. The compositional integrity of each shot and the way they are all juxtaposed to form the scene remind me here of a speeded-up Jim Jarmusch (*Stranger Than Paradise, Down By Law*).

A tension is set up between the purposeless and resigned yet professional collaboration — a magic show that's "better than Vegas."

Although the eroticism in the film is centered on the relationship between Jasmin and Rudi Cox (Jack Palance), a former set painter who is the first to appreciate Jasmin's presence, what develops between the two women is a deeper passion. The film underscores the kind of bottom-line connection that's possible between women. Their intimacy grows out of a shared transformation — each suffers a loss and is helped by the other to come through the vacancy (the desert, if you will) to a place of magic where paper flowers bloom from invisible water.

The lyrics of the hauntingly beautiful song which is reprised throughout the film to accompany scenes between Brenda and Jasmin leave open an ambiguity as to the potential dimensions of their passion — "We both know a change is coming/Coming closer sweet release/I am calling you — can't you hear me/I am calling you." The relationship gladdens the hearts of lesbian and straight women audiences alike.

The Jim Jarmusch/Wim Wenders axis appears to be very much a background of this film's sensibility. Like *Paris, Texas* and *Down By Law*, *Bagdad* deals with the intersection of European and American cultures in microcosmic communities which are isolated from a social context. The European romanticism of the American West and of black culture is clearly in evidence here, lending a fairy-

Continued on page 26



Odd couple: Brenda (CCH Pounder, left) and Jasmin (Marianne Sagebrecht) form a new, cross-cultural friendship in Percy Adlon's *Bagdad Cafe*.

us to keep our eyes open even later when the plot is foregrounded. Playful touches such as having the camera shake when Jasmin's husband sneezes out his snuff keep us on the lookout for little things we might miss if we

ing in her room: we see quick cut shots of the painting and the back of her Tyrolean-hatted head looking at it, in a memorably Magritte-ish image.

The relationship between Jasmin and the electric-eyed dogged Jasmin and the overwrought Brenda. Jasmin's good deed of meticulously cleaning Brenda's office is not well received, and Brenda remains resentful and suspicious of the go-with-the-flow outsider who

ROCK
D O N B A I R D

Clubs Zapoppin' Around Town Label Busters

Is it the outstanding crop of fine SF DJs working their self-styled magic nightly? Or is everyone looking to get laid? Or do they just need to dance? For all of these reasons — and more — I find myself a regular at bars and clubs like the Stud, Paradise, DNA and Zeitegeist. Running into friends and feeling a sense of community are the mainstays of my habitual returns, but lately I've begun to wonder if I'm growing tired of my regular haunts.

During the past month or two, several one-night-a-week clubs have begun popping up at pre-existing venues, broadening our choice of stomping grounds considerably. By far the most well-attended of these new nightspots is *The Box*. DJ Page Hodel took over Thursdays at the Kennel Club, promising "all funk and soul, no rock and roll." This simple slogan, Page's already strong lesbian following — and the ready-to-dance public's craving for something new — suddenly turned the Box into a red-hot, ever-packed SF club phenomenon, one that will also lay claim to the Kennel's Saturday nights starting next month.

Aside from the large turnout, great music and Hodel's enthusiasm, this club's biggest triumph lies in its crowd. Never before have I seen a bar with equally large contingents of gay men and women, and they're all having a blast. Obliterating labels with sweat and hip-thrusts, the Box transcends the tired social stigmas one might expect, leaving a big room full of grooving, flailing, smiling human beings, all of whom are working towards one common goal — excessive butt motion.

Another popular Thursday evening event occurs fortnightly at 530 Haight Street, just blocks away from the Box. We're talking *Fag Club*, the event with the most mischievously hysterical poster campaign ever. In the midst of a possible legal battle between Ben Dhong (Boy Party mogul) and Sanford Kellerman (Boy Club entrepreneur) over the use of a three-letter word, Fag Club produced a precise and risqué parody of the highly visible

strippers or nonstop man-to-man porn videos would do, something to separate the fags from the boys.

Thursday has become a mysteriously important night of the week lately. At Fag Club a pair of handsome fellows were distributing handbills for a club on Ninth Street called *Livestock*, coming your way soon on, of course, Thursday nights. But wait, that's not all! Starting Thursday, June 9, yet another weekly club with a twist will pop up at 1821 Haight Street. Called the *Iron Cowboy Club*, this thematic endeavor is described as a cowboy/biker bar. The brainchild of two zealous graphic artists (one of them, incidentally, designed the original

closer Cathy and her assistant **Drew Lehman** move towards beatification. Two of these highly anticipated shows are previewed below for the coming week. In the near future look forward for the return of the Revolting Cocks, the Butthole Surfers and Tackhead with Mark Stewart. Even more amazing shows for the summer are nearing confirmation. As usual, Cathy's outdone herself.

Previews

The Beatnigs, Consolidated

Tonight the Beatnigs celebrate the release of their debut LP, a disc that upholds the intensity,

danceable and easily the sexiest local rockers around. (5/27, Kennel Club, 10 pm, \$6)

House of Wheels, Housecoat Project

This is billed as a housewarming party. Bring a fondue pot, get in free. I like these bands. (5/27, Covered Wagon Saloon, 10 pm, \$4)

David Lee Roth, Poison

While this hairy clown's in town, I think Tragic Mulatto should send him their latest LP. Lead vocals are credited to Flatula Lee Roth on the cover. She and David would definitely hit it off. (5/27, Oakland Coliseum, 8 pm)

Lethal Gospel, Scapegoat Lemonade

Some say the headliners are great, an SF metal-thrash damaged institution. I have a friend who forbade his little sister to date them. Opens play with Housecoat Project a lot. Bring a fondue pot. (5/28, Chatterbox, 10:30 pm and midnight, \$3)

Industrial Rain Forest, Beauty of Dogs

I've never heard of the headliners but I have caught wind of Beauty of Dogs. Their name is evocative of bestiality (always a plus), while their musical influence rests in the lap of Aerosmith and various metal-thrash bands. (5/28, Crystal Pistol, 10 pm, \$3)

Boy Club

Striving for its namesake, Boy Club moves to my favorite neighborhood (the Tenderloin-ish end of Polk Street) and rolls back the age restriction to 18 and up. I can't wait. (5/29, Music Hall, 9 pm, \$5)

Ricky Ringold

It's always a pleasure to see this talented songwriter/performer, especially at the Paradise. Trust me. His honest and mischievous solo sets are always captivating. (5/29, Paradise, 10 pm, free)

The Neon Judgment, Tooth and Nail

Direct from the diamond capital of the world, Belgium, comes this tough synth/rock duo with an industrial edge and extreme affinity for the dance floor. This is their first time in the US, after

Continued on page 26



Direct from Belgium: Neon Judgment rates a "don't miss" on Monday, 5/30, at the I-Beam.

Boy Club poster and T-shirt logo.

Dancing is not one of Fag Club's features, but advanced social intercourse is. On the way out of the joint last time, it took me 45 minutes to reach the door due to a long series of obligatory "How are you's," "You look fab's" and "I'll call you's." In all, Fag Club is enjoyable, but I feel like the place needs a naughty or forbidden element to match the bold name. Perhaps

Boy Club poster), the Iron Cowboy will boast a musical mixture of rock and roll and country/western chestnuts spun by a horse. I kid you not: the press release says so. A female horse. So, if you were born to be wild about George Jones and Tammy Wynette, take a running leap, mount that pretty Harley from behind and go west on Haight Street as if you were born under a wandering star.

I recently revisited the oldest of the new crop of one-night-a-week events, the *Boy Club*, at the I-Beam on Wednesday nights. It's still drawing a large crowd of lusty dudes and providing a pair of Boy Club Gold Dancers for that extra testosterone boost. I watched the gyrating sex machines very carefully that night and decided they were fine examples of good go-go and bad go-go. One was overly dramatic, limelight territorial and Naired to death. The other was delectable, shirtless and definitely moving beneath the baggy shorts he wore. One was alluring, the other was science fiction.

In spite of my admitted affection for the more subdued go-go boy, nothing excited me more than the list of upcoming musical attractions on the wall of the I-Beam. I read them in awe and said, "If that's not a reason to live, I don't know what is." The genius responsible for this impressive list is Cathy Cohn, rock music expert and a talent that SF would be lost without. The more I look around at other venues' heartless and limp bookings, the

DANGEROUS CREATUREZ by Gentry Johnson

IN THIS TIME OF PLAGUE WE GAY PEOPLE ARE TAKING ALL SORTS OF PRECAUTIONS TO AVOID CATCHING AIDS. WE CALL THIS "SAFE SEX". BUT HAS SEX EVER REALLY BEEN SAFE?...

THE ROCK STAR WANNABE IS A PARTICULARLY EASY CREATURE TO SPOT. THEY ALL LOOK LIKE STEVIE NICKS ON STERIODS WITH A LEATHER FETTERISH, THE HAIR COLOR MAY BE DIFFERENT, OR A NOSE BIGGER ON ONE OR SMALLER ON ANOTHER, BUT AS A WHOLE, THE SPECIES IS VERY HOMOGENEOUS.

LUCKILY, MOST OF THESE THINGS CLAIM TO BE STRAIGHT AND THEREFORE POSE LITTLE THREAT TO AMERICA'S GAY MALE POPULATION. BUT ONCE IN AWHILE ONE WILL BOOGIE DOWN THE YELLOWBRICK ROAD TO FAERIE SO WATCH OUT!!

THE THING YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER ABOUT THIS SPECIES OF BOY IS THAT REGARDLESS OF WHAT THEIR ACTUAL PENIS SIZE IS, THEY ALL IMAGINE THAT THEY HAVE A FENDER TWIN REVERB ELECTRIC GUITAR BETWEEN THEIR LEGS, AND BEHAVE ACCORDINGLY.



"A TOUR-DE-FORCE OF STYLE INTRICATE, LOVE-STRUCK AND EXTREMELY FUNNY, 'THE MODERNS' PAINTS A LIGHTEARTED VISION OF SERIOUS THINGS. IT IS A BRILLIANT FILM."
—John Powers, CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

"...A MASTER WORK... ADVANCES (RUDOLPH) TO THE FRONT RANK OF AMERICAN DIRECTORS."
—Steve Warren, BAY GUARDIAN

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Call Theatre For Showtimes

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Mambo New York
4TH WEEK
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CASTRO
NOW PLAYING
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THAT'S NOT ENTERTAINMENT CONTEST
starring YOU as San Francisco's WORST performer!
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Thursday June 2nd 10pm
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Continued from page 21

There are minor tactical errors, like the apparent instruction of the ingratiating actor who serves as our "host" to disrupt scene-terminating moods too quickly, thanking and yanking the audience off to its next locale

These plays have a rich simplicity and lyricism that befits the rough lives they portray, utterly without condescension or easy sentiment.

before we've had a second to digest. And the performances themselves by this large cast are acceptable but rarely much more so. Sometimes cast at inappropriate ages, sometimes a little awkward with their multinational accents or physical business, the players will probably settle in more fully as the run progresses. There are intermittent standouts — especially Kris Logan's irritatingly agitative Cocky (get rid of that earring, though, Kris); James Reese's lovingly gruff Driscoll; Robert Logan's nuanced dignity as various characters; and Verona Seiter's boozey flirt. Most of the uneasiness turns are minor parts, though Richard Lindstrom's Smitty seems much too prissy even for

his intellectual-outcast role. The richness of the overall ambience makes these qualities seem trifling, though. Further time-warping atmospherics are evoked by sea shanties sung at intervals (and island drumming during Caribees). Intermission places the audience across the dock on the equally well-

forts of home. It's that immediacy that makes Just So's Four Plays of the Sea an unexpectedly spellbinding theatrical experience.

Just So Productions' Four Plays of the Sea continues at the Hyde Street Pier, Fisherman's Wharf, SF, through June 17, performing Wednesday through Sunday at 8 pm. Tickets are \$15 and seating is limited to 50 persons per performance. Call 434-1528 for exact show dates and location info. Warm dress is advised.

ITEM

Continued from page 24

tale thread to the film. We get such delightfully incongruous situations as an Indian sheriff in braids joining a black motel owner to verify a white person's

direction manages that to the heart of these surprisingly durable playlets and lets their cantankerous authorial voice speak for itself. Ingratiatingly course-hewn, these early O'Neill efforts betray much less age than you'd expect. They have a reluctant sweetness that's survived to offer up a true, melancholy picture of men trapped in settings where their natural longings are strangled in a monotony of fear, tension, loneliness. Even two or three hours of sampling this claustrophobic existence is enough to make you miss the companionship and carnal com-

panionable power structure between the two figures which suggests some sort of physical abuse. In a press clipping, Sohier states that the actuality of the situation was that the two men are just into riding. Almost all of the photographs seem to portray a similar passive/aggressive dynamic in the couples by means of foregrounding or backgrounding their subjects.

What is most effective about this series is the naturalness of the subjects. Nobody in the photographs is gorgeous or famous; they are just plain folks whose range of personalities provide a look at a diverse group of people who share similar concerns. Since all of the photographs were taken in the couples' homes, the viewer gains access to these private domains, which are often as interesting as the people who live in them.

It is difficult, however, to tell for whom these photographs have been made. Given the show's title, Sohier immediately, though perhaps not purposely, sets up an Us/Them relationship between the viewer and the subject. While Sohier doesn't present her subjects in a negative light, there is an undertone of cultural anthropology — as if she were documenting an exotic minority. In a sense this show

Vegas-manqué show tunes, boogie-woogie and trucker music that comprises the magic-show finale somehow puts it all on a level where those social logics do not apply.

This is definitely a must-see-tv movie. It's a film that rekindles my hope for a cinema that challenges viewers' formal expectations while feeding the heart and spirit through its narrative. Bagdad Cafe really ought to be reviewed either in one sentence or an entire volume. Don't wait for this one to come out in video.

Bagdad Cafe is playing at the Lumiere III, California Street at Polk, SF. Telephone 885-3200.

ITEM

Continued from page 22

tical couples, striving more to display the diversity of couples in general. The "innovative" idea behind this project, which also includes transcribed interviews which will eventually accompany the photographs in book form, is that gay couples are just like straight couples.

In Jerry and Chuck, Methuen, Mass. (1986) Sohier photographs a man holding a riding crop, who is sternly looking down at his somewhat younger lover seated before him. Sohier sets up the shot to create an odd and un-

usual couple, striving more to display the diversity of couples in general. The "innovative" idea behind this project, which also includes transcribed interviews which will eventually accompany the photographs in book form, is that gay couples are just like straight couples.

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Doug Dubois' large-scale photographs work well because they impart a sense of voyeurism while maintaining a beautiful formal composition.

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works better for straight audiences to whom the show's theme might be more of a revelation.

I'm glad projects like this exist, but there is nothing really new or noteworthy about this one. Sohier essentially updates and refocuses a project like the 1970s film and book, Word Is Out, but doesn't come up with a product that is all that different or necessary.

In contrast, Doug Dubois' "straight" "Family Photographs" is more resonant because here the subject of family is not limited by sexual preference and families always contain some strange dynamic. In this case it is a son photographing his family on the occasion of a serious accident involving his father. These large-scale color photographs work well because they impart a sense of voyeurism while maintaining a beautiful formal composition.

This group of photographs is worth seeing for the striking image of a well-groomed teenage girl preening in a vanity mirror, oblivious to the fact that she is being photographed — as well as to the mass of dirty clothes on her bed. She is totally entranced by her reflection.

Compared to Dubois' images, the act of seeing "ourselves" in

the gay and lesbian portraits is much less mirrorlike. The idea of family and connectedness is not always found in the most obvious of places.

At Home with Themselves: Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Couples by Sage Sohier and Family Photographs by Doug Dubois continues through June 4 at SF Camerawork, 70 12th St, SF. Call 621-1001 for information.

BOOK

Continued from page 25

an attempt earlier during which they were denied visas. Now is the time, as their records have been touted by many a DJ here in the city, and their latest LP, Horny as Hell, has been released domestically. This band has been overlooked for too long. Tonight rates a don't miss. (5/30, I-Beam, 10 pm, \$7)

The Birdkillers

Okay, no more metaphors about shotguns and angels. These guys are just plain good. The show is free. Go! (5/30, Paradise, 10 pm, free)

The Sugarcubes

Cathy scored big with this bill. From Iceland, the Sugarcubes have produced some of the most unique and compelling experimental pop music I've heard in years. Vocalist Bjork has an unfathomable range, seething with urgency yet playful like a child's ghost. One listen to their first single, "Birthday," is like the wake-up call we all needed. Attend this show bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. (6/1, I-Beam, 7:30 pm sharp, \$8)

BOOKS DAVID GADD

A Pilgrim's Journey

THE WESTERN LANDS by William S. Burroughs. Viking Press, New York, 1987. 258 pp., cloth, \$18.95.

William S. Burroughs — one of whose novels had the distinction of being called "a strident bore, illiterate and self-satisfied right to its heart of pulp" by a leading culture maven — has refused to learn his lesson. His latest novel, The Western Lands, is a seething stew of irreverent dogmatism, unspeakable vulgarity and outright bad grammar. In short, it is a masterpiece.

The Western Lands is the third novel in the trilogy that began with Cities of the Red Night and continued with The Place of Dead Roads. According to Viking Press publicity, it is also the second in a projected series of seven new books, consisting mostly of previously written material, including letters and interviews, which Viking will publish over the next few seasons. To judge from the present novel, it seems that Burroughs' powers are far from waning.

Like almost all of Burroughs' previous novels, The Western Lands depends on a certain willing suspension of rational thought on the part of the reader. Burroughs manages rather successfully to blot out the line (imaginary in any case) between fiction and nonfiction. The book is at once a treatise on ancient Egyptian death sciences, a shoot-em-up thriller about soul trafficking and psychic espionage, an experimental mosaic of textual styles with no pretension to coherence or synthesis, a labyrinthine medieval allegory and a travelogue through purgatory. It is also, so to speak, funny as hell.

The work has no narrative structure, in keeping with the author's idea that fiction should expand in space rather than in time. In the absence of temporal frames of reference, the novel is held together by thematic threads and by the appearance and reappearance of its major characters, who may or may not know one another but who are all seeking entrance — by legitimate or illegitimate means — to the Western Lands, the

issues raised here are not matters for polite speculation but cause for drastic action: "Death, he reflects, is equivalent to a declaration of spiritual bankruptcy."

Spliced in among diatribes against organized religion (and especially Christianity), rationalistic science, corporate capitalism and right-wing politics are passages of intense lyricism. Straightforward descriptive writing alternates from time to time with Burroughs' famous "cut-up" style, which perhaps he can produce now even without the aid of scissors and the glue pot. But Burroughs' prose is at its best in the satiric mode. The black humor is devastatingly accurate.

It is difficult not to think of New York as a model for Wagh-das, the City of Knowledge,

which is the "jumping off point for the Western Lands." Consider this vignette: "The styles change faster and faster as the Ultimate Arbiter issues directives weekly, daily, hourly. People strip off unsuitable garments in the street... Everyone carries toilet kits, in case hairstyles should suddenly change." Is this the Land of the Dead or Danceteria?

Or this warning about living conditions: "[Q]uarters are precarious and difficult to find one's way back to, and privacy is

will find this not very subtle stuff. But Burroughs would reply that big problems call for big solutions.

The biological necessity of danger, the need to live constantly on the edge of life, the nourishing value of fear — these have been taken away from us by the comfort of an affluent consumer society. Burroughs' program is to strip away the layers of dead tissue until the raw nerves lie exposed.

The Nietzschean aspects of Burroughs' position can hardly

The implications are that we are all already in the land of the dead and had better start seeking our own way out.

fleeing. Doors are flimsy, often absent, leaving your quarters open to corridors, passageways, streets, and there are always other means of access, so one is subject to find anybody or anything in one's digs, if one is lucky enough to have digs." How many nights, one wonders, has Burroughs spent in the St. Mark's Baths?

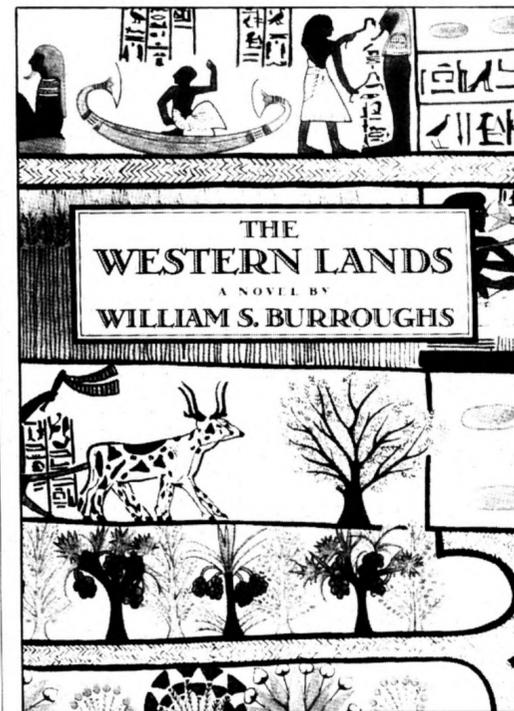
The implications in all this, of course, are that we are all already in the land of the dead and had better start seeking our own way out. "The human condition is hopeless once you have submitted to it by being born... almost. There is one chance in a million, and that is still good biologic odds."

Burroughs' moral philosophy is arrived at by steeping Also Sprach Zarathustra in lysergic acid. For him, the meaning of life consists in overcoming one's self by confronting head-on the multidimensional dangers which the world sets in one's path. Readers of minimalist New Yorker fiction chronicling the vicissitudes of life in Connecticut

be overlooked, although it is far from programmatic. Burroughs is his own thinker and stands as far removed from the mainstream of Western philosophy as he does from traditional literary genres.

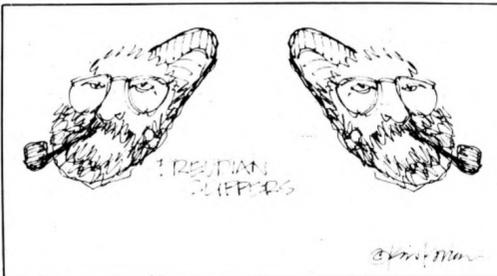
A review can hardly do justice to the complexity, beauty and importance of this novel. It is by far Burroughs' most ambitious piece of writing and his most successful attempt at taking on the Big Issues of life, death and immortality. Perhaps it is premature to enroll Burroughs among the great visionary poets, alongside Dante, Blake and the author of Revelation. But if someday this book is miraculously fetched up from the ashheaps of the post-apocalypse, perhaps time will confirm that judgment.

Meanwhile, Burroughs continues on his pilgrimage to the Western Lands, staking his own soul on that one-in-a-million chance and going for broke. It won't be an easy road. As he says: "Life is very dangerous and few survive it..."



is by definition the most dangerous road in the world, for it is a journey beyond death... The pilgrims — Joe the Dead, Hassan i Sabbah, the scribe Neferti, and Hall, among others — propose and test various routes to the Western Lands, including

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Leathers, My Place, Paradise Lounge, Powerhouse, Rowhide II, Scooter's, The Stud, Studstore, 24-hour Video, The Watering Hole, POLK GULCH, American Rag, Ben's, Cinch, Double Rainbow, The Griffe, Gramophone Video, Grubstick II, Headlines, Blue Muse, Civic Center Pharmacy, Linden Cafe, SF AIDS Foundation, Sentinel Office, Underpass, CIVIC CENTER/HAYES VALLEY, Kim's, Le Salon, Locker Room, The N'Loop, New Bell Station, Paperbook Traffic, Polk Gulch Station, Polk Rendezvous, Reflections, Books & Records, Royal Liquors, The Station, White Swallow, Wooden Horse, NORTH BEACH, Captain Video, City Lights Bookstore, Los Delos Cafe, Quality Postcards, Savoy Trill, Tower Records, Washington Square Bar & Grill, FINANCIAL DISTRICT, Chek Motel, Shant Project, Sutter's Mill, Theatre on the Square, Tracadero Transfer, 22 Beiden, TENDERLOIN, Arvin's, Campus Theatre, Circle J, The Gate Bar, Gilmore's, Golden Gate Theatre, Kapat, 222 Club, U.S. Mission, CIVIC CENTER/HAYES VALLEY, Kim's, Le Salon, Locker 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WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY JOHN FRANK

28 MAY SATURDAY

The SF Gay Tennis Federation holds the US Gay Open Tennis Tournament this weekend at City College in SF and UC Berkeley. Match categories include women and men, singles and doubles, older and younger. Banquet on Sunday night. Info: Jeff Greenfield, 285-4000.

At last, a sport for the rest of us: Watch this space for word on the formation of a gay croquet team that'll take Vancouver by storm. Until then, practice your wickets, mallets and balls with the SF Croquet Club on Saturdays throughout the summer and fall. They provide instruction, coaching and equipment. Reservations are required. 11 am-2 pm. Stern Grove, 19th Ave. & Sloat Blvd., SF. \$10 per session. Res/info: 543-8452.

Six black women plus intricate acappella and political consciousness equal *Sweet Honey in the Rock*, appearing tonight in a benefit concert for El Salvador solidarity groups. Signed, wheelchair-accessible. 8 pm. Zellerbach Hall, UC Berkeley. \$15. Tickets: 762-BASS, Modern Times. Info: 644-3636.

SF Cinematheque presents another evening of *First Exposures*, new film and video by younger artists. The dozen works screened range from explorations of narrative to the use of the camera as a tool for surveillance. 8 pm. Eye Gallery, 1151 Mission St., SF. \$4/\$2 students, seniors, disabled. Info: 558-8129.

Learn how to stunt the growth of your plants... on purpose! The Bonsai Society of SF holds its annual *Bonsai Show*, with demonstrations of plantings, a raffle, door prizes and sales. 11 am-5 pm. SF County Fair Building, Golden Gate Park at Ninth Ave., SF. \$1 donation. Info: 567-8413.

Got a spare afternoon? Go to the *B*A*S*H Concert*, a benefit for the homeless that promises to raise money, increase awareness and spark inspiration. The lineup, unconfirmed at press time, includes "the best of rock'n'roll and comedy stars" of the Bay Area. Noon to sunset. Candlestick Park, SF. \$10. Tickets: 762-BASS. Info: 285-6111.

29 MAY SUNDAY

Another benefit concert for the homeless — this one of classical music — features 11 artists who perform works by Bach, Brahms, Chopin, Handel and others. 7:30 pm. First Congregational Church, Channing Way & Dana St., Berkeley. \$10. Tickets: Cody's and Black Oak bookstores, at the door.

Talk back to Outlook! Meet the editors and contributing writers from the hot new lesbian and gay quarterly. Give them your feedback and new ideas, and hear about their plans for the magazine. 7:30 pm. A Different Light, 489 Castro St., SF. Free. Info: 431-0891.

Renowned guitarist **David Tannenbaum** performs works by Bach and Giuliani, accompanied by **Laurette Goldberg** on harpsichord and forte piano. Coffee before the performance; discussion after. Noon and 2 pm. MusicSources, 1000 The Alameda (at Marin), Berkeley. \$10/\$8 students, seniors, members. Res/info: 528-1685.

GLOE invites older lesbians (60+) and their friends to their monthly *Women's Gathering*. Music, dancing, games, pool and refreshments — all in a beautiful garden atmosphere. 3-6 pm. Francis of Assisi, 145 Guerrero St., SF. Free. Info: 626-7000.

Shanghai Express: Photographer Otto Dyar captures the exotic beauty of Chinese-American actress Anna May Wong (c. 1937) in one of the many images of '30s era film stars included in *Hollywood Portraits*, a new book compiled by San Francisco photographer Mark Vieira. For a sneak preview of stills from the book, visit the Satellite Gallery, Hotel Diva, 440 Geary Street, SF. The exhibit runs through June 15, and there's a champagne reception scheduled for Thursday, 6/2, at 7 pm. Call 885-0200.



David Budd of the SF Opera orchestra, performs solo cello works by Reger, Sessions, Plain and Britten in an 8 pm recital at New Pieces, 1597 Solano Ave., Berkeley. \$7. Tickets at the door.

Nearly 100 artists have contributed pieces for an **Art Auction** to raise money for the Jackson campaign. Sponsored by Artists for Jesse Jackson and Artists Against Apartheid, the auction includes works by Gustavo Rivera, Mary O'Neal, George Miyasaki and Robert Arneson, just to name a few. Viewing, 4-6 pm; live auction, 6-9 pm. Hatley Martin Gallery, 41 Powell St., SF. \$10 (may be applied toward purchase). Info: 392-1015.

PAWS (Pets Are Wonderful Support for PWAs) invites you to a party with live music, dancing and more. 5-9 pm. Rawhide II, SF. \$5 donation.

30 MAY MONDAY

Deep Dish TV comes to the SF airwaves! Deep Dish is the first national public access satellite network, which will be offering diverse programming on AIDS, Central America, aging, humor and social change, and a five-part series on the International Women's Day Video Festival. Every other

Monday beginning tonight at 8 pm. Viacom Channel 25.

A time for remembering: The **AIDS Candlelight Memorial** makes its way silently down Market to City Hall. Remember and honor those who have died in the struggle against AIDS. Bring candles and cups to Market & Castro at 8 pm.

31 MAY TUESDAY

Meanwhile, in the Haight: The film that helped spur renewed interest in the life and art of Mexican painter Frida Kahlo, **Frida: Naturaleza Viva**, plays at the Red Vic tonight and tomorrow. 1659 Haight St., SF. Call 863-3994 for times and other info.

1 JUNE WEDNESDAY

Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders' popular **Wednesday Matinee** changes location to 363 Golden Gate Ave., SF. Join them for a lively afternoon of movies, discussion and refreshments. 2:15-4 pm. Free. Info: 626-7000. GLOE also sponsors free **Writing Workshops** for older les-

bians and gay men (50+) every Wednesday evening, 6-8 pm. 1853 Market St., SF.

When he finally moved in, did your Prince Charming turn into a frog? Did he promise to go to the ends of the Earth for you, and all you got was this lousy T-shirt? Pick up some tips tonight as **Eric Marcus**, author of *The Male Couple's Guide to Living Together*, explains it all for you. 7 pm. The Love That Dares Bookshop, 506 Castro St., SF. Free. Info: 552-5111.

A not-so-serious adaptation of Michel Foucault's voluminous writing on the subject of sex, **The History of Sexuality**, analyzes the body language of our culture and combines live action, multiple slide-dissolve animation, composed and found music, dance, kinetic sets, and video. All this is perpetrated by Theatre X, Milwaukee's acclaimed experimental political theatre company. Through June 19, 8 pm. Life on the Water, Fort Mason, Bldg. B, SF. Tickets/info: 776-8999.

All in the family: The Hatley Martin Gallery inaugurates a new daytime series of music and dance, with harpsichordist/pianist **Hilda Jonas** performing music of Bach, Bloch and Bartok. Accompanying her are her daughter, flautist **Linda Jonas-Schroeder**, and her son-in-law, baritone **David Schroeder**. The new Wednesday Noon Concerts are scheduled for the first Wednesday of

each month. Noon. 41 Powell St., SF. \$4. Info: 392-1015.

When you see the word "squat," what immediately comes to mind? Right! **Squat Theatre**, a troupe of Hungarian emigres who brought their bold new theatre style to NYC in the late '70s. Cal Performances sponsor their first Bay Area performance, "*L*" *Train to El Dorado*, a piece rooted in the Tristan/Isolde legend. Through June 5, 8 pm, except Sunday at 7 pm. OnStage Zellerbach, UC Berkeley. \$14. Tickets/info: 642-9988.

San Francisco is the final stop in a two-year tour honoring the centennial of Mexican muralist **Diego Rivera**. The retrospective, **Diego! Selected Works: 1896-1957**, includes 50 paintings and drawings, with examples of his cubist period, as well as his first painting, "Watermelons." Runs through July 24. Noon-8 pm. Mexican Museum, Fort Mason, Bldg. D, SF. Free today and July 6 (first Wednesdays); other times, \$4/\$2 seniors. Info: 441-0404.

2 JUNE THURSDAY

Lesbian activist and author **Baba Copper** appears at Old Wives Tales Bookstore to read from her *Over the Hill: Reflections on Ageism Between*



Men dancing: Members of the Gary Palmer Dance Company perform in *Aphelion*, one of the works included in the troupe's upcoming performances, Thursday through Saturday, 6/2-4, at 8 pm, and Sunday, 6/5, at 3 pm, at Centertspace, 2840 Mariposa Street, SF. Tickets are \$8. Call 861-5059 for reservations.



Folk on film: The Khadra International Folk Ballet is part of *And Still We Dance*, Ashley James' film portrait of the San Francisco Ethnic Dance Festival. The film premieres at the AMC Kabuki 8 Cinema on Tuesday, 5/31, at 8 pm. Additional screenings are scheduled for Wednesday and Thursday, 6/1-2, at the Roxie Cinema, 3117 16th Street, SF. Tickets are \$5. Call 474-3914.

Women. 7:30-9 pm. 1009 Valencia St., SF. Info: 821-4676.

Four photographers show their stuff in Vision Gallery's **New from the Past**. Thomas Harding, Barbara Traisman, Sally Larsen and Gerda Mathan employ antiquated techniques and outmoded equipment in new ways to create visually arresting work. Through July 2. Opening reception with the photographers tonight (call 621-2107 for time). Regular gallery hours: 10 am-6 pm, Mon.-Sat. Vision Gallery, 1155 Folsom St., SF.

Two birds with one stone: Modern Times Bookstore hosts a double book party, **Fictions for a Changing Community**, for N.A. Diaman's *Castro Street Memories* and Toby Johnson's *Plague*. Diaman's new novel follows the evolution of the gay ghetto from the early '70s to the onset of the AIDS epidemic, and *Plague* picks up from there. 7:30 pm. 968 Valencia St., SF. Free.

And speaking of books: Friends of the SF Public Library present their annual **Book Sale** through Sunday at Fort Mason. It opens today with a preview sale and silent auction, 4-7 pm. \$5 for today only; Fri., Sat.: 10 am-5 pm; Sun. 10 am-3 pm. Books are half price on Sunday. Fort Mason, Pier 2, SF. Info: 558-3857.

3 JUNE FRIDAY

New Langton Arts premieres Nina Wise's solo performance work, **Private Road**, which explores the realities of being alone. The work consists of autobiographical pieces which weave together movement, sound, text, music and visual art, expressing stories and states of mind that emerge in the artist's everyday life. Tonight and tomorrow at 8 pm. 1246 Folsom St., SF. \$5/\$3 members. Info: 626-5416.

EVENT OF THE WEEK

Mark I. Chester's **Group — Sex Photo Show** brings together work by lesbians, gay men and all those others that celebrates "sex, sexuality and eros." Chester emphasizes that it is important to promote the spirit of sexuality, particularly in this time of AIDS. Concurrently displayed in the toilet is **Dickwork**, by genius-with-a-crochet-hook Jack Davis — this is crocheting like your mother never used to make. Tonight's opening benefits AIDS charities (\$10 suggested donation, but no one turned away for lack of money). 6-11 pm. Sat., Sun.: 2-6 pm, and through June by appointment. 1229 Folsom St., SF. Appt/info: 621-6294.

York Theatre is host to the **Festival of New Latin American Cinema**, a three-day series of films featuring some of the newest and best from Latin America — a rare opportunity to check out examples of major film movements throughout the continent. Fri.: *The King and His Movie (La película del rey)*, Argentina, 1987; *Kid Chocolate*, Cuba, 1987; *A Successful Man (Un hombre de éxito)*, Cuba, 1986. Other films from Mexico, Venezuela and Nicaragua play throughout the weekend, including *Clandestine Destiny (Clandestino destino)* by Jaime Humberto Hermosillo, who directed the tres gay *Dona Herlinda and Her Two Sons*. York Theatre, 2789 24th St., SF. Call 282-0316 for times and complete program.

The *Sentinel* welcomes submissions of community, political and arts events for possible inclusion, as space permits, in our weekly calendar. The deadline is seven days (Friday noon) or more in advance of Friday publication. Send items to: *San Francisco Sentinel*, 500 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94102, ATTN: John Frank.

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MUST BE 18 OR OLDER
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RENTALS TO SHARE

HILLTOP VILLAGES/EAST BAY/RICHMOND
Prof GM looking for roommate to share 2 bdrm townhouse. Private bedroom & bath. Use of rest of house, pool, hot tub and tennis. Convenient to I80 and BART. Must like pets. This is a "home" environment located between country and suburbs. Call 223-7499 for more info. (22)

"A RARE BARGAIN"
\$365. New 3 BR/2 BA Apt. Sunny, clean, safe area, laundry, garage, cable, AEK, share with 2 quiet gay males. Available immediately. 19th & Dolores. Phone 864-4150. Must be seen to be appreciated! (22)
Professional gay male roommate wanted to share 5 BR house with 2 gay men in Redwood City hills. Nonsmoker/ no pets. Beautiful view and nice location. \$450 per month + 1/2 utilities. Call (415) 367-8056 for appt. (23)

OAKLAND HILLS
Garden room opens to magnificent Japanese garden, koi and waterlily pond in large home with sweeping bay views. Private, quiet, easy to reach. Owners, French Canadian and Vietnamese, easy going and very friendly. Bernard 530-4829. (22)

\$310 SERRAMONTE MALL AREA (15 MIN. BY CAR TO MID-SF)
Share modern Daly City home/utillities (3 bedrooms/baths) with two quiet GWM housemates. Beautiful view! Includes garage, laundry, fireplace. Prefer employed, responsible nonsmoker or SFSU student. No pets. Loren. 992-8827 (22)

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RENTALS OFFERED

\$1150. 2BR APT. FOR RENT
Totally redone. Garage w/Genie, overlooks tennis clis. & wooded hill. New kitchen/bath/carpets/levels/mirrors. Lndry. Quiet street. Will finance sec. depos. avail now. Pet OK w/charge. Buena Vista area. Bruce 641-7860. (22)

\$520 Sunny 1-bedroom apartment. Deck, pets negotiable. Near Hayes/Laguna.

RENTALS OFFERED

PANORAMIC CITY VIEWS
Deluxe studio apartment in deco-highrise. Newly remodeled, laundry facilities, rooftop deck, cable, in house security. \$750^{mo} month/All utilities included. Available NOW. Call 776-8047. Incredible views and convenient location. (23)

LARGE SUNNY STUDIO
Upper Market area, recently renovated studio with skylight, private deck, view of downtown/bay, garage. \$550. 921-5533. (22)

MODERN STUDIOS NEAR CASTRO
Full kitchen/bath, cable TV, pets OK. Clean, quiet, secure building. Two resident managers to serve you. David 861-1362 (22)

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Mon.-Fri. 1-6 PM

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Available for Retail

\$800 - 1 BR Apt., 562 Hayes #4
Hardwood floor, tile kitchen & bath, curtains & shades.

\$800 - 1BR Apt, 419 Ivy #17
AEK, w/w carpet, curtains & shades, southern exposure.

\$550 - 1BR Apt, 419 Ivy #4-D
w/w carpet, AEK, ground floor, curtains & shades.

\$500 - Studio, 419 Ivy #8
AEK, w/w carpeting, curtains & shades. Quiet. Perfect for the right person.

Stove, refrigerator included. Cable ready. First and last months rents required. No deposits. Must be employed.

863-6262

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RENT NEGOTIABLE
Two brand-new, posh, airy, 1-bedroom apartments in independent duplex, secluded in rear garden. All amenities. Security. Parking. East Bay, at Lake Merritt/Grand Theater. No pets/tobacco. \$540; with private yard. \$640; with deck, view. 451-3644. (22)

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STRICTLY PERSONAL

PERSONALS—MEN

HOW TO RESPOND TO A SENTINEL BOX NUMBER
Some ads in the Personals are followed by "Reply Sentinel Box XXX." This indicates that the advertiser wants responses to come to the Sentinel office to be picked up or forwarded to a home address. To respond to one of the ads, simply mail your letter to SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF, CA 94102, ATTN: Sentinel Box XXX. We'll see that it gets into the right hands.

ASIANS
GWM 32 5/6" Looking for young, slender Asians for good times and more. Phone 553-4568. (22)

PERSONALS—MEN

SUCKBUDDY AVAILABLE...
Endurance-oriented husky Italian now available in the Castro for regular hot suck sessions. Lots of ball-licking and oral J/O provided. Safe only. Write with photo(optional) to 2215R Market St., Box 248, SF, CA 94114. (22)

HAND • HEAD • SERVICE
I am looking for a clean, safe, hung man who wants service each week on a regular basis. No two-way. Age unimportant. Send contact info & photo if possible to Sentinel Box 22B. (22)

PERSONALS—MEN

SERVICE BUDDY
I like a down-to-earth, hard-working, blue-collar type, who looks, smells and tastes like a man. A man with a good attitude, decent body, good looks and a long, fat, mouth-watering cock, who is more into pleasure and not just getting off. Want to develop sexual friendship/regular base situation with a SINGLE man only, who knows how to appreciate something good. Whether you are active, passive or want mutual exchange, tell me about it and maybe I can be of service. Buddy. Be specific and explicit. I'm 38, all the above and more. Photo exchange to: T.C., PO Box 31724, SF 94131. (22)

PERSONALS—MEN

YOUNG ASIAN/PACIFIC ISLANDER
into bondage fantasies wanted by blond visiting SF twice monthly. Am versatile, clean-cut, good smooth body. Enjoy affection and kinky safe sex including ropes, restraints, whips, toys. Photo. Jon, Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (22)

AIDS, ARC, HIV +
Having AIDS can be a lonely & frightening experience, but you needn't be alone. The need for sex, intimacy or relationships doesn't disappear upon diagnosis. Write Box 107, 3309 1/2 Mission St., SF 94110 and enclose \$1 for a list of others wanting to meet you. Free listings. (24)

PERSONALS—MEN

SAFE SEX TOP
Relationship oriented — creative, demanding, affectionate — 42, BR/BL, 160, 5'8" — interested in bars & the "scene" — seeks defined muscular bottom — any race — for training; BD, spread-eagle, wax, etc. serious only. No phone sex. 695-1773 until 10 pm. (22)

WHERE'S MY QUEEN
Eclectic — I'm a cute, creative, fun but unspokenly masculine sensuous BM who seeks a pretty, sane TV/TS. (Also open to therapeutically platonic friendships.) Also attracted to slim, sexy, feminine sensitive Asians. 2215-R Market St., #103, SF 94114. (22)

WANTED MEN WITH BALLS
FOR THE BALL BUSTERS' BUST
STRUT YOUR STUFF — LIVE YOUR FANTASIES
A RANCH RESORT IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
FOR A THREE DAY WEEKEND
JULY 8 - 11TH, 1988

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- *TUG OF BALLS
- *BALLWEIGHT LIFTING CONTEST
- *GLORY HOLES
- *HORSEBACK RIDING
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- *CANOEING

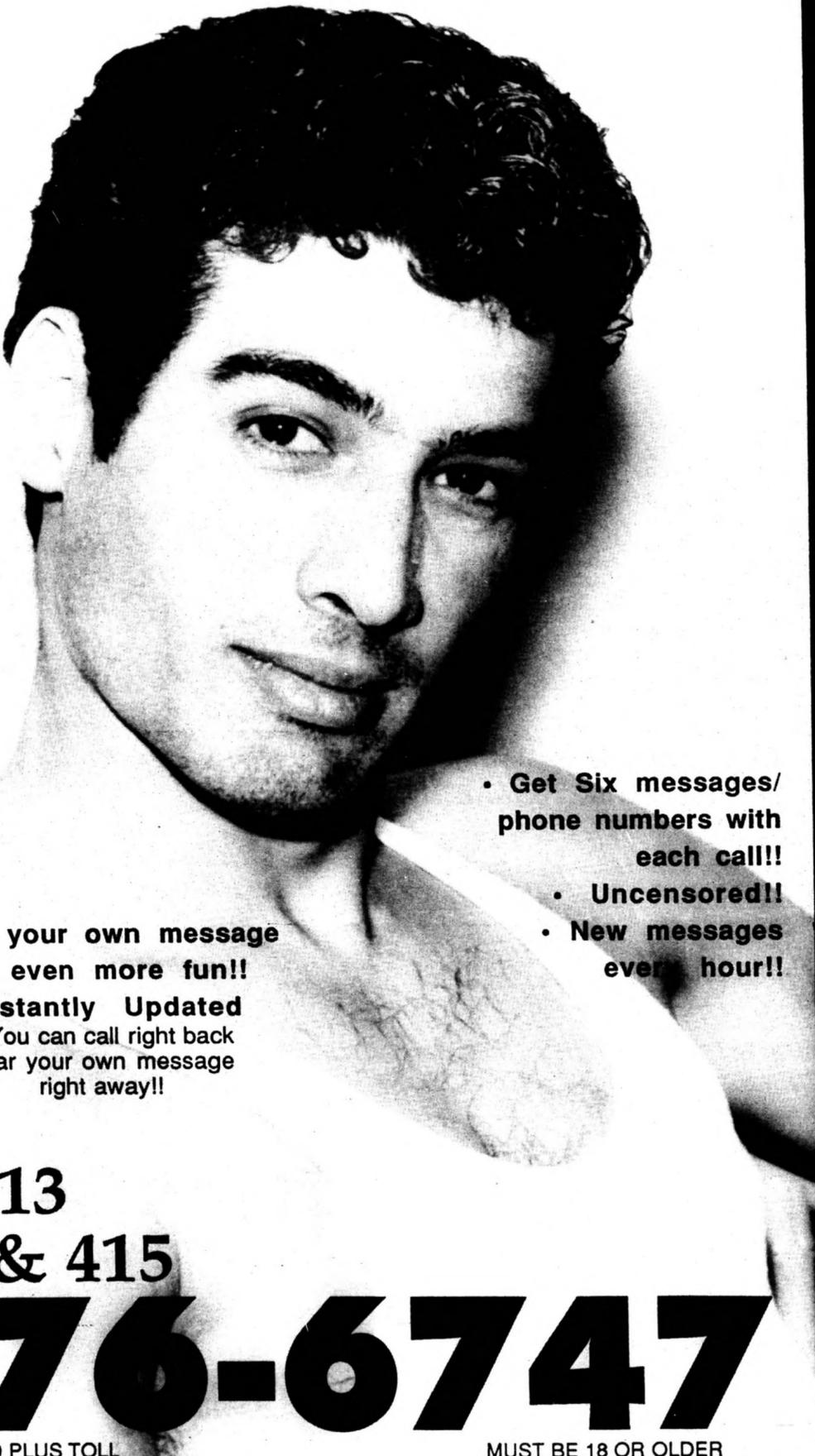
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Each call \$2.00 PLUS TOLL

MUST BE 18 OR OLDER

SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

PERSONALS—MEN

LOOKING FOR LOST FRIENDS

From the 50s and 60s: Lamont Sturm, Stan Goldber, Morris Hahn, Richard Melendez, Bill Marshall, Joe Ploman. If you're still around, please contact me. Bob Ferguson, P.O. Box 23823, San Jose, CA 95153 or (408) 226-9637. (23)

DICKFEEDERS & COCKSUCKERS DUOS/GROUPS/PARTIES. Dig head? This is non-profit network of safe, local men who are ready to get down to business. Remember the Cauldron? GH on Sixth? Let's go! FREE INFO: Send a SASE to BAC, 584 Castro #3955, San Francisco, 94114. (22)

GWM, 6'2", 180#, 32 y.o., attr., quiet, happy, healthy, and HIV+. I'm a non-smoker/drinker, sexually adventurous, but basically a bottom w/a smooth, fine ass. Seek dominant, endowed top, 18-35, for regular, safe, hot action. Photo apprec. but not absolutely necess. Reply Sentinel Box 21C. (24)

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REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE
 Actually without my best buddy. Is there a guy out there that's ungay, masculine, confident and cool but down to earth and sincere at the same time? Strong in heart and adventurous, also sensitive and compassionate to others? Rugged, into the outdoors and maybe just slightly sophisticated? This 5'7", 140, br/br, 28 yr., good-looking, lonesome lad would sure love to talk with you. Please reply with heart and guts. Sentinel Box 21B. (22)

SMALL GUYS TURN ME ON.
 Are you under 5'10", under 145#, under 25 years old, hairless and clean-shaven? I'm 29, 6', 165#, and am seeking a playmate and possibly more. All races are welcome. Call 979-4504 (anytime). Discretion guaranteed. (22)

LET'S HAVE FUN
 SWM-30. Nice looking, curious — seeks slender, smooth, innocent — 'e, 18-27, curious too, and has a "never been with a man" — for safe erotic fun. No pressure. Safe, fun, discreet — first time only, please. Photo? Reply Sentinel Box 22A. (22)

For Health Home Relationships Sales Services SF Sentinel Classifieds WORK!

HOT BOTTOM DAD
 Wants aggressive, gdlkg boy top. Dad is gdlkg, 47, good body, Br/Bl into most scenes incl. leather, TT, assplay, groups, you name the game. Reply photo optional. PO Box 640278, SF 94164-0278. (22)

CHICO FROM SEATTLE:
 Please call Jack 206-323-4857. (22)

VERY ATTRACTIVE,
 Supportive, healthy, well hung, professional GWM 41, appreciates very young, adventurous, GM's 27 — with nice, firm, smooth, hairless bodies for nudity, J/O, ? Love Blacks — Hispanics — Asians — ? Endless possibilities. Enjoy pleasing a man — being pleased? Curious? Call 665-9811. (22)

TATER TOT
 Grade "A", medium couch potato seeks "spuddy" for mutual peeling and mashing. Prefer New California White or Sweet Little Red. Butter and sour cream O.K., but not bacon bits. No forking on the first bake. P.O. Box 392, Brisbane, 94005. (22)

PHONE TALK

SOUTH BAY MEN WANT TO MEET YOU!
 408
 976-2002
 \$2 + any toll (21)

Need something hauled to the dump — and you don't even know where the dump is? Check out the MOVING/HAULING section of the Classifieds. Sentinel Classifieds work!

PHONE TALK

DOUBLEHEADER!
 (415)
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 Short, clean-cut bodybuilder, intelligent, safe, sane and discreet. Expert in sensual genital torture, restraints, mech & elec stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. Not into fake "sex talk" or brutality — just real, sensual S&M. I don't fake a dominant "role." I am sadistic, dominant & no amateur.
 (415) 864-5566 ROGER (22)

SAFE HOT YOUNG MAN
 FOR DISCREET FUN
 621-8381 (27)

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Gold's International, 4111 Lincoln Bl #341, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292. Personal checks, MO, cash, Visa & MasterCard for purchase over \$150 (escorts). Escorts 213-280-3442 24 hrs. Products 213-280-9913 24 hrs. Talent & Management 213-280-3463 24 hrs. L.A. Chicago, Las Vegas. Distributors OK. Hiring BB/Athletes 18-25 y.o. (48)

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MODELS/ESCORTS

BLACK MAN 25
 Handsome hot oral versatile bottom 6'0", 190, 8" cut in/out calls. Will travel to special events. Major hotels welcome. Robby 863-5702. (22)

I LAY BACK FRENCH PASSIVE
8 1/2 EXTRA THICK CUT
 Handsome, Clean-Shaven
 Boyish Good Looks
 6'1", 160, 26 yrs.

MIKE 664-2057
 Pager 896-7815 (enter your phone #) fast call-back

GERMAN, 19, BLOND, UNCUT
 Handsome, tan, 8 inches Berkeley, Outcalls OK, \$150/\$125
848-COCK HELMUT (22)

VIRILE SEXY ITALIAN
 Hot, handsome, rockhard muscles & athletic legs. Versatile, healthy, very defined, tall Marine type.
 ANYTIME, NO BS.
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