

Sentinel

**The Firewalk
Experience**

Fear into Power

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Sentinel USA • 415-861-8100 • Vol. 13., No. 14 • November 7, 1985



Eleven Days and Counting: From left to right, protesters John Belskus, Steve Russell, Paul Ramirez, Wesley North and Frank Bent, in front of the Health and Human Services Building on U.N. Plaza,

where they have been chained since Oct. 28. As a result of their actions, Board of Supervisors President John Molinari has agreed to hearings on people with AIDS-related complex.

Clamoring to Stop the Virus:

AIDS: Putting Civil Rights on Hold

by John Wetzel

The National Gay Task Force, the New York-based organization frequently quoted as representing the interests of over three million homosexual and bisexual Americans, has been handed an increasingly difficult and discouraging set of cards.

During the middle- and late-nineteen seventies the Task Force wielded influence as a spokes group for a homosexual movement on the rise. Less than a decade later NGTF Executive Director Jeff Levy now fields questions in dogged attempts to retain the media influence NGTF has commanded in the past.

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Editorial

Tom Murray

Off the Record

Most reporters share an evenhanded attitude about homosexuality, but there is little doubt either of its enormous reader interest or of the personal and political damage it would cause.

—Esquire Magazine

In the November issue of Esquire magazine a veritable can of worms is examined, analyzed and ultimately left unopened. Tucked into the "Washington Briefing" is a commentary on the alleged homosexual history of one potential 1988 presidential candidate. The author states that there is an "unacknowledged code of silence among reporters" that is being strained because of the high office at stake.

The private lives of famous folks have been protected by the press historically. John Kennedy apparently enjoyed extra-marital adventures which were not exposed until a decade after his death. Rock Hudson spent thirty years as a star before his gayness made headlines, and then only through default. Many of us know bankers, priests and politicians with double lives. Like the press, we protect them, observing an "unacknowledged code of silence." Why?

Esquire explains that "What Washington does behind closed doors generally stays out of the paper." Supermarket rags like the *National Enquirer* venture into delicate territory, yet their credibility is often as shaky as their facts. More respected publications tend to wait until a story breaks before reporting on it. "Studs is the best example. We didn't do that story until after it broke, even though we knew about it for years," says John Finney of the *New York Times*.

The press reflects the values of society. The article in Esquire confronts two important issues: 1) individuals have a right to privacy in their private life; and 2) one's sexual preference can still prevent him/her from professional opportunities despite his/her other qualifications.

Many of us know bankers, priests and politicians with double lives. Like the press, we protect them, observing an "unacknowledged code of silence." Why?

Although the presidency of the United States is the most scrutinized of positions, it is really only one more example of battle for equal opportunity being fought — and won — across the nation. Congressman Studs did come out and win re-election. Tim Mains just won a position on the Rochester, New York City Council and openly gay people lead governments in San Jose, West Hollywood and Laguna Beach. Confronting the issue on local levels led to elective victories based on ability and personal integrity rather than fear, prejudice and secret-keeping.

A message to *Esquire Magazine*: If you raise an issue, the public and your readership deserve more than a tip-toe trip around Pandora's Box. Do us a favor and either tell us who you are writing about or drop the subject. If you choose to face the issue, name your candidate and let us decide for ourselves if he/she is qualified to serve as the next president of the United States.

Sentinel

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Sentinel USA is published bi-weekly by GayFirst, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Post Office, San Francisco, California. The entire contents of **Sentinel USA** are copyright © 1985 by GayFirst, Inc. and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the Editor. All rights reserved.

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VOICE OF THE NEW GENERATION

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S.F. Band Foundation President Duke Armstrong pins a "Keep Music Alive in '85" button on Mayor Dianne Feinstein. That's Band Fundraising Chair Dennis Collins on the left.

Commentary

Straight Talk

Robert Cromey

Where is Mr. Right?

Why can't I find the right man? What am I doing wrong? I want an intimate relationship. I can't find the right person. I must be sending signals that drive him away. It's my fault.

Why? Why? Why? I'm too tall, too short, too poor, too rich, too sexy, not sexy enough. My apartment is all wrong. I need a new wardrobe. My breath is bad. My muscles are too flabby etc., etc.

I know people who go into therapy because they haven't met the right person. They think they are insane, crazy, are emotionally disturbed or deranged. Some think that not having an intimate deep relationship is a character defect.

Some think there is a reason they haven't met the right person. They think something is wrong with themselves. But also they'll blame the other and say the good ones are always taken. Men just aren't interesting enough. Gay men are too flighty, they don't want intimacy. They don't tell the truth, they are irresponsible. Gay guys are too narcissistic, too concerned with sex and body building. They drink too much or talk about AA too much.

I'll tell you my own personal view about why it's hard to find the right man for intimacy. It is because you haven't met the right person. Yes, it is that simple. It isn't your fault. It isn't the lack of appropriate prospects. It simply means you haven't met the right one yet.

There are very few people out there who will be the perfect match. There are very few where the level of lust, love, trust, and intimacy is mutual at the same moment. It is said "marriages are made in heaven". Perfect matches are very rare. Two or three in a lifetime maybe. That goes for the straight and gay/lesbian world, all of us.

There are lots of wonderful people out there. We often fall in love, get close, get intimate but it doesn't last. After a few months or a few

want out. Your first temptation is to blame the other, make him bad and wrong. But if you accept the fact that the relationship is dead, just dead, you don't have to spend a lot of time making your lover bad and wrong.

"Oh yeah" you protest, "if only he'd be... (you fill in the blank)... my feelings would change". Nope! Even if your partner could or would change, your heart would not necessarily change. But the way, think back at how many times you've tried that and it failed in your own life experience.

When you decide you want out, get out. Gently, firmly, clearly discuss the matter with your former beloved. Treat him carefully. Make the move apart as tenderly as possible. Take responsibility for your own actions and feelings. Don't wait around for permission to break up. You do it.

It will hurt at first. You both will feel bad for awhile. The alternative is to stay together, make each other feel awful longer. The quicker you separate, the sooner you'll feel better. Your energies will be freed to find new partners, new relationships and perhaps find that perfect relationship that is "made in heaven".

Long engagements are necessary. When you meet Mr. Perfect (you think) give the relationship time. Hang out, date, enjoy safe sex. Introduce him to your friends, meet his. Go on trips. Are you excited by some of his enthusiasms? Does he like yours? Is he OK with the way you handle money, booze and former lovers? In other words, have a long engagement period before you move in.

If the relationship grows, deepens and most importantly has longevity after a year at least, then perhaps you have found Mr. Right. You've found an intimate relationship in which you can pour your heart, soul, mind and body. Then you will know better if it is truly mutual.

Intimate long term relationships are not for all people, all the time. They are for some people some of the time. Many people are "close" for their whole adult life. Some are intimate for shorter time. Some

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Politics

George Birimisa

The Fifties

I stood in front of Howard Johnson's on Sixth Avenue and 8th Street in Greenwich Village. I took a deep breath and pushed nervously at the glass door. It was exactly as I had remembered it. Everywhere I looked I saw the same dusty artificial flowers. Miniature plastic sculptures separated the orange and green booths — they looked like cheap toys from the Five and Ten Cent Store.

The waiters wore the same uniforms — black pants with cummerbunds that were stained with ice cream. They wore snap on bow ties and their pale green jackets gave their faces a yellow, sickly tinge under the fluorescent lighting.

The memories binged in my head. It was the early Fifties when I worked behind the orange counter. Eisenhower was President and I was 25 years old. Television was still brand new and one of its brightest stars was Joe McCarthy.

Everywhere I looked I had seen his square jawed face — from the cover of TIME to the MARCH OF TIME newsreel. There was no doubt about it — next to Eisenhower, the junior senator from Wisconsin was the most powerful man in the nation. His name sent chills racing up and down the spine of anyone who was slightly to the left of John Foster Dulles. However, the real fear didn't start until McCarthy spoke of concentration camps for homosexuals — when he talked of extermination. His public outcry against homosexuals resulted in the crackdown of gay bars across the country — many of them closed. A surveillance program was created within the FBI — it was called Homex. 382 government workers were dismissed for homosexuality within months of McCarthy's public denunciation. Over the next few years thousands were dismissed.

One of McCarthy's staunchest supporters was Walter Winchell. This was the time when Winchell was the most powerful journalist in the country. His syndicated column was read by millions of Americans. His Sunday evening radio show was a national institution.

I thought of the hot scorching night in the summer of '53 when the air conditioning had broken down. As I scooped the spongy 28 flavors I dripped sweat into everything from a banana split to a coffee ice cream soda. It was five minutes after one in the morning when a black limousine pulled up in front of Howard Johnson's. We were officially closed although the front door was not locked. I watched as a round-faced man with dog eyes pushed at the glass door and rushed up to the counter. "A pistachio cone," he said to me.

"It's after one sir!" I said politely. "We're closed."

He gave me a big smile. "You don't understand — it's for Walter Winchell!" He waved his hand in the direction of the limousine. "He is in the front seat. He's waiting for his ice cream cone."

"He's going to have a long wait, sir!"

He forced a smile. "You don't think it's Walter Winchell out there, do you?"

"I don't care if it's the President of the United States! We're closed, sir!"

His face flushed. "But — but you can't turn down Walter Winchell!"

"I ain't turning him down, sir! We close at one o'clock!"

"We shall see about that!" His flushed face turned purple with anger. "I want to speak to the manager!"

"I am the manager," I lied. I knew Angelo was in his office counting the daily receipts.

"You're the manager?" His mouth gaped in surprise.

I gave him a bright smile. "I'm the night manager and we are closed, sir!"

He made a snorting noise deep in his throat. He turned on his heel and stormed out the front door. A moment later the black limousine pulled away from the curb.

My hands were shaking as I moved to the end of the counter. I knew it was Walter Winchell in the limousine because he had come in to Howard Johnson's many times for his pistachio ice cream cone. As I lighted a Viceroy I felt an explosion of excitement in my chest — my body tingled and glowed. I had turned down Walter Winchell!

It was about a week later when one of the waiters showed me the ITEM in Winchell's column. I can't remember the exact words. Winchell wrote that vag-levd men and women were hanging out in HARRIET Johnson's in Greenwich Village. For the next year or so Winchell continued to refer to Howard Johnson's in his column

as Harriet Johnson's in Greenwich Village. As a consequence of the notoriety the very respectable restaurant turned into a mecca for homosexuals and street people. It became a hangout for the drag queens who worked the Village clubs — it was a gathering place for the gay boys who had just arrived

For the next year or so Winchell continued to refer to Howard Johnson's in his column as Harriet Johnson's in Greenwich Village.

As a consequence of the notoriety the very respectable restaurant turned into a mecca for homosexuals and street people.

from the Midwest and were on the bum. On Friday and Saturday nights it was packed with gay men and lesbians from the five boroughs of New York City. Business got so good that it was open all night on weekends. Also the men's room became one of the liveliest cruising spots in the city.

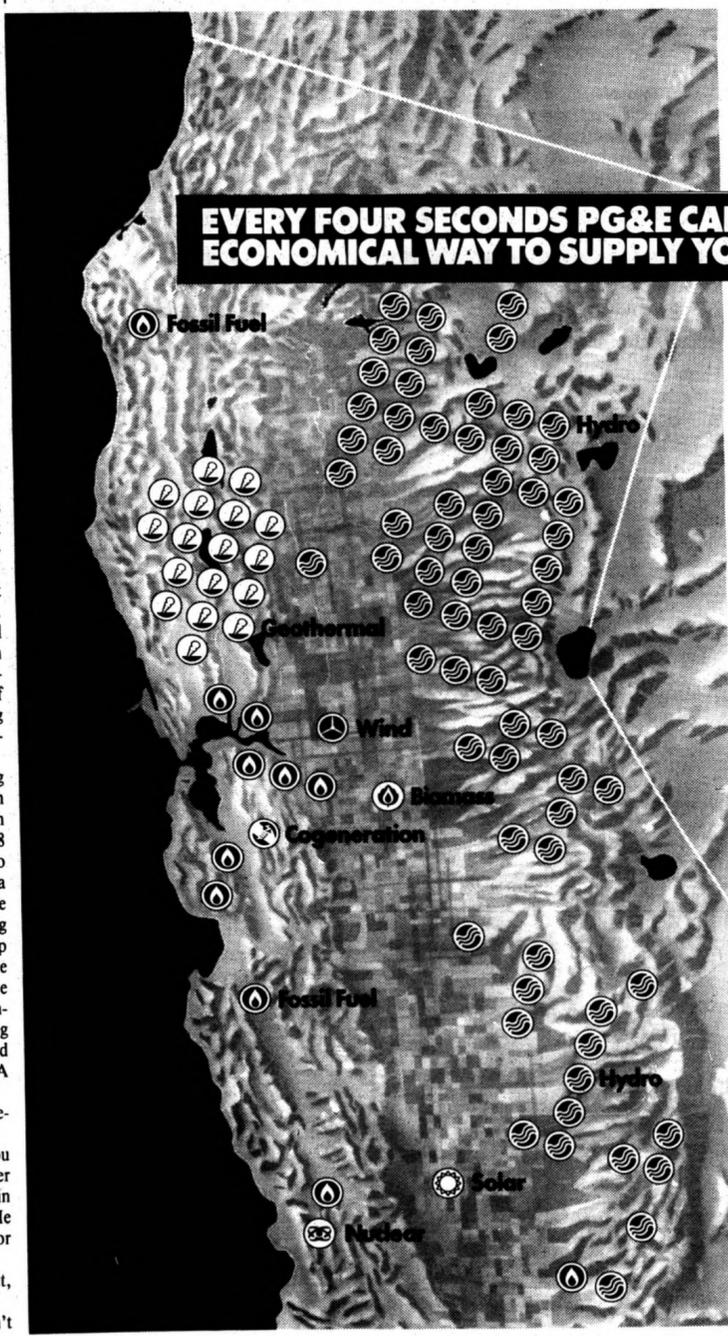
George Birimisa teaches creative writing classes for GLOE, the Gay/Lesbian Outreach to the Elderly.

Gay Games Contests Announced

San Francisco Arts & Athletics also announces two contests for Gay Games II and Cultural Week. The first will select theme music for the Games to be performed at the culmination of Closing Ceremonies.

Compositions will be judged by a panel of professional musicians from Bay Area performing groups.

Gay Games II is also sponsoring a Fine Arts Poster Contest. Artists are encouraged to submit their work for consideration as one of the GG II official posters. For information: 861-8282.



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Bike Messengers Have Their Share of Bad Days Too

by Tanya Savory

There is perhaps no contrast greater in downtown San Francisco than that between a dark suited business executive en route to the two martini lunch and a screaming kamikaze bike messenger ripping through a crowded intersection.

On any weekday at any hour of the workday, you can always find the worn bicycles leaning against the glass and marble towers downtown as their drivers make a delivery. Stand on the corner of Market and Second Streets for five minutes, and you'll see at least five messengers fly by.

Obviously, the S.F. bike messenger is a common sight, and clearly (it would seem, because of their abundance) they are a necessity — an integral part of corporate world downtown. But pedestrians, police and Muni workers continue to complain. And, as you can imagine, most of the messengers have a few complaints of their own about how they're treated — or should that be mistreated?

Muni on Messengers, Messengers on Muni:

Perhaps the most dangerous battle is that between the messenger and the downtown bus. Not a very even match, but confrontation happens again and again. Stumbling upon a friendly debate between a Muni employee and an experienced messenger, one overhears disdain:

Messenger: "I have a friend who's a messenger who was nearly killed a few weeks ago by a bus. The driver didn't even stop. Neither did anyone else walking by for that matter."

Muni: "I'll admit it's dangerous. I don't think there should be anything but buses and cable cars downtown personally. Why the hell anyone would want to drive anything down Market Street is a mystery to me."

A discussion on why Muni drivers drive so fast ensued. The messenger claimed that she had heard that the bus driver gets paid more the more quickly he or she can finish the route. The Muni worker disagreed on the fine points, but did agree that swiftness in bus driving did look very favorable for the driver.

Police on messengers:

Last Thursday around lunchtime, I approached six different police officers to ask them the simple question, "What is your opinion on and experience with bike messengers?" I didn't think it was too complex or time-consuming a question, but three of the officers denied any comment. Nevertheless, a few police had these comments:

"I don't deny anyone the right to make a living" said one, "but these kids are their own worst safety hazard. They just go bombing through the red lights and that's illegal on a bike too. I've had to ticket a lot of them. But it's for their own safety. I mean, who wants to clean up the bloody mess? Not me."

Messengers on Police:

The feelings of bike messengers for police are not ones of great congeniality. But neither are they feelings of major animosity. Basically and literally, most messengers just try to steer clear of run-ins with police officers.

The same messenger who was debating with the Muni worker, also claimed that a certain policeman who lives in particular

infamy with the messengers, had seen the aforementioned accident with the bus and failed to do anything about it.

So, essentially, what you have downtown are bikes and buses moving as quickly as possible (and evidently not always as quickly as safely possible) in order to increase work productivity. Accidents will happen, but the question remains: who's to blame?

And a final word from a veteran messenger: "The job's not as easy as it looks. The financial district would fall apart without us." ■

Defense Contractor Accused of AIDS Bias

Raytheon Company, a major Defense Department contractor, will have to defend itself this week against charges of discriminating against an employee who had AIDS. This is the first such case to go to trial in the United States.

Last year, Raytheon put John Chadbourne on an involuntary and indefinite medical leave. Chadbourne's doctor said he was able to work and was not contagious. However, Raytheon told Chadbourne he could not return to work until he could prove that there was a cure for AIDS.

Chadbourne has since died but National Gay Rights Advocates, a San Francisco-based law group, is pursuing on behalf of his estate. Leonard Graff, NGRA Legal Director, said: "Our suit is based on a state law that bars employers from discrimination based on physical handicap. It is our contention that this law covers people with AIDS." ■

Last month NGRA announced the formation of a specialized AIDS Civil Rights Project. The Project, a first of its kind undertaking, will focus on the increasing problem of AIDS related discrimination.

In addition to initiating precedent-setting legal cases, the AIDS Civil Rights Project will concentrate on public education and advocacy, according to NGRA. As part of this effort, NGRA will publish educational materials outlining the major legal issues confronting people with AIDS.

NGRA has hired Benjamin Schatz, J.D. as full time Director of the Project. ■

O'Connell Case Jury Selection

by John Wetzel

Jury selection continues in the trial of four men accused in the 1984 slaying of John O'Connell, the man who had sustained severe head injuries last year in a Polk Street attack.

A Superior Court aide indicated that selection could continue another week and a half as prosecution and defense attempt to eliminate potentially biased jurors.

In day-long sessions conducted since October 21, candidates for jury selection have been asked questions ranging from their ties to the gay community to the amount of knowledge of the case they may have obtained through print and broadcast media.

The court has rejected potential jurors who have expressed that their knowledge of the incident has colored their opinions, potentially making a balanced decision impossible.

O'Connell allegedly had been attacked the night of the murder, and had sustained lethal head injuries during an alleged scuffle. O'Connell apparently impacted the sidewalk on Polk Street near the intersection of Polk and California Streets.

It is thought that the attack had been prompted by the anti-gay sentiments.

On trial for charges of manslaughter are Douglas Barr, Danny Clanton, David Rogers, Timothy White, and Archie Woods, Jr.

Defense attorneys are being extremely cautious in their line of questioning of jurors, and have paid particular attention to candidates who reside in largely gay areas of the city.

Attorney Martin Lurie indicated that caution was necessary in order to provide adequate assurance that jurors do not lean in favor of the prosecution or in opposition to a presumption of innocence.

One man, who had indicated in a questionnaire that he resided in the Castro neighborhood, said of his October 31 questioning by defense lawyers, "It was pretty intimidating."

"I think they had me agree to what they wanted me to say," stated Ray Paluso, who lives on the 300 block of Sanchez Street. Paluso, who had said in court that he had formed opinions, indicated in a telephone interview that he had not "formed opinions."

Paluso had taken the stand under presiding Judge Edward Stern for forty minutes, and underwent questioning as to how significantly his opinions would affect his ability to ensure an impartial hearing of evidence.

"Do you feel any strong sense of identification with the gay community as a community?" asked defense attorney Lurie. "Do you think that because... your own opinions and impressions, that you would have problems sitting on the case?"

"I don't believe I would have difficulties, but apparently you believe I do," Paluso replied. He insisted, "I am not a gay activist."

Similar lines of questioning were posed to each of nearly 100 prospective jurors in what some court officials have said is becoming arduous.

District Attorney investigator Ron Huberman predicted that probably no gay men would be selected to sit on the jury. As of yesterday, gay men had been eliminated from the selection process.

In addition, due to the potentially controversial nature of the trial a gag order has been placed on participants in the trial. ■

Rochester, NY Elects First Gay Official

by Robert Hass

An openly gay candidate won a seat on the City Council of Rochester, New York in an election last Tuesday despite unsuccessful efforts by a local fundamentalist organization to make his homosexuality a campaign issue.

Democrat Tim Mains, 37, a public school counselor and former gay activist, thus becomes the first gay to hold elective office in Rochester or nearby Monroe County. According to an aid to San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt, Mains now joins 13 other openly gay city and county elected officials across the country.

Mains was able to hold a fifth place position, with all votes counted, by a narrow 220 vote margin. He was the only non-incumbent elected, coming in with a final tally of 17,734 votes.

According to news reports, heavy rains kept voter turnout under 50 percent. Rochester has 100,000 registered voters.

From a victory party in his hotel suite late Tuesday night, an elated Tim Mains spoke with the *Sentinel* about the significance of his victory. "I think I've proven that at least in this community, voters are willing to vote on the basis of a candidate's competence rather than on irrelevant issues of lifestyle," Mains said.

"Every community is unique, and this particular one is an educated and informed one. I knew I could not run my campaign 'from the closet,' so from the start I made people aware of who I was and where I was coming from," Mains said. "I felt some people would appreciate my being upfront with them." If Rochester hadn't been ready to deal with his candidacy, he wouldn't have announced, Mains added.

According to Mains, a few days before the election, a flyer was widely circulated urging voters to "make Rochester a decent community, not a homosexual one."

He claimed that effort undoubtedly affected the size of his vote. "One should not discount the fact that homophobia still reigns strongly," he acknowledged. Mains will assume the \$15,000 a year half-time position on City Council January 1, 1986, while continuing his counseling work.

Mains first surprised Democratic leaders last April when he announced his candidacy for City Council. Although chairman of the 23rd Legislative District Committee, Mains still was relatively unknown to most Democratic committee members before the primary selection process began. He then surprised people again by getting himself endorsed by the Democratic Executive Committee for one of five at-large seats on the Rochester City Council. He was the only non-incumbent elected.

Throughout the process Mains said he never evaded questions about being gay, although he also never made gay rights or human rights part of his campaign. "There certainly were people who asked about my being gay," he said. "If it didn't come up I made some reference to it. The style of my campaign has been to be very up-

front with everything."

The issue of his sexuality was first raised publicly by a longterm Rochester School Board member who failed to get the Democratic Party nod for a ticket spot. According to an article in the *Democrat and Chronicle*, a local newspaper, Josephine Genovese charged that Democratic leaders rejected her candidacy in favor of Mains because they felt it was time for a gay to be on City Council. Yet at the same time Genovese insisted she wasn't raising Mains' sexual preference as an issue in the City Council campaign, the report said.

Preceding the primary and into the election, Mains was repeatedly attacked for being gay by a local group called Citizens for a Decent Community (CDC). Michael Macaluso, its Chairman, was quoted in an editorial by another local daily, the *Times-Union*, as saying that Mains' designation was "a big step downward into the sewer... I hope the Republicans see the opening and use it." The editorial indicated that Macaluso's invitation was rejected by the local Republican Chair, and it commended both Democratic and Republican parties for agreeing to stick to issues rather than focusing on candidates' lifestyles.

Jackie Mudd, Vice-President of the local Gay Alliance of Genesee Valley, said Macaluso used a Falwell-type approach in an effort to smear Mains' reputation. "He brought in outside people, and he passed out a slanderous pamphlet entitled, 'San Francisco, the Tragedy: Don't Let it Happen to Your Town.'" He also charged that the number of AIDS cases in Rochester would double within a year if Mains was elected," Mudd told *Sentinel USA*. "Macaluso claims Rochester has now become the spiritual center of the homosexual world," Mudd added.

Aside from CDC involvement, Mains asserted the campaign was kept "very clean," and politicians focused on the issues rather than his lifestyle. "Within the local Democratic party we have a sense of social justice and a confidence in our party that allowed us to view Mains on his own merits," explained Monroe County Democratic Chairman Nathan J. Robfogel. "He impressed people on our committees with his ideas and his articulate presentations. I'm satisfied that the decision (to back him) was made on the merits of his candidacy," Robfogel said.

Democratic Executive Vice-Chair Margaret Toole categorized party members as being very progressive in the Rochester area.

The media also treated Mains fairly. In early June two local daily newspapers and the local weekly all ran editorials criticizing CDC tactics and urged that Mains be judged solely on his qualifications. One challenged Genovese's argument that she lost party endorsement so a gay could run by asking, "Since when is it a political asset to be openly gay?" Another, *City Newspaper*, assessed the possible significance of the entire election this way: "In the coming months, we may learn whether homophobia



Tim Mains, Rochester, N.Y.'s first openly gay elected official, celebrates after winning.

is a trait of a small portion of the Rochester population, or whether we have a deep-seated community problem that has been waiting to erupt."

By election time it was likely that every voter in Rochester knew Tim Mains was gay. Yet by then he had accumulated endorsements from a broad cross-section of community organizations including the AFL-CIO, and garnered support from mainstream churches. Even the letters to the editor were generally in his favor.

If as Mains claimed, his victory was "just another step in the

"In the coming months, we may learn whether homophobia is a trait of a small portion of the Rochester population, or whether we have a deep-seated community problem that has been waiting to erupt."

—City Newspaper

consciousness-raising of the Rochester community," that growth has not come easily, nor won the hearts and minds of many of its citizens. One of the first fights over gay rights occurred in 1978 when the gay community requested CETA funding for a director of the Gay Alliance. According to Jackie Mudd, a tremendous fight erupted in City Council. Macaluso of the CDC led the opposition.

Then in 1983 the Rochester Chamber of Commerce refused to allow the Gay Alliance to rent its facilities for a banquet. Mains claimed that was such a blatant act of discrimination that it sensitized many people, and eventually led to the passage of an anti-discrimination measure covering employment with the City.

Last December Republican County Legislator Van Buren N.

Hansford created a furor when he called homosexuality an "abomination" and compared gays to mosquitoes. An anti-discrimination bill that would have protected minorities, including gays, later died in legislative committee.

In a city of 250,000 where Democratic voters hold a two-to-one margin over Republicans, Mains' long history with the Democratic party was possibly his strongest asset. He worked for Robert Kennedy in college, and on Birch Bayh's presidential campaign in 1976. For years he was active in Rochester's Democratic Party and remains chairman of the city's 23rd Legislative District Committee. Party Chair Robfogel assented that Mains had definitely paid his dues in the Democratic Party.

For the past eight years Mains also has served on the Monroe County Human Relations Commission. During the seventies he was active in National Education Association union activities, and at one point was an associate regional director.

Mains enjoys strong support from the local gay community, and has a history of gay activism. In 1976 and again in 1978 he was editor of the group's newspaper, *Empty Closet*, and is a past president of the organization. These issues were not of consequence, according to Mains.

Although Rochester's gay rights ordinance only covers employment discrimination, Mains indicated he did not consider gay rights an issue in the election. He spoke out on such concerns as police sensitivity training, improving police-community relations, maintaining local housing programs, and easing the transition to the city's new, mayor-elected form of government. Throughout the campaign Mains also emphasized his leadership, energy, and human relations skills.

Mains estimated that approximately 20 percent of his key campaign staff were gay. His campaign manager, Ann Pfeiffer, a Rochester lawyer also active in the 23rd District, was quoted in a local paper as saying that although Mains' campaign committee expected his sexual preference would become an issue, she didn't believe it would affect his ability to get elected.

Initial proposals are requested from such parties by December 1, according to the Gay Games director. For more information call 861-8282. ■

Award for Film On Housing Crisis

Charles Koppelman's Squatters: The Other Philadelphia Story has received a CEBA Award of Distinction from The World Institute of Black Communications.

Squatters traces the development of an organized community action to occupy abandoned houses. Koppelman, a San Francisco filmmaker, completed Squatters in 1982. The film was produced with partial funding from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and was aired nationally on PBS in July 1984.

Koppelman was present to accept his award at the World Institute of Black Communications CEBA awards on October 24th at the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton.

Koppelman is currently working on a feature length documentary, Wild Patience, the story of sixties activist who, in spite of changing social and political trends, have remained full-time professional organizers. The project was recently awarded a Film Arts Foundation/Hewlett Grant. □

Week Set Aside for Gay Community Culture

Preparations are underway for Gay Culture Week, August 9-17, 1986.

The gay culture week committee says it is now interested in involving San Francisco's gay arts community in planning to ensure that the culture week would be recognized as fully as the Gay Games' athletic events.

The cultural week committee has invited interested community artists, actors, musicians, photographers, singers, writers, filmmakers and producers to participate in the development of the Gay Cultural and Arts Festival.

Initial proposals are requested from such parties by December 1, according to the Gay Games director. For more information call 861-8282. ■



It's no soft-peddling around in the rough-and-tumble world of bike messengers. One slip of the foot could wreak havoc.

AIDS: Putting Rights on Hold

In a social terrain where the push for gay rights even among the respectable parties has in short order come to be equated with keeping public health squads at bay (while pressures for AIDS quarantine are mounting on the other side of the fence) gay rights is losing, and the National Gay Task Force is on the defensive.

In Denver, Colorado gay prisoners are issued distinguishing grey uniforms, without the trouble being taken to see whether given inmates have been exposed to the AIDS-related virus, according to the Associated Press.

Fifteen letters in October were sent by the city of San Antonio, Texas to fifteen individual San Antonio residents who had been diagnosed with AIDS.

The San Antonio City Council has spent little or no money on educating the public about AIDS prevention. Instead the council has elected to announce that anyone with AIDS who engages in willful sexual conduct which could spread the virus would be jailed on felony charges.

In San Diego, California, eleven marine recruits and eight navy recruits could be held in the San Diego Naval Hospital while military brass decides what their ultimate fate would be within the military institutions. The eleven marines had tested positive to virus enzyme tests which indicated presence of antibodies to the virus.

(The Defense Department reserved comment on the results of confirmation tests though a Marines spokesman said the results of those confirmation tests probably are known at this time. According to DOD protocol, recruits who test positive to antibody confirmation tests are to be held in the hospital until further notice.)

The Department of Military Science at the University of California at Berkeley (ROTC) is awaiting orders to systematically screen would-be candidates for signs of HTLV III exposure (as are hundreds of other ROTC programs) and, all at the same time, to close educational opportunities to persons whose bodies have produced antibodies to the virus.

By quickening paces, what began as a marginal medical emergency dealt with by only a limited number of local health agencies now is taking on new dimension. Shock waves of panic over the growing epidemic move ominously across social segments.

The public health experts who once held almost sole dominion over the dissemination of information, (doled in the past in carefully controlled increments) have formulated new relationships with media organizations which now expand on AIDS-related stories.

Four months ago, for example, San Francisco's Department of Public Health filled a new position of public information officer in large measure, according to Public Information Officer Paul Barnes, because of the increase in the number of AIDS-related media calls.

According to Barnes, the department now receives calls from media organizations throughout the world on how San Francisco is dealing with the public health crisis.

"I have a chart that shows visually what has been

happening," said Holly Smith, Public Information Officer for the Health Department-funded San Francisco AIDS Foundation. "From the second quarter of 1985 there were 493 stores written (about AIDS). In the third quarter of 1985, there were 1565. You've seen a tripling during a three month period," she said.

"There are changes taking place. We don't know what all the changes are because it's in process, even as we sit here."

Smith said that some of the change amounted to simply more widespread involvement in the process of administering public health programs. "People are really coming in and saying, 'this is what should be done,' and 'why haven't you been doing this.'"

But also, Smith acknowledged

Smith said that there was a growing sentiment among public health officials that, while most now accept that the test is more useful than the "zero" usefulness with which physicians marked it when it came onto the market last spring, there may be even further uses for it.

"But the civil rights side is the reality that the test is being misused by the insurance companies and others," Smith said some misuse of the test has been described as a "way to subtly and clearly eliminate IV drug users and gay people" from the military.

Smith said, "I think public pressure has forestalled use of the test the way some doctors would like to see it used thus far."

NGTF's Jeff Levy said, "I think the upsurge of interest cuts in two



Quite possible no one would be exempt from the military's proposed HTLV-III screenings, including these Army ROTC members at the University of California — Berkeley.

that there has been an effective change in the way that interested parties have been able to express themselves. "There have suddenly become too many experts, which is both a positive and a negative thing. People all of a sudden think they are experts," Smith said that sometimes such involvement makes for a helpful climate, and sometimes not.

But with the growth of a crisis mentality through increased public awareness of the epidemic, Smith noted that there also has come a new level of debate over what constitutes proper and improper use of public health policy.

"There is a debate that is fundamental and as far split as the north and south banks of the Grand Canyon. Physicians are wavering on how the (HTLV III antibody) test can be used."

ways." He said that it probably has caused more pressure for increased funding for AIDS programs on the national level.

"But I think you're right, it also gives people from the right interest in being aware, and it has interested people in furthering measures which are certainly potentially damaging to our civil rights.

"It has been a consistent strategy of the New Right to pose public health issues against... the civil rights of the entire community.

"I think that the Public Health Service is under growing (pressure) from the right and I think that has had an effect in making the Public Health Service more conservative than in the past in how it deals with the gay community — (even) as little as six months ago," he said.

"Homophobes are now paying attention to what the public health service is doing.

"I think there's a slow but unfolding trend on the part of some public health officials to take steps to have the appearance of having the problem under control, such as the letters mailed in San Antonio, which are unenforceable.

"It reflects poor public health policy by people who should know better.

"There are a growing number of brush fires of that kind right now. The question is, will the community have the resources to deal with all of it?

"The public health service doesn't necessarily feel that the (right wing leaders) are constituents, but there are people in the White House who do see them as part of the administration's consti-

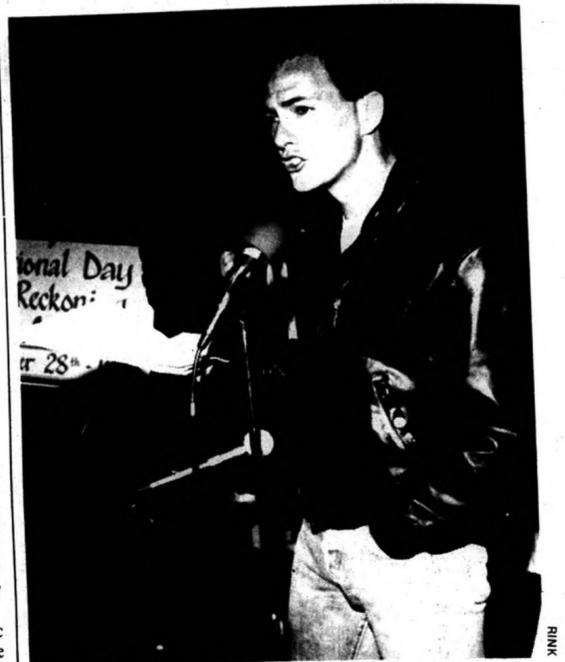
tuency and the Administration is putting pressure on the Public Health Service."

Growing pressure from the public and the looming disaster that seems to be faced with AIDS has had sometimes chilling effects on how the public health process is administered and also on how the Congress has responded.

Possibly high on the list of examples of panic response is a string of new bills which were introduced into Congress last week that would put strict control on human activities.

Introduced by California Congressman William Dannemeyer, the bills would require cities to close bathhouses frequented by homosexuals in order to remain eligible for Federal revenue-sharing programs, forbid children with

Continued on page 11



Nurse Richard McIntyre evaluates the medical profession's response to AIDS at a Nov. 3 vigil on U.N. Plaza sponsored by Mobilization Against AIDS.



Fun Fur: High-fashion partygoers at the Gift Center's Halloween bash.

Condemning Meese, Administration, Tribe Calls for Independent Court

Harvard Scholar Says Senate Should Temper President's Power in High Court Appointments.

by John Wetzel

Harvard law professor Laurence Tribe last week loosed new criticism against the Reagan Administration's so-called "original intent" precis which is aimed at fostering greater judicial restraint. He also called for a larger Senate role in the confirmation process for Supreme Court Justices.

In a copywritten speech to members of the Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom (BALIF) at San Francisco's Sheraton Palace Hotel, Tribe assailed Administration movement into the affairs of the judiciary. In particular, he criticized efforts by the Administration and by Attorney General Edwin Meese that would limit judges to strict interpretation of the Constitution.

"Even Justice O'Connor has expressed herself as opposed to the rigidities of the 'original intent' school," he charged. "In this year's 'moment of silence' decision... she concluded that where intent was ambiguous, one should look both to history and to reason. "So not even President Reagan's sole Supreme Court appointee, thus far, is fully 'Meesified,'" he ribbed, referring to the Attorney General.

Meese, formerly Attorney General of California, has publicly pushed to limit judicial prerogative to remain within strict range of what the framers of the Constitution had originally intended (or seemed to have intended).

Tribe, who most recently argued before the Supreme Court in support of job rights for gay and lesbian Oklahoma school teachers, is seen to represent the far left of the spectrum of the parties involved in the current judicial jostling. He will soon go to bat in defense of Berkeley, California's embattled rent control ordinance.

Entitled "Constitutional Argument in an Uncertain Season," Tribe's October 24 discourse sought to cast the Justice Department's — and Attorney General Meese's — position in a political light.

Tribe challenged present-day thinking in the administration, calling original intent arguments "manipulative" and "cynical".

Critics of the Administration have recently leveled charges that the conservative Reagan agenda seeks to wipe clean court judgements with which the Administration disagrees. Edwin Meese's recent declarations of his views of the matter have drawn criticism even from unexpected judicial quarters.

Meese's pronouncements calling certain Supreme Court decisions "Bizarre" have been called simplistic and political, even by at least two Supreme Court Justices.

In a particularly ardent dig, Tribe resorted to analogy saying: "It's more scary than funny to watch the gorilla make noises about law and about restraint while it does whatever it can get away with."

"This is the Justice Department who's chief officer announces that... Miranda [the decision ensuring due process of law] and, of course, Roe 'v.' Wade [the pro-choice abortion ruling] were all outrages since to be suspect is to be guilty — something that a recent suspect like Mr. Meese should shrink from saying," he said.

"It is a mere coincidence that the original intent, according to Edwin Meese, happens to work in favor of the Administration's and the New Right's political and social agenda for minorities, for women, for abortion, for school prayer."

Tribe asserted, "We aren't told why the original intent that matters is that of the men who proposed the Constitution rather than that of those who ratified it. We aren't told why the intent that counts is that of the 1780's instead of that surrounding the Civil War amendments of the 1860's."

Tribe alluded to Senate involvement in the selection of Supreme Court justices as a means to prevent executive control over the court. "I believe the Senate should let its hundred heads check the

ideological tilt of whatever one head occupies the oval office," he said.

He said that posturing over court control is "a struggle many of us forget has seen the Senate derail fully one out of every five Supreme Court nominees in the history of the United States from 1789 to the present."

California State Bar President Dave Hielbron, who was present for the speech, took no position on the views Tribe espoused.

"It was a learned speech and it was an elegant speech," he said, "but whether it was significant or not in breaking new ground, I don't know. It's hardly a new debate. It probably has been going on for as long as the Republic."

Hielbron, speaking on what seems an overriding position to strict judicial restraint said, "I would certainly say that has been the view of the Supreme Court for as long as I have been practicing law."

Tribe's speech was not without its detractors. Many views, while expressed well, carried uneven political weight some BALIF members said, according to BALIF President Melinda Griffith.

It is not clear what impact it will have locally. While many referred to it as significant, Heilbron disagreed. "We can see that the Senate may prove unable or unwilling to stand up for a more progressive Constitutional vision than that of the Oakland prosecutor [Meese] who today has his finger on the appointments trigger," Tribe noted.

Alluding to the future of American social values is in the analogy of a "shining city on a hill," Tribe said, "Will it be our city or the city of Mr. Meese's dreams? No one can be certain. Keeping the dialog going can yield many of the accommodations that we need," he said.

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THRU DECEMBER 1

The City

Gay Video Project to Document Lifestyle Issues

The International Gay and Lesbian Archives in Hollywood has embarked on a project to produce a series of educational tapes on the different aspects of the gay community. Subjects to be covered include:

- **Sexual Identity** (why is someone straight or gay?)
- **Dealing with Self-hatred** (developing pride and a positive attitude)
- **Homophobia: A Study of Fear and Insecurity.**
- **Resource Tape** (resources and services available for Gays/Lesbians.
- **History of the Lesbian/Gay Movement** (Includes interviews with participants.
- **Role of Lesbians in the struggle for Women's Equality** (includes interviews).
- **Diverse Lifestyles and Cultures in our community.**
- **Age-ism:** a problem for young and old in our community.
- **People Of Color and their roles as Gays and Lesbians in their communities.**
- **Discrimination:** a holdover from the straight community and how to challenge it (includes look-ism, ablebody-ism, racism, and sexism).

The archive project has put out a request for donations in the form of video production equipment, including audio recording equipment and lighting accessories; tapes, recorders and editors. For information call (213) 463-5450.

First Gay Event in Mayor's Home

Mayor Dianne Feinstein and Board of Supervisors' President John Molinari will host a cocktail reception for the San Francisco Band Foundation's Keep Music Alive in '85 fundraising campaign at the Mayor's house at 30 Presidio Terrace.

The reception will be held from 5:30 pm to 7:30 pm on Friday, November 15, 1985.

This is one of the first community groups and the first gay group that Mayor Feinstein has invited into her home for a fundraising reception according to Duke Armstrong, President of the Band Foundation.

Groups affiliated with the S.F. Band Foundation are: the S.F. Gay Freedom Day Band and Twirling Corps; City Swing; S.F. Tap Troupe; and the S.F. Flag Corps.

Tickets are \$75.00 per person. For more information, call Dennis Collins at 550-8871.

Science Dinner at Exploratorium

The Exploratorium will recognize neuroanatomist Marian C. Diamond and *New York Times* science editor Walter Sullivan at its Ninth Annual Awards Dinner, to be hosted at the museum on Wednesday, November 13 at 6:30 pm. The dinner will be dedicated to Frank Oppenheimer who founded the Exploratorium and directed it until his death in February, 1985.

The tribute to Dr. Diamond, a professor of anatomy-physiology at the University of California, Berkeley since 1961, is in recognition of her contribution to our knowledge of the brain and how that knowledge has changed our understanding of ourselves, and for her role as a stimulating and highly appreciated teacher and forceful advocate for women in science and academia.

The Exploratorium will present its special commendation in science writing to award-winning author Walter Sullivan, considered the "dean" of science writers.

Dr. Diamond's study of the brain has had a revolutionary impact. Her findings show that the brain can grow with use and continue to grow even in old age. She is being honored by the Exploratorium for this work, as well as for her committed support of education.

The Awards Dinner begins with cocktails at 6:30 pm and dinner at 7:30 pm. Tickets are \$175 per person. For further information and reservations call Hillary Adams at 563-7337.

Indian Treaty Benefit

On Saturday, November 23, 8 pm at Zellerbach Auditorium on the U.C. Berkeley Campus, Pete Seeger, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Alice Walker, and American Indian Musician Floyd Westerman, will be appearing at a special one-time-only benefit concert for the International Indian Treaty Council. Other special guests at this "People of the World in Concert" are Teresa Trull, Barbara Highbie, Conjunto Matica, Ogie Yocha, Tawna Sanchez and poet Tom Lablanc.

Proceeds from the concert will benefit the International Indian Treaty Council in San Francisco. The I.I.T.C. is a non-profit American Indian human rights organization representing 98 Indian communities in North, Central and South America, as well as the Maoris of Aotearoa, at the United Nations. The I.I.T.C. advocates for the human rights of Indigenous Peoples throughout the world.

All tickets are \$8, and are available through ASUC Box Office and all BASS Ticket outlets, including Record Factory. Tickets may be ordered by phone at 762-2277.



Shooting victim Craig Bondy, after being brought to San Francisco General Hospital. Bondy, 21, was shot in the stomach Nov. 2, while out with friends on Polk Street.

Potluck for Gay Seniors

The Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders (GLOE) program of Operation Concern will be having a potluck luncheon on Saturday, November 16 from 12-2:00 pm at the downtown YWCA, 620 Sutter Street.

Featured at the luncheon will be a presentation on Tai Chi and a podiatrist will discuss "Foot Care." All seniors and their friends are welcome to attend and please bring food to share. For more information, contact Elaine at 626-7000.

Dance Benefit for Gay Games

"Silhouettes in the Park", a dance for women and men, will be held Saturday, November 9th from 9 pm to 2 am, at the Hall of Flowers, located on 9th Ave., by Lincoln Street. Admission: \$10.00 advance tickets; \$12 at the door with all proceeds to benefit GAY GAMES II. No Host bars, with DJ Cyndy providing music. Information available through Sara Lewinstein at 285-0641, or the GAY GAMES Office at 861-8282.

"Images of Women" Lectures Continue

November 19: Mark Bertanasco, professor of English whose most recent work focused on changing notions of gender, beauty, and sexuality in American culture, will lecture on "The Emergence of the Male as an Erotic Symbol in American Culture."

December 4: Robin Lakoff, pioneering feminist linguist and author of *Language and Woman's Place*, will lecture on "The Politics of Beauty."

The lectures are sponsored in part by the Office of Provost and Dean of Faculty. Each begins at 7 pm, Lucie Stern 100, Mills College, and all are free of charge. For more information call 430-2100.

New City Switchboard

Responding to what it sees as the Bay Area's need for information, The City (KKCY, 99FM) has created City Switchboard, beginning Monday, November 4.

KKCY's City Switchboard is a clearing house for information which runs the gamut from where to find immediate crisis counseling to who's playing at The Other Cafe

— or where to find the best brass doorknobs, or which transit lines run after midnight.

(Ms.) Sam Russell will head City Switchboard after ten years running a similar operation in Los Angeles. Russell said City Switchboard will be staffed by Bay Area volunteers trained to handle serious problems as well as field simple questions.

City Switchboard presently contains information on over 300 community resources in a constantly expanding computer data base. The phones will be answered between 3 pm and 9 pm, Monday through Friday, with expansion of hours as demand warrants. The phone number is (415) 478-9900.

Officer Sought for Indigent Law Board

The State Bar of California is seeking applications by December 20, 1985 from lawyers interested in serving on the Board of Directors, Legal Assistance Association of California (LAAC).

LAAC was organized in 1983 to ensure continuing communication and coordination in the delivery of civil legal services for indigent and low-income Californians. LAAC members include staff from local legal aid offices statewide, specialized support center staff, individual attorneys, and present and former legal services clients. Currently, there are 137 members of the association.

One position is open on the board for a state bar appointee. Eligible applicants must be members of the state bar. The appointment is for one year.

Interested attorneys should send a letter by December 20 explaining their qualifications, along with a resume listing relevant legal experience, community activity and educational background, to Susan Mattox, Office of Legal Services, The State Bar of California, 555 Franklin Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.

Informing on AIDS' Heterosexual Spread

A panel of AIDS medical experts will address concerns of the population-at-large and discuss all aspects of heterosexual transmission at a free seminar being held on Wednesday, November 13, 7:30-9:30 pm, at the Student Union Building, Barbary Coast Road, San Francisco State University, 1650 Holloway Avenue, S.F.

The panel of experts moderated

by Dr. Robert Bolan, M.D., President of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Board of Directors, will include representatives from the Department of Public Health, private physicians, and researchers who have expertise on all aspects of the AIDS epidemic.

For information call 863-AIDS or 469-2444.

Stop-smoking Group

Monday, November 18, a non-smoking social group for Bi/Gay Men, The Butt-Out Club, will hold its first meeting at 3543 18th St., at 7 pm. For information: 681-0717.

Bay Forum on Foster Parenting

The November meeting of the East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club will feature a presentation on Gay and Lesbian parenting through adoption and becoming foster parents. "In some places the options for Lesbians and Gay men to become parents are beginning to open up, and we want to explore the opportunities that exist here in the East Bay," said Tom Brougham, the Club's president.

The meeting will begin at 7:30 pm on Sunday, November 17th, at the Claremont Middle School, 5750 College Ave., in Oakland, just north of the Rockridge BART Station. The meeting is free, open to the public, and wheelchair accessible. For further information, call Tom at 843-2459.

Radio Soap Opera on Fruit Punch

"My Ex Wife Has All My Children," a gay oriented radio drama, will air weekly on KPFA's "Fruit Punch" beginning in late November. The seven-minute serial will be performed live by members of the Fruit Punch Collective on Wednesday evenings at 10:00 pm, right after "Dynasty." If you think Steven and Luke had problems, just tune in "My Ex Wife."

Also look for the following programming on "Fruit Punch":

Nov. 13: Gay Rock and Roll Show, hosted by Jon Sugar;

Dec. 4: Dan White Documentary;

Dec. 11: Music, with composer William Bent;

Dec. 25: Gay Christmas Show.

"Fruit Punch" airs Wednesdays at 10:00 am on KPFA, 94.1 on the FM dial.

A HEARTY THANKS TO EIGHTY PER CENT OF YOU!

A huge majority of gay and bisexual men in San Francisco have discontinued activities that could cause the further spread of AIDS.

According to a major study conducted this spring for the San Francisco AIDS Foundation by a professional research firm, EIGHTY PER CENT of gay and bisexual men here had already given up Unsafe Sex, or were having only one partner in a monogamous relationship, or had chosen celibacy. And there is strong evidence that more and more men here are joining these groups.

San Francisco is leading the way, and AIDS-prevention has become the San Francisco norm. We now have a chance to stop the spread of this virus in our community.

We doubt that any population has voluntarily made such a major and rapid response to any epidemic anywhere.

But the job is far from over, just as the epidemic

is far from over. The number of AIDS cases continues to rise all over America. We need 100 per cent support in order to stop the spread of this disease.

One out of every five men reported at least occasionally having multiple partners and Unsafe Sex—still sometimes engaging in activities that are *known* to spread AIDS, risking their own lives or the lives of their partners.

Because more men are contagious, Unsafe Sex is more dangerous than ever before. The odds of encountering the AIDS virus in any given sexual encounter are far *higher* than in the past.

Drug and alcohol use also contribute to the problem. Studies indicate a strong correlation between drug and alcohol use and Unsafe Sex.

If you are part of the eighty per cent or more who are no longer doing anything to spread this virus in our community, thank you and congratulations. It takes guts to make major changes in one's approach to life, health, and sexual expres-

sion. Keep up the good work. The life of our community is at stake.

If you are not part of the eighty per cent, we'd like to help. Call our AIDS HOTLINE at 863-AIDS. We can give you information to help reduce your risk of AIDS, and can refer you to a variety of programs (many of which are free) to help you cope with change.

Together, we *can and must* end Unsafe Sex in San Francisco for the duration of this epidemic. Together, we *can* stop the spread of AIDS.



THE SAN FRANCISCO AIDS FOUNDATION
333 Valencia St. 4th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94103

415-863-AIDS
Toll free in Northern California:
800-FOR-AIDS

TDD: 415-864-6606

Major funding for the educational programs of The San Francisco AIDS Foundation is provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health.

Inner Space

Fear Into Power The Firewalk Experience

by Joseph Kramer

I became interested in firewalking when I was in the closet. Deep down I knew that if people could walk on fire, I could pursue my special way of loving. I even found vivid color photos of people in Ceylon doing the impossible in my *National Geographic*. The article explained that some walkers do get badly burned and some die from the burns. Well, I did what I once thought was impossible: I came out. Since that time, I have been ripe to again do what I perceive as impossible — stroll across burning coals.

In September a former student and graduate of Body Electric School told me that he had walked on fire as part of a workshop called The Mind Revolution given by Anthony Robbins, a very attractive twenty-five-year-old, southern California millionaire. On a free informational night I spent two hours with Tony Robbins, a man who knows how to use erotic energy as he presents ideas to large groups. My body said: "Yes, you can walk on fire with this man." That night I watched videos of people walking, as well as commentary on the subject by Norman Cousins, Andrew Weil, and Carl Simonton. I spoke to Tony in person about firewalking and AIDS. He was very

clear that belief systems create biochemical reactions in the body. Change the belief system, and you can change your health. Tony claims that one person with AIDS in Los Angeles has gone into total remission after taking his workshop.

The San Francisco promoters of the firewalk offered the workshop for free to people with AIDS, but no men with AIDS were interested. "We couldn't give the firewalk away," laments George Bates. My firewalk was originally scheduled to take place at the Palace of Fire Arts, but San Francisco is a city that is nervous about fires, so the location was changed at the last minute to San Mateo.

I was nervous driving from Oakland that evening. When I arrived, I noticed a man gracefully moving through a Tai Chi set. When I looked closer, it was my doctor, Keith Barton. I made a nervous joke about how glad I was that my doctor was present for my firewalk.

I became more nervous as I read the release all participants had to sign: "I am fully aware that at the end of this seminar, I will be given the choice of walking on wood coals which are between 1200 and 2000 degrees Fahrenheit. I understand that there is no requirement whatsoever that I walk on these coals in order to attend or participate in this seminar, and this seminar is entitled "Fear Into Power, the Firewalk Experience," and is not about firewalking.

"If I do choose to walk on the coals, I am fully aware that there are no guarantees regarding my safe passage and that there is a possibility that I may in fact receive severe burns to my feet requiring medical attention. If I do receive any such physical or mental damage of any kind as a result of my decision to walk barefoot across coals, I accept all responsibility..."

Tony Robbins calls the walk a metaphor for congruent action or giving up all of our resistances. After five hours of preparations — visualizations, neuro-linguistic programming techniques, hypnotic suggestions, modeling and affirmations — Tony gave us five practical suggestions for a successful firewalk:

1. Walk at a normal pace, directly to the other side.
2. Keep your eyes looking upward.
3. Stop all internal dialogue during the walk by repeating a mantra. He suggested, "Cool Moss."
4. Wipe off your feet after you get off the bed of coals. Coals can stick to the bottom of your feet and get between your toes. You are in a special state when you are walking and you want to separate from the coals before you leave that state.
5. Anchor the whole experience of the walk to some action like making a fist so that you can go back to the feeling of power in firewalking just by clenching your fist. Robbins then told every one to take off their shoes and socks and wander out to the bed of coals. Even those who were sure that they did not want to walk were urged to follow this process.

My firewalk was congruent action. I felt the coals as cool. I felt myself as powerful. I watched over two hundred men, women and children walk that night. I am hooked. I want to do it again. I met a man with AIDS at the seminar. I asked him why he was

attending the firewalk. "I am looking for an experience to push me into positivity — to show me that I can create my own health."

"Are you afraid of the fire?" I asked him.

He smiled. "Since being diagnosed, my feet have barely touched the ground." Several days after the firewalk, this man shared with me his reflections on the experience: "Tony's five hours of warm-ups were amazing. I felt happy, empowered, good, warm. He got me to a really good state. Then we had to take off our shoes and socks. Wait a minute, I said to myself, my feet are naked. What am I going to do? I had some fear."

"I walked outside to the fire very conscious that my feet were naked — vulnerable. At that point I didn't think I would walk. I watched very carefully as Tony walked and as a hundred others walked. I finally decided to walk. When I got to the edge of the fire, Tony said to me 'Breathe deeply. Get it stronger."

'The idea of doing the impossible makes me reevaluate everything that I thought I couldn't do. Some things I thought impossible are simple now. I say to myself, Hey Mary, you've walked on fire.'

—Michael Hart

Eyes Up. Cool moss. I walked. I felt the heat of the coals just a bit. When I got to the other side, I screamed and yelled. I was surprised that I had actually done it. It was the best time I've had on a Friday night with just my shoes and socks off.

"I moved to San Francisco to live on the crest of the cultural wave. So I got AIDS in 1985 which is the tip of the cultural wave. I haven't connected walking on fire with the fact that I can change my belief system about AIDS. I am working on changing my beliefs with Simonton's book *Getting*

AIDS from page 1

AIDS from attending school, make donation of blood by high risk people a felony, and would require nurses to wear protective gear and masks.

There are far less severe signs than the Dannemeyer bill (most doubt the bill will pass). In a recent panel discussion, according to the *New York Native*, a New York gay community publication, Centers for Disease Control Director Dr. James Mason was quoted as saying that, "If we are unable to change behavior, society in its desperation may conclude that other, less voluntary measures will be necessary."

The public health services maintain that an all-out quarantine of antibody positive or high risk people would be impractical and ineffective.

But signs indicate that the AIDS hysteria, step by step, may be mov-

Well Again. But the firewalking experience certainly gave me a feeling of power."

I also asked Dr. Keith Barton about his reflections on the firewalk. "The first thing I would say about the experience," he told me, "is that it was great fun. I thought that walking across glowing coals was a very effective metaphor for feeling my own power to transform fear and limitation into courage. I left the seminar feeling really good about myself and about Robbins and about human potential generally. I thought it was a benevolent model of personal power and one we could use a lot more of."

"The idea of doing the impossible," explains firewalker Michael Hart, "makes me reevaluate everything that I thought I couldn't do. Some things I thought impossible are simply not. I say to myself, Hey Mary, you've walked on fire."

Norman Cousins described Robbins firewalk seminar as a form of mass hypnosis. My friend with AIDS agreed: "I am very sensitive to group psychology. I don't want to lose my individuality in a group hysteria. Tony did work the group and he got me more into group thinking than I have even been before. The scary thing is that he got us to do something we perceived was a direct threat to our physical bodies." Keith Barton added, "I felt during the workshop an awareness of how charismatic figures can manipulate groups of people into fanatical forms of behavior such as Nazism." Many seminar participants didn't walk and still felt good about the evening.

In a 1971 essay on firewalking in *The Crack in the Cosmic Egg*, Joseph Chilton Pearce has some timely words for those struggling with AIDS and ARC: "If an arbitrary and premature death is announced as your statistical imperative, why not give up allegiance to that system and devote yourself to something less statistical? With death the alternative, surely you could generate the same intensity (the firewalker does), and find a new structure of concept-percept. Granted, the statistical world is a broad and powerful way. You would need a strong image for the new goal to break completely with the bad-news system and risk your life in a new one."

ing out of the range of manageability that has enabled, for example, California gay groups to pass significant legislative provisions for confidentiality around the test.

Indeed, in California it may be likely that in the next legislative session, some confidentiality provisions will be repealed, so that insurance companies can use antibody test results as actuarial data.

Across the country, resolution hangs in the balance around how people with AIDS would be handled in hospitals and in the military, or even how people at high risk for developing AIDS would be handled.

In this new climate of hysteria, people at high risk for the disease have found themselves in an uncertain status as to just what rights or freedoms of movement would be questioned in the clamor to stop the virus from spreading.



Me? Live in a RESIDENCE Club?

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CONSIDER THESE POINTS

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CONSIDER CASA LOMA! In your own private residence room at the Casa Loma, you'll have the privacy and security of a hideaway — but in the midst of the excitement of a hotel in the heart of the city.

IF YOU LIVE ALONE (but wish others were around more often!)
CONSIDER CASA LOMA! You can be as close and as supportive of the other residents as you wish, or you can stay as detached and as distant as you want. But you must be considerate and friendly (two house rules!).

IF YOU HATE LONELINESS (but haven't made any new friends lately!)
CONSIDER CASA LOMA! You'll have a built-in support group of a couple dozen of dynamic guys who (like yourself) want neither promiscuity nor loneliness, guys who (like yourself) are ready for new friends they can get to know well — without pressures.

IF YOU ARE DETERMINED TO STAY HEALTHY (but hate being a hermit!)
CONSIDER CASA LOMA! Everyone at Casa Loma shares your concerns over health and fitness. Our exercise room, our cozy sauna, and our on-duty masseur will help keep you in shape if you are serious about working out.

IF YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR LIFESTYLE (but you wonder: "Has anyone else?")
CONSIDER CASA LOMA! If you are like most of our men, you are between 22 and 38 (maybe younger, occasionally much older), probably employed, and most likely have had some college or military. You've probably lived in San Francisco about 5 years or less. You enjoyed the City as the "gay mecca" at first. But you're more settled now. And you've been ready for some time now to discover all the rest of it: the museums, the neighborhoods, the cultural opportunities, the countryside nearby — but not by yourself.

IF YOU LIKE VISITORS (but not when they arrive unexpectedly!)
CONSIDER CASA LOMA! Our 24-hour desk screens all visitors.

IF YOU ENJOY A NEIGHBORHOOD BAR (but dread the trip home alone afterward!)
CONSIDER CASA LOMA! Alamo Square Saloon is a busy neighborhood bar right on the premises. You never need to sit home wondering "What am I missing?" It's only a step away to a chat with a friend or new acquaintance over a drink or snack. There are regular parties, shows, and special events available there to residents at discounted prices. Think of the convenience!

IF YOU NEED SOMEONE WHO CARES (but NOT a wife, a lover, or a keeper!)
CONSIDER CASA LOMA! We're equipped to pamper you. FOR YOUR COMFORT: Soak up the sun on our spectacular rooftop sundeck (in the nude if you like). Meditate in our cozy redwood sauna. Unwind after a hard day in our super-clean hotspa (located in a garden atrium). FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE: Do your laundry in our coin-op machines while you exercise away on our equipment a few feet away or watch TV. Enjoy a late-night snack from the private executive refrigerator in your room. Or cook a hot meal in the microwave kitchenette down the hall. Let us handle your mail, take your calls, screen your visitors. FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Escape with your favorite adult and full-length "Best of Hollywood" movies showing on the big screen in our mini-theatre. Enjoy the stimulating mix of residents and neighborhood patrons at regular public and private parties in the Saloon. FOR YOUR SECURITY: Feel secure every time you leave your room, because it is secured by the best lock available. Enjoy your privacy in your room when you have the privacy lock engaged. Know that the private entrance to the Club section is keyed separately to protect you and your neighbor residents. Place your valuables in our bank-type safe deposit boxes. IN SHORT: Let us pamper you.

IF YOUR RENT SEEMS REASONABLE (but you have too little left after utilities)
CONSIDER CASA LOMA! With Residence Club weekly rates at far less than our already reasonable daily hotel rates, you may save a bundle over what you're paying now — particularly if you remember these rates include everything except the services of the masseur. No hassles with furniture, linens, PG&E bills, etc. We'll even throw in a complimentary continental breakfast every day for the rest of this year for any new resident who brings this flyer with him within the next 30 days!

Residence Club rates are available only on selected better rooms and only to San Francisco residents, minimum stay of three months. Vacancies are therefore limited; references are required.

If you'd like to know more about this limited opportunity now or in the future, for yourself or for a friend, phone us (563-3031 Monday-Friday, 9am-5pm) or stop by any day to see our facilities. No obligation. We'll introduce you to staff members who could become your first new friends. Bring this flyer and we'll relax with you over a complimentary cup of coffee in our Saloon.

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Leather and feather do... one of Halloween's niceties displaying the works and then some. Eagle Bar costume party.

Duboce Victorian Tour
A 2-hour walking tour covering the Victorian architecture and social history of this upper Market neighborhood will be held on Sunday, November 3rd and Sunday, November 17th. Meet at 1:30 pm in front of St. Francis Lutheran Church, 152 Church Street (near the Church St. Muni Metro Station), San Francisco. The tour is being sponsored by the Duboce Triangle Neighborhood Association, and a \$2.00 (tax deductible) donation is requested.

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The Stop AIDS Project is funded in part by the San Francisco Department of Public Health

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people make a life long faithful commitment. 50% of those marriages fail. Faithful life long commitment is a good standard. It is not an absolute, in spite of traditional Christian and Jewish thinking.

In my own case, I made a full faithful life long commitment when I was 21. I really meant it. That was my goal. I failed. Seventeen years later, I was divorced. I then enjoyed fourteen years as a happy, sexually active bachelor. In 1983, I again made a commitment to a faithful union "till death us do part."

So you are not sick, wierd or crazy if you are not in a deep intimate relationship. You probably have not yet met the right person. When you do it will be abundantly clear to you. It must, however, stand the test of time.

Robert Warren Cromey is the Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church. ■

New Pamphlet on Child Custody Laws

Divorcing or separating parents can learn about the state's child custody laws from a legal information pamphlet published by The State Bar of California.

Who Will Get Custody Of Our Children? covers the major custody issues that parents must consider from the time they first separate. Single copies are free; multiple copies may be ordered at cost for distribution by libraries, counselors, courts, schools, law offices and other institutions and businesses.

Parents usually make custody decisions when they are under the stress of their impending divorce, according to attorney Patricia E. Lerman, the bar's community education manager. "The custody pamphlet can help them zero in on the issue that the law considers most important — the welfare of their children," she said.

"California law encourages parents to share the rights and responsibilities of child rearing, even after divorce or separation," Lerman noted. "Custody arrangements, such as joint custody, which ensure that children will have frequent and continuing contact with both their parents are preferred."

According to Lerman, the state bar pamphlet corrects a widespread misunderstanding about joint custody. "A lot of people believe that it requires children to live with each parent for an equal amount of time," she said, "but that isn't always the case."

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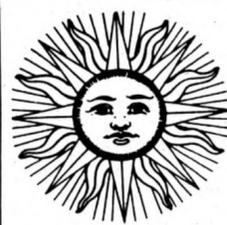
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I do massage for men. As a bodytherapist, I am experimental in philosophy, seeing particular strokes as individual and as personal and intimate as the individual am with, and as timely as the moment. Therefore, a developing, growing, psycho-physical appreciation of the self develops. My massage is relaxing, sensual and involves total release. I am also a certified hypnotherapist. Ca. 957-9715.



Joseph Kramer

I invite you to experience the healing power of sex at Body Electric's hands-on Erotic Massage Seminar. Learn to give and receive pleasure. Over fifty ways to enhance and prolong orgasm. Nov. 21, Dec. 5, 12, 19 from 7:30-10 pm. For informational brochure and reservations, call the Body Electric School at 653-1594.



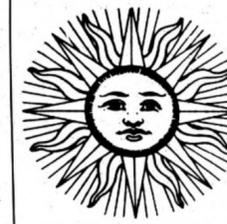
Doug Fraser

When the body is relieved of its tensions and blockages, its energies are allowed to flow. I combine various traditional and intuitive skills of sensitive massage, therapeutic bodywork, and acupressure for a wonderful 90-minute session. I also specialize in deep tissue work and postural re-education to help ease chronic pain. \$35 (sliding scale for men with AIDS). 863-5315.



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Joseph Kramer

Vibrant sex is an essential part of our health. I invite you to an informational seminar on masturbation and erotic massage. Topics include enhancing and prolonging orgasm, Taoist erotic spiritual practices, healing with erotic energy. There is no sex or nudity in this class but plenty of creative, pleasurable homework assignments. November 14, 7-11 pm. \$35. For informational brochure and reservations, call the Body Electric School, 653-1594.



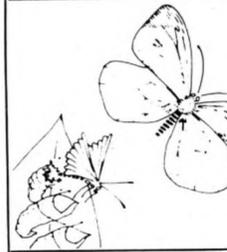
Steve Kuttner, B.A. Dip. Hum. Psych.

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Sentinel Astrologer Robert Cole

November 7—21, 1985

- Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19):** You'll hear a series of distorted rumors about your favorite hero during this coming week. Jealous competitors will attempt to gain ground in your life by intentionally twisting their opinions about your true lover. You can't stand the insinuations! You'd rather die than give up all the special attention being lavished upon you. Commitment is commitment is commitment. The truth is something else altogether!
- Taurus (Apr 20-May 20):** Go ahead and show just how attached you are to your lover!! There's absolutely no excuse for holding in those powerful feelings of spiritual affinity. And there's no reason for you to squash your desires when you desperately need reassurance. But you are advised to realize that your lover is showing you his/her best side, and that's as good as it gets. Just admit that the object of your love is riddled with faults and weaknesses. (So what else is new?) Overlook the minor imperfections and concentrate on all the stuff that drives you wild!
- Gemini (May 21-Jun 20):** Whether you like it or not, there's a Total Solar Eclipse in your House of Health early next week. Attitude can only go so far, then you have to admit that the cycles of life and health are much bigger than you are. Yes, a positive frame of mind is essential to over-all well-being, but sometimes the mind must surrender to all the negatives and accept the ultimate fate. This is a
- wek to release fears and tensions about health. Disease is not a curse. It's only natural!!**
- Cancer (Jun 21-Jul 22):** Your "wimp" masquerade has worn thin. You can only tell so many sob stories and then people start relating to you as some sort of flake. There's not a lot of room on this planet for people who keep complaining about the work they've chosen to do. It's rough, much rougher than you ever expected. Keep your personal problems to yourself and start equalizing your competitors. It's better to be a copy cat instead of a wimp any day.
- Leo (Jul 23-Aug 22):** All your parental figures are understandably astonished by your whimsical charm. You've been so handsome and innocent lately, and you've learned how to temper your humor so everybody finds it easier to laugh with you instead of at you. This week you will be able to transcend your role as the child but only with appropriate sophistication. Accept the fact that everyone operates on a level of subtlety and sneakiness, and you have every right in the world to play with the adults. Obviously they love to play with you!
- Virgo (Aug 23-Sep 22):** When are you ever going to learn?? Most of what you hear is not directed at you with judgment or aggression. The people you are hanging around naturally talk with a gruff tone in

Listen With Your Heart

For all those times you wanted to help but couldn't, now is the time!

Persons with AIDS and their loved ones need our continued support. So for all the times you wanted to help... the time is now... to listen with your heart and say YES!

From Oct. 15th to Nov. 22nd our volunteers will be calling you to ask for your help... to go house to house on your block, asking your friends and neighbors for donations.

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Sunday Worship & Communion 10 am

Wednesday Dinner & Christian Education 6 pm

St. Paul's Lutheran Church

St. Paul's is a member of Lutheran's Concerned (the Lutheran Gay/Lesbian Caucus) and is the meeting site for the East Bay Chapter of Parents & Friends of Gays and Lesbians

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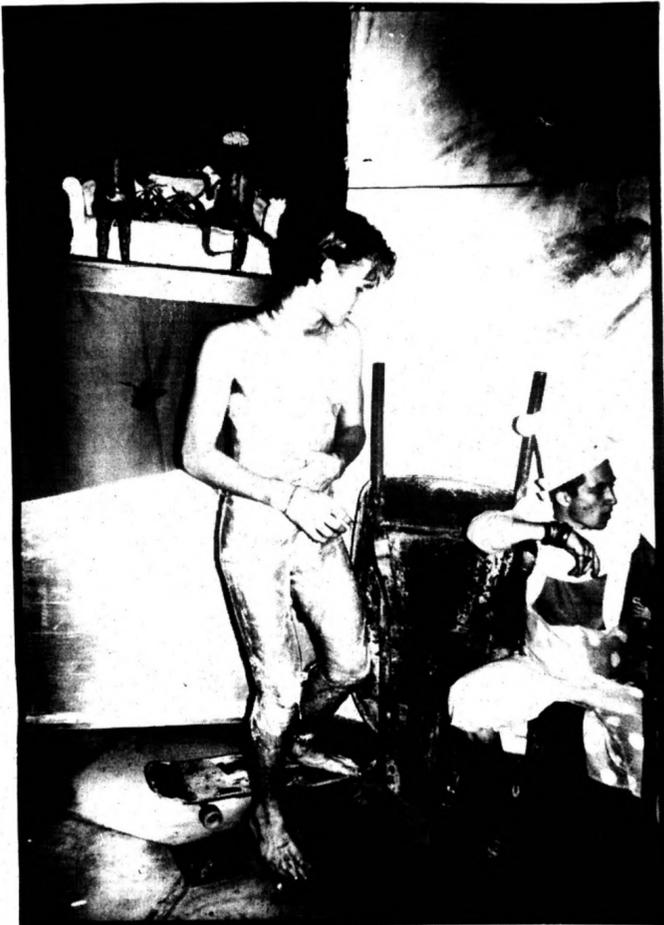
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- Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19):** Amazingly this week provides you with an entirely different view of the future. For weeks you've been sorting through a variety of plans, all of which border on hysterical confusion. An old friend appears in your life with a bold new program of confidence and self-assertion. His or her inspiration rubs off on you and before the week is over you have a definite sense of your new direction. Let it be noted that underneath all the strategy planning, there's bound to be some heavy petting. And why not?
- Aquarius (Jan 20-Feb 18):** This would be a great week to retreat from all your ambitions, to hide from social recognition, and to devote all of your attention to your family. Too much activity in the marketplace could be disastrous because you've done as much advertising and promotion as you can afford. Now you have to give some time for the results to start coming in. During the downtime, see if there isn't something you can do for another's career or business reputation. Share your dreams of success.
- Pisces (Feb 19-Mar 20):** A pang of religious righteousness grips your heart this week. You may find it impossible to surrender to the faults of your lover or neighbor. You are driven by a gospel which leaves no room for half-truths and hidden hypocrisy. Your personal crusade will reach its hiatus just before your companions decide that they've had enough. Then a strange twist of events will bring you back into line with the general flow of affairs. It dawns on you that friendship is much more valuable than morality or religion.
- Libra (Sep 23-Oct 22):** Cosmic coincidences are piling up again and you're getting the feeling that something big is in the wind. But are you a messenger of doom OR are you a messenger of renaissance??? Old models of how the universe works are collapsing and you will soon experience the peace for which you have fought so valiantly. Don't you think it's about time you realize how much of a driving force you are in all of this. Spend time this week taking control of yourself instead of trying to control everything else.
- Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21):** You've tried every which way to penetrate the community marketplace with your massive schemes but you keep running into the same old walls of resistance. What's the matter?? Possibly your problems result from an unrelenting appetite for more. There's an itching in your heart that just won't let you sit still and be satisfied. The solution: deny yourself and you won't feel denied by everyone else. For a helpful and sensitive Birthday Forecast, send your birth date/time/place and \$5 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.
- Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 21):** The Total Eclipse will happen in your House of Psychic Power early next week. Your intuitive sense of things is bound to go through a major shake-up when you suddenly discover the previous suspicions are completely wrong. When you are searching for the right way

At Ease



Glad Wrap: Punk leftovers served on a skateboard at Nine. But will he keep?

Halloween is surely a reporter's dream: an endless night of glitter, glamor and excitement. And for our reporter, Halloween was an endless night... though nightmare seems to be a better word. Forget about all the glamor. This is the truth.

Photos by Robert Pruzan



My Night In Hell

by Ira Kleinberg

Does Anyone Have A Good Time on Halloween?

I almost didn't go out this Halloween. And as I sat there, perched on the bathroom window sill of an unfamiliar Upper Castro flat, staring down twenty-five feet at the ground below, I was really starting to wish I had stayed home and read *Good Housekeeping*.

God knows the signs were there. They'd been there all day, from the moment I saw those two plastic bags in front of Uncle Gaylord's containing what seemed to be every women's magazine from the years 1962-64, to the time I set foot in this house — a house which now had turned into a Post Modern prison. The doors were dead-bolted from the inside, the keys nowhere to be found. The windows were nailed shut, all except this one. Intermittent sex sounds filled the air, and I seemed to be continually bumping into Roman statuary. "Trick or treat?" I thought. "And would I die if I jumped?"

It's early in the evening — too early to go out. I'm halfway through reading "Our Child Was Molested: A Mother's Story" ("She could have been scarred for life by what happened to her. Thank God we were able to see her safely through!") when the doorbell rings. It is my neighbor... stark naked, a towel casually slung over his shoulder.

"Have you got a leather strap?" he says.

"Uh, no," I say.

"What about a cock ring?"

"Nope!" I reply. "How about a rubber belt?"

"Yeah, that sounds good," he says, walking into my apartment, where I give him the belt.

"You want to come over and see me beat someone? You want to come over

and see me use needles on someone?"

I beg off gracefully. "Thanks so much. It sounds nice. Maybe next time." I make a mental note to buy a cock ring and find out what, exactly, you do with needles.

"I caught my breath. I turned off the stove, gave the baby a chocolate cookie, took Janet's hand, and as calmly as I could, took her upstairs to sit on my bed. And all the time I was silently praying..."

Out on the streets, things aren't much better. "Is you a man?" I hear someone yell behind me. I take refuge in Castro Station, a place not on the list for the evening, and end up watching a man dance naked on the pool table, wondering what it is that possesses men to dance naked in front of other men, aside from large amounts of alcohol. "Is he getting paid to do this?" someone asks. "Would it be any better if he was?" another replies. Probably not, but at least we'd know the reason it was happening.

Someone taps me on the shoulder. I turn, and come face to face with a large, probing tongue. "Come on, man," I say, pulling back rather abruptly. "This is the Eighties."

I make my way to the line for the bathroom, ending up wedged between two very drunk clones and one very drunk drag queen. As the bathroom is not very large, I wait my turn as the clones take theirs. The drag queen will have none of this, though, and pushes me in, where I wind up right between the two drunk, pissing clones.

Clone 1: "Well, look what they've thrown us."

Clone 2: "Does it have a dick?"

Clone 1: "Even if it does, I bet it's not as big as this."

Clone 1 is pissing in Figure 8's, no doubt for my benefit. I close my eyes and pray, but it's just not happening. The clones leave, only to be replaced by the drag queen. "Well don't worry, honey," she says. "At least you've got pretty shoes."

"Why did you ask me about a French kiss, dear?"

"It's like this, isn't it, when you open your mouth and--"

"And who told you that, Janet?"

"Jimmy Curtis."

"But he's a grown man, isn't he?"

"He loves me, he said..."

I never really made it anywhere else. I was thinking about this shortly after mid-

night, as I lay naked and pinned to the mattress of that Upper Castro flat. But I can imagine what it would have been like, which is probably just as good, if not better, because at least, here, I didn't have to stand. Let's see...

The atmosphere at the SF Eagle was more relaxed than usual — but not much more. Having neither leather nor feathers on made me very uncomfortable, so I left. The Stud was just too crowded and there was nowhere to dance. The line at the Oasis was too long to wait in and, besides, everyone was straight. The Powerhouse reminded me a lot of the Brig. The Rawhide II was refreshingly pleasant and I wondered why I didn't go there more often. Then I remembered. The Trocadero Transfer was probably crowded, the music probably good, but it was very, very late, if you know what I mean. I went to Orphan Andy's, but couldn't get a seat, let alone a table. Knew that it would be dawn before I got served. Checked out the new, 24-hour Safeway (now the world's largest convenience store), bought a boil-in-the-pouch something-or-other and went home, to bed.

"He made a date with me," Janet went on. "He said he could come and sit beside me in church tomorrow, and pray with me, only no one should know that we were in love. And after you had taken me home from church, I was to meet him for a date. But then he told me he would get me, kill me maybe, if I told you. And he meant it. He's awful strong..."

After finally wresting myself from my companion's bed, I gathered my things and made my way towards the front door, as quietly as possible. Once dressed, I attempted to open the door, then the one in back, then the living room windows. I did this several times, but the result was the same each time. "Does anyone have a good time on Halloween?" I wondered.

Sitting dejectedly on the living-room couch, I considered my options. There were none, short of waking someone. Knowing this would have been very rude, I reached for my tape recorder and hit the Play button:

"Do you identify with Doctor Doom?"

"No, not at all."

"Why did you pick the costume?"

"It was cheap and hokey."

"Had you heard of Doctor Doom before you saw the costume?"

"Oh no, not at all."

Fast Forward.

"I went to this party which turned out to be a totally straight party. No one was dressed. I was the only one dressed at all. Tons of makeup. I looked dead, I guess, but a dead feminine person. Anyway, this person, a tall person, tapped this other guy on the shoulder, who was very drunk, and said, 'Hey, this little faggot wants to go out with you.' He took a swing at me. Luckily, he missed. I did not want to go out with him."

Rewind.

"What is it exactly?"

"It's my style of Granny Goose."

"Like from potato chips?"

"Like sour cream and barbeque and

Continued on next page



Motel Hell: Filmmaker gets wrapped up in his work at the Art Motel.



Masked Desire: The S.F. Eagle goes Expressionistic — or is it Impressionistic — at its annual Leather and Feathers party.

Ken Coupland



Sarcophagus, ceramic and painted metal, 1984-85.

Nuclear Ware

Robert Arneson, Sculpture and Works on Paper, through 11/30 at Fuller Golden Gallery. Call 982-6177.

Robert Arneson had already established a distinguished reputation for his ceramic sculpture when he was approached by the City's Art Commission to come up with a memorial for slain mayor George Moscone; the ensuing flap over Arneson's *Bust of George* was, to put it mildly, a learning experience for all concerned.

With hindsight, the Commission should have had an inkling of what it was letting itself in for; Arneson's work had always shown a satiric streak, and the City assignment proved to be no exception. The bust, briefly exhibited in its intended location at Moscone Center while officials dithered over what to do with it, was plainly a caricature of the martyred mayor. But for publication top brass came out against explicit references to Dan White — including an impression of the type of gun he used — which Arneson had worked into the surface of the sculpture's base. While the Feinstein administration flim-flammed, the controversial piece was shunted to the safety of the Museum of Fine Art, and finally dumped on Arneson's gallery representatives for private sale.

Not surprisingly, the artist's subsequent creations showed a new, politicized edge, as if, in stretching his talents for the Moscone commission, he'd come to a watershed in the involvement with whimsical introspection and art school jokes that was typical of his work up to that time.

Even allowing for Arneson's new-found commitment, the ferocity and singlemindedness of the imagery in his current show of ceramic sculptures and drawings seems unexpected, if not shocking. In a series of massive busts, wall hangings and tableaux, Arneson has chosen to tackle the theme of nuclear Armageddon, and he's gone about it in a disturbingly frank and opinionated fashion, attacking the perpetrators of our irrational weapons policy, the denizens of the Pentagon themselves.

Arneson's military monsters recall the savagery of primitive devil worship; their fangs and claws drip blood and their deceptively neutral uniforms are embellished with

human skulls, their emblems of rank replaced with obscene slogans: "Kill a Commie for Mommie," "Kill 'Em All and Let God Sort 'Em Out". This is not art you pick to go with the color of your rug.

In fact, one of the chief fascinations of the show is just who Arneson intends this work for. As he did with the Moscone bust, the artist seems to be throwing his anger in the face of any public or corporate body with the temerity to pick up the tab for it — and the price tags on work of this stature and scale should discourage all but the most ambitious private collector.

The most likely destination for these strident expressions of pacifism will be Museums with the moxie — of both kinds — to appropriate the work for their collections.

Unfortunately, Arneson's latest imagery — while it might have bracing impact in a public setting, and would certainly be controversial, doesn't really stand up to comparison with more cerebral artists (painters Sue Coe and Leon Golub come to mind) who grapple with political material. In that context, Arneson's creations seem ingenuous, even cartoonish.

Perhaps it's his medium that constrains his goals. Sculpture itself is a difficult medium for describing the unthinkable, and besides, Arneson's a ceramicist; the complaisance of clay deprives his work of the conviction more structurally robust materials might provide.

Imagery aside, there are formal problems in this work that may be peculiar to his chosen medium. Considering the time and energy Arneson's devoted to the bust — including a number of self-portraits — he's never really come to grips with the transition from sculpture to base. His portentous heads



General Nuke, bronze, 1985.

Arneson seems to be throwing his anger in the face of any public or corporate body with the temerity to pick up the tab for it.

tend to droop at the neck, and it's a toss-up whether he isn't clear about their anatomy, or more likely, needs the mass he sculpts to physically support his bristling skulls. Significantly, it's the severed, neckless "nuclear war heads" in the series that convey his intentions most grimly.

So we're left with the contradiction of a body of work whose implications merit a wider audience, and at the same time an artist who lacks the originality of vision that can anchor his premise.

Night from last page

stuff like that."

"What gave you the idea?"
"The commercial on TV. I said, 'Hey, I want to be an animal this year, but I want to be a goose or a duck or a pig or something. Yeah, so next year I'm going to be ethnic, but I'm not sure what ethnic group I'm going to get into.'"

"Do you think ethnic will be 'in' in '86?"

"For me it will be. I think I might be a geisha."

Silence.

"Do you have a lot of wigs?"

"Yeah."

"Like how many?"

"About 15. And I've only worn any of them once."

"Is this wig new?"

"It's about a year old, but I've never worn it before."

"Where do you shop?"

"Wig America, down on Fifth and Market. Then I buy my makeup at Walgreens. They have great deals and good quality... it's wonderful."

Click.

★ ★ ★

"I thought: if he is arrested and convicted, he will someday get out of jail and maybe he will come back.

I thought: his poor mother!

I thought: will his little sister Sarah know? Will they gossip and make scandal so Janet will never forget?..."

★ ★ ★

I am by now eating stale popcorn and reading the latest *US* by moonlight, the one with the headline WHY RONA BARRET HATES BARBARA WALTERS. It's 2:30 or 3, and I'm confused, because I thought everyone hated Barbara Walters and the fact that Rona did *doesn't* seem like big news. But then there are the articles "Being Brooke Shields" ("I love jewelry," Brooke squal. "Whenever I do a project, my mom lets me go out and get a trinket, one for each hand.") and "The Last Days of Jon-Erik Hexum!" ("I left the room, and when I got back a few minutes later, he wasn't there anymore."), and I realized I was missing the point. If I were Brooke Shields (and I think I might be, next Halloween), what would I do?

Suddenly it dawns on me: the bathroom window. I enter the bathroom, climb on the toilet and stick my head out the window. The drop is impossibly long, and I consider hanging from the window and swinging myself over to what looks like a wheelchair ramp ten feet away at the side of the house. My thoughts are cut short, however, by a voice.

"What are you doing?"

"Thank God," I say, turning. "Thank God you got up. I was all set to jump. I mean, of course I could never jump. But the door was locked and I can't find the key and I just feel sick right now, really sick. I hope I didn't wake you. If I did, I'm sorry. I mean, I didn't mean to. I just want to get out. Please let me out."

"Frenchmen always seem to be nuts when you start noticing", the detective affirms in the film's opening scene; in Godard's universe, that's an understatement. The master is up to his old tricks here, confounding our expectations, willfully disregarding the demands of his story, and returning again and again to his real preoccupations, which have nothing to do with his characters or his plot. He's cast washed up French film star Johnny Hallyday as the promoter (the same way he resuscitated Eddie Constantine in *Alphaville*). True to form, nobody seems to be able to keep their mind on the proceedings — how could they? They always have their noses stuck in a book, and when they're not reading, they're quoting — from

He looks at me, naked, puzzled. And I have never seen him before in my life.

"Who are you?!"

"I'm a reporter. Please let me out."

"What are you doing here?"

Film

Ken Coupland



Defective

Detective ★

At the York 11/7-12

Ever since his incandescent debut in Francois Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*, Jean-Pierre Leaud's virtually personified the French New Wave, but his buffonish, spirited performance in Jean-Luc Godard's off-kilter vamp on the mystery genre is sadly consistent with the lacklustre impact of the film in general.

Leaud plays a peripheral character, the house detective in a chic Parisian hotel, who's obsessed with an unsolved murder that took place in one of the hotel rooms several years ago. The detective meddles in the affairs of four "families" whose destinies seem intertwined; a married couple (the lovely Nathalie Baye and her husband, an airline pilot); a young boxing contender, his manager and their entourage; an elderly mafioso, his henchman, and his son and daughter; and the uncle and female cousins of the detective himself.

Debts are falling due for the world-weary impresario who's promoting the hot young boxer; he seems to owe everybody money. The couple are on his case, and the Mafioso is making threatening noises. To compound his problems, his youthful charge is pursuing an affair with a statuesque nymphet who shares their quarters — and we all know boxers should never fuck before a fight. To further complicate matters, the wife is falling in love with the promoter, or at least it would seem so. With Godard, you can never be entirely sure.

"Frenchmen always seem to be nuts when you start noticing", the detective affirms in the film's opening scene; in Godard's universe, that's an understatement. The master is up to his old tricks here, confounding our expectations, willfully disregarding the demands of his story, and returning again and again to his real preoccupations, which have nothing to do with his characters or his plot. He's cast washed up French film star Johnny Hallyday as the promoter (the same way he resuscitated Eddie Constantine in *Alphaville*). True to form, nobody seems to be able to keep their mind on the proceedings — how could they? They always have their noses stuck in a book, and when they're not reading, they're quoting — from

Conrad, primarily, or Balzac. Godard grew more concerned with his own image than with what's up on the screen long ago, and we're subjected to any number of in-jokes about the way he browbeats his actors and makes up his script as he goes along. There's even a clip of Eric von Stroheim declaiming, "I'm making this movie for the theatres, not the actors!"

A distasteful aspect of Godard's later middle age is his preoccupation with very young girls — and there are any number of them cavorting around the fatherly gentlemen — or are they dirty old men? — who people the hotel rooms. If the situations Godard implies are as they seem, these guys should be up on charges of contributing to the delinquency of minors.

In one respect, *Detective* marks a departure for Godard; the film's sumptuously photographed and lit and gorgeously appointed. The real mystery of this film is how Godard, who's steadfastly pursued non-commercial projects in recent years, was ever bankrolled to this expensive project.

Loose Cannon

To Live and Die in L.A. ★★

At the Royal

Director William Friedkin hasn't been exactly bankable lately; *Cruising*, which pitted Al Pacino against a leather bar murderer, was a disaster even with all the free publicity gay activists gave it. So this time around, he's drafted unknown actors, with few exceptions, and come up with a gritty, repellent story of a stylish counterfeiter and the Secret Service agents who dog his operation.

William Defoe, familiar as the psychotic killer in *48 Hrs*, plays a frustrated painter who uses his skills to "make paper"; the Feds can't seem to catch him because the department won't supply them with enough front money to nab him (even phoney money has its price).

Based on the novel of the same title by a bona fide government agent, the film's gratifying in at least one respect — if true, Secret Service men are every bit as devious and callous as you might expect. Newcomer William L. Petersen plays an agent who's enraged when the counterfeiter bumps off his

aging partner; he's prepared to go to any lengths, however illegal, to nab him. Tipped off to a large cash transaction, he intervenes, but the heist interrupts an FBI sting, and before you can say Edgar Hoover he's embroiled in what is arguably the largest car chase in history.

Friedkin obviously is trying to top his pyrotechnics in *The French Connection* here, and the attempt is impressive. The wrong way chase is spectacular, not only for its scale, but primarily for the fluid, almost abstract camerawork of cinematographer Robby Muller. Muller's take on the production's off-beat locations is bracing, too; this is an L.A., viewed through a haze of smog and atmospheric light, quite unlike any we've seen before.

Unfortunately for Friedkin, his characters are so uniformly unpleasant in their tangled motivations there's no dramatic focus, and his "heroes" are such unappetizing creeps that we're as likely to root for the

counterfeiter as we are to care what happens to the cops. When the lead isn't beating up his girlfriend, who works for him as an informer, he's threatening to revoke her parole if she doesn't deliver for him. Charming. It's enough to make you wonder why he's so gung-ho about protecting the system — the president one day, currency the next — when he doesn't have any respect for it himself.

So our attention drifts back to the villain — he's much more interesting than the guys who are after him, and besides, he's got this thing about getting naked and videotaping himself in erotic situations.

Friedkin saves his nastiest twist for last; when the major schmuck agent is wiped out in a graphic bloodbath, his scaredy-cat sidekick, who's copped a plea on the heist, gets the girl — on consignment as it were. This movie leaves a bad taste that will be with you for a long time.



Pasta Salad

Macaroni ★★★

At the Regency III

Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni provide an inspired stroke of casting in this touching, if ultimately unsatisfying story of age, memory and friendship. Lemmon plays a harried aerospace executive who's on a business trip to Naples, forty years after his last visit during the Allied occupation. Once in town, he makes a TV appearance, and the next day an elderly Neapolitan — Mastroianni — turns up at his hotel to greet him like a long lost friend. But Lemmon can't place him at all, and he doesn't recognize the woman in the photograph he's shown, a woman the man claims is his sister — and the American's wartime sweetheart.

Lemmon's executive is at first enraged, then intrigued, by the Neapolitan's overtures; when it turns out just about everyone they encounter seems to greet him like some kind of returning hero, he's confounded. "How come everyone knows me?" he asks. "More people know me here than at home!"

The reasons for this have more than a little to do with how the Allied victory affected Europeans — in a way we can only dimly realize from this side of the conflict — but more to do with the Italian's frustrated sense of romanticism. As it turns out, he's constructed a fiction around the serviceman who once romanced his sister.

Director Ettore Scola (*A Special Day*, *La Nuit de Varennes*) knowingly milks laughs, then tears, from the predicament of these two unlikely acquaintances; one, an alienated American, successful in his career but an abject failure in his personal life, the other, an impractical Italian who labors in an obscure archive and writes pot-boilers for a little theatre, secure in the midst of a large, loving family.

The title, presumably chosen to smooth the way for Stateside distribution of this English language Italian production, seems unfortunate, particularly since Scola has crafted a bouyant comedy that doesn't merit this sort of condescension.

Mastroianni's magnificent as the faltering,

infirm romantic, and his performance is full of delightful bits of business, but the lustre of Scola's tale tarnishes somewhat when the American eventually warms to his host and his world; it's hard to remember a role where Lemmon successfully played genuinely happy men, and when his character finally starts enjoying life, his acting's never really convincing.

Lemmon's contribution may be distracting, but Scola has fashioned a loving portrait of the raffish, disreputable metropolis that provides his setting. Naples of course, has a reputation for crime, and sure enough, violence intrudes to test the relationship and drive Lemmon's selfish, introverted businessman to acts of heroism that wouldn't seem out of place with the fictitious adventurer his admirer has invented for him. At film's end, we're left with a hint of Lazarus — like resurrection that's nicely mirrored in the American's own reawakening.

Film Checklist

Previously Reviewed/Ongoing

- After Hours ★★
- Back to the Future ★
- Dim Sum
- The Doctor and the Devils ★
- The 400 Blows ★★★★★
- Jagged Edge ★★
- Joshua Then & Now ★★
- Jules et Jim ★★★★★
- Kiss of the Spider Woman ★★★★★ ½
- Mad Max beyond Thunderdome
- Marie ★★
- Maxie ★
- Mishima ★
- Pee Wee's Big Adventure ★★ ★ ½
- Peril ★★ ½
- Prizzi's Honor ★★
- Reanimator
- Remo Williams ★
- Silver Bullet
- Wetherby ★★ ★ ½

A note on the star system:

- ★★★★ As good as you'll get.
- ★★★ For what it is, very good.
- ★★ Flawed, but worthwhile
- ★ Some redeeming features
- I'd pass. —K.C.

Theatre

Dick Hasbany

Unmistaken Identities

Cold Storage, by Ronald Ribman, Directed by Joy Carlin, at Berkeley Jewish Theatre, Thurs-Sundays through Dec. 8. Call 849-0498.

One of the strongest elements of the Bay Area dramatic scene is what we might call, for lack of a better word, "identity" theatres. Theatre Rhino fits this description, of course, but after seeing *Cold Storage* at the Berkeley Jewish Theatre last week, I've been thinking especially about our ethnic companies — the Asian-American Theatre, Lorraine Hansberry, Berkeley Black Rep, and the Berkeley Jewish Theatre.

A common theme crops up on all these stages, one that shows more clearly than any political rhetoric the bond that exists between these diverse groups. The theme is the clash of cultures, broadly interpreted, which is to say the points at which anything challenges the self-satisfied sureness of a racial/heterosexual majority's view of property and the natural order of things. The clash may come as first generation Chinese struggle to learn English and second generation Chinese struggle not to learn their parents language, perhaps, or as two lesbians or gay men struggle to survive as a couple together.

Ethnic theatre probes the fringes of society because it's at these fringes where personal struggles carry the weight of larger social struggle.



Bernie Segal (left) and Robert Elross in *Cold Storage*.

Cold Call

Glengarry Glen Ross, the play by David Mamet, directed by Gregory Mosher, starring Peter Falk & Joe Mantegna, at the Curran. Call 771-6900.

by Ken Coupland

Something altogether untoward happens at the close of the second act of David Mamet's Pulitzer Prize winner; the play ends. We're really not ready for it when the cast, after a brief blackout, return to take their bows.

Certainly, the last lines of dialog we've heard haven't prepared us for the final curtain, but then, what more should we expect? It doesn't take very long to realize that we've heard all we need to, learned all we have to know, in the last ninety minutes. The fact is, Mamet's script is such a model of concision there's barely any room for standard exposition, let alone working out a denouement to satisfy our expectations.

Mamet's excoriating portrait of small-time real estate rip-off artists plunges us into a seedy netherworld of failed hopes and broken promises from the first exchange, between Shelley Levine, played by *Columbo's* Peter Falk, and the cold-blooded office manager who's cut him off from the "premium leads" he feels he must have if he's going to close any deals on the Florida properties his outfit is peddling. The next brief scene, between two other salesmen, gives us a hint of just how worthless the property is. Mamet sets us up just as smoothly as his skills work their marks; in the third scene, we watch as what we presume are two more members of the firm continue the non-stop stream of conversation — so far none of the actors has so much as risen from

the tables they occupy in a seedy restaurant. This time, one of the characters is doing all the talking. Joe Mantegna, as Roma (a name we've heard already), seems to be thinking out loud; you get the impression he's spinning his wheels, practicing his spiel on one of his buddies until he's ready to make a call. Only seconds before the end of the act, we realize the other fellow's a potential customer, as Roma moves in for the kill.

The second act takes place in the company's office (there's been a break-in overnight, and key contracts that would be useful to the competition have been stolen). In a dizzying succession of set-backs and reversals, brilliantly scored for two, three, four, and at times, every member of the seven-man cast, we get a glimpse of what makes these desperate, unhappy men go to the lengths they do to make a sale.

Shelley's the old pro, as much in love with

the sound of his own voice and the performance he gives, it seems, as he is with the financial rewards. "Before we had a name for it," he reminds Roma, in Mamet's curiously clipped, elliptical style, "before we called it anything, we *did* it!" What it's called, of course, is a rip-off, but Shelley's been at the game too long to care about the ethics that are involved.

Roma, on the other hand, as much as he loves the game — and as much as he appreciates how well Shelley plays it — doesn't kid himself about what he's doing. Shooting his cuffs, tapping on a cigarette on his cigarette case, he's a sleazebag allright, all style and no substance, but he's going to make that sale no matter what, even if he has to browbeat the police detective investigating the break-in to do it.

Mantegna's amazing in the role; he hardly seems to be acting — but then, his character always is acting. Mamet's covered this ground before — in every one of his plays, in fact — mining dramatic ore from the twin deceptions of the hustlers who populate his plays, and the artifice of the plays themselves. He doesn't have any qualms about using the foulest language to do it, either. *Glengarry's* much-discussed profanity never seems capricious; it's part and parcel of the characters' obscene calling, their bankrupt morality.

The production has its problems. Broadway theatre has never been entirely comfortable with the concept of ensemble; it can't be budget restrictions alone, but more likely, the impulse to cater to audiences who have come to see stars, that requires a supporting cast that doesn't quite live up to the play's demands; by and large, the smaller roles are awkwardly performed. Mike Nussbaum, a veteran of half a dozen Mamet dramas, is the exception; the timing of his befuddled reactions to the chain of events is a marvel — and Mamet's given him some damnably difficult dialog. Aside from that, much of the direction's overstated, there's far too much slamming of doors, drawers and other props.

Continued on page 21

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Cabaret

Gary Menger

Author, Author!

Pamela Brooks was gentle rain on the parched, overworked acreage of George Gershwin revivals last week at Mason Street. Working with the conceit of a party for the composer, she assumed several characters — a device that permitted her to be a very funny drunk while singing "The Half Of It Blues," and then an awkward child demanding attention with another, rarely performed, unpublished Gershwin tune.

Ms. Brooks is attractive and graceful both on stage and off, but on stage she becomes feverishly animated to the point of exhausting both herself and her audience. A show like this is a good vehicle for her, since it forces her to tone down all the unfocused antics, permitting us to better enjoy her truly extraordinary voice. In her soprano range, the voice was at its best in her "Porgy" medley (which doesn't include, but should have, her fine rendition of "My Man's Gone Now"). In a throatier, more romantic vein, she was in fine form with "Love Walked In" and "How Long Has This Been Goin' On?" Lucie Arnaz should've been there to take lessons.

Brooks is one of a succession of cabaret singers who have chosen, either in a group or individually, to present a revue of some composer's work — a device that reliably increases potential audience beyond just friends and "following", to a larger general public. This has been working very well for Aldo Bell, who's finally achieving the prominence he's long been earning with his portrayal of Bessie Smith in *A Whole Lot of Bessie In Me*, which has played in several clubs to a still-growing audience, and which reopens Sundays in December at Buckley's. Similarly, Ruth Hastings and Craig Jessup

have recovered their once sizeable following and gone beyond it with *He and She*, a collection of Rodgers & Hart songs.

Ever since *Coward in a Cardboard Cup* and the phenomenally successful revival of *Side By Side By Sondheim*, there has been an enthusiastic audience here for popular composer revues, even when the shows themselves haven't been all that interesting or well performed; as proof, consider *NASHional Anthem, By George*, or John Karr's production earlier this year of *Jerome Kern's 100th Birthday Party*. The exception, currently at the top of the heap, in its seventh month and still going strong, is the delightful Jerry Herman revue *Tune The Grand Up*, running at 1177 Club. We've also had cases where the cast was considerably better than the vehicle, a case in point being last year's *K-razy for Gershwin*. Its stars, Patricia Butler and John Lusk, resurface for the first time in a year next Sunday (11/10) at Buckley's Bistro for an evening of high spirits.

The dynamics in cabaret are like being sung to in your living room. The proximity can be awkward; you're close enough to spot a zit or hickey under makeup, count fillings — almost, smell the performer's breath. In this situation, performers sometimes reveal more of themselves than is comfortable on



If I were a song, I'd want to be sung by Robert Erickson. If cabaret isn't to become a series of dusty vocal recitals he's its strongest hope for survival.

either side, or reveal just as much by their inability to communicate at all. (Some people can be more interesting onstage than off, but you can't be more interesting than you have it in you to be, either way.) The most successful in the field are those who create an illusion of one-to-one intimacy; the sense of sipping warm brandy by the fire and sharing a dream. As cases in point, Jae Ross, Lynda Bergren, David Reighn and Weslia Whitfield come to mind — and damned few others.

Continued on page 23

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A Seasoned Trouper

One of Capitol Records' early stable of artists, **Margaret Whiting** scored throughout the '40s with million sellers like the superb "My Ideal" (her first hit, in '42) and "Moonlight In Vermont".

Four decades later Whiting continues to perform and record steadily and seems to have successfully outlasted the rock era, although the same cannot be said of her voice. Unlike a number of her contemporaries — Patti Page, say, or Kay Starr — her once lovely vocal hasn't aged well. Time has frayed its smooth edges and dulled and dried its attractive luster. On uptempos her singing has little brightness of tone or, as compensation, personality.

But in Whiting's return to the Plush Room (through 11/10), her accompaniment (solo piano), her no-nonsense approach to a lyric and her knowing use of — and occasional decision *not* to use — the microphone all prove that she knows how a song should be handled, and on ballads, at least, she's able to turn her well-seasoned vocal to an asset.

She delivered several — "My Ideal," "I'm, Old Fashioned," "I Get Along Without You Very Well" — with the poignancy of interpretation and depth of emotion that one would expect from someone with her musical heritage. No surprise, either, that her taste in material is well nigh impeccable. What's more, she has an open, friendly stage presence and tells interesting stories about the songs she sings.

Incidentally, for those who still don't know, Whiting's inamorato is none other than Jack Wrangler — the best piece of [slight pause] evidence you could find that the times they are *still* a-changin'. Could that possibly have accounted for the irritating, incessant chatter — and even the spilled drinks — at Phil Elwood's table the night I attended?

Audiophiles Take Note

□ I'd say a few words about Audiophile, one of our most important independent pop/jazz labels, but they've never managed to send along their catalog, so I'll reserve my words for four of their recent LPs. I can say, though, that while they have good Bay Area distribution, elsewhere their LPs are available virtually only by mail (3008 Wadsworth Mill Place, Atlanta, GA 30032).

□ *On The Sunny Side Of The Street*, a collection of **Helen Forrest** sides recorded with Carmen Dragon's orchestra in '49-50 for radio airplay only, is welcome if for no other reason than that, with Columbia's 2-LP set of Forrest and the Benny Goodman band now out of print, Forrest has been represented on major labels by a single LP, *Now And Forever* (Stash), recorded in '83.

Forrest was a star in three major bands — Goodman's, Artie Shaw's and Harry James' — and so can safely be considered the quintessential girl band singer, particularly since, after she went out on her own in '43, she never found the magnitude of solo success that other girl singers did. The big band sound wasn't particularly conducive to intimate, meaningful interpretations and, like many of her compatriots, Forrest sings with feeling but without great depth. But her purposeful sweet sound, lyrical and pretty, was the ideal in the Swing Era, and it's showcased here in 14 songs like "My Man" and "Ain't Misbehavin'," all, without exception, classics.

□ **Richard Rodney Bennett**, it seems, is not only an arranger, jazz pianist and classical composer of note — a smaller-scale Andre Previn — but a singer to be reckoned with. Certainly part of his appeal is that he's one of those musicians you'd hardly expect to sing, like Woody Herman — you're no more surprised that it's done well than that it's done at all. And, to be sure, Bennett's vocal doesn't readily distinguish itself from the mass of male singers (themselves generally less distinctive than female vocalists). But he has a fine voice and a warm, relaxed delivery that can do justice to even a torch song like "The Next Time I Care," which appears on his second Audiophile LP, *Take Love Easy: The Lyrics Of John Latouche* (an exotic — and inevitable —

undertaking). Latouche, who died in '56 at age 39, is best remembered for *Cabin In The Sky* and *The Golden Apple*, which yielded, respectively, the standards "Taking A Chance On Love" and "Lazy Afternoon" (both included here), and for the epic *Ballad For Americans*. And though he never enjoyed the renown of many lyricists, his songs were *de rigueur* for art singers and *outré* cabaret personalities like Mabel Mercer and Charlotte Rae. His more obscure wicked songs, I find, are more consistently diverting than his ballads are inspired, but the emphasis here is on his serious work. Also noteworthy: the title tune

(which Ella Fitzgerald's recorded), from Duke Ellington's ill-fated '46 jazz version of *The Beggar's Opera*, *Beggar's Holiday*.

□ Audiophile's commitment to unknown singers is demonstrated by the release of *In A Concert Of Vernon Duke*, actually an NPR broadcast of an '82 concert at Washington D.C.'s Corcoran Gallery of Art by Britain's **Sandra King**. Hers is an alluring, smoky voice that *strongly* recalls Carol Sloane, though I hear traces of Cleo Laine there, too. As with Sloane and other latter-day "cool school" singers, like Bobbe Norris, there's a sameness — a lack of variety of color and interpretation — to King's lush, heavy vocals and an inability to provide uptempos with the lilt they require or to do much more than treat them as exercises in swing. She's more successful on ballads, like "A Penny For Your Thoughts," for she

Margaret Whiting seems to have successfully outlasted the rock era, although the same cannot be said of her voice.

seems to pay attention to the lyric and is, to my ears, a shade less self-consciously breathy than, say, Norris. At the same time, the settings (piano and bass) are tasteful and the program substantial, scrupulously balancing the familiar ("I Can't Get Started," "April in Paris") and the forgotten, like "Roundabout" — lyric by Ogden Nash — from Bette Davis' '52 Broadway outing, *Two's Company*.

□ *Soft Whyte: Ronny Whyte With Strings*, the third Audiophile LP by this New York "saloon singer"/pianist, offers songs by the likes of Leonard Bernstein, Cy Coleman, Dave Frishberg and, less thrillingly, Marilyn & Alan Bergman and Whyte himself, who's co-written two songs whose very titles — "Forget The Woman," "A Penny For Your Thoughts, New York" — reflect their meagerness. His selections range from evergreens, like the brilliant "Some Other Time" from *On The Town*, to the little known; Whyte delves beyond the classic "Lazy Afternoon" in the score of *The Golden Apple* and surfaces with the tender and rarely heard "It's The Going Home Together". His soft, smooth (if a little pinched) vocals are invariably sensitive, the arrangements less so. But his seedy appearance — the Great White Pimp — only sullies our image of him as a class act. ■

Rock

Adam Block

Should You Take Your Date?

Nxs, Wire Train, Until December: The headlining Aussie sextet have been around for six years, and charted with the techno-dance gem, "Original Sin," — but I defy you to hum a few bars, or name a member of the band. The local openers are two teams being boosted by spectral pop-Svengali Howie Klein. Wire Train, once touted as, "SF's answer to U2," are hoping that folks have forgotten their second lp — which they blame on the producer. Problem is that the third, *Between Two Worlds*, sounds like The P-Furs minus all risk of mystery. For this send-off on a national tour, the lads will bring on a former member of Romeo Void, and, later, the band-leader's Hollywood girlfriend, to astonish the faithful. I sure hope they have ambulances on hand for the faint of heart. The openers, just signed to Klein's 415 label, and living proof that you don't need keyboards to play humpy disco, and don't have to be gay to be a mad queen. I'm hoping they'll steal the show. *Strange Brew*. (Warfield, 11/8 & 9, 8 pm, \$13.50 res.)

Randy Newman: Poignant, savage, and hilarious: in Newman's America innocence and panic (Huck & Jim) join forces, and *everyone* bluffs that they can cover their wagers. The cost is overwhelming, but Newman doesn't flinch. Tough love. (Wolfgangs, 11/8, 8 & 11 pm, \$15).

Mapenzi, Unruly World: A World Beat double-bill braves the fog, but Mapenzi with their matched vibes, choreographed horns, and "Turtleneck" lead singer ought to burn it up. (Last Day Saloon, 11/8, 9 pm, \$5).

Thompson Twins, OMD: A string of dance-pop hits can pale pretty quick in the cavernous Coliseum, and the Twins new, Nile Rodgers produced, album is a certified snooze. OMD will probably look staggeringly inconsequential. If my suspicions are justified, this show can be recommended to terminal anglophiles, chicken hawks, and catatonics — and I mean that in a nice way. (Oakland Coliseum, 11/9, 8 pm, \$13.50 adv, \$15 day).

Fade To Black, My Sin, Siva Dancing: My Sin sure is a crummy name, but pretty Stair-Fair-bank's solo, video/scratch pieces are mischievous and cunning. If he'd stop mistaking himself for a pop singer and own up to being a brilliant performance artist, he might start getting the attention he deserves. Teen Heartthrob At The Guggenheim: I like it. See for yourself. (VIS Club, 11/9, 10 pm, \$5).

Mose Allison Trio: The coolest white hipster brings his minimalist swing and laconic insights to this comfy, sit-down club: impeccable, even unto monotony. (Great American Music Hall, 11/9, 8:30 pm, \$8.50).

Todd Rundgren: It's always a relief to find the ageing wunderkind cut loose from the bombast of his band, Utopia. The current album, *Accapella*, (created exclusively with his own voice — altered by an Emulator to mimic a battalion of instruments), is grotesque: a boy and his new toy run amok. With an 11 voice human choir, there

is reason to hope that *this* show will redeem that material, and stake new territory. I'm hoping they'll do, "We're An American Band." (Warfield, 11/11, 8 pm, \$13.50 adv.)



Jon Gibson: *The hype is that this local is the white Stevie Wonder, with an lp due out soon that will have us all speaking in hushed tones. Sounds reasonable. I guess they're showcasing him on a Monday in a vain attempt at keeping the hordes from overwhelming the club. (Stone, 11/11, 9 pm, \$7.50 adv, \$8.50 day).*

Rank & File, Muskrats: The cowpunk headlines seem to have been floundering lately, but there is a buzz on the openers, a duo, with an lp, *Rock Is Dead*, out on Subterranean, who perform their own gifted and twisted version of folk music — including covers that range from Anne Murray's "Snowbird," to the Blue Oyster Cult sing-a-long "Godzilla." Maybe the headlines will kick in with an acoustic set of old Dils songs. (I-Beam, 11/11, 10 pm, \$6).

Waterboys: An alarming number of folks I respect have insisted that this Irish outfit are the greatest group to cross the Atlantic since U2. Yes, they even say it in hushed tones. Last time through, the hall was immense, the crowd hostile, the band earnest and rattled. So think of this as local debut. (Wolfgangs, 11/12, 8 pm, \$10 adv, \$11 day).

Balthazar And His Organ: Personally, I hope this is a sex show. (Oasis, 11/12, Midnight, \$2).

Patsy Cline & The G Spots: This lot just keep getting better. Arturo's impersonation is an astonishment, and the band kicks ass. This isn't a parody but a celebration, every bit as winning as the movie, *Sweet Dreams*. Both are must sees. (Oasis, 11/13, 10:30 pm, \$5).

Til Tuesday, (TBA): Yeah, right-MTV. I see them. Blond girl-song about getting slapped around. Sure hope they get someone mega to open. (Warfield, 11/14, 8:30 pm, \$8.50).

Donovan: It's been over 15 years since the Celtic hippy last broke the top 40, with a string of a dozen hits — which may be a record for a still-working singer/songwriter. Personally I think

It Won't Play In Pretoria

Do They Want This MTV?

by Dave Ford

This is it, folks.

Despite its flaws, "Sun City," the song, album and video by a superstar group calling itself "Artists United Against Apartheid" and protesting South Africa's segregation policies, is where rock music finally makes its claim as a triple-threat force for social upheaval.

Unlike previously, "prettified" star-turns calling for community, "City" is an angry scream, a take-no-prisoners war-cry featuring a cross-section of the best that popular music has to offer. Some fifty-five artists, including rappers (**Run DMC, Afrika Bambaataa**), rockers (**Bruce Springsteen, Bono Vox of U2, Pete Townshend**), jazzmen (**Miles Davis, Ron Carter, Stanley Jordan**), fossils (**Ringo Starr, Lou Reed**), and posters (**Ruben Blades, Bonnie Raitt, Hall and Oates**), all led by ex-E Street guitarist **Miami Steve Van Zandt** (aka "Little Steven"), lay down individual and collective vocal turns over a frothy, jumpy urban concoction re-mixed by star producer **Arthur Baker**. What it may lack in melodic perfection is more than compensated by its heart and bite: this is the sound of prison bars beaten with tin cups, a harrowing reflection of life under seige. Rock music's cosmetic plea for global township has become, in this incarnation, an irresistible aural-electro call to arms.

The video, which premiered a week ago Monday on MTV and last Friday on "Friday Night Videos," is a seven-minute tour-de-force produced by ex-IOCC whizzes **Godley and Creme** (of "Cry" fame). After a travelogue introduction over shots of Sun City (a Vegas-like resort in Bophuthatswana, one of ten isolated "homelands" — glorified slums called *bantustans* — where blacks have been forced to relocate by the white minority government), the video spatters images as if from a crowd-control fire-hose: guards macing-gunning crowds of blacks; police beating blacks in Selma, Ala., in 1963; rioting in South Africa; Martin Luther King in Washington, D.C. — all interlaced with shots of the musicians singing on gritty New York streets.

The video has a stitched-together, out-of-control feel, unintentional in part as a result of the difficulty in assembling the participating artists, and intentional in the way it reflects South Africa's mean streets. This video also corrects the song's major flaws: lyrics are nearly indistinguishable on the record, which — while it may buttress arguments against rating records (you cannot rate what you cannot hear) — mitigates the power of a piece committed to educational, informational entertainment. Still, the song is a masterful dance-floor prospect, and the album features everything from a classic jazz session by Davis et al, to an archetypal rap-piece, to a haunted ballad by **Bono, Keith Richards and Ronnie Wood**

— something for everyone, which is the point in reaching a wide audience. It's nice to imagine the music blaring on street corners as kids rap along with "Let Me See Your I.D.": this is where education — and the uprising — starts.

Record sales are reportedly slow and radio play scarce thus far. Baker has already alleged racism on programmers' parts, though the song is less pop-oriented — and thus less easy to program — than, say, "We Are The World." Still, consumers need to ask: what corporations currently investing in South

Africa's controlled labor system (which exploits low-paid blacks) also own and operate the radio chains which spoon-feed us our daily dose of comfortable pablum? In whose interest is it to ensure that "World" becomes a certified hit while a vicious snarl like "Sun City" languishes in limbo?

If raising political consciousness is about waking the sleeping masses, "Sun City" may be just the alarm clock to do it. And that may spook more than one or two people in power. □

Consumers need to ask: What corporations currently investing in South Africa's controlled labor system also own and operate the radio chains which spoon-feed us comfortable pablum?



Divine defines the see-through look.

Raunch Launch

Divine

At the Gift Center, Saturday, 11/26.

It was a scene to make the Straight Slates' teeny weenies quiver in fear.

Into the midst of 2 am Gift Center hilarity two Saturdays ago (floor upon floor of ghouls, jewels, lidded eyes, giddy guys, veils and heels, giggles, squeals, men half-nude, attitude), **Divine** lurched onstage, entering through dry-ice fog. Her outfit? Girl! Tight and green, with holes in all the right/wrong places, and eye-poker heels, all topped with a high white Phyllis Diller-ratted wig. S/he rapped her way through the first roaring number, then followed with a randy reading of The Four Seasons' "Walk Like A Man" as her three-man techno-pop ensemble redefined raunch: high missile whistles and pounding rhythm flak.

Next, Divine greeted her minions: "You know, I've been all over the fucking world since I was in San Francisco last, and I've met some beautiful men. But I never saw anyone as beautiful as... me!" S/he then flew into a raging "I'm So Beautiful," which, if there was a just God in heaven, would be a certified dance-floor hit.

A "Divine medley" followed (the "D"-one in orange mini, teased orange wig and beauty mark — an entire 60's Girl Group wrapped into one jello-like mass of secular wisecracks), featuring a tom-tom heavy "Jungle Jezebel": "Listen, little wimp/Who you calling blimp?/I know you ain't me [something]/And you sure 'nough ain't my pimp!" A final rouser followed, then:

"Fuck you very much, and good night!" she smiled, lumbering into the wings.

Oh man, what a woman. ■

Theatre from page 18

And the second act set is overly theatrical; are we really supposed to believe a bunch of con artists would work out of an office that's so picturesquely down at the heel? Spiffier decor would have underscored the play's contradictions better.

A more serious flaw crops up in the climax of the final act, when Shelley screws up for the last time. Mamet's so impatient that he rushes past the reason for Shelley's slip; we spend the last suspenseful moments distracted, wondering what actually happened. But maybe that's just a further reflection on the spare economy of Mamet's cynical, despairing script. ■

Corrections

In our last issue, Dick Hasbany's review of Nina Wise's performance was incorrectly credited to Ken Coupland, and Ken Coupland's byline was omitted from his film reviews. The photo of Jose at the Cage Aux Folles benefit on page 14 was taken by Robert Pruzan. ■

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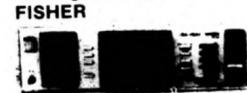
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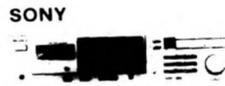
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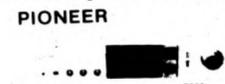
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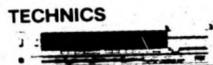
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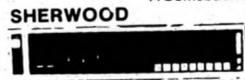
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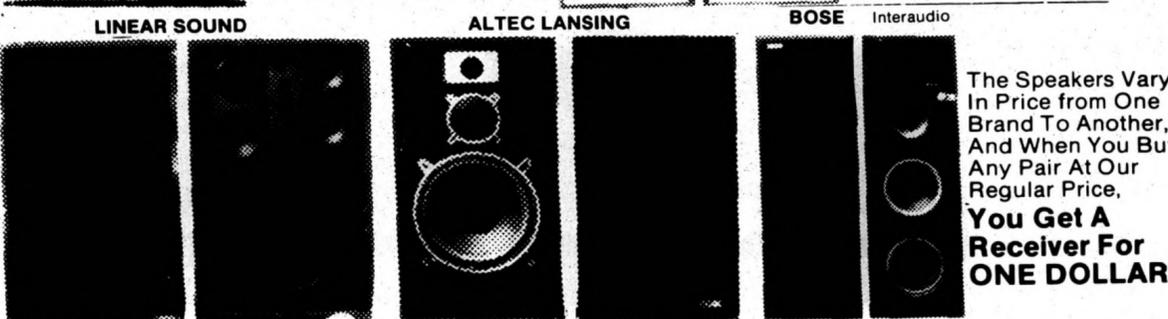
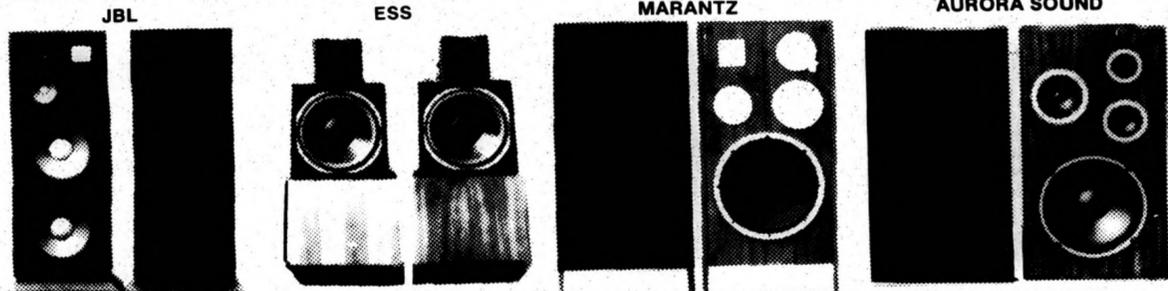


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Opera

Bill Huck

What's Going On Here?

Billy Budd, the opera by Benjamin Britten, with libretto by E.M. Forster; SF Opera 11/14 to 12/8. Call 864-3330.

The creative artist who is also a homosexual faces the dilemma of alienating the majority of his potential audience by telling stories that concern his world, but not theirs, or alienating his imagination by trying to force it into a milieu that does not fully engage it.

In recent years, the trend has been to resolve this question in favor of the freedom of the imagination, as, for example, in Harvey Fierstein's *Torch Song Trilogy*, Edmund White's *A Boy's Own Story* or Andrew Holleran's *Dancer from the Dance*. Such are the benefits of gay liberation.

A generation ago the homosexual artist could not create fictions out of his own concerns and expect to reach a large public. In 1948 Gore Vidal's *The City and the Pillars* so shocked the book editor at *The New York Times* that the newspaper refused to review any more of Vidal's novels. Essentially, Vidal's career was left in limbo for the next ten years. It was not until the upheaval of the '60s that Vidal could win for himself the major place in American letters that he deserved.

The classic example of this dilemma in this century involved novelist E.M. Forster. After having written four novels early in his career, Forster became frustrated over what he called "the only subject that I both can and may treat — the love of men for women and vice versa." The writer then composed the homosexual fantasy, *Maurice*, which, however, was never published in his lifetime. Except for that last great epiphany, *A Passage to India*, Forster abandoned the novel altogether.

For the British homosexuals of the generation of Auden, Isherwood and Benjamin Britten, Forster was simultaneously the revered artist and the embodied tragedy. Forster was at ease with his own sexuality and both his life and his work continued to display a passionate attachment to his ideals, but no more creative efforts flowed

from his pen. Forster entered Britten's creative universe when an essay the scholar had written about George Crabbe's poem *The Borough* led the composer to write *Peter Grimes*. Britten then urged Forster to join him in a real collaboration, where the older novelist would actually write the libretto for one of Britten's operas. Forster was intrigued by this suggestion and the result, eventually was *Billy Budd*.

Phil Brett, in an article originally published in the S. F. Opera's program book for the 1978 production of the work, has brilliantly analyzed the sexual implications of Forster's contribution to *Budd*. His article remains one of the most insightful pieces on any of Britten's operas and is reprinted in *The Britten Companion*, edited by Christopher Palmer. What Brett has so far left undiscovered, however, is Britten's own sexual turmoil as revealed by *Billy Budd*.

Making an opera out of Melville's homoerotic fantasy was, after all, originally Britten's suggestion, not Forster's. But what is the real story in *Billy Budd*? Isn't it that one man, Claggart, because of his repressed homosexual longings for the beautiful foretopman, seeks to destroy him? And that Captain Vere completes this action because of his own devotion to authority?

Faced with such a tale, Britten's first problem, was which role to give to his lover, tenor Peter Pears. To give Pears the beautiful Billy, the "pure fool" with a deadly stammer, was impossible. Britten simply could not, even subliminally, lavish upon Billy the love he felt for Pears. The situation would have quickly become much too sticky. Besides

that, there was nothing of the "pure fool" about Pears. He was an intellectual, who, like Vere, "had read books and studied and pondered and tried to fathom eternal truth." No, Pears would have to have the role of Captain Vere.

Now Britten had the problem of how to resolve this drama through his music. The evocation of the community of men aboard ship was easy. The composer intertwined a number of sea shanties, sung by the sailors at work throughout Billy's destructive drama. These songs are beautiful music, lyrical and soothing; they breathe the fresh air of camaraderie. In one scene, after an incident in which a young sailor is flogged, a friend comforts him; the music of this comfort, with its dreamy reassurances and piquant intervals, sets the stage for Vere's final realization.

Claggart's evil was also easy to embody. Often, Britten moves the character's music a semitone away from its home base, and

What is the real story in Billy Budd? Isn't it that one man, because of his repressed longings, seeks to destroy him?

thereby creates a sinister unrest. His interval is, predominantly, a fourth — sharp, jagged and menacing.

Billy, on the other hand, is a dreamer. In the scene where he is awakened and tempted to mutiny, the music has a sensuous lilt to it we have not heard before. Billy's grandest moment — and his most characteristic — occurs late in the drama, as he awaits hanging. Here the libretto leaps from prose to poetry and the music splendidly follows suit. So far the homoeroticism of the story, especially in Claggart's great aria, "O beauty, O handsomeness, goodness," is masterfully hinted at, without ever being fully expressed.

But in the creation of Vere, Britten and his librettists become so afraid of proclaiming themselves that they create a religious theme to cover the sexual one. The entire music drama of *Billy Budd* moves toward the moment in the epilogue when Vere experiences "a love that passes understanding." Musically, the moment is magnificent: it unifies and answers the drama of Billy's hanging. It sounds truly comforting. Morally, it seems to me more suspect: Billy has been sacrificed for the sake of Vere's religious conversion.

Britten's opera remains taut and thrilling music-drama — a must-see and -hear for anyone interested in music or drama, and the S.F. Opera is reviving it this season, with a stunning cast and fine conductor.

Cabaret from page 19

A possible exception and more recent discovery is Robert Erickson. Granted, his repertoire (sparse), his delivery (breathy), his arrangements (some of them too complex and sophisticated for the average human ear), his gestures (irritatingly repetitious), and his on-stage persona (ingratiating but contrived) all need work. But he's only been 'out' as a cabaret soloist for a year, he gets better all the time, and even the night he first started he was better than most of his competition. But vulnerability is an important quality in a successful cabaret performer, and there's something calculated in Erickson's style of communication.

I've never really believed that Lynda Begren's cup runneth over with love — for me or any of the 50 or 60 other people she pinions with that message; when David Reign rhapsodizes over a sunset that changed his life or chokes up over the desolation of lost love I suspect careful rehearsal even while a tear forms; I'm not even sure Jae Ross has a grandmother or ever did... and even the truest druidical magic of Weslia Whitfield is suspect when she manages to never look at the actual faces in her audience... but these are masters of the art who charm you with natural beauty and compelling personality, grab you by the throat with a flood of apparent sincerity, and then seduce you with solid musical talent.

Robert Erickson's in their league all right — and with only a year's experience to his credit. Musical savvy? Listen to his "I'm Beginning to See the Light." Romance? It's almost as if Jerome Kern wrote "All the Things You Are" with him in mind. Personal interpretation? He does for "Slow Boat To China" what Streisand did for "Happy Days Are Here Again."

If I were a song, I'd want to be sung by Robert Erickson. As a not-easily-pleased audience, it's my pleasure to sit and listen to him. And yet... the repetitious rocking to & fro and clenching of fists, the excessive breathing into the mike, the choppy musical timing created by a contrived hesitancy that's intended to express emotion, all mar what could be a flawless performance. At present, some good direction is needed to eradicate a bagful of Mr. Erickson's irritating gimmicks.

The last great "discovery" in area cabaret was Gail Wilson, and that was a few years ago — no one since has come close to rivaling the aforementioned established talents. Erickson comes close. Very. He's a bit short on ability to open up and "confront" his audience — he misses, narrowly misses, touching. It will come. If cabaret isn't to become a series of dusty vocal recitals or a lot of hokily energetic burlesque, he's its strongest hope for survival on the not so hopeful horizon of newer talent.

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Tuffy Eldridge Band performs hot original mellow rock, 8 pm, \$4, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof", by Tennessee Williams, performed by Actors Ensemble of Berkeley, 8 pm, \$5, Live Oak Theatre, Berkeley (also 11/9). Call 528-5620.

"Oh Goddess!" an original musical comedy, presented by Les Nickettes, concludes its run; 8 pm, \$8 (also 11/9) at the Lab Theatre. Call 346-4063.

"Unfinished Business — The New AIDS Show" concludes its run; 8:30 pm, \$10-\$12 at Theatre Rhino (also 11/9-10). Call 861-5079.

"Dream Man and 'Bathhouse Benediction'", two one acts by James Carroll Pickett; 8:30 pm, \$8, at Studio Rhino (also 11/9-10). Call 861-5079.

"Tune the Grand Up", revue of Jerry Herman's songs, 8:30 pm, at 1177 Club (also 11/9). Call 776-2101.

Joseph Taro solos, 9:30 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

After Hours bash warms up for the CMC Carnival, 2 am til 7, Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Goings On in the Next Two Weeks

Sunday, November 10

★**CMC Carnival**; a venerable tradition returns - an event for the entire community; noon - 8 pm, \$10, Pier 45. Call 821-3637.

Chrysanthemum Ragtime Band, 2 pm, \$4; **Mario Rivas** plays guitar, 8 pm, \$6; **SF Lesbian Chorus** is "In The Mood", 8 pm, \$5-\$7; all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Ryth-O-Matics play World Beat music, 4-8 pm, \$5, at El Rio. Call 282-3325.

Patricia Butler & John Lusk of "K-Ra-Zy for Gershwin", 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Monday, November 11

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

Tuesday, November 12

"The New Family"; panel hosted by Lesbian Gay parenting; 8 pm, \$6, at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Temescal Gay Men's Chorus rehearses every Tuesday, 7 pm, Trinity Hall, Berkeley. Call 465-7388.

Wednesday, November 13

Singers Open Mike with accompanist Magdalen Leucke, host John Legaspi; sign up 7-8 pm, \$3; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

November 15-21

Friday, November 15

Deirda McCalla, Olivia recording artist, in concert, celebrates the release of her album "Don't Doubt It"; 8 pm, \$5, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

"Play, Power Play", triple bill of one acts by Pinter, Orton, Parker; 8 pm, Phoenix Gallery/Theatre. Call 431-6777.

Aldo Bell brings his revue, "A Whole Lot of Bessie in Me" to the Club Long Island; 8 pm, \$6. Call 826-6848.

K'Thar Sissies, see 11/8; **Hysterical Women** Janny Mac Harg & Evie, Karen Ripley, hostette Linda Moakes, 10:30 pm, \$5; all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Teresa Tudury vocalizes 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

X-Rated Leather Buns Contest, 10 pm, at Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Saturday, November 16

Patrick Franklin signs copies of his new collection *The Uncertainty of Strangers and Other Stories*, 1-3 pm, at Walt Whitman Bookshop. Call 861-3078.

Erotica: workshop on how to write sex into the lives of your characters for lesbians & gay men; 4 hrs, \$40. Call Jess Wells, 647-1065.

Judi Friedman on guitar, vocals; 8 pm, \$4, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Paul Krassner in an evening of political wit & wisdom, 8 pm, \$5 (also 11/17); **Gay Comedy**

Jaе Ross & Eugene Barry-Hill, 8:30 pm, at 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

Kate Doyle, formerly of The Lamplighters, with Doug Trantham, 9:15 pm, \$6; at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Monday, November 18

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

Larry Bridges, vocalist, 8:30 pm, at 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

Tuesday, November 19

Video forum on "Women in Revolution" with Nicaragua visitor Lisa Gross; 8 pm, \$3-\$5, at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Mark Zerga, vocalist, 8:30 pm, at 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

"Don't Rub Me the Wrong Way", a new play by Daniel Curzon, gets a staged reading 7:30 pm, at the Playwright's Center, Fort Mason (Bldg. B).

Wednesday, November 20

Singers Open Mike see 11/13.

Ann Dyer, vocalist, 8:30 pm, at 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

Joseph Taro presents "Songs & Laughter", evening of musical variety, 9:15 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Thursday, November 21

"Tune The Grand Up", see 11/8.

"A Bagful of Bendorff", Robert Bendorff backs his favorite vocalists' 8 pm, Big Mama's, Hayward. Call 881-9310.

Cynthia Bythell, singer-songwriter, 8 pm, \$5, **Tennessee in the Summer** (see 11/8); **K'Thar Sissies** (see 11/8); all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Open Mike Nite with Danny Williams, 9 pm, Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

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

Rock from page 20

Buck put it, "it's hard to explain to people that Jonathan just might be God." The wily innocent sounds labored on discs, but he's regularly downright awesome live. (Berkeley Square, 11/16, 9:30 pm, \$6).

Looters (TBA) Afro/urban funk from the flagship of the World Beat bands. You can run but you can't hide. (I-Beam, 11/18, 11 pm, \$5).

Leon Russell: The mercurial keyboard whiz headed back to his southwest roots, via bluegrass, about five years back and I lost track. A chance to catch up. (Great American Music Hall, 11/18, 8:30 pm, \$15).

Chris Williamson & Tret Fure: This is about as close to mainstream as Olivia Records gets. I'd like to hear the two rip into, "Sisters Are Doing It For Themselves," and wouldn't put it past them. (Great American Music Hall, 11/19 & 20, 8 pm, \$10).

Grateful Dead: Hey, I though this lot never advertise, because their shows sell out as soon as they put the word out on the grapevine. Is this ominous? Are deadheads finally getting bored with the band? Or is it vice-versa? Either case, this may present the less-than-obsessive with a chance to check out the legendary outfit. (Kaiser Auditorium, 11/20-22, 9 pm, \$15 adv.).

Alex Chilton: Careful folks. The man was through a few months back, and, yeah, he even sang his old hit, "The Letter." Well, I've heard high school bands do it more persuasive. We're talking painful. Of course, maybe he was just a little nervous. (Oasis, 11/20, 10:30 pm, \$5).

Hunter Thompson: The one's billed as Fear and Loathing In San Francisco, and it'll mark the third shot for the king of gonzo at this nightclub. If it runs true to form, he'll sit at a desk with a fat man, offer no prepared remarks, and field largely moronic questions with churlish remarks and the occasional entertaining anecdote — often mumbled nearly inaudibly — while slugging down bourbon. Impress a date. (Stone, 11/20, 10 pm, \$9 adv, \$11 day).

with Linda Moakes, Tim Thompson & Rick Mills, 10:30 pm, \$6; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Sunday, November 17

Patty Wolfe, popular SF cabaret talent, with special guest Tom Brown; 3 pm, no cover, at Big Mama's, Hayward. Call 881-9310.

Tropical Breeze offers Brazilian music, 4-8 pm, \$5, at El Rio. Call 282-3325.

★**Baybrick** celebrates its third birthday with an evening of jazz, comedy, rock & soul; **Julie Holmi & Benny Rietveld**, followed by **Marga Gomez & Monica Palacios**, 7 pm; **Baybrick All-Star Dance Band** fronted by **Bonnie Hayes & Vicki Randle**, 9 pm; **Chris Wasmund** djs from 11 pm; \$12.50 (couples \$20), at the Baybrick. Call 431-8334.

K'Thar Sissies, see 11/8.

Mixed Reviews

The Critics Choose Favorites



Detective Marlin Cruz (Mike Pantera, left) is eyed by new arrival John Van Vechten (Bill Stewart) in Starlight Studio's 'Castro: The Video'. The half-hour satire commences a month-long run at The Industrial Dance Company, 2140 Market, 11/12.

Art: 'Inspired by Leonardo', exhibition commissioned to reflect the studies & inventions of da Vinci, includes works by Bay Area and L.A. conceptualists, 11/20 - 1/25/85 at SF Art Institute. Call 771-7020.

Dance: Nancy Karp & Dancers with West Berlin artist Wolfram Erber, premiere 'First Light', two others; 11/14-16 at New Performance Gallery. Call 863-9834.

Local 8 Choreographers Concert promises a well-rounded program of Bay Area choreography; 11/8-9 at Footwork Studio. Call 824-5044.

Film: The U.S. in the '60s'; 5 day festival of documentaries, film biographies and dramatic films epitomize the decade of protest that radicalized a generation; 11/21-25 at the Roxie Cinema. Call 863-1087.

Music: Julian Bream, lutenist par excellence, in a program that includes Tippett's "The Blue Guitar," which was composed for him; 11/8 at Zellerbach Hall, UC Berkeley. Call 642-9988.

Cab Calloway, legendary hooper and crooner, teams with his daughter Chris, 11/9 at the Venetian Room. Call 772-5163.

Bireli Lagrene; the teen prodigy who amazed jazz audiences with his uncanny similarity to Django Reinhardt, has matured into a composer and guitarist in his own right; 11/13 at Kimball's. Call 861-5585.

Dancers' State Company presents a Gala with **Martine van Hamel**, 11/14 at Davies Hall. Call 431-5400.

Performance: 'Rarearea', George Coates' Performance Works' riveting spectacular, gets a new, expanded staging and an extended run, 11/15 to 1/5/85 at Theatre Artaud. Call 621-7797.

Television: 'Agony', popular British sit-com that features regular gay characters, premieres 11/9 on KQED Channel 9, runs every Saturday at 10 pm for the next five months.

Theatre: 'Jeeves Takes Charge', Edward Duke's one-man tour-de-force in this P.G. Wodehouse revival was a hit with local audiences last Spring; it returns 11/13 to Marines Memorial Theatre for a four-week run. Call 771-6900.

Murray Mednick's **'Scar'** receives its world premiere with screen stars Ed Harris and Amy Madigan in the lead roles; 11/20 to 12/22 at the Magic Theatre, Fort Mason. Call 441-8882.

Obie Award winner **'The River Niger'** by Joseph A. Walker, runs 11/16 to 12/22 at Lorraine Hansberry Theatre. Call 474-8800.



One of the images from a show of black and white photography by Jim James, at the Stud 11/11 to 12/15.

Saturday, November 9

Sean Martinfield, tenor, performs Schubert's rarely heard "The Maid of the Mill", accompanied by Robin Kay, 8 pm, \$10, at the Chapel of the Unitarian Center. Call 626-4329.

Group Sax; four-way celebration of classical, jazz saxophone; 8 pm, \$4, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Sharon & Rainbeau present an evening of male impersonation, 10:30 pm, \$5; **Gay Comedy** with Tom Ammiano, Suzy Berger, Monica Palacios, 10:30 pm, \$6; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

★**Pier Pressure**; Men Behind Bars present SF's Biggest dance party; carnival atmosphere includes a real "Tilt-a-Whirl"; benefits Shanti project & SF Band Foundation, 9 pm, Pier 45, Shed C, \$12-\$15. Call 821-3637.

Weslia Whitfield, stalwart songstress, 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Open reading for lesbian & gay male poets; 7:30 pm, no cover at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

Margot & Mike Scarpelli perform opera & Italian street songs; 8:30 pm, 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

Joseph Taro presents "Songs & Laughter", evening of musical variety; 9:00 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Thursday, November 14

Society of Gay & Lesbian Composers' general meeting, 7:30 pm. Call 621-0878.

Lisa Sanchez with Corky Ferris & Jeff Pittson perform jazz & standards, 8 pm, \$5; **"Pursuit of Happiness"** and **"Tennessee in the Summer"** see 11/8; all at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

"Tune The Grand Up", see 11/8.

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Richard L. Bail, you answered my ad in the September issue of Sentinel USA. You were in Oakland, I was out of town and missed you — call me or write — 929-7939. P.O. Box 330125 SF., CA 94133. — J.B. (P-14)

R U 4 ME?

GWM, 23, handsome, 5'11", 158 lbs., U.C. student seeks attractive man 25-35 who is looking for good times and possible relationship. Bright, sweet, and fun. I love riding, beaches in the fall, and dancing. If you're a sexy man, feel good about yourself and life in general, are easy going and going somewhere write: SUSA, Box 741. (P-14)

ASS PLAY

Erotic, safe and fun. Good looking 40 year old daddy type seeks young male who enjoys being gently fingered and having his buns massaged. Spanking optional. Description and phone number to SUSA, Box 740. (P-15)

DEAR JOHN: Sorry I can't live with you anymore. But I can't live alone either. I'm moving to the Casa Loma. Love, David. (P-17)

DEAR DAVID: You should like that. No commitments, no arguments, no PG&E bills, no hassles, no dirty dishes and no more housekeeping chores. I could never pamper you like they will. Don't forget, the Casa Loma is where I met Ken. And he was better than you ever were. Maybe you can get so lucky. Love, John. (P-17)

Handsome dark haired professional Italian, 29 yrs old, 5 feet 10 inches, 185 lbs., heavily into body building, sailing and Rugby seeks masculine gay man who enjoys sports, has a professional career and is not into the gay scene. Mustaches are a must, also a photo is appreciated. Take a chance — it's worth it! SUSA, Box 697. (P-15)

WANT HOT BUNS 4 FUN

Seeking young, healthy, trim bottom for hot, safe, slightly rough sex and playful fantasy exploration. Want to strap you down, rip off your T-shirt, clamp your nipples, tie-up your balls, slap your ass, fuck (w/condom), etc. Am 31, bi/bi, 134 lbs., 15'8", attractive, slender, horny, well-hung top. Seeking longterm playmate. Send descriptive letter, photo to #135, P.O. Box 15000, SF., CA 94115. (P-14)

Serious Artist Seeks

Appealing men to pose clothed for occasional 2-4 hour painting sessions. Hourly pay. Previous modeling experience not necessary, but a sincere attitude is important. Prefer to paint clean shaven men, or with mustache. Submit photo (head & shoulders O.K.) with a paragraph about yourself. Will return photos if requested. Rob, 2269 Market Street, #235, San Francisco, CA 94114. (P-14)

Password players needed for fun

evening games near Lake Merritt (Oakland). Smoke-free & wheelchair accessible. Call anytime. Ray. 763-0235. (P-14)

Male Seeks Male Lover

White male 44, 5'7", 160 lbs., seeks kind, loving male into corsets, girdles, seamed nylon stockings under male casual clothes or three piece business suit who enjoys J.O. and Tit play for sincere one-to-one relationship. I am very discreet. Write, include phone number to: 537 Jones, Box 5136, San Francisco, CA 94102. (P-14)

Attention Vacuum Pumps

Handsome W/m, 37, blond, blue eyes, moustache, good swimmer's build, has pump and is eager to meet other well-built W/m's with pump for long, hot, one-on-one sessions or small groups. Seeks buddies for pump action on regular basis. Letters with photo answered first. Write SUSA, Box 736. (P-14)

Pro Face Stuffer

White male, healthy, 37, 5'11", 170 lbs., muscular gym body, masculine, goodlooking, moustache, blue eyes, hung and cut seeks athletic C&B service from talented mouth with staying power, attached to under 40 goodlooking, masculine guy with well exercised body. Health conscious? J/O finish is OK with me. Send phone and photo (returned) to Box 421835, San Francisco, CA 94142. (P-15)

Relocated to Bay Area

GWM, 27, 170M, I am goodlooking, athletic, masculine, hung big'n'thick, seeks same 18 to 27 for friendship possible relationship in Bay Area. Must be goodlooking, hung and in shape. Phone and pix, nude if possible (returned) to Phil, P.O. Box 57841, Concord, CA 94527. (P-14)

NUDIST — EXHIBITIONIST

Is there a Nudist/Exhibitionist Group in the Oakland area? We prefer a group of men in their mid 30's. Call 531-9183 with information. Home between 7 & 11. If not in, please leave a message, your call will be returned. (P-14)

Leather/Rubber Tops Wanted

For hot, safe fantasy exploration with GW bottom. Into most scenes. Have lover but I'm looking for someone for hot Master/Slave fantasies. I'm early 30's, dark, goodlooking, hairy and hot. Looking for a man with great fantasy imagination, especially Rubber & Bondage, 30's + with place to get together. If interested drop a descriptive letter to 485 Castro, #452, San Francisco, CA 94114. Phone & photo appreciated. (P-14)

Running Buddy

Professional GWM, 46, look 40, feel 35, 5'8 1/2", 150 lbs., long distance runner, HTLV3 negative, seeks 30 to 40 year old physically and financially fit quality man for friendship and romance. Photo, letter and phone to Jim K., Box 26428, San Francisco, CA 94126. (P-14)

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)

Leatherman Likes To Dance!!

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Uncut Leatherman Only!!

28 year old, tight gym-bodied, very hung & thick leatherman seeks leather guys with hard gym bodies for heavy F/S stretching & raw J/O action. Further health-conscious leather action possible. Buddy -346-7416. (P-14)

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)

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)

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)

Time To Get Serious

I am attractive 35 y.o. GWM, 5'7", 145, light 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)

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)

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