

Sentinel

Dan White
1946 - 1985
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Queen for a Year: Jose Norton I, first Empress, surrounded by the 'ladies in waiting' of the first Imperial Court. See centerfold page 14.

Next New Right Target:

The Moral Gutting of Heavy Metal

by Dave Ford

Time, Newsweek, US News and World Report, Rolling Stone, and a bevy of newspaper columnists have reported on it. A September 19 Senate Committee on Commerce, Science and Transportation pitted rock stars Frank Zappa, John Denver, and Twisted Sister's Dee Snider against a well-coiffed gaggle of well-connected Washington wives calling themselves The Parents' Music Resource Center (PMRC).

"In this case," said Bob Merlis, Director and Vice President of Publicity for Warner Brothers Records, "the people who didn't like (so-called porn rock) had very good media access. The fact is, the media picked up on it because these people had such terrific access."

All-out Attack

"These people," the PMRC, a non-profit organization, have launched an all-out attack against the entertainment industry. They want lyrics printed on albums and tapes, rock concerts rated for content, explicit or objectionable album jackets wrapped in brown paper, lyrics included with products sent to radio stations, and for MTV to shunt steamier videos into a late-night slot.

"Goodness gracious," PMRC co-founder Susan Baker, wife of Treasury Secretary James Baker, was quoted as saying, "we have a right to protect our children from trash."

Continued on page 6

Studio Rhino

Not so Hot?

Rikki Ereoli

Van Ault

Bewitched

Magic is alive and faeries are afoot! As we swoop into Halloween season, it seems appropriate to discuss magic, and how we express it in our gay community. For at no other time of the year are we quite so spontaneous, creative, playful, and colorful than now. The closets are left behind, inhibitions fall aside, the mundane is swept into the fantastic, and we exult in enchantment that radiates through us.

It is at this time of year that our difference from straight society is highlighted. Being sexual outlaws has set us outside mainstream psychically as well as sexually. It has made us much more sensitive, and forced us to rely on our inner assets. I predict that the power of those assets will be apparent in this year's Halloween masquerade with a magnificence that has never quite been equalled. We have faced disease, despair and death the past few years. We have also been busy doing something else in the process: reclaiming the inner strength and wisdom, the spiritual and psychic faculties with which we are abundantly blessed. We are mastering the ability to face the tempests of our times with honesty and courage. And, we are doing it with our sense of humor intact!

In times past and in some cultures, gay people held places of honor. The special sensitivity we had lifted us into the position of seer, healer, wiseman/woman, midwife, herbalist, Witch, shaman. Although contemporary American thought would like to pooh-poo this, would like, in fact, for us to become completely powerless now, we are remembering our potential. We are reclaiming our power. This includes not only the ability to act decisively when under attack, as we've done in our civil rights struggles. It gives us the ability to be receptive to intuition, to use the cycles of the seasons to bolster the psyche, to energize the will, and inspire us to new heights. It is the fairy dust which shines around us brighter than Halloween glitter.

I've been reminded of this over and over this month. About a hundred people jammed into the Valencia Rose recently for my lecture of Witchcraft, magic & All Hallows Eve. They actively participated in the visualization exercise, and floated out of the place with their auras shining like lights. The first Gay Men's Holistic Health Fair took place last week in the City, and including workshops on subjects such as the healing power or eroticism, release & forgiveness, the art of loving touch, and visualization. Gay newspapers, with *Sentinel USA* in the forefront, now write about tantric sex practices, meditation, nutrition, bodywork, and, yes, magic.

Our creativity and imagination, which will be so thoroughly exhibited on All Hallows, is enabling these leaps in consciousness to happen. As a snake sheds its skin, so are we sloughing off years of pain and sorrow, guilt, self-hatred, and bitchiness. Beneath it, we are discovering a new gay spirit, as resilient as a diamond, and just as brilliant.

As each of us takes responsibility for our full experience, owning both the constructive and detrimental aspects we've created, drawing on the force of our Higher Self, and boldly asserting it, we will give birth to a community that possesses not only health, but joyous aliveness. We will become, in spite of it all, a model for the rest of society.

Yes, we are magical. We are powerful. In our heart of hearts, we know it. We are benders and shapers of magnificent possibilities. Our contributions are, and will be, very special. Best of all, we can have a blast making them!

So, go on. Slide into those feathers and leathers, sequins and slinky. Get your most outrageous Halloween heart-on going. And lets make *this* All Hallows the most life-affirming, ecstatic Pandemonium we've ever created. Lookout, world... faeries are alive and magic is afoot!



LETTERS

Hudson and Muffins

Dear Editor:

Tom Murray's editorial and Henning Hansen's letter on "Muffins" was deeply disturbing to me because it focuses on a serious philosophical division within the national gay community. Many of us who are "out of the closet" never agreed with David Goodstein or Harvey Milk that anyone should be intimidated into publicly acknowledging their homosexuality. That decision should be a matter of choice and conscience. To encourage people to "come out of the closet" is one thing; to insist is another.

Mr. Hansen wrote, "Rock Hudson never had the balls to tell the world he was a homosexual." If Mr. Hudson had been so foolish as to be an upfront gay at the beginning of his career, he would have had no career. As for Mr. Murray suggesting that Hudson was "...reaping the benefits of gay liberation..." by "...boogeying at the Trocadero Transfer..." I can only say that right goes with the price of admission.

The entire concept of "the closet" has changed dramatically over the years. To my generation, "coming out" meant you were acknowledging to yourself and a few friends your basic realization that you were a homosexual. You didn't run to tell your family the good news. The times were different.

The most extreme case of a gay feeling the need to level with his family was an acquaintance who took his father to the late Catacombs in order that he would have a true idea of what his son's homosexual lifestyle entailed. To my mind some "treats" should be reserved for a select crowd.

Tom Youngblood

Crocker Bank Responds

Dear Editor:

As employees of Crocker National Bank, we are very proud of our employers commitment to the United Way Campaign and, even more so, proud of and grateful for Crocker's response on behalf of employees, our friends, who have been diagnosed with AIDS. There is only so much, however,

that a corporation can do for us. It can't give blood; only our many straight and lesbian friends can do so. It can't give of its time; only we as individuals can do so. And it can give only so much in donations.

We, as individuals, have the opportunity, through United Way, to ensure that our support services are funded by taking advantage of the donor option plan. As each of us are active at Crocker Bank in the United Way Campaign, we ask that our community respond and give generously to the community service organization of your choice.

The minimum amount, through payroll deduction, is but \$2.00 a month; less than the cost of two packs of cigarettes or a premium cocktail. But the impact of many such donations from within our community can make the difference for many of our friends in need.

Please take the time to inquire of your employer how you too may help make the difference. We ask also that the Sentinel print a listing of these organizations, with their addresses, so that Sentinel readers may complete their donor option cards.

- Paul Johnson, Vallejo
- Danette Mulrine, San Jose
- Gary Myerscough, San Francisco
- Kevin Wadsworth, San Francisco

"Protecting" Children

Dear Editor:

In a recent newspaper article the acting chief of San Francisco Unified School District, Carlos Cornejo, proposed a mandatory AIDS test for district employees. Apparently this is meant as an attempt to protect public school children from coming into contact with the AIDS virus.

If the school board is serious about trying to protect the children of San Francisco from AIDS, I suggest they try educating kids about how AIDS is spread and make available information on safe sex practices. Parents and school officials must take responsibility for the appalling lack of information available to young people and ultimately the responsibility for any youth who develops the disease because the fact of their homosex-

uality was never acknowledged.

Gay youth are an invisible minority in our schools and have been for years, but the consequences of this invisibility and silence are too great today and can no longer be tolerated.

Rob Birlé

Expanding Boundaries

Dear Editor:

On Sept. 12th the main item on the front page of your paper dealt with something that is simply not a gay issue at all. The article: *Comparable Worth: After Washington Where do Women Stand?* only dealt with the lesbian angle in brief passing. And of course it couldn't pretend to relate to gay men in any major way (except by vague ideological extrapolation).

I guess I'm surprised to learn that *Sentinel USA* is a women's/gay men's paper. A lesbian/gay men's paper makes sense as does a gay men's paper or a lesbian paper or a women's/lesbian paper. But a women's/gay's paper? Don't you think that's straining it a little?

Maybe *Sentinel USA* is just trying to "expand its boundaries." But then where are the front page articles covering exclusively Black, Jewish, Hispanic or Indian issues? These people *certainly* share more than gay men and women the hard reality of being a minority in America than do *straight, white women*. Our issues are vastly more urgent right now such that we needn't feel guilty or vulnerable to attacks of being "politically incorrect" because our paper is, God forbid!, just gay or gay/lesbian oriented. Please consider.

Howard Hall

Tanya Savory replies:

The September 12th issue dealt with a women's issue. Being that lesbians are women, it also makes it a lesbian issue, which also makes it a gay issue which all makes it... Well anyway, isn't the real point, after all, that we not discriminate against ourselves by alienating ourselves? This isn't a reaction to the fear of being "politically incorrect" — It's acceptance of the realization that segregation is self-defeating.

Commentary

Politics

Vic Basile

A Campaign Trust

Few people gave much thought to anorexia nervosa until it was revealed that Karen Carpenter died because of it. Researchers now believe that President Reagan's bout with colon cancer will result in thousands of lives being saved. Betty Ford's mastectomy, Stacy Keach's cocaine addiction, Rita Hayworth's Alzheimer's disease — all have served to focus national attention on previously ignored, or misunderstood diseases.

Which brings us to Rock Hudson's AIDS. In perhaps the most vivid illustration so far, where America's attention seems only to be captured by tabloid-like revelations, the country finally seems to have acknowledged and accepted AIDS for what it is — an epidemic of catastrophic portortions.

It's a case of medical rock and roll. To get AIDS on the public's agenda — to finally get the ball rolling — took a Rock Hudson. Never mind the roughly 12,000 other cases that preceded his. But there's no point in bemoaning human nature, which seems to dictate this phenomenon. Instead, we should address the consequences of this sudden national focus on what is still a largely unknown and misunderstood problem. Because as critical as this focus is, it brings with it both positive and negative fallout.

For some, the reaction to Rock Hudson's tragedy will lead them to call for increased funding for AIDS. For others, it will lead them to call for the incarceration of all gays. For most, reaction will fall somewhere between the two extremes and, therein, lies the threat to this country's gay and lesbian community.

We recently received a news release from a congressional candidate named Mary Jane Rachner. She was quoted as saying, "To stop AIDS, spend not one cent for research. There's no way to make anal intercourse a healthy habit. If we had in America a cult of people who enjoyed eating each other's feces, would we assign \$126.7 million for research on how to make this habit safe and healthy? Homosexuals and bisexuals want to crow about how we're all in this together. We must stop them even if it means ordering sanctions for us all."

Now, I don't expect this woman to be elected to Congress. But that doesn't mean there aren't other, more subtle candidates out there who share her philosophy. Or that there aren't people already in Congress, the Senate, or the administration who feel exactly the same way.

On a recent broadcast of a network news program, columnist George Will questioned the wisdom of spending millions of dollars on AIDS research and treatment, when (to paraphrase), it's a disease brought about through behavior. He suggested that, since we know how AIDS is spread, why not just educate the

confined only to gays. They don't want to see the government spend huge sums of money to make gay sex safe again.

The stigma of AIDS being considered a gay disease has already led the government and the Congress to downplay the severity of the crisis, and to hold up necessary funding. We've all seen a glimmer of hope in the aftermath of the Rock Hudson disclosure. Finally, that "non-crises" perception may change and the money spigots open up. But there's no guarantee.

AIDS, and to an extent gays themselves, are going to be critical issues in next year's congressional elections. A "conservative activist" quoted in *The Washington Times* said, "[AIDS] will be the major issue of 1986." Those who have been silent about their prejudice against gays and lesbians are finally speaking out, because they now consider the disease — and gays — to be a direct threat to them. They are saying and demanding a lot of ugly things, and many of them are pressuring their

public, and let them take their own chances? George Will is no Mary Jane Rachner; he is influential and many people follow his lead.

These are the same people who are inclined to outlaw homosexual activity, because they think that will stop the spread of this disease. They are ready to support *whatever* drastic action is proposed if it means keeping this "gay plague"

representatives *not* to appropriate sufficient funding for the disease.

It is with this awareness that the Human Rights Campaign Fund, one of the nation's largest independent political action committees, has established the AIDS Campaign Trust. ACT represents the Campaign Fund's belief that federal funding for AIDS research and treatment is a priority item — both for gays and for society in general. It will provide a pool of money to support people who are proponents of increased AIDS funding, or to defeat those who stand in the way of lifesaving support for those afflicted with AIDS and those who will become afflicted in the future.

ACT will concentrate on campaigns in which incumbents are on committees and subcommittees with jurisdiction over the federal AIDS effort and on races in which incumbents are in influential leadership positions in the House or Senate.

It would be nice if those of us who have spent the past several years trying to do what Rock Hudson was able to do overnight could just sit back, breathe a sigh of relief, and consider a large part of our job to be finished. After all, who now could argue that increas-

ed funding for AIDS shouldn't be a paramount national priority? The unfortunate answer to that question, of course, is plenty of people.

Rock Hudson has solved one of our problems. But the new attention focusing on gays may lead to other problems. We hope that AIDS Campaign Trust, in a large way, will offset the pressure that is being applied by a scared, ignorant, vocal minority that, at best, would like to see nothing done and, at worst, would like to put us all in quarantine.

Yes, AIDS is and will remain a political issue. And, as much as we might prefer otherwise, it will take political pressure and political contributions to get things done.

If you're interested in supporting the AIDS Campaign Trust, I encourage you to send your contribution to the Human Rights Campaign Fund, AIDS Campaign Trust, Post Office Box 1396, Washington, DC 20013.

PS

All letters must be legibly signed originals. Please include a daytime phone number where you can be reached for verification and a return address. We reserve the right to edit or reject any letter submitted.

AIDS ANTIBODY TESTING

Free, Anonymous Test Program Continues in San Francisco

New funding will extend until mid-January the anonymous AIDS antibody testing program offered by the San Francisco Department of Public Health. Negotiations are currently underway to continue the free program beyond that date.

Without revealing your name or identity, you can make an appointment to learn more about the test by telephoning 621-4858, M-F 12-8 p.m. MAKING AN APPOINTMENT DOES NOT COMMIT YOU TO TAKING THE TEST. After hearing a brief presentation at the test site you will have a chance to ask questions. You may then leave or stay to take the test.

The AIDS antibody test detects the presence of antibodies to the AIDS virus by using a simple blood test. **This is NOT a test for AIDS.** The test does NOT show if you have AIDS or an AIDS Related Condition (ARC), nor can it tell if you will develop AIDS or ARC in the future. **THE TEST DOES SHOW IF YOU HAVE BEEN INFECTED WITH THE VIRUS WHICH CAN CAUSE AIDS.**

Although the test is available at other locations, your anonymity is guaranteed if you take the test at an Alternative Test Site. You will receive your test results at the San Francisco Alternative Test Sites without revealing your identity or losing your privacy. Post-test consulting and referrals are available.

Your decision whether or not to take the test is a difficult one. The San Francisco AIDS Foundation is not recommending that you either take or not take the test. **YOU MUST DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.** We want to provide you with information that will help you make the decision that is right for you.

If you want general information about AIDS or the AIDS antibody test, telephone the San Francisco AIDS Foundation HOTLINE (863-AIDS, 9-9 M-F, 11-5 S-Su). If you want to make an appointment at an Alternative Test Site for education or testing, call 621-4858 12-8 p.m. M-F.



TDD: 864-6606 (HOTLINE) 621-5868 (appointments)
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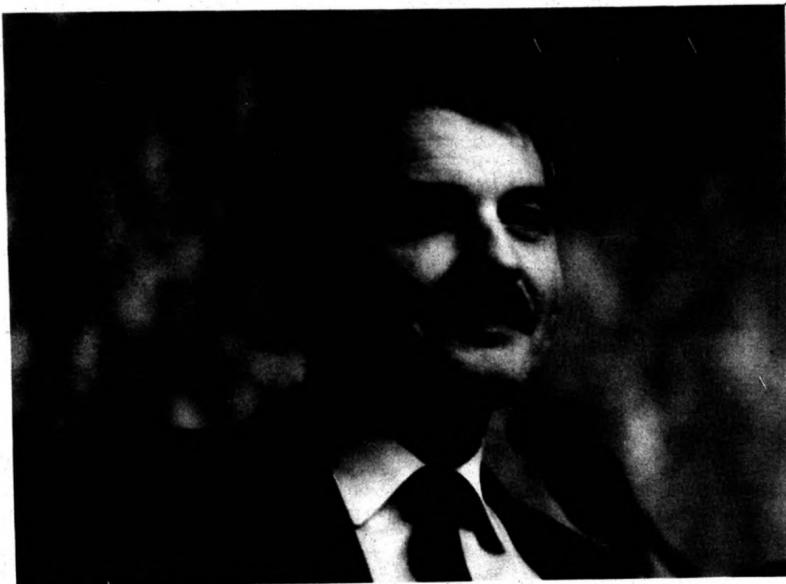
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VOICE OF THE NEW GENERATION



Dr. Luc Montagnier hopes for closer cooperation with his American counterpart.

SF Speech:

Discoverer of LAV Warns of Limitations on Freedom

by John Wetzl

Dr. Luc Montagnier, credited with first discovering the type of the virus thought to cause AIDS, warned Monday in San Francisco that if a cure or a vaccine for the AIDS-related virus is not found the disease could result in a threat to personal freedoms.

Montagnier, spoke before the French/American Chamber of Commerce on the theme of "Progress and Prospects" in AIDS research.

Dr. Montagnier's comments came during discussion of the virus itself (dubbed both LAV and HTLV III because of the cross-Atlantic conflict over the virus' discovery).

Montagnier predicted that if a way is not found to control the virus freedom of international travel could become a casualty.

"We are in a very difficult period of time. We know the agent, we know how to dilute it, but we do not know how to treat it. This will affect our lives and our freedoms," he said.

"If we don't solve this then we will get into trouble because there will be more and more infected people in our countries. The countries which have not been already infected will take measures to [limit] importation of the virus."

Montagnier predicted that, if a vaccine or cure is not found in the short term it could be possible that some nations would initiate HTLV III blood antibody testing in airports.

Montagnier also commented on the lawsuit which has been filed in U.S. court against the United States for patent rights to the currently licensed HTLV III antibody test.

"It is... true that because of the non-scientific problems our cooperation is not as high as it was two years ago. My hope is that this will be settled... and we will also try to integrate" Franco-American

efforts.

Dr. Montagnier published findings on what he called a Lymphadenopathy-Associated Virus (LAV) in May, 1983. It was nearly one year later when Dr. Robert Gallo of the NIH published findings on his success in mass-producing what he called Human T-cell Lymphadenopathy-associated Virus type III (HTLV III). The Gallo virus now is known as Human T-Lymphotropic Virus.

The Pasteur Institute is challenging the U.S. on its decision to first patent the test for antibodies to HTLV III rather than a similar test for antibodies to LAV, for which Montagnier said the Institute applied first.

Montagnier's speech preceded a more formal address to a scientific delegation at U.C. San Francisco by about two hours, after which the scientist flew back to Paris.

A variety of local agencies were in attendance, and there was a healthy representation from private industry, which is at this time carving out a role for itself in the development of vaccine or treatments, which scientists claim are down the road.

It is important first to know if there are any neutralizing agents that would be effective Montagnier said. "I think we will know more on this problem in one year's time."

On his trip this weekend, Dr. Montagnier also spoke in Washington D.C. and in Los Angeles.

Alcohol-free Dance

Gay/lesbian *Clean and Sober* Halloween Dance, Friday Nov. 1, 9 pm - 1 am, First Congregational Church, at the corner of Post and Mason Streets. Sliding admission \$5-\$10. Costumes encouraged. Fundraiser for Living Sober. For more information call Charles West 441-8101.

Pickets Up for Non-Union City Deal

by Tanya Savory

Carrying banners and picket signs and singing "We shall not be Moved," 150 or more Service Employee Union members picketed the Department of Health Tuesday, October 22, at noon.

Service employees Local 87, representing San Francisco janitors, are protesting the use of non-union custodians at the City Health Department. Non-union workers recently replaced three union janitors.

On August 22nd, Rafael Roman, Robert Lee, and Irma Adams, all janitors at the Health Department, received abrupt layoff notices after eight years of employment. They were replaced by janitors from a non-union firm, Thomas Janitorial, a black-owned business which is based in Oakland.

The three laid off janitors were not allowed by Thomas Janitorial to re-apply for their jobs. The Union is filing National Labor Relations Board charges against Thomas Janitorial for discriminating against union members. "It's basically a question of fairness," said local 87 President Wray

Jacobs.

On August 30th, the union and the three janitors met with Deputy Mayor Hadley Roff and Public Health Director David Werdegar to voice their disapproval. They were told that the City would investigate and take action. After more than a month with no response from the City, Local 87 demanded City action by Oct. 18th. When the city continued to ignore requests, the rally and picketing was planned.

At the site of the rally on Tuesday, Union and rally organizer Jean Quan commented, "It's a farce for the issue of affirmative action to be used in this situation. Thomas Janitorial is a minority firm, but the three who were laid off are also all members of minorities."

Quan also said that it's "very likely" that the new employees are being paid less, and that in a situation such as this, the Health Department is probably "just trying to cut down on costs."

POT Law Rally At Civic Center

The local organization Joint Effort will hold a concert and rally in San Francisco's Civic Center park across from City Hall Oct. 27.

The proposition would only mandate the city to pay petitioners to collect signatures in support of relaxing marijuana laws, but would not directly change the laws. For more information, call 864-8348.



Fleet week came and went but not without making its mark on the city by the bay. Here one serviceman greets a camera with a smile.



Award winning photo by Mick Hicks depicting anger at Dan White's release after his five year prison sentence.

Thunderclap:

Dan White's Death Jars a City, Revives Tragic Past

by John Wetzl

A city reeled, as it had once before with the deaths of a mayor and a city supervisor, when, Monday, former San Francisco Supervisor Dan White, their convicted killer, was reported to have ended his life in the garage of his Shawnee Avenue home.

In 1979 White had been convicted of killing liberal Mayor George R. Moscone and the openly gay Supervisor Harvey Milk in one of the most notorious verdicts in San Francisco's history.

White was sentenced and served only five years, one month and nine days for the double slaying. The final penalty caused a great deal of consternation among various communities and in City Hall, where many thought the sentence to be too lenient. He had been released from state prison.

Immediately following the discovery of White's body Monday at around 2:00 pm, news of the apparent suicide flashed through the city via telephone and word of mouth, mesmerizing, and lending a requiting note of finality to the events surrounding and following the 1978 assassinations.

For many, news of the suicide brought to the surface old feelings of anguish, as well as the original pain caused by the assassinations themselves. Officials grasped for meaningful reply to press questions. Citizens masked an apparent sense of vindication.

Sense of Justice

Reaction was mixed, and often carried a sense that justice in the Moscone and Milk killings remained undone, but that the saga has now ended. Others saw a kind of justice in the mere fact that White had killed himself, a scenario some said was furthest from what anyone would have expected.

But, particularly in the city's gay

community, there was a pervasive sense that one more sadness, and one more tragedy had done more to add another veil of loss, than to repeal any deed.

The gay community had reacted vigorously to news of White's 1979 sentence which had been less severe than had been expected. White's attorney had argued the supervisor had suffered from temporary "diminished capacity" from overindulgence in twinkies and junk food. Gays took to the streets the night of the sentence.

Mayor Sees Scars

Mayor Feinstein seemed to sum up what others saw when she expressed personal feelings in her office Monday afternoon. "Please, God," she said, "let it be at an end."

The mayor said she hoped the death of Dan White could at least "help heal the wounds and the scar tissue which are still deep. I think the community has responded with strength," she added.

Tuesday an autopsy was performed and specimens have been submitted to the coroner for examination, according to a spokeswoman from the medical examiner's office. Results of the autopsy will not be released for three to four weeks.

Police Chief Con Murphy issued a statement on White saying "His death is under investigation by the Police Department but it appears to be suicide by carbon monoxide poisoning." The police chief told reporters that a rubber hose had been used to pipe exhaust into the compartment of the car.

Occupational Hazard:

Sex Industry Forum Tackles AIDS Issue

by Tanya Savory

The chorus from "Day by Day" from the play "Godspell," which was taking place the floor up above, drifted through the floorboards, as the first forum entitled "Sex in the Age of AIDS A Forum for Women who work in the Sex Industry" began to assemble.

The forum, co-sponsored by COYOTE (The Prostitutes Rights Organization whose name stands for "cast our your old tired ethics") and Project AWARE (The

Association for Women's AIDS Research and Education) took place this past Friday night at The First Metropolitan Church.

Continued on page 8

board the old-style San Francisco with his views on traditional working class values. He also represented an antithesis of the community that Supervisor Milk had been elected to serve: the gay community.

The murders of the mayor and Supervisor Milk abruptly ended a progressing course of politics on whose crest the gay community was riding into eminence within City Hall.

"I think the gay community ought to use this opportunity," Board of Supervisors President John Molinari said Monday. "I view today as a time to reflect and a time to remember George Moscone and Harvey Milk. I hope this is the final chapter in what has been a sad and tragic time in our history," he said.

Suicide Assessed

Supervisor Doris Ward, who did not serve on the board with White said, "I'm really not surprised that he has taken his own life simply because... I don't see how a human being could live with what he has done."

Molinari said, "I have the same sadness I would have for the family of anyone who has committed suicide."

"I'm not upset that he's killed himself," said Scott Smith, Harvey Milk's former lover who had been catapulted into the public eye following Milk's assassination.

"I've had some pretty depressed moods myself. Apparently he hasn't had the same support system (through the years following the assassinations)."

Milk's former attorney John Wahl said, Monday, "He really did serve a life sentence, didn't he?"

Said one City Hall insider, "he created a few demons for himself and the demons seem to have caught up with him."

Gina Moscone, the widow of George Moscone has not made comment on the assassination to date, nor has she issued comment on White's suicide.



Alice B. Toklas Memorial Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club President Sal Roselli with Alice Dinner emcee San Francisco Supervisor Doris Ward the evening of the annual dinner.

Gutting Heavy Metal

continued from page 1

The controversy over record labeling has stirred a hornet's nest of questions and reactions.

To begin with, just who are the culprits? In his slide presentation to the subcommittee, PMRC "consultant" Jess Ling, a 28-year-old Virginia minister, spotlighted fifteen bands, nearly half of which had not even "gone gold" (sales of 500,000 or more).

An aide to Senator James Exon (D-Nebraska), (who had called the committee hearing "the largest media event I've ever seen") said recently, "I did not hear brought out, clearly, how many albums were sold with objectionable lyrics. I think it's a very small percentage (of those) sold."

Ling quoted The Mentors' "Golden Showers" from their *You Axed For It LP*: "Listen little slut/Do as you are told.../Come with daddy for me to pour the gold.../All through my excrements you shall roam.../Bend up and smell my anal vapor.../Your face is my toilet paper.../On your face I leave a shit tower..."

But a San Francisco Tower Records source told *Sentinel USA*, "The Mentors! They're sick! The guys with the hoods? The play 'pervert rock!'"

"A lot of people," said Howie Klein president of San Francisco-based 415 Records and a KUSF deejay, "think it's just about heavy metal. They don't realize this is an out and out attack on all forms of pop music."

Rights of Speech

Merlis thinks that it is the high-profits nature of some pop acts which has drawn attention, and criticism. "It would be a pretty safe guess that had Prince not sold 10 million albums we probably wouldn't be having this conversation," he said by phone from his Los Angeles office.

Critics of labeling proponents cite First Amendment rights, which guarantee freedom of speech, as a

Pat Boone, religious, insane people. In my mind, these people are certifiably insane."

"These kinds of moves always end up with a self-appointed group of standard-setters imposing their values on expression based on its content, and it operates to the detriment of controversial expression and expression that some people might find in bad taste," said the ACLU's Schlosser.

"I want young people to understand Naziism, to understand Ronald Reagan, to understand all kinds of fascism and sexism and racism," said Klein. "If they don't understand that stuff they'll be susceptible to it from demagogues like Falwell in the future."

Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell declined to comment. Reached at the Moral Majority Lynchburg, Va. headquarters, a Falwell spokesperson said, "I don't know that Dr. Falwell has made a comment. I don't think he was planning on it, actually."

Practical Objections

What of the recording industry, which collected some \$4.2 billion in 1984 revenues? Insiders claim that its 25,000-songs-a-month output makes labeling impractical, and that printing lyrics is out of the question since publishing companies, not record companies, own rights to the words.

"The only reasonable thing (the PMRC) is asking for is that lyrics of every record be in the record stores so that parents can see them," said Klein. "The record companies can't do that without permission from the publishing companies, but so what? These neo-Nazi women could get their husbands after the publishing companies if the publishing companies want to withhold the rights to present the lyrics."

PMRC Ignored Initially

"Initially this wasn't taken too seriously because of the historical perspective that we have," Merlis



on in the artist's mind. The artist will say, 'is it going to be the difference between selling 100,000 albums and 200,000 albums because 'x' number of outlets won't handle a record with a

sticker?' Hey, it's a commercial business, no one made any illusion that it wasn't."

Business Sense

Civil rights and First Amend-

ment issues are not all that concern the recording industry. Though industry insiders deny any connection, it is widely known that HR 2911, The Home Audio Recording Act, and a Senate bill introduced

Hollywood Nibbles, Plans Big Music Fundraiser for Spring

by Dave Ford

Two hundred celebrants, celebrities and well-wishers jammed Los Angeles' Berwin Entertainment Complex October 17, proving once and for all that, in Hollywood, the AIDS-fundraising bug has bit. The gala publicized a scheduled rock concert slated for next Spring to benefit a newly-formed AIDS fundraising group.

"There had been a lot of talk from people in my industry who said, 'we're going to do something,'" said Steve Ostrow, who first founded then resigned from the board of the group. "Nobody ever did it, so we decided that it was time that we did it."

The recently-formed International AIDS Foundation (IAF) announced that "Aid for AIDS" will be held March 22, 1986 in the 85,000-seat Los Angeles Coliseum, and will feature acts like the Gap Band, and will be broadcast as a day-long telethon.

"Once the initial board was set up, I resigned as the founder and incorporator and president of the foundation," Ostrow declared, addressing some concern that had arisen over the recent changes. In addition to producing the concert, Ostrow is working on next year's "Mr. Male America" contest, held at Caesar's in Atlantic City.

In keeping with the telethon spirit evident throughout the party, Ostrow then introduced onstage Hal Uplinger and Tony Bernard, who recently directed the Philadelphia portion of this summer's Live Aid telethon, which raised over \$50 million for famine-stricken Ethiopians.

Party guests Thursday nibbled individually plastic-wrapped pasta salads and quaffed complimentary beverages (the bar later charged for drinks) and scanned the crowd for celebrities, dodging television cameras and lights.

The show wasn't without its hitches. Snafus drew smirks from

Merlis — "Private Eye's" Brenda Lee Eager belted a tune over nearly inaudible backing tapes, and the bump-and-grind trio Lace undulated in near silence.

"We decided that the AIDS issue had to be addressed because most of what we see in the media are numbers, figures and facts," actor Philip MacKenzie of the Showtime sitcom "Brothers" told the audience. "As we all know, AIDS is about people, which goes beyond numbers, figures and facts," he said.

MacKenzie then introduced a "Brothers" clip from a segment featuring an AIDS-stricken character (it aired October 23). Audio glitches marred the presentation.

Celebrities, however, were in perfect working order.

"My wife is a dancer," said Ted Lange, who plays the *Love Boat* character Isaac, "and the choreographer she used to take classes with just died recently. It's just a shame that it's happened."

Hotel's Shea Farrell allowed that "the thing that bothers me about AIDS in addition to the very obvious loss of life is that it's taken society and it's pulling it apart. It's making people question other people without knowing any facts."

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The show wasn't without its hitches. Snafus drew smirks from

Oct. 9 would both require manufacturers to pay royalties on all blank tape sales.

Industry spokespeople claim that home taping siphons off money which might be spent on new artists, a claim some artists and outsiders find farfetched, since industry studies show that those who tape music at home also account for most of the sales of pre-recorded albums and tapes. Observers claim that the largest chunk of industry spending actually goes to independent promotion expenditures, which run in the neighborhood of \$50 million annually.

Who's Married Who

Still, the legislation is crucial to the industry; interestingly enough, the co-sponsor of the Senate bill was Senator Albert Gore (D-Tenn.), whose wife, Tipper Gore, founded the PMRC, and who sits on the Senate Committee on Commerce, Science and Transportation — the very same which held the "porn rock" hearing. Furthermore, the Senate bill will have to pass the Judiciary Committee, chaired by Senator Strom Thurmond (R-South Carolina) — whose wife is also on the PMRC.

"You can draw your own conclusion as to who these people are married to," Merlis said.

"These same women—" said Klein, "their husbands are going to be the ones deciding about this tax, so the lawyers and accountants inside the record companies are going along with this (labeling) because they just care about this tax thing."

Political fortunes, too, are at stake. One Washington insider hinted that a key Senator, not a member of the committee, was known to latch on to emotional "non-issues," and testified before the committee in an attempt to garner re-election publicity.

"One has to look at who requested the hearings and what their purpose is," said Exon's aide.

Banning Pop Music

Observers hold that the mid-1980's may or may not be ripe for this controversy.

"They said that if you listened to Mozart's music you would go out and rape somebody, and they tried to ban him," Klein pointed out.

"Rock and roll has always been a swell and handy target," Merlis said. "It started in pre-Elvis times when white citizens' councils in the south warned their constituents to... stay away from heavy beat music, the rhythm and blues music, because it had some kind of 'jungle undercurrent' that encouraged race mixing, miscegenation and all this stuff that was their most horrible dream."

Merlis also noted that "there have been examples of this kind of music that have gone into the mega-hit category. That material is in 10 million American homes. Out of that large pool of people there's going to be someone who's bent out of shape about it."

"Whatever is the most popular entertainment of the time is blamed for everything," said child psychologist Bruno Bettelheim, quoted in a recent *U.S. News and World Report*.

Political Posturing

"I think," said the ACLU's Schlosser, "that there's been a climate of censorship in the last five

years. It has to do with a conservative mood in the country and, to some degree, confusions between the proper role of religion and the proper role of society. (Also) there really are drug problems, there are problems with violence, and it's easier to blame rock lyrics than it is to blame unemployment or the lack of kids being committed to their education or the problems in the schools."

"I see the whole controversy as just a tiny part of the neo-Fascist agenda for America," said 415 Records' Klein. "They've got a program which has to do with extermination of homosexuals, with the ending of women's rights to choose an abortion, with gross censorship in schools, with teaching religious superstition as though it were science in schools."

Quoted in *Time*, Gold Mountain Records president Danny Goldberg, founder of the L.A.-based Musical Majority (which boasts members like Tina Turner, Lionel Richie, Kiss, Duran Duran, Henley, Prince and others) said, "Music is getting political again, and some political forces want to put music back in its place." He cited Band Aid, Live Aid and Farm Aid as examples.

Regardless, the labelers are specifically attacking homosexuals. In a set of demands mailed by the PMRC to the RIAA, said Klein, "bestiality, murder and homosexuality (were) all lumped into one really horrendous category. It's so insulting."

The PMRC, Klein noted, said "that any song that dealt with homosexuality be labeled as obscene. In other words, any Tom Robinson song, like Glad to be Gay, would be called obscene."

"This is an attack on us," he said, "not just an attack on heavy metal."

Fizzling Out?

True though that may be, observers doubt all this will come to much. "The tide has turned," Merlis said. "People have seen this as almost a non-issue, a lot of 'sound and fury.'" Dee Snider convinced a lot of people 'what are we picking on these people for? Either they're out to express themselves or out to make a buck or both,' which is kind of what America is about."

"You're not going to see this being revisited this year," said Exon's aide. "A lot will depend on the PMRC and whether or not the so-called negotiations that are underway with the recording industry are going to bear fruit."

Those negotiations have stalled, insiders say, but certainly no legislation is planned.

"There is no legislation pending in any of the regulating agencies, particularly the Federal Communications Commission," said the aide. "To be honest, I think it would be extremely difficult to legislate."

"I think it gave people a chance to think, 'well, what is my responsibility toward my kids? Do I want to have a record company tell me what's appropriate and what's not appropriate?'"

"The future," said Klein, "is that the next time these women get together and play bridge or canasta or mah jong or whatever they do they'll figure out something else and this whole thing will be forgotten. That's what I honestly think will happen."

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TIME: Thursday evenings from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. DATES: November 7, 14, 21 and December 5th. COST: \$125 full amount or \$60 deposit now and \$65 balance due first evening. PLACE: The Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality 1523 Franklin Street, San Francisco, CA 94109. INFORMATION: For further details, phone (415) 928-1133.

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Sex Industry Forum

continued from page 5

Panelists spent three hours educating an audience comprised of prostitutes and other sex workers, members of AWARE and COYOTE, and gay and straight men and women on the AIDS virus, safe and unsafe sex, and the growing problem of the assumption that prostitutes are a primary cause of the spread of AIDS into the straight world.

COYOTE Founder and director Margo St. James presented the problems of prostitution and AIDS. Outspoken and direct in her discussion, St. James stated that inevitably and unfortunately "whores will get scape-goated" with the spread of AIDS. She added that the media attention on hookers "is ludicrous!! they (hookers) probably have 20 burers in their purses."

On the topic of condoms, St. James was emphatic. "The only safe sex is rubber sex or lesbian sex," she stated. She added that prostitutes have been carrying condoms "on the job" for years to prevent the transmission of STD's. She suggested that, in light of this epidemic, the public should complain that condoms are not allowed to be advertised. She advised that condom machines should be placed

in women's restrooms since men are often so reluctant to use them. "How to get men to accept rubbers — that's the big problem," said St. James. She added, "It's ridiculous in the face of a major epidemic."

How to "get men to accept rubbers" became an extended topic and one AIDS conscious prostitute from the audience was cordially invited up front to demonstrate how she "tricks" the men into the condom without him ever realizing it. The demonstration, complete with condom and dildo, also included her method of "fooling"; the customer into believing he is having intercourse when he isn't. She quipped, "Americans are easily fooled." During the demonstration, a few prostitutes in the audience jokingly protested the press observing this practice and revealing "trade secrets." Nevertheless, the attitude of the audience was one of concern and genuine appreciation for the education of safe sex methods.

Also adding to the discussion of safe sex was COYOTE and Project AWARE member and former prostitute Gloria Lockett. Lockett began her discussion by pointing out the attitude toward prostitutes and AIDS as being unfair since

"Prostitutes know about safe sex and are using it." She covered the use of non-oxdol 9, condoms, and use of bleach solutions on sex aids and toys. When one audience member interjected that condoms "don't taste good," Dr. Wofsy put it simply, "It tastes safe." Lockett touched upon the problem of men not accepting the condoms and suggested that prostitutes demand that they wear them and counter their arguments with "Would you rather have AIDS?"

The concern and interest of the audience prompted much discussion and many questions. As the forum ran over its planned time and late into the night, forum coordinator and COYOTE and Project AWARE member, Priscilla Alexander joked, "I was hoping we could get through so that everyone could get back to work." But on the serious side, Alexander who is conducting and coordinating volunteer studies on women and AIDS, stated, "Blaming prostitutes has got to change." She also commented on the S.F. Police Force in regards to prostitutes and AIDS as being "pretty awful." She reminded everyone that it is illegal for an officer to force a prostitute to take an antibody test, and for a prostitute to get the officer's badge number if the situation should occur.

Community United Against Violence Safety Tips for Halloween

- In addition to pumps specifically picked out to complete a costume, carry an extra pair of tennis shoes for the way home. Not only will your feet thank you, but you'll also be more mobile should a problem arise.
- Wear a costume that allows for swift movement. Sure, tight skirts might add to your costume appeal, but this is a holiday where creativity can enhance both appeal and safety.
- Be aware of your surroundings, assertive in your movement, and follow your intuition. Castro Street isn't the safest place to be and being alert is essential in keeping your evening fun.
- Don't assume all bashers are punk youths. Bashers come in all sizes, ages, and races.
- Watch out for pick pockets, and carry a hidden second wallet with at least enough money in it for a cab ride home.
- Plan your way home ahead of time. Know the bus route closest to your home and plan to sit at the front of the bus. Better yet arrange a ride home with a friend or take a cab.
- Watch your consumption of alcohol and know your supplier of chemicals. Not all products are as they have been advertised.
- Avoid walking alone, particularly when off the beaten path. Travel with friends.
- Carry your keys on you (not in a back pack or in your costume clutch purse) and have them out and ready as you approach your front door.
- Carry a whistle. Use it to call for help. Respond with help when you hear a whistle.

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Election Forum on Ballot Initiatives

A public forum on ballot initiatives will take place in the State Building Auditorium on Tuesday, Oct. 29, 7:30-11 pm, a week before the election, featuring debates on both sides of Propositions B, C, E, F and G.

The event — called by N.O.W. (National Organization for Women), the Democratic Party County Central Committee, the Humanist Party, the Peace and Freedom Party and Election Action — will draw together political activists and elected officials in a dialogue with the voters about the issues facing them in the November election, including equal pay, high rises and marijuana.

The following proponents and opponents of ballot initiatives have received invitations to debate their views, or send their representatives. The list also includes who has accepted and who has not (to date):

Proposition C - Narcotics Fund
Arlo Smith, Jr. (Accepted) — Arlo Smith, Sr. (Invited)

Proposition E — Repeal of Comparable Worth
Morra Keeley, Lonnie Weiss (Accepted)
Dianne Feinstein, Quentin Kopp (Invited)

Proposition F — High Rise Moratorium
Sue Hestor, Joel Ventresca, Richard Hongisto,
Mayor Feinstein (Invited)

Proposition G — Marijuana Privacy
Stony Gebert, Dennis Peron (Accepted)
Dianne Feinstein, Cornelius Murphy (Invited)

Foat Speaks on Criminal Justice

Tuesday, Oct. 29, Women in the Criminal Justice System ends this month's series with Ginny Foat, former California NOW President (arrested, tried and acquitted for murder and author of *Never Guilty Never Free*); Margaret Sloan-Hunter feminist, writer, activist and one of the founding editors of MS magazine; and Jeanine Bertram Administrative Director of Prison M.A.T.C.H. (Mothers and their children). Valencia Rose Cabaret, 766 Valencia Street, 8 pm.

Girth and Mirth Halloween Party

Girth and Mirth presents its annual Halloween party Oct. 26, a costume ball with a circus theme "Under the Big Top." Location: a large flat at 176 Page Street at Gough. Donation \$10 includes food and drinks. Psychic readings offered.

MCC Church Fundraiser

Golden Gate Metropolitan Community Church continues its special musical and theatrical fundraising events with an Octoberfest at 7:30 pm, Sunday, Oct. 27, at the California Club, 1748 Clay Street. All funds will benefit the Church Building Fund. Golden Gate M.C.C. is in the midst of a drive for funds to buy or build a com-

bination Church and Community Center.

The Reverend James Sandmire, Pastor, pointed out that the donation of \$5 per person requested was a way of introducing the church to many people in addition to raising money for the church building. "We have an extraordinarily gifted group of members," Sandmire pointed out, "We can provide those who come with a great evening of entertainment in a good cause," he said.

The first half of the program begins with a special musical program arranged by Mr. Richard Blake, church choir director. Mr. Blake, formerly with the Marin Opera and a noted performer and composer, promises an exciting evening with members from "La Cage Aux Folles" and "Mack and Mabel" and other shows. For more information call 928-5598 or 474-4848.

More Money Sought by Shanti

The Shanti Project, a volunteer based organization which provides support to Persons with AIDS and their loved ones is launching their First Annual Telephone Campaign. The call is out for volunteers to join Shanti by working on the phones, calling other volunteers to go house to house as the second phase of the telephone campaign. The phones go into operation from Oct. 15th to Nov. 22nd. Volunteers will be going house to house from Nov. 22nd to Dec. 15th.



Systems Consultant Marty Delaney (left) and Joseph Brewer announce the formation of "Project Inform" which will scientifically document the effects of illegal anti-viral drugs on subjects with AIDS.

"Our hope is to cover as many of the San Francisco Neighborhoods as possible, to tell them about the great work Shanti is already doing and to ask for contributions to keep up with the increasing number of AIDS diagnoses," said Bea Roman, Development Director.

Shanti has not had a waiting list due to response from the community, however, due to the ever rising number of persons being diagnosed with AIDS, the project says it needs to increase its resources to continue providing free emotional support, practical support as well as housing to persons with AIDS.

Benefit for Leading Wisconsin Legislator

A cocktail reception at the home of Mark Leno and Doug Jackson will benefit the 1986 campaign of Wisconsin Assembly Speaker Pro Temp David Clarenbach.

Clarenbach has initiated liberal policies in the state: the nation's first statewide prohibition of discrimination based on sexual orientation, the first state public-closing law requiring public notification before layoffs, "right to know" legislation on toxic wastes, a moratorium on nuclear power plant construction, the end of criminal sanctions for private consensual sexual activity, and the assurance of confidentiality in AIDS testing.

Requested donation is \$25 for the 4 pm - 6 pm wine and Wisconsin cheese affair, 590 Clipper Street, Sunday Oct. 27. For more information call 621-6164. Contributions may be sent to The Clarenbach Committee at 288-7th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

Man/boy Love Conference

The North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) has scheduled its ninth General Membership Conference for Nov. 8th, 9th & 10th in the Chelsea section of New York City.

The Conference will focus on the political use being made of the present child sex abuse panic. The current state of the international man/boy love movement will also be discussed.

Registration for the Conference will be \$15 before Nov. 1st. \$25 thereafter or at the door. \$5 additional for those who are not

NAMBLA members or subscribers.

The Conference is open to NAMBLA members and subscribers and those supportive of man/boy love and sexual freedom. The Conference is not open to the general media, although arrangements will be made for interviews with the organizers and speakers upon request.

San Jose Center Out the Money

The Billy DeFrank center is looking for support in finding a new location after outgrowing its present location. After a recent 20 percent rent increase, the center will be forced to leave its Keyes Street location in San Jose.

The center has been a valued resource in the South Bay community. Over 10,000 people use the DeFrank Hotline service annually. Many community groups have used the center as a meeting place for lack of another similar site. The center also provides AIDS counseling.

The center is looking for a facility offering two to three meeting rooms and is looking to increase office space. Donations are requested to the order of Billy DeFrank Community Center specifying action "for the moving fund." Address: The Billy DeFrank Lesbian and Gay Community Center, 86 Keyes Street, San Jose, CA 95112, (408) 293-4525.

On Radical Black Integration

A public forum titled, "The U.S. Black Struggle — Revolutionary Integration: Yesterday and Today," will be held on Sunday, Oct. 27, 4:00 pm, at the Western Addition Cultural Center, 762 Fulton (at Webster), San Francisco.

Tom Boot, a Marxist theoretician, black community activist and author of the ground-breaking document, *Revolutionary Integration: Yesterday and Today*, will be a featured speaker.

Boot will discuss the theory and application of revolutionary integration, the concept that the principal direction of the black freedom movement has been towards complete integration into U.S. society, integration Boot has

said demands radical social change, not assimilation or separation.

To answer questions crucial to the contemporary black movement, Boot will thoroughly examine the period from the 1930s, through the civil rights years, to the Reagan era. He will analyze Black activism in the labor and civil rights movement and through the contributions of Black writers and artists. Key to Boot's analysis is the historic role of black women leaders in the fight for racial, economic, political and social equality.

Boot is a member of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) Local 3211 at UC Berkeley. He has been active in the San Francisco Anti-Klan Committee and the San Francisco Anti-Apartheid Committee, and is Bay Area Organizer of the Freedom Socialist Party.

A door donation of \$2.00 is requested. A buffet (\$4.00 donation) and social will follow the forum. For more information or childcare (call by 10/22), please call 864-1278 or 334-1853. Wheelchair accessible. The event is sponsored by the Freedom Socialist Party.

Emergency Response Network

Nov. 2, 1985: Skill Sharing Festival sponsored by the Emergency Response Network (ERN). Workshops and a multicultural panel on the "How-to," "Why" and "What's Next" of political organizing. Wheelchair accessible. Call to reserve childcare, 1101 O'Farrell Street (at Franklin), San Francisco. For information call 771-1276. ERN is a political organization opposed to U.S. military involvement in Central America.

Lesbian/Gay Parade

Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1985, 7:30 pm, Lesbian/gay Freedom Day Parade Steering Committee meeting open to the community at the Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia.

Sunday, Nov. 10, 1985, 5:00 pm, Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee general membership meeting at the Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia. Topics: election of 1986 officers, nominations for 1986 parade theme.

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For Witches, It's New Year:

The Celebration of Samhain

by Van Ault

The Halloween season is once again upon us, as our community gears up for its annual masquerade. We witches observe Halloween as the ancient pagan festival known as *Samhain*, or All Hallows Eve. *Samhain* marks the end of the Celtic harvest, and the turning of the wheel of the year towards winter. Traditionally, this 'sabbat' is a mixture of quiet contemplation and profound celebration, a spiritual new year party.

It is also a psychically rigorous occasion, in which we deeply experience our feelings about death. For it is believed that on *Samhain*, the veils between the living and dead are the thinnest — almost transparent — and that we can communicate with the spirits of our deceased friends and family, if they wish it. There is nothing sinister about this; a successful *Samhain* ritual, in fact, is deeply healing because it enables us to confront our own mortality, and come away renewed.

Past Lives

The witch's view of death is quite different from that of our friends in Christian and other traditions. While I cannot speak for all witches, I think that most of us hold a belief in many lifetimes — not just one — and believe that each human being reincarnates again and again, choosing the appropriate circumstances to teach him the lessons most needed, so that the soul becomes increasingly perfect. For example, we choose our own parents, because whether we end up having a "positive" relationship with them or not, they are the ones who can offer the opportunities for the most growth. Even negative experiences become opportunities, if one uses them to increase in strength and knowledge.

Many people who have faced severe adversity have been forced to rely on their inner assets, which when tested, took them forward into victories they'd never have if everything had been "positive." Surely one would not think that being gay in this society is a setup for joyous experience considering the antipathy towards us. But haven't gay people been incredibly empowered creatively, spiritually, sexually & psychologically by our difference? Would we have had that empowerment if we had been straight? Yes, even our sexual preference was worked out before we came into embodiment, so that we might use it as a fuel for the spiritual journey.

When viewed this way, every negative holds a positive potential, every positive holds a negative. A person who comes into extraordinarily challenging circumstances is sometimes working out the kinks of karma. Karmic law is a principle that states what you send out returns to you — as you harm, you are harmed, as you bless, you are blessed. It is for this reason that our tradition warns against the practice of "black" magic. The karmic rebound may not occur in the lifetime it was earned, but it is inevitable. A Nazi, for instance, who may have gotten away with

horrendous crimes, will most likely find himself on the other end of the stick next time around — perhaps as a black suffering under Apartheid in South Africa.

Understanding karma brings not guilt, but responsibility — everything you experience is what you have created, consciously or subconsciously. Witches believe that the soul's journey through time is to heal all karma, and return to the pure spiritual essence which we were in the beginning. Once this is accomplished, there is no need to come into physical embodiment any more, and one can move on to more interesting realms with other souls who have also come into perfection. Obviously, this is an enormous contrast to the hostile view that we live only once, and if we blow it, we will be hurled into everlasting torment by the Creator. In witchcraft, there are no

hells or devils except those we choose to create.

Not The End of The World

The death experience may seem like the complete end of everything to a person whose spiritual view extends no further than his own body, but witches do not view death as bad or horrible. How could we, when we know that the person's spirit will travel on, taking another physical body when it is time. To use another comparison, death is like a snake shedding its skin. I also like Richard Bach's statement that, "What the caterpillar calls the end of the world, the master calls a butterfly." Death need not be physical to take place; ideas, desires, state of consciousness must also be shed before the new ones can come into

Continued on page 12



MALCOLM KRISTINE

The author, holding the sword which represents the powers of mental discernment. Witches leap a flaming cauldron of rebirth on Samhain (if you don't have a cauldron, a wok will do).

A Samhain Ritual

You might think that with the loss of so many gay people to AIDS, a *Samhain* ritual would be redundant. Indeed, we have been confronting death on a regular basis for quite some time now. The gift of *Samhain* is, however, *enlarging the frame of reference* to the eternal. It enables us to complete any unfinished grieving, to review the lessons of the past and draw on them as strength for the present and future. To that end, I offer a sample *Samhain* ritual for individuals or groups that is easy and relatively uncomplicated to perform, while still effective.

This is not necessarily a witchcraft ritual. Many of the things we do ceremonially are not possible for the untrained, and cannot be explained here. If you wish to integrate your own spiritual symbolologies into the ritual, go ahead. Or, you can do it as a *non-religious* ritual. I must caution *against* the use of ouija boards, seances or other trance work, unless you are thoroughly and completely trained in psychic protection techniques, because significant and subtle damage can occur to neophytes. It is quite unwise to throw your door wide open to the spirit world, for there are troublemakers there as on earth.

Time of operation: after dark.

Place: a quiet, secluded place, outdoors or in your home (unplug the phone!)

Tools (Props): a table draped with a black cloth makes an adequate altar, two black candles, one red candle, frankincense, a pumpkin, Indian corn, other symbols of the harvest, a large pot/cauldron, with rubbing alcohol and epsom salts in the bottom, wine bread.

Spend some time preparing

before the ritual, by going through memorabilia of deceased friends, relatives and pets — photographs, letters, jewelry, any personal mementos. Collect from these the ones that are the most personally meaningful to you. Then, spread them out on your altar. Take a nice, long hot bath, consciously letting go of any tension and stress you are carrying. When you are done, dress in black, or wear nothing. Turn off the lights, sit or stand in front of your altar. Begin to breathe slowly and deeply, and use any meditative techniques you may already know to bring yourself into a very relaxed, quiet state.

Light the frankincense and both black candles. Aloud, or mentally, say:

"What lives must die, to live again. I respect the continuum of life, of change, so that all may be healed and become whole."

One by one, pick up each photo or memento, and briefly relive the experience you had with the person associated with it. Let any buried emotions rise to the surface. If you feel like crying, do so. Laughter may also come through, as you think of humorous things. Meditate upon the major value the rela-

tionship had for you — what did this person teach you? What did you teach him? How were you strengthened and energized? Look at how you have used that strength, see how it has gotten you where you are now. If there were experiences that were unpleasant or hurtful, look at that, too. How did you set yourself up for that experience with them, what could you have done that you didn't? And how will you go about not repeating that in the future? If you have grievances against anyone, take time to forgive and let go. And forgive yourself if you need to. This frees both of you to move on. When you have come to the end of this process, thank that person for having lived that life, and let yourself feel gratitude for the time you had together. Love him. Lastly, visualize him as happy and at peace, complete and whole. Say, "So be it." Then drop the image.

Think of any people, also, that you may not have known, but who inspired you. These might include: scientists, scholars, healers, political activists, teachers, authors, musicians, performers, artists, priests and priestesses, etc. It helps to make a list before you start your ritual. Reflect briefly upon their contributions to your world, and how you have benefited. Then, say "thank you" to all of them, and wish them well.

Focus now upon yourself. Meditate upon the power of the present, the energy and opportunity you have to create and change your world. Give thanks for the life that you have. Allow the feeling of power to swell within you, until

you can contain it no more. Light the red candle, and say:

"Death gives birth to life, and life is abundant now. I accept all the good life has to offer and give thanks for it."

Light the alcohol/epsom salt mixture in the cauldron (be careful not to use too much, though). If you can't do this, set the red candle on the floor. Leap over it, making a wish for the new year as you do so. (Be careful what you wish for... you will get it.) If you're with a group, you might join hands with a friend and leap together... a great way to energize relationships. It's perfectly okay to get a little rowdy in this part. When all are done, become quiet again. Drink a toast to your loved ones in spirit, and pass the wine and bread around for all to share. Allow the candles to burn all the way down. Follow with music, dancing, sex or any other kind of revelry you feel like.

Happy New Year!

Recommended Reading: *Life After Life* - Raymond Moody; *The Spiral Dance* - Starhawk; *Positive Magic* - Marion Weinstein; *Witchcraft and the Gay Counter-culture* - Arthur Evans; *Drawing Down The Moon - Witches, Druids, Goddess-Worshippers, & Other Pagans in America Today* - Margot Adler.

□ Van Ault will lead a weekend seminar on Death and rebirth, including a *Samhain* ceremony at the Tayu Center, October 26th & 27th, on Russian River. \$36 donation includes meals. Reservations required. Call Tayu at: 707-887-2490.



MICK HICKS

Holistic Health Fair

About 200 men and women participated in the first Gay Men's Holistic Health Fair, held on October 20 at Quan Yin Acupuncture and Herb Center of San Francisco. The Fair was presented by holistic healers experienced in working with gay men, and offered a wide scope of healing modalities not commonly found in the mainstream American practice of medicine. Sample sessions in such methods as acupuncture, rolfing, various types of massage, biofeedback, polarity therapy, and others, were available to participants.

A series of workshops was also offered, which focused on physical, emotional and mental healing in the community. The most popular workshop of the day, and a deep and moving experience for those involved, was one given by Irene Smith of the Elizabeth Kubler-Ross Center and Hospice of San Francisco. She taught from her own experience the benefits and techniques of massaging people with AIDS.

Organizers of the Fair, Larry Hermesen of Quan Yin Center and Jesse Vargas of Body Electric School of Massage and Rebirthing, are very encouraged by the community's response, and hope to present similar events on a regular basis.

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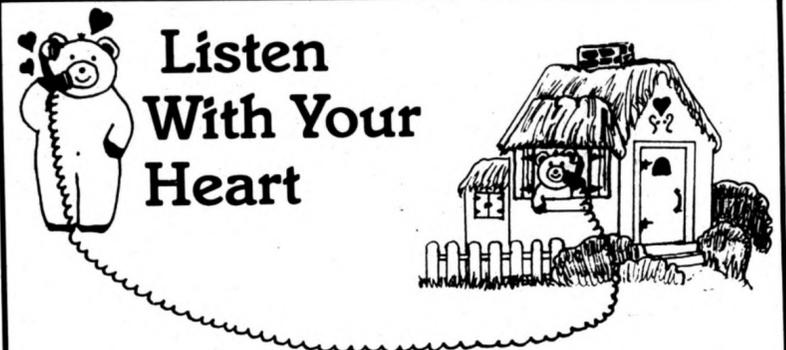
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manifestation. Personal transformation can be traumatic at times, but that trauma may be the only way the new awareness can be born.

On the other side of life, where "death" is, lies only more life. . . a different kind of life. Many witches are trained in astral travel, the ability to come and go from our bodies at will. That there is more on "the other side" is more than a belief; it is a living experience for us. Quite a few people have had out-of-body experiences, and they often didn't know what to call it or what the ramifications of the experience were. People who have gone through momentary deaths - dying and then shortly thereafter being re-embodied - have corroborated our views. Studies on these death experiences have been published and many, many of the participants have gone through the same thing. They often describe the feeling of liberation from the body, looking down at their inert physical form, a sense of bliss and peace, and a tunnel of light in which they travel to meet spiritual guides and the souls of friends and family who have gone before them. When it is made known that it is not really their time to die, they are returned to their bodies. Seldom does their fear of death persist beyond this experience.

Every Samhain is special. When witches go into our magic circle and call on the powers of the Goddess and her consort, the Horned God, we are summoning up the divine forces within our own beings. This allows us to rise in vision, to perceive on finer levels

When witches go into our magic circle and call on the powers of the Goddess and her consort, the Horned God, we are summoning up the divine forces within our own beings.

than the material, and to safely part the veil between the living and the dead. We are sometimes surprised at who steps through that veil. It is always a joy to see family members - I can usually count on my mother reminding me to take my vitamins and to eat better. Often pets come to visit - my cats and dogs drop in, and these reunions are the most emotional. In addition to actual spirit contact, we also look back to the lives of those who have inspired us and are no longer living, and read their names in a "Litany of the Dead", to a dramatic drumbeat. We will look at the deaths that have transpired since last Samhain, and send love to those souls. This year, especially, my coven will say a blessing for those who died in the African famine, in the Mexican earthquakes, and perhaps most of all, those we lost in the AIDS epidemic. In looking at death, we deeply affirm life, our purpose in living, and the continuum that all life forms move through.

Holistic Health



David Y. Avina

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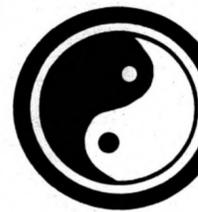
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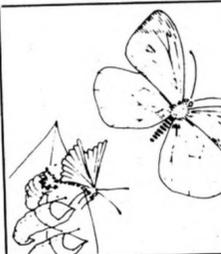
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Sentinel Astrologer Robert Cole

October 24 — November 7, 1985

All Hallow's Eve

Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19): By nature you are afraid of wearing masks because they could lead others to make wild assumptions about your brazen personality. It feels better to wear a costume which is obviously daring and completely unexpected. Those types which require semi-nudity and strange sexual perversions are right up your alley. Shock is your greatest disguise. Partygoers will spend a lot of time looking at you but no one will remember your face.

Taurus (Apr 20-May 20): You've been wearing a mask all year long. Pretending that you're the richest person on the block has covered your true identity better than you can imagine. Not that you're poor, but you're far from the rich that everyone thinks you are. In the mockery of All Hallow's Eve wear jewels and furs. Flaunt your fake prosperity in the face of all the country bumpkins. When the party bores you, capture a knave and ride off to your castle in the sky.

Gemini (May 21-Jun 20): Tradition has it that you love to dress up like an animal, something on the order of a little bunny rabbit or a playful wiley fox. Apparently you love to wear big ears and to glue funny things to your nose. But this may be the

Cancer (Jun 21-Jul 22): You love to get all dressed up in a full body costume and a complete facial mask so nobody but nobody can recognize who you are. Even more thrilling is the game of playing out a strange role which totally misdirects even your best friends. Why don't you dress up in drag. You can tempt that one sexy playmate who you always thought was interested in the other sex. But, please, don't reveal yourself until the very last minute. It'll be so much more fun that way!

Leo (Jul 23-Aug 22): They say that you take great delight in exposing yourself in the most colorful and dramatic ways. A costume is not a costume unless it draws everybody's stares and this year's outfit is bound to be your greatest accomplishment in years. After all, you've been working on it for months. You've built up tremendous tension waiting for this special moment. Dress up to the hilt, get smashed on your popularity, and steal the show. Why not? It's All Hallow's Eve.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sep 22): You enjoy a weird vicarious excitement in dressing up your best friend. You get to touch and feel him/her in all those places that you

would have never thought of if it wasn't for All Hallow's Eve. Paint the face, pinch the muscles, tickle the ribs. You'll both enjoy the weird erogenous excitement when you decide to dress up in an identical outfit, and he/she will get to touch you in all the same places. Just imagine how much fun it will be to undress each other when the party's over!

Libra (Sep 23-Oct 22): You are the one most likely to win the blue ribbon for originality. Your costume is extraordinarily complex, all those feathers and taffeta, baubles and rhinestones. Make sure that you have a friend take a hundred photos; movies would be even better. You don't even have to say a word, just the stunning display of taste is enough to capture the attention of everyone whose come to your party. That's right, part of your fabulous costume is the part of playing host. So why shouldn't you get first prize at your own party?!

Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21): Halloween, schmalloween! When you decide to attend the masked ball, you get seriously involved in the psychodrama, the innuendo, the hidden meanings. You're not just going to a party, you're going to a perverse sort of group session. Look at all the weird people revealing their secret libidos and freudian slips, but don't forget about your own costume - the one you're NOT wearing. Since you have nothing to hide, you could show up stark naked and feel just fine. Honesty is your disguise! P.S. Happy Birthday, by the way! For your intense personal Birthday Forecast and Complete Horoscope, send birth date/time/place and \$5 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 21): You always love to wear a costume which lets you show off your legs. Long, strong, and outrageously sensual, your legs are all the costume you really need. Those thick thighs and tight buns are bound to make on-

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At Ease

The Courts: Halloween All Year Round A Conversation with the Widow Norton

by Brad Everett

Full four years before the Stonewall riots in Greenwich Village, another chapter in the story of gay liberation was being written here in the City by the Bay. It may be hard for those of us of more tender years to imagine, but there was a time, not long before, when female impersonation was considered a criminal offense.

But the law never deterred Jose Sarria from dressing up when he felt like it, particularly when he was performing the opera arias that won him the moniker of "The Nightingale of Montgomery Street". In 1965, he made a move to in-

stitutionalize one of his favorite pastimes. Drag would never be quite the same again.

The Beaux Arts Ball, not to be confused with the upstart sponsored by the American Institute of Architects wasn't always such a staid affair. The first ball was held at the SF Hilton alongside a Chinese wedding. It was, in Jose's estimation, a "fiasco". When the second Ball was held in 1968 at Winterland, Jose was crowned Queen. Soon thereafter he decided to create a new, more exciting title: and named himself Empress Norton I.

When Jose originally announced his intention to proclaim himself Empress, the reaction was curiously revealing. "I presented myself and my idea to various local organizations," he recalls. "The straight community responded positively, but the gay community was aghast. Meetings were held at Glide Community Church to oppose my plan." In the face of so much opposition, Jose compromised. "I agreed I wouldn't wear a dress. I accepted a council to assist me in making

The Empress and Emperor reign as the official host and hostess to the City of the gay community.

any decisions required of me as Empress, and then and there, so I would retain control of my actions, I declared I wouldn't receive any financial assistance."

Suddenly everyone wanted in on the act. Jose's response was to pass on the title annually to the most outstanding person in the community. Thus was born the title of Empress of the Imperial Court. Democracy being what it is, Emperesses were soon being chosen by vote each year at the Ball. The Tavern Guild controlled the voting, and underwrote most of the expenses — and the campaigns for the title became quite expensive. Jose created another persona, the "Widow" Norton, blithely disregarding the fact that the eccentric Emperor Norton, that legendary character of SF's early days, had never married.

In the glory days of Jose's reign as Widow Norton, his "Royal Palace" was an apartment on Steiner Street. "We removed all the furniture from the front room except for a chair we used as a throne. I wore a cape and a crown and I

had a 'Princess Royal' who got to wear the dress. When my advisory council paid a visit, they stood at attention as I spoke from the throne. If the meeting went well, the council then entered my 'inner sanctum' and stayed for dinner — Fernando, then Princess Royal, cooked. But if the meeting went poorly, why, I simply dismissed them unfed."

Gay groups in other cities liked the idea of establishing a court system, and the opportunity for dressing up it provided, as a basis for fundraising activities. Since the original Court was aware of the potential for shall we say, fiscal irresponsibility in these efforts, court status was only conferred on non-profit organizations. Portland's court was created in 1970, the first "kingdom" outside of California. Courts formed in Los Angeles, Orange County, San Diego, Modesto, — even Anchorage — as well as in both Vancouvers, in British Columbia and Washington. Bowing to the inevitable, the original Court reduced its own Kingdom to the immediate area of San Francisco.

By 1972, the decision was made to crown an Emperor each year as well. Jose had earlier inaugurated an annual visit to Norton's grave in Colma on the anniversary of his birthday. "The community," he remembers, "thought this was morbid." Festivities included appearances by the SF Gay Freedom Day Marching Band, the SF Gay Men's Chorus, and the SF Tap Troupe. By this time the Court system had proliferated to the stage that Colma had an Empress of its own, one Empress Mellina, who stopped the caravan of revellers as they entered her territory to levy the appropriate dues. These annual outings were held every year until 1983, when several thousand attended, before being allowed to lapse.

About this time the Imperial Court received another challenge to its supremacy, when a frustrated candidate for Empress had himself appointed Grand Duchess; the next year a Grand Duke was added to the roster. Gradually, over the years, the Ducal officers have taken over the duties of satisfying public needs and day-to-day fundraising, while the Empress and Emperor reign as the official host and hostess to the City of the gay community — what one Ducal veteran laughingly refers to as a case of "new and old blood".

Kingdoms have continued to spread in all directions, to Lexington, Kentucky; Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas; Denver, Colorado and other cities in Utah, Nevada and Washington states.

The creation of a Court has been a sensitive issue in some areas; gays in Mexico City tried to establish such a Court, but the project never succeeded. Jose notes, "The courts have lobbied for important gay rights legislation, helped get community organizations off the ground, brought many gays out of the closet, and provided a lot of enjoyment for thousands of people." And what was just once a gleam in an Empress' eye has become a dynasty that has lasted for twenty years.



Jose with escort at the '71 "Sirlebrity Capades"



His Own Special Creation: Jose at last years *Cage aux Folles* benefit.

Interview: Director Robert Pitman Dreams Die Hard Studio Rhino Double Bill Grapples with Safe Sex

by David Lambie

Once upon a far away time, long before the plague, my phone number was scribbled on a men's room wall somewhere in the bowels of the financial district. There wasn't a flood of passionate men beating off my touchtone, but even the trickle of hot calls resulting was fun and free. Today even one's phone sex buddies have their meters running: aural fellatio requires solid credit, a non-feloniously obtained piece of negotiable plastic, and even then you only get a piece of a dream.

In *Dream Man*, the second half of an erotically charged bill of one acts beginning October 25 at Studio Rhino, playwright James Carroll Pickett explores the emotionally treacherous terrain of pay-per-screw fantasy phone sex. Pickett describes his phone sex host character, Christopher, as a man who "has come unanchored from reality, haunted by his memories and dreams." Those memories and dreams concern his ex-lover, Billy, whose boozy calls alternate with the phone johns for Christopher's attention.

Director Robert Pitman says that *Dream Man* gives its audience one hour of soured fantasies and failed dreams. "We hear the phone sex host talking to three customers, his dispatcher and the man who brought him out when they were both boys in Kentucky... They are no longer lovers in the traditional sense although they still have a caring relationship of somekind for each other... Christopher, the phone sex host, talks to us about Billy and thereby talks to us about himself... Within the context of that love story we get three fairly bizarre phone sex calls. The first call is from a born-again Christian who wants to go through a defilement trip, every blasphemy you can think of is involved; the second caller is probably the least bizarre, he's an isolated dairy farmer who has a fantasy about California surfer boys. So we see our phone sex guy become a California surfer boy. He's not a California surfer boy at all, but he can sound like one, he understands the buzz words and the mythology, he understands the mystiques around these various fantasies. The third is what is called a "snuff" call where a person is taken through their own death in a variety of ways; these calls are, apparently, fairly common. Christopher describes a suicide for this person to experience as a means of achieving an orgasm."

In preparing to stage *Dream Man* in the studio at Theatre Rhino, Robert Pitman did some research that uncovered some of the less depressing sides to the booming phone sex business. "There are cases of People With AIDS working as phone sex hosts... It's something they can do off the books, it's something that they can do at home and it's a way for them to be sexually involved." Pitman notes that an unexpected offshoot has developed in the phone sex business. "People who steal credit cards will use the phone sex services as a way of safely checking out whether or not the card's been reported. As a consequence, the phone sex people have an agreement with the credit card people that they take considerably more information as a way of making that more difficult for the thieves."

First on the bill at Studio Rhino is a plaintive monologue. Pitman describes it. "*Bathhouse Benediction* concerns a forty-year old gay bartender who wakes up at five o'clock on a Sunday morning in a bathhouse. We discover that he's been there beyond his time limit and, as he prepares to leave, he talks to us about all the significant



"There are cases of People With AIDS working as phone sex hosts... It's something they can do off the books, it's something that they can do at home and it's a way for them to be sexually involved."

men in his life: his first romance, his favorite trick, the perfect lover who turned out to be not so perfect, and, finally, his father. We discover that his particular catharsis has to do with the fact that his father has recently died. What he's doing in the bathhouse is what we in the Shanti Project call processing his grief."

The star of *Bathhouse Benediction* is veteran Rhino player Rick Patton. Rick Patton was featured in the very first production of Theatre Rhinoceros, back in its inception at the old Grove Street Gay Community Center. Pitman remembers fondly a time when actor Patton helped rescue the rhino production of Tennessee Williams' *Vieux Carre*. "Rick was my second choice to play one of the characters; the guy I chose later became ill and Rick went on in the role on four hours notice, carried the script the first evening, the second evening performed without a script, an incredible feat of memorization." Pitman explains that Rick Patton was so perfect, in his mind, for the part of John the bartender in *Bathhouse Benediction* that he dispensed with auditions.

Fred Martin did audition for the role of Christopher, the phone sex host, in *Dream Man*, an audition that proved to Pitman that he had the special qualities this dream weaver needs. "He demonstrated in his audition that ability to present me with several different simultaneous realities and to do it with

Continued on page 18



Film



All Too True

Marie ★★★

At the Bridge

On the face of it, the real-life story of Marie Ragghianti, a courageous corrections official who unmasked the selling of paroles in Tennessee's prison system and set in motion an investigation that jailed the state's governor Ray Blanton, ought to pack a wallop. But by sticking to the facts, director Roger (Smash Palace) Donaldson sacrifices satisfactory drama.

Marie may have made exciting reading in Peter Maas' written version of the scandal, but so much of the actual investigation rested on purloined files and buried paperwork the plot gets buried under a blizzard of reports. The activity is fluid and non-stop, making effective use of its settings in the halls of power, but we're exposed to such a barrage of information about various felons and their clemencies and extraditions that the thread gets lost.

Sissy Spacek plays Marie, in a diligent — predictably — and conscientious performance, but she's another problem. Sissy is Spacek after all, in idiosyncratic presence in any role who's glaringly out-of-place here as the real life Marie. While the rest of the superbly chosen cast of unfamiliar actors (Jeff Daniels, as Marie's boss is an exception), are consistently believable, Spacek's

Guilt Complex

Jagged Edge ★★★

At the North Point

Director Richard Marquand serves up a glossy blend of adultery, kink, horseflesh and country-club intrigue in this diverting, if not exactly memorable offering.

Could nice guy Jeff Bridges (looking trim), publisher of one of SF's leading dailies, murder his own wife, a comely heiress, in sadistically grisly fashion? Glenn Close (looking smashing), former prosecutor working for the paper's law firm tapped by hubbie to defend him, isn't sure. Bridges' character grieves convincingly, and the evidence against him is circumstantial at best, but after all, the guy is the sole beneficiary, and she figures the City's D.A. has something up his sleeve he isn't telling. The D.A., deadpanned compellingly by local Peter Coyote, has a reputation for withholding full disclosure in his cases — which is what prompted Close to quit working for him some years earlier. So she's confronted with a delicious dilemma — further complicated by the fact she's falling in love with the accused. In the process of winning the case, she risks finding out more about her client than she can bear to know.

The film has its own jagged edges, to be sure — and a few red herrings. For instance, Close's crusty, foul-mouthed investigator turns up a physical clue in the mysterious let-

little-girl quality shatters the believability of every scene she's in.

When Marie's superiors get wise to her intransigence, they first throw her sex in her face, then have her arrested on trumped-up drunken driving charges to try to force her to resign.

"Evil flourishes when good men do nothing", her close friend in the investigation reminds her, and Marie realizes she's got to fight back and, by defending her job, implicate the system, with dangerous consequences. Soon, the game grows murderous.

Donaldson's an astute director, with an outsider's eyes and ears for accent, character and mise-en-scene, and he refuses to glamorize his subject — no spurious romance is grafted to the action — but it's this kind of honesty that pulls his narrative up short. Marie's climactic court battle, which consumes fully the last half hour of the film, wasn't in actuality, very sexy either. Her case hinged on trivial legalities that determined whether her employer had fired her with "good cause", not on whether he was guilty of any wrongdoing, and though she won her case, (which is where the film ends), prompting the FBI to reopen their investigation of Blanton, that was the extent of her involvement; the spectacular convictions in the upper levels of the administration came much later. So the court scenes, authentic though they are, provide opportunities for some pretty speeches but don't have any punch.

ters that reach her desk which should have paid out in a routine police search; but Marquand manages a deft balance between courtroom procedures and melodramatic romance. Mercifully, he's relatively faithful to the film's SF locales; the production has a logical sense of place. And he keeps the plot moving, with enough twists and u-turns to make the D.A.'s intuition into the case, with hindsight, well-nigh clairvoyant.

Odd Couple

Remo Williams★

At the Alhambra

What do you say about a movie where the hero gets his name from the inscription on the bottom of a bedpan, dogs have all the best stunts, and the conversation runs to clunkers like, "You're going to be the eleventh commandment — thou shalt not get away with it"?

Remo might be more ingratiating if it wasn't such an obvious setup for a sequel; sequels are tedious enough, but the producers have tagged the title with "...The Adventure Begins", making this flimsy exercise an automatic "prequel".

Humpy Fred Ward plays a New York cop who's spirited away by a top-secret organization that terminates crooks in high places, given a new identity, and turned into a master of high-tech kung-fu by a diminutive Korean named Chiun of indeterminate age

played by, of all people, Joel Grey. Unrecognizable under pounds of makeup, sporting a natty Comme des Garçons-style wardrobe, Grey does provide a glimmer of interest, if only for his Sadie/Mazie relationship with Ward. In their first encounter, Chiun neatly sidesteps Remo's bullets, and our hero winds up bloody and unconscious.

The scene shifts to a sparsely furnished, to-die-for Manhattan loft, where Chiun initiates a terribly painful apprenticeship with Ward; one wrong move and Remo's paralyzed by a blow to one of his kill points; the next minute he's dodging Chiun's bullets. The two make an unusual pair; the Korean's half Remo's size, but he's the top; pretty soon Remo's happily turning out macrobiotic dinners in the kitchen, wearing an apron, and Chiun's placidly watching soap operas on television.

Devoid of plot, Remo's action sputters and stalls through a series of excuses for gymnastics and skull-bashing, the silliest of which is a seemingly endless series of clumsy goings-on atop the scaffolding around the now-renovating Statue of Liberty.

With Grey and Ward's kinky chemistry offscreen, Remo's cartoon heroism stands

glaringly exposed, and its finale would insult the intelligence of a six-year-old. Consistent with the jingoist tone of current action fare, Remo's patriotic priorities are predictably



skewed. "Professional assassination is the highest form of public service," Chiun intones. Tell that to Rose Kennedy, buster. □



Wierd Science

The Doctor and the Devils★

At the Galaxy

Is the British film industry in trouble? So we hear; if so, this chilly, uninvolved and just plain mystifying cautionary tale won't help matters.

Based on a screenplay by Dylan Thomas (and in turn, on a "true story"), the film concerns a Victorian professor of anatomy frustrated by the meager supply of fresh corpses necessary for his dissection seminars. Nineteenth century law, we learn, restricted available material to the bodies of hanged convicts (something about keeping the faithful intact for Resurrection day). The good — or is he bad? — doctor chafes at these restrictions (you know, the progress of Science and all that) and falls in with a band of grave-robbers. In a sad reflection on the state of security in graveyards of the day, his diggers manage to keep up with the demand, but they can't seem to find 'em fresh enough. Soon a couple of thoroughly objectionable rotters remedy the problem — with murder.

Now this probably sounds like the makings of a rather nasty little black comedy, but no, director Freddie Fields takes the whole thing seriously! Fields seems to be more interested in another subject, anyway; as he

My Tutor

Peril★★★½

At the Four Star

When a garrulous young guitar instructor takes a job giving lessons to the daughter of a chic, wealthy couple with shadowy motives, he's thrust into a web of intrigue and cross-purposes that threaten his life and finally consume his identity.

Christophe Mallavoy gives an astonishing performance as the instructor. Director Michel Deville's camera lingers unabashedly on Mallavoy's eye-boggling physique, with a

did in his designs for *The Elephant Man*, and in *French Lieutenant's Woman* which he directed, he explores the dark underside of Victorian England's prim and proper appearance, a world of consumptive whores and verminous rabble reminiscent of Dickens, and quite effective in the other films, but sadly plastic here.

Set in an anonymous "City" (Edinburgh? Dublin? London? The filmmakers can't decide), *Doctor's* hobbled by its attempt at a unity of place; most of the action occurs in an ersatz evocation of a Victorian slum, and the murderer's victims all live in the same street.

Long on extremely convincing corpses — and short on even mildly intriguing live characters — the film's sole glimmer of interest is provided by none other than 60s survivor Twiggy, still without a last name, who plays a good-natured slut with a taste for gin. But her mildly promising romance with a young anatomy student gets stifled; she wants a platonic relationship while she sticks to her paying customers etc., etc., and the whole thing bogs down in cliché.

Timothy Dalton, an intimidating performer by any standard, is the doctor; he rants and raves about Science and Medicine unendurably, with rationalizations so outlandish, and motivations so perverse, that his remorse at the end comes as an afterthought. What a distasteful affair! □

candor that leaves nothing to the imagination while leaving plenty of ground for speculation about the character's conflicting motivation.

Deville has crafted a sexy, comic, and engrossing screen translation of Rene Belletto's elusive erotic thriller *Sur la terre Comme au Ciel*. In *Peril*, everyone it seems, man or woman, has designs on Mallavoy — and why not? His gorgeous physicality is something new in European cinema, where male stars haven't often demonstrated the same concern for fitness as their American counterparts. The catch is that the other characters' designs have darker, more

Continued on page 22

Performance

Ken Coupland

Aftermath of Flight 007

Walking Home, by Nina Wise, Directed by Steven Kent, at Climate Gallery, Sat. through 11/2. Call 626-9196.

There are stunning moments in performance artist Nina Wise's *Walking Home*, sudden flashes of beauty that leap out. One such occurs when projections transform the bed in the center of the post-modern set into kinetic geometric quilts.

Both the op-art beauty of the projections and the perfection execution of the technology are startling — and a great tribute to the work of designer Doug Rosenberg and lighting team of Jack Carpenter, and Doug Baird.

But perhaps the most stunning moment of all occurs when Powers, the widow of a pilot of the KAL 007 flight shot down by the Russians, begins to enact her dream of falling. Wise writhes and plummets on the surface of the bed, at the moment awash in shifting imagery. It's an extremely original and dramatic moment of ballet, and one of the most successful mixes of media and movement I've seen in performance recently. More than that, it embodies the shifting, chameleon-like reality that is such a challenge to the play's lone character.

Wise's horizontal ballet on the bed hearkens back to her origins in dance (she began performing with Margaret Jenkins). The origins of *Walking Home* came, in fact, only six months ago, as Wise was exploring meandering walking movements in her studio. A number of factors converged as she walked. She'd just ended a fruitful professional relationship with designer Lauren Elder, and she felt the desire to do a solo piece. The idea of creating a recently widowed character developed, but Wise wanted a larger framework in which to set her character's solitude. Hence, the idea that Carolyn Powers should be the widow of a KAL pilot. There is a deliberate and interesting gamble involved in linking a

widowhood and the KAL shootdown. In finding herself a widow, Carolyn Powers is forced to face questions she's been able to evade — growing older, finding something



Nina Wise as a widow with bad dreams.

purposeful in both the way she has lived her life and in her future. Her nights, as in the one that comprises this performance, have become long and restless and haunted. By tying a woman's personal exploration to the KAL incident, an incident permeated by mystery, innuendo, and variously assigned guilt, Wise expands the meaning of similar

Wise writhes and plummets, awash in shifting imagery. It's one of the most successful mixes of media and movement I've seen in performance recently.

elements in the widow's life — her own guilt and her uncertainties. Individually and as a person in the world, she cannot know for sure if her husband was a spy; she cannot know anything for sure. She is left bereft, agonized, bombarded by obscure possibilities.

There are moments, too, of graceful tenderness between Carolyn Powers (Wise) and her canine confidant, Blaze. Blaze is an amazing creature; the entire tone of *Walking Home* is softened and made more compassionate when he is on stage. He exudes an innocence that *Walking Home* everywhere else call into question.

The KAL tragedy adds resonance that *Walking Home* would lack if it were only the night thoughts of a troubled woman, but it plays so strongly on our imagination it threatens to shatter the uneasy balance between personal and political. Wise says she thinks the incident has led audiences to expect the piece to take a more political and coherent position on the shooting. Carolyn Power's meandering, stream of consciousness journey through the night is bound to baffle such expectations.

I found *Walking Home* a rich work, beautifully integrating light, space and narrative, technically well executed, and haunting. But it's not perfect. Wise's voice is not as perfect an instrument as her body and can become monotonous, the sound is occasionally jarring to no particular effect, and the script needs tightening. Relationships between sequences are not always evident. The current production testifies that six months from conception to gallery is a very short span of time. Wise and her director, Steven Kent, have already begun to revise the work for a spring performance in Marin County. The two have produced fine work in the past — *Singing My Mother To Sleep* won two Bay Area Theatre Critics Awards last year — so it will be interesting to see how they take a promising piece like *Walking Home* and refine it. I, for one, plan to see it again in the spring.

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Musicals

Gary Menger

Gershwin Undeserved

My One and Only, a new Gershwin Musical with Lucie Arnaz and Tommy Tune; at Golden Gate Theatre through 12/1. Call 775-8800.

Tommy Tune makes a colorful entrance crash-landing by parachute on the stage of the Golden Gate (it proved to be the high point of the evening) and nearly saves a show that has little to redeem it but his presence.

There are moments of inspired silliness here, oddly reminiscent of "Bullshot Drummond", a charming dance duet that involves kicking around some water and artificial sand, and brief breakthroughs of disarming characterization by Don Amendolia as Prince Nicci. These aren't enough to redeem a show that sets out to satirize the insipid and tedious of early Broadway and, for what it's worth, succeeds.

The "plot" involves a 1920's flying ace and a woman celebrated for having swum the Channel, and their inevitable, happy-ending courtship, abetted by a black bible-thumper who turns his episcopate into a nightclub after dark, and his sick soul-brother who specializes in image and illusion, and helps make adolescent dreams come true.

Tune, who reportedly developed his approach to dance by watching horses in motion, doesn't lack for coltish grace himself — his "jump, strut & flutter" style is carried off with beguiling charm. (But the rest of the dancing company doesn't wear it so well.) And I suppose it speaks well of his acting ability that he convinces us he is the earnest simpleton he portrays. And he proves himself singer-actor, as well as dancer, when he caps the first act with a dramatically effective delivery of "Strike Up The Band." Immediately after that number would have been the right time to leave.

It would be irrelevant here to talk about co-star **Lucie Arnaz** family heritage as a performer, and unfair to compare her to predecessors Twiggy or Sandy Duncan — so I'm damned if I know what to say. She has a pleasantly throaty voice, she's pretty and so are her clothes; she gets through all her silly bits of business, and a few tired songs, with no apparent mistakes. But if her character was supposed to have warmth and personality that wasn't apparent either.

George Gershwin made a dent in the history of music because of his later, more serious work, but what he cranked out with brother Ira to earn lunch money in the Tin-Pan-Alley days wasn't memorable, and this show celebrates the least of their efforts: "Blah, Blah, Blah," "Boy Wanted," "He Loves and She Loves," "Kickin' the Clouds Away" . . . etc. Like everything else about the show, the songs are a celebration of banality. The whole thing's an animated cartoon.

Granting the Broadway musical is not — and will probably never again be — what once it was, I don't see that as a reason to wallow in mediocrity.



Redeeming presence: Tommy Tune

The opening night audience, SF's literati, responded to the relentless but unchanneled energy of the performers with unshakable determination to "have fun." With abandon and indiscriminate enthusiasm, they applauded cardboard trains and planes and camels, cardboard hearts with bright sequins . . . and cardboard performances. And there was the customary, automatic, standing ovation. We like to stand when we applaud in San Francisco.

Granting the Broadway musical is not — and will probably never again be — what once it was, I don't see that as a reason to wallow in mediocrity. This season has offered

trite music (most of it fifty years old and dusted off), with an absence of plot, character and legitimate voices, and dance seems to be the thing now; the *only* thing.

But mine is a solitary voice amid crowds who come away asserting that they've never had such fun, so I guess we have to chalk up another successful Gershwin re-hash. In Ira's immortal words: "Ho, ho ho — who's got the last laugh now?"

Rhino from page 15

his voice. One of the things that was hard to find ways of physicalizing what was going on without getting into him actually masturbating. The potency of that as a theatrical device would be so intense that it would totally obscure anything else that was happening . . . Being a phone sex host really is a radio job. When I was looking for an actor, I was looking for someone who had the ability to deal with various levels of reality aurally, who could give us the voice of the phone sex host, the phone sex host as narrator of a phone sex story, the phone sex host as character in that narration. That's three levels simultaneously, and himself to boot. *Dream Man* really is a play. *Bathroom Benediction* is a monologue that we've staged. *Dream Man* has a beginning, middle and an end. It has other characters, even though they never appear . . . Those characters affect the progress of the play, so they are in the play.

Pitman notes that directing these two plays marks a return of sorts to Theatre Rhinoceros after a personal hiatus.

Next for Pitman will be a very personal project, one that marks the director as a playwright. "I expect it to be a long one act play. I'm calling it *Passing*. It began in response to the death of actor John Ponnyman, almost two years ago. It has grown from access that I was provide to notes that he wrote while he was on a respirator." *Passing*, which will consist of a series of monologues, will hopefully make its stage debut sometime in 1986.

Rock's Debt to Black Music:

Funk Proteges' Bad Posture

The Red Hot Chili Peppers / Until December

At the Stone Friday 10/11/85

by Dave Ford

Since its Paleolithic age, rock and roll has married the white man's possibility to the black man's sensibility. Where a black artist was essentially "banned" on the 50's airwaves, white musicians were at least accepted as purveyors of "race music."

Thus Pat Boone hit it big with a limp version of Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti." Elvis Presley took the black sound, added a white-trash hip-grinding angle, turned the world on its ear, and wound up fat, drugged and dead. The Beatles and the Rolling Stones appropriated the American "jungle music," retooled it, and sold it back wholesale, adding hair to the mix. And white blues guitar originators like B.B. King, Albert Collins and Muddy Waters toiled in chitlin'-circuit obscurity, interpreters like Eric Clapton garnered groupies, limousines, and a legend as God. To this day popsters like Paul Young, Wham!, and Scritti Politti "re-invent" soul and funk, sanitizing them for Top-40 consumption.

To be fair, white musicians have tried to pay back the debt. Promoter Bill Graham exposed the guitar Kings to a wider hippie audience at the late-60's Fillmore; Clapton and albino blues-guitar tweezer Johnny Winter jammed with and remained faithful to Waters until his death in 1983. Young blues-boys like guitar-masher Stevie Ray Vaughn keep the tradition alive, however watered down. And Hall and Oates recently featured original Temptations David Ruffin and Eddie Kendricks on a revamp of their "My Girl/The Way You Do The Things You Do."



RIKKE ENCOLE

Below: Pepper's lead Kiedis (right), bassist Flea



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Rock

Adam Block

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Francisco Aquabella's Afro Cuban Orchestra with Carlos Santana: The hottest club in the barrio goes beyond Ricky Ricardo with five-fingers Carlito sitting in and Bill Graham doing his Fernando act as MC... Wear heavy-duty Carmen Miranda drag and scare the chulos. (Cesar's Latin Palace, 10/25-26, 9:30 pm, \$10).

Big City, Looters: Get sweaty with the leading lights of World Beat at this cozy, politically correct warehouse. Dress Berkeley. (Farm, 10/25, 4 pm, \$5).

Willie Nelson: The man who has withstood numbing over-exposure braves the rotating stage. (Circle Star, 10/25-27, 8 pm, \$20).

Charlie Murphy & Jamie Sieber: Calling their new band Rumors, two of the most warm-hearted homos on the Women's Music circuit bring their, "folk-wave dance music" into town. Take note of the second date across the Bay. (Valencia Rose, 10/26, 10 pm, \$6/ La Pena - Berkeley, 11/3, 8 pm, \$6).

Ebenezer Obey, Zulu Spear: Obey has a juju big band to give Ade a run for his money: from talking drums to steel guitar, with US r&b interpolated with bone-through-the-nose African rhythms, to the dismay of purists. World beat locals open. The venue has a history. (Old Fillmore, 10/26, 8 pm, \$13.50).

Diamanda Galas, Bossi & Salant, Target Video: The rhythm & noise headliner make Nina Hagen sound like Karen Carpenter: harrowing fun. Romeo Void's ex-sax man joins perennial Salant, and Target run their tapes. Harrowing fun. (Club Nine, 10/27, 9 pm, \$7).

Lyres, Yard Trauma: Garage ravers - the Lyres with Boston's version of Beach Party music and a new EP, *She Pays The Rent*, out. Yard Trauma hail from Arizona, with a second EP, *Something I Took Last Night*, audible on college radio. How many punks in SF you know with a garage? (I-Beam, 10/28, 10:30 pm, \$6).

Ella Fitzgerald: Grandma Ella can still sing that sweet scat like she'd invented, instead of defined, it. But, what I really love are those rhinestone studded glasses of hers. Dress up. (Venetian Room, 10/29-11/10, 9:30 pm, \$25).

Husker Du, Afflicted, Angst: The headliners' plangent yawp can steal your breath away. They've put out two stunning albums - *New Day Rising*, and *Flip Your Wig* - already in 1985; last year they topped critics' polls with their double-disc, *Zen Arcade*, and a breakneck cover of "Eight Miles High." With their next lp slated to come out on Warner Bros, you can still chalk them up as the independents most likely to. See tomorrow today. (Stone, 10/30, 10:30 pm, \$7.50 adv, \$8.50 day).

Yo: The local critic's faves take their green passion and Rocky Erickson moves to a club that draws UC's prettiest punks. (Berkeley Square, 10/30, 10:30 pm, \$4).

Polkacide: Punk polka? Slouching beyond novelty. (Oasis, 10/30, 10:30 pm, \$5).

Greg Kihn: This bar band regular got left in the dust by Huey Lewis, but if you want to see how straight people celebrate Halloween, here's where I'd go. (Stone, 10/31, 10:30 pm, \$10 adv, \$11.50 day).

Until December, Sea Hags: For a touch of the rough and tumble, see if the headliners can out-and-under-dress the crowd, as they continue to reinvent disco as something white and voracious. Dave Ford is dubious. See review this issue. (Nightbreak, 10/31, 10 pm, \$5).

Deborah Iyall/Ghoul Jazz: Hear about the whale that went swimming upstream? (Club Nine, 10/31, 10 pm, \$5).

Gun") and new releases ("Hit of the year"). If Difford's lyrics are the heart of Squeeze's oeuvre, Tillbrook's voice is its soul: it is a crystal instrument, suited as much to a rave-up like "She Feels Messed Around" (one of

Motophonics: The Oasis presents a Motown Revue act, in conjunction with a Lilly Munster look-a-like contest. After you pick up your winnings you can always stroll across the street to the Stud to spend them. (Oasis, 10/31, 10:30 pm, \$7).

Son Seals: Alligator Records' great young hope for a blues revival is getting on a bit for the boy-wonder tag, but he still has his Albert King licks down as cold as blue neon. (Last Day Saloon, 11/1, 10 pm, \$7).

Zuzu Pitts Memorial Orchestra: The zany oldies outfit stages another dance, but this one's for keeps: PBS will be taping for posterity. (Great American Music Hall, 11/1&2, 9 pm, \$15).

Voice Farm, Oblong Rhonda: It's Ultravox meets Devo, with the day-go-go dancers of Rhonda making with the David Byrne-via-Edie Sedgwick moves. Kind of cute. (Stone, 11/1, 10:30 pm, \$7 adv, \$8 day).

Taj Mahal: Allen Toussaint once said, "this man has 2000 years of black music coursing through his veins," and I wouldn't argue. Lately moved to Hawaii, and with a recent lp out featuring lyrics by Ishmael Reed and production by Toussaint, this is a tempting gig. (Last Day Saloon, 11/1&2, 10:30 pm, \$8).

Warren Zevon: We're still waiting for the cuts he was 'sposed to have recorded with REM, but Zevon seems to have been dropped by his label. Last time through, the excitable boy presented a bracing solo set, complete with a hilarious version of "Born In The USA," and a version of "Werewolves of London," that threatened to knock the keys right off the piano. (Stone, 11/2, 10:30 pm, \$10 adv, \$11 day).

Meat Puppets: Back porch hardcore with trelised, psychedelic guitar, from this eccentric Arizona trio. Good club. (Berkeley Square, 11/2, 10:30 pm, \$5).

Dianne Warwick: Her duet with Boy George on, "I Say a Little Prayer," was delightful, and now she's releasing a Bacharach-Sayer tune, "That's What Friends Are For," with all proceeds to go to AIDS research, so count the woman who Carlos Santana admits inspired his guitar phrasing as a friend and ally. This show finds her with an orchestra and Tom Scott's smoothie horns. Don't hold *Solid Gold* against her. For those comfortable in suit and tie. (Davies Symphony Hall, 11/3, 7:30 pm, \$25, \$20, \$18, \$13, \$10).

999: England's bad-boy punks who were hammering out "I Believe in Homocide," back in '78, are back with a new lp, *Face To Face*, and tunes that owe a bit to the Boss, and Bryan Adams. Better to burn out? (Stone, 11/5, 10:30 pm, \$7.50 adv, \$8.50 day).

Rhodesa Jones & Idris Akamoor, Cover Girls: A performance art event. The headliners present "Beats Per Minute," which is 'sposed to be a savage satire on sexism and racism in the music industry. The openers are Japanese punks doing *Madame Butterfly*. Look at it this way: the tickets are cheap and you can always flee to the Stud. (Oasis, 11/5, 10:30 pm, \$2).

Bandaleers: The booker calls this techno-country. What is that? Kraftwerk doing George Jones? Tammy Wynette via Thomas Dolby? The envelope please. (Oasis, 11/6, 10:30 pm, \$5).

Chick Corea Electric Band: I wonder if this Scientologist got a little teed off, or is the word inspired by Herbie's success with "Rockit? Naw-no way! Chick? Couldn't be. (Wolfgang's, 11/6&7, 8 pm, \$15).

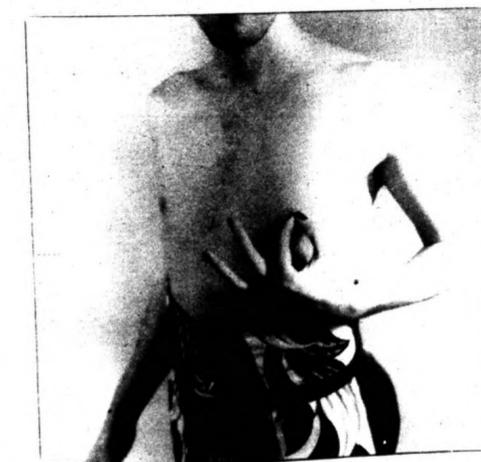
BUY EARLY: Randy Newman: Rand has taken some time off from songwriting to write this *Three Amigos* script with Steve Martin, about a village in Mexico whose town worthies write these three singing Hollywood cowboys they've been in movie serials to come and rescue them. That done, he's pulling into a nightclub and I pity the fool that would give this show a miss. His between songs patter is up there with Dan Hicks', and he "knows what love is." (Wolfgang's, 11/8, 8 & 11 pm, \$15).

Continued on page 22

Rikki Ercoli

PORTFOLIO

Rikki Ercoli hails from Philadelphia, and has had his share of national and international publication, but these days he's SF-based. Ercoli's photographed the tombs of Egypt, among other subjects; currently he's documenting street life and the world of punk (that's his work in the rock reviews on preceding pages). He says he's ready to capture you — with his lens of course. Call 431-4013.



Until December's Adam Sherburne strikes a pose.

Peppers from last page

L.A. surf-boys like The Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Asked recently why he produced the Chili Peppers, Clinton noted, "They're my boys. Funky kids. Anybody that funky, they can't keep me out of their business, I'm automatically in their business. They're that funky, I'm in it."

This is all by way of introduction to the Peppers, a raging four-man ensemble which whipped through a directionless set of heavy-metal funk recently at the Stone, performing cuts from their Clinton-produced *Freaky Styley* (EMI). As it turned out, their funk posturing was more self-conscious and self-serious than the material merits — at least at this point.

For all his semi-gymnastic stage prancing and lean, sculpted, nude torso, singer Anthony Kiedis' vocals, drastically buried in the crummy sound mix, never soared beyond a raspy rant-rap. Former Fear bassist Flea, elegantly stylish in mohawk, tatoos, muscles and army fatigue pants, *did* play slap-funk bass forcefully in a virtuoso performance. Offhandedly fashionable in rubber waders, the guitarist executed scratchy-scratch funk-guitar, occasionally blasting into fuzz-heavy blues-based solos. Capped by a furry animal hat (with morror shades) and sporting saucily smart cartoon-pants, the Pepper's drummer fueled the mix with hard-hitting tomtom rolls and funky hi-hat tripletting.

Still, for their musical competence and potentially hilarious stage presence, the Chili Peppers never jelled as more than a young group of heavy-funk musicians still learning instrumental and performance tricks inborn in their heroes.

Local hopefuls Until December opened, battling a lethargic and uncooperative crowd of suburban dinks. Adam Sherburne railed gallantly, but never got the set off the ground. With Sherburne's echoey, harmonics-heavy guitar playing and the band's repetitious bass, Until December sounded like an undistinguished U2/New Order retread; Sherburne's mondo-bondage nipple-pierced drag hardly encouraged hope.

And yet, this is another young band, one which shows promise and just needs a little

stage polish to lift it into the ranks of contenders. Check out their upcoming LP on 415 Records, due 'round New Year's. Shave your head, don your leathers, crank the stereo, and wait Until December, then celebrate 1986 in pumped-up style.

Difford's Strokes

Squeeze / The Hooters

At the Greek Theatre, Sat. 10/28/85

Cut from the classic British pop-rock tunesmith cloth first woven by Lennon and McCartney and now braided with Elvis Costello, Graham Parker and others, Squeeze has endured an 11-year career admirable for its sometimes magnificent output and frustrating for its failure to break into the top ranks of international pop stardom.

Formed around the elegant songwriting team of Chris Difford (lyrics) and Glen Tillbrook (music), the group produced seven albums — including a collection of singles — and finally disbanded in 1982. They reformed this year for a two-month American tour in support of their recent *Cosi Fan Tutti Frutti* (A&M).

Under bone-chilling skies a few Saturdays ago, Squeeze warmed a conservatively collegiate Greek Theater audience with flawlessly crafted songs performed with comfortable dignity and endearing maturity. They've been at this a while, and it shows: tour-honed, they achieved a well-modulated tightness underscored by their perfect instrumental tone, their crystalline sound balance and their unassuming but compelling stage presence.

At once personable and slightly removed, Lennon-esque locks brushing his suit coated shoulders, lead singer Tillbrook curled his high, yearning voice around a collection of oldies ("Clapham Junction," "Another Nail In My Heart," "Annie Get Your

histrionics for spare, considered solos. The entire band showed an excellent sense of understated instrumental mastery: Dufford strummed his rhythm guitar sparsely; bassist Keith Wilkinson supplied cogent, supportive bottom, occasionally powering a tune with popping thumb-plucks; the keyboardist constructed graceful synthesizer washes; Gilson Lewis, in Elvis d.a.-and-leather drag, provided a resounding backbeat; and Julian "Jools" Holland inserted wicked honky-tonk piano stylings, and lent an air of authentic British vaudevilian lunacy. There was no wasted motion, no senseless power-chording, no useless posturing, no mindless audience exhortation.

Subtle nods to the Fab Four — ringing guitars, seamless harmonies, well-thought-out song structures, the marriage of English folk traditions to the comedy of rock 'n' roll, even the Vox amplifiers — were no accident. Squeeze is a songwriter's band.

Peaking with an especially plangent "Tempted," Squeeze presented a beautifully executed, highly crafted hour-and-a-half show built around subtle excitements: a particularly stretched vocal line, an unexpected chord modulation, an especially lean and appropriate drum fill. They managed to recreate and improve on their album tracks without sinking into mechanical repetition — this they accomplished with contained polish and refined passion.

Squeeze's enormous talent was thrown into high relief by the workmanlike, well-intentioned hook-laden arena rock of Philadelphia hoepfuls The Hooters. Careful-

ly coiffed, fashionably attired, and toting a bag of reggae-tinged potential hits, the band never rose above self-conscious, businesslike seriousness.



Film from page 16

disturbing motives than mere seduction.

Right off the bat, the instructor is attacked by a thief, who's driven off by a mysterious stranger — who introduces himself as a hired killer. When it turns out the killer's next target is the woman's husband (played with malevolent grace by Michel Piccoli), you can be sure that the interest in Mallavoy, charged though it is with homosexual innuendo, isn't all coincidence. Mallavoy's involvement in

the intrigue isn't entirely innocent either; it's clear that he's well aware of his effect on either sex; in the cagey manner he handles their overtures.

Peril has the fascination of a Chinese puzzle; we never really know everything we want to about its perplexing cast of flinty, intimidating characters, but what we learn — or at least surmise — interlocks in uneasily convincing ways. Deville has given the film an elegance of setting, plus a burnished tone that's especially flattering to Mallavoy's

stark nakedness, and a topicality that's right up to the minute — in fact, the mystery's solved by VCR.

Film Checklist

Previously Reviewed/Ongoing

- After Hours★★★
- Back to the Future★
- Compromising Positions★★★
- The Coca-Cola Kid★★
- Day of the Dead
- Desperately Seeking Susan★
- Dim Sum
- Emerald Forest★★
- The 400 Blows★★★
- George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey★★★½
- Insignificance★★★
- Joshua Then & Now★★
- Jules et Jim★★★
- Kiss of the Spider Woman★★★½
- Mad Max beyond Thunderdome
- Maxie★
- Mishima★
- Peewee's Big Adventure★★★½
- Prizzi's Honor★★
- Reanimator
- Silver Bullet
- Songwriter★★★
- Wetherby★★★½

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Records

Mike Mascioli

Television's Greatest Hits (TeeVee Toons) is a 2-LP collection of 65 themes from what I'll call, for argument's sake, TV's golden age (which happens to coincide nicely with my childhood, thank you) — long overdue, as any respectable baby boomer will tell you.

Where else could Rossini "The William Tell Overture" of *The Lone Ranger* and Dale Evans ("Happy Trails") rub elbows? The music begins, like our mornings did, with *Captain Kangaroo* and runs through adventure, drama and cartoon shows and, of course, sitcoms, whose spunky themes reflected the relatively carefree life portrayed therein (quintessentially, the pastoral and lyrical themes from the *Andy Griffith* and *Donna Reed* shows, respectively. Some, like *My Three Sons*, function respectably as jazz or pop instrumentals (a few were even top 40 hits in their day. Others — *I Love Lucy*, *The Tonight Show*, *The Little Rascals*) — have become institutions of pop culture. Among my favorites: *Top Cat*, *The Late Late Show* (*Syncope*), and *The Patty Duke Show*, which throws around words like *Zanzibar*, *Minuet* and *Ballets Russes* and is more literate than many contemporary pop songs.

The producers have said that the only theme they wanted but couldn't get the rights to was *The Mickey Mouse Show*, but the absence of *Father Knows Best*, *Romper Room*, *Bewitched* and *Mighty Mouse* is perplexing (particularly since later shows like *Mannix* and *Adam 12* are included, but not worth too much thought since, after all, a second volume of this predictably successful set is in the works. Some themes had to be re-recorded since the original soundtracks were in poor shape. But it's been done with varying precision; inexact tempi, instrumentation and vocals, for instance, often give away the culprits, like a female impressionist whose gowns and wigs just miss the mark. Sometimes the transgressions are inexplicably obvious; what, after all, is *The Twilight Zone* without Rod Sterling's classic spoken intro? Better to have lifted such themes right from the TV with good equipment.

Ultimately, though, nothing here speaks as loudly as *Duck And Cover* (unfamiliar to me), a grim little Emergency Broadcast System/Civil Defense Dept. ditty from the fearful '50s: "What are you supposed to do when you see the flash? Duck and cover!"

It's the rare performer who transcends status as a legend to become a cultural icon, a symbol of an era or of certain values. Such performers were the Andrews Sisters, who've come to virtually epitomize the '40s — the war effort, WACs, GIs, the girls they left behind, in a word — *victory*. The trio dissolved when sister LaVerne died in

'67, but in the '70s Bette Midler's hit cover of their "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" helped generate renewed interest in them and renewed sales of their hits, like "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree," "Pennsylvania Polka," "Beer Barrel Polka" and "In Apple Blossom Time," all of which **Maxene Andrews** has recorded anew on her solo LP *Maxene* (Brainbridge), the latter four in a medley.

The LP was clearly prompted by her excellent and popular cabaret act, where a solo piano proves sufficiently intimate or reasonably boisterous for anything she tackles. But like the screen version of a many stage play, the LP feels obliged to broaden its scope and ends up overcompensating, with saccharine backing choruses, an echo effect on Maxene's vocal and cumbersome, clunky arrangements that fail to fully showcase musicians like Dick Hyman, Chuck Mangione and the Juilliard String Quartet. And that such stellar accompanists should be asked to, and do perform on three greeting card poems (for all practical purposes) by producer Arnold Goland and [wife?] Nancy Goland — one beginning, "Butterflies, puppy dogs..." another "Sunshine, flowers..." — should be an eternal embarrassment to all concerned.

Still, at 67, Maxene's in good voice, the songs are otherwise well chosen, and her interpretative prowess elicits a brilliant reading of Irving Berlin's "Remember" that's nothing short of definitive. While it needn't have been recorded with no other accompaniment than solo piano, *Maxene* nonetheless proves the old axiom that less is more.

The observation that LA's **Michael Feinstein** is the new, improved Bobby Short of the '80s was made often during the cabaret singer/pianist's recent successful Plush Room engagements, but in light of the appearance of his first LP, *Pure Gershwin* (Parnassus), it bears repeating. Like Short, Feinstein performs both obscure and vintage material, although here the songs, a generous baker's dozen, are virtually all standards — "The All Laughed," "S Wonderful," a tender "Isn't It A Pity" sung with Rosie Clooney. But where Short's singing is booming, formal and stiff, Feinstein's has warmth, intimacy and vulnerability. But a hard-to-define something — his glossy sophistication? a boyish perocuity? — still keeps him from mining the full wealth of meaning from his material, like the best pop singers can. Raves notwithstanding, Feinstein's not Superman yet, only Boy Wonder.

I can also guardedly recommend their recent **David** (Dave to you) **Frisberg** *Life At Vine*

Street (a Hollywood nitery) — guardedly because this cabaret singer-songwriter's delivery, technically speaking, is the most rudimentary — droning, thin, nasal, often flat — in professional pop. If Frisberg doesn't prove the maxim that a good singer needn't have a traditionally pleasing voice, no one does. But he is a good singer, if only in the loosest sense: Vocally he doesn't pretend to be something he's not (unlike many singers), and subtle qualities shine through his singing; his delivery is also folksy, intimate (often thanks to his own solo piano accompaniment) and unaffected — sometimes virulently so. Then there are the songs. Though they've been

recorded by artists like Anita O'Day and Cleo Laine, jazz stations have given extensive airplay to Frisberg's own recordings of songs like "Blizzard of Lies" ("You may have won a prize/Won't wrinkle, shrink or peel/Your secret's safe with me/This is a real good deal"). Though "Lies" is included here, *Live* tends to showcase his more bittersweet songs rather than his funniest, flashiest material (although many are whimsical and all invariably charming). For this reason *Live* isn't the best introduction to Frisberg for the uninitiated, but it's a welcome addition to the collections of the rest of us, and

Continued on page 25

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They called it "San Francisco Arts for Life." They raised close to \$400,000 for the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, the Shanti Project and the AIDS Program of Hospice of San Francisco. But they did even more than raise money; the classical musicians of San Francisco showed love and concern. They prayed for an end to AIDS and the terrible tragedies it causes.

San Francisco can be proud of itself. For on October 13, 1985 we all came a long way to remembering that mankind is one family and that what causes sorrow and pain to one causes sorrow and pain to all.

The classical music organizations of San Francisco, but especially the San Francisco Opera, clearly told their public that the AIDS crisis belongs to all of San Francisco, to all of mankind. For the first time in this country the established arts organizations of a city acknowledged this disease and lent their support to the fight against it. The money they raised will go far but the emotional support they gave will go even further. They told us clearly: we are not alone in this grueling fight — music is with us.

Every artist who appeared deserves our heartfelt thanks, for everyone gave fully and truly of themselves. Renato Scotto, for example, could barely control her voice for Puccini's "O mio babbino caro" but she was the more moving because of the obvious effort her art now demands of her.

Alfredo Kraus proved himself once more with two Spanish songs. *Werther*, a few nights later, confirmed his standing as the most exquisite tenor before the public today. Since he has reached the sunset of his career

We need music's help, not just once but again and again. I know I am greedy to ask it, but can we start planning another such occasion right now?

James Morris thundered out his *Ernani* selection with all the richness of voice and all the subtlety of art that made everyone thrill to his *Wotan* last summer. If Kraus and Scotto are the poets among the singers today, James Morris is the natural wonder. Now in his radiant prime, Morris is an artist worth our closest attention.

Among the natural wonders of our world today must be included Marilyn Horne, who sang "Ombra mai fu" from *Xerxes*. Commonly called Handel's "Largo," this aria

has become a showpiece for mezzo-sopranos who can control its long lines. Horne purified her sound until it glistened and sailed smoothly through the long arcs of Handel's sublime melody.

Making his San Francisco Opera debut on this occasion, Giuseppe Giacomini sang Dick Johnson's aria "Ch'ella mi creda" from Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*. On Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, Giacomini has seemed to possess a stiff and wooden voice, but at the AIDS Benefit he sang with considerably more finesse than I had heard before. Especially in the upper middle of his voice, he produced a burnished tone of striking beauty.

The news from the AIDS Benefit came in the ballet selection. The San Francisco Ballet was in Los Angeles the weekend of the concert, but to show their support, they flew Nancy Dickson and Marco Carrabba up from L.A. for a performance of the "Pas de deux" from Balanchine's *Stars and Stripes*. San Francisco Ballet has been struggling with Balanchine for some time now. Too often Balanchine's underlying musicality has been lost in the welter of his acrobatic activity. At the AIDS Benefit, we had another Opera House debut: Helgi Tomasson, the new artistic director of the S.F. Ballet, was there through his dancers and the difference he has made showed in their increased musicality. There were moments in this rousing "Pas de deux" when both Dickson and Carrabba perfectly matched their phrasing to the music within the dance. It was thrilling. Welcome aboard, Tomasson!

The absent member of the San Francisco musical family that night was the San Francisco Symphony's new conductor Herbert Blomstedt. I am assured by all parties that Blomstedt supported the AIDS Benefit wholeheartedly and that his absence was purely a matter of unfortunate timing: he was already on a plane to Dresden that day. Nevertheless Blomstedt could have added immeasurably to the spirit that these festivities represented.

The war on AIDS is not over with this concert. People are getting sick every day; people are dying every day. But music has the ability to bind up a community torn asunder by fear. We need music's help, not just once but again and again. I know I am greedy to ask it, but can we start planning another such occasion right now?

□ **Bulletin:** All music lovers without tickets for the S.F. Opera's new production of Verdi's *Falstaff* should consider running out right now and snapping up what's left. Jean-Pierre Ponnelle has created an incandescent version of Verdi's masterpiece, bustling with activity and insight. The singers, starting with Ingar Wixell in the title role, are obviously having a great time acting and making music together. Wixell's luscious voice resounded throughout the house; his arietta, "Quando ero paggio" where the fat old man remembers his years as the young page to the Duke of Norfolk, was a piece of delicate artistry not to be missed. Ruth Ann Swenson took yet another step towards greatness Sunday afternoon in her dazzlingly lovely performance as Nanetta. Marilyn Horne as the Mistress Quickly proved herself an expert in comic timing and as always the possessor of a gloriously beautiful voice. She has added a role to her repertoire that she can delight audiences with for many years to come. Conductor Maurizio Arena repaid S.F. Opera's faith in him with a glowing rendition of the music, one that slighted neither the wit nor the lyricism of Verdi's most intricate score.

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Twice A Month

October 25 — 31

Friday, October 25

Danny Williams & Karen Ripley do the honors, 6-8 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm, \$4; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

★ **A Benefit for the Pickle Family Circus**, with Pickle alumni Bill Irwin, Geoff Hoyle, Larry Pisoni; 8 pm, \$20, Palace of Fine Arts Theatre. Call 392-4400.

"Tennessee in the Summer," play about Williams' life, 8 pm, \$7 (also 10/26); "The Pursuit of Happiness", play with music set in the Financial District, 8 pm, \$7 (also 10/26); "The Dark Side of the Moon", one act with Juan Jacobo Hernandez, 8 pm, \$6 (also 10/27); **Madeleine & the Rough Cuts** with Danny Williams, 10 pm, \$6; **Hysterical Women** with Monica Palacios, Henriette Mantel & Over Our Heads, 10:30 pm, \$5; all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Jaе Ross, two time Cabaret Gold Winner, 9:15 pm, \$6; at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

★ **"Dream Man"** and **"Bathroom Benediction"**, two one act plays by James Carroll Pickett, directed by Robert Pitman, 8:30 pm, \$8 at Studio Rhino (also 10/26-7). Call 861-5079. "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof", by Tennessee Williams, presented by the Actors Ensemble of Berkeley, 8 pm, \$5 (also 10/26), at Live Oak Theatre, Berkeley. Call 528-5620.

"Blackouts", string of one-act plays and skits directed by Joe Capetta & Alan Herman; 8:30 pm, \$7 at Zephyr Theatre (also 10/26). Call 864-4201.

Saturday, October 26

Anne Rice signs copies of her latest novel *The Vampire Lestat*, 1-3 pm, at Walt Whitman Bookshop. Call 861-3078.

Rick & Ruby camp it up, 6-8 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Chris Wasmund, 9 pm, \$4, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Ruth Jovel entertains with vocals, 8 pm, \$5; at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

★ **"The Bride of Frankenstein"** starring Divine & her new band, 9 pm til dawn, \$20, presented by the I-Beam family at the Gift Center Pavilion. Call 668-6023.

★ **Annual Beau Arts Ball**, black-tie & costumed gala co-sponsored by the Tavern Guild, from 9 pm; \$50. Call 392-4400.

★ **"Carnival"**, Latin fantasy with glitz, glitter & big cash prizes; 10 pm til dawn, \$20; at the Galleria. Call Headlines, others.

★ **"The Black Party 1985"**; this year's theme: Futuroshock; 10 pm til dawn, \$15; at Trocadero Transfer. Call 495-0185.

Weslia Whitfield with Mike Greensill & Paul Breslin; 9:15 pm, \$6; at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Gay Comedy with Linda Moakes, Danny Williams & Suzy Berger; 10:30 pm, \$6; **Charles Murphy & Jamie Seiber** with Rumors of the New Wave Big Band, 10:30 pm, \$6; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Black & White Men Together Hallow'en Party, cash prizes for costumes; 10 pm - 2 am, \$10/\$5 members. Call 931-2968.

Sunday, October 27

Day of the Dead Celebration, benefit festival for St. Anthony's Dining Room & The SF Fire-fighter's Toy Program, others; 10 am - 6 pm, at the Farm, \$3.

El Rio winds up its summer music series (shows continue in November) with Voz do Samba, performing Brazilian music, \$5. Call 282-3325.

Linda Tillery rocks, 5-8 pm, \$5; **Dancing** with dj Chris Wasmund, 8 pm; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

"The Bald Soprano" continues, 2 pm, \$5; new series features classical music, \$3 pm, \$5; "Malvina's Song," musical revue with Chris

Goings On in the Next Two Weeks



Halloween! Thursday, October 31

Day of the Dead Halloween Costume Dance with Marga Gomez & Monica Palacios; featured, performance of Juan Jacobo Hernandez' "Dark Side of the Moon"; benefits Lesbians & Gays against Intervention; 8 pm, \$7; Dance, 10:30 pm, \$2, at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Cult horror triple bill includes Karloff, Lugosi pairing in "Black Friday"; 7, 8:30 & 10 pm at SF Art Institute, \$3.50. Ghoulis games; costumes encouraged. Call 771-7020.

Gay Square Dance Clubs host a Halloween Costume party, benefit for their 3rd annual convention, 8 pm - 2 am, \$5 adv/\$6 door; cash prizes, at the Rawhide II. Call 626-7758.

Halloween Sex Carnival includes costume contest, erotic auction, non-stop lesbian sex videos, booths, prizes; 9 pm, \$8, at Amelia's. Call 552-7788.

Dress to Kill for a fright night dance complete with creepy special effects & horrifying film footage; 9 pm, \$5 at the I-Beam. Call 668-6023.

Costume party & contest with Munsters theme, 9 pm, Motophonics, new Motown revue band, 10:30 & 12 pm, at the Oasis. Call 621-8119.

"Night of Hell", fifth annual Halloween masquerade ball features live performers, video horror show, bizarre costume contest, 10 pm; presented by New Generic at Martin Weber gallery. Call 558-8112.



Napata Mero's part of the package at "Carnival" 10/26.

Cone, Nina Egert, Barbara Golden, 8 pm, \$5; all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Ed Fonseca, tenor, performs Continental songs; 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Monday, October 28

Sapphron Obois & Julie Homi's Jazz Jam, 8-11 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Lynn Crawford & Rebecca Gordon read their poetry of love & struggle; 7:30 pm, donation, at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

Open Mike Comedy presents the best in new comedy talent; Tom Ammann hosts; 8:30 pm, \$3 (performers sign up 7:30 pm) at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Pamela Brooks in "Of George I Sing", a new Gershwin evening, with Bob Bendorff at the piano through 11/2 at Mason Street cabaret. Call 776-1645.

Tuesday, October 29

Gwen Avery performs, 7-9 pm, no cover; **BurlEZk** for Women, 9 pm, \$5, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

David Trinidad & Steve Abbott, local poets,

read from their work; 8 pm, \$3 at Intersection for the Arts. Call 397-6061.

Wednesday, October 30

Steve & Ellen Seskin pair, 7 pm, no cover; **Leopard Set** performs cerebral jazz, 9 pm, \$4; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Open Mike Singing with accompanist Magdalen Leucke, 8 pm, \$3 (performers sign up 7 pm) at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Joseph Taro presents "Songs & Laughter", with Danny Williams, Clara McDaniel & Bob Bauer; 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177. "The AIDS Show", last season's acclaimed revue, 8:30 pm, \$9/\$12, at Theatre Rhino (also 10/31, 11/1-2). Call 861-5079.

November 1 — 7

Friday, November 1

"Blackouts", see 10/25. "Dream Man" & "Bathroom Benediction", see 10/25.

Randy David performs, 9:15 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Hunter Davis, back from her latest tour, offers guitar, vocals; 8 pm, \$5 at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

J.S. Bach's organ repertoire performed by David Babbitt; second in a series of 18 concerts; 8 pm, \$5, St. Paulus Lutheran (also 11/2). Call 435-3612.

Haydn performed by the UC Berkeley Chorus & Symphony, conducted by Vance George; 8 pm, \$5, Hertz Hall, Berkeley (also 11/2). Call 642-2698.

"Tennessee in the Summer", play about Williams' life has been extended through 11/30; 8 pm, \$7 (also 11/2); "Dark Side of the Moon", one act with Juan Jacobo Hernandez, 8 pm, \$7 (also 11/3); **Melissa** plays rock 'n' roll, 10:30 pm, \$5; **Hysterical Women** hosted by Linda Moakes, 10:30 pm, \$5, all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

"Tune the Grand Up", popular Jerry Herman revue back by popular demand; 8:30 pm, 1177 Club (also 11/2). Call 776-2101.

Saturday, November 2

"Homage to Ezra Pound on His Centenary" includes passages from Pound's *Cantos*, with music; 8 pm, \$5 at Sawyer Hall, Berkeley. Call 861-0560.

"Mixed Doubles"; Danny Williams & Karen Ripley team; 8 pm, \$4-\$6, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Vera & Patricia Purcell perform piano works by Tchaikovsky, Brahms, others 8 pm, Phoenix Gallery/Theatre. Call 431-6777.

Weslia Whitfield graces the stage, 9:15 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Robin Flower Band, 8 pm, \$6; "The Pursuit of Happiness" play with music set in the Financial District, 8 pm, \$7; **Sharon & Rainbeau**, male impersonators, 10:30 pm, \$5; **Gay Comedy** with Danny Williams, Karen Ripley, Ken Crow, 10:30 pm, \$6; all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Sunday, November 3

Jaе Ross, twice Cabaret Gold winner, with special guest Eugene Barry-Hill; 3 pm, Big Mama's, Hayward. Call 881-9310.

SF Chamber Singers present "Dixit Dominus" by G.F. Handel, 4 pm, \$6, at Old First Church. Call 759-8624.

Society of Gay & Lesbian Composers presents its first public concert, 4 pm, \$6 at Noe Valley Ministry. Call 621-0878.

Elmwood String Quartet perform works by Haydn, Dohnanji, Mendelssohn; 7:30 pm, Phoenix Gallery/Theatre. Call 431-6777.

Alma Sayles, vocalist, 8 pm, at 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

"In the Mood?" Judy Grahn joins the SF Lesbian Chorus, 8 pm, \$5-\$7; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Paul Michael & Leslie Ann Sourci in an encore performance, 8:30 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Monday, November 4

Open Mike Comedy presents best in new comedy talent; hosted by Marga Gomez, 8:30 pm, \$3 (performers sign up 7:30 pm) at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Tuesday, November 5

Arimondi shows photographs at the Ambush; reception 6 pm (through 11/17). Call 863-3617. **Temescal Gay Men's Chorus** rehearses every Tuesday, 7 pm, at Trinity Hall, Berkeley. Call 465-7388.

"Mixed Doubles", Danny Williams & Karen Ripley, back by popular demand, 8 pm, \$6; **Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce** reports on Reagan commission targeting gay/feminist culture, politics; 8 pm, \$3-\$5; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Wednesday, November 6

"Street Seen", an exhibition of "art on the run" by Mark Kaplan, Kara Johnson & Ramon Vanden Brulle, features performance artist Eric Gerrick, sound by Kokopillau and video of the work in progress; 8 pm, \$3 at The Lab. Call 346-4063.

Singers Open Mike with accompanist Magdalen Luecke & special guests; sign up 7-8 pm, \$8; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

"Unfinished Business — The New AIDS Show" winds up its run this week; 8:30 pm, \$10-\$12 at Theatre Rhino (also 11/7-10). Call 861-5079.

Thursday, November 7

"Homage to Ezra Pound on His Centenary" includes passages from Pound's *Cantos*, with music, 8 pm, \$5 at New College. Call 861-0560.

"Tennessee in the Summer", play about Williams' life; 8 pm, \$6/\$7, (also 11/8-9); "The Pursuit of Happiness", see 10/25; **Luce Blue Tremblay & Jennifer Berezan**, Canadian musicians, 8 pm, \$5; all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Mixed Reviews

The Critics Choose Favorites

Art: Leonardo da Vinci: Drawings of Horses from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle; sidebar exhibition of *The Horse in Art*; at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, through next February. Call 221-4811.

Robert Arneson: Sculpture & Works on Paper; Arneson's madcap ceramic satire has given way to a bleaker, sobering vision of nuclear war; 10/30-11/30 at Fuller Goldeen Gallery. Call 982-6177.

Dance: Paul Taylor Dance Company; this modern master's work often verges on the surreal; count on some quirky choreography. The opening date's appropriate; 10/31-11/3 at Zellerbach Hall, UC Berkeley. Call 642-9988.

Film: The Barefoot Contessa; Joseph Mankiewicz' cynical tale follows Ava Gardner's rise from the slums of Madrid, kicks off the Castro Theatre's "Hollywood on Hollywood" series 11/1-2; 40-odd films explore Hollywood's fascination with its myth & image. Call 621-6120.

Music

Kronos Quartet has successfully bridged the classic and contemporary repertoire for stringed instruments, often to staggering effect. The program includes a new commissioned work, as well as works by Elliott Carter, Schoenberg; 10/25 at Herbst Theatre. Call 392-4400.

Sam Rivers' jazz combines the astral and the earthy; his quartet performs tonight through 10/26 at Kimball's. Call 861-5585.

Chanticleer, SF's internationally acclaimed male vocal ensemble, offer world premieres back-to-back with their eclectic repertoire prior to their European tour; 10/26 at Herbst Theatre. Call 392-4400.

Puccini's Tosca; James Morris, a standout last summer in "The Ring" sings Scarpia; 10/26, 29, 11/3, 6 at the SF Opera House. Call 864-3330.

Margaret Whiting's big-band ballads won her a postwar place in America's heart; she's back for a two-week engagement 10/29 to 11/10 at the Plush Room. Call 885-6800.

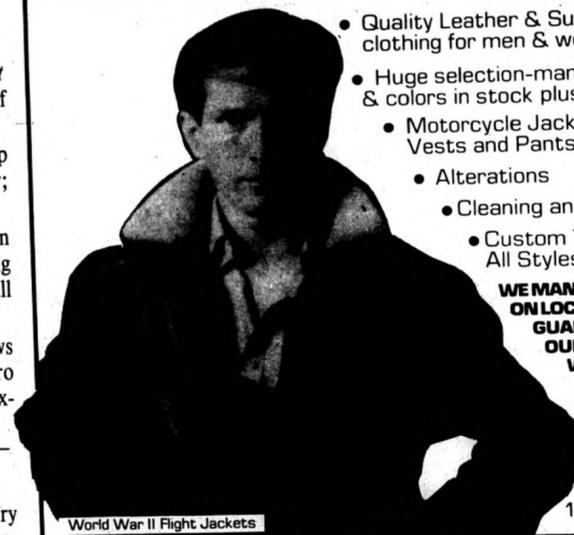
Photography: John Gutmann's illustrious career has been a well-kept secret until recently; now he's been recognized as one of the majors, and he's been right here in SF all along; vintage prints are on display through 11/30 at Fraenkel Gallery. Call 981-2661.



John Gutmann's *Two Nudes Attracted*, 1936

Performance: Antenna Theatre's audio tape performances have walked a narrow line between the avant-garde and tourism of late; "Liberty" takes place aboard the *SS Jeremiah O'Brien*, a wartime convoy ship berthed at Fort Mason; begins 10/26. Call 332-4862.

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Records from page 22

despite the fact that his pitch is anything but strong and steady, his following's strong and steadily growing. With Blossom Dearie, his colleague from the boites of New York, he recently packed the Great American Music Hall and should do no less when he solos there Nov. 8.

Aida Moore's chief contributions seem to date from 1954. That was the year she stopped the show with "Two Ladies In De Shade of De Banana Tree" in Truman Capote's musical *House Of Flowers* and recorded *Ada Moore With Tal Farlow, John LaPorta, Oscar Pettiford* (Debut), which has been reissued by Fantasy — mostly, I suspect, because of the illustrious jazz instrumentalists of the title and the presence of some arrangements by Charlie Mingus.

□ Though they've been together since the early '60s and have made recordings, the Hawaii-

based **Modern Folk Quartet** has managed to escape my attention until now. On *Moonlight Serenade* (Homecoming), at least, their first LP in seven years, their name and their credentials (mostly in folk-rock) prove misleading; this LP offers a traditional male pop vocal group sound, without even the smallest concession to jazz or the contemporary. The task at hand isn't totally foreign to them; Jerry Yester, for instance, has done arrangements for The Manhattan Transfer and the highly underrated Spanky & Our Gang. Their material is vintage ("Dream," "Laura"), their harmonies polished, but both lack boldness and innovation. As it stands now, the LP is not without some modest pleasures, but MFQ is just another entry in the swollen ranks of respectable nostalgia groups (The Central Park Shicks, Pasadena Roof Orchestra, et al.). It's not that the group need a gimmick — a gimmick is what they have; what they need is a musical *raison d'etre*.

Classifieds

Strictly Personal

No-Holds-Barred Wrestling

GWM, 35, 5'11", 190, bodybuilder, 47" C, 32" W, 18" Arms, seeks GWM 5'10" to 6'4", 180 to 230 lbs, for Pro-style wrestling workouts. You: 18 to 40, in top shape, clean-cut, healthy, aggressive. Serious responses only. 282-5428 after 7:00 pm/or weekends. (P-13)

One Good Man

Deserves another. 31 year old G/M, 155, 5'11", brown hair, blue eyes, attractive, bearded, trim, and furry, seeks special man my age to 37 for potential relationship, new beginnings. Prefer men who are similar in height or taller, furry and bearded a plus! Sincerity and affection count for alot. Physical strength is nice but not necessary. Write to Todd Balderson, 584 Castro, #466, San Francisco, CA 94114. Take a chance. (P-13)

Boy-Next-Door-Search

GWM, 36, 5'10", 145, Handsome, reserved, intellectual type, seeks bright, clean-cut, winsome younger guy needing affection and a firm hand, to explore steady 1-1 relationship. Well-bred blond reppies especially welcome. No clones or space cadets, please. Photo? P.O. Box 590883, San Francisco, CA 94159. (P-13)

Rubberman is Looking

for rubbermen for hot sessions in skin tight, black latex, interested in bondage, gas masks, inflatable hoods, wet and dry scuba suits, rubber jocks, catheters and other rubber toys. Unlimited possibilities for safe sex. Phone after 6 pm only 584-4783. (P-14)

Are You Man Enough?

GWM 34 blond/blue six FA/GP horny hot hungry commanding Master seeks FP/GA durable muscular insatiable obedient slave. Must be strong masculine well endowed uncult top, large low hanging boulders always at stud. Bigger the better. Monogamous relationship if mutually satisfied. Limits respected. Weakness commands -Strength obeys. Elagabalus, Ste 654, P.O. Box 15068, San Francisco, CA 94115-0068. (P-13)

Time To Get Serious

I am attractive 35 y.o. GWM, 5'7", 145, tight smooth body, who is sensual, bright, sweet, and easy going. Looking for cutie under 30, who is smooth, fit, health conscious, sweet and romantic. Lets trade photos and letter with interests. SUSA, Box 725. (P-14)

Wanted Asian Boy For Playmate

Big handsome white boy needs Asian for playmate. Come play house with me. I want to hold you, hug you, kiss you, squeeze you, make love to you, sleep with you, clean, healthy, safe. Send a postcard quick. SUSA, Box 738. (P-13)

Do You Look Sweet 16?

Slim teenage-looking lover wanted 18-19, any race, inexperienced OK. I'm very nice looking 45, 5'7", 160 lbs., glasses, clean shaven. Share fun, caring, respect, equality, heated swimming pool, nature walks, very private, affectionate, comfortable, only mutually desired, clean, safe sex. Your choice: from casual friendship to committed relationship. 585-4335, 9 am -11:30 pm. (13)

Slave Seeks Master

Slave seeks master W/M, 52, 5'11", 155 lbs., good body, masculine, tattoos, wants master any age, any weight. For long term desired. Can travel, have car, will send photo, also have place in country. Write Paul, Box 107, 1575 Bayshore Blvd., San Francisco, CA 94124. (P-16)

Light S/M Handball Master(s) Needed!

For Bondage Art, Enemas, Shaving, Spanking, Golden Showers, Wax, Ball Games, Dildos, Hoods, Leather "Toys", etc. If you are patient, and willing to train a slave properly for complete devotion; this slave begs you to write to HWSH at Box 60429, San Francisco 94164 (only serious replies will be considered). (P-13)

Daddy Wants Boy

Successful, good-looking man, 38, wants boy, 21-30, for good times, possible relationship. Send description and phone number to: Boxholder No. 152, 584 Castro St., S.F., CA 94114. (P-13)

Weekday Cock Needed

If you are a Greek Active Condom user, and need some weekday action with no strings, send phone # to Box 222, 309 Judah, San Francisco 94122. I am 40, 160 lbs, 5'11" with trim beard. (P-14)

Sohio Petroleum Company

Sohio employees and ex-employees. If you have witnessed or experienced anti-gay discrimination at Sohio Petroleum Company; please contact Alan French, Attorney-at-law, One Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94104. (415) 981-6664. (P-15)

Exchange Massage

Berkeley-area Gay or Bi, 18-40 for possible regular exchanges or I'll teach you. (1 to 1 or 2 together.) Gentle GWM 32, tall, slim, attractive, professional massage training. Let's share healthful nurturing we deserve. Don't be shy. Write even if you are. Photo exchange appreciated. SUSA, Box 734. (P-13)

Is It Hard and Throbbing?

Badboy has precious lips, roaming tongue and soft hairless buns for vanilla and beyond. Mon-Fri. 9 am-4 pm. Badboy 673-4418. (P-13)

Smooth Body Seeks Very Hairy Body

Attractive GWM, 35, Dark hair, 6', 165 lbs., trim smooth body, sexually versatile, seeks very hairy men for physical intimacy. I enjoy movies, travel, romance, honest communication and work. Am attracted to very hairy men in good physical shape my age or older, non-smoker. I need someone who is sensitive, enjoys life and has a positive attitude. Am looking for relationship having mutual support; and good communication of wants and needs. I need someone who accepts me as I am and am willing to accept someone as they are. Photo appreciated. Write SUSA, Box 739. (P-13)

Flight Attendants/Pilots

sought by Handsome Flight Attendant, 6', 165, 30, moustache and hairy chested. Would like to meet similar hairy person for travel buddy or possible monogamous relationship. I travel coast to coast and discretion is assured. Reply Suite 386, Box 15068, San Francisco, CA 94115-0068. (P-15)

Big Hairy Russian River Bear

Looking for Bear Hunters and Chasers who want to get away from it all for a weekend of hot sex indoors and outdoors and cuddling by the fire in his secluded den among redwoods on mountain overlooking the river. Reply Box 1461, Guerneville, CA 95446. (P-13)

Hot Hung Tops Needed

G/B/M 38, 5'7", 130 lbs., with smooth buns seeks hot white tops with big cock to fill my hungry hot hole. Call 282-8940. (P-14)

Firebox Bottom Forever Boiling

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Go For It

Vital, virile, visually appealing 40 year old white man, seeks someone to call special, to enjoy and endure good and bad times. Proud to be a man, but sensitive to the soft and gentle side of life. 346-5691 before 10 pm. No exceptions. (P-13)

Young, Thin, Cute

Student at SFSU with interests in social reform, holistic health, Zen and more - would like to meet similar type. Although I'm a romantic, I'm not hunting for love. If it happens great! If not, friendship and safe erotic play with right man is great also. So tell me about you. Lee, 2336 Market St., #42, San Francisco, CA 94114. (P-13)

Hot Redhead Needed!

Tall, dark and handsome GWM needs a goodlooking Redhead for safe one-to-one action and maybe more. Hot, hairy and hung, 30s. All Redheads-light, dark, strawberry, blondish, etc. should respond. Send photo/phone to: 584 Castro, #281, San Francisco, CA 94114. (P-13)

Brains and Affection

Very intelligent GWM, 27, 5'9", 180 lbs., warm, bright, mature but boyish, witty, fun to be with, seeks top or versatile man, 25-45, to share the best things in life. I enjoy music (opera, classical, old standards), art, languages, and safe sex that is both warm and hot. Married men O.K. Write to Boxholder, #574, 1182 B Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94102. (P-13)

WANTED: Bright Guys

Prof. B/M, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., physically active, art lover, health conscious, seeks bright creative type guys. Pref. foreign born Asians but will answer all, will exchange my picture for yours (All Pictures Returned). Write: Boxholder, P.O. Box 880608, San Francisco, CA 94188. (P-13)

Playmate/Fuck Buddy Sought

For ongoing mutually satisfying sessions. Age, race, looks not as important as an honest, sincere attitude and hot action. You are masculine, constantly horny, hopefully versatile, imaginative, healthy, health conscious, and willing to experiment. I enjoy TLC and cuddling to light bondage and spanking. I'm 6'1", 175 lbs., short brown hair, trim beard and moustache, German-English, 30's, average hung and cut. I really enjoy getting an expert BJ while stoned. Live near CCSF. 586-3246 Derek. (P-13)

Looking for partner! Who's into wrestling, muscles, oil, working out and J/O. I'm 39, 6'2", 170 lbs., goodlooking, masculine and well built. Non-smoker/drinker. Interested in health/diet, movies, music, horses, travel. Want to hear from muscular well built man who's looking for some company. Thanks. 537 Jones Street, #9927, San Francisco, CA 94102. (P-13)

Password players needed for fun evening games near Lake Merritt (Oakland). Smoke-free & wheelchair-accessible. Call anytime. Ray. 763-0235. (P-13)

Law Enforcement Teddy Bear

Shy very muscular, 28 year old Italian hunk, great body, good mind, very hairy with something hot for the right type of guy, seeks friend. Must be manly, discrete into bodybuilding and have facial hair. SUSA, Box 697. (P-15)

Gerontophilia

Age/youth project seeks information on young men of legal age loving men 20 or more years their senior. Need life experience, anecdotes, reference to available library material. Reply A/Y Project, Box 268, 2040 Polk, San Francisco, CA 94109. (P-13)

Boy Needs Inches

G/W/M/ 22, 5'10", 145 lbs, Bi-Br good looking, tight round butt, wants to service Xhung tops to 45. Need long hard action. Reply with photo to SUSA, Box 737. (P-13)

Interested in Sincerity?

G/B/M, 28, goodlooking, 5'9", 150 lbs., stable, sincere, career-oriented, seeks to meet a sincere, versatile, trim, relationship oriented W/M 28 to 38 for a possible monogamous relationship. Write with photo, phone and interests. San Francisco-Marin. Wm. Ward, P.O. Box 652, San Rafael, CA 94915. (P-13)

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was designed for sophisticated persons seeking a quiet moment among congenial people
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STOP INTRUDERS
"They will be shocked with my Shrilling Alarm!"
Compact/sturdy for home. TRAVEL HOTELS A MUST!
Easy to operate, set to "ON", put in front of the door.
MANUFACTURER'S WARRANTY!
Send 9.95 + 1.98 sh/hd to: Lee, 1400 McCallister #6 San Francisco, CA., 94115 uses 9 volt bat. not incl.
Sleep Secure at Night... (FS-13)

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Rare Stevens piano organ (circa 1860). Fully restored. Oak finish. Best offer. Mornings 673-6518. (FS-13)

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1 BEDROOM APARTMENT FOR RENT
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Includes:
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Roommate
Share 2 bedroom - 2 1/2 bath Townhouse in Richmond with GWM, 38, \$375/mo. Includes use of utilities, Tennis Courts and Pool. Looking for man/woman/nonsmoker to share home. Located near Hilltop mall. Call 223-0654. Lv. message on machine. Will return all calls. (RO-13)

Business

REAL ESTATE PARTNER WANTED
SAN FRANCISCO AREA
Setting up real estate foreclosure business opportunities and program. Will train, awesome profits. Commitment fee required. Write: 3637 Canyon Crest Drive L107 Riverside, CA 92507 or call: (714) 781-5875 (BO-13)

\$85.00-\$110/wk Near Opera Plaza City Hall. Quiet & clean w/Flize and sink. 492 Grove St. 861-8686. (R-13)

Roommate

Share 2 bedroom - 2 1/2 bath Townhouse in Richmond with GWM, 38, \$375/mo. Includes use of utilities, Tennis Courts and Pool. Looking for man/woman/nonsmoker to share home. Located near Hilltop mall. Call 223-0654. Lv. message on machine. Will return all calls. (RO-13)

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LIBERTY RENT-A-BOX has Boxes available IMMEDIATELY
There are no long waits, no delays, no excuses
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Sentinel

CONCEPTUAL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

A SPECTACULAR HALLOWEEN PAGEANT!



BE YOURSELF

\$2500 Cash Prizes for Best Costumes

- \$1200 Best Group Effort ^{5 or more}
- \$300 Best Couple
- \$250 Tackiest Costume
- \$250 Best Animal
- \$250 Best Showgirl
- \$250 Best Latin Costume

Judging will take place on the runway between 11:00 P.M. and 1:30 A.M. Costumes will be judged on creativity and originality. Winners will be selected by a panel of judges. There will be no interruptions in the music or dancing. Winners will be announced at 2:30 A.M.

Costume Contest sponsored by *Vertige*
PLUS Surprises throughout the night

GALLERIA

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10 P.M. TIL DAWN

TICKETS: \$20 • HEADLINES

- GRAMAPHONE RECORDS
- ALL AMERICAN BOY
- RON'S RECORDS



**LIVE!
EXTRA!
IN PERSON!**

The Vocal Dynamite of
Napata Mero (formerly
Beach Blanket
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Non Stop Dancing

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CARNIVAL '85 at the
GALLERIA will be
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AND . . . Be your
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A contribution from this event will be made to AIDS charities.

NEXT EVENT: New Year's Eve / Galleria

HURRY FOR TICKETS, EVENT SELLING OUT!"