

Sentinel

**New Test
for HIV
p. 17**

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Apathetic Over Bentsen VP Candidate Gets Poor Marks for Record

by Tim Taylor

The selection of United States Senator Lloyd Bentsen as the vice-presidential nominee by Michael Dukakis was greeted with an air of resignation by gay and lesbian Democrats despite a consistent record of votes against gay rights and proactive AIDS legislation by the Texas lawmaker.

"I think we could have done better," said Carole Migden, the chairperson of the San Francisco Democratic Central Committee and a Dukakis delegate to the Democratic Convention which convenes on Monday. But in a refrain repeated by Migden's lesbian and gay Democratic colleagues,

Continued on page 3

IRISH AIDS NETWORKER

Belfast-born David O'Flaherty plans to make SF AIDS expertise the backbone of an organizing campaign as England and Ireland battle the epidemic.

p. 7



RICK GERHARTER

GAY RIGHTS UNDER FIRE



Proponents of laws upholding lesbian and gay rights were on the defensive in Washington, DC; Philadelphia and the state of Rhode Island as conservatives continued to pursue their antigay political agenda.

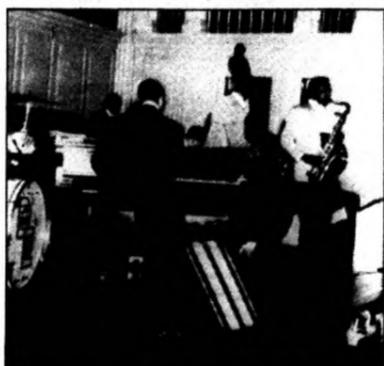
In the nation's capital, the United States Senate passed an amendment to sharply restrict the scope of the city's antidiscrimination statute by exempting religious institutions from its coverage. In Philadelphia, the country's cradle of liberty, Gay Pride Month celebrations became a political football for right-wing bigots trying to score points with a conservative electorate. And Rhode Island lawmakers quietly shelved a gay rights law that was on the verge of being approved. John Ward and Alex MacDonald provide exclusive in-depth coverage.

pp 4-6

A T E A S E

Jazz Life

Andrew O'Hehir
Examines
'America's
Art Form'



p. 20

TRAVELING

New Fiction by
Cathy Cockrell

p. 19



Astral Turf	32
Books	28
Classics	24
Culture Clash	23
Dining	26
Film	25
Rock	29
Week at a Glance	30

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Sanford Alan Kellman

DR. SANFORD ALAN KELLMAN
OWNER - I-BEAM

Docs Using AZT for Preventive Care AZT Benefits Denied for HIV Infection

by Charles Linebarger

On July 1 Bay Pacific Health Plan initiated restrictive policies on reimbursement to people using AZT and began requiring prior approval of any prescription involving the drug for its members. AZT is currently the only AIDS drug licensed by the federal Food and Drug Administration (FDA). It is a toxic and expensive drug that can cost over \$10,000 a year to use.

Under its new policy Bay Pacific will restrict coverage of the drug's cost to those members who already have an AIDS diagnosis or whose health appears to be in an immediate state of decline. Members who merely test positive for the HIV virus but who are otherwise asymptomatic will not be eligible for AZT coverage under the health maintenance organization's new policy. Ironically, the Bay Pacific policy was announced at a time when medical professionals are increasingly using AZT as a preventive therapy to block HIV infection as a result of accidental exposure to the virus, such as through needle-sticks.

Dr. Alan Chernov, Bay Pacific's medical director, told the *Sentinel* that the principle of prior authorization for the drug is not unique to AZT. Said Chernov, "The concern with zidovudine (AZT) is, number one, its toxicity and, number two, the cost, which can run around \$800 a month. That is an enormous amount of money to be paying for something that is not indicated. Of course what is not indicated now may be indicated in the future."

Bay Pacific's action, which is being closely watched by other insurers, comes just as the demand for AZT is rising because of the increasing numbers of HIV-infected people who are following the advice of doctors or alternative therapy groups in using the drug to halt the virus' growth in their bodies. The less than 30,000 Americans currently suffering from AIDS are eligible under federal guidelines to receive the drug. Officials at the federal Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta,

however, estimate that 1.5 million Americans are now infected with the HIV virus but have yet to show AIDS symptoms. Should Bay Pacific's action be followed by other insurers around the country, it is these people who will find their access to AZT severely restricted by the drug's high cost.

"We're getting more and more calls



Martin Delaney

from people whose insurance companies are backing away from paying for AZT and even for aerosol pentamidine [a drug which has been shown to prevent the reoccurrence of pneumocystis pneumonia but which is still unapproved by the FDA]," said Martin Delaney, a co-director at Project Inform, an organization that counsels people on alternative therapies for AIDS.

Delaney called the move by the insurance industry "shortsighted." Said



On to Atlanta: Presidential candidate Jesse Jackson breezed through San Francisco last weekend on his way to Atlanta and the Democratic Party National Convention. Meeting with Jackson were lesbian Democratic Party lesbian delegates Pam David, Barbara Cameron and Pat Norman.

Delaney, "If you simply look at the cost of treating a full-blown AIDS patient in the hospital those costs are huge, I think around \$150,000 right now per patient. And the costs are going up. Also, the evidence from Stockholm is very clear that the use of AZT and aerosol pentamidine can slow the onset of AIDS and minimize the occurrence and severity of its infections."

However, Dr. Donald Abrams of

in the community are realizing more and more is effective against recurrences of pneumocystis pneumonia (PCP). Unfortunately there hasn't been a lot published yet on aerosol pentamidine, so insurance companies are also wary about paying for it."

However, a staff person at SF General's AIDS ward who preferred not to be named told the *Sentinel* that Dr. Paul Volberding, the director of all

"The evidence from Stockholm is very clear that the use of AZT and aerosol pentamidine can slow the onset of AIDS and minimize the occurrence and severity of its infection."

— Martin Delaney, Project Inform

San Francisco General Hospital's AIDS ward said that more data was necessary before the insurance companies could be asked to pay for such drugs for the early treatment of people who are HIV positive.

Said Abrams, "I think that in the absence of any data to show that it (AZT) is effective then they can't be asked to pay for it. The same is true with aerosol pentamidine, which people

AIDS activities at the hospital, routinely advises medical workers accidentally exposed to HIV infection in work settings to take a course of AZT as a prophylactic.

Volberding did not return the *Sentinel's* calls but Dr. Julie Gerberding, project director of SF General's AIDS Health Care Workers Study, did agree in a telephone interview that, "He (Volberding) is an advocate of AZT,

and he believes that it works and people who are exposed should take it."

Speaking of the hospital's own program for medical workers exposed to the HIV virus, Gerberding said, "We advise them that there is a study going on at Burroughs-Wellcome [the makers of AZT] to determine the efficacy of AZT on post-exposure. We certainly



Dr. Paul Volberding

don't routinely offer AZT because we don't know if it works. Whatever kind

Continued on page 6

Selection of Bentsen Draws Few Gay Critics

Continued from page 1

both nationally and in San Francisco, she quickly added, "I think it's critically important that we wholeheartedly support the Democratic ticket."

Still, the voting record of Bentsen in the United States Congress caused considerable discomfort for many gay activists who are still trying to come to terms with a convention and a Democratic party platform which has consistently sloughed off gay concerns.

Bentsen twice voted for Senate amendments offered by North Carolina Republican Jesse Helms to censor gay-affirmative AIDS prevention educational materials. He also voted for mandatory AIDS testing bills affecting immigrants, patients using hospitals under the jurisdiction of the Veterans Administration and couples applying for marriage licenses.

Last week, Bentsen concurred with an amendment proposed by Senator William Armstrong, Republican of Colorado, and passed by the Senate that would severely curtail the ap-

pliability of the gay rights ordinance in effect in the nation's capital. (See story, page 4)

Bentsen has also voted against federal funding for abortions for low-income women, for prayers in public schools, for military assistance to the Nicaraguan contras and for the Reagan tax cut initiatives which tilted relief to taxpayers in the upper income brackets. Those positions place him at odds with the stated positions of presumed Democratic presidential nominee Michael Dukakis.

The dismal record by Bentsen caused Migden to quip, "We have to pray Mike Dukakis wins and we have to pray he stays alive."

A determinedly subdued and conciliatory statement issued by HRCF noted, "The Dukakis-Bentsen ticket has a lot of work to do in reassuring the lesbian and gay community and those concerned about AIDS that this new team will be responsive and forward-looking on the full spectrum of public health and civil rights concerns."

Ron Braithwaite, president of the Alice B. Toklas Gay and Lesbian Democratic Club, was also critical of the selection but subdued in his reaction. "[Bentsen's] way too conservative," said Braithwaite, citing AIDS legislation as examples of defects in his voting record. "It's another demonstration that Dukakis is insensitive to gay and lesbian people."

Underlining the reluctance of many who spoke with the *Sentinel* to engage in Dukakis-bashing for his selection of a running mate with no affirmative pro-gay record was a sense that the alternative of George Bush posed even greater dangers to the community, especially in the arena of AIDS legisla-

tion and funding.

And one Washington insider emphasized that while Bentsen's voting record didn't pass muster on gay rights, his experiences with the Texas lawmaker indicated he was not personally intolerant and his rhetoric not laced with homophobia. Such an intolerant posture, this observer said, was evident in some others named as potential vice-presidential picks, especially Ohio Senator John Glenn.

Bentsen's selection found strong support from southern gay activist and businessman Jack Campbell who is going to the convention as a Florida delegate for Dukakis and who will co-chair the lesbian and gay caucus of delegates with San Francisco activist Pat Norman.

"I think it's great," Campbell said of the selection, adding he thought Bentsen will play a key role in keeping states south of the Mason-Dixon line in the Democratic column in November. Campbell said Bentsen met the most important criterion for a vice-president,

having the skills to serve in the top job in the event the president is unable to fill the responsibilities of the office.

"We can elect Mike Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen or we can put up with four more years of the bullshit we put up with for the last eight years [from Reagan and Bush]," Campbell said.

One person momentarily enjoying the discomfort of the gay Democrats was politico Brian Mavrogeorge, president of Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights and the GOP nominee waging an uphill fight to unhorse incumbent Assemblyman John Burton.

Mavrogeorge is no stranger to the controversies that stem from having to defend the political maneuverings of the two parties which fall short of the concerns of unpopular constituencies. "It's interesting to watch my gay Democratic brethren and see what they're going to do," he said. "For Democrats and liberals, gay rights are always expendable," said Mavrogeorge, a supporter of George Bush. Ever the political pragmatist, Mavrogeorge also offered a more sympathetic assessment of the plight of gay Democratic insiders. "It's hard for them," he said. "You have to sometimes grit your teeth and go along with what your party says. It's not a comfortable position for them."

Ploy to Embarrass Progressive Demos 'Exploits Homophobia'

Senate Assaults DC Rights Ordinance

by John Ward and Alex MacDonald

In what some consider its first vote on gay rights, the United States Senate voted 58-33 to force the District of Columbia to weaken its tough human rights ordinance.

The vote would block the city's 1989 budget of \$3.7 billion unless its council votes to allow schools with religious ties to deny service and support to gay student groups. Senator William Armstrong (R-CO) introduced the provision in an amendment to the congressional appropriations bill for the District.

Titled the "Nation's Capitol Religious Liberty and Academic Freedom Act," the Armstrong amendment is seen as an attempt by Republicans to embarrass Democrats by putting them on record on the issue of gay rights. Twenty-two Democrats joined with thirty-six Republicans to pass the amendment.

California's junior senator, Republican Pete Wilson, voted with the majority, while Majority Whip Alan Cranston, a Democrat, voted against it.

Lobbyists expect the measure to fail when it goes to a joint Senate-House conference committee. News of the vote provoked strong reactions in San Francisco and in Washington, where City Council chairman David Clarke said he would allow the spending freeze to take effect rather than weaken gay rights. "I hope," he said, "they [the senators] are ready for no police, no fire fighters and no anything else." Clarke predicts his colleagues will agree with him.

San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt



Senator Pete Wilson voted to gut Washington, DC's gay civil rights law.

singled out Senators Pete Wilson and Lloyd Bentsen of Texas for their support of the measure. "There are a few crazies in Congress," Britt said, "who continue to exploit homophobia, and it's embarrassing when Senator Wilson and Senator Bentsen go along with that. The good relations that exist on the local level among the citizens of Washington should be recognized, and for these people to attack the right of the

to use the gay community as a pawn in the coming elections. T.J. Anthony of the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club carried the community's reaction to the offices of Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi. "His is a vote Republicans came up with," he told congressional aides, "to put Democrats on record and to get them in trouble with constituents back home. We understand that. But the problem we've got here is that the Democrats are trying to project this image of not being beholden to special interest groups and they're using us as a way of showing that."

On Tuesday, attorneys Roberta Achtenberg of the Lesbian Rights Project, Matt Coles of the American Civil Liberties Union and Regina Smeed of the National Lawyers Guild told a hastily convened press conference outside the Federal Building that a vote of this kind was not unexpected from Senator Wilson. "As far as I can tell," Achtenberg said, "he's a transparent homophobe and has to be chastised. It's a clear attempt to make an antigay exception to the civil rights laws. It's potentially very broad and very frightening."

Smeed, in a prepared statement, called on guild chapters around the country to join with the San Francisco chapter in opposing the Senate's action. "This is a back door attempt to chip

people of DC to do the decent thing is profoundly offensive."

The vote came in the wake of a District of Columbia Court of Appeals ruling which denied a claim by Georgetown University that it was exempt from the District's Human Rights Act. The university based its claim on first amendment guarantees of

San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt singled out Senators Pete Wilson and Lloyd Bentsen of Texas for their support of the measure.

religious freedom. The university objected most to the intention of a gay student group to assist gays in the "development of a responsible sexual ethics consonant with one's personal beliefs." Recognition of the student groups, the university argued, would undermine the Roman Catholic teaching that "human sexuality can be exercised only within marriage." At the time of the appellate court ruling last November, Clint Hockenberry of Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom hailed the result as a major breakthrough for gay rights and predicted that the ruling would have a major impact on efforts to carry antidiscrimination legislation elsewhere in the country. Hockenberry was a student at Georgetown when suit was first brought to force GU to abide by the ordinance.

In the Senate this week, Senator Tom Harkin (D-IA) led the debate in defense of gay rights. Harkin chairs the District of Columbia appropriations subcommittee. Harkin's main support came from Cranston and Lowell Weicker (R-CT).

"It's just good old-fashioned, straight-forward bigotry," Weicker said. "This should go back down the sewer from which it came."

Armstrong replied that the amendment was not intended to harm gays but to protect the rights of schools to practice their religious beliefs. He compared their situation under the Human Rights Act to the struggle of churches against

away at civil rights laws in this country," Smeed said. "It's spearheaded by the same senators who spearheaded the attempt [to defeat] the Civil Rights Restoration Act."

Matt Coles also attacked the intent of the Senate action. "If you look at the text of the amendment, it gives the game



Supervisor Harry Britt

away. Anyone who wanted to argue that it's good policy to give churches more leeway in terms of civil rights laws, if you look at the amendment, it doesn't do that. It only takes the civil rights law in one narrow aspect. The DC Human Rights Law prohibits discrimination based on gender, na-

"This is a back door attempt to chip away at civil rights laws in this country."

— Regina Smeed, National Lawyers Guild

pression in Nicaragua and Poland. Armstrong, a deeply religious Lutheran who made a fortune in broadcasting, has sponsored AIDS-phobic amendments in the past.

The measure could come to the House floor and might pass, said Carlton Lee, lobbyist for the Human Rights Campaign Fund, but that would not bind the conference. "A lot of members saw it as a homosexual lifestyle vote," Lee observed. "It is disappointing and a little humiliating, but many saw it as an easy vote because they don't think it affects their constituents."

In San Francisco, anger at the vote centered on the attempt by Republicans

tional origin, race, sexual orientation and religious affiliation. The Senate doesn't now say that religious organizations can discriminate on the basis of race or national origin or even on the basis of religion, but only on the basis of sexual orientation. This is about homophobia."

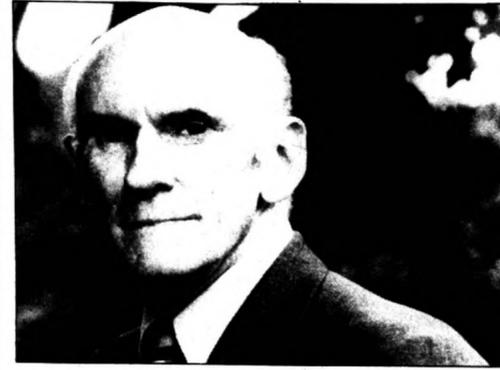
Ironically, Georgetown University now agrees to abide by the law. Catholic University in Washington also now extends equal rights to gay student groups and activities on its campus. Georgetown has indicated that the Senate action will not lead to a reversal of its present policies.

The fate of the amendment will rest

Continued from previous page

with the Senate-House Conference Committee. The appropriations bill has already passed the House but without the Armstrong amendment, and so the full House will not have to vote on it. Congresswoman Barbara Boxer (D, SF) declined to speculate on what will happen. She denounced the amendment, however, as "a clear violation of human and civil rights," and added, "Next the Senate will be telling blacks and women that they can't meet on campus, either."

Jeff Levi of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force in Washington, DC, is more optimistic. "The key issue is getting it killed in conference. The argument will be made that this is a new item and the House didn't vote on it and it should be deferred. A majority of the DC appropriations committee on the House side are gay rights sponsors, so I think we will have a good chance to kill it. All Armstrong cared about was providing embarrassing moments for progressive Democrats that can be used



Senator Alan Cranston voted to uphold Washington, DC's gay civil rights law.

by the radical right Republicans in direct mail."

If by chance the measure passes Congress and the city refuses to weaken the law, Washington would shut down on

January 1, just in time for the presidential inaugural. Although more than 80% of city funds are collected from taxpayers, the city must have approval from Congress to spend any money. ■

Gay Pride Uproar in Philadelphia

by John Ward

A symbolic mayoral resolution honoring Philadelphia's annual Lesbian and Gay Pride festivities unexpectedly sparked a backlash by conservatives on the city council and set the stage for a possible attempt to repeal or weaken a local human rights ordinance.

For a decade, Philadelphians have celebrated gay pride quietly by sponsoring conferences and cultural events. There have been no gay pride marches in the Cradle of Liberty since the late 1970s.

This year, that all changed after Mayor Wilson Goode issued a proclamation — his third — making June Gay Pride Month. The same day, a member of the tumultuous city council held a press conference to condemn Goode for his action.

The themes Democrat Francis Rafferty articulated that morning con-

tinued the following night with his lover, the co-chair of the Philadelphia Lesbian and Gay Task Force, to condemn Rafferty for escalating antigay violence in the city. Fresh on everyone's mind was the recent conviction of two men for the brutal murder of a suburban man because he was thought to be gay.

"Why don't they worry about senior citizens getting beat up?" Rafferty responded.

The following Wednesday, June 23, 100 gays and 50 Rafferty supporters jammed the ornate city council chamber as Councilmember Angel Ortiz introduced a gay pride resolution.

In a move that provoked cries of "shame, shame, shame" by gays, the council tabled the resolution by an 11-5

Continued on next page

"When a man and a woman have sex, it produces a baby. When two gays do it, it produces a germ."

— Francis Rafferty, Philadelphia City Councilman

tinued during the ensuing uproar: gays are sick, selfish and spread AIDS.

The turmoil has sparked militancy on the part of Quaker City gays and fueled antigay violence. It has also weakened gay power in the council by fracturing the relationship between some key allies.

By criticizing the resolution, Rafferty, who is Irish Catholic and who represents a blue collar district, both sought to embarrass Goode and make a name for himself.

He also laid the foundation for an antigay coalition that could work to stamp out the city's gay rights law, passed in 1982, and institute repressive AIDS measures.

The drama has occurred against a backdrop of opposition to Goode, who is black, by ethnic whites in a city which still has large white neighborhoods — the same people who unsuccessfully tried to return ex-police chief Frank Rizzo to the mayor's seat last year.

Lesbians and gays formed a key part of the coalition that ushered Goode into office in 1983. In response, Goode formed a "sexual minorities" commission and appointed gay activists to city offices.

"Who are we going to honor next?"

Rhode Island Gay Rights Bill Shelved

by John Ward

A little-publicized Rhode Island lesbian and gay rights proposal died a quiet death in early June when the state legislature recessed for the year. A bill, which covered public accommodations and credit, slid through the heavily Democratic-dominated House on a 64-16 vote, but met defeat in the Democratic-dominated Senate 17-29.

Now, only state employees in Rhode Island are protected from antigay discrimination — under an executive order issued by Republican Gov. Edward DiPrete. Bill backers speculate that a behind-the-scenes fix may have foiled the measure in the 50-member Senate, in which Democrats outnumber Republicans 3 to 1.

Fueling this speculation is the fact that the Senate minority leader voted for the bill in committee but against it on the floor, said Jonathon Lubin, a Brown University math professor who

gays on organizing the most effective hearing.

"We followed his directions and I think he was very impressed," said Lubin. "I think we changed his mind." The bill was voted out of committee after it was watered down. No one testified against it at the hearing.

Gays met less cooperation in the Senate Judiciary Committee where many opponents turned out for a hearing. But the bill was voted out of committee by a 8-6 vote, despite apparent opposition from the chair. The pro-

Bill backers speculate that a behind-the-scenes fix may have foiled the bill.

heads the Rhode Island Alliance for Lesbian and Gay Civil Rights (RIALGCR). Gays were also told they had the support of the Senate majority leadership, but none spoke for it on the floor.

One reason the bill got as far as it did is that the Catholic bishop in this 65% Catholic state did not take a stand. His strong opposition to a Providence gay rights bill several years ago was credited for its defeat.

Sponsor Rep. Linda Kushner (D-Providence) said she planned to reintroduce the bill next year. When introduced, the 1988 version included job and housing protection but was watered down in order to better its chances for passage, Kushner said.

Also helping the measure was Jeffrey Tietz, chair of the House Judiciary Committee, who backers thought would oppose it. The chairman advised

posals was not a partisan issue, said Lubin. Over half the House Republicans voted for it.

A bill introduced in 1984 that only covered jobs died in committee. The next year a similar bill made it out of the Senate committee but did not come up for a floor vote.

The issue is affecting state politics as US Sen. John Chafee (R) battles to hold his seat against Lt. Gov. Richard Licht (D) in what is expected to be a close race in this heavily Democratic state. Licht lobbied in support of the bill and is credited with leading Chafee to cosponsor similar federal gay rights legislation.

Rhode Island is the third state to see the defeat of a gay rights measure this year, joining Vermont and Massachusetts. The Massachusetts legislation has been reintroduced and is making slow progress. ■



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State Expert Joins City AIDS Fight

by Alex MacDonald

The California State Department of Health will lend the services of Dr. Donald Francis to San Francisco as the city struggles to keep ahead of the burgeoning AIDS epidemic. Francis, one of the world's first AIDS experts, currently serves as an AIDS advisor to State Health Director, Dr. Ken Kizer.

In accepting his new assignment, Francis said it signaled San Francisco's commitment to stay at the forefront of AIDS education, treatment and care. Francis will work one day a week as a

special consultant to Mayor Agnos, the mayor's office announced this week. A graduate of UC Berkeley, Francis received his MD from Northwestern University in 1968 and a Doctor of



Dr. Don Francis

Science degree from Harvard in 1979. He worked in the World Health Organization's smallpox eradication programs in Africa, India and Bangladesh. Later he contributed to the development of an effective hepatitis vaccine and was one of the first to recognize AIDS as a sexually transmitted viral disease. In 1985 he moved to Berkeley to become the CDC's AIDS advisor to state Health Director Kizer. Francis, 45, will continue working with the state. His main duty in San Francisco will be to work with the private sector to broaden its response to the epidemic. "The private sector," Agnos said, "has expressed a strong willingness and strong interest in working with the mayor's office. Dr. Francis will help serve as that bridge. Francis will work closely with the state and

federal governments, the Department of Public Health, UC San Francisco and San Francisco General Hospital. Overall, the city manages \$36 million in AIDS programs and spends about \$10 million annually from the general fund. The mayor's office estimates that the overall cost of AIDS to the city's economy, including insurance and private health plan payments, will reach \$85 million in the coming year. Since 1981, San Francisco has recorded more than 5,000 cases of AIDS. Three thousand San Franciscans died of the disease and the total, experts predict, will reach 7,200 by 1991. Between three and five San Franciscans are expected to die of AIDS each day in 1991.

Philly

Continued from page 5

vote. Those voting to table included David Cohen, a key player behind the passage of the gay rights bill, and Lucien Blackwell, the chair of Jesse Jackson's Pennsylvania campaign. Four others who voted to table had also voted for the gay rights bill, including Jimmy Tayoun, who represents the district that spans the city's gay ghetto.

Voting for gay pride were Ortiz's Democratic allies and Republican Joan Specter, wife of US Senator Arlen Specter. A vote on the resolution would have only further divided an already polarized council and done long-range damage to building coalitions to get bills passed, Cohen said.

The tabling delighted Rafferty's supporters — war veterans, Irish Society members, and Catholic parishioners from his neighborhood. They chanted "Raf-fer-ty, Raf-fer-ty, Raf-fer-ty" and

sang "God Bless America" as gays sang "We Shall Overcome." "As far as I'm concerned, this is the tip of the iceberg," Rafferty said after waving a small American flag in victory. "People are ticked off at them, and they better pack up." In the aftermath, gays vented their anger at the council, especially allies like Cohen. "They're all moral cowards," said Rita Adessa, executive director of the Philadelphia Lesbian and Gay Task Force, who called the

tabling a vote for discrimination and violence against gays. The following Tuesday, 1,000 gays marched on City Hall to denounce Rafferty and his colleagues at a rally that was also to be the first outdoor gay pride celebration in the city in years. One protester wore a rat costume — for "Raf-fer-ty" — while others carried signs threatening "We Will Tablize You." "I was beaten but I was not silenced," Scott Tucker told the wildy

cheering crowd while Ortiz said he had done what only had to be done. To the relief of gays, the council went into recess for the summer the following week but at the last session on June 30 Rafferty gave a taste of things to come. He had planned to introduce a resolution making 1989 "The Year of the Family" but said he withdrew it because he had heard "it may be offensive to some councilpeople with AIDS — I mean, and their aides, excuse me." Ortiz, who has a gay aide, had planned to oppose the resolution which defines the traditional family as father, mother and their children.

A July heat wave has turned the city's attention toward keeping cool, but no one seriously believes they have heard the last of Rafferty and gang. In the meantime, he has left in his wake an energized gay community — long-looked for a sleeping giant — that still may not be strong or savvy enough to stop an antigay push that can only intensify as this city begins to feel the full brunt of AIDS.

AZT

Continued from page 3

of treatment is used after exposure must be safe because the chances of infection are so low.

Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi's legislative aide, Steve Morin, who has worked on AIDS issues for Pelosi, told the *Sentinel* that the medical community was still uncertain about the effectiveness of AZT for the early treatment of AIDS. "But what we're talking about," said Morin, "is a physician's prescription. We feel that the drug is approved, and if the physician prescribes it, it should be available to the patient."

Morin said that some insurance companies are presently paying for the drug AZT for their members who are HIV positive but still asymptomatic. "But other insurance companies are being difficult. It may not even be company policy that is at fault. It may be an individual worker for the company." Morin added that Pelosi's office has written many letters to insurance companies about non-coverage for AZT.

San Francisco itself supplies free AZT to people in low to middle income brackets. And Dr. Tom Peters, San Francisco's assistant director of health, said that while the city must follow criteria set up by the state before paying for the drug, "we purposefully set up a system that relies on individual physicians to work out with their patients what the individual patient's treatment should be. All we require," said Peters, "is that a physician send over a prescription for [AZT], and there are many physicians in town who feel comfortable asking for AZT for their patients who don't meet the state criteria."

The technical criteria for eligibility for the city program is that the patient either have a confirmed diagnosis of PCP or a T-cell count below 400.

Peters said that the city program is able to take on more patients and the Health Department may begin an

Continued on next page

Irish Organizer Brings SF AIDS Insights Home

by Cathy Cockrell

When David O'Flaherty returned to Europe last month, what he carried back with him from San Francisco included "an enormous body of information, experience, knowledge, insights, attitudes and opinions" about AIDS from members of the local gay and lesbian community. The 34-year-old, gay, Belfast-born, community organizer plans to use what he learned here to bring AIDS training and education to northern England and his native Ireland.

One of the strongest impressions one gets from a conversation with David O'Flaherty is of the unusual deliberation with which he formulates and proceeds to attack social issues. For seven years he worked in northern England on community-based poverty and community empowerment projects. He has also studied theory and techniques of social change organizing — first at the School of Peace Studies at Bradford

of the Boyne would parade through Belfast and burn effigies of the pope. Once he watched a group of Protestant boys building a bonfire, and they threw him on it "in jest." "Looking back on that, I said to myself, 'God, was that a joke? And what sort of joke is that?'" Often his entire family would go out to watch the parade. "You just become part of the dominant culture," O'Flaherty observes.

"It simply became clear to me that I have a role to play here, without being too grand about it, some sort of destiny."

University in northern England and later at a nine-month program for social change activists under the auspices of West Philadelphia's Quaker-inspired Life Center and Movement for a New Society.

It was there, O'Flaherty says, "where I really began to learn how to organize and how to make things happen and how to make social change." The Life Center taught both practical skills — like how to facilitate a meeting, do public speaking or create an effective poster — and the notion that "before you begin anything, you need an analysis."

The problem O'Flaherty posed for himself in coming to San Francisco was how best to prepare to help build the stop AIDS movement back home. Thinking about some of the means by which he learns best, he taped conversations with nearly 50 local AIDS activists, asked a handful of people he particularly admired to form a support group to help him think through the issues, and did volunteer work at Coming Home Hospice and in the AIDS Foundation's Bleachman campaign and street outreach among IV drug users. To gain a historical perspective on the community's response to the epidemic, he also helped organize the *Sentinel's* archive of articles on AIDS, forming an easily accessible AIDS index.

O'Flaherty's personal investment in social change began early on. He was born into a working-class Catholic family living in a Protestant neighborhood in British-occupied Northern Ireland. As a young child, he says, he wasn't conscious of oppression or discrimination of Irish Catholics there "because it was so internalized. You know, I didn't realize how bad it was."

Every year on July 12, for example, Protestants commemorating the Battle

All discussion of politics and of the British presence were discouraged at home. Irish children weren't allowed to learn Irish in Northern Ireland's public schools. He was also forbidden from speaking his native language at home, though his mother was fluent. "My mother realized that if you were going to survive in this culture, then a lot of things had to go by the board. And one of those was your language. Your culture had to go by the board if you were going to survive in British-occupied Northern Ireland."

As for gay life in Belfast, there was a gay male scene in several local hotels — the Europa for the middle class, and a back bar in the Royal Avenue Hotel for working-class men. Hustling and prostitution went on at both; outside of the bars, gay life was extremely closeted. Though O'Flaherty had gay experiences in Belfast, he defines being "out" as "doing something about homophobia... so I never think of myself in terms of being out" while in Ireland. One of the appeals of San Francisco was to be able to participate for the first time in his life in a major gay center.

O'Flaherty first began thinking in earnest about AIDS after the British government last year did a national mailing and a series of television ads warning the public of the dangers of AIDS. "They did an amazingly dramatic campaign with icebergs erupting from the sea! And enormous tombstones crashing! I had to start thinking, 'Oh shit, could I have got it?' And I worked through that one. That was the first time that I became aware of AIDS. And as the months passed and I started talking to friends about it, it simply became clear to me that I have a role to play here, that I have something to do... Without being too grand about

said Peters, "We want our program here in San Francisco to evolve as the standard of care evolves. We are determined to have this program facilitate those patients getting this medicine."

Delaney, though, was certain of the effectiveness of AZT and aerosol pentamidine early in an AIDS infection and the need for insurance coverage of both drugs. Said Delaney, "I know plenty of people whose clinical condition suggested an imminent AIDS diagnosis yet those same people now through the use of AZT and aerosol pentamidine have been clinically stable for long periods of time and their blood



David O'Flaherty volunteered at the SF AIDS Foundation's Bleachman outreach program, Coming Home Hospice and the *Sentinel* library in order to learn how to duplicate local programs in his native Ireland and northern England.

it, some sort of destiny... That's the word that popped into my head."

Rather spontaneously he "cobble together" the donations of a number of friends and relatives and arrived in the US with \$1,200 in traveler's checks, the addresses of several San Francisco AIDS organizations as well as that of Apple Computer headquarters in Cupertino, where he hoped to get support for a software program for volunteer groups that he had developed. When the Apple project failed to pan out, he devoted himself entirely to the AIDS project.

"This community has just embraced me completely," O'Flaherty says. "So many people have really made an effort for me to get the learning that I need. I remember talking with people about the community response and the community constantly having to deal with oppression and liberation issues," he recalls. "It isn't like IV drug users, or heterosexuals, who have very little experience, if any, of organizing as a heterosexual community or an IVDU community. Whereas the gay community has that experience, so it has been able to develop and articulate a really coherent response."

O'Flaherty believes that the straight community has little realization of how much it benefits from the gay community it has oppressed for so long. "So many of the [AIDS] initiatives, so much of the material that is going out there has been developed by gays. The hotlines are staffed mostly by gays. Most of the major organizations are staffed by gays... I'm just not sure that they're aware of that."

O'Flaherty says that in San Francisco individuals like Reggie Williams (Black and White Men Together) made him take stock of the importance of addressing racism when he does AIDS organizing. His game plan for his "program" back home includes making contact with Fusion, a British affiliate of BWMT, with the idea of a possible AIDS training program. He also intends to catalog his now-impressive collection of audio tapes and written materials on AIDS for the use of British, Scottish and Irish activists. He may try to use Bleachman to educate

drug users about clean needles or street outreach workers like those used by MidCity Consortium to Combat AIDS. Another technique he may adopt, one he learned from East Bay organizers, involves people making personal, public commitments to practice safer sex. The Peace People organization did something similar in

the Nationalists don't like that because they're vehemently Irish... I suppose what I'm trying to say is that the idea of bringing an issue like AIDS into a community that hasn't addressed it before doesn't actually worry me. I feel quite comfortable with that idea because I've worked on unpopular issues before." O'Flaherty also explored Buddhism

"When you've got a message, you get it out," he says resolutely. "Like I've got some stuff to say about AIDS."

Northern Ireland in attempting to reconcile British Protestants and Irish Catholics, he says. "It's just interesting that that happened there, and that here, people in a different way, in a smaller way, are committing themselves publicly to having safe sex."

O'Flaherty is especially interested in doing AIDS education in rural areas, where gays and IVDUs are particularly isolated. Does taking such unpopular issues as sex, drugs and death into rural or conservative communities feel intimidating? O'Flaherty says the Peace People, whom he worked with in Northern Ireland, were also "quite an unpopular movement" because they spoke of the development of a distinct Northern Irish identity which is no longer purely Irish or purely British.

"The Loyalists don't like that because they're vehemently British, and

while in San Francisco, a discipline that he feels will help him over the next few years in his work. "I'm learning about where you take refuge in life. You can take refuge in fear, in guilt, in anger and rage, or you can take refuge in love and a really positive mental attitude." It is not his first venture outside Roman Catholicism, which he left in his teens. At 16 or 17, after running away from home, he did a stint as a Jesus freak with the Children of God in London, where he lived in a commune and did "witnessing" on the streets.

"When you've got a message, you get it out," he says resolutely. "Like I've got some stuff to say about AIDS. I'm witnessing... We call it community education or AIDS education, the Jesus freaks call it witnessing. It's the same thing: you've got a message and you get it out."

Should You Take AZT if Your AIDS Antibody Test is Positive?



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OCC Upholds Charges Against Smoot Investigators

The San Francisco Police Department's handling of the murder of George Smoot was severely deficient, according to a landmark investigation by the Office of Civilian Complaints. In what civil rights activists are hailing as a far-reaching victory, the OCC sustained three of the four charges brought by the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club, in conjunction with the Milk and Alice clubs, against four senior officers. The report found the officers' investigation was slanted by "strong preconceptions relating to the sexual practices and behaviors of homosexual men."

Smoot, a gay man, was knifed to death last fall by a teenage neighbor. Three days later Juvenile Court Judge Weinstein allowed the alleged killer to return to school, despite neighbors' protests. Reports that officers at the scene of the crime had laughed loudly while searching the victim's home and

historical nature of what the OCC has done... What [Stonewall president] Bill Paul has done by tenaciously hanging onto this case is cut through the jungle of weeds keeping us from achieving our goal of liberation."

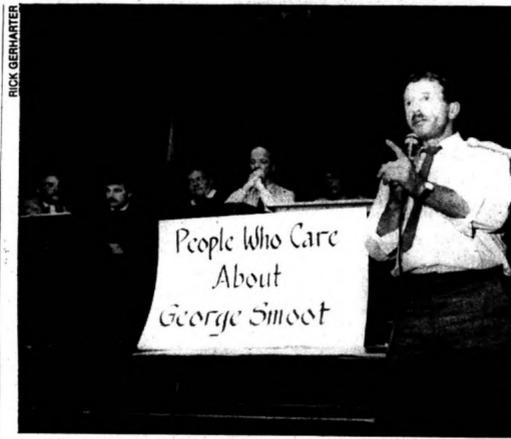
Investigators Casillas, Kiss, Dean and McCoy are charged once with neglect of duty and twice with conduct reflecting discredit on the SFPD. They were relieved of one allegation of unwarranted action when the OCC ruled that the seizure of Smoot's private diary was proper conduct.

According to the OCC findings, "It is without question that the victim's sexual orientation played an important part in the manner in which the case was investigated. It appears that once the suspect made the allegation that he had been molested by the victim, the inspectors stopped collecting evidence which might have proved the crime was committed and began trying to prove that the suspect had been molested by the victim."

"This is a tremendous victory on a specific, concrete, substantive civil rights issue," said Bill Paul. "To have four elite senior officers brought up on grand charges — that's really something! They covered up a murderer. They committed a felony by obstructing justice... The POA (Police Officers Association) will show its fangs now... We can expect the POA to attack the OCC, and any group or individual who dares to charge police with misconduct."

POA spokesman Robert Berry declined comment, noting only that the case was "ongoing and nowhere near resolved."

The OCC investigation now goes to the Chief of Police, who in the next few



Bill Paul rallied gay community sentiment against the police investigation of George Smoot's murder at a public meeting last winter.

weeks will either lay down a sentence or demand a full hearing before the police commission.

According to Paul, the OCC findings will be "an acid test for the new police commission." Mayor Agnos' appointment of new police commission members two weeks ago has left the commission devoid of lesbian or gay representation for the first time in recent history. Paul continued, "If they should overrule the OCC, you can expect an explosion. I don't think the community will stand for it."

Report from Stockholm Leaves Audience Grumbling

Their faces were grim; their eyes fixed or downcast; the room quiet as a sanctuary. Attentive but otherwise expressionless, the 130 predominately gay men, quietly, packed into the Eureka Gym last Thursday, strained to hear what precious manna their local medical experts and community AIDS liaisons, recently back from Stockholm's Fourth International Conference on AIDS had to share about the epidemic.

When the meeting concluded, "Report from Stockholm" elicited frowns and murmurs from the men milling about the floor in small groups. Representative of the grumbling was a comment by Denny Smith, 36, office manager for AIDS Treatment News. "I wish they'd said more about the underground philosophy that an early, aggressive treatment keeps people healthy

longer than no treatment." Smith believed that the panelists skirted the issue and criticized Dr. George Rutherford, medical director of the city's AIDS office for repeatedly refusing a direct answer on whether HIV-positive people should start treatment with aerosol pentamidine.

Naphtali Offen questioned whether the doctors were not sounding more optimistic than the political realities of drug testing warranted. "It may not have been appropriate in this setting, but I thought there should have been more anger about what's going on with the FDA testing policy."

"I was looking for a more detailed explanation of what happened in Stockholm than what I found in the

Rutherford also reported that the survival rate of people with AIDS has increased over the years, a noticeable jump occurring in 1986, around the time AZT was introduced.

Hollander called attention to several studies showing that despite advances in testing techniques, the "smart" virus may still elude detection. "The various strategies the virus has evolved to elude the immune system and lie latent were striking and depressing," said Hollander. "It's obviously disconcerting to think that even with the best available tests... the virus [can be] just sitting there until it's damn well ready to express itself."

In terms of clinical therapy, Hollander reported there was little new in treating Kaposi's sarcoma. Rutherford later added that newly reported incidences of KS were declining, suggesting that KS is a sexually transmitted opportunistic infection that has decreased with safe sex.

The most definitive and evolved treatment data emerged on the drug AZT, according to Hollander. "My impression is that the news about AZT was extremely favorable," he said, citing the increased survival rate of AZT users as well as new ways to curb the drug's toxic side effects. "Initial concern about toxicity may have been grossly exaggerated... AZT may have potential to be given at lower doses with the same efficacy." Hollander also mentioned "promising, rational strategies" of alternating AZT with other drugs in order to lessen its toxicity.

The AZT issue was revived during the question-and-answer session. "Are there toxic effects of AZT on the muscle?" asked one participant. "[Drug manufacturer] Burroughs-



Participants at the recent Report from Stockholm meeting listened attentively to the presentations, and found fault with the lack of new information.

newspaper," said social worker Chris Butler. "I'll probably still have questions until I get a doctorate in immunology or they find a cure and I won't care anymore."

Sponsored by the San Francisco AIDS Foundation and San Francisco People with AIDS, the meeting featured three panelists who had attended the IV International Conference on AIDS: Dr. Harry Hollander, director of the UCSF AIDS clinic; and John James, editor of AIDS Treatment News and a Sentinel columnist.

Occasionally illustrating their points with graphs whose slopes seasawed with good and bad news, the two doctors on the panel kept their comments at a lower political decibel than did community liaison John James.

"The news about the HIV infection is encouraging," began Rutherford, who reported that the number of newly infected gay men worldwide is rapidly declining. "The epidemic of HIV infection is not continuing. That is essentially come and gone." On the dark side, Rutherford said that the percentage of people already infected who are developing AIDS over time is going up. According to his own study of 90 men infected in the late '70s at the epidemic's start, the number of patients developing AIDS has increased steadily as each year passed, reaching about 50% in 1988.

Wellcome, of course, says no, no, no," replied Hollander, adding equivocally that he has seen some people with muscle damage who take AZT, and others who do not take the drug.

"If you go off AZT, it is less effective when you get back on it?" asked another man. Equally noncommittal, Hollander said, "There's no real data suggesting that going on and off AZT is harmful. In our opinion, an intermittent approach may be better — less toxic."

Sitting next to the two well-heeled doctors, John James, wearing a red checked flannel shirt, spoke plainly about what he described in his newsletter as the conference's "untold story." While James applauded the "tremendous nuts-and-bolts progress in basic research... toward an eventual cure," he criticized the failure in the past year to test promising drugs, thereby logjamming immediate treatment techniques for public use.

"The problem is political, not technical," James reported. "There is no urgency or mobilization to test the dozens if not hundreds of treatment possibilities widely agreed to be available now — dozens of which could be tested within the next few months if only there were the will... The lives of those now infected or ill... were written off several years ago."

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

James decried the current cumbersome mechanism for testing drugs in the United States which favors laboratory concoctions like AZT, CDM, Ampligen — in short, those with "hot prospects for commercial gain." James' own research has identified "several agents (which) look like they may be of use" but which aren't tested. "If it's a plant that anyone could pick, a food in general use, a common industrial chemical, or a health-food product, it won't be considered, no matter what the evidence."

He noted that while the Japanese are inclined to test nontraditional medicine scientifically, in this country nontraditional approaches are dismissed as health store hocus-pocus.

During the question-and-answer session, a worker at an AIDS testing clinic asked what he could tell people who tested HIV positive but seemed completely asymptomatic. Rutherford advised such people to get into medical follow-up as soon as possible, noting that more concrete treatments than simply addressing acute depression were now available. "And get a job where you have health insurance!" called out another audience member.

"Report from Stockholm" closed with the announcement of ACT-UP San Francisco's civil disobedience plan to shut down the FDA on the October anniversary of the March on Washington.

NEA Approves Sexual Orientation Advice for Students

The National Education Association passed a groundbreaking resolution calling for equal opportunity within the public education system for students struggling with their sexual/gender orientation. The resolution passed by a 2 to 1 margin at the NEA Convention in New Orleans last week, shortly after the American Federation of Teachers passed its nondiscrimination resolution in San Francisco.

"We're thrilled!" said Robert Birle, co-founder of Bay Area Network of Gay and Lesbian Educators (BANGLE). "We expected the resolution to squeak by in a hotly debated floor fight. We were floored by the overwhelming support."

Led by co-chair Jeff Horton, the two-year-old NEA Gay and Lesbian Educators Caucus also proposed and passed Business Item #22, a measure that gives the Student Sexual Orientation Resolution its implementation power. The new resolution calls for an analysis of existing programs which will

then be presented to the NEA next year, along with new recommendations to meet the needs of gay and lesbian students.

While the NEA cannot mandate its local affiliates to institute new programs, it strongly encourages them to do so. Suggested measures include sensitizing teachers, adding gay topics to family life education classes, and designating a staff person at each high school to be a specialist in gay and lesbian concerns.

The caucus primed the Representative Assembly with an educational campaign before the vote and arranged an elaborate floor strategy to get its arguments heard. Speakers advocating better counseling services for gay and lesbian students spoke to more than 8,000 delegates.

The only opposition came from participants who thought it unfair to single out lesbian and gay students for special treatment.

Roxanne Bradshaw, NEA secretary-treasurer, responded with the story of a

The NEA cannot mandate its local union affiliates to institute new programs.

gay student who tried to commit suicide because of the social pressures against him. She vowed never to remain silent again on the issue.

The resolution passed by the 1.9 million-member NEA differs from the one its smaller, rival union — the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) — passed last week by taking a stronger advocacy role, according to Birle. The AFT's measure merely reaffirms a nondiscrimination policy, which Birle said the NEA has had in its bylaws for years. But the NEA measure "acknowledges for the first time in a national resolution the existence of gay and lesbian students."

Voter Pamphlet Fight Won

Whether you consider it a wordy nuisance or a critical guide for exercising your democratic privileges, the Voter Information Pamphlet that gets stuffed into your mailbox would have gotten a lot slimmer next voting season if Chief Administration Officer Rudy

Nothenberg and the Examiner had had their way. Brought before the Board of Supervisors last week, the Nothenberg-Hearst proposal sought to severely limit the ballot arguments in the voter handbook to lone "official" pro and con viewpoints. Decried by community activists as "censorship with a vengeance," the proposal was soundly defeated.

Grass-roots coordinator Pebbles Trippet led the fight, calling the measure "the greatest attack against democracy this city has seen since Moscone and Milk got assassinated."

City Registrar Michelle Corwin, who favors freeing the pamphlet from a lot of extraneous prattle, argued that no other county in the state allows for paid ballot arguments. Corwin said during the last election, many ballot arguments stooped to nasty personal affronts rather than arguing the issue at hand. "I got many complaints from voters who, I fear, will stop reading the pamphlet."

While paid ballot arguments will still be allowed, the decision to raise the \$300-\$500 price tag of running an argument was delayed until a budget analyst delivers an assessment today at City Hall.

Arson Alert

An arsonist described as "in a frenzy, driven by a sick mind" swept through the Castro an hour after midnight Monday setting a series of fires, one of which caused \$300,000 damage to two Hartford Street residences, according to San Francisco Fire Battalion Chief Michael Moran.

While fire fighters were fighting a three-alarm fire at 172 and 174 Hartford, the demented arsonist was a block away lighting yet another blaze. No injuries were reported.

"It's very difficult to say whether the fires were antigay or not," said Randy Schell, a spokesman for Castro-based Community United Against Violence (CUAV). "Obviously this neighborhood was targeted — that makes it very, very suspicious."

But fire investigator Richard Kusich is assuming that the fires were "random" rather than a gay-bashing rampage. Minor fires each causing about \$2,000 in damage broke out at 319 Eureka, 231 Hartford and 621 Waller.

Fire officials are warning Castro and Duboce Triangle residents to keep their yards free of flammable debris and to lock up combustible liquid. Residents are urged to report any suspicious activity to Inspector Kennedy, who is leading the case development in the Castro area.

SOMBAZAAR Starts Weekly Flea Market

What's new to do after Sunday brunch? How 'bout carousing a high-ended block party — in the words of Folsom Street Fair Producer Gary Walker, "a totally unique event like San Francisco has never seen before!" It's called SOMBAZAAR, and it's happening every Sunday beginning July 17.

Imagine an outdoor marketplace where girls can bargain for bike parts and boys canicker for tsaskes. A South of Market spread where browsers can sample food, listen to live entertainment, haggle over flea market prices and mingle with people from every San Francisco neighborhood. Billed as a

SOMBAZAAR is the brainchild of three SOMA producers: Gary Walker, of Folsom Street Fair fame; Karin Gendron, former SOMA nightclub owner; and Fil Maresca, operations and marketing consultant for the Warfield Theater.

The trio solicited and got the critical



SOMBAZAAR entrepreneurs Karin Gendron, Fil Maresca and Gary Walker plan to open a charitable flea market in Showplace Square.

SOMA street fair with the flavor of old Europe, SOMBAZAAR takes place every Sunday from 9 to 4 pm in the Baker-Hamilton parking lot at Showplace Square between Eighth and Townsend Streets.

Live entertainment opening day features local comedian Clark Taylor,

support of Tricia James, executive director of the South of Market Business Association (SOMBA).

"Without strong ties to the local community, the idea would never have gotten past square one, although others have tried," said James. The marriage was completed when Ronaldo Cian-

Imagine an outdoor marketplace where girls can bargain for bike parts and boys canicker for tsaskes.

cabaret stars Irene Sonderberg and Tim Dipasqua, a 7-year-old circus performer, belly dancer Zulicka Adhad, pianist and vocalist Dean Street and R&B singer Terrie Londee.

Several community access groups including the AIDS Emergency Fund and United Farm Workers will share vendor space with out-of-town jewelers, fashion designers, antique dealers, Tarot readers, channeling tables and 15 international food booths.

ciarulo, owner of the Baker-Hamilton Building, stepped forward with an offer to house the urban marketplace.

SOMBAZAAR is a nonprofit fundraiser for SOMBA. Several radio and TV stations will be on hand for the ribbon-cutting July 17. According to Walker, the \$25-\$150 vendor slots are in hot demand this month. Vendors wishing to reserve a booth should call 543-5611.

— Karen Everett

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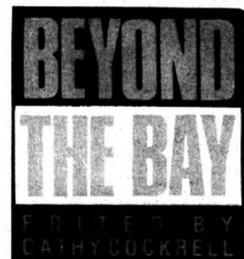
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Lesbians, Gays and KKK Rev Up for Demo Convention

ATLANTA, GA — While the Democrats are preparing for the July 18-21 national convention, lesbian and gay activists have laid plans for a strong presence there — both inside the convention hall and in the streets of Atlanta. The convention's 50 to 70 openly lesbian and gay delegates plan to meet Sunday, July 17, in a caucus co-chaired by Dukakis delegate Jack Campbell and Jackson delegate Pat Norman. What the caucus does, says one spokesperson, "depends on what happens with the platform." The caucus will be hosted by the Georgia activist group LEGAL, or Legislate Equality for Gays and Lesbians. Plans include a major rally on Sunday called "Stop AIDS, Stop Violence, Stop Discrimination. This is AMERICA!"

Activist groups including ACT UP! from New York City and the ACT NOW network are considering civil disobedience and a kiss-in and sodomy



law protest at the Atlanta capitol building Tuesday. After both the Democratic and Republican conventions, the Gay and Lesbian Freedom Ride plans to travel the South supporting gay and lesbian organizations and sponsoring demonstrations. The group plans to travel to Montgomery, Birmingham, Nashville, Lexington, Louisville, Knoxville, Jackson, Memphis, Little Rock and Baton Rouge in addition to Atlanta and New Orleans.

The National Mobilization will be in Atlanta all week "to force the candidates to discuss AIDS treatment issues," according to San Francisco-based spokesperson Paul Boneberg. He says mothers of PWAs will play an important role at the convention. The mobilization and March On (March on Sacramento organizers) are planning a die-in.

Meanwhile, the Ku Klux Klan and other white racist groups of the national supremacist movement are holding a convention at a Holiday Inn

in suburban Atlanta the weekend the convention opens. "They're going to be all over the city," said an ACLU spokesperson. As of late June, the supremacists were the only group to have received a public gathering permit. The permit grants use of the capitol grounds from noon to 8 pm Sunday and a parade and rally. The ACLU is considering a lawsuit against the state for issuing permits to the Klan without having a permit process in place for other applicants. Counterdemonstrations are being urged.

— Philadelphia Gay News

NOW President Denounces Lesbian-Baiting Astro

BUFFALO, NY — The National Organization for Women's national convention in Buffalo the last weekend of June featured one especially fine moment, when NOW president Molly Yard denounced the misogynist and anti-lesbian remarks made by the Houston Astros' Christian fundamentalist pitcher Bob Knepper.

"Knepper's statement that NOW is a blowhard, lesbian organization is simple homophobic, sexist bigotry," Yard said. "His lesbian-baiting is a worn-out scare tactic used historically to discourage women from entering male-dominated fields. It hasn't worked."

At the end of spring training in March, the National League player praised the work of home plate umpire Pam Postema, but said "This is not an occupation a woman should be in. In God's society, woman was created in a role of submission to the husband. It's not that women are inferior, but I don't believe women should be in a leadership

role." Yard told the 1,500 NOW attendees: "The women's movement is not about women wanting to be men; it is about women wanting the same rights and opportunities as men. If that's what Bob Knepper's definition of lesbian is, then we are all lesbians."

The convention also featured a tribute to guest speakers Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, who cofounded Daughters of Bilitis, the first national lesbian organization in the country. NOW officials declared August 7 "National Free Sharon Kowalski Day" and announced plans for a National Lesbian Rights Conference in San Diego October 7-10.

— The Washington Blade

Dorchester Teens Produce AIDS Rap Record

*It's a deadly virus
Broke out in a rage,
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or even sex.
Ca... Ca... Caution! It kills!
Give it respect!
Needle injection
Leads to AIDS.
Painful infection!*
from "Stop the Madness"

BOSTON, MA — After producing rap songs about crack and sickle cell anemia, a group of Dorchester teenagers has turned its talents to the subject of AIDS. A 24-track professional recording of "Stop the Madness," the group's 7-verse rap song, will soon be ready for broadcast on alternative and college radio stations throughout the greater Boston Area, as well as for playing at youth shelters, housing projects and summer festivals.

The song's mostly black and Latino songwriters and performers are involved with the Dorchester Youth Collaborative (DYC), which provides a variety of services to disenfranchised urban teens. DYC's Center for Urban Education offers programs in performance, choreography and graffiti art. While some critics say the new song's lyrics are moralistic and fail to deliver a sex-positive or gay-positive message, its lyrics will probably reach teens who are missing other AIDS prevention information.

"These kids have an incredible capacity for understanding tragedy," Center director Emmett Folgar says of the song's authors. "They can capture its smell and feel... They don't necessarily know a lot about AIDS, but

they know hardship." The group hopes to attract commercial backing in addition to the completion funding it has received from enthusiastic black, Latino, gay and AIDS groups in the Boston Area, as well as the Massachusetts Department of Public Health. For information about obtaining a recording, call DYC at (617) 288-1748.

Pentamidine Maker Seeks Image Repair

CHICAGO, IL — In an apparent bid to repair its corporate image in the gay and lesbian community, the LyphoMed Corporation, maker of pentamidine, approached the NAMES Project about becoming a corporate sponsor of the Quilt's visit to Chicago July 9-11. Chicago for AIDS Rights (C-FAR), the group that has spearheaded protests against the drug company, called the offer an unconscionable attempt to spruce up LyphoMed's image without addressing the real issues.

Under the Orphan Drug Act, LyphoMed has a seven-year monopoly on pentamidine, which is used for treating pneumocystis carinii pneumonia. It has raised the price of pentamidine by 400% in the past four years, justifying the price hikes as necessary for developing aerosol-form pentamidine before the British firm Fisons.

After the company's product manager contacted the NAMES Project May 3 expressing the company's interest in sponsorship, some suggested that the Project "take the money and run." C-FAR's Paul Adams told NAMES that if the company wanted to do something for PWAs, it could reduce the price of Pentam-300 by 75%.

— Montrose Voice (Houston)

Grand Jury Probes Swaggart Ministries in Murder Case

WACO, TX — A grand jury in mid-June began examining new evidence concerning the death of an elderly Texas woman who was murdered ten days after rewriting her will to leave about \$800,000 to the Jimmy Swaggart Ministries. The panel is trying to determine if employees of Swaggart's Baton Rouge-based operations were involved in the death of Ida Lee Baugh, a 72-year-old McGregor woman. Baugh was beaten to death in December 1983, and her husband died five days later of a heart ailment.

It was the elderly couple's housekeeper, Jacqueline Warren, who was

convicted of beating Ida Baugh to death, and who is currently serving a 99-year prison term in a Texas prison. Baugh family members claim that Warren, who had previously served two years in juvenile detention center for murdering an elderly woman in 1979, was hired through the Swaggart Ministries fundraiser and another Swaggart associate on the same day that the Baughs rewrote their wills so as to leave a fortune to the Swaggart operation.

— Montrose Voice (Houston)

Accused Murderer Mistook Lesbian for Deer?

GETTYSBURG, PA — A 28-year-old man accused of killing a lesbian camper and seriously wounding her lover told police he thought he was shooting deer, while his attorney asked the surviving woman at a preliminary hearing whether she and her lover exposed themselves and sexually teased his client.

Claudia Brenner, 31, of Ithaca, NY, told those at the hearing that her companion Rebecca Wight, 28, of Blacksburg, VA, first saw Stephen Carr on the morning of May 13, when Rebecca left their tent near the Appalachian Trail to visit an outhouse. Rebecca was not wearing clothes because she thought they were alone in the woods. The couple moved their campsite to another part of the trail that day, Brenner said, but saw the man again, this time carrying a rifle. The two were reportedly shot about 8 pm that night. Carr is being charged with first and third degree murder, aggravated assault and criminal intent to commit murder.

— The Washington Blade

Black/White and Male/Female Attitudes Reported

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN — Polls taken in the US over the three-year period 1983-1986 show black Americans more concerned than whites about AIDS and six times more likely to have changed their sexual behavior. The findings were publicized in a paper delivered at the international AIDS conference in Stockholm by Susan Black, a clinical psychologist with the Red Cross National Headquarters in Washington, DC. They are based on a series of 32 surveys with 600 to 2,000 participants each.

Of those surveyed, some 30% blacks perceived AIDS as a personal threat, while only 15% whites did. A quarter of the black respondents said they had changed their sexual behavior because of AIDS, and of that number, 58% said they were using condoms. Among whites, 40% said they had changed their sexual behavior, with 41% of that number using condoms. Blacks were also more likely to favor AIDS education for school children and more willing to be tested. At the same time, blacks were apparently more likely to support measures restricting the activities of people with AIDS, the surveys showed.

Meanwhile from Washington, DC, the results of a recent survey of 400 sexually active single adults suggest that single women are more likely to insist on using condoms than are men as a result of the AIDS epidemic. This poll, conducted for Carter-Wallace, Inc., maker of Trojan condoms, found that "intellectually, single women are responding with a greater sense of urgency to the AIDS threat by assuming more responsibility in their sexual encounters. Men, on the other hand, still have yet to identify with the AIDS crisis as a real heterosexual threat, and a real behavioral change will not occur until they reach this realization."

The survey polled 200 men and 200 women, aged 18 to 45, who had at least one new sexual partner in the previous year. Of the women respondents, 67% claimed they are very likely to insist on a new partner using a condom, while 54% of the men did.

— Montrose Voice (Houston)

LESS TALK

DAVE FORD

Deep in the Hard of Texas

Everyone in Texas drives everywhere, naturally. It's big, flat country, conducive to car travel — which is why it made perfect sense for my lover Patrick and me to really begin our two-month cross-country jaunt by picking up his parents' 1980 Honda Prelude in San Antonio and pointing its nose north.

Oh, we'd beated around the clubs and museums and parades in New York for a week, but that hardly counts as "America." It's America's fading cultural capital, maybe, but with its squashed-together skyscrapers, honk-honk thoroughfares, brow-furrowing demeanor and rattly pace, it mainly served as a perfect counterpoint to the wide-open expanses of the Lone Star State.

In the corner, a large young man served up beer from behind a makeshift bar; around the patio, couples chatted aimlessly. Some looked like reps from frat row, others like frat row rejects. Inside, the club was lit darkly. A mirror along one wall reflected the mostly mixed couples dancing to the Smiths, the Cure, Dead or Alive, and other name-brand new music bands. About 20 clubbers, all supposedly 17 or older,

"Out here, there's a kind of victory in recognizing the one other gay person in town."

A San Franciscan visiting Texas first notices the heat. You don't walk here, you slouch, slope and slink along, sweating through your shirt while the sun saps your strength. Air conditioning is not a luxury in the summer-sizzled south, it's a necessity. And the car's air-conditioned living room, since everything in Texas lends itself to driving: there are drive-through banks, restaurants, even photo-developing places.

Porch Song Eulogy

But the summer heat also toasts the nights. A patio is a *de rigeur* feature at many Texas bars. At Changes, a "mixed" San Antonio youngsters' bar set alongside train tracks and warehouses, the patio was strewn recklessly with picnic tables and lawn

leaned slinkily around the dance floor, their fashions ranging from beads/bangles/big hair to plaids and chinos.

Patrick and I talked to one 15-year-old boy. An "outsider" in buttoned-up black shirt, bracelets, red pants affixed with a snaky line of safety pins and pointy black shoes, he said that at his high school, where he's a sophomore, he's reviled. "They're a bunch of jocks," he sniffed. "And they don't like people who are different." He said, further, that he only knows about AIDS "by what I see on TV." I was incredulous. "There aren't any AIDS education programs in schools here?" I barked. He shook his head. Great. One of our nation's confused "children" — he said he didn't know if he was gay or not; he'd never had sex with anyone — adrift on a sea of information (or lack

thereof) at the dawn of his sexual awakening and experimentation.

Surf Somebody

But Texas is also full of eccentricities and surprises. At lunch one day, a woman told the story of her grandmother's friend's cat, which likes to climb up on the ceiling fan and whirl around in circles. That night, strolling on the Pier 39-like River Walk in San Antonio, a brace of queens hailed tourists in barges with the Texas beauty queen "parade wave," an arc of the arm, bracketed by two short waves. "Short-short-loong, short-short-loong," they sang out. (Camp here parodies indigenous social forms. In a region where beauty contests rule, drag is big. It's a subversion of form, but at the same time it makes fun of women, which may partially explain the enduring gay/lesbian split, especially in Dallas.) And a woman who works in interior design sneered at Texas avant-garde: "You can do anything new here — as long as the carpet is brown."

Driving one afternoon through New Braunfels, a one-horse German town nearly equidistant from San Antonio and Austin, P. and I happened upon The Boxcar, literally a train boxcar planted off the side of the main two-day highway. Inside, a shop sold... surf and skate wear! Here, seemingly out in the middle of nowhere, O'Neill tank tops and Jams swimsuits vied for attention with lycra biking shorts and shoot-the-curl surf posters. The proprietor said the shop's been open a year, does good business in the summer, and originated from an idea that his son, now 20, planted: he wanted cool Calif. fashions deep in the heart of Texas.

got the come-on eye from a busboy dressed in a Cure T-shirt and plaid shorts, his ratcheted, bleach blond spikes tied up in a bandana.

Which is what makes small-town travel intriguing. "It's easy enough in San Francisco," P. said as we whistled over a country road one day. "But out here, there's a kind of victory in recognizing the one other gay person in town." And queers abound. The Wal-Mart checker, the video-store cashier, the boy steering a wheelbarrow across a tilled field — any one of 'em locks eyes

men. On one party barge, a boy in a loincloth gyrated sunnily, watched by an obese queen with long gray hair flowing off his half-bald head. On a wide raft, two naked boys, one black, one white, tongued and groped drunkenly. "Keep it up," a nearby raft queen slurred languidly. On other rafts, guys lay face-down, an optimal position for advertising a Speedo-ensconced rear. On the shore-ringing rocks, others smoked, drank beers, read and danced to boom-box tunes.

It's a scene you don't see in San

A San Franciscan visiting Texas first notices the heat. You don't walk here, you slouch, slope and slink along.

with you for that telling five seconds, and you know you've discovered a member.

At Baylor University in Waco, where P. was a pre-ministerial student (till he saw the light; he eventually graduated in psychology), the summer school students looked squeaky clean, men with hair parted on the side and square, wire-rimmed glasses, women in make-up and summer skirts. But in the bookstore, eye electricity sizzled. A stocky young man flipping through a rack of T-shirts eyed Patrick and me surreptitiously, and the thin, boyish guy at the information booth made little secret of his interest.

"Even here?" I asked P. as we sauntered out. "Oh," he replied, "It's that Baptist look that fools you — all clean and caring. Baptists breed queers," we used to say. "A sign on the road leading to the campus said: 'If arrested for being a Christian — is there enough evidence to convict you?'"

Frosting on the Lake

The gay scenes we've seen here differ, naturally, from San Francisco's.

Camp here parodies indigenous social forms. In a region where beauty contests rule, drag is big.

In Paris, Texas, where we'd wandered our way on a Wim, listening to Ry Cooder's snaky slide guitar theme music from the 1980 film, we discovered an archetypal '50s town square: a fountain surrounded by sculpted lawns, bordered on all four sides by flat-roofed buildings and a courthouse. We were just on our way out of town when P. let out a gasp and screeched to a halt. "What?" I howled, peeling my face off the windshield. "Look," he said breathlessly. I did. There, shredding and grinding on the fountain, were four or five skinny teen Texas skateboarders.

We stopped to talk to them, naturally. They said they were, indeed, considered "rebels" by townsfolk. "They try and shoo us off the fountain," one twanged. All had been skating over a year; they said they were trying to organize some sort of a contest. "We had a sort of show over to the county fair," said one especially pimply boy, his spidery arms poking from rolled up T-shirt sleeves. "But it wa'n't so hot."

Behind the Seens

Texas is welcoming in other ways — especially outside the cities. That evening, dining in a local restaurant staffed by high-school and college students, P.

Austin, once the cool lib center of Texas, now seems deflated; High NRG ("not really gay") bars like The Boathouse stink of attitude. We spent a couple of days sunning at Lake Travis, scene of the annual May 1st Splash Day (about which the current *Advocate* features a *fabulous* report by, of course, me). Expensive speedboats nearly capsized under the beves of beefcake partying with thick, middle-aged

POTLUCK & LESS TALK alternate each week in the Sentinel

In the right hands, this can help someone with AIDS.

Volunteer for Shanti Project 777-CARE

The next Practical Support Training begins June 17th. The next Emotional Support Training begins July 22nd.

SQUAT THEATRE by Kris Kovick

NEW COMPETITIVE SPORTS FOR THE GAY GAMES

THERE'S ONE!
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SAN FRANCISCO

Sentinel

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Solidifying a Lesbian/Gay Agenda

A rapid sequence of events this year has drawn into sharp focus the precarious place of lesbians and gay men in America society and the need for our community to react to these challenges affirmatively.

Consider the following pattern:
• Right-wing lawmakers in Congress, led by Senator Jesse Helms and Representative William Dannemeyer, continue a relentless assault against the rights and dignity of people with AIDS, ARC and HIV infection.

• The Washington-based National Gay and Lesbian Task Force last month issued a report documenting the rising tide of antigay violence. Assaults against gay people doubled in 1987, compared with the previous year.

• The Democratic Party, engaged in a four-year purge of "special-interest groups," this month wrote out of its party platform any reference to lesbians and gay men, and now is poised to nominate a vice-presidential candidate with one of the worst congressional records on gay concerns.

• During the local debate over housing the 1996 Summer Olympic games, the news, editorial and sports coverage by the print and electronic media engaged in thinly veiled gay slurs, which Community United Against Violence links to an upsurge in antigay attitudes.

• And as the Sentinel reports in this issue, gay rights ordinances in Washington, DC, and Philadelphia were under attack, while proposed ordinances in Rhode Island and Massachusetts were defeated.

The question confronting us is how do we react to these threats.

While we cannot offer an exhaustive list of proposals, a few ideas are offered here for discussion.

As a community, we continue to operate in too narrow a context, confining our debates to our gay or lesbian-identified organizations. We need to branch out.

For example, in the wake of the coverage concerning the Olympics controversy, a few gay groups met for the first time with the editorial boards of the daily newspapers to discuss the quality of the coverage. Those contacts with the papers should have been initiated long ago.

Another idea, lesbians and gay men who are contacted by the media should be encouraged to articulate an enlarged agenda of community concerns. The tendency is to focus solely on AIDS. We need to direct the media's attention to the whole spectrum of community concerns, emphasizing the inclusion of issues affecting lesbians and people of color.

Also, while we nurture our gay and lesbian identities in community-based interactions and institutions, we can also pursue political and social agendas for change in nongay settings.

At a recent conference sponsored by Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom, a law student asked for advice on how to become involved in gay issues. It was suggested by a BALIF panelist that he explore the opportunities that exist in his alumni organizations, nongay professional and social groups, as well as the usual gay organizations.

Similar parallels can be drawn in every other segment of society.

Underscoring these suggestions is the ongoing recognition that we must continually hold social, educational, economic and political institutions accountable when they try to drop gay rights issues from public view.

Our effectiveness in assuring this accountability is directly linked to how well placed and how outspoken we are within these institutions when they try to downplay our legitimate concerns.

LETTERS

Gay Judases

To the Editor:
Adam Alex Sage's "How Can a Gay Be a Good Republican?" (Sentinel, Point of View, 6/10) asks how sophisticated, well-educated, well-meaning gay men and women can support the Republican Party. The answer, obviously, is that they are none of the above, but naive, ignorant of realities and oblivious to sensibilities. They may also be irretrievably fixated by Jack and Jill, otherwise called brainwashed. Perhaps some are unable to face that Eisenhower died.

Mr. Sage is undoubtedly right that self-denial of gay identity is a major cause. That old rag that Republicans are the party of fiscal responsibility is absolutely blasted to shreds when you consider that the US is the world's largest debtor nation. In 1982, it was the largest creditor nation. See last Thursday's Examiner, front page. Gays who parrot this nonsense erect a thin veil to justify their destructiveness to themselves and, worse, all persons who need civil rights protection.

The best that can be said about these gay Judases is they had the minimum taste and sense to stay out of the Freedom Day Parade! Would we be too lucky if this is a sign for hope?
Richard Nelson

Republican Response

To the Editor:
I am a member of the gay community. I am an American citizen. I live in San Francisco. I love my country and my city and I would gladly do whatever is necessary to defend the principles for which they stand. I

believe that America should defend herself and her allies against any perceived threat by whatever means necessary. I believe in civil rights for all people living here, be they white/black; gay/straight; religious/non-religious; rich/poor. I'm not racist — however, I do believe that the US should not be interfering in the affairs of other nations (namely South Africa). I believe the American welfare system should be modified to exclude the many thousands of able-bodied individuals who are using the taxpayer's money to live on. Sound conservative? I am also a registered Republican. I am not a bad person; I'm not corrupt, I'm not a fundamentalist Christian, and I'm not a follower of Lyndon LaRouche. I'm simply a young gay person with different thoughts on the world around me. Does that make me unacceptable as a gay person? I should think not. The late Leonard Matlovich is a wonderful example of a gay Republican who really loved his country and its people and fought for their rights.
Cary P. Lancaster

Cover-Sighted Coverage

To the Editor:
This is written to thank you for sharing the brilliant, compassionate and clear-sighted work of Ms. Fettner in her articles "The World Awash in AIDS: Fourth Int'l Conference Report" and "News on AZT and Other Drugs" in recent Sentinel issues. Upon reading, I wish to express my feelings of appreciation for the information she has relayed, feelings of

FULLFRAME



admiration for her dedication, and feelings of gratitude for an informed sense of security she has given me, knowing that wise and good people are deeply involved.
Plus, she's an excellent writer.
Tom Livingston

Quilt Still Needed

To the Editor:
As a member of the NAMES Project Board of Directors, I must respond to the June 27 editorial implying the NAMES Project and the Memorial Quilt are no longer meaningful or sensitive to the purpose of the original AIDS memorial. The initial reasons for creating the memorial are unfortunately still with us. The need for the expression of grief, the need to articulate the importance of each man, woman and child who has died of AIDS, and the need

to dramatize the extent of the AIDS epidemic are sadly even more important than when the Quilt was first envisioned little more than a year ago. When first conceived, the Quilt was also to act as a fundraising device for direct service agencies in cities throughout America. By displaying the Quilt in 20 cities, we have been able to activate local AIDS support networks, create funding mechanisms for local AIDS organizations in each city, and create a positive media image for the local efforts on behalf of people with AIDS, frequently where no positive local information to the general public had ever been available before. We attempt to leave all money raised at the Quilt exhibitions with the local community, and the only money taken by the seven-person road crew to help defray the costs of transportation, housing, logistics and

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POINT OF VIEW

STEVE MORIN

AIDS Commission's Flaws Overlooked

A Brave Admiral on a Ship of Fools

Admiral Watkins, chairman of the Presidential Commission on the HIV Epidemic, released his recommendations to the press on June 2nd in an effort to goad a sluggish administration and his fellow commissioners into action. Admiral Watkins' detailed and thoughtful recommendations were reviewed enthusiastically by AIDS activists and enlightened members of Congress. The commission staff, headed by Polly Gault, had pulled together a 269-page report, including nearly 600 specific recommendations, in less than a year. The document impressed even the commission's strongest critics — including me.

Watkins was saying what needed to be said — the Reagan administration had acted slowly and had no unified policy in response to the HIV epidemic. During a public health emergency, business was being conducted as usual.

The final report of the full commission was delivered to the president on June 23rd, after discussion and a vote of all the commission members. What people have missed is that many of the chairman's enlightened recommendations were not agreed to by the full commission and the final report includes many last-minute victories by the conservatives. The final report has removed any and all criticism of the Reagan-Bush administration.

No Czar and No Leadership

Missing from the final report is the admiral's recommendation for declaring a public health emergency and setting up a mechanism to speed up the federal government's response to the epidemic. The emergency response system advocated by the chairman would have established an AIDS czar who would have had the authority to cut through bureaucratic red tape and get things done. An AIDS czar could send forward budget proposals to Congress without going through the Office of Management and Budget, where overall government target budget



figures, rather than scientific data, have driven the federal government's response to the epidemic. The power to approve promising new AIDS drugs would also have shifted from the FDA to the AIDS czar, who would not be bound by the red tape currently necessary for drug approval. Not wanting to offend the administration, the commission members voted to delete this entire chapter.

Name Reporting

Perhaps the most distressing change from the chairman's recommendations deals with name reporting and contact tracing, which have become a crusade for the Right. The chairman had generally concluded that notification of sexual partners by health care providers should be discretionary and should not be imposed as a legal duty to warn. The final report states: "However, all health care providers should report HIV cases

with identification to state public health authorities. Using the information reported by providers, all public health agencies should be involved in partner notification programs...."

Thus, the conservatives were able to win concessions on two of their favorite themes, name reporting and contact tracing. Ironically, these recommendations, as embodied in Dannemeyer amendments to Rep. Henry Waxman's AIDS Counseling and Testing Bill, were rejected three days prior to the release of the commission's final report by the House Energy and Commerce Committee on a 15-5 show of hands. Opposition to the amendments was led by Rep. Ed Madigan, the ranking Republican on the health subcommittee, who cited data released at the recent International AIDS Conference in Stockholm indicating that "requiring reporting by name actually does discourage people from coming forward."

One study reported in Stockholm indicated that in South Carolina, where mandatory name reporting of those who test positive for HIV infection was enacted by the state legislature, the number of gay men seeking to be tested declined by 51 percent and the overall number of those testing positive fell by 43 percent, an indication that high-risk people were being discouraged from counseling and testing. Another study from Oregon reported that following a change from confidential (named) testing to anonymous testing, the demand for these services increased among gay men by 125%. During the same time period, the number of gay men tested at public sites in California and Colorado did not increase. Clearly, the availability of anonymous HIV counseling and testing encouraged gay men to seek these services.

No Protection and Advocacy

The final report is unequivocal in its call for federal anti-discrimination statutes. And, indeed, this may be the most noteworthy recommendation in the commission report. It should be mentioned, however, that five commission members voted against this recommendation (Crenshaw, DeVos, Pullen, SerVaas and Walsh) and that in a move to compromise with these members and avoid a minority report, the final set of recommendations dropped the critical elements that would help implement the anti-discrimination provision. The chairman had argued that a nationwide, federally-funded system of protection and advocacy be established to assist people with HIV infection in a number of ways, including helping them to assert their rights when faced with discrimination. This entire section on protection and advocacy has been dropped.

Business As Usual

Clearly, the final report of the commission has been weakened rather than strengthened by the deliberations over the chairman's recommendations. It seems likely the White House will want to weaken it even further, should it decide to pay any attention to it at all. Admiral Watkins described himself as ignorant at the beginning of the commission's deliberations. He has emerged a national hero. Our next president must also be a hero on the AIDS issue. Otherwise, it will continue to be business as usual, with the time lost measured in lives and suffering.

Michael Dukakis very quickly expressed support for the chairman's

Continued on page 15

CITISENSE

TIM TAYLOR

Reader Input Sought
How Should the Media Cover AIDS?

One of the most important judgment calls facing the editors and writers of gay and lesbian newspapers is how to handle AIDS coverage. It is an issue that currently I'm in a quandary over.

Prompting this reverie is a sense that we are at an important crossroads right now.

Politically, a new administration is imminent with the potential for change. State-house politics continue to be problematic, but the election of Art Agnos, the country's preeminent AIDS legislator, as our mayor offers boundless opportunities. His designation this week of Dr. Don Francis as a consultant on AIDS may soon be seen as a landmark shift in policymaking. On the treatment side, the emergence of traditional and alternative therapies

the critics, the crackpots from the prophets?

How do we convey facts and instill hope?

We all bristle when the nongay media uses terms like "AIDS victims" and continues to portray AIDS in the context of inevitable death, rather than in terms of long-term survivors and treatment advances. Are there other areas where coverage is insensitive?

At what point in coverage do we reach a saturation point, anesthetizing people to the realities of the epidemic? In a Point of View commentary in the Sentinel last week, author Vito Russo said as a community we are not angry enough at a medical and political system that has allowed thousands of us to die because enough straight white men do not consider AIDS a priority. How do we channel anger productively?

How do we make time to engage in the long-term strategizing needed to fight the epidemic? How do we evaluate and improve the performance of AIDS organizations and activists, while recognizing the tremendous credit they are due for enduring difficult challenges

— often without support or appropriate credit?

And in the face of this holocaust, with all of the urgent issues demanding our immediate attention, how do we integrate into our lives the other important struggles facing us as lesbians and gay men, as people of color?

What questions have been ignored,

Alice B. Toklas Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club, notes with pride that the composition of the club's leadership has shifted appreciably. Eleven of the club's nineteen executive committee members are now women, the first time men have been relegated to minority status in a lesbian and gay political club in the city.

How do we weed out the cranks from the critics, the crackpots from the prophets?

here in this column, and in the world at large.

As a community we have had precious little opportunity to have a full-throated discussion about these issues. As an editor, they continue to elbow their way into planning issues in the paper.

So, this column is an appeal for help, for you and for me. If you have views on these questions, send them to us. Write us a letter. We'll print them, and I'll use them as a guide.

As hard a time as we have had thus far, we face even more difficult days ahead. Let's get a discussion going.

Political Shift
Ron Braithwaite, the president of the

Braithwaite adds that 25 percent of the club's leaders are people of color, a product of the club's outreach effort.

Quixotic Dreams

The current issue of Mother Jones has a terrific article on how dramatically Jesse Jackson has altered the country's political landscape, uniting an unlikely coalition of rednecks and radicals.

Jackson revolutionized voting habits that a Texas redneck said, "I'm voting for the nigger."

Do we dare envision the day he says, "I'm voting for the queer"?

CATHARTIC COMICS

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

A four-panel comic strip. Panel 1: A man says, 'OH DIVA... IT PAINS ME TO IMAGINE HIM AT HOME, PACING BACK AND FORTH, WONDERING IF HE SHOULD CALL ME AND CONFESS HIS INFATUATION WITH ME!' Panel 2: A woman replies, 'I CAN'T STAND THIS... IT'S DRIVING ME MAD! I JUST BRING!' Panel 3: The man says, 'WHAT SHOULD I DO? I... I... I... FEEL FAINT... I... UHHHHH!' Panel 4: The woman says, 'HELLO? OH, HI SHERRY. YES... IT'S B.B. AGAIN. HE STILL THINKS JUST BECAUSE THE MAYOR HAS BEEN SO VISIBLE IN THE LESBIAN AND GAY COMMUNITY THAT ART MUST HAVE THE HOTS FOR HIM!' The man replies, 'OH, COME ON DIVA... THAT'S NOT SHERRY. IS IT? IT'S SHERRY. ISN'T IT?' The woman replies, 'YOU POOR WARPED CHILD...'

AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

Judicial vs. Legislative Solutions

Ending HIV Discrimination

The state of Florida recently passed legislation banning discrimination against people carrying HIV. The president's AIDS Commission called for a federal law doing the same. We know that discrimination against people infected with HIV exists, but there is a significant body of opinion that federal law already bans discrimination of this sort.

That law is Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973. It says "no otherwise qualified individual with handicaps... shall, solely by reason of his handicap... be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving federal financial assistance or under any program or activity conducted by any executive agency or by the United States Postal Service." If you think being HIV-positive does not constitute a handicap under this law, think again. The purpose of 504 is to protect individuals against discrimination in employment or education based upon real or perceived physiological abnormalities. That's why Congress wanted it to be construed in a broad fashion.

Although the United States Supreme Court had occasion last year to explain Section 504 in a case involving discrimination against a person with tuberculosis, it specifically chose to state in a footnote that it was not ruling on the question of discrimination against people with AIDS or HIV infection but with no symptoms — asymptomatic HIV.

Yet last week a federal judge in Los Angeles ruled that Section 504 does in fact ban discrimination against asymp-

tomatic HIV carriers as well as persons with full-blown cases of AIDS. Judge Pamela Ann Rymer stated that Centinela Hospital was wrong to discharge "John Doe" from an inpatient alcohol rehabilitation program simply because he tested seropositive for the AIDS virus. Rymer cited the Supreme Court

Are contagious diseases included in the definition of a "handicapped person" under Section 504?

case of last year, *School Board of Nassau County, Florida vs. Gene H. Arline*. Rymer's decision was the first time a federal judge had ruled that AIDS and HIV infection were covered by Section 504. Another federal court had earlier ruled that seropositivity for hepatitis B was covered. Needless to say, Rymer's decision can be appealed to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals and then to the Supreme Court.

No doubt it would be more comfort for the Congress to simply pass Henry Waxman's proposed legislation banning discrimination against those with AIDS or HIV infection. That would

provide the clearest protection. But after the Supreme Court's decision in *Arline*, many, if not most, legal observers felt that discrimination against persons with AIDS would definitely be covered under Section 504, because the Supreme Court's reasoning in *Arline* so clearly applied to persons with AIDS as well. A complete discussion of the law in this area is contained in an article in the *Columbia Law Review* for April. The author noted that *Arline* "made clear that those with a history of a symptomatic viral infection are protected by the act. Since AIDS is also a symptomatic viral infection, the same reasoning should apply to AIDS sufferers." Lower courts have so said, as witnessed by the ruling in favor of Anaheim schoolteacher Vincent Chalk. But the Supreme Court traditionally attempts to limit its ruling to the specific question before it rather than try to overbroad in its opinions. Consequently, one has to speculate how it would

rule on a similar case based upon its previous rulings. Anybody attempting to discriminate as a matter of policy against persons with AIDS would be taking quite a risk after the *Arline* decision.

But discrimination against asymptomatic HIV carriers — those infected but still healthy — is another matter. The law review author, Robert Kushen, argues that these persons are covered by Section 504 as well.

Looking only to the Supreme Court's opinion in *Arline*, there is good language to support his position. The *Arline* decision attempted to answer

this question: Are contagious diseases included in the definition of a "handicapped person" under Section 504? The term is defined in the act as "Any person who 1) has a physical or mental impairment which substantially limits one or more of such person's major life activities; 2) has a record of such an impairment; or 3) is regarded as having such an impairment."

Normally we think of a handicapped

Anybody attempting to discriminate as a matter of policy against persons with AIDS would be taking quite a risk after the Arline decision.

person as one needing a cane or in a wheelchair or with some other such obvious impairment. But in looking to a definition, the Court in part relied on the regulations enacted by the Department of Health and Human Services to implement their enforcement of Section 504. These regulations were approved by Congress, which is significant because it implies that Congress thought they accurately interpreted congressional intent when it passed 504. The HHS regulations state that "few aspects of a handicap give rise to the same level of public fear and misapprehension as contagiousness. Even those who suffer or have recovered from such noninfectious diseases as epilepsy or cancer have faced discrimination on the irrational fear that they might be contagious."

It's the discrimination caused by other people's fears of contagion that the law seeks to stop.

The *Arline* decision also recognized that "Congress acknowledged that society's accumulated myths and fears about disability and disease are as handicapping as are the physical limitations that flow from actual impairment."

The *Arline* conclusion is that "discrimination, based solely on fear of contagion, which is not a symptom of

the disease, is prohibited."

Because fear of contagion is the "major impetus behind discrimination against both asymptomatic HIV carriers and AIDS victims," the *Columbia Law Review* author argues that both are covered by Section 504. He points out that both the HHS regulations and the Department of Labor regulations, also approved by Congress, recognize as a handicap any impairment that

"substantially limits major life activities only as a result of attitudes of others toward such impairment." Since work itself is considered a major life activity, employment discrimination based upon HIV status is necessarily covered by the act.

It would indeed be hypocritical for the Supreme Court to take any other position when the matter comes before it. However, we saw the Court ignore the law when it upheld the Georgia sodomy statute. It specifically made clear in *Arline* that it wasn't covering AIDS and HIV. Why it went to the trouble to do so when the issues were so similar causes apprehension that if it is faced with the question, it will base its ruling on prejudice rather than fairness.

It's unfortunate that we cannot expect as a matter of course that the Supreme Court will treat us fairly. But after the *Hardwick* case it's difficult to trust our fortunes to the highest court in the land. Although a federal judge has agreed with the opinions expressed in the *Columbia Law Review*, it would definitely seem worth the effort to have Congress specifically provide legislation banning discrimination against PWAs and HIV carriers. It's too important to leave up to the Rehnquist court. ■

TRANSITIONS

Robert Ferro 10/21/41 - 07/11/88

Robert Ferro, the highly acclaimed author of such works as *The Family of Max Desir*, *The Blue Star*, and, most recently, *Second Son*, died July 11 of AIDS. His death followed that of his companion and lover of over 20 years, journalist Michael Grumley, author of *After Midnight*, *Atlantis*, *The Autobiography of a Search* (written with Ferro) and the forthcoming *Life Drawings*, who died, also of AIDS, on April 28 of this year.

It is doubtful that anyone who met Robert Ferro while he was here in February promoting his new novel, *Second Son*, suspected that it would be his last. Or, for that matter, that *Second Son* would, in many respects, serve as an epitaph for both he and Michael Grumley. Yet it is fitting that it should.

Though *Second Son* has been described as a romance between two men with AIDS, it is much more than that. It is the summation of the experience of a whole generation of gay men who suddenly found their lives defined by a medical catastrophe. What is surprising about *Second Son* in this respect is that it is a story, a history really, that is told without rancor or bitterness.

As Ferro's protagonist, Mark Valerian, puts it in *Second Son*: "His generation had made love in great numbers, not from a sense of disobeying rules or smashing traditional morality but because moral, social reasons for abstinence no longer obtained against this sudden bursting of physical beauty and exuberance into



their lives; it was the result of natural forces magnified by great numbers, into a phenomenon. Tandem notions of attachment and sex were meticulously, scrupulously disentangled. For them as for no other generation, it could be either, instead of both or neither one.

Ferro was one of the most original, imaginative and provocative writers of his generation. When other writers chose to describe our lives within the context of the gay milieu of New York or San Francisco, Ferro insisted on taking us back to a place many of us had tried to forget: home. His primary thematic concerns — that of gay men coming to terms with their sexual orientation and their family relationships — resulted in works that were both combustible and cathartic, but his insistence on our acceptance without reservation or apology was adamant and unwavering. He never condescended to give us

hackneyed happy endings but he did show us that we belonged, that we were entitled to be accepted as we were.

Many of these themes seem, in hindsight, to have been resolved in *Second Son*. Though many of the same dynamics are in place, there is a subtle shift in emphasis. When Mark Valerian and Bill Mackey meet and fall in love, their relationship allows them the freedom to transcend the indignities of their mutual illness and the machinations and permutations of Mark's family. Together, all things, even a cure, seem possible. And when Mark reflects upon the fact that —

The physical side seemed balanced, in their case, by the absence of what might have made it worse: loneliness, the fear of doing this alone, whatever it was or would be — a gradual decline, in imperceptible stages. They were not afraid simultaneously; it seemed one's fear stimulated the other to protectiveness. Fear was the dream they woke each other from

— we can, against all odds, believe it. ■

— Robert Burke

Frank J. Sutton 6/23/34 - 6/29/88

Attorney Frank J. "Burleigh" Sutton, 54, prominent San Francisco investment banker and gay activist died here last Wednesday, June 29, from complications stemming from AIDS. Born Frank Joseph Sutton in Clinton, Iowa, to District Judge Merritt L. Sutton and Zella K. Sutton, he was almost immediately nicknamed Burleigh after baseball great Pittsburgh Pirates pitcher Burleigh Grimes.

Mr. Sutton graduated from the University of Iowa and joined the Iowa



president and managing associate for FCA Asset Management. He was on the board of trustees for the San Francisco Foundation from 1970 through 1980 and was active in a number of professional banking organizations. A devoted and generous champion of

progressive causes, Mr. Sutton served on the board of the Human Rights Foundation, where he chaired the development committee and was a key figure in a multitude of capacities for the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and the Golden Gate Performing Arts Foundation. The Pride Foundation, Freewheelers, the Gay Games, Laguna Honda Hospital and Opera for Seniors were also among the regular recipients of his philanthropy. He was profiled in the 1979 CBS documentary special *Gay Power, Gay Politics*.

Mr. Sutton is survived by his lover DuMont Howard and his two sisters, Karlen Fellows of Iowa City, Iowa, and Barbara Price of Clinton, Iowa. Charitable donations may be made in his memory to San Francisco Nuclear Freeze (SANE), Act Up or the Shanti Project. A memorial service will be held at the Stern Grove Club House on Saturday, July 23, at 7:30 pm. Further information may be obtained by calling 885-1355. ■

POINT OF VIEW

Continued from page 13

recommendations. George Bush is not sure what he thinks. He has weakly endorsed the nondiscrimination section of the report but indicates he opposes spending any more money. He claims he has not had time to read the full report. Now, that's business as usual. Without leadership at the top, we can expect little practical impact from this commission's work. ■

Steve Morin, PhD, is a legislative aide to Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi and president of the California Psychological Association.

LETTERS

Continued from page 12

month in which they officially stripped the titles of Grand Duke and Grand Duchess from Tony Trevizo and Deena Jones. I feel that this action was ill considered, unwarranted and an affront to all of us 'non-Court trippers' who have supported the Court system. It has been three years since the reigns of the Thirteenth Grand Duke and Duchess ended; why has the Council waited until now to take this action? The record that Deena and Tony have in benefiting the community is exemplary; such dedication calls for bouquets, not brickbats. It seems telling that the Council will not reveal their justification for this action.

I wish to remind the Council that it

was the people of the community who chose these two remarkable individuals to be Royal Highnesses, and that they will remain so in the hearts and minds of all those who respect, admire and love them. To Tony and Deena, I express reassurance that this petty politicking in no way affects the regard in which you are held by all your supporters. Remember the words of William Blake, "Listen to the fool's reproach! It is a kingly title." Robert Vincent Walker

Film Festival Kudos

To the Editor:

Let me add the sound of two more hands clapping to the loud applause for the staff and volunteers at Frameline who presented last month's 12th San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival.

The dozens of programs to be organized all required a sophisticated logistical effort that should not go unnoticed. Not only did the Frameline people pull all that off with few visible hitches, they added any number of classy touches, including a handsome, slick program; bringing filmmakers from as far as Thailand, the Philippines and Sweden; and setting up personal appearances by Art Agnos, Vito Russo and John Waters. And what a privilege to be present for the unveiling of "Wings" (1916), the new recordholder for oldest gay film in history!

For ten nights, and several afternoons as well, I felt my heritage and pride in flourishing international culture to be in the capable — even loving — hands of expert educators and enthusiastic celebrants. Thanks to the women and men of Frameline for their hard work, and for their attainment of their status as one of our leading cultural and civil institutions. Alan Weaver

Prime Timeless Gays

The following is a letter sent to KQED regarding gay programming.

Dear KQED:

While I am glad that you have made at least a token gesture to include gay programming this past month, I am still less than happy about the scheduled hours for it. Why is it that gay people, and more importantly (perhaps), straight people who are uninformed about gay issues, have to sit up on weeknights till 10, 11 and on to see any responsible coverage? If you are truly interested in presenting these programs ("Not All Parents Are Straight," "We Are Family," "Lesbians Choosing Children," etc.), try shooting closer to prime time. Stop treating us like the fringes of

society. It seems to me that other stations have handled this issue by including a "Mature Subject Matter" warning/disclaimer before, during and after programs of a controversial nature. If this can be done for topics such as rape, missing children, domestic violence and mercy killings, why are the lives of gay people taboo? Aren't you telling us by implication that we are second-class citizens, undeserving of "normal" programming hours? That even a child molester or mass murderer rates first?

Your shows on gay parenting and AIDS were quite good, but how about the percentage of those who are not dying and/or procreating? Are you really unaware of the many contributions we have made and continue to make in the arts, sciences and politics?

If you continue to designate only the late-late hours one month a year for gay programming, what does this say to me as a potential member? Would a Jew pay dues to an anti-Semitic organization? Would a black person join the KKK if asked? You may think these are unfair comparisons, but by producing so very little so late you are promoting our invisibility. It is this insidious homophobia that disturbs me about KQED.

I think you'd be surprised at the positive response you would receive from your viewers should gay programming be slated for prime time viewing. Certainly, you would gain a member in this household. Heather Ryan

Student Report

To the Editor:

Several months ago it was reported that the first openly gay person had just been elected to the student Senate

of the University of California at Berkeley. This is a positive step to be sure, however, not entirely accurate. Steven Wilford was the first openly gay person elected to that body in 1970.

In 1973 Paul Zimmermann, another openly gay candidate, came within 10 votes of being the second. Within the past months we have lost both of these fine people to AIDS.

As we celebrate the election of the second openly gay person to the student Senate, let us remember those who came before and hope we see the third before another 18 years passes.

Leland Traiman, RN
Class of 1974
UC Berkeley

Compassion Begins at Home

To the Editor:

Today, a black wreath was delivered to the office of President Ronald Reagan with the following card: "Current estimates are that 250,000 Americans will die of AIDS! Your lack of direction for funding is the major cause. Now, you want to help the Iranians. May God have mercy on your soul!" Max B. Robb

PS

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.

AIDS LIFELINE

AIDS is everyone's business. We at KP1X-TV hope that all of us will find the time to volunteer our services or donate our resources to help stop the tragedy of this health crisis.

You can help by joining AIDS WALK San Francisco, a ten kilometer fundraising walkathon July 24th, 1988. If you would like to walk, or support a walker, call 415/989-WALK.

The following AIDS service organizations are also seeking volunteers to help people with AIDS and their loved ones.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| AIDS Project of the East Bay
415/420-8181 | 18th Street Services
415/861-4898 | The Names Project
415/863-5511 |
| Contra Costa AIDS Task Force
415/646-2525 | Family Link
415/346-0770 | Open Hand
415/771-9808 |
| AIDS Day Care Services, San Francisco Services, Inc.
415/391-2555 | Forensic AIDS Project
415/863-8237 | Paus for People with AIDS
415/626-7539 |
| AIDS Emergency Fund
415/441-6407 | The Godfather Fund
415/771-6133 | Project Inform
415/928-0293 |
| AIDS Health Project
415/476-6430 | Healing Alternatives Buyers Club
415/641-6208 | Rest Stop
415/621-REST |
| AIDS Homecare and Hospice Program
415/861-8705 | Indian AIDS Project
415/621-3485 | San Francisco AIDS Foundation
415/864-4376 |
| AIDS Inter-Faith Network
415/928-HOPE | Instituto Latino AIDS Project
415/647-5450 | Shanti Project
415/777-CARE |
| Asian AIDS Project
415/929-1304 | Jewish Family and Children's Services AIDS Project
415/567-8860 | Women's AIDS Network
415/864-4376 |
| Black Coalition on AIDS
415/822-7228 | Metaphysical Alliance
415/431-8708 | California Foundation for AIDS Prevention
415/941-1871 |
| Black and White Men Together AIDS Task Force
415/431-8333 | Most Holy Redeemer AIDS Support Group
415/863-1581 | ARIS
408/370-3272 |
| Catholic Charities, Archdiocese of SF
415/863-4535 | Multicultural Alliance for the Prevention of AIDS
415/822-7500 | |
| Dignity AIDS/ARC Support Group
415/431-3150 | | |

5
KP1X

Sentinel

A Therapist's Journey: Releasing Addiction Through Spiritual Principles

It was a stormy San Francisco night. There I sat surrounded by 40 or 50 of the city's hottest men at my party. I was 36 years old, with the perfect, handsome stud lover, a two-story, ten-room house, two master's degrees and a prestigious job as the chief therapist of an alcoholism/addictions unit at a major East Bay hospital.

I sat by the door to the chapel in our house, the chapel now decorously sealed off from the swirling party that filled the rest of our place. This chapel served as the home for a very different group of people whom I served as pastor of the little mission church I had

PERSONAL BEST

JOE TOLSON

started 1 1/2 years before. Those people appeared only on Sunday mornings and knew nothing of the current crowd of guests in leather vests and chaps.

A drink in one hand and a joint in the other, I felt totally foreign and strange, isolated from everyone, unable to understand why I couldn't make meaningful contact at a personal level with anyone in my world.

It looked like the externals of my life were all in place. The guests were duly impressed. Only I knew that I was driven and unhappy, trapped in a sick and twisted alcoholic relationship. I was dying on the inside.

How could I have bottomed out on life? I, the priest? I, the therapist? I, the helper of others? I, the witty one? I, the

Lubricating Life with Drugs

I had been living my life according to the norm and rules I had learned in my massively addicted, co-dependent family, and according to some others I had made up for myself in my desperate, ill-styled efforts to pass as a "real" human being.

Until the age of 32, I had lived a life of professional success, albeit in an unorthodox Midwestern setting. I owned a large home in an up-and-coming neighborhood with a lover involved in the same projects and concerns as I was.

Several things happened to me at

on a cold night looking into some rich person's light-filled, warm house. The drugs and booze were the keys that let me in. But instead of coming in and joining the human family, I came in and trashed the place.

I felt I had to snatch all I could get to make it happen. Fun and excitement and physical pleasure were what made the tedium and terror of human life on earth tolerable.

Getting Out of Hand

Somehow I did not notice that I was abandoning the spiritual and religious teachings of which I knew so much and which I was preaching to others. Somehow it did not matter that I lied to

find real spiritual principles to live by and that the good that has come into my life has come from learning these principles in 12-Step programs and by putting them into practice.

I had to learn that life is a gift and that the world is built to work for all of us. I had to receive pointed advice from effeminate little fellows in recovery, one of whom, after a meeting, accosted me with a telling piece of spiritual direction: "Honey," he wisped, "just get over yourself!"

Several new doctrines were hard for me to take; that it was all right to tell the truth, to try to give to others and to see what I could contribute to the stream of life rather than rip off all I could get for myself and that God would take care of me and provide for me abundantly in the process.

I had always thought that people who used words like "abundance" and "reliance on Higher Power" suffered from terminal California-itis. My previous motto had been, "Life's a bitch and then you die." Because of my professional religious involvement, I had a kind of bizarre theological thought that might be summed up as "God is dead and Mary is his mother."

While I had believed the official doctrines of the church of which I was a priest, I knew nothing of the power and love of God and absolutely nothing of the reality of miracles and healing. When I came to understand what the bumper sticker "Expect A Miracle" actually meant, I thought I should sign myself in at Langley-Porter.

Perhaps the most astounding revelation of all came when I read that "prayer actually changes things for the better" — that "prayer actually works, it changes the situation automatically." For years I had been celebrating services, singing the Divine Office, reading the Psalms, saying prayers and celebrating Mass, all in vain. I was revving up the psychic generator, but it produced no power for living my life in honesty or peace. I had to learn to pray. I had to learn how to meditate.

Once the drugs and alcohol were removed from my life God saw fit to remove a whole lot else: the church, the job, the house, money. As sections of my life fell apart I started to do the things I'd been reading about: praying for people who presented themselves as enemies, blessing people who presented themselves as a threat and turning hopeless situations over to the care of God. As I did these things, I saw

my boyfriend, abused my body, stole, sold drugs and hurt people. I was living life the best I could, but somehow it got completely out of hand.

By the age of 38 I was alone in San Francisco. I wasn't close to anyone. I had three roommates as sick as I who avoided me with studied airs of contempt. My social set was composed of fellow denizens of downtown dives. The people at work hated me and told me so.

Prostrate in my inability to make sense out of my life, I had even joined a group for families of alcoholics. My own denial had lifted enough for me to

once. My relationship ended. I began to work in the drug addiction treatment field with some very intense people who still used drugs. I began to use them myself. I found I could "lubricate the social mechanism" with increasing amounts of alcohol and grass. I could experience feelings of personal power with pills and later with speed and coke. I could vent my long-suppressed lust both in my hometown, where opportunities were not all that plentiful, as well as in weekend scurries to Chicago and in frequent "vacations" in San Francisco, jaunts a friend styled "sex and drug pilgrimages."

I was out there, getting my fair share and then some.

I had the gym-toned flesh it took to produce a good time and the money, schedule and freedom to pursue the delights I'd read about in those magazines from the coast.

I was from a family with an emotionally absent, alcoholic father and a paranoid, intense and intrusive mother. I was entirely too intelligent for most situations I was in. I had strange interests — intellectual and spiritual things: history, art, religion, the meaning of the universe. Anything that represented being far away from where I was, of consummate interest.

It was as though I were a poor wretch

Grass-Roots Approaches to AIDS/HIV Treatment Affordable Options

The Stockholm AIDS conference will continue to be a major focus in the next several columns. In response to reader requests, however, we will begin to explore the area of affordable treatment options — whether they were discussed in Stockholm or not.

Listed below are some of the treatments we plan to investigate. We don't yet know about the safety, rationality or availability/affordability of some of them. You could help by bringing others to our attention, particularly any which have worked well for you or people you know. Call Denny Smith at AIDS Treatment News. (415) 255-0588; if the phone is busy during the day, you can call any time at night and leave a message. Or write to: AIDS Treatment News, ATTN: Options, PO Box 411256, San Francisco, CA 94141.

ON GUARD

JOHN S. JAMES

We have no exact cutoff for what constitutes affordability, but are aiming for treatments costing less than a dollar a day. Many cost only pennies a day. Because of this cost criterion, many other treatments which should certainly be considered, such as AZT, acyclovir, and dextran sulfate, do not appear on this list. The big question, of course, is what role the substances listed should have in AIDS/HIV treatment, if any.

The list so far, in alphabetical order:

- antabuse (as DTC substitute)
- aspirin (or indocin, as prostaglandin inhibitor)
- BHT
- Chinese herbs
- chlorophyll (including wheat grass, algae, chlorella, etc.)
- Coenzyme Q
- DHEA
- DMG/TMG
- DNCB
- DTC (muthiol)
- fatty acids
- garlic
- germanium
- hydrogen peroxide
- lecithin
- macrobionics
- monolaurin
- naltrexone
- propolis
- selenium
- septa
- vitamins: C, B12, others
- zinc

We may also look at attitudinal approaches, lifestyle changes and self care.

What distinguishes the "affordable" list from more mainstream lists of experimental treatments, such as those found in the AIDS/HIV Experimental Treatment Directory compiled and published by AmFAR (American Foundation for AIDS Research), is not that the affordable ones are necessarily inferior, but that less is known about them. Neither industry nor government has had any serious interest in treatment possibilities which do not have commercial potential. Yet the treatments which develop a grass-roots following without promotion, like most of those above, would be excellent candidates for small, well-managed, scientific clinical trials. For one thing, the grass-roots treatments possibilities are generally safer than the high-tech options which generate commercial, governmental and professional interest.

And they are available now, not after several years of bureaucratic delay and frequently ill-designed, unethical and unworkable trials.

The US needs public policy which recognizes that people must and will make treatment decisions, and then supports them in that process.

We are becoming increasingly unhappy about reporting on treatments which have only fragmentary, anecdotal, or theoretical evidence of effectiveness — such as many of those listed above. At this stage in the epidemic, there should be direct scientific evidence that treatments actually benefit certain groups of patients. But until we have a public commitment to do the research needed to help people stay alive, we see no choice but to continue to report what evidence there is.

PCR Test Now Available

A new HIV test far more sensitive than any other is now available commercially to physicians. The new test, called PCR (polymerase chain reaction), often detects HIV infection months before the antibody test; in one case reported at the AIDS conference in Stockholm, it detected HIV three and a half years before seroconversion. Some people who are negative on the antibody test, P24 antigen, viral culture, and all other tests have been found to be positive on the PCR. PCR will prove especially useful for testing infants, because about half of the infants who test antibody positive are not really infected but only carrying their mother's antibodies, and the usual antibody tests cannot tell the difference.

No one knows how many people will be found to be positive on the PCR even though they are negative on the antibody and all other tests. And no one knows whether everyone who is PCR positive will become antibody positive eventually, or whether some people who are positive only on the PCR might have contracted the virus successfully.

The PCR detects very small amounts of a particular sequence of DNA, which contains the hereditary information of cells. For HIV diagnosis, the PCR test is used to detect genetic information inserted into the DNA of human cells by HIV.

Unfortunately the current version of the PCR only tells whether or not DNA created by HIV has been detected — it does not give any indication of how much. Therefore the test now available cannot be used to monitor how well patients are responding to treatment — or as an indicator of how well experimental drugs are working — because once a person tests positive on the PCR, he or she will presumably remain positive, short of being completely cured. Later improvements in PCR technology may enable the test to give quantitative results, so that it could be used to monitor therapy and drug trials.

How It Works

The PCR is a major scientific advance which will be an important tool for many kinds of basic research, and for the diagnosis of other diseases as well as AIDS.

The PCR test works by taking advantage of the fact that DNA can make a copy of itself, as it does during normal

cell division. The sample being tested is treated in such a way that each piece of the particular kind of DNA being tested for — if it does exist in the sample — will double into two pieces. The treatment is repeated, and the two pieces become four, then eight, then 16, etc. After 20 or more repetitions, the DNA (if any) will have multiplied more than a million times, and then can be detected by ordinary biochemical tests.

The PCR can detect HIV infection even if it is completely latent, in the DNA of macrophages or other cells, not causing the replication of virus or the production of antibodies.

Persons who are antibody positive would presumably always test positive with the PCR. Those who are antibody negative despite high risk of exposure to HIV could use the PCR for reassurance that they are negative, or to start early infection control, periodic blood work, or even treatment if they test positive.

For more background on the PCR, see "Multiplying Genes by Leaps and Bounds," *Science*, June 10, 1988.

Where to Get the PCR

The PCR is now available with a physician's prescription everywhere except New York State, which requires special licensing the producing companies have not yet obtained. The cost for the test itself is \$145, and it takes about five days to get the results.

Cetus Corporation, a biotechnology company in Emeryville, CA, developed the PCR. Last week Cetus licensed two companies to provide the test commercially. Physicians who want to order the test should call customer service at either: Pathology Institute, Berkeley, CA, (800) 438-8674 or (415) 540-1638; or Specialty Laboratories, Inc., Santa Monica, CA, (800) 882-1345 from within California, (800) 421-7110 from other states, or (213) 828-6543. The PCR might also be available through other laboratories under a subcontract with one of these two companies.

Suramin Disaster: The Story Is Told

An article in the July/August issue of *San Francisco: The Magazine* traces the history of the suramin drug trial in 1985 — the first multicenter test of an antiviral AIDS drug in the United States. This disastrous trial killed some of the participants and became a major setback for AIDS research, delaying the progress of clinical trials for perhaps as much as two years or more. It has unfortunately provided justification for slowing the pace of trials, restrictions on access to experimental treatments, the movement to accept and romanticize death in the gay community, and the corresponding attitude in government, business and medicine. In addition, it has caused the media to write off those already ill or infected and to ignore practical clinical research and public policy commitments geared toward sav-

ing lives.

Continued on next page

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Continued from previous page

ing the lives of people in those conditions.

Yet for the last several years, word of mouth reports circulating among those in the AIDS community close to the suramin trials said that major mistakes in the conduct of the trials had contributed to a disaster that was at least partly avoidable. The current article in *San Francisco* by *Sentinel* reporter Charles Lineberger brings some of this history into public view for the first time.

We learn, for example, that the National Institutes of Health didn't tell the investigators running the trial that adrenal damage was a possible side effect of suramin because "any doctor can make a clinical diagnosis of adrenal insufficiency." But the symptoms of that condition can mimic those of AIDS, so they were not recognized until too late. If the physicians running the trials have been warned, they would have included a simple test for adrenal damage.

The *San Francisco* article may help to shake the fatalism which resulted in part from the Suramin trials — a fatalism which has allowed US policy to accept projections of hundreds of thousands of AIDS deaths with remarkably little effort to avert them.

San Francisco Volunteers Needed

The Healing Alternatives Foundation (formerly Healing Alternatives Buyers Club) needs volunteers for several projects:

- Improving its AIDS library
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Volunteers can work evenings or weekends, as well as weekdays, on many projects.

For more information call Terry Beswick, director of The Healing Alternatives Foundation, at (415) 626-4053, or stop by Tuesday through Saturday, 1-5 pm, at 273 Church St.

The Healing Alternatives Foundation is a nonprofit organization based on the philosophy that AIDS is a treatable disease.

PERSONAL BEST

Continued from page 16

willingness to give up almost all of my old ideas and to become teachable. I had to give up Joe's ideas of how things ought to be and to accept the metaphysical principles and simple spiritual tools in order to see my life begin to work.

In some ways my life has gone from being a complete cosmic disaster to a profound human tragedy. There is still a long way for me to go. I am far, far from being a clean and clear channel for the Divine Light. Recovery for me has been a very slow process and I have a lot of holdouts, areas of self-will I somehow refuse to expose to the Healing Ray.

Today I am still a priest. I am still a therapist. For that matter, I am still an addict, alcoholic and co-dependent. But I am no longer running the show and I am no longer killing myself. I have come to learn some simple spiritual principles by which the world works. As I apply them for myself, my life works, too.

Joe Tolson is a therapist in private practice in San Francisco, specializing in AIDS/ARC and substance abuse work. He can be reached at 563-8514.

SAN FRANCISCO
Sentinel

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISA HESTER



TRAVELING

by Cathy Cockrell

It is the mother who does the traveling out through the world of city streets with its signs and turns, the cars and crossings, vendors and yelling. Carrying packages she looks a bundle herself, winters, wrapped in a long wool coat.

A father, thin and fastidious, owns a soft wine-colored ascot. He likes a few well-made things he can barely afford, folded in precise ways, kept in particular places. An ordered world he rarely leaves except to follow the same, sure route to his work. The man is never seen outside his neighborhood.

He has a phobia," the mother explains. She dies, pneumonia, and he cannot get to the hospital. The daughter, living two years later in the care of a godmother, travels along, weekends, across the city; the steps of the streetcar are high. The father's room, attached to back of a big house, has its own door and lots of windows. Newspapers are piled near the foot of a simple bed, on a deep wood chest covered over with a gray quilt. The father always seems glad to see her when she comes to visit.

"Enter, little friend." There are bottles in the window — blue and green. His forehead is high, his temples hollow with a raised vein leading down his cheeks, half covered by the hair. "Hey you, Junebug." His name is Burt. Kicks back, stretches out on the bed, lanky, sets June up on the spread beside him. The kid's tentative, wondering. Full of grave doubt, she imagines him still at home if she were dying across town.

Blue bottles with the light coming through. Green. The light falls on the dark wood, the newspapers, the black lace-up boots set beside the bed. The windows are held in a hundred square frames. The purple beech outside the window shimmers in the light. When he's in a mood he plays piano on her stomach —

runs and chords, a choppy boogie-woogie.

Sometimes he props himself on one lead elbow and the kid. . . . She sees the hair fall against his brow. When he's at his ease, she combs it. Its tangles separating. Soft. So close. The comb's teeth are fingers, all her fingers, pulling through his hair.

How does he read June's silence, the hopeful hesitation on her brow? She listens, unsure, and Burt so near. A stir: beech leaves beating against themselves outside in a windy sky. Father. Burt-burtburt.

They happened one day to open the chest — the gray quilt pushed away, the cedar lid lifting up. Revealing. Not revealing. Simply there.

Junebug leaned over the side of the chest and looked. The chest gave up a smell of pitch and wood — like a forest with all its dark unnoticed crooks where branches join the trunks — the smell of those places, individual yet similar. June's hands flexed open, midair, above the open chest. There was the black photo album, so close. Boxes of buttons. A big pointed yellow button June had forgotten, but recognized, from a coat her mother

once wore, singing as she fastened: "Burt-on up your overcoat, when the wind blows free. . . ." Would he let her touch the things that might take her — or him — to some other place? He has a phobia. There would be other times; there would never be another time.

Burt watched the kid, frozen over the chest, its box of buttons, its combs, the album of photographs, a hat, the brooches and slips. He felt a danger. He fished up a single, faded photo. She, eager, took it from his hand. The sky pale, the woman's skin pale, the trees, in contrast, dark and fierce.

On the back, the mother's penned script, smudged on one edge: "This is me and a poinsettia bush and a beautiful white dog at the city gardens." Her head thrown back a little. A leg pushed forward. A petaled flower, from the bush, in her hand. And the scant clothes so overexposed that the dog was partially indistinguishable against them. Hard to imagine: she looked so unencumbered there — no bundles, no signs of worry.

Burt studied the picture for instruction: should he let June take it? All right, he seemed to decide, but nothing else. June saw that the wood lid had suddenly come closed again; the gray quilt was arranged on top. June lost the chance to touch the things, was saved from them again, except for one small, significant snapshot.

The blue bottle. The beech leaves purple-green. Shimmering. His dull-colored hair, lost eyes. His wine-colored ascot. "Au revoir, little friend."

June traveled back across town, the steps of the streetcar high. Her godmother waited in a house without spots, odors or pets. The world was behind. Its solaces and dangers. The city gardens. The father. The unencumbered woman. The stark white dog.

The Beautiful White Dog went between the leaves of a book. Was home.

When June came back the next week, he did not answer to her knock. The lock was

Continued on page 22

But Clara did not go sour, fade away, disappoint. Her live red hair, animal coat, the flower bag remained.



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The

Jazz Life

Thinking About 'America's Art Form' by Andrew O'Hehir

Jazz histories often begin with the proposition that the music is America's only truly indigenous art form or that it is "America's classical music." Although the first statement seems now beyond serious dispute (What are the other contenders? The short story? The musical comedy?); the second seems to involve a certain willful miscomprehension.

Neither goes very far in understanding the contradictory and revolutionary nature of jazz music and culture. Two more comfortable generalizations might be that jazz is the apex of Afro-American musical heritage and ac-

complishment and that black American music is one of the principal determinants of 20th-century culture.

No essay of this length can do justice to the state of jazz today, so I'll disavow any claim to be definitive or thorough. What I'm interested in is jazz as contradiction and as revolution, as an oppositional culture seriously at war with itself. Race is an important issue, often oversimplified by jazz writers. Sexism and heterosexism in jazz are also significant, and not just because of the nature of this publication.

Let's jump the gun on this: What can gay men and lesbians find in a music dominated by aggressively heterosexual men? Both this question and the issue of racial identity might be perceived as insubstantial, as if we were inquiring whether Jews could cook lasagna. A few inches deeper lies a sympathetic political response — jazz is the expression of an oppressed, despised minority.

Put simply, the social milieu of the jazz underground is historically similar to that of the homosexual underground, especially in mid-century America. Both were associated with bohemianism and artistic avant-garde movements in painting, poetry and the like. Both became regrettably associated with alcohol and narcotics. Both in effect were forbidden zones, nightworlds of America's bad conscience and repressed libido. To inhabit either was profoundly to reject the codes of socialized existence. Lastly, there was always more sexual experimentation in the jazz lifestyle than jazzmen or critics readily admit.

Jazz has not died in the '80s, contrary to the fears expressed by purists a few years ago. In fact, the audience for live and recorded jazz is the largest it's been

in 20 years. Many younger musicians have entered the field, including increasing numbers of women and non-Americans. Much of this activity has been directed toward the consolidation and exploration of earlier styles, leading some observers to declare that the con-



Duke Ellington (top) with gay arranger and pianist Billy Strayhorn.

temporary idiom has stagnated.

Since the death of John Coltrane in 1967 and Miles Davis' embarkation into jazz-rock electronics in 1969, contemporary jazz has been without a dominant figure or an imperious direction. Critics have hopped from branch to branch announcing their latest discovery as the music's new messiah.

At the risk of this same Warholian error, some of the primary jazz musicians of this decade seem to be the celebrated young neoclassic trumpeter Wynton Marsalis (and his tenorman brother Branford), eclectic tenor saxophonist David Murray (and his group, the World Saxophone Quartet), and the *eminence grise* of the avant-garde, saxophonist/composer Ornette Coleman. Other promising young musicians include pianist Michele Rosewoman, British saxophonist Courtney Pine, and Coleman-influenced New York altoist Tim Berne. If none of these is the grand innovator the critical mind lusts after, that reflects the times. This is the postmodern era; everything old is new again.

For most of the 1970s, jazz musicians and the jazz studies seemed split into irreconcilable factions. On one hand lay the jazz-rock fusion pioneered by Davis and his numerous acolytes, especially Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Joe Zawinul and John McLaughlin. On the other hand, experimental musicians like Braxton, Leo Smith, Marion Brown and the seminal Art Ensemble of Chicago were adding chance elements, unconventional instrumentation and technique, and the explicit influence of African and Third World musics to the atonal "free" style of the '60s.

Although a core of listeners and musicians remained in harmonic "modern" jazz, it seemed that idiom might become a freeze-dried formula, as Dixieland and big-band swing had before it. Indeed the question became whether jazz had any conceptual future. The word has long been a problem for some black musicians who felt it ghettoized their art. If the most politicized of their number were melting the boundaries of progressive rock, composed "new music" and the

Beauteous Billie: Lady Day sang the blues, and loved men and women.



non-Western traditions, what would be left for the next decade?

One of the main contradictions of jazz has already been suggested: it's essentially a collective art form, but its history is dominated by a few key individuals. These are the innovators who have pushed the music forward, with the fervor of permanent revolution, on its path of constant harmonic development. Their names are familiar to many people even if their music is not. They include, at bare minimum, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Lester Young, Charlie

Ellington was also associated with the only major avowedly gay artist in the jazz field — arranger, composer and sometime pianist Billy Strayhorn.

Parker, and the aforementioned Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman.

Having said that no single musician has dominated jazz over the past two decades, I nonetheless feel that one figure has turned the attention of the jazz world toward its own tradition. When tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon returned to New York in 1976 after a long European exile, his performances were greeted with an enthusiasm no one had expected; his quartet recording *Homecoming* was the first non-fusion LP to top the jazz charts in five years.

Gordon at his finest is a lyrical, urbane improviser in the bebop idiom of the '40s and early '50s, but the significance of his return was extra-musical. His welcome was America's attempted rapprochement with the ignored geniuses of modern jazz. It was too late to make peace with the dead — Parker, Young, Bud Powell, Billie Holiday. Gordon had survived to represent their struggles as much as his own. (His symbolic function has continued with his memorable performance as an exiled jazzman in Bertrand Tavernier's film *'Round Midnight*.)

Through Gordon's reappearance, a wider public began to see jazz as a serious music with a history of form, technique and melodic tradition, not simply as a weathervane of hipness or an inchoate aggregation of solo virtuosi. But what is the nature of this tradition, that a young man like Wynton Marsalis should steep himself in it so reverently? If we listen hard enough, we can almost hear Buddy Bolden's cornet wailing among the cathouses of New Orleans' Storyville.

Jazz music undoubtedly has a historical beginning somewhere among the marching bands, blues singers, ragtime pianists and European dance orchestras heard in the American South in the late 19th century. But its mythological and spiritual beginnings lie with Buddy Bolden. Reported to be a cornetist of extraordinary dynamism and volume, he led a band in the 1890s and 1900s in New Orleans that may have pioneered the style of collective polyphonic improvisation over a syncopated dance beat. The word "jazz" emerged to describe this style around 1910.

Less than four decades separate Bolden from the harmonic innovations of bebop, the first jazz avant-garde. I cannot do these decades justice, except to say that the dizzying pace of development indicates that jazz is something unique in world music, neither a classical music in the conventional sense nor a folk form. Classical music develops over centuries; folk music (e.g., the blues or country and western) develops haphazardly or not at all.

Jazz has been constantly under internal and external pressure. It began as a minority music even within subjugated black culture, played in gin mills and whorehouses, and originally many acculturated blacks despised it. More recently, drummer Art Blakey commented that most black people had never heard of Charlie Parker.

What I have to say about race can be said quickly, although it runs counter to our democratic instincts. Jazz is intrinsically and centrally a black American expressive form. Its blues scale, with its "wrong" flatted third and seventh, almost certainly derives from Africa. There have been excellent white musicians in every jazz style. Critic John S. Wilson has remarked, however, that one could remove every white player from jazz without fundamentally changing its history and direction. With the solitary exception of '20s cornetist Bix Beiderbecke (a key influence on both Lester Young and Miles Davis), that is prob-



Louis Armstrong, young man with a horn, circa 1925.

The first important jazz soloist (who we can still hear) is Louis Armstrong. Born, amazingly and appropriately, on July 4, 1900, he remains the most famous individual in American music and the foremost trumpeter of any musical style. Ironically, he is best remembered as a gravel-voiced cabaret entertainer, a role he enjoyed to the fullest. In his recordings in Chicago with his Hot Five and Hot Seven in the mid-'20s, he displayed a firepower, liquidity and rhythmic genius that affected improvisors for generations to come. Having defined Dixieland in its maturity, he then helped galvanize the big-band movement in electrifying live performances with the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra in New York.

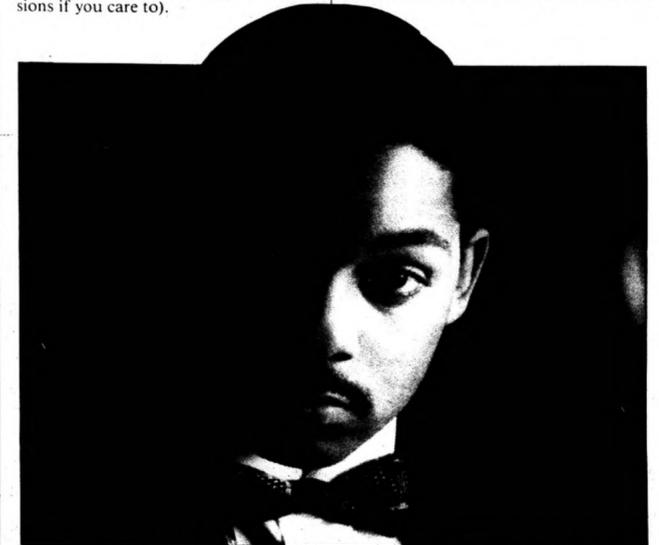
Big-band swing remains familiar as the American pop music of the '30s and '40s. Some swing bands played jazz (Benny Goodman), but the swing style was largely a charted imitation of the jazz improvising orchestras — Henderson, Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Duke Ellington. Ellington is the only essential figure in jazz who was primarily a scoring composer, not an instrumen-

talist. It has been said that the orchestra was his instrument, his improvising medium.

Ellington was also associated with the only major avowedly gay artist in the jazz field — arranger, composer and sometime pianist Billy Strayhorn. A biography of Strayhorn is long overdue — as it is, one can only wonder if homophobia kept him from appearing as a performer more often. He is described in most texts as the Duke's "alter ego" or "close friend" (draw conclusions if you care to).

American Stravinsky died at 34, a doctor at Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital logged him in as "Unidentified Negro male. Age 55."

Another major figure of modern jazz, and one much closer to bop than people notice, is Billie Holiday. Lady Day also recomposed her material — often the lamest of pop tunes — by deeply personalizing it in terms of emotion and musicality. The emotion is obvious. It's less easy to detect her improvisatory use of her unique melodic instrument. She could transform



The heir apparent: New Orleans native and trumpeter Wynton Marsalis carries jazz into the '90s.

Stereotypes are of course insidious, but Strayhorn's compositional style is undeniably wistful, erotic and sophisticated. He wrote the band's signature piece "Take the A Train" and melodically challenging ballads such as "Passion Flower" and "Lush Life." His contribution as arranger to the sensuous, haunting Ellington sound was immeasurable by all accounts.

Alone among tenor saxophonists of the swing era, Lester Young favored a light, limpid tone and lengthy, lyrical melodic lines. His solos seemed filled with ambiguity and employed unusual harmonic intervals, which at first alienated him from his bluesier peers in the Basie band. But Young's inventions inspired an entire young generation of urban players, who scorned swing as "white music" and sought a freer approach. At a series of Harlem jam sessions, Charlie "Bird" Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and other musicians gave birth to bebop, and with

not merely tune and tempi but tonal color and harmonic structure. Holiday was closely allied to Young as lover, friend and musician; each owes much to the other as melodist. To the familiar tragedy of her life I'll only add as footnote that none of the standard biographies mention her bisexuality.

The current decade has been compared to the '50s — in those years the music was either consolidating the bop revolution or reacting against it. "Hard bop" blended R&B insistency into the new form; work in this vein by trumpeters Clifford Brown and Lee Morgan, pianist Horace Silver and tenorman Sonny Rollins forms the basis for much of the contemporary jazz repertory. But the figures bridging the '50s to the tumult of the '60s (which infected jazz as everything else) are Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman.

We have come full circle — these are the highly controversial musicians whose legacies must be confronted for further

Put simply, the social milieu of the jazz underground is historically similar to that of the homosexual underground.

the entire concept of hipness.

Boppers played from the chord changes of the same pop songs swing used, but recomposed the songs almost totally. Blistering tempi, irregular rhythms, intervals and chord inversions gleaned from theory books, long and complex solos, all became standard bop vocabulary. If Parker's virtuosic alto style is not as controversial as it once was, his amazingly rapid coruscations, unresolved figures and momentary quotes from other songs on a piece like "Ko-Ko" are still ear-boggling. All jazz comes from Armstrong, but the improvising language of modern jazz, from funk to atonality, is the Bird's.

Some say they can hear a tormented man screaming in Bird's solos. He left a fruitful extra-musical legacy too — that of jazzman as junkie. Bop has its own slang, its too-hip attitude and zoot-tentious dress code, and its own narcotic. When the man who's been called the

revolutions to occur. One might well ask what revolutions are possible. Taken together, these three have pointed the way from chordal improvisation toward atonality and aharmonics, toward electronic instrumentation and toward the contemplative musics of the East. I can't discuss their accomplishments intelligibly except to appoint curious listeners to their records and suggest that chronological order is indeed helpful.

Perhaps young musicians like Wynton Marsalis and David Murray seek to mitigate the haste with which unassimilated styles were jettisoned in the rush to follow the trailblazers. Marsalis' territory is bop and its immediate successors, while Murray looks to early Coltrane as well as Sonny Rollins and much earlier Ellingtonia. I have no doubt this rich and troubled music will find a future; for the moment that future lies in comprehending its numerous pasts. ■



Upper left (l to r) — The immortal Charlie Parker, Billy Strayhorn and Roy Eldridge. Sweden, 1950.



Bottom — The sax man: a pensive Dexter Gordon. Paris, circa 1963.



Right — Jazz intellectuals Ornette Coleman and Anthony Braxton shoot some pool.

TRAVELING

Continued from page 19

undone and the door swung open. She stepped into the room, its smell of wood and of his particular brand of cologne.

Late afternoon, turning to evening, the room darkening and the windows so still between her and the purple-blue backyard. June thought of walnut meats, the high, then deep, places hidden back behind the membranes. Water in the bottles. Yellow-green cologne inside its container.

She inhaled, searching for changes: how long Burt had been away; the things he cooked himself to eat — fried potatoes, coffee. She couldn't smell those things, nor whiskey from the half-full bottle, into the smell of liquor: the bottle tipped, the whiskey flew through the bottle's throat, as it reached the back of her own — something she would not dare except Burt, where are you out in the lost world you stay away from? The liquor scalded its way down, swallow by swallow, till she perched, then sank, into the stuffed chair. She felt happy, as if listening to Burt while he lay across his bed, his head against the low, rear bedstead. Time, she imagined him saying, could run out any day!

"Look, Junebug, there are things I've never said. I don't know why. I've always meant to and wanted to give you at least that." A hum sound comes from out of him, as if in answer to the reproach or hurt in her guarded eyes. "I did. Look: do you know the earliest thing I know about myself? They say I was walking with my mother, no older than four."

June remembered the high reach of her own arm to her father's. She was three. Her legs performed the miracle of walking, a bit wobbly, mother of the man, for he was wreathed in the smell and sweat of alcohol and more unsure on his feet than she, as she led him along.

"... They cracked up. They said they'd never heard a kid say anything like it."

She imagined Burt finishing his story of being four, and that she had missed almost all of it! Mad at herself, then him.

"Father, it's not like you ever gave me practice at such things — listening — my head so stuffed with what it makes up. . . . Burt!

But he hadn't stopped, she imagined. He was still recalling, the house he grew up in; its smells; how his sister, dead Aunt Priscilla, had looked and acted; how June's mother was.

June drew her legs up close on the cushion, nodding asleep and generating heat and pictures that came in waves, the room closed out behind her eyelids. She slept and dreamt.

Burt came home. Threw on the lights, drank from the bottom of the bottle, heaved himself onto his bed. He watched June's fitful then heavy sleep, pressing a finger against his lips.

The next time, from the top, battered step; the doorknob was reachable, but locked. Father, let me in. Strange for him not to answer; he did not work Sundays. "Burt, let me in, please." She shook the doorknob. Thought she heard him stirring

inside. Or was it the branches of the beech tree? A random piece of rubbish moving in the yard outside his windows? He had his curtain drawn across the low panes, the one she was tall enough to peer through. The glass bottles stood dull-colored against higher panes, some filled part way up with water, and cuttings of plants stuck in. "A glass of water, Burt."

The sound of Burt's feet inside the house, against the floor boards. The wood vibrated under her feet as he approached. She felt the door's motion as it opened, making a wedge of his life visible. A slightly smaller-than-usual wedge?

"Junebug! How are you?"
She saw the bureau, the wood chest, a bit of his stuffed chair, and part of a woman's leg. And 'enter, little friend? Instead he opened the door wider, gestured her on in. She met a lady with red hair. It grew in waves, like the hot red waves of color you might see through your eyelids on the beach. Her smooth, crossed legs.

She saw some hint of trouble in the deepest, low places of the lady's face. Burt's spare, neat space grew cluttered with their unasked questions. Against the press of them, the woman's legs stirred; the hem's waves moved. Thank you, lady. Because the woman broke the silence.

"I'm Clara."
"I'm June."

"You've come a ways. Would you like a glass of water?" The water trembled in June's glass as she held it. Waves of trouble and color and the dull overcast day. June lifted the glass and drank, its thick bottom holding Burt, distorted, in her view. Burt on one elbow, watchful, but this time so intently watchful. Worry was caught in Burt's face; his limbs were twisted together in an unfamiliar, awkward way.

"Junebug," Burt said quickly. "This is my new wife." That scabbling look of his. The clouded way that Clara looked back at him. "I've been telling her about you.

fond of Grace, June's godmother, and had never cared a whit for what worried Grace. June felt it, did it show? Because Clara said something right away.

"Shall we walk together and wait for it?"
"It. What? June must have asked, without asking, because Clara said "the streetcar." Oh yes, lady. June must have smiled, because Clara smiled. Burt did not smile. Something else moved through him. He said — no, did not say, but gestured, or started to. As if to tell Clara "don't go"? Is that it, Burt? "Don't go." And "no." And "no." That word he'd answer, round and full of its precise gravity, if you asked him "please" or "join me," if you looked back, or showed you needed. It would form in his face even before it fell from his lips, heavy and inevitable. The word he sometimes did not even say out loud yet seemed to say. Like this time, as if Clara would hear it and hold back.

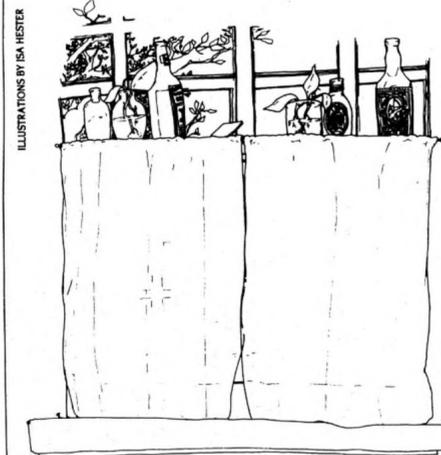
Instead she lifted her coat from the chest and slipped into it. As Burt, abruptly decisive, got his own coat from the corner chair, got Junebug's, feeling June's delight and reproach, it seemed, because of his shabby explanation: "Got to work the Junebugs out." Lights out, the door slamming behind them as they traipsed across the flagstones with the bordering tufts of grass. The intimate sounds of the backyard behind them, saying a goodbye.

And the feel of it. Not Burt's and Clara's expressions, nor even the cut of their bodies against the air, but having Burt travel so far out in the world. Is it because of Clara, a beauty, who you call your wife? Is it true, with mother, when she needed, that you let her die? You just standing there at home. So useless. So she died. And can't you even see it now, how Clara needs? And me, too, father, can't you even see?

He did not say. The houses stood in a row, close together like a fist. Soon they would reach the place where the streetcar stopped, just before the corner statue of the martyred general with its streams of pigeon doo and of pale green running down the darkened bronze. Clara in her long wintry fur. Burt in his salt-and-pepper wool coat, his ascot, and his lace-up boots, looking thin and towering. June, feeling his silence, his hand stiff in hers, looked apprehensively for traces of the fear that might be overcoming him. And to think he had changed, maybe. Because of Clara, perhaps, his beautiful new wife, he called her. But then again, maybe it was only because Clara had come. And Clara, did she understand these things? Did she know others, secrets?

They had reached the stop where the streetcar waited. June had to rush to get aboard. Out the window, as the streetcar began to move, she saw Clara and Burt turn back toward his house. And saw the martyred general's pale green tears as the car passed by him, carrying her away. ■

Cathy Cockrell. *The Sentinel's* assistant news editor, is the author of two collections of fiction — *Undershirts and Other Stories* (1982) and *A Simple Fact* (1987). "Traveling" appears in the latter book. Both are available from local bookstores, or from *Hanging Loose Press*, 231 Wyckoff Street, Brooklyn, NY 11217.



Her rust-colored hem. Fingers curled around the ends of the stuffed chair's arms, as if crushing a flower. A dark fur coat lay on the chest, touching the foot of the bed near Burt. There remained the hint of some rich, burnt color it had once been. It was matted and June watched a single raveled thread hang from its lining, against the quilt. A cloth handbag with a big flower print, its sides gathered at the top onto sticks, was at the foot of the chest.

They were only a coat, a handbag, a lady, June told herself. Because they seemed to have some weight and life of their own: not a coat but a familiar, furred animal that lay sleeping, exhausted, on Burt's wood chest; huge-headed hydrangeas and mums that massed together on the floor. It must be the lady with red hair who gave them their life. Maybe she had a whole world of such things: china cups, glass butter dishes, records she sang to, her voice clear. She was so pretty.

June felt a for-no-reason bashfulness.

She saw some hint of trouble in the deepest, low places of the lady's face. Burt's spare, neat space grew cluttered with their unasked questions.

Showed her the photo album." June felt pleasure, distrust, and bashfulness. She imagined Burt proud, his new wife politely looking at the photos — June at ages two and three. There was something wrong with it. Would he really pull out her photos, show them off? Or had Clara found the thing and asked Burt? With her red hair singing had she wanted to know more about her stepdaughter, the one in the photo with sand on her knees?

"Who's this, Burt? Our girl?"
"That's my June, my Junebug."
"Oh Daddy! Lady!"

Clara watched the kid's knotted, bothered face, the thick way she had begun to breathe. Clara seemed to know about that, somehow, because the troubles in her own face appeared to move and shift.

Oh lady, mother, don't go sour! But Clara did not go sour, fade away; disappoint. Her live red hair, animal coat, the flower bag remained.

Burt said "Isn't it about time, June? Won't Grace be worrying?" Burt was not

CULTURE CLASH

ROBERT JULIAN

No Room in Paradise Desert Disaster

Extending beyond the edge of the air mattress, my arms dangle lifelessly beneath the clear blue surface of the water as I am gradually propelled across the pool on minuscule waves generated by other bathers. In the shallow end of the pool, several young married couples squat unceremoniously in an attempt to escape the afternoon heat. It is 116 degrees in Palm Springs.

Over the last ten years, I have made about 20 trips to the desert, and most of them have been for long summer weekends. There is no fog; I never have to wear much more than a bathing suit, and until recently, Palm Springs has been deserted in July and August. There seems to have been a common understanding among desert rats that summers in Palm Springs were strictly for queers and locals. It is an understanding that seems to be breaking down.

Change has come gradually to the desert, and most year-round residents are not pleased with recent developments. On my last visit, I remarked to a cab driver that I was surprised to see so much smog had made it over the mountains. He quickly corrected this assumption by explaining, "It didn't creep over the moun-



Liberace's Palm Springs Home



PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA



Palm Springs

Perhaps the most searing indictment of the new Palm Springs is the recent election of Mayor Sonny Bono.

tains, we made it ourselves on this side. I've lived here for 30 years and this one is the last. Me and my wife are getting us a trailer and moving out to the real desert, Death Valley. We came here because it was clean and beautiful — quiet and peaceful — but things have changed."

The hallmarks of change can be found everywhere in the desert. Anyone with a rental car can drive out Highway 111 through the adjacent communities of Cathedral Canyon, Rancho Mirage, Palm Desert and Desert Hot Springs, and spot the glaring neon signs of progress. Enormous shopping malls, condominium developments, tract housing and resort hotels stretch from the foothills of the San Jacinto mountains across the desert and clutter the large open spaces.

There are already over 400 hotels and motels listed in the Palm Springs telephone book, and in peak season, 30 major air carriers and 52 commuter flights land in Palm Springs each day. The chamber of commerce proudly predicts that air traffic is expected to increase 25% in the next two years. Statistics like these, and the inevitable congestion that results from such an influx of tourists, have caused me

to abandon all thoughts of returning to the desert during peak season. The crowds not only seem boorish, but the thought of waiting over an hour to get a table in a restaurant is not consistent with my idea of a vacation. It is, however, consistent with the entrepreneurial goal of making money.

One of the more industrious and successful purveyors of desert profit is the Marriott Corporation. Marriott is building a new 250-room hotel (The Courtyard) in Palm Springs; it operates the large Rancho Las Palmas Hotel in Rancho Mirage; and last year it opened the 892-room Desert Springs Resort in Palm Desert. Desert Springs is built around a manmade lake with motorized gondolas that float right into the lobby to transport guests to their rooms.

shopping mall that stretches horizontally from two city blocks. It is a place where I, Magnin's and the Sharper Image outlet strike a precarious balance with Frannie's Fudge Emporium and

Wayne Newton in concert. Seats are \$30 in advance, and 1,000 of the 3,000 available seats have already been sold.

If summers in Palm Springs now bring Wayne Newton fans, it seems a logical assumption that the queer contingent is on the wane. The gay bar scene is more quiet (read: boring) than ever, and many gay hotels, once flourishing in the desert, have closed their doors or changed ownership. The new proprietors of resorts like Desert Paradise, Desert Palms and the infamous Dave's Villa Capri have changed the names of the establishments, and many new owners are attempting to attract a more mixed or, in some cases, exclusively heterosexual crowd.

At the nadir of this trend are the cheap, no-tell motels, now capitalizing on crowds of college students who have recently discovered the desert and drive by the carload over the mountains from Los Angeles to "party down," Ft. Lauderdale style. One such establishment on Palm Canyon Drive offers an off-season package of six weekend nights for \$180 — with no limit on the number of people staying in the same room. This year during spring break, Palm Springs police cracked down on the brash, boozing student population with several arrests, trying to assert their authority over a town that already seems to be running somewhat out of control.

But perhaps the most searing indictment of the new Palm Springs is the recent election of Mayor Sonny Bono. Placing the ex-Mr. Cher at the head of municipal government would not seem to bode well for Palm Springs' future. I got you babe?

Having mastered the art of air mattresses long ago, I flip over onto my stomach without leaving the water. More than ever, I feel like a stranger in this place, a Speedo warrior in Jantzen territory. But the desert sun is still warm. As it beats relentlessly down on my naked shoulders, I drift in and out of consciousness and my mind travels away from the present to thoughts of what was — and what could have been. ■

If summers in Palm Springs now bring Wayne Newton fans, it seems a logical assumption that the queer contingent is on the wane.

escape the mall-o-mania overtaking surrounding areas. But that was before Eddie DeBartolo, owner of the San Francisco 49ers, entered the picture. Demolishing a series of small shops on Palm Canyon Drive, DeBartolo built Maxim's De Paris Suite Hotel (\$180-\$450 per night in season) and the adjacent Desert Fashion Plaza, a multi-level beige and pink marble

Loco's T-Shirts.
But it is the city of Palm Springs that is striking the coup de grace for this quiet oasis with the new Palm Springs Convention Center and adjacent 410-room Wyndham Hotel. The center has eleven meeting rooms, three exhibit halls, a lecture hall and additional space reserved for expansion. The main exhibit hall will accommodate 6,813 persons

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**Films Replace
Opera at Summer Series
Shrinking Showcase**

The San Francisco Opera Center's Operaphile Film Fest was a hastily organized and belatedly publicized series. There was only one film in the set, for example, that I really wanted to see (Grace Moore and Georges Thill in Charpentier's *Louise*), and by the time I received notification of the event, I already had plans for that evening. The more's the pity since the idea of presenting the films made of operas together with films that are about operatic subjects is an intriguing one.

Rumors around the scene have it that the Opera Center had hired Herbst Theatre for a Baroque opera production that never materialized, and since it could not get its deposit back, decided on a film festival as a replacement. This is the third summer in a row stories have cir-

culated that the Opera Center was planning an 18th-century work to be presented in Herbst as a collaboration between the young singers in the Merola Program and the stylistically informed Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra of Berkeley.

**Is one staged performance as much
as we should expect to see in the
Showcase series?**

culated that the Opera Center was planning an 18th-century work to be presented in Herbst as a collaboration between the young singers in the Merola Program and the stylistically informed Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra of Berkeley.

glistening harmonies of Handel or Hasse might even encourage these young singers to forsake those plush vibratos that seem in time only to degenerate into unseemly wobbles. Add to this the authenticity of the Philharmonia Baroque with its insightful conductor Nicholas McGegan, and the project would seem to this commentator worthy of the highest priority.

Instead, this year the Showcase offered a contemporary opera at Theater Artaud and the film festival. All would have



Cutest tenor ever? Kevin Anderson as Cherubino admires Amparo's (mezzo-soprano Wendy Hoffman) polish in Hiram Titus' *Rosina*.

been forgiven had the single live offering been worth the paper it was printed on. Hiram Titus' *Rosina*, intentionally planned as a sequel to Rossini's *Barber of Seville* and Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, was a melodically tawdry and harmonically innocent affair about how the Countess Almaviva leaves her philandering husband and shacks up with Cherubino in Madrid. Cherubino, it turns out, is a painter, and the Count discovers his wife's hiding place when he sees one of Cherubino's pictures of Rosina as the Madonna with baby Jesus in her arms in a Madrid art dealer's shop. When the Count reveals himself, he proposes to Rosina that she return with him to the castle.

The big moral dilemma in the drama is supposed to center on Rosina's decision, which in the end is to return to luxury, because, after all, Cherubino may not be all that faithful either. But except for a few insignificant bows to Strauss' *Rosenkavalier*, did the composer make anything special of Ros-

ina's predicament? No, the music remained inert. Even at its supreme moment, Titus' score did not bloom into song, even though his style depends entirely on his melodies. He does not employ harmony as either an intensification of the emotion of the moment or as a structural underpinning of the whole. Nor is the rhythm itself ever very in-

teresting or complex. Titus' is singer's music, that much I will grant. All the intervals were vocal in their essence, and that was a plus. However, few of the Opera Center's principals took advantage of this. Though Kevin Anderson is as cute a tenor as I have ever seen, he has only two or three real notes in his voice. He virtually threw away acres of music in the performance I heard, which was the second. Ann Panagoulas as Rosina (though she also looked lovely) took most of the first act to warm up and focus her pitch. Only Victor Ledbetter as the Count Almaviva began singing as soon as he walked onto the stage.

Who could have believed in Hiram Titus' *Rosina* enough to get it staged?

If Hiram Titus has any real talent as a composer, it was obscured in this setting, though I hold the libretto more at fault than the singers. His story, simplistic in itself, recalled Rossini at his most inspired and Mozart at his resplendent best. Nothing so constricts today's talent as comparison with the best of the past. Titus has neither Rossini's insouciance nor

who's confessed to a string of murders, only that he be punished for his sins, real or imagined. (Almodovar has been quoted as saying: "Religion was a nightmare in my childhood. The Catholic religion is based on punishment and horror." A sentiment sure to find sympathy with most gay audiences.)

The director once again delves into the whole question of gender — what's masculine, what's feminine, and why ultimately it doesn't matter. Here he explores one of the last Spanish strongholds of machismo, bullfighting, and turns it on its head. In Almodovar's hands, bullfighting becomes the art of killing, a dance of death — and undying love — between the two protagonists, Diego and Maria (Assumpta Serna), as they circle each other, alternately victim and seducer. At film's climax Maria proves more than a match for the former matador.

One wonders why the Opera Center's Showcase series cannot get such an obviously worthy project onto the stage.

Mozart's sophistication. He should not have assumed the task of rivaling, for it did not inspire him. As his first act final proved, he couldn't even copy Rossini well.

Now, of course, I support the Opera Center's performances of recently composed music. We should have more of them and, no, I don't expect all of them or even most of them to be worthy of the best of the past, but who could have believed in Hiram Titus' *Rosina* enough to get it staged?

And is one staged performance as much as we should expect to see in the Showcase series? Instead of a second, we

Pedro Almodovar's 'Matador' Miracle Mix

What continues to be most satisfying about the films of Pedro Almodovar is their director's daring. *Matador*, made the year before 1987's hit, *Law of Desire*, opens with the "hero" Diego (Nacho Martinez), a bullfighter forced into retirement after a near-fatal goring, furiously masturbating in front of his VCR to what appears to be a Spanish equivalent of the American slasher classics of the '60s like *Blood Feast*, where young girls are decapitated, disemboweled, etc. It's a discomfiting yet hilarious beginning (trust me) that sets the tone for this lunatic, delightful black comedy.

In *Matador* Almodovar picks up many of the issues he's explored previously in *Dark Habits*, *What Have I Done to Deserve This?* and *Law of Desire*. He gleefully satirizes the Catholic Church in the person of a "pious" mother (Julietta Serrano) who's not interested in the guilt or innocence of her son Angel (Antonio Banderas)

In a decided change of pace, Almodovar has pulled the reins in on this feature. Although the secondary characters and situa-

tions are still as bizarre as ever, there's a focus here — on the two main characters and their relationship — that grounds *Matador* in a way that an Almodovar film hasn't been before. The director has jettisoned a lot of the madcap, throwaway humor to concentrate on this couple and their ever-tightening, murderous duet.

Almodovar is much in evidence, and as a result, Diego and Maria are less fleshed out, more controlled, than his other heroes and heroines. They're more abstract than, say, Tina and her brother Pablo in *Law of Desire*, more like the director's ideas, the physical embodiments of various drives — and less like individual human beings. Fortunately, Almodovar doesn't interject himself to the point that Diego and Maria become unbelievable. It's clear that they belong to a special species best left to itself; their eventual coupling is both logical and inevitable, though none the

**In a decided change of pace,
Almodovar has pulled the reins in on
this feature.**



Bite the bullet: Maria (Assumpta Serna) fends off Diego's (Nacho Martinez) advances in Pedro Almodovar's *Matador*.

who's confessed to a string of murders, only that he be punished for his sins, real or imagined. (Almodovar has been quoted as saying: "Religion was a nightmare in my childhood. The Catholic religion is based on punishment and horror." A sentiment sure to find sympathy with most gay audiences.)

The director once again delves into the whole question of gender — what's masculine, what's feminine, and why ultimately it doesn't matter. Here he explores one of the last Spanish strongholds of machismo, bullfighting, and turns it on its head. In Almodovar's hands, bullfighting becomes the art of killing, a dance of death — and undying love — between the two protagonists, Diego and Maria (Assumpta Serna), as they circle each other, alternately victim and seducer. At film's climax Maria proves more than a match for the former matador.

In Almodovar's world nothing ever turns out quite as expected. A brutal rape scene degenerates into a comedy of errors as Angel, the would-be rapist desperate to prove he's not a homosexual, faints after the neighbor he's attacked falls and cuts her head on the pavement. Angel can't stand the sight of blood. Later, the neighbor threatens to cut his balls off if he ever tries it again, and her mother remarks that what's worse than getting raped is "having to tell everyone about it."

less suspenseful for it.

In addition what makes *Matador* different from Almodovar's previously seen work is its look. Cinematographer Angel Luis Fernandez has given it a sharp, slick surface not unfamiliar to *Vanity Fair* readers, and the lush

to a class all by himself. This is a film that shouldn't have worked but does — a tightrope romp of kink and madness that is surprisingly touching and rings disturbingly true.

The backbone of the movie and what keeps it from lapsing

**This is Almodovar's most skilled,
accomplished film, not because of its
high production values but because
of its assured execution.**

visuals superbly complement this highly charged tale of romantic longing and obsession.

Part of the charm of Almodovar's earlier pictures was their genuine tackiness, a raw quality that perfectly fit the lurid, dime-novel stories the director loved to tell. Now, in a scant few years, the tackiness has been replaced by a suave self-confidence. This is Almodovar's most skilled, accomplished film (although *Law of Desire* was more ambitious), not because of its high production values but because of its assured execution.

Pedro Almodovar was once dubbed the "Spanish John Waters," and although *Matador* contains flashes of America's Sultan of Sleaze (a model shooting up backstage vomits in another's lap, the camera leers at the prominent buttocks and crotches of young bullfighting students), it vaults its director in-

into camp absurdity is Almodovar's faith that what he puts up on the screen is indeed real. In a recent interview he insisted, "I am a complete realist. Those aspects of life that are called bizarre are the most normal to me. Politicians and yuppies are the strange people because they put up a facade."

The director's conviction that his work depicts a world stripped of facades allows him to strike the right note of sincerity in a film that sounds silly and overblown when recounted as a plot summary. How Almodovar brilliantly turns this improbable mix of farce and melodrama into a souffe of black comedy is the miracle behind *Matador*.

Matador has just ended its run at the Kabuki, but the Roxie has plans for an Almodovar retrospective in October. Watch for it then.

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**In the Ghetto at Chacha's
Funhouse Frenzy**

What is it about restaurants in the ghetto? Although the local gay male community must be one of the most food-savvy captive audiences anywhere — a city of amateur and professional chefs — restaurants in the Castro tend to be embarrassingly inept, fatuously "exotic," outrageously expensive, as well as incredibly crowded. If people want to be there, enjoying the liberty to cruise, camp or cradle a companion's hand without fear, they will want to eat there, too.

We deserve better. Better than a roomful of Tiffany lamps and a plateful of microwaved Chicken Wellington, better than cough-syrup spareribs (via Memphis or Hangchow), better than a goopy omelette floating in a puddle of grease. There are exceptions: We've had comforting, honest, fairly priced dishes at Welcome Home, and the food at Cafe Flore — if it gets to you before it's absolutely cold — can be very good. We greeted the

news of an authentic Mexican restaurant opening on 18th Street with excitement, and our first meal at Chacha's held out the possibility that, finally, a serious restaurant had arrived in the ghetto. Unfortunately, a second visit nearly eradicated all of our hopes.

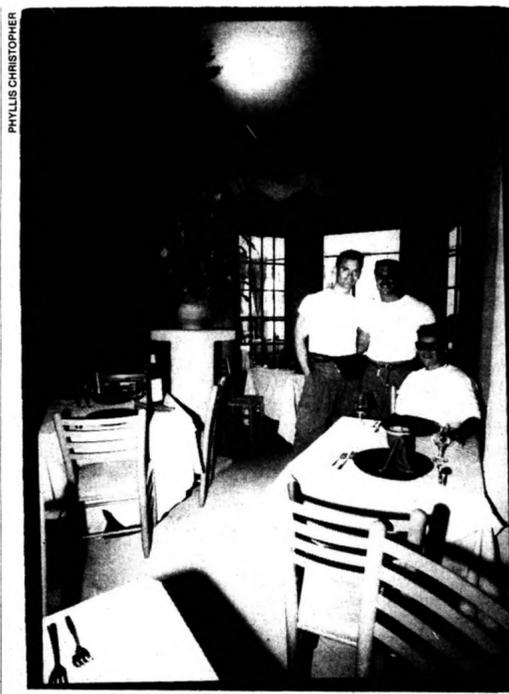
We like to concentrate on what's on the plate, but the decor of Chacha's is so in-your-face it requires mention. Several day-de de Chirico-esque receding

arches along the walls increase the perceived volume of the small room — but with the number of tables crammed in, it takes more than an optical illusion to make you feel comfortable. Removing just one or two tables would make a difference.

We undertook our first meal the night of Gay Freedom Day, and the confetti strewn over the folk-art presentation plates, the giant Mayan lifesavers and dog masks on the walls somehow complemented our celebratory mood. Chacha's can pride itself in offering a kind of service that is *de luxe*, yet friendly. The waiters are buffed and gelled charmers of disarming manner — ours touched us affably on the shoulders after we sat down, shaking out our napkins, later asking, "How is everything please?" with genuine concern.

There are no chips on the table, which is actually a relief (at Leticia's the green salsa is so overloaded with salt it becomes less something to eat and more something to keep the bartender busy). Instead, you receive a basket of warm tortillas and a dish of peppery *salsa cruda*. You wash down the tortillas with a chilled *Chihuahua* drawn from an ice-filled galvanized pail (4 for \$6) or the *House Peach Sangria* (\$10 a liter) — very sweet in a way reminiscent of those cans of peach nectar from your grade school lunch box and very intoxicating, if you're looking for that.

We shared an appetizer *Quesadilla with Crab, Fresh Spinach and Garnished with 3 Salsas* (\$7.50), an enormous griddled flour tortilla filled with crabmeat, barely-cooked ribbons of spinach and cheese



Chat and chew (but grab a balcony table) with the buffed and gelled at Chacha's.

that's big enough for three to share. The three sauces — corn relish, lime-spiked guacamole and a *salsa cruda* of tomatoes — provide a welcome sour counterpoint to the rich crab and cheese. These salsas keep reappearing with other dishes, which stretches their charm.

The best appetizer, and the best dish we ate at Chacha's, is

the glorious *Sopa De Lima* (\$3.50) — chicken soup, slightly tart and slightly hot, with corn kernels and pieces of tomato and chicken floating in the nearly limpid broth. A little garnish of woven strips of fried tortilla adds perfect crisp-soggy texture to this beautiful little study in protein sweetness tempered by the tart-

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page
ness of citrus. We wish we could find as good and sparkling a soup in the Mission.

The second night's appetizers were less successful. A special of stuffed calamari in its own ink was pretty dreadful — the squid was chewy, its rice stuffing unpleasantly nubby, and the whole thing tasted as if it had been overcooked even before it was reheated. The sauce, however, a *molé*-like distillation of the ebony sweetness of the ink, was good, though the fried tortilla shell underneath it all was unpalatably tough.

Grilled skewers of *Pork and Chicken Marinated in Beer and Black Bean Sauce* (\$4.95) rested on another inedible tortilla, and the meat, though tasty, had been left on the grill too long — probably the inevitable result of threading pork and chicken on the same skewers. The accompanying *chili apricot chutney* was a little sweet for the meat. It might be good for breakfast, on toasted sourdough.

While waiting for your entrees, you turn your attention to the music — a compilation of

Even when the main dish is very good — like a perfectly sauteed chicken breast under a tart and fruity sauce flavored with *achiote*, the brick-red annatto seed beloved in the Yucatan — the satellite elements detract from the center. The chicken breast was garnished with grilled

Nearly all of the entrees suffer from the crowd of garnishes, condiments and side dishes that compete for your attention.

zucchini, flabby rounds of fried sweet potato that managed to taste like bad onion rings and a wedge of mushy watermelon. A piece of fresh-tasting ahi tuna — grilled until it was dry in the center — was lost in a jumble of cucumber salad, sauteed bay scallops that showed their age, roasted new potatoes, corn salsa and another array of grilled vegetables, including *chayote*, that had been loaded with a palate-stunning quantity of dried chili flakes.

presented at the beginning of the meal, rather than clammy machine-shaped ones). The fierce dried-chili salsa that accompanies these tacos is a triumph, a chocolate-brown aromatic essence that perfectly complements the beef.

The *Kahlua Chocolate Cake* is

exemplary of desserts of its type, a pancreas-targeting slab of chocolate and sugar beside a pastry-bag squirt of Kahlua-laced whipped cream, the coffee-chocolate combination striking historical resonances all the way back to the Spanish assimilation of Aztec *chocolatl*.

Colorful resort food — distinguished by excess and whimsicality — has a place, and perhaps that place is the Castro. You go to a Mexican restaurant for the bright uncooked sauces, the reds and greens and yellows, the loosening of the sacrum in an atmosphere of festive well-being. At Chacha's there's too little restraint. Some of the dishes, like the *sopa* and *tacos*, are so uncluttered and good we suspect that trapped in the funhouse there's a serious, caring, home-style cook screaming to be let out. We wish him luck. ■

Chacha's, 438 18th Street (at Collingwood), SF; 861-8234. Open for lunch from 11 am-3 pm, for dinner from 6-10:30 pm. Closed Mondays.

This review marks the return to the Sentinel of a biweekly food column, encompassing both restaurant criticism and articles about home cooking.

Our first meal at Chacha's held out the possibility that, finally, a serious restaurant had arrived in the ghetto.

tacky pop "classics," like "Crocodile Rock" and "Heart-break Hotel," sung in Spanish, that is somehow emblematic of the place: it's campy and cute and too much of it could drive you crazy. Better to take one of the tables on the outside balcony and watch the moon rise over the swiveling Cala ventilators.

Nearly all of the entrees suffer from the crowd of garnishes, condiments and side dishes that compete for your attention.

In the case of the *Vegetarian Burrito* (\$9.95), filled with a ratatouille-like concoction of peppers, onions and soft cactus, the garnish invades the central concept of the dish. It's like a garnish wrapped in a tortilla.

Much better are the *Tacos De Oaxaca* (\$9.95), a modest, accomplished dish of grilled strips of beef under a flurry of chopped lettuce and cilantro wrapped in folded hand-shaped tortillas (we wish these were the tortillas

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Opposing Perspectives on AIDS Case Studies

SOMEONE WAS HERE: PROFILES IN THE AIDS EPIDEMIC by George Whitmore. New American Library, New York, \$17.95. 211 pp., cloth.

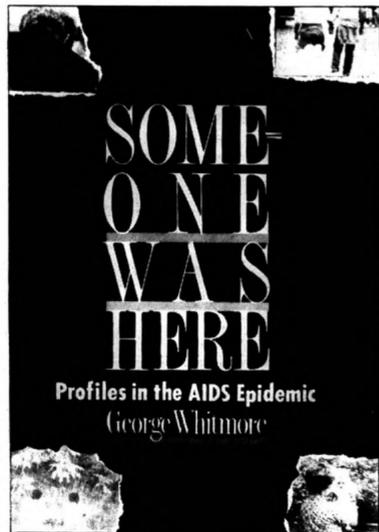
BORROWED TIME: AN AIDS MEMOIR by Paul Monette. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, \$18.95. 342 pp., cloth.

There are few nonfiction titles about the AIDS crisis that I feel I could recommend without reservation. By and large, what titles there are — and bear in mind that AIDS as a topic for mainstream publishers is a relatively new phenomenon — tend to be myopic, first-person singular accounts which give a rather skewed perspective of the epidemic. George Whitmore's new book, *Someone Was Here: Profiles in the AIDS Epidemic* is the laudable exception. It is the most significant journalistic contribution to date.

The value of any profile is not the number of specific details that the writer can provide the reader (though that, too, is important), but what the reader can personally extrapolate from the piece. In this sense, *Someone Was Here* is doing double-duty: Whitmore's skillfully honed profiles not only rescue the people most affected by AIDS — the people with AIDS, their families and their care-givers — from the morass of demographics and statistics, but also, in allowing them to tell their stories, raises important questions regarding the course of the epidemic.

Perhaps the most important of these concerns the changing face of AIDS. It is making its

way out of the gay community — albeit at a slow pace — and winding through the heterosexual population via IV drug users, their partners and their children. The majority of these people are also members of minority communities. Consider, for example, Whitmore's summation of the situation in New York City: [B]lack people make up 31% of AIDS cases, Hispanics 23%. But many black and Hispanic leaders are still reluctant to discuss AIDS. Some fear a backlash against minorities already victimized by discrimination, and they don't want to become identified with the disease. In addition, financial and other resources are scarce in



their communities. Minority groups would have to struggle hard to match the social and support services marshaled by the gay community — which, like the Gay Men's Health Crisis itself, is certainly not confined to but is largely defined by white, middle-class men.

Though the gay community has always known (at least intellectually) that AIDS is, like

There is no compulsion on Whitmore's part to make his own presence felt here; he allows his subjects to make the case.

any other disease, characterized by its profound indifference to social distinctions, it has nevertheless come to be thought of as "our" disease. The reasons for this are too myriad to enumerate here, but the fact of the matter is that we have, as a community, borne the brunt of it for the better part of a decade. Indeed, in some quarters, it has become a sort of macabre tribal totem.

Moreover, as Whitmore points out, AIDS is now transcending its initial identification with gay men. The question no longer is one of what we are going to do about it, but, rather, what our response is going to be to those people with AIDS who are not part of our community, who do not share our orientation and whose values do not coincide with ours. Will we begin to make the same sort of judgments that were made against us — that there are two kinds of AIDS, one of which is visited on the "innocent" gay population and another which afflicts those who "deserve" it vis a vis their lifestyle, in this case IV drug users? Moreover, will we be willing to adapt what we have learned — being experts by necessity — to the needs of other communities or will we, alternatively, identify them as "other" and let them shift for themselves? In the abstract, these questions might be argued ad nauseam, but in the light of the stories Whitmore has recorded in *Someone Was Here*, they become much more real and the solutions much more problematic.

Perhaps the most telling aspect of *Someone Was Here* is the fact that Whitmore chooses not to disclose his own diagnosis with Kaposi's sarcoma until the epilogue. Unlike lesser works, there is no compulsion on Whit-

more's part to make his own presence felt here; there is no hysteria, no hyperbole, no half-witted theorizing or dramatizing. He allows his subjects to make the case, interjecting himself only to contextualize the circumstances. The people who appear in *Someone Was Here* are not saints; rather, they are men and women who are, for a variety of reasons, attempting to

improve the quality of life for those who are dying.

Whether they are acting alone, as is the case of Nellie Rocha, who comes from rural Colorado to San Francisco to bring her homeless gay son home to die in peace, or acting as part of a collective or institutional effort, like Edward Dunn, a volunteer from the Gay Men's Health Crisis, and Carmen Baez, a nurse at Lincoln Hospital in the South Bronx who cares for AIDS patients when their assigned nurses won't go near them, these are the people who are making the qualitative difference. Yet, here again, Whitmore's profiles do much more than relate individual stories; for long after their stories have been told, the reader

Borrowed Time never takes the reader beyond it; anyone who has lost someone to AIDS can tell the same story.

is persistently nagged by the question: What sort of health care system is it that is so utterly dependent upon the efforts of a relatively few committed individuals to provide a modicum of care and dignity to the populations it is theoretically serving?

These are not the sorts of questions that trouble Paul Monette in *Borrowed Time: An AIDS Memoir*. Indeed, there are very few real questions at all in this self-obsessed memoir about the death of the author's lover of ten years, attorney Roger Horwitz. Monette and his lover seem to be existing in a completely self-referential world. They are both attractive, affluent gay men who seem so absorbed in one another that the travails of the day-to-day world are not only not

acknowledged, but not allowed to intrude upon what Monette portrays as their idyllic existence together. One gets the impression that such pedestrian concerns are somehow not in the best of taste. Some indications of this can be found in the opening pages of *Borrowed Time* when Monette informs us that: *The very friends who tell me how vigorous I look, how well I seem, are the first to assure me of the imminent medical breakthrough. What they don't seem to understand is, I used up all my optimism keeping my friend alive. Now that he's gone, the cup of my own health is neither half-full nor half-empty. Just half.*

Monette seems determined, in these pages, to make a case for the uniqueness of his relationship with Horowitz and their situation. But it is, given the information he provides us with in *Borrowed Time*, a case that the reader must accept on faith. One is willing to grant that he had a very close, loving relationship with Horowitz. Furthermore, one can acknowledge the extent of his grief over Horwitz's death. But *Borrowed Time* never takes the reader beyond it. There is nothing new to be found here; anyone who has lost someone to AIDS can tell the same story. Moreover, for a professional writer, Monette doesn't even tell his story especially well.

Borrowed Time runs on and on like an extended journal en-

try. There is little sense of continuity or character. It is as though Monette somehow expects the reader to intuit who all of these people — included, one might add, Horwitz — are and what their place in his story is. The fact of the matter is that readers don't know any of this and can't reasonably be faulted for not caring.

Indeed, if anything, the reader might well be justified in feeling more than a little annoyed at Monette's presumption. For *Borrowed Time* is, in a sense, very loaded material. It is, on the one hand, a tale of one man's grief observed, but it is also set up in such a way that the reader who does not respond to its sloppy structure and overwrought

Continued on page 32

Madonna and Sandra Tell All Girl Talk

Sandra Bernhard, comedian, vocalist, ribald late night talk show guest, friend of the Butthole Surfers, ex-girlfriend of former dyke drummer for the Buttholes (reportedly), and just your basic, all-around fabulous lesbian with a big mouth, caused quite a commotion two weeks ago on "The David Letterman Show" when she unexpectedly brought out her good friend Madonna.

Dressed exactly alike and seemingly inebriated, these two women proceeded to stir up quite a ruckus. The body- and health-conscious Madonna apparently doesn't drink or do drugs at all. Perhaps her fluttering eyes and lack of personal and professional inhibitions were the result of the intoxicating, long-legged and big-lipped woman beside her. Their wild appearance seemed to leave everyone asking themselves one question: Are Madonna and Sandra Bernhard going down on each other?

This wasn't conjecture on my part. The two goddesses, one very rich, one very loud, tossed out lesbian evidence like mackerel to a hungry seal. David asked if they go out and do things together and, if so, how could he become a part of it. Under her breath Madonna curly replied, "Get a sex change." He breezed past that live wire, asking where they go. They both mumbled a bit and Madonna said, "We're usually en route...to...the Cubby..." She faced Sandra square-on who hesitantly finished the sentence with "...Hole." Two lesbian friends present in my home confirmed that the Cubby Hole is a dyke bar in NY. Sandra giggled softly and said, "I can't believe you, girl."

Other tidbits of the conversation included the statements, "We do odd things," and "We split each other's split ends." Then Madonna said, "Sandra, let's cut it right now."

"Cut what?"
"You know what."
"No, I don't know what."
This sort of banter continued for some time, then Madonna said, "I think it's time to fess up and get real."
"Okay, you want to get real,

let's get real," said Sandra, loudly continuing, "Okay, okay, I slept with Sean!" (screams, roars, etc.) "And he was horrible!"

"You lie!" Madonna shouted back.

"You were much better," Sandra replied giggling.

After that statement, things oddly deteriorated, the pals left, and lesbian viewers with quickened heart-rates nationwide dropped their jaws in astonishment. Madonna looked beauti-



Genre bashers: The Mekons do it all — C&W, Irish traditional, basic rock, etc. Hear these "banshees in the industrial wasteland." (Wednesday, Kennel Club, 10 pm)

ful. I recalled the first time I ever saw her straddle a chair in that one video of hers. This sexy maneuver proved to me that she definitely has The Dyke Stuff. I bet the Cubby Hole has a line all the way around the block now, as it should. She's utterly magnificent.

Bohemian Luv Jones, She Devils

BLJ has gone through some personnel changes lately and are said to be a better swamp lounge band for it. The She Devils will undoubtedly fire up the joint more than properly with hard-edged pop by three handsome females. (7/15, Nightbreak, 10 pm, \$4)

Connie Champagne and Her Tiny Bubbles

This sharp little enchantress is a fine cabaret-style vocalist with some eclectic song choices and an endearing attitude. She deserves your attention. (7/15, Paradise, 10 pm, free)

Buck Naked and the Bare Bottom Boys, Cellophane Ceiling

Buck and crew have been on tour lately, which took them back to their home base, Omaha, Nebraska. I picture a "Let's throw our successful butts right in their faces" situation a la Janis Joplin or The Rose. They brought back a pet from Omaha named Cellophane Ceiling who will open tonight's show. (7/15, Chatterbox, 10:30 pm and midnight)

hot tops into B&D and shaving. You won't find crack here but killer Bud you can score for sure. No doubt, dude. (7/16, Stick, 2 pm, \$25)

Buster Poindexter, Beatnik Beach

Buster is back to howl and cavort with that suave and

much better. This half-male, half-female combo is one of Austin, Texas' best kept secrets. Residing in the land of bands with five guitars, Glass Eye are usually considered experimental or wimpy or "a band with girls in it." Here, and I'm so glad they're back, they took many by surprise with their toughness,

The two goddesses, one very rich, one very loud, tossed out lesbian evidence like mackerel to a hungry seal.

debonair persona that's stealing Big Bang Beat's audience and selling amaretto like mad. His platform shoes used to be so high, his lips so red. Beatnik Beach are puds. Connie Champagne should be on this bill, not to mention dueting with the headliner. (7/16, Fillmore, 9 pm, \$19, unreserved table-and-chair seating)

Tragic Mulatto, Stick Dog

I've not seen Stick Dog yet but their LP has been described as "industrial," "layered" and "collage-like." I hope they can do "fun" too. Now, TM, oh my, they're fun! Their deranged theatrics are always enjoyed but sometimes detract from one of their most basic qualities. They are indeed a good, competent band. Ugly too, God love 'em! (7/16, Nightbreak, 10 pm, \$4)

Catheads, MCM and the Monster, Frontier Wives, House of Wheels

This clever bill, dubbed The Monsters of Schlock, takes place at DNA, a venue that surpasses all the others in the decor department. Check out the bathrooms and the huge stalactites rotating above the bar amidst sporadic strobes. The four featured bands are all popular locals. This is your chance to see 'em all. No cans, bottles or coolers. (7/17, DNA, 7:30 pm, \$3)

Game Theory, Glass Eye

Sacramento's Game Theory headline tonight. I don't know much about them but I do know that their straightforward pop flair has captivated lots of critical attention. Glass Eye I know

complexity, humor. Glass Eye remind me of the searing rhythmic qualities delivered by Gang of Four and Au Pairs and what they would sound like if they'd originated on the back porch of a modest Austin home on a hot day. This band rates a "don't miss" and their latest LP, *Bent by Nature*, should be your next purchase. (7/18, I-Beam, 10 pm, \$6)

Mekons, Agitpop

From Leeds, the Mekons are a mature and prolific band. Their LPs come at a steady and frequent rate, careening through country/western, Irish traditional, and more basic rock styles with a certain "banshees in the industrial wasteland" attitude. No matter what genre they bite into, the Mekons will always sound like they live near a dilapidated, empty factory ghost town. Nobody knows who Agitpop are, so let's say they're really great, 'kay? (7/20, Kennel Club, 10 pm, \$6/7)

The Do's, Don'ts and What Ifs

Do visit Above Paradise, the recent upstairs expansion of the Paradise Lounge. Do expect Prince to tour this fall. Do check out the Iron Cowboy Club. Don't see X at The Fillmore; wait for their upcoming date at the Kennel Club. Don't quit smoking. What if Chuck Davis, one of SF's most killer vocalists without a band, met up with Lynn Perko, Ben Cohen and Mikey Donaldson, the riveting instrumentalists formerly of Sister Double Happiness, who sadly disbanded recently? Hmmm, I wonder.

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DANGEROUS CREATUREZ by Gentry Johnson

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AND NIT-PICKING IS GEEZ! COHABITATING WITH ONE OF THESE IS COMPLETELY OUT OF THE QUESTION! HOW MANY ARGUMENTS CAN YOU STOMACH HAVING OVER HOW TOWELS SHOULD BE FOLDED, OR THE FACT THAT A SINGLE KITCHEN UTENSIL HAS BEEN LEFT IN THE SINK & THAT'S ABOUT HOW LONG THE RELATIONSHIP WILL LAST.

AND SPONTANEOUS SEX IS OUT! EVEN THOUGH YOU HAVE RUBBERS HANDY, FORGET IT. YOU MIGHT SOIL THE CUCH, OR THE CURT, OR WETHEE TABLE, WHATEVER...

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WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY JOHN FRANK

16 JULY SATURDAY

Get flashed: SF's longest running improv theatre company, **Flash Family**, creates two hours of humor and theatre — solely from audience suggestions — tonight and every Saturday night through Aug. 20, 8:30 pm. Marina Music Hall Theatre, Fort Mason, Bldg. D, SF. \$8/\$5 seniors, students, children. Reservations are recommended. Res/info: 885-5678.

The Asian Art Museum invites you to their **Asian Summer Film** series: Asian film, lectures and demonstrations throughout July and August. Today's film is *The Yellow Earth* (1984), about the land surrounding the Yellow River in China's northern Shaanxi Province. 10:30 am & 2 pm. Asian Art Museum, Golden Gate Park, SF. \$4/\$2 seniors 65+. Info: 668-8921.

Also in the park today (and tomorrow) is the **Parr Antique Glass/Pottery Show & Sale**. 10 am-5 pm. SF County Fair Building, Ninth Ave. & Lincoln Way, Golden Gate Park, SF. \$3.

The Love That Dares Bookshop sponsors another book-signing, this time by **Art Bosch**, author of

Boys' Town. 12:30 pm. 506 Castro St., SF. Free. Info: 552-5111.

Get wet: Friends for Life and Young Men's Dance Club hold **Splash Dance**, a poolside tea dance to benefit AIDS Emergency Fund and Project Open Hand. Oasis, 11th & Folsom Sts., SF. \$20 adv/\$25 at the door. Tickets: All American Boy, New York Man, Headlines. Call 558-8979 for time.

Sex, violence, rock and roll: Castro Theatre screens a new collection of animated shorts (!) that you'll never see on TV. **Outrageous Animation** includes such insults to good taste as *Erection*, *Striptease*, *Lupo the Butcher* and *Jac Mac and Rad Boy Go!* Through July 24. Castro Theatre, Castro & Market Sts., SF. Call 621-6120 for times.

Get a buzz on: Join UC's Gay and Lesbian Alumni Association (UCGALA) on a **picnic and wine tour** in Napa and Sonoma counties. The Buena Vista Winery, Gloria Ferrer Champagne Cellars and one other winery (Falconcrest?) are on the itinerary. Bring a picnic lunch. \$10. There's a 35-person limit, so hurry to make your reservations! Res/info: 547-2200.

17 JULY SUNDAY

Sunday will never be the same: **Sombazaar**, eagerly awaited by packrats and yard-sale pickers, is finally here! Every Sunday beginning today the Baker-Hamilton parking lot at Showplace Square will be overflowing with bargains. This ain't just your run-of-the-mill flea market, y'understand. The organizers promise that Sombazaar will resemble a street fair or carnival, with food, music and other entertainment. 9 am-4 pm. Showplace Square, Eighth & Townsend Sts., SF. (To reserve a booth, call 543-5611.)

Put the culch back in culture: No one could top Phillip Ford's Rhino studio production of **Bad Seed** that starred Tippi, Miss X and Doris Fish. But tonight's "ABC Sunday Night Movie" tries to do just that. This remake of the '50s camp classic stars Lynn Redgrave, Blair Brown, David Carradine and Carrie Wells as the precocious nine-year-old who, when she was bad, was horrid. 9 pm. Channel 7.

The duo of **Mark deHolland** and **Kerrilyn Renshaw** play four-hand piano at an afternoon recital sponsored by Old First Concerts. The program features Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, Ravel's *Boleto* and eight of Brahms' Hungarian Dances for piano duet 4 pm. Old First Church, Sacramento St. & Van Ness Ave., SF. \$7/\$5 students, seniors. Tickets: STBS or at the door. Info: 474-1608.

The Galleon's **Summer Cabaret** is in full swing with two different shows every Sunday evening through September. Tonight's cocktail show at 5:30 pm (\$5) features chanteuse Caylia Chaiken. At the 8 pm evening show, Amy Dondy and Lauren Mayer share the stage. One-fourth of the \$8 cover for the evening show helps support the AIDS Emergency Fund. 718 14th St. (at Church & Market), SF. Info: 431-0253.

The free outdoor Stern Grove Summer Festival continues with the Merola Program's fully staged opera performance of Rossini's *Italian Girl in Algiers*, with stage direction by Matthew Farruggio. The Merola Program is the SF Opera Center's summer training program for young singers and has presented performances at the Stern Grove Festival since its inception in 1957. 2 pm. Stern Grove, 19th Ave. & Sloat Blvd., SF.

18 JULY MONDAY

Aggressive Alternatives presents **Trash Fashion Bash**, touted as the "trashiest event in San Francisco, tailor-made for black leather and hairspray." (Sounds like a night at the baths...) Touch Me Hooker, Smash Rag and Nag Nag Nag bring all your old favorites. 8 pm. Oasis, 11th & Folsom Sts., SF. \$4, with a dollar off if you're in full (black) leather drag.

KQED's new series **POV** is something unusual — television with a point of view. Tonight's edition presents two independent films: *American Tongues* (1987), about American regional dialects and *Acting Our Age* (1987), featuring six older women thoughtfully discussing the "stigma" of aging. 10 pm. KQED, Channel 9.

19 JULY TUESDAY

Film Arts Foundation sponsors an ongoing workshop, **Introduction to Screenwriting**, for beginning screenwriters and for those who have written a screenplay but need professional critique. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-10 pm, through Aug. 16, 346 Ninth St., SF. \$125 FAF members/\$150 nonmembers (fee includes membership). Reg/info: 552-8760.



Nijinsky lost and found: The Joffrey Ballet presents Vaslav Nijinski's "lost" ballet, *Le Sacre Du Printemps*, set to Igor Stravinsky's ground-breaking score. July 15 at 8 pm, July 16 at 2 pm and 8 pm, July 17 at 2 pm. War Memorial Opera House, 401 Van Ness Ave., SF. Call (415) 431-5400 for ticket information.

Male Like Me: Turn-of-the-century women who passed as men are the subject of **She Even Chewed Tobacco**, a slide and tape presentation by Estelle Freedman and Liz Stevens to be shown at 7:30 pm at La Pena Cultural Center. Sponsored by SF Bay Area Gay/Lesbian Historical Society, 3105 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley. Info: 655-3002.

Under 21 and think you might be gay/lesbian or bisexual? Want some help pushing open the closet door? SF's **Richmond Youth Rap Group** holds informal Tuesday night meetings with you in mind. Talks, videos and presentations on coming out, talking to friends, AIDS, parents, relationships and homophobia. 6-7:30 pm. 3654 Balboa St. (at 38th Ave.), SF. Info: 668-5955.

20 JULY WEDNESDAY

More than 70 objects from the Ming and Qing dynasties (1368-1912) are on display at the Asian

Museum's new exhibition **Myths and Rebus in Chinese Art**. Through March 1989. Museum hours: Wed., 10 am-8:45 pm; Thurs.-Sun., 10 am-5 pm. Asian Art Museum, Golden Gate Park, SF. \$4/\$2 seniors 65+. Info: 751-2500.

Encore Presentations, the ACT alumni ensemble, opens the second production of their summer season with **June Second**, an adaptation of William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*. First produced by LA's Pacific Theatre, this production is the Bay Area's premiere of the story of the Compson family — their triumphs, defeats and closet skeletons. Wed.-Sat. through Aug. 13. ACT Playroom, 450 Geary St., SF. \$10/\$8 seniors, students. Wed.-Thurs. only. Tickets/info: 566-4851.

Today Mountain View, tomorrow the world: **Cleve Jones** and **Mike Smith** of the NAMES Project display panels of the AIDS Quilt and talk about the recent US tour, the Stockholm conference and the upcoming world tour of the Quilt. Sponsored by the Peninsula Business & Professional Association. 8-10 pm. Mountain View Community Center, 201 Rensdorff (btw. El Camino Real & Central Expy.), Mountain View. Free.

All the hot Latin dances (as well as the more staid ballroom ones) are taught every Wednesday at **ballroom and Latin dancing for lesbians and gay men**. Beginners' classes at 8-9 pm, intermediate at 9-10 pm at Studio 204 of the Old Sears Building, 3435 Army St. (at Valencia), SF. Info: 995-4962.



Sharing secrets: **Marti Cate** stars in *Flip Side*, a kaleidoscope of humorous characters and their secret selves as shown through physical theatre and dance. July 15-16, 8:30 pm, **Centerspace**, 2840 Mariposa St., SF. Call 861-5059 for ticket information.

21 JULY THURSDAY

What is a do-si-do anyway? How do you do an allemande right when you have two left feet? And where can you get one of those pretty, flouncy and

frilly checkered dresses? These and other questions of the day are answered tonight at Foggy City Dancers' **Square Dance Classes** for beginners. New classes begin this week and continue on Thursdays, 7-9 pm. Live Oak School, 117 Diamond St. (at 18th), SF. Info: 339-0537, 586-2748.

Five local lesbian poets — including Stephanie Henderson, author of *Packing and Other Moves* — share their work at a 7:30 pm poetry reading at Old Wives Tales, 1009 Valencia St., SF. Especially for women. Free. Info: 821-4675.

As part of ATA's Hot Box series, Audrey E. Newell presents her installation and video, **Ahhhhhh!** (*A Yell of Self-Defense*). The piece is about home security, personal violation and the fear surrounding them that distorts reality and interferes with the quality of life. 8 pm. (Cablecast at 8:30 pm, Viacom Channel 25.) Artists' Television Access, 922 Valencia St., SF. Info: 824-3890.

Phyllis Diller in *Nonsense?* See for yourself. Opening tonight and running through Aug. 14. Performance schedule: Tues.-Fri., 8 pm; Sat., 6:30 & 9 pm; Sun., 3 & 7 pm. Theatre on the Square, 450 Post St., Floor 2M, SF. \$20-28. Tickets/info: 433-9500, 762-BASS.

22 JULY FRIDAY

Praised at the SF International Film Festival '88 as a "triumph of the New Chinese Cinema," Tian Zhuangzhuang's **Horse Thief** makes its West Coast theatrical debut at the Roxie. Cast entirely with Tibetan nationals, the story revolves around a man who steals a horse and is therefore driven out of his tribe to live with his family in harsh isolation. An entirely unique film "whose complex mythmaking seems like abstract art." Roxie Cinema, 3117 16th St., (at Valencia), SF. Call 863-1087 for times.

Put what you learned Wednesday to good use at a ballroom and Latin Dance Party and practice session for lesbians and gay men. 9-11 pm. Jon Sims Center for the Performing Arts, 1519 Mission St. (at 11th), SF. \$5. Info: 995-4962.

Bay Area shaman **Frank Moore** brings his performance art to the Lab for two nights, presenting his *Cave of Lila*. *LA Weekly* says, "What he's doing is impossible, and he knows it. That's good art." 8 pm. The Lab, 1085 Divisadero St., SF. Tickets/info: 346-4063, 540-0907.

Keith Cottingham shows his video work, including recent projects centered around the subjects of the self, the "other," the beautiful, the erotic and the artificial. 8:30 pm. Artists' Television Access, 992 Valencia St., SF. \$3. Info: 824-3890.

The second concert of The Lively Arts at Stanford's **Midsummer Mozart Festival** takes place in Stanford's Memorial Auditorium with a program, performed by the Festival Orchestra, that features three Mozart symphonies. Included are the "Great G Minor" and "Jupiter." 8 pm. Stanford's Memorial Auditorium. \$10-20. Tickets/info: 723-4317, 762-BASS.



976-Jerker: Robert Chesley's controversial drama covering phone sex, '70s nostalgia and AIDS realities comes to Theatre Rhino, 2926 16th St., SF. July 15-August 7, Thurs.-Sun., 8 pm. Call (415) 861-5079 for ticket information.

Would-be Village People and others converge at the Eagle for American Uniform Association's **Uniform Night**. Half-price drinks for those in full uniform. (Maybe it's time I dusted off that old Dale Evans outfit. . . .) 9 pm-midnight. SF Eagle, 398 12th St., SF. Info: 626-4594.

The SF Symphony Pops series continues with **Romeo and Juliet. Then and Now: A West Side Story**. The evening features the symphony along with Evelyn Cisneros and Jim Sohn, principal dancers of SF Ballet. The program includes Michael Smuin's pas de deux from Prokofiev's ballet score, Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* Overture and selections from Bernstein's *West Side Story*. 8 pm. Civic Auditorium, 99 Grove St., SF. \$2-23. Tickets/info: 431-5400.

EVENT OF THE WEEK

Tonight is the kickoff for **Leather Weekend** at the Russian River, an event for women and men. Show 'em who's boss (or who's slave) at a uniform party, 9 pm at The Woods, with the SF Precision Whip Drill Team and International Ms. Leather. Shan Carr. Saturday at 1 pm there's music and comedy at Fife's, where Danny Williams, Shan

Carr, Terry Foster and Sue Murphy share the spotlight. Saturday night, feel free to make a spectacle of yourself at the Erotic Fantasy Masquerade at Club Atlantis. And to round out the weekend, The Woods hosts a leather crafts exhibition at 10 am and an Erotic Leather Fashion Show at 1 pm. Info: (415) 863-9413, (707) 869-0242.

The eclectic sounds of **Peter Apfelbaum & the Hieroglyphics Ensemble** includes elements of straight-ahead and not so straight-ahead jazz, reggae, funk and blues. See them tonight at 8 pm at Old First Church, Sacramento St. & Van Ness Ave., SF. \$7/\$5 seniors, students. Tickets: STBS or at the door. Info: 474-1608.

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.



Papal pretties: Daria Donoghue and Kelly O'Connell appear in *In Real Life*, a series of vignettes depicting the surreal in real-life events and characters. July 15, 16, 22 and 23, **Trinity Church**, Bush and Gough Sts., SF. Call (415) 929-7632 for ticket information.

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Week at a Glance is the first place **Sentinel** readers turn to make their entertainment plans. And our new dining section makes the perfect accompaniment for their night — or day — on the town. To discover how your advertisement can reach our 90,000 readers each week on these pages, call Shawn Allison at (415) 861-8100.

Sentinel office hours: 9-5, M-F; 9-3, Sat.

Classifieds deadline: Tuesday noon for Friday publication. Display advertising deadline: Friday, 5 pm, for the next issue.

SAN FRANCISCO
Sentinel

July 15-21, 1988

It's a cardinal week, with the first two of the cardinal signs being featured — Aries and Cancer. Cardinal signs deal with the concept, the new idea, the fresh beginning. Just yesterday, Mars, the planet that rules Aries, moved into Aries, its home. Mars will be home and happy until January 20, 1989. On the 13th, we had a new moon in Cancer — the next cardinal sign after Aries. A new moon is always the best time to initiate a project. So it's rather like we are having a second spring in the middle of July. Take advantage of this clearer energy, this opportunity for a new approach. The above applies to all signs.

ARIES (Mar 21 - Apr 19): Now that you've had the new moon on the 13th in your "home," the 4th house, and now that Mars, the feisty, fiery, passionate ruler of your short attention span has entered his own sign, Aries, you should be feeling tip-top. You reassess your true strength and realign your priorities with a broader view of what is ac-

tually required in order for you to feel well placed within yourself.

TAURUS (Apr 20 - May 20): Speaking out and up for what you really want will work positively for you this week. Any long-range plans regarding a home move and/or career change are beginning to head toward tangible results. Feelings can be very open throttle this week, so be cautious with romance, money and the perfect stranger. Are you talking too much lately, or are you just so much smarter?

GEMINI (May 21 - Jun 20): You are trying to achieve some directional results concerning a relationship that can affect both home and career. Parenting is also emphasized, both in general and in specific. Illumination or confusion will be featured — probably both. As the week draws to a close, subtle compromises will bring about peaceful conclusions at home and in romance. Invest in your renewed sense of self-worth.

CANCER (Jun 21 - Jul 22): You seem to feel better about "things" — a direction is coming into focus. But take your time here; conclude nothing. Those "things" want further discussion, with yourself and perhaps with an understanding friend. Do not be deceived by glib promises made by work associates or siblings. As the moon squares Neptune on Tuesday night, stick to the facts and lay off the booze.

LEO (Jul 23 - Aug 22): Remember the past, but don't be seduced by it. Heed the call to new creative directions as you endeavor to increase your finances and marketable assets. Good fortune follows you this week. Use this gift to promote, not indulge, yourself. Power is waiting in the wings, prepare now. Clean the filter on your spotlight and make sure the hue is the current you. Saturday night watch health and wallet.

VIRGO (Aug 23 - Sep 22): Good times and adventure surround home base. Someone changes his or her mind on an important matter. In addition, you could literally get a lost on Saturday night. Someone will be of great help, as friends and immediate goals work hand in hand. Think twice about thinking about a job change. An important project will near completion as the week closes. Everything is expensive.

LIBRA (Sep 23 - Oct 22): Your goals and ambition have been empha-

sized as of the 13th. A large first step in these directions will be taken this week as you step out as a winner. Make your own mind decide what your work and home priorities are. The way you relate to yourself and others begins to change now as your confidence invites new people and possibilities into your life. A white lie could work wonders.

SCORPIO (Oct 23 - Nov 21): The week begins with an emphasis on how money is being spent and what can be done to improve the situation. Saturday may confuse the issue, but by Wednesday things are looking much better. Don't try to please everyone during a moment of largess on Saturday. Work begins to take on a different quality — new people and new methods. Education and travel are on for many of you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22 - Dec 21): Keep a watchful eye on a generous partner — something may be missing around Saturday... however, all is found by Wednesday. Get to work earlier than usual on Tuesday and get a jump on the big shots. A loan could work nicely if you're strapped for cash. Smart career moves will advance your goals this week.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22 - Jan 19): A romance could become a serious relationship. Make a decision because everybody is talking. Deception is possible at work. Be careful where you eat on Saturday

or carry Pepto-Dismal; your nerves are overworked in general on this day. A business agreement could culminate nicely on Wednesday. Keep up the good work; a raise is on its way.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20 - Feb 18): Sunday you find a great buy at a garage sale, which helps you feel better after that love spat on Saturday. Fabulous food binges are a threat this week — the same holds true for romance. Home base is lovely this week and you may not want to go to work. Those missing items will be found and partner finances will work out after a calm talk.

PISCES (Feb 19 - Mar 20): Romance and creative endeavors are looking good. Your sense of self-worth is stronger. However, don't let too much of a good thing get out of hand over the weekend. You have the right stuff as far as a partner is concerned, but a conservative pace is in your best interests. Health may require attention at the week's end. If traveling on Saturday you may need a map.

Douglas Hale graduated from the First Temple of Astrology in Los Angeles in the early '70s. "Astrology is a wonderful vehicle for intimate self-discovery and self-appreciation," he says. "My clients come away with a stronger sense of themselves and the creative potentials for their lives." He is available for private consultations and can be reached at 567-9226.

BOOKS

Continued from page 28

metaphors — two favorites here seem to be the fallen warrior and the sense of "walking on the moon" — with sympathy and tears feels small and mean-spirited. It is a precarious dichotomy, but it is also a fundamentally false one. It is asking that all of the book's faults be forgiven by

virtue of the author's delicate sensibilities and the ghostly nature of its subject matter. It simply doesn't happen — not in life and certainly not in literature.

To watch a loved one die of AIDS is a soul-wrenching experience, but the death that Monette is trying to record there is, relatively speaking, an easy one. There is none of the bureaucratic haggling that takes such a

toll on so many others; there seems to be enough insurance to see that Horwitz has private rooms at UCLA; and there are enough connections to see to it that he has AZT before anyone else. This isn't meant to fault either Monette or Horwitz for their success or affluence, but rather to point out again the major fault of *Borrowed Time*: its lack of context. Monette seems completely ob-

livious to the larger issues that are implicit in his story. Nowhere in *Borrowed Time* is there any indication that he is aware of the basic inequalities that have become commonplace in AIDS care. Nowhere is there any sense of involvement in a larger community. It is, in *Borrowed Time*, Monette and Horwitz against AIDS; the rest of us seem consigned to another one of his metaphorical moans.

SF Sentinel Seeks Book Reviewers

Persons interested in writing 1,000-word critical essays on books of interest to gay and lesbian readers are invited to submit applications to the *San Francisco Sentinel*. Please send a letter along with writing sample to: Book Review Editor, *SF Sentinel*, 500 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.

Dear Ken,

Thanks for worrying about me. Now that I'm over the shock of learning that I'm HIV positive, I'm actually doing OK. I was really scared at first, until I found a medical group that specializes in the management of HIV infection. Don't get me wrong—I still wake up each morning wondering if every ache and pain is related to AIDS. But having my immune system periodically monitored helps put my mind at ease. That way if I need it, I can make sure to get special treatment that could save my life.

I feel like I have so much more control over my future now, and I'm doing everything I can to stay healthy. It's nice to know that if I experience some change in my condition, my medical group will be there to help. It's great to have a place to go to get answers to all the questions I have. I wish you would visit San Francisco to talk to the people at ViRx too. Besides, I miss you.

Jeff

ViRx is a healthcare organization committed to making a decisive contribution to the fight against AIDS. We provide the most up-to-date information on the treatment of HIV infection and related diseases, and programs of ongoing clinical and laboratory monitoring for HIV seropositives. ViRx healthcare fees and laboratory costs are generally reimbursable through your private insurance. Give us a call at 415-474-2233. ViRx Medical Group Inc.

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SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

THE EXCHANGE

ANNOUNCEMENTS

AIDS BULLETIN BOARD
As a community service the SF Sentinel offers AIDS Bulletin Board listings free, space permitting.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

ARC DROP-IN SUPPORT GROUP
This is a weekly support group meeting every Thursday at 6 pm, at Health Center #1, 3850 17th Street (near Sanchez), Room 206. No fee, no advance registration. For more information, call Operation Concern, 626-7000. All persons with ARC are welcomed.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Scott at Fife's Beach, July 3rd (you're tall, slim, dark hair; you left before the fireworks — we thought we'd see each other at The Woods. Sorry I didn't make it — I wasn't feeling well and went home. Give me a call! Rick 824-2819. (29)

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

LIBRARY ASSISTANT
The Sentinel library is the only such facility among the lesbian/gay press in America. We are in the process of compiling and indexing the 13 years of our publishing history to provide our news staff and our community an invaluable resource. If you're good at organizing with an eye for detail and would like to help with this important project (4-5 hours a week), please contact Patrick Hoekel at 861-8100.

AIDS MENTAL HEALTH SERVICES
of the Pacific Center for Human Growth in Berkeley provides individual counseling and support groups for people with AIDS and ARC, their lovers, friends and families. HIV counseling is also available. Call (415) 841-8224 (M-Th 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Friday 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.) for information and appointments. (30)

EMPLOYMENT

JOBS OFFERED

Executive Director Battered women's agency. Administrative exp. required 21k to 23k. Resumes to WOMAN Inc. 2940 16th St. 94103. Deadline 7/20/88. (29)

MALE NUDE PERFORMERS
SF male erotic theatre seeks attractive, energetic exhibitionists willing to take it all off for appreciative audiences. Good pay. CAMPUS THEATRE. Info/auditions: 673-3511. (Ind)

AD REPS NEEDED
The Sentinel has openings for Advertising Representatives with Advertising & Sales experience. Please submit resume to SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF, CA 94102. Attn: Shawn Allison. (Ind)

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GAY MEN'S THERAPY GROUP

This group is designed to assist you in experiencing how you communicate and relate to other men and support you in your growth toward openness and intimacy. Sliding scale, insurance. Murray D. Levine, Ph.D.; Robert Dosssett, M.A.; Noe Valley, 861-2844 or 431-2724. (Ind)

ON-Going Group: Now Accepting New Members

What we learned in the past, especially through our families, we often perpetuate today. Sometimes we replay ineffective and destructive patterns acquired from our families. We might suffer painful memories, feel inadequate, experience difficulties in our relationships, and find life unfulfilling. If you are considering therapy, call for a free consultation.

GAY MEN'S THERAPY GROUP

Wednesday 7:30 pm
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Individual, Couple, Group Therapy
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You'll be in warm, safe, capable, trained, experienced hands — the hands of an angel, many say, in the heart of the Castro. 18th & Noe. Certified. \$35. Jim 864-2430. (M29)

ONE OF LIFE'S REWARDS

A healing massage blending strength and sensitivity. I am a certified Swedish/Shiatsu bodyworker with an intuitive and nurturing touch. My style combined gentle and deep work in a flowing massage to release tension, ease discomfort and balance energy.
90 min. \$35. Castro location.
DAVID BLUMBERG
552-0473 (M29/33)

SOMETHING SPECIAL

Whether your needs are specific or you just enjoy a good massage, you'll find in a warm oil massage in a quiet, comfortable environment. Tell me your needs and then forget it all and ease away physical and mental tensions.
\$35/Haight Location
Stephen 688-9318 (M31)

LE GRANDE MASSAGE

A deep, sensual, totally relaxing massage is what you deserve from a handsome, young masseur. \$40 in/\$55 out. Special PWA discount. 24 hrs.
Alex, 861-1362. (MI)

METAPHYSICS

ASTROLOGY CHARTS

10 page computer \$10; 10 page original \$50; 1 page answer any question \$10. Experienced. 387-0394. (29)

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First time in this area. You have read about me. You have talked about me. Now see me in PERSON for all your problems. Only one visit to me and I guarantee to give you luck the FIRST time you see me.
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SEXUAL HEALING

HOT FABULOUS MASSAGE

Young blond gives complete body massage in the nude. Certified, trained in Shiatsu, Swedish techniques. Will give you the time of your life in safe, warm environment or in your home. Call Chris for fun and games. 673-7754. (S29)

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WILLIAM 626-6210 PWAs welcome (S31)

NATURAL MAN

Offers a 70-minute oil massage in the nude. Plus a complete erotic ending. Handsome, masculine with a beautiful athletic build, 6', 165, 34 years, experienced and friendly, all ages welcome.
\$45 in, \$60 out
863-9947 (S29)

EROTIC MASSAGE

Need the touch of another man's hands on your body? Want to run your hands over his? Join MassageMates — a confidential, interracial massage exchange group, open to all types, ages & massage experience. Covers whole Bay Area. Write: Massage, Box 421028, SF, CA 94142-1028. (S29)

TRIP TO ECSTASY!

Come to my massage! Full body — buns & legs my specialty! Hot man, 6', 160#, BB'er, mouse. Call Russ anytime. In/out \$40/\$50, add \$5.00 for VISA/MC. 647-0944. Try me! (S31)

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Classes with **JOSEPH KRAMER**
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Aug 27, 28 10 am-5 pm \$125
ECSTATIC SEX, HEALTHY SEX
Aug 29, 30 10 am-5 pm \$125
TAOIST EROTIC MASSAGE
Sep 2 7:30 pm-11:30 pm \$30
HEALING THE BODY EROTIC LEVEL II
Sep 3, 4 10 am-5 pm \$125
You can take all classes for \$350 or any one for the price listed.
For reservations or free brochure call
THE BODY ELECTRIC
(415) 653-1594. (S35)

LONGING FOR

A satisfying massage? Try the experienced hands of a certified Esalen-trained professional. Indulge yourself in a fantastic full-body massage at my 17th St studio near Dolores and BART. \$30. Roy, 621-1302. (S29/32)

RIVER SIDE MASSAGE

Visiting the river? Enjoy a sensual, deep muscle with oil massage by an attractive, tall, blond, professional masseur. Leave the city behind with an unhurried vacation for your body.
50/in 707-869-2609 (30)

YOUNG MASSEUR

who knows what to do. Body Electric grad. Richard. 688-8309. (S29)

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Rhythmic, integrated, penetrating, nude massage will eliminate personal pressures. Enjoy an unhurried, nurturing oil massage by a handsome Swedish reflexology expert. IT WORKS! Castro area.
IN/30 OUT/Negotiable
JOHN 861-0843 (S31)

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Strong, hairy, defined chest & arms, 6'1", 195 lbs.
HOT
Xtra hung, firm, erotic, nude massage \$50/\$70
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A RELAXING MASSAGE by a handsome, masculine blond 6', 190, beautifully nude muscular body, summer tan Firm, Erotic Swedish Massage Massage Lotion & Table. Hard to Beat It
\$45 in/\$60 Out 75 min.
Mike 931-0149 24 hrs (Ind)

TOM, ADVENTURESOME

Built tight, muscular & hung, blond, 6', 190 lbs. Very friendly guy over 30 preferred. Sensual massage in the buff.
\$45 in \$80 out 24 hrs.
567-4572 (20)

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V-handsome Scandinavian man, weight lifter, 8" cut, blond/blue, 6', 185. Especially like small Asian & Latin men. Erotic nude massage.
50 in 60 out 931-3263 Ron 24 hrs

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Lic. #9739 ROBERT 626-0667

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Spend this evening learning to circulate erotic energy through your body. You will experience giving and receiving an hour erotic massage.
July 22, 7:30 pm-11:30 pm - \$30.00
Call THE BODY ELECTRIC (415) 653-1594 for reservations and info (M29)

SEXUAL HEALING

DEEP MUSCLE MASSAGE

by exceptionally handsome young student. Very clean cut & friendly.
MATT 431-9080 (S29)

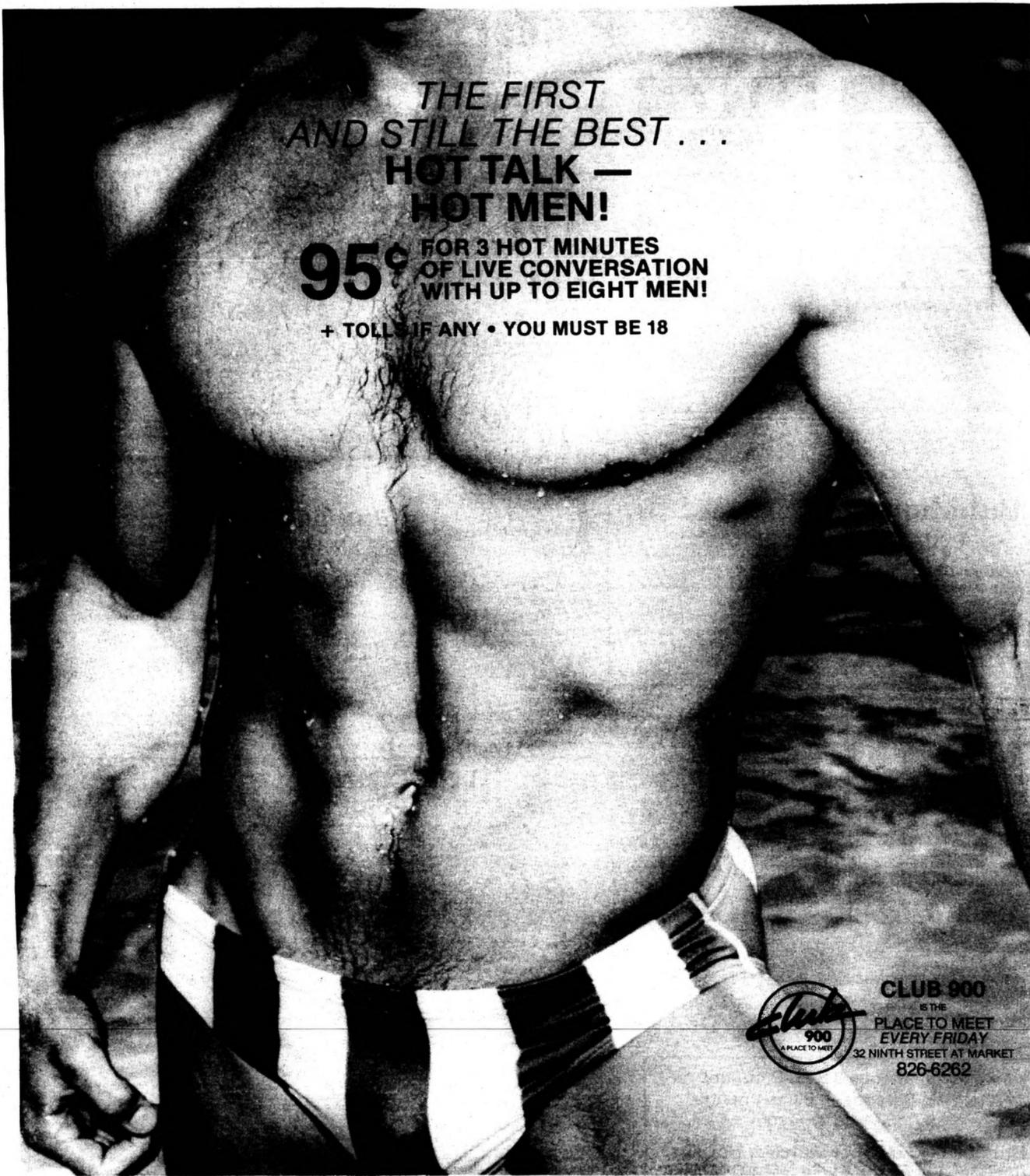
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Gives an erotic massage. Handsome, masculine, hung. Strong but sensitive, healthy.
Andy 24 hrs.
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(Page — 267-2613) (30)

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STRICTLY PERSONAL

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.

PERSONALS WOMEN

SEX, DEATH & CORRESPONDENCE
Wanted: interesting, marginal active gal who thinks, jokes, enjoys, creates, uncovers, destroys. This gal who entertains feminism, pornography, literature, criticism, humor & art would like to encourage summer with a postal filing. Let's exchange notes, cards, images, secrets, fictions, desires & crimes. Reply Sentinel Box 28B. (29)

PERSONALS—MEN

A BARGAIN AT LAST!
Black masseur offers free session for men over 6', over 180 lbs., over 40. Sincere and serious only please. P.O. Box 7441, Oakland, CA 94601. No communication will be made thru phone machines. (29)

GOODLOOKING ASIAN MAN
22, 145, enjoys music and movies, beach life. Seeks W/M 50-70 for friendship, possible relationship. Please send letter and photo to Sentinel Box 29B. (29)

NEWLY ARRIVED: SAN JOSE AREA

This hot GWM, 6'1, 195#, 45, moustache, hairy and bodybuilder with varied interests along with good looks and personality seeks same 18-30 who desire the company of a mature professional guy. You should be in good shape — light to moderate body hair, into safe sex with a desire for friendship, companionship and a love for closeness, communication and cuddling. Write with photophone to Ken Jamison, 142 N. Milpitas Blvd., Suite 112, Milpitas, Calif. 95035. Looking forward to hearing from you. (30)

East Bay GWM loves sun sports of all types, especially bicycling, hiking, camping, backpacking. Trim & athletic (but not a jock), I would like a bright, mature, reliable companion for adventures from A to Z. Please describe your interests and include your phone #. Reply Sentinel Box 29C. (29)

WHERE ARE YOU?
Passionate straight-looking, tall, drug-free butt pumper seeks quality guy that's HIV-neg. like me for relationship. Seek sweet honest fun together guy that's aware of what's really out there and needs a self made, giving man. Carl 461-4611. (29)

BOSTON MAN RETURNING HOME
I'm a gay man, Jewish-Swedish hybrid living in Boston but returning to my hometown, SF (after 29 years), having taken an early retirement. I'm 59 years old, 6'3", maybe older than God but I don't look it. Grey-white hair, brown eyes, big hands and feet. I'm a fairly good cook, I love picnics at Pt. Reyes, opera and playing cards in the nude. I'm a funny, learned history teacher who would like to meet a youngish (up to 42) man for laughs, love and good conversation. I'll be leaving Boston on August 1 when the movers come and will arrive in SF about the tenth. I have a special attraction to black men, but I'm not obsessive about race. Integrity and a generous spirit is what I'm seeking. My name is John L. of 117 Appleton St., Boston 02116, my phone (617) 536-1160. I'm a good man, and I'm looking for one. (31)

MOVE UP TO QUALITY,
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RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

PERSONALS—MEN

HOT LEATHERMAN SEEKS KINKY PLAYMATES
Daddy, top, 53, 5'8", 145, beard/moustache, well-defined, hard-muscled, attractive, into boots, leather, bondage, kinky sex wants younger son/bottom with above average looks, physique, intelligence for mutual fun/games. Strictly safe. Photo necessary. Reply to Ed Kay, 584 Castro, Suite 166, San Francisco, CA 94114. (29)

PERSONALS—MEN

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. (31)

PERSONALS—MEN

Horny, goodlooking GWM exhibitionist is looking for other hot men who get off on watching a man really getting into making himself feel good. Occasional participation encouraged. I'm 6', 180# 35 y.o. with muscular body and pretty chest and dick. I play with dildoes, vacuum pumps, cock and ball toys and love mirrors. If you would enjoy me showing you everything and getting myself off send reply with photo and/or description to Sentinel Box 29A. (29)

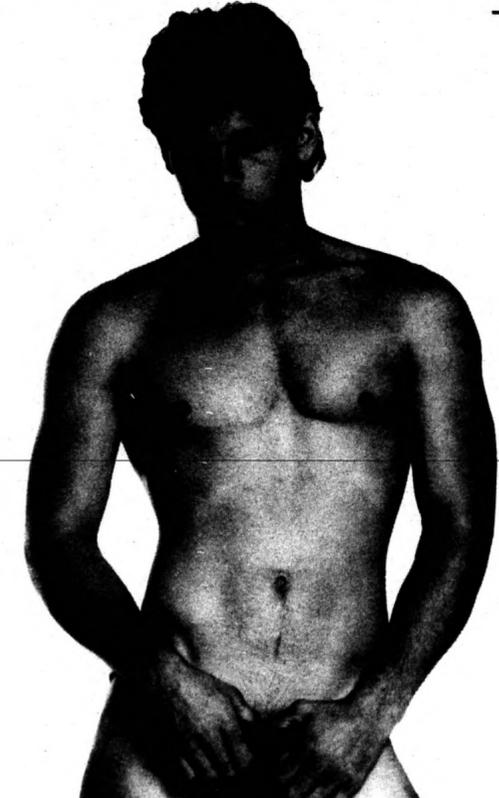
PERSONALS—MEN

WILD COMPOSER
Goodlooking workaholic wants lover who is masculine, ambitious, into music and long, long sex sessions. S&M (both) would be great. Chuck at Box 27C. (30)

GAY WRESTLING CONTACTS
500+ men California/nationwide. Fun/fantasy/healthier hot action! Info pax pax \$3. NYNC, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011. (29)

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There's no audition. We want all sizes, shapes and colors. Guaranteed confidentiality. If you choose, you'll be sent a glossy of your dick photo, and an invitation to a screening of "DICK" this fall.

Come on... Expose yourself for art... anonymously... as one of the dicks in "DICK!"

If you can't make it to The Stud on the 12th but would like to be a part of the film, call 330-7505 to set up a photo appointment. This event is not sponsored by the Stud. We thank them for allowing us to use the space.

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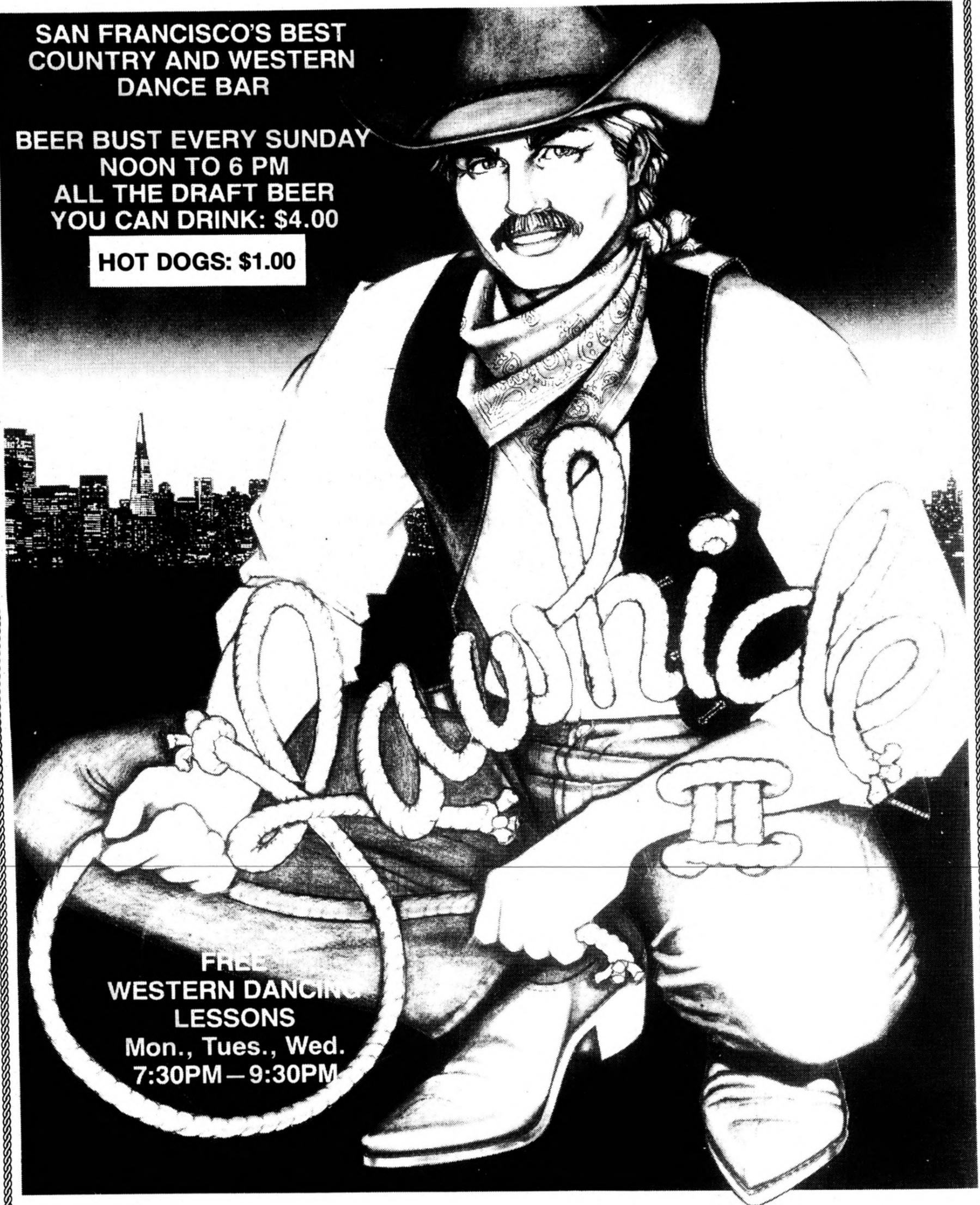
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