A Man Is Just a Person...

Having just read Doug Christie’s moving defense of masculine men (Coming Up! letters, October 1985), I felt compelled to put in my two cents for the rest of us. Like it or not, Doug, a man is just a person with a “cock between his legs.” There is a wide range of behavior in both sexes, and this is all in the good, I think. Therefore, I would never question your right to be as butch as Mount Rushmore if it doesn’t meet your standards. Incidentally, this is one sissy who’s gotten more than one “real man” to talk to in search of a support group.” So I’m writing this letter to see if sufficient interest will be shown for a gay diabetic group. Many aspects of having diabetes lead the sufferer to feel like an outcast or pariah. In order to avoid such complications as blindness, gangrene and kidney failure, one has to follow a rigid regimen of diet and medical treatment that is not always conducive to living the “gay lifestyle” to its fullest. Sometimes the changes the diabetic must make lead to denial or abandonment by close friends and lovers. Disfavouring and disabling conditions can themselves cause a individual to become isolated and sexually inactive. Untreated skin rashes and slow-healing lesions often lead to avoidance of getting naked. Why a gay diabetic group? Many aspects of having diabetes lead the sufferer to feel like an outcast or pariah. In order to avoid such complications as blindness, gangrene and kidney failure, one has to follow a rigid regimen of diet and medical treatment that is not always conducive to living the “gay lifestyle” to its fullest. Sometimes the changes the diabetic must make lead to denial or abandonment by close friends and lovers.

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I recently spent an entire afternoon phoning appropriate service organizations in search of a support group for gay diabetics. From the American Diabetes Association to the Pacific Center, no one knew of any such group. However, many of the people I talked to made the same suggestion: “Start your own group.” So I’m writing this letter to see if sufficient response can be elicited to get something going.

Gay Diabetics

I’m writing in response to Michael Helquist’s article on the immune booster, DNCB. Are there any researchers in the U.S. who are using this chemical on AIDS or ARC patients? Are they planning to test it at SF General? Perhaps it can be used in conjunction with HPA-23 on AIDS patients. Considering Dr. Mills’ test findings, minimal side effects, low cost, and availability of DNCB, I hope more information and research will be available soon. I listened to Dean Sandin’s (an AIDS patient) recent public forum on AIDS, and he expressed his anger and frustration with the medical establishment for withholding treatment of research drugs for AIDS patients, even though many patients were very eager to try them. AIDS patients should be allowed to share more responsibility in selecting alternative treatments to this incurable disease. I would like to thank you for this informative article. We need to see a ray of hope in our battle against AIDS.

DNCB Treatment Offers Hope

Thank you for your coverage of the work being done with DNCB to boost patients’ immune systems ("Legal and Inexpensive Drug Found to Improve Systems of AIDS Patients," Coming Up! October 1985). It is exciting to hear about a treatment which goes beyond treating symptoms and is cheap and accessible. Congratulations to Drs. Mills for his insight in discovering the possibilities of DNCB and his perseverance in developing its use. I only hope that other, larger, research and treatment centers will pick this up as a new hope for finding a cure for AIDS, and maybe for ARC as well.

Dante Treurm Oakland

With the Power of Each Breath: Editors Respond to Review

Nanci Stern, Susan Browne and I are perplexed by Eliza Dykeworm’s didactic review of our book, With the Power of Each Breath: A Disabled Women’s Anthology (October 1985). It is most unfortunate that Coming Up! has chosen to include such divisive material to counter its own community purposes and eclectic politics. Your paper has been supported by many AIDS patients, has met with Dr. Mills, phoned him, phoned me, researched and read another doctor’s things about him, bought his patients with a thing and an empty handshake to the grave. Tell your friends about him. Tell them there will always be hope.

B. Elwood San Francisco

Pencil Portraits and Illustrations by Jan U'Ren

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by a review. But, Elana Dykewomon's essay is by far the most important piece in this issue, because it has finally broached the subject of disabled women, who are too often neglected or ignored in discussions of sex and gender. While it is true that "many of these stories would go unrecorded without the networking, outreach and support of community organizations," it is also true that some very important stories have never been told at all. In fact, our work would surely be in vain if we could not somehow bring to light the experiences of disabled women who have fought against the odds to tell their stories.

Dykewomon's criticism of the editors and contributors to our anthology, our work would surely be in vain if we could not somehow bring to light the experiences of disabled women who have fought against the odds to tell their stories.
Two Men with Chains & Courage
Demand One Hour of Federal Spending for Anti-AIDS Efforts

Frank Bert was diagnosed with ARC two months ago. It’s been three years since Steve Russel got his diagnosis of ARC. Frank and Steve met for the first time last Sunday night. Each came to the Mobilization Against AIDS rally in National United Nations Plaza for two reasons. One reason was to show solidarity with MAA’s demands for a federal allocation of $500,000,000 or one hour of federal spending to find a cure for AIDS. In addition, each planned to chain himself to the federal building until Mobilization’s demands are met, assured, and publicly acknowledged. Joined by their common purpose and the chains Steve brought with him they are now securely fixed to the doors of the old federal building just off Market Street in Civic Center.

A small support group of 7 to 12 stays with them at all times. Enchantment is not the most secure posture in Civic Center, especially in the small hours when only the desperate roam the streets. Federal and city police also prow the area, but so far no arrests have been made. "Homophobes call us queer," Steve told me, "but they are too afraid of the virus to come near." Frank and Steve want help: xeroxes to get the word out, endorsements from every common purpose and the chains Steve

Gay Games II: An Incredible Event In Store for the Community

Yes, it’s time for another Gay Games article. It’s only ten months before the Opening Ceremonies and we believe we’ve found the most uplifting event ever to occur in gay history.

That’s quite a blueprint statement on the surface, but for those of you who attended any of the festivities of Gay Games I in 1982, you’ll remember coming away with the feeling that the Games were an integral part of a global family.

On August 9, 1986, you will see an event that will improve that feeling by many magnitudes. For those of you who did not attend Gay Games I, you are in for quite a surprise. Kesar Stadium will once again be the site of the Opening Ceremonies, as well as for the Closing Ceremonies on August 17.

Of course, there is that little chronic problem of raising money for the Games. We have, as in 1982, dodged adhered to the principle of not spending money we don’t have, so deficit spending is something that has not plagued the Games organization. However, not having all the financial resources we need leaves us wanting in the crucial areas of outreach and promotion of the Games to the rest of the Gay World.

The selling and the funding of the Gay Games is not an easy task. Many other issues, particularly the AIDS crisis, have commanded most everyone’s priorities for giving in the gay community, but there is the additional problem of raising money for an event that seems so far in the future.

Well, the future is upon us much more quickly than we can imagine. Ten months’ lead time for an event of this magnitude is not very long, indeed.

Our community does a lot of things, and it gives a lot to sustain those activities. There are fundraisers every week for scores of gay non-profit organizations, and each has its own special appeal. Still, it is unusual to receive requests for contributions ranging from $10 for a no-host cocktail party to $500 for a seat at an upscale benefit show. These requests come from the front, the rear and sideways.

In 1982, a group called the Gaycare Committee did a study on fundraising in the gay community. At the time, there were fewer than 55 non-profit organizations with a combined budget of more than one million dollars for the fiscal year.

Some of those organizations have departed from lack of funding, some are still struggling with large deficits, some are secure, and still there are new ones to replace the old, all chasing the same tax-deductible dollars from the same sources.

We need all kinds of help, and loads of it, but we have no complaints. No one can accuse our community of being apathetic. It gives and it gives and it gives.

The crucial thing for our “team” is the nature of the product we are offering. As a recent Board of Directors retreat (at a total cost of $100, I might add, thanks to Anita Gherardi and Sara Lewinstein), we reaffirmed our vision to produce an event that would elevate our self-esteem, that would characterize gay women and men as healthy, active and creative.

Our community needs the Games. We need a good, positive shot in the arm to raise our spirits and our self-image. The spectacular “Arts for Life” benefit at the Opera House on October 13 was such an event (Thank you, Terence McEwen). We need more of the same, and we need it on an even bigger scale.

So here is Gay Games II. Nine days of cultural activities, eighteen different sports for everyone who wants to participate, regardless of age, sex, color, or whatever arbitrary parameter has ever formed a barrier to participation.

We are expecting as many as 5,000 participants from around the world. If you recall how 1,300 athletes appeared as a wonderfully end less procession in 1982, imagine 5,000.

I would suggest you consider planning to have the week of August 9-17 free from work. Here’s a reasonable scenario to explain why:

You (the reader) have committed that extra bed in the living room to house a visiting athlete for the week (was it a swimmer from Denmark, or was it a volleyball player from Canada?)? At about 11:00 a.m. on Saturday, August 9, you and your lover and guest athlete take the shuttle bus from Castro to Kezar. Your guest joins the procession behind the stadium, and your lover flashes a special pass that permits her/him to enter the stadium because she/ he is a Gay Games volunteer and will be carrying the sign for Smackover, Arkansas in the procession. You go for the ticket gate with the ticket you purchased in late January, just before they sold out. You are met by dozens of poor souls who are offering you $1,000 for your ticket. You think about what the $1,000 could buy. You decide it isn’t worth it, and in you go.

After the Opening Ceremony, you realize they had been an event that would elevate our self-esteem, that would characterize gay women and men as healthy, active and creative.

Where did all this humanity and talent come from? Was it the special magic they have been planning for the whole week.

We keep you cruisin’
Dan White & the American Psychosis

By Sister Boom Boom

The dailies and the broadcasters have been having a field day. America loves a tragedy to recover from, and this one is a pip. It’s all over… A tragic life has come to a tragic end… A grisly chapter of San Francisco’s history has come to a grisly end.” Horseshit.

Dan White’s legacy lives on. Many Americans fixate on his death, not his life. As usual, when anything crucial comes down to it, the real story is the one that nobody’s telling. And the tragedy is nowhere near over. The real story won’t fit into a half-hour news special or even a docu-drama by a leading American playwright. It goes back a long way and will continue long after Danny Boy has fed the worms.

Dan White is but one example of the American national psychosis. He grew up with a loving God who damned lovers, the Prince of Peace who blessed soldiers. He always believed in the right to life, the right to own property, the right to free speech. He returned whining about how unfair it was that the Морган family had sold their land to a developer. And now the faggot had beat him. In the American psychosis, that white, Christian and middle-class man could not give Dan White the maximum punishment.

The City

The City is a child of the working class. White grew up to find the town of his youth besieged by foreigners moving into the City, while the folks who had always been powerless and weak were becoming out of nowhere. The faggots who had never grasped the contradictions of his own culture. All he could see was weirdos and foreigners moving into the City, while the folks he knew were being forced out. As large supervisory elections had ensured the election and re-election of bland moderates with big money behind them and broad, but shallow support. The neighborhoods had been denied any voice in the management of the City. In the last democratic election, the City became a fireman in a city where firemen are regarded as heroes whether or not they are actually heroic. He had met firemen and not once did he like, but I never met Dan White. Those who did saw his racism in action as he threatened Blacks who dared to speak up in a community meeting. They saw his paranoia as he drove off the minorities who would be his enemies, and now the faggot had beat him. In the American psychosis, that white, Christian and middle-class man could not give Dan White the maximum punishment.

The Trial

The case was open and shut. How could anybody not convict the murderer for a vicious, calculated, cold-blooded political assassination? District Attorney Joe Freitas was a friend to Harvey and George. Perhaps he held his nose to avoid the truth. Perhaps he didn’t want to burn a mark on his face and his soul that would never set him free. I sometimes wonder if he heard my voice, if he considered the consequences to his family, but never the consequences to the community as a whole, or the consequences of his acquittal. Some wondered if the killer could live in peace. I wanted to live with the terror that no queer is ever quite free of. I wanted him to live in fear of discovery, in fear of the same senseless violence he’d caused. I wanted to burn a mark on his face and his soul that would never set him free.”

“The man who could possibly appear supportive of us was banned from the jury, cops and their relatives were put on the jury, and the real story is the one that nobody’s telling. The whole issue of homophobia was even silenced for granted as normal and holy.”

Defending attorney Doug Schmidt built his case by attacking the “social and political pressures that offended. White’s sense of values.” He built a case that came from White’s own background and supported his values. The william became not the homophobes and the social and political pressures that dared to challenge the complacency of a white, middle-class world view and drive that poor, beleaguered boy to murder. A verdict of manslaughter delivered resposibility from Dan White to the social and political pressures of uppity queers. With their “Free Dan White” T-shirts and ongoing queer-bashing, the homophobes triumphed.

“I Killed Dan White”

On January 6, 1984, Dan White was re-elected from San Francisco. At a rally in Union Square, many wondered if the killer could live with himself. Cooler heads urged faith and acceptance, that we would see above violence and avoid further violence. I agreed with those statements, but acknowledged what everyone knew — that violence only begins further violence. The bloody murderer would die as he had lived. “Dan White, it’s 1984, and Big Sister is watching you.”

When a faggot or dyke commits suicide, oh, well, they always do, you know. In the American psychosis there is no concern for or even acknowledgment of the consequences of their momentary, discrimination, therapy, and rejection that drove them to it. When Dan White committed suicide, it was because he was hounded by radical homosexuals. As the bitch at the head of the pack I would like to say that I only earned that position with some well-aimed words. I know of nobody who invested any time or energy in harassing Dan White, outside of the bravado of that rally.

“God bless me, but I wanted Dan White to live with the terror that no queer is ever quite free of. I wanted him to live in fear of discovery, in fear of the same senseless violence he’d caused. I wanted to burn a mark on his face and his soul that would never set him free.”

(continued on page 14)
I recently attended a community meeting to talk about a new study to test for HTLV-3 (the suspected AIDS virus) antibodies in lesbians who have inseminated since 1980. (See box.) It brought up again some confused and conflicted feelings and thoughts.

When I got pregnant, AIDS had not yet become an issue in donor selection, or even an issue in the gay/lesbian community at large. If there were people involved in work around donor selection seemed the smaller issue.

I was appalled that some of us were as willing to talk about a new study to test for AIDS. But I think I'm still afraid of cumverting the issue altogether. Perhaps our parenting together is a potential source of life in a community. We were talking with each other and participating in something very major together. Further, my own process of getting pregnant had loosened my judgments and opened my mind. I was beginning to feel maybe there were some ways we were a community together. And now, I felt a paranoia creeping into that relationship, making things perhaps worse than they had been before. For me, it was a very disappointing development on many levels, aside from being terrifying and tragic.

I was also angry that many lesbians seemed to me to be responding in a homophobic and alarmist fashion when it came to AIDS. One friend who worked in a restaurant even wondered if there was risk in serving gay men.

Some might consider this internalized oppression, but I felt that since there is so little money available for research, perhaps it should be spent on those who are dying from the disease instead of those who are at very low risk of contracting it. I've changed on that point. It seems to me now that when we're dealing with an epidemic, prevention is substantially more important. And the truth is, there are no known cases of AIDS being contracted through insemination, the AIDS antibody has been found in women who came in contact with the AIDS virus through insemination. This means there are more reasons we come in contact but don't contract the disease, it may mean we're carriers, or it may mean it's just luck that some one of us has AIDS so far. In any case, it does seem to me worth the money and effort to get more information.

On a personal level, too, there are many, many more women who have used donors who want to know if they are antibody positive. It may be important information to have when we consider having more children or in cases of potential passing of AIDS to our lovers. And I now think there is a way to get this information and not feed the fear of the fire that seems to come with the word “AIDS.”

When I run groups for lesbians thinking about having children, AIDS is generally a major topic of conversation. That feels right to me. I think we need to be concerned about the possibility of a deadly disease that is claiming so many lives. I now think there are ways we can protect ourselves, maybe even use gay donors, potentially forming a link which seemed so positive to me five years ago. Maybe this study will help us know what kind of screening we need to do to ensure our safety when we use gay donors or parent with gay men. I think that could be very positive, since many of us would like that as our first choice.

If this article seems somewhat confused, it is because I am still moving around the circle of this issue. Not only is it a fairly present concern for me because of my first child, but, of course, it inevitably comes up when I consider a second. The choices seem to be so much more limited, and I wonder how I would decide the issue. I know many gay men are very interested in having children, too, so maybe this study can enable some of them to go ahead with that. Perhaps our parenting together is a potential source of life in a community which must, at the moment, protect itself so vehemently from death.

I guess that’s all the way around full circle. I still haven’t decided, to be honest, whether to participate in the study. I’m sure thinking about the value of knowing if I’m positive, and this may tip the balance. Certainly if I were having another child now, I would take the test. But I just came to see how I would decide the issue. I know many gay men are very interested in having children, too, so maybe this study can enable some of them to go ahead with that. Perhaps our parenting together is a potential source of life in a community which must, at the moment, protect itself so vehemently from death.

To participate in this study you do not have to give us your real name. You will not have to give any information you do not want to. To secure confidentiality, you will have the option to interview either with a person you know or an anonymous staff person. You will be given a study code number that you can use to identify yourself, if you choose to, that you participated, or anything about yourself.

All study results will be reported in statistical and summary form only. No identifying information will be identified, discussed or used in analyses of the data.

A.W.A.R.E. pledges to protect all data to the full extent of the law. Extra protections for AIDS-related studies has been provided by the State of California and the federal government.

How can I participate?

In order to participate, you must call Project A.W.A.R.E. at 476-4091. We will schedule an appointment for you in your area.

You have the right to withdraw from this study at any time, or to refuse to complete specific parts. If you have further questions, or you would like to discuss this study with the Project staff, you can call Cherri Ples at 642-6512 or Laurie Haas at 549-2814.

Editor’s Note: The above information is reprinted from public material provided by Project A.W.A.R.E. in all but specific situations. Coming Up, does not endorse the test. Coming Up recognizes the value (and necessity) of the test information for gay men and lesbians considering parenthood, but would like to remind readers that there are still numerous unresolved problems regarding the HTLV-3 antibody test. Currently, California law does not protect individuals from insurance discrimination. But the insurance companies have already begun to challenge that law, making it all the more important for individuals to test positive to help themselves. In addition, dealing with the knowledge that they are antibody positive has proved difficult and frightening for many people. It creates a tremendous amount of stress, long regarded as an important co-factor in the development of diseases, and provides no indication of what other people will do.

This study will help us know what kind of screening we need to do to ensure our safety when we use gay donors or parent with gay men. I think that could be very positive, since many of us would like that as our first choice.

We're carriers, or it may mean it's just luck that some one of us has AIDS so far. In any case, it does seem to me worth the money and effort to get more information.

On a personal level, too, there are many, many more women who have used donors who want to know if they are antibody positive. It may be important information to have when we consider having more children or in cases of potential passing of AIDS to our lovers. And I
Philip Marlowe is a Homo? — And Other Rumors About Hard-boiled Dicks

"Show me a man or a woman who cannot stand mysteries and I will show you a fool, a clever fool — perhaps — but a fool just the same."
— Raymond Chandler

By Elizabeth Pincus

I t was a sweltering Frisco day, the kind that happens only in the fall and turns normally sane natives into giddy jingo­nics. Tourist ride little cable cars half­way to nirvana, and everyone goes to the beach. I usually head for the Strand. But a gumshoe never rests when there’s intrigue in the air. The annual world mystery convention was coming to town, and I wanted to scope out the homophile angle. I left the cool enclave of my apartment, stepped heavily into the blinding sunlight, and proceeded to the Mystery Bookstore in Noe Valley. It’s not a neighborhood I frequent, unless I’m under­cover as a Brie-eating stockbroker on the go. But I know enough to stop at the Taste of Honey bakery for an energy-packed carrot bar with a bracing carrot juice chaser. Feeling jazzed, I crossed the street and slipped through a weathered doorway.

The Mystery Bookstore attracts fanatics of all stripes — a nerdy but sexy crowd whose lives were changed when they put down Proust and picked up Hammett. I wanted to look as eccentric as the next devotee, so I was wearing my neo-Prince floral boots and lime green shorts. It worked.

"Look at those shoes!" barked the proprietor.

"I didn’t mean it as a compliment," he snarled back, turning away to attend to some important retail task.

Perfect. When I was young, I used to go to the Nudie Cooters and ask the girls, "What kind of man are you, anyway?" But the proprietors of the Mystery Bookstore know better than to play that game. I gave them a candid smile: I needed time to browse before I began my interrogation. I headed for the new bookshelf of hard-boiled classics, and re-read some detective fiction. Mystery novels feature the best female street-smart sleuths — a nerdy but sexy crowd whose characters do exist, though I could read the lot of them in one sitting if the coffee pot was on. The latter was written by Raymond Chandler. I was amused by the speculation that booted detectives genre, with Marlowe as the prime culprit. It seemed to me that mystery aficionados have been debating the homophile content of the hard­boiled detective genre, with Marlowe as the prime suspect.

Well, naturally. It’s the same old male bond­age story. Westerners, gangster flicks, football... At times all of western culture seems to revolve around men slapping each other on the ass. But Marlowe? Gay. Chandler himself had this to say: "Love interest nearly always weakens a mystery. The only effective kind is that which creates a per­sonal hazard for the detective — but which, at the same time, you instinctively feel to be a mere episode. A really good detective never gets married."

I was sprawled on the bookstore floor in complete absorption when the proprietor sauntered over. His half-cooked smile was surpris­ingly benign, considering the twenty or so books I had scattered all over the carpet around me. Maybe he thought I was going to buy them.

"Can I help you with anything?"

"Why yes, thank you. I heard there was a scandal at a recent mystery convention about Philip Marlowe’s alleged, ah, ho-mo-sex­uality. I just wanted to see if it was true, as liberals are wont to do. I think he liked it.

"Oh yeah," he replied. "Marlowe is a homo!" was the rallying cry. I thought it was funny myself, but some guys got really pissed off. Here’s what happened...

He related how a well-known writer spoke about Chandler’s "homosexual coloring," to the outrage of many listeners. Mystery journalists took up the conversation. Clearly, sexual politics remain a major elements in detective fic­tion. The proprietor showed me a key passage from the *Armchair Detective* to illustrate the point.

...homosexual content was one of the elements — along with literariness and world-weariness — that gave hard-boiled detectives their texture and fascination, and make them still alive today, more than forty years after the convention. We charted a bit more about such erudite nonsense. We found another passage to underscore Marlowe’s real attitude: "She’s a nice girl. Not my type. Like smooth shiny girls, hard-boiled and loaded with sins."

Sure. Marlowe’s gay. Just like Holmes and Watson. And Spenser, the Pacific Queen. Then there’s Nancy Drew, and her good friend George.

I gave up and reshelved all the books, like any nice girl would. I snoozed around some more, eyeing The Talented Mr. Ripley (Patricia Highsmith) and Our Man in Havana (Graham Greene). How gratifying that two of my favorite literary genres should be included among mysteries. I picked up a brochure for the upcoming convention as I headed for the door. During a cocktail hour, I could say hello to the proprietors. I left empty-handed, I said my thanks and ex­ited, loaded with sin.

Several weeks passed and the weather cooled, mercifully. My caseload was heavy. When I wasn’t fingering an embezzling fisherman or tailing some corporate riff raff, I turned my thoughts to lesbians and gays in mystery fiction. The most prolific character is Jessica Hansen’s Brandstetter, insurance investiga­tive agent in Fort Worth. Writers Richard Stevenson and Nathan Aldyne also created gay detectives. However, the characters of writers like Joseph Boyden, Nathan Love, and Andrew Lavender Durham didn’t turn up very often in the series.

For my money, the best lesbian in detective fiction is Rosie Vicente, not the protagonist but a sidekick in Shelley Singer’s Oakland-based novels. Nyla Wade, created by Vicki McConnell, is a journalist-turned-detective operating in the northwest. Sarah Schulman makes a vigorous attempt in her first mystery, *The Sophie Horowitz Story*. Then there’s an unfor­tunate school of “political” mysteries, wherein love-making occurs only amidst gently rolling waves and the characters endlessly debate the hierarchy of the isms. The murderer is long gone before they decide what oppresses them most.

Politics in mystery fiction is contextual and, when well-written, never trivial. The masters all knew this. Popular detective stories always emerge out of the socioeconomic times, and the field is ripe for gender-smart contributions. Some contemporary writers are creating hard­boiled women of integrity and autonomy, and some underrated writers of the past had pres­cient insights into feminism. One of these was Cornell Woolrich, a twisted, gristy writer — and gay at that.

B y the last weekend in October, the fog had settled and I donned my sunglasses to cut a path through its milky shroud. The city was mine again. I proceeded to the St. Francis Drake for the start of the mystery convention, called Bouchercon XVI. About 1,000 people would crowd the lobby and corridors for this annual soiree of writers, publishers, fans and assorted hangers-on. I wasn’t sure how it would go.

But I stepped right into it all and began a sur­picious survey of the crowd. I wore my black cocktail dress with a braided capelet off the shoulder, and flask. It was my little tip-off. Only a dyke would wear sensible shoes with a cocktail dress. Indeed, it turned out to be a weekend of in­nuendo and recognition, of boldness alter­nating with retreat. I met some writers, dis­cussed private eye technique, found some les­bians, talked about books. And I stood around a lot, reminding myself that observation is what I do for a living.

Not long into the affair I found the film room, and returned often for refuge. A non­stop offering of film noir kept me blurry-eyed and frayed at the end of the week. I kicked around for some huffer or other, or a panel discussion, or more mingling-with-cocktails. There was a dealer’s room with books and souvenirs, an ongoing trivia game, the excellent Dashiell Hammett walking tour, and even a mystery fun run, race on October 29.

A cross-section of convention participants might have been mistaken for a reunion of Diane Arbus’ subjects. Levity marked the gathering. Where else would I laugh when, passing a strange man on some darkened stairs, he whispers "Masher in the Stairwell?"

For all the joyfulness, the panel discussions off­ered a modicum of literary seriousness. Writers discussed all aspects of their craft, touching often on issues of plausibility and modernity and the role of California in detective fiction. There was a strong bias among speakers toward the sexual politics and social con­sciousness, writer Roger Simon declared the detective story the most political form of fiction. Along with such speculations, my favorite discussion was "The Lady Investigates." An older and younger writer debated the evolu­tion of women in mysteries with thoroughly jaded irreverence. Throughout the conven­tion, the topic of lesbians and gays was rarely broached, though honored guest Joseph Hansen spoke forcefully about his gay hero Brandstetter. Marlowe was never mentioned.

I left the hotel on Sunday afternoon as the convention dispersed. With grateful anonymity, I blended among the passers-by and welcomed the early sunset. The shadows cut deep across the Stockton tunnel. I climbed the adjacent stairs and lingered, briefly nostalgic, in Burnett Alley. Leaving the premises, I detoured to pick up a copy of Anne Rice’s *The Vampire Lestat*, and discontinued after writing this report.

COMING UP / NOVEMBER, 1985 / Page
THE STATE OF THE SCIENCE

By MICHAEL HELQUIST

DNCC Update

The immune-stimulating effects of the chemical compound DNCC, first reported in coming up last month, continue to interest local physicians, people with AIDS and ARC, and others concerned about treatments for AIDS. Bruce Mills, the San Francisco dermatologist whose patients have found DNCC effective in boosting their immune systems, said that 14 new patients have contacted him for the treatments since the announcement was made the first week of October.

In addition, two local physicians have agreed to monitor DNCC applications for their patients. The physicians will then pool their clinical information with the results Mills has compiled since early this year. Mills said telephone calls about the compound have been steady, with inquiries from the East Coast as well as from San Francisco.

Mills has also submitted his initial findings to the Journal of the American Academy of Dermatology for consideration in that publication's correspondence section.

DNCC (dinitrochlorobenzene) is a legal and inexpensive drug readily available from chemical supply companies. Scientists at the Stanford Research Center several years ago found that the compound helped immune-compromised children fight off a specific wart virus and build an immunity to it. Dr. Mills, apparently prompts resolution of Kaposi's sarcoma lesions and general improvement in an individual's immune status. The skin application has had minimal side effects; most patients report only a pock-marked type of rash at the application site.

The procedure for the treatment is relatively simple: a mixture of 2% DNCC in acetone (not in alcohol, as was originally reported in last month's story) is applied to skin surface of the upper arm at approximately weekly intervals until a reaction occurs. (The reaction is an indication that the skin has been sensitized to react with DNCC, and it reveals an immune response to the drug.) The application sites are covered with gauze and tape; the next morning the dressing is removed and the site is to be washed with soap and water.

Mills has observed that patients with Kaposi's sarcoma, pneumocystis pneumonia, and other AIDS-related conditions, often require more applications of DNCC before a skin reaction will occur. Nevertheless, he found that all patients were successfully sensitized and that they later developed improved immune responses in their immune systems. Blood tests have revealed an overall increase in the patients' T-cell counts, with higher levels of both T-helper cells and T-suppressor cells. T-cells play a crucial role in the body's immune responses; people with AIDS and ARC usually have abnormally low numbers of T-cell counts.

Mills said patients with KS found their skin lesions reduced in size, number, thickness and discoloration after "contact sensitization" with DNCC had been achieved. The reductions occurred for all lesions, whether or not DNCC was directly applied to the site.

AIDS researchers at both San Francisco General Hospital and at UCLA are aware of the DNCC treatments and have requested to be kept informed of clinical information as it develops.

Mills said he hoped that the major AIDS research centers would incorporate DNCC treatments into their array of clinical drug trials. When researchers first found an "AIDS cure," Mills commented, "The most profound implication of DNCC use is that people with AIDS may not be as bad off as it has appeared. It may be possible to restore major portions of their immune functions."

The Struggle in San Diego

"We need $500,000 to do a decent job here in San Diego County, and we've received nothing from the city or the county government," asserted Dr. Hal Frank, director of the San Diego AIDS Project. Frank acknowledged the recent $235,000 grant for risk reduction programs received from the state Department of Health Services, but he commented that "those funds amount to only 11.7 cents per capita." Frank said that the state AIDS Advisory Committee, the group that helps the state health department decide where money should be allocated, had originally scheduled the San Diego AIDS Project for an original $400,000 request. The amount was later cut to the $235,000.

"I want that $200,000 back from the state or from the county," Frank said. Bruce Decker, chair of the AIDS Advisory Committee, is currently working with the San Diego County Board of Supervisors to conduct a December 12 AIDS hearing to review local funding needs. Decker has proposed that the county spend $200,000 on risk reduction programs in the county.

Project director Frank said recent "focus groups," a market research technique for sampling community group opinions, revealed that heterosexual women in San Diego knew very little about the transmission of AIDS. "And they knew next to nothing about risk reduction," Frank observed. In addition, a focus group of gay men expressed their disdain for condoms. "The message of eroticising safe sex play has not reached many of these men," according to Frank, who sees increased funding for the only means to stop the steady rise of AIDS in the county.

The San Diego AIDS Project also receives an ever-increasing number of inquiries about the combined use of ribavirin and isoprinosine, two drugs that many physicians and people with AIDS and ARC believe to be beneficial treatments for AIDS symptoms.

"We've been getting so many calls every day that we have tried to impose some schedule on how we will deal with them," said Dr. Jefferson of the AIDS Project. Jefferson, who recently appeared on the CBS Evening News Program to discuss the treatment, said that he now takes calls only on Friday afternoons. In addition, the project distributes a 24-page booklet titled, "Federnally Unapproved Procedures for Treatment of AIDS and AIDS Related Conditions — How to get them, How to bring them home, and How to use them."

The two drugs are illegal in the country, and the project has been deluged with questions about how to bring the drugs back across the border from Mexico where they are legal and readily available.

Given the need for risk reduction programs and drug information services found in San Diego, there is little doubt that significant increases in AIDS funding are justified. The county health department has an extremely poor record in responding to the requests for AIDS information and services among county residents. There is some hope that the Board of Supervisors will recognize after the December AIDS hearing the health crisis that has been raised.

French Find AIDS Risk Low in Schools

An unpublished study conducted in France found that children exposed to the AIDS virus did not transmit the disease to their classmates. Dr. Luc Montagnier, chief of virology at Institut Pasteur in Paris, announced the results of the study during an international conference on viral diseases held last month in Anaheim. The French researcher said the study, which will be published, could offer an extremely low chance for children to contract the disease during everyday school activities.

Montagnier explained that about 30 students at a small private school in France have been studied by researchers. "A handful of the students were hemophiliacs infected with the HIV virus.

"The students were all mixed together — girls and all. There were young hemophiliacs who had been infected. There was no transmission of the virus from them to any of the other children," Montagnier reported. He added that he believed someone needed to receive a "significant amount of blood or semen into the body" to have the virus transmitted.

Montagnier and his colleagues were the first to discover the probable viral cause of AIDS in 1983. They named the agent LAV or Leukodendron Aids Virus. American researchers later identified two other viruses, named HTLV III and ARV, that are also believed to cause AIDS. Several reports show that the three candidate agents are virtually the same.

If the French study is found substantial, it might serve to defuse the fear and discrimination that has run rampant through many of the nation's school districts. Needless to say, if school children exposed to AIDS do not transmit the virus during their sometimes vigorous daily routines, there is even less reason to be worried about schoolteachers and other staff who may carry antibodies to the virus.

Europe Sees 22 AIDS Cases per Week

Seventeen European nations saw a jump from 14 AIDS cases reported each week to 22 new cases during the second quarter of this year. From April 1 through June 30, European health officials informed the World Health Organization of 285 new cases, bringing the total number to 1226.

Three countries noted the greatest increases: France, with six to seven cases per week, the Federal Republic of Germany, with four to five cases per week, and the United Kingdom, with two to three per week. According to a report in the September 27 issue of Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report, France had the greatest increases.

(continued on page 15)
By Michael Helquist

Our years into the AIDS crisis, national gay activist groups continue to seek a viable means to influence AIDS policy-making. Shaky financial bases and limited support from influential and powerful forces in corporate and government circles. Yet the current AIDS prevention campaigns, research projects and service programs would have been far less developed had it not been for the try' have prompted a new look at the future of AIDS activism among gay leaders. In early October, representatives from all the national gay rights organizations met in West Hollywood with the directors of major AIDS service agencies to define once again group identities, roles and responsibilities. Similar to the often-hyped summit meetings of world leaders, the AIDS sessions in California were long on discussions and short on achievements.

The AIDS Action Council, the lobbying segment of the Federation of AIDS Related Organizations (FARO), convened the two-day meeting with the intent of charting the course of AIDS activism for the near future. Representatives from the major gay rights organizations met in West Hollywood with the directors of major AIDS service agencies to define once again group identities, roles, and responsibilities. Similar to the often-hyped summit meetings of world leaders, the AIDS sessions in California were long on discussions and short on achievements.

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The three major "action resolutions" adopted by the participants reflected necessary, if predictable, areas of concern: AIDS funding, AIDS discrimination, and the technical services to new AIDS agencies from smaller cities. Shocks of influence were determined with the national civil rights groups assuming coordination of the federal lobbying and anti-discrimination efforts. In turn, the service providers agreed to help fund the national efforts and to assist the emerging community-based groups. A total of $425,000 was targeted for the three resolutions; the funds are expected to come from the agency participants themselves and from philanthropic foundations.

These resolutions were neither unexpected nor particularly insightful. What has been needed in the battle against AIDS has been known for some time. The strategic planning to implement the resolutions is still pending.

The difference between this AIDS "summit" and similar meetings held every year since 1982 was the noticeable increase in self-confidence of the major AIDS service organizations like the AIDS Project/LA, New York's Gay Men's Health Crisis, and the San Francisco AIDS Foundation. Strengthened by their years of experience on the front lines of AIDS political and financial battles — in addition to facing the personal reality of the epidemic for their clients every day — these groups have achieved solid track records. Their leaders represent organizations that know how to match the service needs with effective strategies. Conversations with the agency directors indicate that the groups are no longer trying to prove themselves or to outdo each other. Armed with their respective million-dollar-plus budgets, they appear to have found their organizational identities.

The national civil rights groups have yet to achieve that more comfortable status. Four years after the first case of AIDS was discovered, special sessions still focus on the question of what are the roles and responsibilities of groups like FARO, the National Gay Task Force, and Gay Rights National Lobby. And the answers are always the same: shared lobbying duties and renewed promises of coordination and communication with each other. Those are hardly the kind of resolutions that will convince lesbians and gay men to dig deeper into their pockets for further donations.

While FARO's immediate constituents are the AIDS service organizations themselves, the two major civil rights groups must convince individual gay people around the country of their achievements. There has always been somewhat of a "Catch-22" dilemma. Without significant financial support the organizations are limited in what they can do, and yet, without compelling track records, fundraising is an uphill struggle. NGTF and GRNL directors also explain that frequently gay donors will now donate to local AIDS projects instead of supporting the civil rights groups.

The more clearly defined organizations, like those with a mandate to counteract discrimination with legal action, came out of these meetings as they entered them, with a specific job to do. Losing employment due to AIDS panic or being forced to take an AIDS antibody test — those are real threats for most gay people. The need to support organizations like Lambda Legal Defense and National Gay Rights Advocates is apparent to anyone who looks at present circumstances with alarm.

The West Hollywood meetings can claim success for clearing the air and bringing people together. Bill Misenheimer, director of the newly formed American Foundation for AIDS Research, commented, "It's a conference that has been long overdue; we need to keep on top of what's going on across the country."

San Francisco AIDS Foundation director Tim Wolfred added, "There's a lot of energy among the different groups. The big agencies have now stabilized enough that they can get behind these efforts." Wolfred said his organization tentatively pledged $20,000 to help implement the three action resolutions.

Bill Mannion, director of health education for Chicago's Howard Brown Clinic, observed, "I don't think we're here to promote ourselves as organizations; people are much more goal-oriented here than they were at previous meetings." In addition, Mannion suggested that the whole tenor of the meetings was more upbeat because federal and local governments have promised more funding for AIDS programs.

In addition to general discussions and adoption of the three resolutions, the gay leaders also elected a new board of directors for FARO. New members include Larry Kesseler of... (continued on page 14)
ON THE JOB

Michael Kearns: The Only Out Gay Actor Working in Hollywood

Michael Kearns at 35 has the kind of slightly weathered good looks that make him much more interesting and appealing than the standard pretty boys of Hollywood. He says he is the only openly gay actor working consistently in the television and film industry.

"One wonders why one becomes an actor," Kearns muses. "Is it to play other people because you're unsatisfied being yourself? I'm sure that that was a lot of it in my case, to escape into another world, to be somebody I wasn't, because I was not happy with who I was and my family situation. I thought I was the ugly duckling who couldn't succeed at anything."

The earliest thing that I remember from my childhood," Kearns says, "was trying to think how to escape from St. Louis." His father was mentally ill and institutionalized. His mother treated him as a peer, rather than as a child. Michael felt from the start that he wasn't wanted.

"My self-image was disastrous as a child," he recalls. "I thought I was incredibly ugly, not real smart and not at all athletic. The only thing that seemed to click with me was a school play in the third grade. That's it, I thought, "I know what I can do now. I'm good at this. This will be the thing that will get me out of this life.""

It was a play about trains in which he sang "Choo Choo Choo." At age eight Kearns was enrolled in a theatre school for children. By nine he was working at the St. Louis Municipal Opera, a musical comedy showcase. His favorite show was Meet Me Along the St. Louis in which he appeared with Jack Carson and Betty White. White was his young mother image, "the mother I was always looking for," he took his acting seriously and developed a good reputation in theatre circles.

Kearns was strongly attracted to men from a very early age. By junior high school, "I knew I was a homosexual and nothing was going to change that." In the tolerant atmosphere of the theatre world, he had few problems adjusting to his sexual orientation.

After graduating from high school Kearns enrolled in the prestigious Goodman Theatre in Chicago. There he met Thom Racina, a directing student a few years his senior. "I fell madly, passionately in love for the first time," Kearns says. "He became everything — father, mother, lover, teacher, director. I completely submerged my life into his. It was bliss — for a while. He wrote a play for me, a wonderful children's play called The Marvelous Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes."

While Kearns was playing Sherlock Holmes on stage, offstage he began playing Triby to Racina's Svengali. "Thom and I developed this incredible relationship. I was in ecstasy because I got somebody else to live my life for me. I became less and less me and more and more him. He made all the decisions."

"We moved to Hollywood. The plan was that I was going to be a major star, no matter what. Thom was going to make me a star. I was terrified, the ugly duckling coming to the big city. But that wasn't going to dissuade me. I could act. That was the one thing I did believe in."

He did act in Hollywood and got far as an important role as Richard Thomas' college "big brother" in an episode of The Waltons. What might have developed in a continuing role didn't turn out that way when the producers decided that John-Boy would only spend one episode of the show away at school.

During this time, Racina was writing pornographic books to supplement their income. When Xaviera Hollander's autobiography, The Happy Hooker, became a best seller, Racina wrote a totally fictitious first-person story of a bisexual male prostitute called The Happy Hustler. He sold it to Warner Books.

"They knew it was fiction," Kearns says. "Never did they say they were going to promote the book as nonfiction..." Kearns wanted a photo for the cover of the book, and Racina got Kearns the modeling job.

When the book was published in 1975 under the pseudonym "Grant Tracy Saxon," the promotion read, "the intimate and erotic autobiography of a stud-for-hire. A male Xaviera...the story of a modern Whoratio Algar..." And the author's note at the front of the book says, "The events in this journal all happened, the people are all very real. For obvious reasons, the names have been changed."

The logical next step was for Kearns to promote the book on television talk shows, appearing as the Happy Hustler. "I submerged myself in another identity, the identity of Grant Tracy Saxon. I did a Phil Donahue show. I was flown to Chicago, limousined to the hotel, put up in a lavish room. All my dreams were coming true. And the night before the appearance I was reading the book for the first time! This was going to do it. I was going to be a star."

"For the next two years I spent my life in limousines and airplanes, on talk shows in many cities, promoting myself and the book, playing someone I wasn't, and literally becoming that person in what could only be described as a Twilight Zone episode."

"It was my ultimate role, 24 hours a day. After I would do a talk show I'd get calls from people with lots of money. Some of them famous people, too. That all fit in my scheme of things — sex with famous people, more limousines, more big hotels. The drinking which had started in his Chicago days accelerated."

"The relationship with Thom became like Frankenstein and the monster. He created a monster. I became a complete drug addict, an alcoholic, a sexual compulsive, a total mess."

Kearns was strongly attracted to men from every city. But that wasn't going to dissuade me. I thought I was good at this. This will be the thing that will get me out of this life."･ It didn't work for me in any way, professionally or otherwise," he says. "I became the town joke who one week was on everybody's party list, and the following week it was, "Whatever you do, don't let him in here. It was the price of cheap fame in Hollywood."

"My obsession was to be famous, because I had the money, because fame made things worse. There was never enough college, never enough sex. There was never enough. Never. One day I realized I had to get out — out of the house, out of the restaurant business."

Things got worse before they got better. He entered another relationship, one based entirely on sex and drugs. And he continued hustling. "Hustling was his father for a father. It was being validated by being told, 'You are beautiful, you're sexy, you're hot. And here's $500 for you. ' And you go out and spend $500. There were so many similarities. I was performing. I was playing a different part. I'd often have to out the part they wanted me to act. It was no big deal to me... On some human, emotional level I needed it. I needed the validation, and where else but from another man? It made perfect sense to me... though acting was a healthier way to deal with those problems."

In a short time Kearns' life descended from the limousines and hotels and $500 tricks to sleazy motels with 60-year-old drunks who tried to talk you down from $70 to $50. It was not pretty."

His work in television guided to a halt. "No one in network TV would touch me," he remembers. He turned to the theatre. In 1979 he appeared in Robert Patrick's play, T Shirts, the play he says brought Los Angeles gay theatre out of the closet. He went on to produce and direct in the Los Angeles production of Harvey Fierstein's The International Stud, the first segment of Torch Song Trilogy. The mainstream Los Angeles press raved, and Kearns felt he was finally getting the recognition as an actor that he craved.

Television work started again, because as an openly gay actor, he was offered the occasional gay roles that no one else in town would play. He also performed in a hard core pornographic (continued on page 14)
Walt Disney Turns Over in His Grave:
new interpretation to the character of Dreams,
specific scene her husband comes back from
bound and pregnant Patsy Cline. In one par-
soundtrack was "fixed" before the release. In-
just come out your ears, sometimes... or is that
of lesbian and bisexual women have never told
or the lift operator at work, but it seems as
fo r  Career Women.

Speaking of Sex:
sex survey. You remember the Ann Landers
fer me big tips on finding one, I picked up last
one where most of her straight women readers
another crowd of straights. (Aren't they all
alike? Oh, sorry — I forgot, that's what they
think."

Judge Orders Unemployment Benefits for Bay Area Man
Who Left Job to Care for His Lover with AIDS
On October 3, an Administrative Law Judge
ordered the Employment Development De-
artment (EDD) to pay the claim of a computer
structor who left his job to provide 24-hour
care for his lover, who was dying of AIDS. The
ruling marks a significant legal victory for the
recognition of lesbian and gay family relation-
ships, and for home care of people with AIDS
by their family partners.
The employee was represented by the Les-
bian Rights Project at a lengthy hearing before
the EDD and Administrative Law Judge. The Les-
bian Rights Project is a public interest law firm
in San Francisco which litigates issues of sex-
ual orientation discrimination on behalf of les-
bians and gay men.

Originally, the EDD denied the instructor's
claim for unemployment benefits on the
ground that he had not shown "good cause"
for leaving his job, despite the fact that EDD
was informed that he had left work to take care
of his dying lover.

In the ruling, made September 15 and final-
atized October 3, the Administrative Law Judge
ordered EDD to pay the instructor's claim for
unemployment benefits. The Judge found that
the claimant had demonstrated "compelling
circumstances" which required his presence
at the side of his dying lover. The man had
lived together in the same home, shared their
financial resources, and had agreed to be
responsible to each other for support and care
throughout their lives. They considered each
other family.

The Judge's ruling declared: "Even though
a blood or marital relationship did not exist,
it is recognized that non-blood, non-legal rela-
tionships may be established which are as
meaningful, if not more meaningful, than the
relationships created by blood or the bonds of
marriage."

Roberta Achtenberg, Directing Attorney of
the Lesbian Rights Project, called the ruling a
"groundbreaking decision which gives legal
recognition to lesbian and gay family relations-
ships, and to a model for fair treat-
ment of lesbians and gay men by courts and
administrative agencies."

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feels good. So give them the professional
attention they deserve.

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COMING UP / NOVEMBER, 1985 / Page 11
Comparable Worth,  
— San Francisco Style

By Elizabeth Pincus

Comparable worth is fundamentally simple concept which asserts that women and minorities deserve true pay equity in the workplace. As obvious as the equal rights amendment, and as hotly contested, comparable worth is politically muddied by the myth of the free enterprise system and the insidious nature of gender-based and race-based discrimination. A decade ago the feminist max

imum was “equal pay for equal work.” But such a concept does not redress the injustice which segregates a disproportionately high number of women and minorities in traditionally low-paying jobs. Consequently, the slogan is now coined as “equal pay for comparable worth,” and discussion rages nationwide about how to achieve true pay equity.

The city of San Francisco is embroiled in this controversy and could set a precedent as the first large, multi-ethnic urban area to institute comparable worth as a policy for public employees. But Mayor Dianne Feinstein is a controversial figure, and the comparable worth struggle will be fought on many levels.

It has been well documented that a major gap exists between the wage earnings of full-time female workers and full-time male workers, even though United States federal laws made intentional wage discrimination illegal over twenty years ago. The 1963 Equal Pay Act required that women and men performing the same work receive the same wage. Enacted the following year, title VII of the Civil Rights Act forbade employers from denying a woman a job or discriminating in conditions of work, including compensation and classification. Still, current labor statistics reveal that female workers average $4 for every dollar earned by a male. This figure varies according to many factors, minority and disabled women earning even less.

Clearly, a systematic undervaluation of women’s labor is at play, resulting in under-compensation. Level of education and training appears to make little difference. The United States Department of Labor reports that 80% of women workers continue to be clustered in low-paying job classes. So if employers continue to pay labor market rates for jobs, the historical inequities will continue. Comparable worth policies would raise the pay rates for traditionally undervalued job categories.

Denouncers argue that a free enterprise system of supply and demand sets the prevailing wage appropriately and offers women a chance for fair competition. Maura Kealey, legislative coordinator of San Francisco’s Secretaries and Employees International Union (S.E.I.U.) Local 790, decries this attitude.

What’s their reasoning is that there’s a god-given right where markets determine rates. They say that implementing comparable worth would violate the free market. Comparable worth is a matter of public policy. We have to make adjustments to stop women from being undervalued.

Other comparable worth advocates are also stressing that pay inequities will not vanish automatically. For example, a report by Dr. Evan Coplan and Dr. William A. Niesten in a 1981 issue of the Los Angeles Times argues that women’s job market status in California, and for the state’s women, is a myth that women voluntarily choose to be the underclass in the labor market. As a result, the nation’s women workers are paid 80% of the wages they earn and are underpaid.

The California Commission on the Status of Women has been studying the issues. In a report, the commission finds that women are under-compensated for their work. The result is a dual labor market segregated by sex.

The California Commission on the Status of Women has been studying the issues. In a report, the commission finds that women are under-compensated for their work. The result is a dual labor market segregated by sex.

In 1981, the Board of Supervisors made an initial resolution to eliminate race- and sex-based pay inequities. Forshadowing future attitudes, Feinstein and the Civil Service Commission refused to act on the Board’s resolutions.

A new committee was formed in 1984 that included Supervisors Nancy Walker and Harry Britt. The S.E.I.U.-City Joint Committee on Comparable Worth asserted the need for comparable worth and sought clear ways to make it possible. Their effort resulted in a decision in early 1985 by the Board to commit the city to comparable worth. Feinstein signed this
found a legal way to distribute it to employees.

Feinstein vetoed this ordinance, throwing into question her supposed support of comparable worth. The Board overrode her veto by a vote of 9-2, thus solidifying the city's agreement with its employees. Negotiations continued, and the contract was revised to delete the meal allowance, but ensure that the pay equity fund was intact. The S.E.I.U. Joint Council Labor Contract was ratified in August by the Board, further guaranteeing that the $27.7 million be reserved for traditionally underpaid city workers.

Feinstein vetoed this contract, and the Board again overrode her veto by 9-2. As with the March pay equity ordinance override, Supervisors Quentin Kopp and Louise Renne sided with Feinstein. They join Feinstein in supporting Proposition E, which Feinstein placed on the ballot shortly after the second veto override.

Executive Director of S.E.I.U. Local 790 Paul Varacalli stated, "It's both sad and a mockery of the Mayor's public pronouncements around the country supporting pay equity/comparable worth that she continues to fight the inevitable by now attacking a labor agreement as well." Varacalli contends that the amount of money slated for comparable worth is modest compared to the enormity of the problem. She explains, "We're talking about a 10% pay adjustment over two years and women are 25-45% underpaid. It's already a compromise. The union contract has sanctity, yet the Mayor is encouraging, aiding and abetting voters to violate the contract. It's a scurrilous attack by Feinstein."

Attorney Judith Kurtz, spokeswoman for an ad hoc committee called the Campaign for Pay Equity, stated, "Feinstein is trying to set back comparable worth because she is unable to balance her budget. Proposition E is an attempt to manipulate people and undermine the city's efforts."

Another Coalition member is Sharon Johnson, aide to Supervisor Harry Britt. "I think Feinstein has her budgetary priorities mixed up," says Johnson. "The Board's budget analysis even stated that comparable worth is not the reason for the deficit. Yet she was angry with the Board's overrides and had to retract with Proposition E. Really, the proposition is moot because the union contract is valid."

Johnson mentioned that Feinstein, along with Kopp and Renne, sponsored a $250-per-person benefit in late October to raise funds to pass Proposition E. Such a high price tag is usually reserved for major campaign fundraisers. "It makes you wonder why this is so important to Feinstein," said Johnson.

Opposition to Feinstein's maneuvers and Proposition E has also mobilized. The Coalition for Pay Equity sponsored a rally at City Hall in October while Feinstein hosted a benefit inside for the National Women's Political Caucus (NWPC). About 200 people attended this protest; some wore "San Francisco 59ers" T-shirts and carried placards questioning Feinstein's spending on the 49ers and the home-porting of the Missouri while she failed to implement comparable worth. In a press release, Kurtz elaborated on this hypocrisy: "The Mayor cannot have it both ways. On the one hand, she is trying to project a national image as an advocate of pay equity. At the same time, she is blaming the entire city deficit on fair pay for women and minorities, and placing Proposition E, a meaningless repeal of a non-existent meal allowance, on the November ballot.

Kopp and Renne, who have not yet changed their minds about Proposition E, have already sponsored a $2 million package as a possible method to begin achieving pay equity. Recognizing potential legal limitations, the city included a clause that placed the money in a special pay equity fund should the meal allowance be declared illegal. The worst case scenario of a 1985-86 or 1986-87 $27.7 million guarantee for 1985-86 is already obligated due to previous vetoes. Supervisor Walker feels that blaming a $27.7 million package will hold firm.

The legal future for comparable worth in San Francisco remains unclear, however.
New Gay and Lesbian Artists' Group Forms

Artists for Community life is a network of gay men and lesbians working in visual, literary, and performing arts who have formed to create new perspectives on the battle against AIDS. The group meets twice monthly in San Francisco, and seeks gay artists from the Bay Area for community events.

The Artists for Community Life meetings include a live or slide presentation by a contemporary gay artist and discussion. The group invites painters, printmakers, photographers, writers, poets, video artists, filmmakers, theater artists, composers, musicians, choreographers and dancers to join and share their work with others.

The first meeting in November will be a planning session for a gallery showing in the spring of 1986 by artists affected by the AIDS epidemic. This meeting will take place on Thursday, November 7, 7:30 p.m. at 601 Alabama Street, near 15th and Valencia in San Francisco.

The second meeting in November will be a general meeting with an artist's presentation. It will be held Thursday, November 21, 7:30 p.m. at 540 Alabama Street, near Mariposa in San Francisco. For more information, contact Alan Goodman at 839-1923, or write to Arts for Community Life, Box 20050, Oakland, CA 94620.

Men's Wart Clinic

The Men's Wart Clinic in Oakland opened last June and specializes in venereal wart treatment. It is one of the few non-profit, sliding-fee clinics in the Bay Area which is run exclusively for men.

The clinic is headed by Dr. Fred Strauss, who was one of the founders of the Gay Men's Health Collective and also headed the venereal wart program at the Berkeley Free Clinic early last year. He currently is a staff physician at the SF Health Department District Health Centers providing AIDS screening. The staff of the Men's Clinic are para-professionals who also provide services at the Berkeley Community Health Project.

The Men's Wart Clinic is conveniently located in the Oakland Feminist Women's Health Center, 2950 McClure Street, one block east of Telegraph Avenue. It is there easy access by public transportation and parking is available.

Services are confidential and are intended to provide sensitive and supportive care for men, gay or straight. The clinic offers evening appointment times which may be made by calling 444-5676.

Exercise Your Rights: The 3rd Annual 5-B Race For California Abortion Rights Action League

Last year over 500 women and children from all over the Bay Area came together to support the right to reproductive freedom, raising over $4,000 which went toward a diversity of efforts by California Abortion Rights Action League (CARAL), from lobbying efforts on Sacramento to local public awareness programs.

With at least one initiative measuring limited state funding for abortion expected on the ballot in June 1986, even more participants are expected in this year's Exercise Your Rights Run. For this year's run, CARAL has added a wheelchair division.

Participants can assemble at the Golden Gate Park South Parking Lot adjacent to the Polo Fields for a 10 a.m. send-off on Sunday, November 5. Registration is from 8:30 a.m. T-shirts and refreshments will be available to all entrants as long as they last.

For more information and pledge sheets, call CARAL at 751-0300.
which had a devastating here. The gay casting people closeted and they’re terrified for their jobs. It’s not a rsd place. It is a town predicated on mydis, on untruths, homophobia, on the difficulties for gay actors, sion. I’ve given up all that thinking, because it and I’m the victim. So I stopped that.

work. I’m sure that a lot of casting people in if they feel inclined to not live, their life another person’s personality. It’s not healthy I denied myself to the extent that I took on

Model
recent Sim deliberately modest scale on which he now

He is acting, producing, and directing gay

He appeared out what appeared to some observers to be

and 5% were linked to I.V. dnig use. The drug use category increased significantly to 15% similar to that in the United States, holds

and 5% were linked to I.V. drug use. The drug use category increased significantly to 15% similar to that in the United States, holds

Eastern nations. During the last six months of 1984, on- to AIDS. The Republican contender for mayor’s office has called not only for the closure of baths but also of gay bars and other establishments. New York City Mayor Koch and New York Governor Mario Cuomo sent out what appeared to some observers to be trial balloons saying that they were “recon- sidering” their previous opposition to bathhouse closure. New support for keeping the baths open has come from a surprising source: the influential New York Times. In an editorial entitled “Morality, AIDS, and the Bathhouses,” the Times commented: “Throwing in the towel on the bathhouses is unlikely to stamp out some homosexual desire for anonymous sex. What it will do is drive the activity underground and put patrons beyond the reach of advice on how to avoid AIDS.” The editor said that some reports noted few anti-AIDS education efforts in many of the facilities, they advised that the city health department should “keep a closer eye on what licenses.”

The Times editorial concluded with an at- tempted clarification about what issues are im- portant in AIDS prevention. “The bathhouse scene responds to an important need for some homosexuals. Though closing them might win some votes, that need will remain to be satisfied in ways and places that are less safe. The bathhouses offend many people’s sensibilities, but if society’s purpose is to slow the spread of AIDS, it may be more prudent to keep them open, under closer watch.”

Equal Pay...

Other public jurisdictions are engaged in similar battles, but the means of implementing comparable worth programs vary among cities and states. Thus far, most successful pay equity plans have been initiated in predominantly white areas like Idaho and Minnesota, or smaller municipalities like Pismo Beach, California.

Perhaps the most well-publicized struggle is the case between the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) and the state of California. In 1983, AFSCME won a comparable worth victory against the state, but this September a federal appeals court overturned the ruling. AFSCME is appealing the decision. The issue at hand is whether or not pay inequities are caused by intentional discrimination. A similar suit is under way between the California State Employees Association (CSEA) and the state of California. CSEA filed this lawsuit after Gover- nor George Deukmejian vetoed a bill appropriating $77 million to begin remedying wage discrepancies in female-dominated sectors.

Comparable worth proponents believe that when a public sector begins to adopt comparable worth policies, the private sector will follow. However, the California law prohibits private employers from contracting with the city unless they have pay equity for their employees. “Comparable worth is the issue of the ‘80s,” says Supervisor Walker. “All the good guys are for it, and the bad guys against it. It’s a matter of civil rights. If we’re still stalemating next year, we’ll get an affirmative statement on the June or November ballot. If we trust the voters to make good decisions, they will.”
GAY COMEDY OPEN MIKE EVERY MON. at 8:30pm $3

HYSTERIC WOMEN AT THE ROSE every Fri, 10:30pm $5

SPECIAL COMEDY SPECIAL – ROBIN TYLER
She takes the stage to comment about the most controversial issues of our time. Fri, Nov 8 at 10:30pm. $5

MIXED DOUBLES – KAREN RIPLEY AND DANNY WILLIAMS
Join us as this new comedy team does some rough stuff. Fri Nov 22, 8pm. $5

SATURDAY NIGHT MIGHTS – GASTON & ROBERTO
Aise the American contemporary cultural scene and explore the underlying meaning of Sex and Death. Sat Nov 23, 9pm. $5

THE HALLS ARE AWRE WITH THE SOUND OF MUSIC
SF Lesbian Chorus - In the Mood? Judy Grahn joins the chorus for their opening night show. Sat Nov 3, 10:30pm. $5.

Mellisah Rock 'n Roll! She's driven women wild — don't miss her SF debut. Fri Nov 1, 10:30pm. $5.

Blackberrl Is Back! Enjoy his rich voice with original songs and new performance. Thurs Nov 21, 8pm. $5.

Swingshirt great jazz and original music. Fri Nov 29. Bpm, 8pm. $5.

ARTISTIC PERFORMANCE

The New Family a panel discussion hosted by Lesbian Gay Parenting Network. Sat Nov 23, 8pm, $5-3 sliding.

Women In Revolution history of Nicaragua hosted by Lisa Gross, Achtenberg, Ron Wright, Jeff Friedman, & Maryann Simpson. $5-3, 8pm.

Mobilization Against AIDS discusses updated research on anti-viral agents/immune boosters for AIDS & ARC, and what lies ahead in the battle against AIDS. Fri Nov 22, 8pm. $5-3.

HEARSE AT THE ROSE

The Dark Side of the Moon The No. Am. premiere written and performed by Juan Jacobo Hernandez. A true story of the streets. Music by Mario Fics. Free performance Nov 3 in Spanish, 8pm & 10pm. $7

Tennessee In the Summer A new play by Joe Besecker suggested by the life of Tennessee Williams. Directed by John Peterson. Reser-

vations required. Fri Nov 22, 8pm & 10pm. $7

The Pursuit of Happiness the financial district sqa by Steve Omlie & Mike Seda. A financially-challenged man who wants to help his family. Thurs, Fri, Sat Nov 8, 7, 9, 14, 15, 16, 21 & 22, 8pm. $7.

Sharon & Rolbneau Amazon Productions present male impersonators in drag. Sat Nov 30, 8pm. $5

K'Thar Stiles - Passage: Environmental Performance Ritual. Heali-

ing Theatre or Clinic of Cheap Spoectacle thru laffs & catharsis. Nov 9, 23, 8pm.

Lucie Blue Tomany and Kathy S. enjoy their rich voice with original songs and new stories. Fri Nov 9, 8:30pm. $5.

Chrysanthemum Ragtime Band Sun Nov 2, 9pm. $5

Milo Thras guitarist for Dark Side of the Moon. Sat Nov 9, 8pm, 5l.

Liza Sanchez with Conchita and Jeff Pitton perform jazz standards. Thurs Nov 14, 8pm. $5

Cynthia Synthia Talented singer-songwriter repeats her smash debut performance Sat Nov 16, 8pm. $5

Group Sax rousing & riotous! Sat Nov 23, 8pm. $5

Pat Wynne & her Topical Beat Band address social & political issues with music. Sat Nov 24, 8pm. $5

Classical Music at the Rose String sounds. Sun Nov 24, 3-5pm. $5

Swingshift great jazz and original music Fri Nov 29, 8pm. $5

Sweet Surrenderstrange & delightful comedy. Sat Nov 30, 8pm. 55

ASTROLOGICAL FORECAST

By Jack Fertig

Page 16 / COMING UP! / NOVEMBER, 1985
The Coming Up! Guide to Events in the Bay Area

FOR NOVEMBER

F O R

The Coming Up! Guide to Events in the Bay Area


Big foot completes Its 4th yr of dance performances at New Performance House, needs volunteers. Call 533-1743, for info.

Elke Hall, 444 W Alma, San Jose $100 for best costume on a women's theme, $100 whose costumes somehow form a motif. 8-10pm, $200 to check or money order to Moonstruck Productions. 1025 7th St, Santa Clara 95050. Info: Mary Ann (408)297-5132. Paul Taylor Dance Company. Performed contemporary dance at Zellerbach Hall, UC Berkeley, today-Sun. 9-11/6-12:50pm of available. Info: 640-3863.


Tune the Grend Up at 1177 Club, 1770 California St, SF: today & 11/8-10pm. Info: 776-7370.


For information to the Opera:

Falstaff. Contact the Fraternal Order of Gays office at 641-8999.

 Homage to Ezra Pound on his 76th birthday & Wednesday. His music was born on this day in 1775. Special drinks at Alamo Square, 2640 College Ave, Berk; 7-10pm. Info: 428-9684.


Hunter Davis' wondrous guitar & vocals at Artesas, 1199 Valencia, SF. Info: 9-11pm, $6. 821-0233.

Bound, a Halloween dance party & costume contest for women. 8-10pm. Info: 282-3094.

Dance party & costume contest for women. $4. $5, fo/res: 282-3094.

Mose Allison

Monday, November 19 9:30 p.m.

The Great American Music Hall, 2099 Fillmore, SF. Info: 653-1594.


Tune the Grend Up at 1177 Club, 1770 California St, SF: today & 11/8-10pm. Info: 776-7370.


For information to the Opera:

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Apprentice for Community Life, a network of gay men & lesbians working in the Obama administration who have "formed a new perspective on the battle against AIDS," meets tonight to plan for a celebration of the publication of a new AIDS awareness magazine. Info: 436-9246.

When Your Feet Hurt... discusses common foot ailments at the Geary Community Center, 1331 Geary, San Francisco. Info: 436-9246.

Several social events are listed, including a performance at the Casa del Sol, 304 Gold Mine Dr, San Francisco. Info: 428-9684.


The Women
11/30, 9:00pm
The West Side
12/1, 8:00pm
The Importance of Being Earnest
12/2, 8:00pm


The Women
11/30, 9:00pm
The West Side
12/1, 8:00pm
The Importance of Being Earnest
12/2, 8:00pm


The Women
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The Women
11/30, 9:00pm
The West Side
12/1, 8:00pm
The Importance of Being Earnest
12/2, 8:00pm

Baybrick's Third Anniversary Party
7pm-2am Sunday
November 17th

Baybrick Inn
1190 Folsom (at 8th), San Francisco

Puttin' on the Lips Contest

CONTESTANTS SIGN UP AT ESTA NOCHE

MC PAULINE NOV. 24 FINALS $450

ESTA NOCHE
3079 SIXTEENTH STREET 861-5757 BETWEEN MISSION & VALENCIA

BAYBRICK
ENTERTAINMENT HOTLINE 552-1122

An Evening of French Schubert w/ tenor Sean Martinfield & SF Lesbo Community Chorus director Robin Kay. 8pm, Unitarian Church, Franklin & Geary, SF. Info: 626-4329.

EL Teatro Campesino, the Farmworker's Theatre founded by Luis Valdez, celebrates 20 yrs of ex­ ci­ t­ ing fi­ n­ a­ l­ity of an­ im­ ing & cre­ at­ ing the­ at­ re dance at the West St. Francis Hotel. Info: 408/232-2444.

The Cleary Brothers & Tommy Makem: after 15 yrs apart, these Irish folk singers reunite at Zellerbach, UC Berkeley campus. $12-$15 of student discount. Info: 642-9698.

Golden Gate Gypsy Orchestra presents a cajoling evocation of village Russian & Gypsy music. 8pm; Julia Morgan Theater, 3640 College, Berkeley. Free; $5/thdble. Info: 447-7234.

Homage to Ezra Pound on his Centenary. Tonight at San Jose State University, 101 Sweeney Hall. Info: see 11/2 for other details.

Guitar's Music of the Andes at Harlequin Theatre. 401 Van Ness, SF. 9pm. $6-$15. Info: 925-4400 or 446-5656.

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Ben Izy is Back! The traveling story-teller returns to KQED's LicketySplit Times, 969 Valencia, SF. 8pm; donation $22/$12. Info: 686-8070.

Betty Krapowitz returns from her new home in Ethiopia. 8pm; 6th Street, SF. Info: 429-9664.

The Pursuit of Happiness: see 11/2 for details.

Tennessie in the Summer: see 11/2 for details.

Shadow Village: see 11/2 for details.

Real Madrid, jazz singer & pianist at Great American Music Hall. 659 O'Farrell, SF. 8pm. $8.50. Info: 865-0750.

Pete Danial: a powerful ex­ hib­ it by your favorite local Strin­ g Woman plus a Gay Garner experience in the presence of an­ imating & cre­ at­ ing the­ at­ re dance at the West St. Francis Hotel. Info: 408/232-2444.

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Castro: The Videoc, video spoof of prime-time soap operas..." by the Castro Improvement Association, 682 Valencia, San Francisco, SF: 8:30 pm.

Flame & Flange: signing with a haunting blend of voices directed by Humphrey Bear, F586 Teagle, Oak, women only; WA; SF: 8:45 pm.

Dedication: Sukie Calhoun celebrates release of her new album w/ a concert at Aronio, 1119 Valencia, SF, $5; SF: 8:45-11:45 pm.

Fiction Writers' Open Reading at Modern Times Bookstore, 2590 Valencia, SF: 8:30 pm; F: 552-7895.

Open Mike Comedy Night at Alamo Square Saloon w/ Danny Williams. 8pm; free; SF: 552-7100.

The Golden Dildos Awards at Venue, 14th and Folsom, SF: 8pm.

Tune the Grand Upright: see 11/1 for details.

San Francisco World Sexophone Awards at the Golden Gate Theater, 9pm; SF: 668-4622.

The Women's Building of the Bay Area Institute of Integral Studies. 7:30-8pm network towards them. Spons by Tami Eldridge:

Voices For Our Earth: Graebe study w/ Charlene Spretnak & others

Women's Bldg, 3543 18th St. Info: 974-6391.

TQIDVC: today features the Talking Heads at 7:30pm; tonight hostette Linda Moakes is bare it all for you. 10pm. Featuring Les Banque: 861-3282.

Friedman finds deliver soulful originals, powerful vocals, guitar, with opening with Tim Putnam at 1199 Valencia, SF: 8pm; $5. Info: 974-6391.

Judi Friedman delivers soulful originals, powerful vocals, guitar, with opening with Tim Putnam at 1199 Valencia, SF: 8pm; $5. Info: 974-6391.

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A Guesthouse on the Russian River
Continental Breakfast • Hot Tub • Canoes • Nude Sunbathing
Community Kitchen • BBQ

SPECIAL WEEKDAY RATES—BUDDY NIGHT, THURS. 2/25
TENT CAMPING—DAY USE
P.O. Box 465 • 19505 River Road • Guerneville, CA 95446 • (707) 869-6335

CIDER CREEK INN
THE TCHORRONN FOR BED AND BREAKFAST

LODGING FOR WOMEN.

Elegant 1880's Victorian near quaint coastal Mendocino, offering hot tub, sauna house, cold plunge and country kitchen. Continental breakfast included.

Albian Ridge Rd. • P.O. Box 1, Albion, CA 95410 • (707) 937-4335

At 10:00 am E. Bay location: 655-35.
Marin. Info: 543-0380 or 641-6675.
San Anselmo: 523-6675.
San Francisco location: 523-8461.
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Artists for Community Life, a network of gay men & lesbians in the arts who are working to create new perspectives on the battle against AIDS, is featuring an art exhibit and a presentation, 7:30pm, 540 Alabama St nr Mariposa, SF. Info: Alan Goodman 882-1903 or write ACL, Box 20035, Oak. 94630.


Performances at Six presents Don Camer featuring vocal works of the 17th & 18th centuries. See 11/7 for other details.

Bible Study: see 11/6 for details.

Bonnita Hayes: see 11/6 for details.

Author Shalla Ortiz Taylor reads from her new novel at Old Wives Tales, 1009 Valencia, SF; 7:30pm; free; especially for women: WC & CC. Info: 821-0232. Don't miss her.

Mike at the cabaret stage at Buckley's, 137 Gough, SF; 9pm; $6 or $4 w/dinner. Info: 552-6177. Turn the Grand Up: see 11/1 for details.


Tennessee in the Summer: see 11/1 for details.

Pursuit of Happiness: see 11/2 for details.

Open Mike Comedy Night w/Danny Williams at Ham's Bar, 911 Market, SF, 8pm. Info: 352-7100.

Monica Palacioas: see 11/6 for other details.

Beginning Investment Workshop for Women: topics include mutual funds, money markets, socially responsible investments, & more. 12:30-4pm; $25 adv. Info: 508-686.

The Plam City Players: w/today's guest Anna Isaacson & her Dog Puppet. See 11/2 for other details.

Campa Capps' Country Inn
32980 Glinby Lane, Port Bragg, CA 94537

A POETRY READNG ONLY BAY AREA APPEARANCE
MARGE MARGARET
Wed., Nov. 20th, 8 P.M.
Oliny Hall, College of Marin Campus, Kentfield
$7 General / $5 Students
Tix. 485-9385 or 762-BASS

MAY SARTON
WED. APRIL 16 OILY HALL $7

The Brick Hut Cafe

For Your Next Affair
HIRE A GAY COMIC!

For M-A-F-I-A

A friendly, fast-paced, exciting evening of dancing, music, and comic entertainment featuring one of the hottest drag trios in the Bay Area!

Date: Saturday, February 5, 1995
Time: 8:00pm - 12:00am
Location: The Brick Hut Cafe, 3060 Sansome St., San Francisco, CA 94109

Caring Community

Extended Family

Congregation Sh'ar Zahav
Services every Friday night at 8:15pm
Particular outreach to the gay and lesbian community
Rabbi Yoel Kahn
220 Danvers at Caselli • San Francisco, CA 94114 • (415) 861-6932

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220 Danvers at Caselli • San Francisco, CA 94114 • (415) 861-6932
A Tradition Celebrating Women in the Arts

SUN & SAT., DEC. 7, 8, 14 & 15, 1985
10:00 A.M. UNTIL 7:00 P.M.

Splendid handmade arts and crafts by women.

Ceramics, weaving, jewelry, glass, woodwork, toys, and more! Over 100 exhibits per weekend.

Cabinet-style entertainment by performers such as the Robin Flower Band, Maja, Sylva Kohan, Gwen Avery, Wake Robin Puppets, Puppetry, Nancy Shimmel of the Plum City Players, and more.

Tasty meals and desserts - Free quality childcare

The San Francisco Women's Building
3543 18th Street, San Francisco, CA
Between Valencia and Guerrero

Door donation: $2.00-$5.00
For more information, call 431-1180

Wheelchair accessible-special parking. Transportation via Muni #13, 14, 26, 33, E Church or Bart.

Find Your Own Way

Maybe things don't change fast enough for you. You've too often found an unresponsive employment or any other potential. Empowered by this knowledge (which often confirms earth, from your birth data. Your map identifies where you can find success, love, fun, where you are, and where you might do better.

Astrology has always guided people like you, and in its new, technologically and your intuitions), relocation, vacation, retirement, or distant concerns like investment, business or culture become experiments in self-discovery.

We computer-generate a unique, individual map of your geographical "power zones" on world map showing your Individual, lifelong planetary power zones.

Coffee at New Performance, BASS A 9:30pm; $5. Info: 863-9684.


Women at the Qiand Up: see 11/4 for details.

Women: Free; Old Wives Tales, 1009 Howard, SF; 7:30pm. Info: 464-9851.

Women: $5. Info: 428-9684.


Women: $5. Info: 428-9684.

Women's Sisterhood of Song: see 11/6 for details.

Women: See 11/23 for details.


Women: $5. Info: 428-9684.

Women at the Qiand Up: see 11/4 for details.

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Who Wants To Be A Passive White Girl Anyway?...Snow White Retold: a journey through darkness & light by Rhea. One-woman show portrays a powerful, often-humorous search thru one woman's inner darkness, examines individual & collective guilt in a larger societal context. Fri-Sun, 8:30pm; $50. Video Free America, 442 Shotwell (btwn 18th & 19th), SF; info: 485-0455.

Ghost of John O’Keefe. Meditations on the ateliers of vintner form by Glyde, a group of characters who have crossed over to the other side. Eran Yadin production, in conjunction with Blake St Hayward. Runs Fri, Sat, 11/15-17, 8:30pm. Fri, 11/29, 8pm. Blake St (btwn Grove & Shattuck), Berkeley. Info: 485-0632.

Benjour Le, Benjour by Michael Tremblay. Drama about incestuous family relationships, Runs Thurs-Sat, 11/1-23, 8:30pm, $5, 2019 Blake St (btwn Grove & Shattuck), Berkeley. Info: 485-0632.

Levels by Bryce Maritano. The meeting of a young businesswoman, an odd bag lady and a scary elevator. Intersection & T.E.L.E. production. Runs Thurs-Sat, 8pm, $6; Fri, 11/8, 8:30pm; $8 Fri-Sat. Video Free America, 442 Shotwell (btwn 18th & 19th), SF; info: 485-0455.

Blackout: A Love Story by Amanda MacIver. This devastating play incorporates several ingredients: a love triangle with a twist; the story of convicted murderer Jack Kerouac, immortalized by his Beatniks; and a modern-day romantic triangle. Runs thru 12/1. Oakland Ensemble Theatre, 1321 14th & 15th, SF. Info/res: 430 Mason St. SF. Info/res: 863-3863.

The Pursuit of Happyness by Paul Haggis. A saga of the SF Financial District that explores our ambitions and frustrations, dreams & reality, as the artist who has been disfigured by the war tries to resuscitate the best of the nation's young playwrights. Thurs, 11/2; Fri & Sat at 8:30pm; $7. Zephyr Theatre, 586 Mission St. SF. Info/res: 864-4201.

In the Belly of the Beast adapted by Adrian Hall & Robert Woodward from the novel by Yvonne Lam. This devastating play incorporates interviews & testimonials depicting the story of convicted murderer Jack Kerouac, as well as historical footage of the Red Brigade, mistaken as a group exhibition & performance art series w/works by SF Art Institute alumni. Twin Peaks Art Galley, 1060 Heinz Sl, Berkeley. Info: 771-0702.


Rebecca by George Coates. Ex-pedition of the territorial imperative of the mind thru music, design & visual arts. Runs Tues-Sun, 11/9-12/11, Thurs & Sat, 8pm; Fri, 11/29, 8pm; Sun, 11/30, 8pm. Tix: $15, $12.50; Mission Co Theatre Co production, 397 Miller Ave, Mill Valley. Info/res: 386-5208.

White Man Meets Bigfoot by Del’Arte Players. Zany tale of inter-species romance. A 9-foot-tall female Sasquatch kidnaps a vacationing General Dynamics employee for his mate. Del’Arte Players production. Runs Thurs-Sun, 11/12-14, Fri-Sat, 11/24-25, 8pm; Thurs-Sat, 12-26-27, 8pm; $7 Thurs-Sat, 8 Sat, $1, disc-


You Can’t Take It With You by George S. Kaufman & Moss Hart. Classic screwball comedy about the Lewis family became popular in film and on TV. Runs Thurs-Sat, Sat, $6/students, sr. Phase One production. SFSU’s An 691 Gallery Design Students by Students, 6th R. 1600 Holloway Ave, SF. Info/res: 489-1442.

The Little Prince by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: Children’s classic about the real world, friendship & commitment. Runs 11/16 at 8, 11/19 at 2:30, 11/21 at 8. Thru 12/1 at 8pm. Th-Sat at 8pm, Sun at 2:30. 558-9077.

Blood Wedding by Federico García Lorca. Carmencita stars in this poetic drama of love, passion and double murder. Marques Memorial Theatre, 609 Sutter at Mason, SF. Runs 11/13-17; Tues-Sat, 8pm. Bay Area directors, writers & theatre artists to showcase the best of the nation’s young playwrights. Thurs, 11/2; Fri & Sat at 8:30pm; $7. Zephyr Theatre, 586 Mission St. SF. Info/res: 864-4201.


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Experimental Theatre Collective meets Tuesdays at 8:30pm. Alamo Square Saloon—get your picture taken and claim your space on the bar’s famous blackboard. 600 Fillmore St, SF. 864-7462.

American Realists:

Painting by Gail LaCoesa on display at the Brick hut, 3222 Adeline, Berkeley, M-F 7:30am-2:30pm, 8-3:30pm; Sun 7:30-9:30pm; Sun 12:30-9:30pm.

Unforgettable Pies: arranged by Morgan Thomas, an exhibit of drawings & pastels & taxes from the memories of "Shokutai" (survivors of Hiroshima) plus a photographic portrait of a survivor of Tokyo photographer Ittetsu Morishita. Made in California: a holiday exhibit & sale of ceramics, glass, jewelry, woodworks, modern prints, Quail Valley Gallery, 968 85th Street, SF, reception 11/9, 11-3, 3pm.

Stress Reduction groups to learn skills for decreasing stress & coping with depression. Info: AIDS health Project 821-8830.

Pain in the Back of the Head:

Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor and Sophia Loren are on display at the Minx Gallery, 921-1800 Sutter St, SF; thru 11/20. Info: 552-7100.

Pain in the Back of the Head:

Paintings by Frank Gallo on display at Ambush, 1351 Harrison, SF; thru 11/20. Info: 621-7177.

AIDS Writing Project:

Morgan Thomas, a writing exhibit of the survivors of the AIDS epidemic, created by local & West coast artists. Days of the Dead, 11/23; W-Sat, 1-6pm. Info: 864-7462.

AIDS Interfaith Network: provides emergency support to people with AIDS, their families and loved ones through hospital ministry, literature distribution, spiritual support, healing teams and prayer. 1995 Turk St. SF. Info: 864-7462.

SF AIDS Fund provides emergency financial assistance to people with AIDS, 1545 California St. SF. Info: 451-6020.

Projects In Memory & Celebration of Life, a city-wide series on behalf of those who have died of AIDS held the second Friday of each month at Unitarian Church Community Center, Frank on Telegraph Ave, 5460 California St, SF; thru 11/20. Info: 864-4376.

AIDS Interfaith Network:

Stop AIDS Project: a writing workshop for people with AIDS. Monday afternoons, 3-5pm. Info: Adrian Madover, AIDS Health Project. 821-8830.

AIDS Grief Group:

Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave, SF; thru 12/3. Info: 431-8334.

Painting by Sydney Cannon & Eileen P. Morgan Thomas, an exhibit of clay, stone paintings, masks by John C. Bryant, Jr. & Robert Voelbrecht, CoLab Gallery (interaction), 1805 Divisadero, SF; 11/11-11/26. Reception 11/12 at 6pm.

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Camping Women offer monthly excursions for women. Day hikes and camping trips. For details write Camping Women, 5329 Manila, CA 94618.

Ride with Different Spokes, SF bicycle club. For this month's schedule see main calendar, for the coming month's Dec 1 schedule see Golden Gate, Dec 1, page 1471. SF FIHiking Club joins us for day trips, backpacking & social activities. See calendar listings for this month's schedule. For more info call SF FIHiking Club, 703-42173, or 514-1273.

Glide Lssblan/Gay Support Group meets Thursdays, 7-8 pm, 381 Jersey St (off Castro between 24th & 25th), SF. Info: Bruce 841-6224.

Men's Overeaters Anonymous meets Sun at 7:30 pm, 431-6405. MAB Maher, Ph D, 751-5305.


Gay Men's Support Group for women over 30, 55 and over who want to share. Call WOMAN, Info., SL. In- comes or have in E. Bay offering place to discuss personal relationships. Info: Lynn 848-5639.

Gay Men's Support Group for lesbians 23 and under. Rik 668-5955 or Helen 558-8611.

Gays & Lesbians in Recovery: ongoing drama workshop to work on recovery issues & get in touch w/ others. Info: Judy Wohiberg 658-4194.

Pharmaceuticals/Intuitive Healing: ongoing psychotherapy group for gay & lesbian clients. For info call Alan Rockway, PhD, Voice/tty. Ricki Boden 626-7000.

Men's Overeaters Anonymous group for women over 30, 55 and over who want to share. Info: 841-6224.


AIDS-Related AA: for women & men at Pacific Ctr, 626-7000.


Chemical Dependency/Intuitive Healing: fee. 2 groups. Wed & Thurs. Led by Judy Wohiberg 658-4194.

Gays (Parents FLAG) of the East Bay Area: social, political & action context. Ongoing. Info: Amy 923-1454.

Women's Support Group for lesbians 23 and under. Rik 668-5955 or Helen 558-8611.

Abused Women's Support Group for women or have in E. Bay offering place to discuss personal relationships. Info: Lynn 848-5639.


Women's Mythologies, Women's Lives:
Talking with Artist Karen Sjoholm

By Louise Raskin

Art Area artist Karen Sjoholm's first showing of all her over-life-size pastels opens this month at the Hatley-Martin Gallery. The exhibit covers the last five years and includes preliminary studies and other smaller work.

Since 1972, Sjoholm's work has been seen primarily through women's presses, and her prints and postcards are familiar to many. In the late sixties she worked with the Women's Press as it was creating a place for women's and other underrepresented women to get works published. Her drawings first appeared with Judy Grahn's A Woman is Talking to Death, and since that time her art has been included in many women's works, while her art still continues to appear with Grahn's writings. Most recently, her work can be seen on the cover of Grahn's newest book, The Highest Apple. She is one of a number of women who have taken to writing and speaking seriously about their lives. I came to them, I find, because they give their lives the respect and the power they will hold. At the end of this time, the two women are inseparable in their lives outside the hut. When the time of the young woman to die, the younger woman helps her into death, as she was helped into life. As much as this misrepresenting influence and acceptance, I remain truthful to my own memories of menarche — a time of anything but the claiming of power. It is a drawing about what is possible between women and what is taken away.

In My Mother's House, based on the Demeter/Kore myths, is about the healing of relationships between a mother and daughter — the beginning knowledge of our bodies as young girls and the limitations placed on us, reconciliation with our mothers and the expression of our love toward another woman and the creation of a family. The newest work, The Eternal Garden is a nude woman curled on her tummy, looking at a sheet, at nothing. There is a poem by Adrienne Rich which describes the coming of age as "the half-curler flax of the fiddlehead fern in forest,just washed by sun." That's how I think of this new piece.

The first two major works came from a lot of pain; the last two came easily because I didn't any longer have to deal with feelings I had carried with me for so long — family relationships, and my relationship with my mother in particular.

In what other ways have writers such as Rich and Grahn influenced your work?

I am supported by their work to do my own work. What they write can come into my work, I can use to confirm and validate what I think. I don't know what my imagery would be like if that support wasn't available, because I can't work in isolation. Even though I work only for myself, because I draw what I need to have drawn out of me, I need a community, a place to put the images when I am done. Almost everything Rich has written has affected my life, and thus my work. The work of Judy Grahn has always affected my work, some because I have always worked so close together, and because both of us have worked on similar themes. I would go to the library and find information I would use in my own work, that would also be of use to the work she was doing. So, I became her research assistant for Another Mother Tongue. A lot of what Judy does for me is to take words, think about them, and give them a meaning way beyond what is commonly given to them. She takes legends and opens their interpretation, and

that means a lot to my work and what I am trying to do.

I feel I come from a tradition of artists to whom it is important to portray their communities with dignity and respect. The work of Elizabeth Catlett and Charles White express the strengths of black communities. Ben Shahn does the same for the Jewish community. I think that if we take the concern to look we would see that all these expressions, though particular to their own communities, are also carried within ourselves. All our work is both central to our communities and a bridge towards the lives and hearts of each other.


Open Studio
Reviewed by Randy Turoff

San Francisco artist Jeanine Reisbig recently had a retrospective, open studio showing of her artwork. The work covered a period of time from the early '70s to the present.

My first impression as I climbed the staircase was: here I am entering the playful world of an interesting woman's imagination. Her recent work is a prolific display of shaped canvases — mostly oval or round, not flat, but cushiony, voluptuous, soft like women's breasts. The canvases all sort of flower with color, mostly primary colors used abstractly but organically in forms of spirals, circles, figures-eight. The cosmic energies of fire, air, water and earth all radiate symbolically from the paintings. I'm reminded of female imagery from the Motherpeace Tarot deck, which are also rendered on circular surfaces.

Reisbig is a practitioner within the tradition of what we recognize as Women's Art. Whether this genre of art is or is not "inherent" female, whether or not it constitutes anything approaching "women's consciousness" or "women's eroticism," stylistically, we can safely say that Reisbig's canvases are influenced strongly by feministic art of the '70s. We see in her paintings the sensual and loving abstract renditions of vulvas, nipples, labia, hips and wombs.

(continued on page 35)
Tennessee in the Summer
Reviewed by Randy Turoff

The production takes place in a small room. The audience enters. We are in a very intimate space; we are in somebody’s bedroom, peering voyeuristically into a stagelit bed. There is a table on the left with the Tennesee Williams persona. The actual production at the Valencia Rose, directed by John Peterson, was more than competent but less than satisfying. The space was too small for the far-reaching nature of the script. The actors needed more space for their eyes to travel, for projection, for the looks to complete themselves. Two of the actors managed to use the claustrophobic intimacy to their advantage: Christine Sullivan (Woman) used the audience as the surface of the mirror, giving a wonderfully narcissistic quality to her sensual and energetic portrayal of the Blanche DuBois — Maggie the Cat type of Williams character. Beatrice Duke did some fine work as a character actress and comedian by actually addressing the audience, playing it all out, and engaging us directly in her rap. Joe Peer was often there for us, especially as Franklin in his sensitive fade-out death scene.

But the main character of Tennessee Williams, played by Bob Fairchild, left me cold. He played an introverted Williams, rarely making eye contact, and never making use of the “fourth wall” projection possibilities where he might have been able to break out of the claustrophobic insight to his characterization. His seduction scene with Franklin was not seductive enough. Perhaps this could be rectified in a future更大比例的生产过程 to produce a more demanding script. The play suffered greatly from immobility of the props (especially the center-stage all encompassing Bed). When we are told that Tennessee and his current cheap boyfriend... while he was winning them. The relinquishing of their virtue was the utmost test which inspired physicality. There was no temptation or nudity to open connections and dropped lovers.

Playwright香港 provided delicate channels for this acidity to leak out and cut through the script. The bedroom scene between Tennessee and his love-slate of fourteen years, Franklin, would have been the perfect vehicle for a dramatic presentation of this heavy-duty, power/submission relationship. When Waman firsts out in the play’s opening scene: “Tennessee feels guilty because the year Franklin was dying, he stuffed the poor man away in the convalescent home in Key West and his current cheap boyfriend... while he and his Angel-on-Earth fuddled their brains out in the dressing room... to the hinterland of Franklin’s coughing.” Should we be made to shudder at the brutality of the situation. It is, after all, the climactic scene in which Tennessee actually goes crazy. It wasn’t played strongly or nervously enough. Acting the character of Tennessee Williams demands more strength and intensity than was given. The play is so well-written, well-paced, and well-conceived that it deserves to be perfected further, played with, staged again, more as grand-scale drama, less as bedroom naturalism.

B

In the thirties — when the world was young and seemingly innocent — all it took to pull off a Broadway musical was a dozen good tunes, a gorgeous soprano, a handsome boy next door, a giggle of toe-tapping blondes and some cardboard scenery. Who? Who needed it?

The current hit at the Golden Gate, My One and Only, is an affectionate backward glance at those delightful, simple-minded shows. And since there’s little plot to occupy one’s mind, you can turn full attention to gensely, leggy tap dancer Tommy Tune, the show’s star, co-director and co-choreographer. He’s got a sleek light smile, and he’s totally ingratiating.

Luce Arna, on the other hand, apparently left her star “aura” in the dressing room. Long-legged and handsome in some flashy costumes, she struggles through the role with about as much animation as it takes to hail a cab. On the plus side, she dances well, and her husky style voice is especially effective on her first solo, “How Long Has This Been Going On?”

Tune, an aviator who hopes to capture fame and fortune by being the first to fly the Atlantic, makes his entrance via parachute. Within moments, Arna, Chumley, and Miss O’Hara, aka Miss America, arrive in their classic camper and glamorous aqua-suit star. However, she is in the clutches of evil impresario Don Amendolia, who indulges himself in every imaginable villainous cliché known to musical comedy.

And then Arna falls in love, reason enough to cavort about such fine Gershwin songs as “He Loves Me and He Loves Me,” “I Wonder,” and “How Long Has This Been Going On?” Meanwhile, femme fatale Amendolia, which leads into a “Funny Face” duet. A quick scene change to Morocco — and why not — where the lovers are reunited at an oasis night club and Tune sings “My One and Only.” It stops the show.

Tune’s gravel-voiced assistant, Peggy O’Connell, initiates a dalliance with erstwhile villain Amendolia, who leads into a “Funny Face” duet. A quick scene change takes us to Morocco — and why not — where the lovers are reunited at an oasis night club and Tune sings “My One and Only.” In a flash we’re back in the Harlem chapel, where the entire cast is seen cavorting through the surf dance. It’s a gem of refreshment spontaneity.

Act Two finds the lovers separated. But not to worry. Tune takes off to Harlem again for some further advice from Mr. Magix, interpreted by the impeccably suave Charles "Chou" Coles who leads Tune through a challenge tap to “My One and Only.” It stops the show.

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Unfinished Business: The New AIDS Show
Reviewed by Gene Price

Last year's AIDS Show, unquestionably one of the most important pieces of social theater to be presented on any San Francisco stage (it was given a special Critics' Circle award), has been revised and remounted as Unfinished Business, the New AIDS Show. Now being performed on the Main Stage of Theater Rhinoceros, it is highly recommended.

Responding to an open call for writers and actors, 17 authors have contributed to the present show and 10 actors are featured. Conceived originally by Theater Rhinoceros founder Allan Estes (who died of AIDS last year), the project came to fruition under the direction of Leland Moss. The current version is co-directed by Moss and Doug Holscaw.

There are approximately three dozen sketches in the revue, each revealing some aspect of AIDS as it touches our daily lives. We experience outrage against it, humor in the aspect of AIDS as it touches our daily lives. We experience dignity and hope. We will endure.

I was bowled over last year by the cumulative impact of this cooperative venture. While the present format remains the same—an informal series of monologues, dramatic scenes, comedic dialogues and songs (“Vacine Day” and “Safe Living in Dangerous Times” by Karl Brown and Matther McQueen) the new show seemed markedly longer but not markedly better. Opening night jitters may have accounted for some overall roughness, but a few of the sketches seemed overly frenetic and the pacing of a couple of monologues shortchanged their inherent poignancy. Nevertheless, the power and the raw emotion remain undiluted.

The framework of Unfinished Business is a series of New Year’s Eve party scenes that recapture the free-wheeling sexual attitudes of 1981. Written by Paul Attinello and performed by the entire company, this dramatic device is especially effective in revealing the increasingly somber attitudes of the party-goers as they move forward into the present.

A second framework — brilliantly written and executed — is a series of phone call monologues written and performed by Leland Moss as “Murray” (Arnold’s long-distance telephone confidante from Torch Song Trilogue). They are funny, touching, and finally, chilling.

Elated among the two frameworks is a wide variety of miscellaneous scenarios. A new opening, “Mr. Grey” by Jeanine Stronel, seemed an unfortunate choice for a curtain raser. It was over-long, repetitious and unfocused. Happily it was followed immediately by Sondheim’s lovely “Not a Day Goes By” (arranged by James Followell) which set a more appropriate mood. The song was reprised to close the show.

“Nurse,” written and performed by Ellen Brook Davis, impressed me tremendously last year as a complex study of a straight man’s inability to cope intellectually and professionally with AIDS. I was less moved in the current production, perhaps because it was preceded immediately by the one number in the show which, in my opinion, has no redeeming social merit. The first act is tight and very funny, hard to imagine and very hard to tolerate, especially when their production is billed as a humorous statement on the Goddess in each of us as a source of “love, life and light.”

The only lesbian character in the play is a prison matron (stereotype enough!) who makes advances on the main character to ease her sentence. The “blonde bombshell’s” response is to sneer in disgust, “I know your type, suck!” and to continue her comments of repulsion every time the character comes near. In the context of a lesbian play, the power dynamic between matron and prisoner could be a disgusting situation, but in Les Nickellettes it is clearly anti-lesbian, since the blonde has assumed the role of official and even gets herself slapped on the ass without comment.

“Which is not to say that the play is without merit. The first act is tight and very funny, opening with three amorphous shapes moving like tally pulling itself. Lavender Heaven (seemingly filled only with straight women) is the Cosmic Consciousness Travel Agency, specializing in reincarnation. This is where the next destination is assigned: one character’s Marie Antoinette became a baker and the other...
Gay Male Dream Weavers in Two Plays at Studio Rhino/
an Interview with Los Angeles Playwright James Carroll Pickett
By David Lamble

James Carroll Pickett is a large, jolly jewel of a writer who discovers disturbingly dark visions awaiting him by his type-writer. His characters are brilliantly drawn, with a wit that can almost kill them. Christopher French designed the lights.

Dream Man is the other play by James Pickett on the bill at Studio Rhino. Christopher, the hero of Dream Man, is thirty-eight years gay figure, the paid phone sex fantasy host who dispenses often very unsettling fantasies to those without companionship, but not to those without credit cards. Jim Pickett notes that Dream Man is very much a product of the increasing impersonalization of commercial sex inspired by AIDS fear. "When the phone sex fantasy business really blossomed and took up five pages of the Advocate pink pages, I got real fascinated with it...I wanted to deal with AIDS in some fashion in theatre."

Dream Man (actually) started as a comedy. I thought, gee, wouldn't it be funny to have some very unattractive man doing those phone sex calls, and wouldn't that be a joke on him and a joke on the audience. It would be a good joke for about five minutes, but I don't think it would have sustained itself as a play. Then, as I did research on it, I sat in with the phone fantasy host in Los Angeles for several sessions. I quickly lost my sense of humor about some of what we're starting to do as gay men in responding to the AIDS crisis. All of it is being drawn from fear, which is understandable.

We're starting to pull away and become less intimate in our contacts, to the point where someone who makes contacts on a phone line lives thousands of miles away. This disturbs me as to what it implies, as far as the gay movement and as far as our personal lives.

The climax of Dream Man involves Christopher taking a client through a "snuff" fantasy where the orgasms is linked to the last fantasizing of his own death of "Unfortuneately, the "snuff" fantasies are not limited to phone sex fantasies. Certain aspects of the AIDS crisis and orgasm go back to very ancient times in rituals where a man sits on horseback with a noose around his neck. "They cut the horse loose and he almost achieves death. He does achieve orgasm, and then is cut down at the last second."

In Dream Man the audience is left hanging on the caller's fate and the personal face of the phone sex host. "In a workshop production in Los Angeles, the audience would debate whether the caller would call back the next night with the same fantasy or whether he was gone this time. I'm very pleased with the ambiguity of that ending, because Christopher can't know either. Really, in a way, none of us can know the physical or emotional consequences of our non-personal sexual encounters."

Oh Goddess...

inventor of hair spray. The pace is quick and the jokes on astral projection and Shirley MacLaine are endless. The lyrics by Liza Kitche are original, and the music is executed extremely well with a computer and synthesizer system. All of the women have powerful voices. The costuming is fun, and the set seems to step into self-degradation. Is the intent of the audience is left hanging on the caller's fate and the personal face of the phone sex host. "In a workshop production in Los Angeles, the audience would debate whether the caller would call back the next night with the same fantasy or whether he was gone this time. I'm very pleased with the ambiguity of that ending, because Christopher can't know either. Really, in a way, none of us can know the physical or emotional consequences of our non-personal sexual encounters."

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Oh Goddess...
DANCE

Wildflower Dance Brigade
Reviewed by Hilddie Kraus

If the Wildflower Dance Brigade is part of
an army, I want to enlist. The uniform is
plumage-like skins with leotards for
civils. This troupe is armed with enough pas-
son, grace and commitment to combat the
worst case of apathy and malaise. I saw their
mained show, "Crossfire," at the New Perfor-
ance Gallery, and it was an invigorating ex-
perience. Wildflower (hereafter referred to as
the Dance Brigade) is the offspring of the
Wallflower Dance Collective, and continues its
transition of skilled political theatre.

Any one piece of the evening, "dance,"
seems inadequate to describe the show. It was
a cornucopia of talent in many disciplines:
music, drama, acrobatics, dancer, martial arts,
poetry, and American Sign Language. These
elements are combined to illuminate a feminist
and anti-imperialist perspective. Unlike much
political art, the Dance Brigade avoids (for the
most part) overburdening the art with the
politics. They strengthen each other — the
music lends the performance depth, and the
artistry lends the political statements impact.
Humor does its learnt work frequently,
turning out a coolly-achieved loaf of bread in
stead of 9-grain leftist dogma. ("And now, my pretty..."). This was the apt beginning of "Cointelpro," which satirized the
intelligence establishment. The dancers, out-
fitted in baggy suits, captured perfectly the
comic and sinister aspects of cloak and dagger
operations. It was another instance of wit mak-
ing a political statement not only more accessi-
bale, but also more pointed.

Although the performance touched on
many different topics — South Africa, Central
America, anti-imperialism and Hiroshima among
them — the treatment of each was thoughtful
and distinctive. These are standard leftist
cliches but they are effective.

The second half included "Solid!" (to
the tune of Ashford & Simpson), "Wu Shu" (a
perennial Wallflower favorite) and several
longer pieces. "Sabra and Shatilla Remembered," set to Arab folk music, dealt
with the Israeli invasion of Beirut as seen by
an American hospital worker. Narrative along
the lines of, "It is 5:00. The Israelis have en-
circled West Beirut," alternated with a dancer
enacting the agony of Lebanon. The music
and piece) ends with an explosion. It is a
powerful piece of theatre, but as Keesey Kefee
mused, perhaps it is better to tone down emo-
tion when dealing with a highly emotional sub-
ject. This piece draws the most comments of
any, Keesey said, not surprising in light of how
divisive an issue Israel has become on the left.
The troupe is considering adding a piece which
emphasizes the positive aspects of the
Jewish experience. Perhaps this would serve
remind audiences that one can object to a governmen
t without denigrating the culture
behind it. It's difficult to step on people's toes
constructively and cover your ass at the same
time. Luckily, the Dance Brigade is good at
acrobatics.

The evening ended with "Abbanza," a
swipe at capitalism and the U.S.'s Central
America meddling. The images made up in
sturdiness what they lacked in subtlety: haul-
ing gold barrows around, the dancercs flagging
flag laces like confetti. Their hands are red and
leave stains on the white backdrop. In a grafo-
fil finale, the women spray paint "NO IN-
Tervention" in black.

I spoke to Keesey Kefee, one of the co-
directors of the Dance Brigade (Nina Fichter
is the other) a week after the performance. I
was curious about the demise of the Wallflower
Order, among other things. Keesey attributes
the break-up to a variety of problems: internal
political schisms, conflicts about how to deal
with seniority and resource pooling, and
disagreements on the group's direction. Given
the problems of a collective structure, perhaps
it is remarkable Wallflower lasted so long.
The Dance Brigade, a phoenix risen from the ashes,
is best described as a semi-collective. Keesey
and Fichter handle most of the business end
and creative overseeing. There is input from
the members on all matters.

(continued on page 41)
Arts for Life: Opera House Benefit Raises $$$ To Fight AIDS

By Robert Komanec

On Sunday, October 13, San Francisco’s three major performing arts organizations united together at the Opera House for a gala benefit for the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, the Shanti Project and the AIDS Program of Hospice. Entitled San Francisco Arts for Life, and presented by Mayor Dianne Feinstein, the San Francisco Opera, Ballet and Symphony, the Millard Family Foundation, the Ledler Foundation, and the San Francisco Examiner, this event, although held to raise funds to combat the disease of AIDS, also served as a reaffirmation of life.

From the “Russian and Ludmilla Overture” conducted by Richard Buckley of the Oakland Symphony, to the closing finale from Pelleas et Mélisande, an appropriate selection, as it is the piece with which Edith Mathis gave her last recital of Music in Wagner’s opera. James Morris followed with a scene from Turandot here this season, he is no stranger to Wagner, having sung his first Brunnhilde in Seattle’s Die Walküre this summer.

Alfredo Kraus turned away from the opera repertoire to present two Spanish art songs, “Anchors, al Arab del Olvido” by Granados, and Quinteto’s “Morchita.” Kraus was accompanied by over an hour of piano, rather than by the full orchestra. Renata Scotto’s offering was from Gianni Schicchi, the lovely, short aria “O Mio Babbino Caro.”

This although Giacomini was to have made his S.F. Opera debut in Tosca on October 26, McEwen announced he would be making it this night.

The dream for Saint-Aubin’s “Nous Avons en Tete une Affaire” from Carmen followed, sung by Susan Quittmeyer, Evelyn de la Rosa, Kathryn Cowdrick, Joseph Frank and David Malls.

Wagner was featured again in Linda Kelm’s rendition of the “Liebesdruck” from Tristan und Isolde. Although Kelm is singing the title role of Turandot here this season, she is no stranger to Wagner, having sung her first Brunnhilde in Seattle’s Die Walküre this summer.

The small orchestra included two members of the S.F. Symphony, conducted by Steven Drobek, opened the second part with Weill’s “Kleine Dreigroschenmusik,” by Steven Andre Dibner, and opened the second part with Weill’s “Kleine Dreigroschenmusik,” by Steven Andre Dibner, and the S.F. Ballet performed the Pas de Deux from Stars and Stripes, originally choreographed by Balanchine. Although this was set to marches by Sousa, it still follows the traditional framework, complete with variations for each of the dancers, and culminating in a coda.

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The label inside warns us that bites are infec-

Bites, LP, Nettwerk.

When I first listened to the single these peo-

Love and Rockets: If There’s a Heaven Above, 12”, Beggar’s Banquet.

The group includes Daniel Ash (previously of Tones on Ten) and his brilliant singer, to that of Band B, which is wonderful. This is the title of this month. The earlier single, “Bail of Confusion,” is superb. Highly recommended.

Cost of the new record is C$15.89.

Compilation:

If You Can’t Please Yourself, Skip (Trans.)

This is an above average compilation and a

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Difjuz: Extractions, LP, 4AD.

A great deal of this album is in the vein of Wyndham Hill music but with a little different twist. Very relaxing and sonorous music, except for one cut featuring the voice of Elizabeth Fraser. Not for you heavy rockers, maybe, but maybe you ought to relax once in a while, too.

Depeche Mode: It’s Called A Heart, 2X12”, Mute.

The title cut is OK. But the real bonus on this double ep is not the remixes (they shouldn’t have bothered), but the B side, “Fly on the Windscreen,” which is probably one of the best things they’ve ever done. Another must buy this month, especially if you like this group.

Cabinet Voltaire: I Want You, 12”, Virgin.

They just keep churning them out, don’t they? Nothing to run to the rooifops about, but good. Lots of sequencer repetition, which seems to be enjoying a vogue right now. That always seems to happen whenever someone finds out how to do something new with a computer and a synthesizer.

The Smiths: This Boy with the Thorn in his Side, 12”, Rough Trade.

It’s back to the ho-hum for these boys after a great album. The record may be worth buy-

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**DINING OUT**

BY GARY NOSS

Very now and then I just need to eat, not dine. My roommate, Justin, suggested Vally's several times, and I finally went along to see what all the fuss was about. Fancy, no. This is just simply simple food for hungry tummies when you've just paid the rent and know that Pacific Bell wants their toll.

On a recent Wednesday evening (I remember because we watched "Dynasty" there), we stopped for a quick dinner. Justin won (as his liver is included, on plates that were attractive and fragrant with our salad and soup. The liver was good, probably homemade, and a bit underseasoned. 'Twas good, probably homemade, and a bit underseasoned.

We received the printed menu, and a chalkboard with the daily specials was also presented. Entrees varied from $14.50 for the veal scaloppini, to $18.50 for the veal Milanese. The usual mimosa was presented. Entrees varied from $14.50 for the veal scaloppini, to $18.50 for the veal Milanese. The usual mimosa

The brunch menu lists special wine buys and these seemed to be priced in a decent range from $8 to $12.

We all agreed that the service was quite good and the food quite memorable. I urge you to try Tuba Garden, and don't wait for your mother to come to town. Once you are there, you'll discover why it is called Tuba Garden.

**Open Studio...**

My two favorite pieces were actually constructed, rather than paintings. One, called "Tree" (1983), is a standing sculpture spiraling up from the floor. The piece is bone-white in color, and as much as a tree, it appears as a kind of DNA molecule, stressing the circular movement of the structure whose curves resemble a woman's hip bones interfaced with textured fabric. The materials used to create this structure included wire-net, aluminum tubes, rubber, acrylic, bones, eggs, fleece, shells, wool and feathers. The other piece which fascinated me was called "Pelvis Box" (1985). One peers into a box and sees oneself reflected in a mirror which has been placed between the curves of a pelvis bone. The construction, whose elements I've simplified, gave the amusingly erotic experience of picturing one's head between another woman's legs. It's also suggestive of the auto-erotic, and of pelvic self-examination; the spectator and the speculum.

Jeanine Reisbig (formerly Jeanine Karen) edited *Saphire Touch*, a feminist journal of lesbian erotica. In her sensual art she continues to explore "those textures and images, erotic in nature, with which we as women consciousness express our individual and collective sexuality."

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COMING UP! NOVEMBER, 1985 / Page 35
CABARET

RO-GO-ROUND

Bobby Burch, arranged the selections.
Totally through the well-thought out sequence of songs, and without any intervening dialogue, Hastings and Jessup go through the gamut of emotions dealing with romance. After their long running Jacques Brel, etc., with its inherent storm and drang, He and She presents the lighter side of this duo. Hastings uses more of her quite pretty upper register than previously, and is holding back her vocal projection (at times so much so that she was difficult to hear over Jessup and Lloyd’s piano playing).

Rodgers and Hart wrote some quite lovely romantic songs, as well as funny ones, such as the paeon to domestic bliss, “What Can You Do with a Man?” which Hastings sings appropriately sardonically, and “To Keep My Love Alive,” to which she gives a lively interpretation.

Jessup surprises with his kicky rock and roll version of “I Married an Angel.” When he bends over to plant a kiss on Hastings’ lips after his “You Took Advantage of Me,” he endures what has to be the longest unaccompanied kiss on record, waiting while she sings “This Can’t be Love.”

The last songs, balanced out with such ballads as Jessup and Hastings’ gratifying duet “Why Can’t I?” (after hearing this, one can conclude that, over the years, things have not changed in the real-life romance department), Hastings’ first-rate “It Never Entered My Mind;” Jessup’s second-rate “Easy to Remember.” and Lloyd’s exquisite “That’s My World.” Standards include “Lady is a Tramp,” sung to the hilt by Hastings, and her pleasing rendition of “My Funny Valentine.” This is a show for all die-hard romantics.

The Egomaniacs
They want to “take the ego out of the closet and tell...how great (they) are.” Such is the expressed life goal. The Egomaniacs, a madcap-comedy improvisational group of two women, Sheri Glazer and Margaret Tellette, and their pianist, Lawrence Nass. Formers of Hot Flashes, these three recently brought their Theatre of Music and Madness to the Valencia Rose Cafe.

Her humor is based on the ironies and absurdities of day-to-day living, with some of the topics determined through audience suggestions. In one sketch, Tellette portrayed a greyhaired man of a telephone which had been going on for 17 hours. “The only problem,” she states, “is we don’t know what we’re giving (the money) to.” An audience member shouts out “Peace,” and Tellette immediately breaks into, followed by Nass, “Oh, yeah, how about a little peace.” Tellette’s slimy m.c. is matched by Glazer’s portrayal of Special Guest. By doing various minimal disguises, Glazer creates different and distinct characters. One in particular is outstanding: her sleazy orthodontist-turned-comedian, Bernard Gluck, complete with fat cigar. Merely by thrusting out her stomach, and assuming a deep voice, Glazer amazingly becomes Gluck. Gluck confides he has been married to “Jean the wife” for 25 years, an amazing amount of time since, nowadays, people are divorced before they are married just to be on the safe side.

In another segment, Tellette describes her perfect husband, who leaves the office each day, because he cannot stand not being with her, who sends her flowers for no reason at all (she mimics climbing over them to meet him at the door) but who she finally has to leave because she wants the space. Facing the audience, Tellette plaintively asks, “What do I want?”

The quick-witted duo teams up to present a hilariously conceived alter ego sketch, in which Glazer humbly asks her boss for a raise, with Tellette standing behind her as the alter ego, screaming out what she is really thinking. They also present a park bench scene, with Glazer and Tellette portraying two old women who have known each other for quite a long time, bringing a bit of pathos to the otherwise jocular evening.

Cindy Herron
Bay Area Critics Circle Award winner Cindy Herron recently graced the stage of the Cabaret. Having portrayed Billie Holiday in her Song (for which she was the mentioned award for Best Actress in a musical), and subbing for two weeks in Time the Grand Up this past summer, Herron has now decided to try the local cabaret stages.

Her eclectic first set resulted in a mixture of songs, the order of which seemed to have been determined by drawing the titles out of a hat. Interesting, but without the necessary flow and seemingly without rhythm or raison. An example is “Hopelessly Devoted to You” followed by “Proud Mary,” then “With Some One Ever Look at Me That Way.” Herron did justice to them all, however. Especially pleasing was the obscure “The Bell of St. Mark,” which Herron delivered exquisitely.

The second set was better planned and showcased Herron’s vocal ability to a greater advantage. Beginning with a gusy “Where’s My Party,” Herron set the mood and had the audience in the palm of her hand from then on.

Heron’s soprano has a little girl quality, but that does not stop her from being able to belt out “One Night Only” from Dreamgirls, deliver a bluesy “You’ve Changed,” or a get-down “New York State of Mind.” Herron’s lovely rendition of “Time After Time” was marred only by her opening and closing stance: back to the audience, right arm at her side, left arm holding the mike to her profited head, which was tilted up 45 degrees. This would have been more effective on a larger stage than it was on the cookie tin of the Cabaret.

Carmelita Herron, Herron’s sister and a singer in her own right, provided nice back-up vocals, and two women joined forces for a comic rendition of “Two Ladies in the Shade” from House of Flowers. Glen Pierson provided piano accompaniment.
Cease Fire
Reviewed by Mike Felker

I n this season of Rambo (God, but I'm sick of that man — must we even suffer Stallone on the cover of Vanity Fair?), but I digress.... I had high hopes that the new Viet Nam vet movie, Cease Fire, would dispel some of the "First Blood" bullshittery and perhaps least not attempt to revise history ("This time we win", and all that). I think the producers at least not attempt to revise history ("This time we win", and all that). I think the producers of *Cease Fire* intended it to be a sensitive portrayal of a troubled Viet Nam veteran; alas, good intentions do not necessarily produce a good movie. The film is dedicated to the 58,000 U.S. troops who died in Viet Nam, the veterans who've survived and their families. But, to paraphrase George Saunders in *All About Eve*, *Cease Fire* is "an insult to dead heroes and the women who loved them."

*Cease Fire* treats the problems of veterans and the Viet Nam war in incredibly simplistic, almost moronic terms. Vets are portrayed as basically happy-go-lucky boys fucked over in the post-Viet Nam era. The film is dedicated to the 58,000 U.S. troops who died in Viet Nam, the veterans who've survived and their families. But, to paraphrase George Saunders in *All About Eve*, *Cease Fire* is an insult to dead heroes and the women who loved them.

*Cease Fire* is "an insult to dead heroes and the women who loved them."

Don Johnson, the blond hunk of TV's *Miami Vice*, plays a troubled vet, Tim, who, just to see who knows his marriage is solid and he is a "good" man, tells his wife and kids "I love you" at least ten times during the first hour of the film. But his suburban fantasy life is periodically upset by his recurring flashbacks. At one point he stalks around the house in the middle of the night with a knife between his teeth, apparently attempting to ambush some imaginary Viet Cong. Tim just ruins a job interview when he takes issue with his executive employer, a World War II veteran, who states that Viet Nam was "a sucker's war," and breaks a chair over the poor man's desk. These violent episodes are evidently caused by the delayed stress and repressed anger common to many who were in Viet Nam.

Tim Johnson, the executive employer, a World War II veteran, who states that Viet Nam was "a sucker’s war," and breaks a chair over the poor man’s desk.

Don Johnson brings all the acting skill he’s honed on *Miami Vice* into play in *Cease Fire*, and his performance lacks a total of sincerity or depth. I couldn’t tell if it was another example of delayed stress or just bad acting. Lisa Blount, who was in that Marine recruit's dream film, *An Officer and a Gentleman*, plays Tim's long-suffering wife, Paula. When she isn’t being bitchily bratty, Paula’s repetitive whine of “What’s wrong?” to Tim’s bouts with his flashbacks puts one in mind of Pee Wee Herman.

Tim is befriended by a boisterous vet artist named Luke (Robert F. Lyons), who in spite of his show of rowdy bravado, flips out near the end of *Cease Fire*, babbling about being "overrun by V.C." and finally commits suicide by shooting his head off, all because his wife has left him. The sad thing is that we could have done without these purported atrocities by the Vietnamese. This is an example of war crimes ascribed to the Vietnamese, like the Russian roulette ordeal in *The Deer Hunter*, with absolutely no basis in fact, the only possible purpose being to perpetuate vicious racist stereotypes, and to make "our boys" look like hapless victims. It just ain’t so.

And more grievous than all of the above, *Cease Fire* is simply a badly made movie. The color and lighting have a harsh, washed-out quality, the sound is so poor that during certain sequences, such as the rap session at the vet center, I had no idea what some of the actors were mumbling about. And the soundtrack definitely could have used the touch of a Bernard Herrmann or Dimitri Tiomkin. (If I have to watch one more Viet Nam movie that uses a synthesizer and helicopter sound effects as its soundtrack I’m going to shoot my head off.) If the producers were going to film *Cease Fire in Miami*, obviously hoping to cash in on Don Johnson’s television show, why couldn’t they at least have used some of the high-tech post-production and visual effects that have made *Miami Vice* such a hit?

Whatever the producers' intentions were, the film's deals with *Cease Fire* were handled with infinitely more care and sensitivity and realism in *Coming Home*. *Cease Fire* is cliché-ridden, and seriously and dangerously misleading to those not familiar with the Viet Nam war and its consequences. The problems faced by veterans are very real and harrowing. Delayed stress syndrome, flashbacks, etc., should not be exploited to provide a showcase for the meager talents of a television personality trying to become a movie star.

Of course, when all is said and done, even at his most deranged and stressed out, Don Johnson is cute. Perhaps therein we find the real intentions of the producers of *Cease Fire*.
We all have our crosses to bear — I know — but in one week, when one loses his pet — yes, my dog Penny died — and his job at The 222 (probably a blessing), things look a little bleak. But fear not; I've survived worse. But back to my dog — if you have one, you know what I've been going through, and it isn't easy (they are a part of your life). To those of you that have seen my dog, you know that she was kind, clever, loving, and trusting, and I'm never going to be completely over it. Things will not be the same (for me) ever...

And to the 222 Club's gossip mongers, please don't go spreading rumors about anything connected with me; you've already f*cked me out of one job. Talk is cheap — just shaddup, huh!... Be sure, however, to catch Mattle at the 222 Club, and good luck to him on Saturday afternoons (he'll need it, right, Gary?)

Onward to ketchup time, now that I've got that off my chest... On November 14 at the S.F. Eagle, Dick Ferris, Ms. Peckerhead, Int. Mr. Leather, Mr. Marcus, and myself (amongst others) will be having a high ole time at the 7th Annual Golden Diodeaux Awards, voting in 20 categories to award those deemed worthy to win them. The ballots are ready, now, at the Eagle. On Halloween night the voting began. This is kamp, and even with the Crish upon us, we still got to have fun. The voting continues through November 11, and it'll cost you one buck to vote, which is going to the S.F. AIDS Fund — dat'sa nice — so vote, vote, vote! (I hope someone nominated the one-lover-a-week man — Tony Valentine.)

Get well (and stay well) wishes to Lily, a.k.a. Mark Murdoch, of the New Bell Saloon. He, our man of the asthmas, is one of the best! Speaking of the best: good guy of the week (or for the week or week before) is he from the Board of the Directors of the S.F. Tavern Guild, as well as from The Special and Hunks, Mr. Jack South. To know him is to appreciate him.... John Hauser, from the Revol in Oakland, and V.P.

Jim Houghton from Big Mama's in Hayward are off on a well-deserved vacation to Florida — warn them in F.L.A. that they're on their way... I will, along with Dolly Levi, co-emcee The Dating Game at the Casa Loma Hotel/Alamo Square Saloon starting on November 23, a Saturday night at 9 p.m. Remember the Round-Up? Be there!

The night before Thanksgiving, a Wednesday the 17th at The Sports Bar in Hayward (a hot bar), Diamond John and myself will do a special Jock Strap (shorts, etc.) Dance Contest for prizes and fun — especially for the voyeurs (right, Emo, Frumpy?)... Yup, The Lips is still doing his thing at Googies on Geary, and me thanks him for the nice mention in his column in The A.R. Happy belated anniversary wishes to Googies... The Dowager Empress Ginger, at the Stallion had a raucous last month. The good thing is that it costs us $1.00 per minute to do, and it all went to the Coming Home Hospice (sometimes it pays to talk)... At the Kokopelli, Ross (Euencia) Ross and myself did our usual "mouths" auction to help defray the hotel cost of the "Pils," their softball team, at the San Diego tournament, and to tip and team — you guys are A.O.K. The food by Marty? Choice.... A report, next issue, on the King and Queen of Hearts Investiture, held at Kim's.

Twisted Sister #1, Jack, proved he keeps good company in his singing capacity, when he performed in the gospel musical event at Glide Memorial last night... Welcome to the Twisted Sister Club to Big D., Frank Poons and Little Gary... Scott Langley got his hair cut off on November 1, Ralph Davies Hospital, and his spirits are soaring — good news.... Tessea is back in S.F. General in Room 36, and we're still in the after-effect of being there... Tony Brown did a raffle and a show featuring the birthday girl Lola Lust, Amber, Darrel from The Gangway, the host Cowgirl Michelle from The Stallion, Empress 14 Ginger, the delightful and talented Tony (Misty) from The Gangway (watch out 4 her), Davida and Randy B. Goode — he was! A good turnout!

Gilmores, one of the other bars on Knob Hill, is laying a new rug — not on top of Paul Ruel's head — our man of the haystack hair remains the same: one of the mouths of the West, and hallelujah! For that, he's one of the few that speaks his mind, and I wish my friend a happy belated birthday, as I do to Lucy (Lynn) in Portland. I hope he got the White Swallow's flowers sent to him at The Embers.

Dolly Levi is ready (for what, I do not know), but when you call Louise M. Davies Hall Marion Davies Hall, well, you take it from there... The Line Up is where it's at for good Mexican food, Chris Sherman from The Wooden Horse and the R.K.'s Molly Brown will attesl to that, as well.... There is a new gay resort on the ocean up in Mendonita called Delaven Valley Farm (707)976-9532, a small cabin with a big difference — it's 20 acres of hills, meadows, streams and woods by the ever-changing sea, in a Victorian farmhouse. Tell Bruce the Goose, or Tom, or the manager Wayne, if you go, that you read it here — and I'll see you there. OK! OK!

Fox-Hole Tillie is out of the hospital (again) and me hopes that this time it's for keeps — his heart has taken a lickin' but he's got it on a stickin' — are you reading this, Earlene?... What's going on between Diane and Cramer? — as thick as they are, (you fill in the blank)... The N.T.N. (Not Too Nelly) International Motorcycle Club has fifteen — 15, count 'em, folks, 15 — and constabulary articles, and to read them is to know Jim (Bette) Bonko had to have something to do with it. They have over 50 members now, and no motorcycles.

Febe's is still going strong, even when they're surrounded by all the so-called "Bi" bars. And the pinhole tournaments by Peggy and Huggy are on; Bobby's still in the afternoons, Roger nights, and Floyd, the rest of the time. All is well... Roger Novak is no longer at East Alberts, and I am no longer at that bar on Hyde Street, but am now helping at the gay Community Thrift Store... and it is kind of rewarding — they have Goode Junkie Halloween happened, Christmas is coming — Don Murdoch and Wayne Smith are doing a helluva good job, and the crew (Steve, Stretch, Doug, Lori, Kendall, Jimmy, and Barb.)

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Mama Doris [Miss Thang], Mark, Derek, Bud, Lavener, et al. is tops! When you give, or shop at the store, it's all for charity, and good for us.

Jerry and Mark moved to (almost) Daly City on Mission — and which one gave birth to 4567. They celebrated on boat honoring (now appearing at vote? For what? Keep on a-stirring!....

Editor of the Have you seen the plants going with this week? Down deep, friends, he Hideaway Bar

My pal is still hanging in at that bar on lower Cathedral Hill, and doing right well, thank you! after!

'Em.... Speaking of gal pals, some of my proud present
Way. No host bars, and dancing to the music info call
is Ward S 6 from 9pm-2am, to bring our community to friends at 647 Valencia. There will be prizes about this? Yep, a meeting with Di-Fi must be the First Lady of the T.G.,

knowledgments — I know, so what, big deal!

hospital; our friend Oly beer deliverer is hopefully out of the recovery. His back, and here's wishing him a speedy B movies, was at One Market Plaza, and the Church St. Station's — a nice bar — nice

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The Odyssey of a Lesbian Mother
Long Way Home
By Jeanne Jullion
Cleis Press, 1985, $8.95, 261 pp.
Reviewed by Sandra Butler

Long Way Home tells two stories, each embedded in the other. The first is Jeanne Jullion’s personal account of her lengthy and bitter court battle to retain custody of her sons after coming out as a lesbian. The second is the history of the critical years of the gay rights movement. Together, the parallel stories catapulted Jullion into the spotlight as a symbol of lesbian motherhood. Through a moving family drama, larger social and political themes emerge and are developed in this “odyssey.”

The first story tells of Jullion’s naïve ending of her marriage and her ex-husband’s efforts, both legal and extra-legal, to take the custody of their two sons. Her struggles to keep them, both legal and extra-legal, make a wrenching story, replete with kidnapping, wrenching story, replete with kidnapping, separation, and hatred.

Jullion’s trials, presented in great detail, provide a chilling account of the subtle and not-so-subtle sexist and homophobic assumptions that form the bedrock of much family and child custody legal practice. Jullion presents herself as a woman with a determination that is both straightforward and unapologetic about who she is and how she chooses to live. This is the book’s greatest strength. Further, her sense of collective form, shape, and texture, developed in her younger years as an art history student, inform her writing with a descriptive and emotional detail, and her descriptive passages are well written.

That only served, however, to make the lapses more prominent and my disappointment with other parts of the book more confounding. I do not understand why Jullion chose to write such a personal story in the third person. It was oddly detached and detracted from the immediacy of the story itself.

While the choice was puzzling, another series of omissions were more glaring. Much was made of Jeanne’s relationship with her mother-in-law; indeed, the book opens with the meeting of her future in-laws; yet next to nothing is written of her relationship with her own mother. It is a noticeable absence, since during the custody fight Jullion’s mother aligns herself with Jullion’s ex-husband and his parents. Such a betrayal must have been devastating. As a reader, I wanted to make some sense of her mother’s behavior.

Secondly, the reader is told next to nothing about Jullion’s coming to consciousness as a lesbian. We read only of one Woodward and communicating experience with an old high school friend, and when she finally engages in her first “real” relationship, we don’t know of it until it has been in progress for several months.

While it is certainly not required that we include our relationships with our mothers and coming out stories in our personal writing, surely a book that addresses the theme of lesbian motherhood requires such an effort in order to help us understand the personal experience behind the public figure. Also, the text would have benefited greatly from more thorough editing. There were many awkward phrases, time lapses, abrupt shifts in focus and emphasis. In short, the skillful hand of an editor was noticeably absent.

Jullion’s struggles to keep and raise her sons during those momentous years were a causal celebrant in the San Francisco Bay Area lesbian and gay community. We applauded her tenacity, resiliency and doggedness during her ordeal, and generated widespread support for her cause. But these same custody battles are being fought and often lost in every city across the country, and because of that it is important that this book receive a wide national readership. Our rights to establish lesbian households, to keep and raise our children, to create family forms that reflect our lives, are not yet legitimated by the dominant culture. And the new wave of homophobia generated by the heterosexual terror of AIDS means that we will have to re-win basic human, familial, political and sexual rights again and again in these reproductive and transactional times.

Jeanne Jullion tells her story with the quiet and insistent dignity that is reminiscent of the way in which she lived her life during her battle. But, finally, the voice that her life echoes is the voice of Harvey Milk when, in his 1977 speech, he urged us all to come out with joy and insistence.

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A Boy’s Own Story
By Edmund White
Reviewed by Craig Machado

E d White (Travels in Gay America, A Boy’s Own Story) has spent the last couple of years in Paris working on Caracole, a dense, complicated, lushly written, and sometimes Felliniesque — operatic bigger-than-life characters, profuse lamentations on wanderings, a meandering narrative, liberal sprinklings of French phrases and selected bons mots (White’s a deep-seated francophile), and some telling insights about an upper crust society under the boot of foreign occupation. The book comes out with the joy of being back to startling life a dormant strain in serious American writing: the idea of the romantic.”

Writer Cynthia Ozick called Caracole “a seduction through language, a masque without masks” and maintained that “Caracole brings us back to starting life a dormant strain to serious American writing: the idea of the romantic.” Judging from that kind of praise, White seems to be moving solidly into mainstream American literature. Yet White is not entirely alone in that romanticism. Other gay writers — Robert Ferro, Andrew Holleran, to name the more prominent — are working with large publishing houses — share White’s romanticism and some of its common themes: love and its deceptions, the coming of age and innocence in a hostile environment, the need for fantasy against such hostility, the pursuit of beauty for its own sake. It would be fair to say that many gay writers, and not just White (though he may be the strongest, most visible example), have helped to bring back the romantic novel to American letters.

Does this “mainlining” mean gay writers such as White are leaving their gay audiences behind? Must gay writers always write gay...
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**Number of bold type words:**

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**Number of insertions:**

**Discount (6 times 10 percent):**

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and just about everything else. I'm a hopeless romantic, with no one to "share special moments with. A woman who has an attitude of being positive, open and outgoing, who wants to spend some time with another woman. Please no drugs, heavy drinkers or "choppers" — you know who you are. You are beautiful! A woman relating to another — who will be herself — a woman for all seasons. I'm inspired by hay-“kissed” meadows, meditative relaxation, free love, friendship and free love. I am looking for that special femmy type, 28 and older. Want to take the time to write and get to know you. Write me, we'll never know if it could be. We both like movies', eating out, dancing. If this is you, take a chance and send photo and phone number, picture (returnable) to CUI Box NV32.

Beautiful Hunky Jewish Women... We both like movies', eating out, dancing. If this is you, take a chance and send photo and phone number, picture (returnable) to CUI Box NV32.

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Slightly bizarre. Teddy enjoys sharing both crazy and quiet times with those special people who like his fancy (among other things). He appreciates sincerity, sensitivity, and the willingness to spend some of the time trying to understand. If you're man enough, Teddy's ready to receive a big bear hug and bare all for you on a bear skin, while he's standing on his head, ped around. Reply Ignos would be much appreciated.

Crazy and Quiet Times

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| Bay Area Areas

| Relationship oriented GWM, 5’7”, 130#, athletic, good natured, sensitive and smart, looking for new friend or romantic relationship. General interests include dancing, sun, “openness,” un-oriented, non-evasive, non-flirtatious; enjoys mutual interest; comfortability, mutual liking, sincerity, and honesty; direct communication. Intimacy interest: explore many variations of safe, discreet, mutually pleasurable relationship. Interesting: Marked preferences. |

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or more with a muscular, athletic, husky build (not fat). I bet he will be very hands-on, hairy and excitingly well endowed.

Mr. X is looking for a partner with a similar build and very well hung. Health, sensitivity, and care are some of his qualities in a man. He is looking for someone who is not a virgin, but has some experience and is looking to shape. Need firm hand to guide in building body and mind (not s/m). Seek a man with somewhat like-minded/spiritual/interests as well as mutual interests. Life is incomplete without someone to care for and share with. Please answer with photo and description. Reply CUI Box NV133.

Boyish Looks

Hello, I decided this might be a way to meet someone for a relationship or friendship. About myself: I'm new to the "gay career" and I'm looking for someone who is gay but the little kid in me will never die! You may stop by the office at the Mall Address or call for more information. Mail will be forwarded for 3 months. If you are interested and willing to spend the time to get to know each other, drop a line for more information. We can get in touch. Reply CUI Box NV136.

New In Sonoma County

Tough Guy

Anybody who is interested and willing to spend the time to get to know each other, drop a line for more information. We can get in touch. Reply CUI Box NV136.

Thanksgiving Wann-Up

Thanksgiving Wann-Up

You Don't Have To Be Jewish

If you are unable to pick up your mail during these hours and do not have your own mailbox, you may pick up your mail at the office. Mail will be forw arded for 3 months. If you are interested in the arts and urban planning, you may want to keep this description with you. Phone for more information. Mail will be forw arded for 3 months. If you are interested in the arts and urban planning, you may want to keep this description with you. Phone for more information. Mail will be forw arded for 3 months. If you are interested in the arts and urban planning, you may want to keep this description with you. Phone for more information.
New in San Francisco! ComQuest Computer Matching.

"No matter who you are, there is someone for whom you are the perfect match."

What is ComQuest?
ComQuest is San Francisco's newest premier gay matching service. ComQuest's computerized matching system enables you to meet gay men who share common preferences for age, personality, interests, lifestyle, and physical attributes.

ComQuest began providing gay matching services over three years ago for Chicago area residents, and has made matches for over 2500 members. Our services are designed to follow the same tradition and provide San Francisco's and Sacramento's gay community with a quality matching service.

Who Uses ComQuest?
ComQuest is a successful gay men, like you, who want a different, safe, interesting way to meet gay partners for dates, friends, or lifelong relationships.

If you live in or frequently visit the San Francisco or Sacramento metropolitan areas, and you want to meet compatible gay men safely, then ComQuest is for you! It doesn't matter if you're young or old, rich or poor, white or black, tall or short, or whether you are aggressive, experienced or inexperienced. ComQuest can help you find compatible friends or partners. You're not selective, but you can be.

If frequent visitors to San Francisco or Sacramento may still receive matches, but may not be listed for new applicants to contact. If you plan to visit Los Angeles, Chicago, or Portland, ask for those respective application forms.

How Does It Work?
Take a look at the questionnaire to the right, and you will see just how specific you can get as to the types of guys you can meet. And you can't get "that safe" activity.

ComQuest's matching system, using a high speed computer, analyzes your detailed questionnaire responses and compares each of your "ideal match" descriptive responses with the corresponding "self" descriptive responses of all current members, and vice versa, keeping track of the 20 members having the highest matching score.

What Does It Cost, and What Do I Get?
This is the best part. For only $20 you get the contact information for the 10 to 20 people who are your best matches from our current pool of applicants. And you get a one month membership with ComQuest, during which more new members may be matched to you and receive your contact information on their lists of matches (if you choose to be listed, that is). You can use these matches only when you contact them.

Your membership includes a $5.00 coupon which can be applied toward any ComQuest services, and a free booklet containing advice on how to "break the ice" when contacting other members. In appreciation for helping us to get started in San Francisco, those responding to this ad before November 31 will receive free of charge an additional set of new matches in February, a $10 value.

How Can I Be Sure I'll Get My Money's Worth?
ComQuest has received dozens of unsolicited letters and calls from satisfied members who have found their "idea" partners and are otherwise "pleased with our service. (Note to mention the fact that most of our members choose to renew their memberships upon expiration.) Several of our clients have had us change their number for the service we provide (taxpayers). If you are not satisfied, however, we will make a prompt refund of your $20 membership fee.

OK, I'll Try It. How Do I Fill Out This Form?
Thank you for the hint. But it can be a lot of fun, too. It's important to do it right—if you fill it out wrongly, you may get lousy matches! Refer to the application form to the right when reading the following instructions.

Instructions
1. Enter Your Mailing Address (for our confidential use).
2. Enter Your Contact Information (so new members can contact you).
3. Describe Yourself in detail (be sure to include all details on which you are true a description of yourself. You should circle at least one cell in each category. Circle more than one, where appropriate.
4. Describe Your Ideal Match by circling the word yes, no, or maybe, under each item, depending on the extent to which you would want that item to be true of your ideal partner.
5. Circle yes or no under the phrase "last line" to indicate that you are interested in your match for this activity, whichever is later.

Application Form for Northern California

Step 1 - Please print in ink, your mailing address below, and the number of your matches, and keep this form.
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WITH Monet, D.J.

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