

# Sentinel

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## O'Connell Trial Update

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## The Heart of 'Tex' Maillard

*Cheerleader,  
Den Mother,  
Major General.  
What's Her  
Secret?*

by Dave Ford

She loves margaritas, tacos, and beaches. She drives a Mercedes; the license plate reads 'MYARD.' She takes a morning aerobics class; she parties with heads of state, politicians, rock stars. Every couple of years she throws the City's biggest block party. She recently helped pull together the highly profitable San Francisco Arts For Life benefit at Davies Hall. She is a tireless champion of numberless causes. And she has found the perfect way to take money from people: throw a party. A good party. A *special* party.

On a blustery afternoon recently Charlotte Maillard, Deputy Chief of Protocol — Cyril Magnin has acted as Chief for the last two decades — strolled into the Fairmont Hotel, looking chic in white. We sank into a cozy booth in the Fairmont's Cirque Room, a plush, low-lit, deco lounge off the hotel's main lobby, sipped white wine, nibbled party mix, and spoke for over an hour about protocol, gays and AIDS in society, her Texas upbringing, her dreams for the future. At first reserved, she was soon laughing easily, and touching my arm to emphasize her points. Her eyes lit up when she talked about pet projects: The Black and White Ball, the Golden Gate Bridge's fiftieth anniversary.

By the time we wrapped the interview and trooped into the chill for photos, it was clear that Charlotte Maillard really does love this city, and in her own way. And she's having a hell of a lot of fun doing it.



Charlotte Maillard doesn't need a parking permit—not in this town.

MICK HICKS

**DF:** As Deputy Chief of Protocol are your duties strictly defined?

**CM:** The title's not very important in that I just like to do whatever I can for the city, or for Dianne (Feinstein), and it doesn't matter to me what category it falls in.

**DF:** When you're dealing in SF society protocol, have you devised a special way of treating gays?

**CM:** I'm not really into special interest groups. I like people for people. I am not a politician. Maybe they have to be more concerned with special interest groups. I think that everybody is special. So maybe I'm different than some; I don't know.

**DF:** I assume you travel a bit.

**CM:** Probably too much!

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# Editorial

Tom Murray

## Traditions

Last Sunday I journeyed to the Italian neighborhood in Cleveland where my family has its roots. Four generations gathered to celebrate my grandmother's 85th birthday at a service in the church where she had been baptized and married and returned through the years for the marriages and funerals of relatives and friends.

Gram introduced herself to people in neighboring pews and managed to let most of the congregation know that this was a special day and that the motley group around her was her family. For a brief moment past and present merged. Wrinkled faces smiled as an infant's cry sounded a note of hope for the future.

Perhaps our community achieves that same sense of connection when we march in memory of Harvey Milk and George Moscone each year. That journey from a familiar neighborhood to City Hall crosses through time and binds us together as our candles glow in the November darkness, a rite graceful and powerful as any cathedral ritual. Generations blend together as we look to new faces, new heroes to carry our movement forward.

The onset of another holiday season finds many people lonely and depressed, burdened with additional expenses, tired from too many activities. This is a season for remembering, and frequently the memories involve losses, separation, unfulfilled dreams and distance. AIDS has taken many beautiful people from us this year.

More than ever we need to claim our heritage and create our own holiday traditions. Gay people can feel separated from family and roots because they have been rejected or have opted to lead a secret life rather than share their identity. The season is ripe for reestablishing bonds, mending fences and making peace. We can write a letter, make a telephone call, take the first step toward people who are part of our history, never quite forgotten. Maybe our outstretched hand will not be met, our letter will remain unanswered; but then maybe there *will* be a connection, the healing of a festering old wound.

Many gay people are particularly alienated from their religious heritage. Yet there are now gay communities of faith within many religious denominations. One can join these groups during the holidays and celebrate in the light, no longer from within the darkness of a closet or the shadows of a confessional.

For those who prefer not to return to the church of their youth, the Metropolitan Community Church offers a unique possibility which blends many traditions in a new way.

For those who want nothing more to do with any form of organized worship, there can be healing in simply letting go of the anger and resentment carried through the years as heavy excess baggage.

We continue to create our own traditions. San Francisco offers an array of holiday extravaganzas and many within the gay community will benefit people with AIDS. One can support good causes while enjoying a favorite fantasy: The Band Foundation invites you to join a Nutcracker Dance-a-Long attired as your favorite character.

Most of us won't be celebrating Christmas wrapped in a warm sweater before a roaring fire while snow falls serenely outside.

Many of us will miss the magic in children's eyes as they discover Santa's surprises.

Many of us will not be eating Christmas dinner with our family. And yet wrapped somewhere deep in the heart of this season is a spark of hope, a dream of peace that is universal and belongs to us all.

## Sentinel

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Check out that cake: dessert spread at the Thanksgiving feast for members of AIDS vigil in United Nations Plaza.

## Commentary

Steven Rascher

### Economic Clout Equals Political Power

**S**o you say you aren't involved in politics? Well, perhaps you are and don't know it. Any lesbian or gay individual who spends money in San Francisco is actively involved in the local political scene and should be cognizant of the power he or she is wielding.

The fundamental belief that economic strength is the most persuasive tool in politics is even more true today. Unfortunately, the lesbian/gay community has yet to realize how powerful it can be by channeling that strength where it can do the most good.

Since 1974, the Golden Gate Business Association has been aware of the correlation between economic clout and political power. Over the past twelve years, it has used that basic concept for the advancement of the lesbian/gay community; most recently the Cala Foods incident which was settled solely on the strength of our community's economic viability.

But GGBA can only boast of limited accomplishments. The fact is, they have yet to convince the lesbian/gay community of the importance they can have in local politics through a collective economic strength.

But attain it they must. We are facing another election year and the politicos are out in force. This time however, we cannot be satisfied as easily as in the past. Our demands are too great in 1986 to settle for anything less than what we are entitled.

Made up of small business owners and professionals, the GGBA has the facilities presently in place to assist the lesbian/gay small business and individual professional to be represented and heard. We are presently representing over 800 members through our

efforts in the GGBA, the Small Business Network, and the National Association of Business Councils, (NABC).

Recently, a study of four San Francisco small business associations by San Francisco State University showed that GGBA members scored their association higher in effectiveness and "community involvement" than the other three participants' members. Evaluating the results of the survey, GGBA is now actively working to eliminate those concerns that the small business owner listed as paramount, namely rising rents and the demise of small business in San Francisco.

Even with this, GGBA can do more. The adage "there is strength in numbers" certainly holds true when it pertains to the political scene. With increased membership we can equate larger economic figures with power in local matters.

Whether you are a business owner or a business professional, your participation in the GGBA will provide the economic strength that the political hopefuls and city government will have to deal with and satisfy. Your support can and will assist in assuring equal right and representation in local government issues pertaining to the well-being of the lesbian and gay community.

1986 is the year to be counted. Steven Rascher is the Executive Director of the Golden Gate Business Association.

### Quote/Unquote

**Sure to squelch rumors that NYC Mayor Ed Koch, a bachelor, might be homosexual:**

"He's such a slob that I've seen him pull a shirt out of a laundry bag, put it on, and go out in it."

—Restaurateur Al Nahas, reportedly a personal friend of Koch, quoted in a recent Village Voice expose on Nahas' reputed Mob connections

**Club Dread?**

"We want to see if we can live the life of the new man."

—Rajneesh disciple Swami Anand Prajeet, in an SF Chronicle story, discussing plans for "a beautiful, luxurious, AIDS-free vacation resort in Maui." Rajneeshi AIDS precautions have included the use of condoms and rubber gloves.

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(415) 861-8100

VOICE OF THE NEW GENERATION

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## How Safe is Your Money at Atlas?

To Our Valued Customers,

Recently there has been a lot of publicity and talk about the financial condition of Atlas. We want to give you a few facts and a lot of assurances regarding the safety of your accounts.

Your account is insured by the Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corporation (FSLIC) up to \$100,000. Many people remember the Western Community Money Center problems. They were not insured by a United States Government agency. Atlas accounts are federally insured so your money is safe and available right away. In those few cases where the FSLIC takes over a Savings and Loan, it usually does so on a Friday evening and then reopens on the following Monday morning as a federal mutual association with the same name. It is "business as usual" on Monday and the customers' transactions are not affected in any way. For example, a FSLIC takeover has already happened to Eureka Federal Savings and their customers hardly knew anything was changed.

Now is the time to deposit more money to your Atlas accounts because:

- Your deposits are clear evidence of your confidence and support of our community.
- With Atlas your money stays in the community and gives it a stronger economic base.
- Your continued support adds strength to Atlas so that we will be here to help you and your friends when you need an understanding financial partner.
- Your money is insured to \$100,000.

The Chronicle and especially the San Francisco Examiner have chosen to use sensational and misleading headlines when reporting on Atlas. The Examiner's reporter apparently does not know the difference between an asset and a liability which certainly casts some doubt over the accuracy of the entire story. The Examiner states that brokered deposits "accounted for almost 40 percent of the assets of Atlas" when in fact brokered deposits are less than one percent of our total. Furthermore all types of deposits are liabilities NOT assets.

The Examiner's negative story goes on to indicate that Atlas is getting deposits through brokers from Indian Reservation bingo parlor employee pension funds. In fact, these deposits have been made through the United States Department of the Interior, Bureau of Indian Affairs.

We find it disheartening that the Examiner has so little regard for accuracy and fairness when reporting on Atlas Savings. Why do they choose to do so? Perhaps this is the method the San Francisco Examiner chooses to discredit our community's only financial institution.

Atlas was founded to provide financial services to the Gay/Lesbian community. We believe our valued customers will continue to have confidence in us and to support us so that we can support you.

Thank you.

Atlas Savings and Loan Association

**ATLAS**  
Atlas Savings & Loan Association

444 Castro Street • 861-3161

1967 Market Street • 552-6700

110 Bush Street • 989-9797

Acquittal Denied:

# O'Connell Trial Testimony Reveals Possible Malice

Judge Rejects Theory O'Connell Stumbled

by John Wetzl

Testimony is now complete in the trial of four young Vallejo men who have been charged with murder in connection with the alleged 1984 "bashing" death of a gay man on Polk Street. A verdict in the case is expected in the next two weeks.

Following a four-day Thanksgiving recess, testimony continued from prosecution witnesses, including a woman who travelled with the four defendants to San Francisco the night of the alleged killing, and a man who had accompanied John L. O'Connell the night he died.

Throughout the court proceedings, relatives of three of the defendants—Danny Clanton, Timothy White and Douglass Barr—sat calmly near the four defendants, who sat motionless.

The four, including 20-year-old David Rogers, have been charged with murder. Attorneys Martin Lurie and Michael Gaines are asking for acquittals for their two clients, Barr and Clanton. Attorneys Harvey Goldfine and Michael Burt will seek involuntary manslaughter convictions for Rogers and White.

Tuesday, after three hours of testimony from the coroner, the prosecution closed its case. The defense, after a failed attempt to acquit the four young men, rested, and will present no evidence. The jury is expected to begin deliberations Friday or Monday.

O'Connell died July of last year, after six hours of unsuccessful surgery to save him. He had fallen onto the pavement following an alleged attack by the four defendants, succumbing to fatal injuries to his skull and brain. It has become the most visible case of possibly anti-gay violence in the City.

## Prosecution Victory

The outcome of closing arguments Tuesday provided a victory for the prosecution, which had attempted to prove that the attack caused O'Connell to fall and crack his skull.

Superior Court Judge Edward Stern dismissed defense arguments that a supposed five-second time gap suggested O'Connell may have stumbled on his own. The judge also derided arguments that, because the blows were not meant to kill, the charges should be dropped.

"I don't think this motion (for acquittal) is well-taken," the judge said. "I don't think one can concentrate only on the blow itself."

Stevens also said examination of O'Connell's liver showed O'Connell to have been familiar with alcohol and, presumably, with the effects of alcohol.

## Knock-down Theory

"Where more energy is applied," Stevens said, "there is more potential for injury. This is an accelerated fall. There would have to be another factor (other than merely losing his balance). Something that gives more speed and energy to the body."

As the prosecution attempted Tuesday to establish more substance to the theory that one blow to O'Connell's face knocked

Mr. Reyes he was about 50 feet or so from where Mr. O'Connell was."

"They do things together," Fazio countered. "Mr. Barr came to San Francisco with the defendants. We do know from Miss Killigrew, who drove the four to Polk Street, that they drank and discussed it."

"They laughed at Mr. O'Connell. According to testimony, they chose to rise to the occasion, one of them saying, 'If you're not doing something about it, I am.'

## Trial With Implications

The O'Connell case has been the most attention-grabbing case of its kind—a case with far-reaching social implications in a city with a high per capita population of gays and lesbians.

Extra precautions have been taken by the court to ensure that community opinion is not reflected in the courtroom. For many gays, it hits on sensitive personal safety

issues. Attacks against gays have been on the increase since the community has become more active, according to Community United Against Violence.

Diana Christensen, who directs the city-funded gay and lesbian advocacy group, said anti-gay and lesbian violence is "an ongoing problem that is going to continue."

"John O'Connell was [allegedly] killed by a group of kids that randomly picked him out. It's the classic case. It is one of the cases that actually goes to trial and we actually find out what's going to happen with it."

Christensen said the incidence of anti-gay and lesbian violence has increased since CUAV started keeping records in 1981.

Court arguments are expected today and possibly tomorrow, and the jury may go into deliberation as late as Monday. A verdict could follow by as many as five days. ■

later learned the man died and I later learned his name was John O'Connell."

San Francisco Medical Examiner Dr. Boyd Stevens testified in detail as to the nature of O'Connell's injury, a coup-counter-coup and subdural hematoma, which killed him essentially by drainage of excess blood into the cranial

him to the sidewalk, defense lawyers attempted to distance the cause-and-effect relationship.

The fine points have been scrutinized regarding exactly what the series of events that July evening had to do with O'Connell's injuries. And defense attorneys for two of the defendants have claimed that their clients' involvement in



San Francisco Medical Examiner Dr. Boyd Stevens examining evidence Tuesday. Stevens said a five-second lag time could have allowed time for O'Connell to stumble. Judge Stern said the lag time estimate may not be accurate.

cavity.

## Judge Sees Collusion

"They all have fallen within the legal conception of aiding and abetting," Judge Stern concluded. "I think that we have sufficient evidence to go to the jury."

"When we were recreating the circumstances, we did not omit Mr. Clanton's remarks, which I think is significant because I think Mr. Clanton's remarks are a very significant element in this whole scenario."

As to the five-second time gap, Judge Stern said, "Frankly, witnesses' estimates of times, such as the time mentioned, five seconds, are more figures of speech than anything else."

Attorney Martin Lurie had argued: "Council is groping for straws in what is presented. He has not proved with one grain of evidence...that Mr. Barr was aiding and abetting. According to Mr. Reyes [a prosecution witness], Mr. Barr was seen some distance from Mr. O'Connell. According to



Defendant Douglass Barr in court Tuesday.

A Philadelphia task force of Black and White Men Together is promoting the distribution of this bus advertisement, in connection with the release of a rap record to increase awareness among minorities about the AIDS threat.

## Black, Hispanic Gays Target of New Record

by Robert Hass

cassette copies to a number of radio stations that play minority music or have a format geared to minority people.

The rap was part of a larger campaign in Philadelphia that included posters in buses and subways and risk-reduction pamphlets geared specifically toward minorities. Approximately 10,000 pamphlets were distributed throughout that community.

The song lyrics are snappy, at times blunt, as well as medically accurate. For example:

*Now it's a fact, the impact of a brief contact might slow your roll before it takes control.*

*AIDS don't care about the color of your skin.*

*Think about your partner before you get down, use a trojan or two or don't mess around.*

Nationwide, blacks account for 25 percent of all AIDS cases, and Hispanics 14 percent, according to the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. In some cities, such as Philadelphia, more than half of all AIDS cases strike minorities.

Williams said project organizers decided a rap record was the best and quickest way to get information into black and Hispanic communities because of its universal acceptance there. The BWMT-SF Task Force hopes to obtain playing time on radio stations and in discos patronized by minority gay men.

"We've already distributed the record to 25 local disc jockeys," Williams said, "and are sending

dramatically, he warned, if programs to educate minorities are not instituted soon.

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Williams indicated BWMT-SF will also pursue a poster campaign providing the group can secure funding for it. As for a brochure, Williams said BWMT-SF in conjunction with Third World service Providers and the San Francisco AIDS Foundation was presently developing one.

In a recent letter to BWMT-SF, Mayor Dianne Feinstein stated, "I am pleased that the U.S. Conference of Mayors (USCM) was able to support the work of Black and White Men Together in producing the 'Respect Yourself' project . . . Your commitment to a strong public education campaign which takes into account the special concerns of the minority communities can help save

lives in San Francisco and elsewhere." The USCM awarded \$13,500 to the "Respect Yourself" project last summer.

Mayor Wilson Goode of Philadelphia, who wrote a similar letter to his city's BWMT chapter, recently taped a T.V. public service announcement on AIDS. He called his action "my personal contribution to this (AIDS education) effort."

"Respect Yourself" was written and produced by Jerry Dean Lester, 28, a Philadelphia-based composer and musician, and a member of BWMT-Phila.

In addition to Philadelphia and San Francisco, BWMT chapters in New York City, Washington, D.C., Memphis and Louisville have initiated "Respect Yourself" campaigns using the rap record. The record has also received national media attention in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and ABC news recently requested a copy.

Williams emphasized that donations are urgently needed to purchase additional copies of the AIDS rap record so that AIDS minority outreach can be expanded. Each record costs BWMT-SF three dollars plus postage.

For more information about the "Respect Yourself" project or for a copy of the record, contact Reggie Williams at (415) 431-8333. ■

## NGTF Receives Crisisline Grant

The NGTF Fund for Human Dignity has received a grant of \$10,000 from the AT&T Foundation in support of the Crisisline project. The grant, which was announced less than a week after the Fund Board of Directors voted to adopt the national toll-free gay/lesbian community line as a direct Fund project, marks the first grant by a major corporation to the Fund.

"We value both the vital role the Fund plays in fostering public understanding of gay people and the important service Crisisline provides in connection with the AIDS epidemic," said Charles Evans, vice president of health and social action programs for the AT&T Foundation, in awarding the grant.

Fund Executive Director Lance Ringel emphasized the significance of corporate support for such a program, adding that while corporate support comprises a significant part of the budgets of many non-profits, until now the Fund had received no major corporate support, despite a number of foundation grants and strong support from individuals.

"We are very pleased that AT&T has contributed support to this project," said Fund Board Co-Chair Catherine Maiorisi. "In assuming responsibility for the Crisisline, the Fund Board made clear its belief that it is important to provide a service like the Crisisline to the gay and lesbian community nationwide."

The Board voted to adopt the project and its attendant clearinghouse after the National Gay Task Force, the line's original sponsor, asked the Fund to do so. The line was founded at NGTF in 1982, and since then a corps of volunteers (35 to 40 people at a time) has provided help to thousands of callers from all over the nation with information and referrals concerning AIDS, anti-gay/lesbian violence and lesbian/gay youth. Many thousands more attempt to call the Crisisline each month, but are unable to get through because of the volume of calls.

The Fund for Human Dignity, founded in 1974, is a national educational foundation with the stated purpose of educating the public about the lives of lesbian and gay Americans, and educating gay and lesbian Americans about their own status in society.

Prepared from a Sentinel USA news release. ■

## Contra Costa County MCC

Saturday, December 7th Diablo Valley MCC Bowling at 9:45 am at the Diablo Lanes, 1500 Monument Blvd. in Concord (on lanes 1 through 4).

Wednesday, December 11th Bible Study at 7:00 pm and Prayer & Praise Service of Worship at 8:15 pm, Diablo Valley MCC, 2247 Concord Blvd. in Concord (between Grant & Colfax). ■

## Seventh Milk, Moscone March

by John Wetzl

Some 3,000 marchers paraded down the Market Street corridor from Castro Street to United Nations Plaza last week for an observance of the anniversary of the 1978 assassinations of Mayor George R. Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk. What for seven years has become a solitary tradition ended enjoined with the ongoing AIDS vigil in the Civic Center.

Marchers bore candles and signs inscribed with the names of 700 men who have died of acquired immune deficiency syndrome. Following the march, a small crowd gathered at the federal office building. Some marchers taped signs onto the building's granite facing, covering much of the first floor facade.

Marchers who recounted the assassinations had little to say about the October suicide of former Supervisor Dan White, who had been convicted in 1979 of killing the two city officials.

Continued on page 11



Marchers carried the names of victims of AIDS in last week's annual march to mark the 7th anniversary of the assassinations of George Moscone and Harvey Milk. The suicide of Dan White and the mounting AIDS toll put a damper on the proceedings, and organizers have suggested this year will mark the last such demonstration.



**Charlotte Maillard:** from page 1

**DF:** Is there a difference in sophistication with regard to gays in San Francisco than in other cities you've visited?

**CM:** I guess there is a different feeling here than there is in other cities, but I can't speak to that because I don't live there. I would just venture to say that we have an acceptance here of the gay community as being very much a part of the city.

**DF:** Have you personally noticed that AIDS has changed people's attitudes toward gays?

**CM:** I don't think so. I think there's a great discussion about it. I think obviously gays are certainly concerned about it, and I think that people in general are concerned about it. It's a new disease, an unfortunate disease, and one that we have to do something about. I'm helping to raise money.

**DF:** How did you become involved in the Arts For Life benefit?

**CM:** I think I'm involved in most things that go on in the city. No matter who called me about a benefit for AIDS, if I could participate I would.

**DF:** Are people saying, "Gee Tex, I'm worried. What about social kissing, or drinking out of the same glass?"

**CM:** They do talk about it because this is a kissing town, and we go to a lot of parties. But I don't think they're carried away with it. So little is known about AIDS. It can hit very close to home.

**DF:** In San Francisco, there's always someone who's lost somebody every time you talk to them.

**CM:** Oh, I know. I was fortunate enough to sit in on several meetings in the mayor's office, and from what I gathered, San Francisco has programs that other cities look to.

People I know care in their own way. They're either doing something about it, attending a performance, giving money, or being concerned about what happens in their own households, whether they're gay, straight, whatever.

What about bathhouses? I'm going to interview you now. (Laughter).

**DF:** It's a two-pronged problem, as I see it. Sociologically, it's troublesome when the government has to direct people's

behavior. On the other hand, you have people who may be compulsive sexually who may spread the disease. But I sense that the more oppression there is, the more that's going to go on.

**CM:** But say there's a bathhouse that lets practices get out of hand that could spread AIDS, and people come from all over to go there. I think we have a responsibility to not let that happen. Sometimes those people who abuse that have

Then I came to San Francisco with a girlfriend. I did not know a soul. Probably a lot of people would have liked for it to remain that way, after all the money I've taken from them! (Laughter)

**DF:** Were you the girl in high school who put crepe paper up in the school gym?

**CM:** I've always said that I grew up decorating the gymnasium. The good news is that now instead I get to decorate the rotunda of City Hall!

**DF:** It's as if you've combined the best of a small town — knowing a lot of people — with the big city, seeing things on a large scale.

**Herb Caen** said about you recently, "the only thing that doesn't make her perfect is that she wasn't born in San Francisco."

**CM:** (laughing) Well, he's very kind to me. I'm with him. I wish I'd been born here.

**DF:** Do you ever get that from the City's older families: "Who the hell is she to throw parties in our town?"

**CM:** I'm sure that when I first came, people said, "Who is that girl?" But it didn't really bother me. I got very involved in this community from the first minute. I just got carried away with the whole thing. I think this city really is very open to people who want to do things. I don't think that you can necessarily buy your way into this community. It's more of a people place, and people can give money, they can give of themselves, it's participatory, and that's the most important thing.

**DF:** A friend of mine said recently "San Francisco is the place where people come to grow up, and

you know, it's a pretty affluent world, in certain areas. Maybe people feel they've got to give back to it in some way.

**DF:** You're involved in quite a bit of fundraising . . .

**CM:** More than people would like! (Laughter.)

**DF:** Fundraising is never easy —

**CM:** Never!

**DF:** — in that it boils down to asking people for money. Do you have a particular philosophy?

**CM:** You have to have the guts of a burglar! One person who was a C.O. of a big corporation said, "You always want to say, 'Hi, Tex!' What's difficult is that you have to hold onto your billfold at the same time!"

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Charlotte Maillard's thrown so many parties at City Hall even she can't remember them all; here she poses with US Navy band members at a long-forgotten party there.

to have some people, who are a little bit smarter, and care a little bit more, to take care of them.

**DF:** Let's change the subject. How long have you been in San Francisco?

**CM:** I've been here since '63.

**DF:** Did you come here from Texas?

**CM:** I'm from a very small town in Texas, which I adore.

**DF:** What town is that?

**CM:** Borger. I first went to Los Angeles, but I didn't really understand it. It was a kind of a cultural shock. I lived in this building where it seemed like nobody worked!

sometimes it takes them a lifetime to do it."

**CM:** Oh, I love it. So I've got a little more time, right?

**DF:** Right. This has been quite a year for giving, in terms of events: Live Aid, Farm Aid, Band Aid. Why do you think this is?

**CM:** The problems in those areas have come to a head. You feel for those people. It's come into the light and it's been more pronounced.

**DF:** There's a sense that the world is now focusing on itself, that problems are becoming global.

**CM:** It's a very small world, and

it's the people that make it. I start off with an invitation that sets a tone. Then you have to put the list together. People ask to borrow my list; I say, "You really have to program the list for whatever cause it is."

**DF:** You're known for showing up at 7 am after an event with a broom in one hand and a vacuum in the other. Why this extra effort?

**CM:** I'm very protective of the buildings we go to as well. Those are public buildings. I figure that if people have given me the opportunity to use those buildings, I want them to say it looks better when we leave.

**DF:** Like the Boy Scouts.

**CM:** Right! And I don't come back the next morning. I just never leave!

**DF:** What is your favorite party story?

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**You always want to say, 'Hi, Tex!' What's difficult is that you have to hold onto your billfold at the same time!"**

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**CM:** I want to do something worthwhile for the Bridge and the people of San Francisco and The Pacific Rim and for the world. I want to tap everybody's creative juices — and tap everybody who has money! I really have dreams about that.

That's what's great about San Francisco. It's not one person. It's a whole lot of people who care about a whole bunch of issues, whether it's the Golden Gate Bridge or the AIDS Foundation.

**DF:** So we want to save our pennies for The Black and White in '87, and dream a big dream for the Golden Gate Bridge.

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**CM:** Oh, God! (Laughing.) So do I.

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**CM:** Well, thank goodness. ■

**Chasers Meet Chubbies**

The Girth and Mirth Club of SF,

a club where gay chubbies meet

chasers, will meet at the Mint, 1942

Market St. For information call

680-7612. □

place, decorate, bring all those buildings together. The architecture really blends, it really is meant to go together. Here was this wonderful complex people could stroll around in.

**DF:** Was that calculated on your part? Did you know it would have this effect?

**CM:** I knew. I'm a very visual person. I can walk into a room and tell you how many people can be seated. Not the greatest thing to know, but I do know that.

**DF:** Now we get to the big issues. Hey, we all have our talents. (Laughter.) Is there a worst party moment that stands out?

It's very hard for me to say "no," because I really care about so many things. There's no cause that's not a good cause. But I learned sometime ago that you have to limit your direction to one particular area. Now, I really care about the arts — not that I don't care about the others.

**DF:** Is San Francisco an easy place to give parties?

**CM:** It has been for me! (Laughter.) Probably too much, in some peoples' opinion.

**DF:** Now we get to the big issues. Do you have a philosophy of party-giving?

CM: Oh, I love it. So I've got a little more time, right?

**DF:** Right. This has been quite a year for giving, in terms of events: Live Aid, Farm Aid, Band Aid. Why do you think this is?

**CM:** The problems in those areas have come to a head. You feel for those people. It's come into the light and it's been more pronounced.

**DF:** There's a sense that the world is now focusing on itself, that problems are becoming global.

**CM:** It's a very small world, and

there's always been those moments, and I'm very protective of the people who come to events. I want them to go away thinking they got more than their money's worth, and that their time and money were well-spent.

**DF:** You're known for showing up at 7 am after an event with a broom in one hand and a vacuum in the other. Why this extra effort?

**CM:** I'm very protective of the buildings we go to as well. Those are public buildings. I figure that if people have given me the opportunity to use those buildings, I want them to say it looks better when we leave.

**DF:** Like the Boy Scouts.

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# The City

## NGTF Meeting

The National Gay Task Force invites you to a membership meeting drive. Present members are encouraged to come with a friend on Thursday, Dec. 12, from 6-8 pm.

Meetings will be held at two locations: The Silver Fox, 10095 Saich Way, Cupertino (host Rick Rudy, (408) 725-9662); and 1079 Ashbury St. (host Charlie Wing, 753-5994). □

## Diabetes Group Support for Gays

Gay and Lesbian Diabetes Support Group: Literarian Bookstore, 1800 Market St., SF, 7:30 pm, every Tuesday. Call Ron Dorsey, 864-2398. □

## Lawyers Shindig

Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom have announced a holiday party to be held Thursday, December 12 at the Yank Sing Restaurant (427 Battery near Clay) between 6 and 8 pm.

Entertainment provided by "The Details." Admission is \$5 per person except for BALLIF members who recruit new members. R.S.V.P. Julian Lastowski: 863-8874. □

**Lust** Showing For Food Bank

The Royal Court of the Fire Crystal and the Ebony Star in conjunction with the Castro Theatre announces a special benefit matinee at the Castro Theatre on Saturday, December 21. Doors open at 12:00 pm, and the show starts at 12:00 pm. New World Pictures has donated "Lust in the Dust", starring Divine and Tab Hunter. This special showing is to

benefit the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Food Bank. Admission will be with the contribution of canned foods or toiletries items at the door.

This is the Second Annual event sponsored by the Grand Ducal Council, a non-profit charitable organization. Suggested items for donation are: canned fruits or vegetables, tuna, canned fruit juices, packaged meals, cereals, protein powder, condiments, vitamins, toiletries, and razors.

For additional information, or to make arrangements for pickup of bulk quantity donations in advance, please call 661-5039, or call the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, 333 Valencia St., 4th Floor, San Francisco, CA 94103, at 864-4376. □

## Operation Concern Offering Programs

**Men's Rap Group** The Men's Rap Group meets on Thursdays, bi-monthly at 2:45 pm. The location is at 711 Eddy Street in the Friendship Room. The group is open with an informal format and for more information, contact Joe Allen at 626-7000.

# IMMUNOGENICS

Center for Health Promotion and the Prevention of AIDS

## HAVE YOU BEEN EXPOSED TO THE AIDS VIRUS?

For most of us some good information and candid talk can clear up our fears. If desired, a simple and highly reliable test offers an additional level of certainty.

## IF YOU ALREADY KNOW YOU HAVE BEEN INFECTED . . .

There are important steps you can take to maintain your health. The time for 'hard ball' health promotion is now. Issues concerning infection with the AIDS virus won't go away; neither will we!

**IMMUNOGENICS** offers ongoing programs in health promotion and personal development.

## FOR AN APPOINTMENT OR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL

775-9293

(anonymous antibody testing available)

Two convenient locations in San Francisco  
94 Natoma at 2nd • 3000 Steiner at Union



Comic Linda Moake entertained last weekend at the Valencia Rose's closing party.

## "A 2½-HOUR HIGH!"

—Muri Fryer, San Jose Mercury News

LUCIE ARNAZ      TOMMY TUNE

FINAL 3 WEEKS!  
MUST CLOSE DEC. 22

MY ONE AND ONLY  
THE NEW GERSHWIN MUSICAL

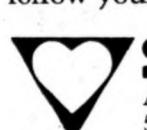
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Even., at 8PM. Wed., Fri., Sat., Mat., at 2:30, 8PM. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Even., at 8PM. Tickets at Golden Gate Theatre Office. BASS, Ticketeria, San Jose Box Office and all major agencies. STUDENT/SENIOR RUSH: Half-prices tickets on Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Even., Wed., Mon. On sale at Golden Gate Theatre Box Office one-half hour prior to performance. One ticket per each valid I.D. Subject to availability. CHARGE BY PHONE: (415) 775-8800

Golden Gate Theatre

FOLLOW  
YOUR  
HEART

From November 22 to December 15 we'll be coming to your house as part of our annual fundraising drive.

We need funds to recruit, train and supervise emotional and practical support volunteers who provide counseling, friendship, cooking, cleaning and transportation services. Our Residence Program needs additional funding to assure a safe and stable home for people with AIDS.

 **Shanti Project**  
Affection not Rejection  
558-9644

Because it matters that we help our brothers and sisters affected by this epidemic...because we need to make it possible for them to live with dignity, peace, and love, please be ready to follow your heart and give generously.

## Gay Congregation Lights Festival

On Saturday, December 7, 8:00 pm, at 150 Eureka St. (near 18th St.), everyone is invited to join Congregation Ahavat Shalom in the Community Candlelight Ceremony and Celebration to celebrate Hannukah. Refreshments, entertainment, dreidels, latkes, and fun is in store. Hannukah, also known as the Feast of Lights and the Festival of Dedication, was first celebrated in 164 B.C.E. commemorating the victory of the Jewish Macabees over the Seleucids. The Seleucids had controlled Jerusalem for approximately 150 years, and had

deselected the Holy Temple in Jerusalem.

Admission is free, but Congregation Shavat Shalom asks that people bring non-perishable food items for their ongoing AIDS Food Box. Free childcare is available with 48 hour notice. Call 621-1020 for more information.

## Neiman-Marcus Hosts Holiday Benefit

Neiman-Marcus will host a major benefit for the San Francisco AIDS Fund this month. The Black Tie Benefit will be held on Dec. 10 at 6 pm in the Rotunda restaurant at Neiman-Marcus Union Square. Tickets are \$100 per person.

Participation in small support groups can be arranged by calling Robert Birle at 864-4099. The Network's next large group meeting will feature Tom Ammiano speaking about the history of the gay and lesbian teacher's groups in the Bay Area, the fight against the Briggs Initiative and the current status of sexual minority students and teachers. The meeting will be held in the Pride Center Chapel on December 10th at 7:00 pm.

For further information please call 441-6407. Invitations are limited.

## CPSCL Meeting on Religion Value

Friday, December 6, 1985 Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties meeting features topic "Does religion have anything of offer gay people?" 7:30 pm, 150 Eureka St. For information call Tim at 863-5428.

## CUAV Forum

"What do you do when they say how do you do it?", a forum for training education counselors, is being held by CUAV (Community United Against Violence) Dec. 14 from 10 am to 4 pm.

On Dec. 25, a private potluck will be held at 437 Webster St. supporting the counseling effort. RSVP to Midgett at 864-0876.

Friday the performance will be held at 8 pm at St. Francis Lutheran Church, 152 Market St. Saturday the performance is at 8 pm in Berkeley's Trinity Chapel, 2320 Dana St. Sunday the performance is at 4 pm at Old First Church, 1751 Sacramento St. in San Francisco.

Two additional performances will be held at St. Francis on the Tuesdays of Dec. 10 and Dec. 17 at 8 pm.

Tickets are \$5 and \$6 at the door. Tickets are available at all Ticketron outlets (392-7469) and at Headlines.

# Inner Space

Dana Ullman

## Penicillin and Antibiotics:

# Co-Factors in The Onset of AIDS

Modern medicine is presently doing its best to combat AIDS, but it may also be doing all too much to spread it. It is widely recognized that various recreational drugs have immunosuppressive effects that may allow simple infection of the HTLV-III virus to develop into AIDS. And it is widely ignored how conventional therapeutic drugs have suppressive effects on immune and defense processes which can lead to AIDS when there is concurrent infection with the HTLV-III virus.

Any infection results from the virulence of a bacteria or virus and the weakness of the individual's immune and defense system. Not everyone exposed to a bacteria or virus gets ill, since a person's immune system may successfully defend itself. Different stresses, however, can make a person susceptible to infection. For instance, epidemiological and toxicological evidence shows penicillin may be a co-factor in the development of AIDS.

## The Homeopathic Approach to AIDS

### Epidemiological Evidence:

It is commonly supposed that AIDS originated in Central Africa, and that it was spread in human populations because health workers didn't use sterile needles when they injected drugs — primarily penicillin. It can be theorized that an individual is more likely to get AIDS if he or she is exposed to the AIDS virus when the immune and defense system is stressed after taking penicillin. Other epidemiological evidence of the AIDS-penicillin connection is that all known AIDS risk groups, including gay men, intravenous drug users, hemophiliacs, and individuals who have received blood transfusions are known to be users, often heavy users, of penicillin and/or other antibiotics. More research is clearly necessary to further assess the AIDS-penicillin connection.

### Toxicological Evidence:

According to the *Physician's Desk Reference*, the adverse reactions to penicillin are: decreases in white blood cells (a side-effect which reduces the body's immune response), skin rashes, persistent chills and fever, prostration and weakness, and neuropathy — which are all not just symptoms of AIDS, but the major symptoms of AIDS. It is known that penicillin also causes diarrhea, gradual loss of weight from poor absorption of food, and dramatic lower resistance to many kinds of infection — once again, all major symptoms of AIDS.

This epidemiological and toxicological evidence does not mean that penicillin "causes" AIDS. More accurately, it means that penicillin may be one co-factor that weakens the person's defense system which increases the chance of getting AIDS is also exposed to the AIDS virus. Due to the possibility that penicillin may lead to this fatal illness, more conservative use of penicillin than ever seems indicated.

This epidemiological and toxicological evidence does not mean that penicillin "causes" AIDS. More accurately, it means that penicillin may be one co-factor that weakens the person's defense system which increases the chance of getting AIDS is also exposed to the AIDS virus. Due to the possibility that penicillin may lead to this fatal illness, more conservative use of penicillin than ever seems indicated.

cyclosporine, a highly toxic drug that is known to be immunosuppressive, has the capacity to stimulate the immune system in those people whose immune system is already weakened in a similar way.

**Dana Ullman** co-authored *Everybody's Guide to Homeopathic Medicines* (St. Martin's Press). He is president of the Foundation for Homeopathic Research and director of Homeopathic Educational Services. Ullman has organized conferences co-sponsored by UC-Berkeley, federal health agencies and various community organizations. He has a master's degree in public health from UC-Berkeley.

The Golden Gate Business Association announces its December Food Drive for people with AIDS and AIDS related conditions beginning December 2 thru to December 16. All donated food will be distributed to people with AIDS and AIDS related conditions by the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Food Bank.

Mid Town Stationers  
2231 Market Street

7-11 Store  
3998 18th Street

Bank of America  
400 Castro Street

Atlas Savings and Loan  
1967 Market Street  
444 Castro Street

P.O. Plus  
584 Castro Street  
2966 Diamond Street

Postal Instant Press  
1101 Post Street

IXIA Florist  
2331 Market Street

Set Your Table  
2258-A Market Street

La Rosa Vintage Clothing  
1171 Haight Street

CALA Foods  
Stanley and Haight  
4201 18th Street  
1445 Sutter Street

Items needed include canned ham, tuna, vegetables, juices, dry cereals, disposable razors and toilet paper. For information: Rod Palmer 627-6850 or 922-8850.

Numerous homeopathic medicines have been found to have antiviral activity. This research is of particular importance.

The basis of immunology and allergy treatment, two of the few conventional treatments that stimulate immune response, are rooted in the homeopathic principle of using medicines in small doses based on what they cause in overdose. Thus,

IF YOU WANT SOMEONE WHO CARES (but NOT a wife, a lover, or a keeper!) take heart! Maybe you are ready for a move to CASA LOMA, the Residence Club in the "house on the hill" — where you CAN have it all!

### CONSIDER THESE POINTS

IF YOU LIVE WITH OTHERS (but miss your privacy!) 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 like yourself are ready to 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 chair 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 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-operated machines while you exercise away on our equipment a few feet away or watch TV. Enjoy a late-night mail, take you calls, screen your visitors. FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Escape with your favorite adult and full-service movie theater (with private rooms for couples). Enjoy the stimulating mix of movies and new releases shown at regular intervals at regular public and private parties in the Saloon. FOR YOUR NIGHTTIME SEASIDE TIME: You'll never have to 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-4pm) 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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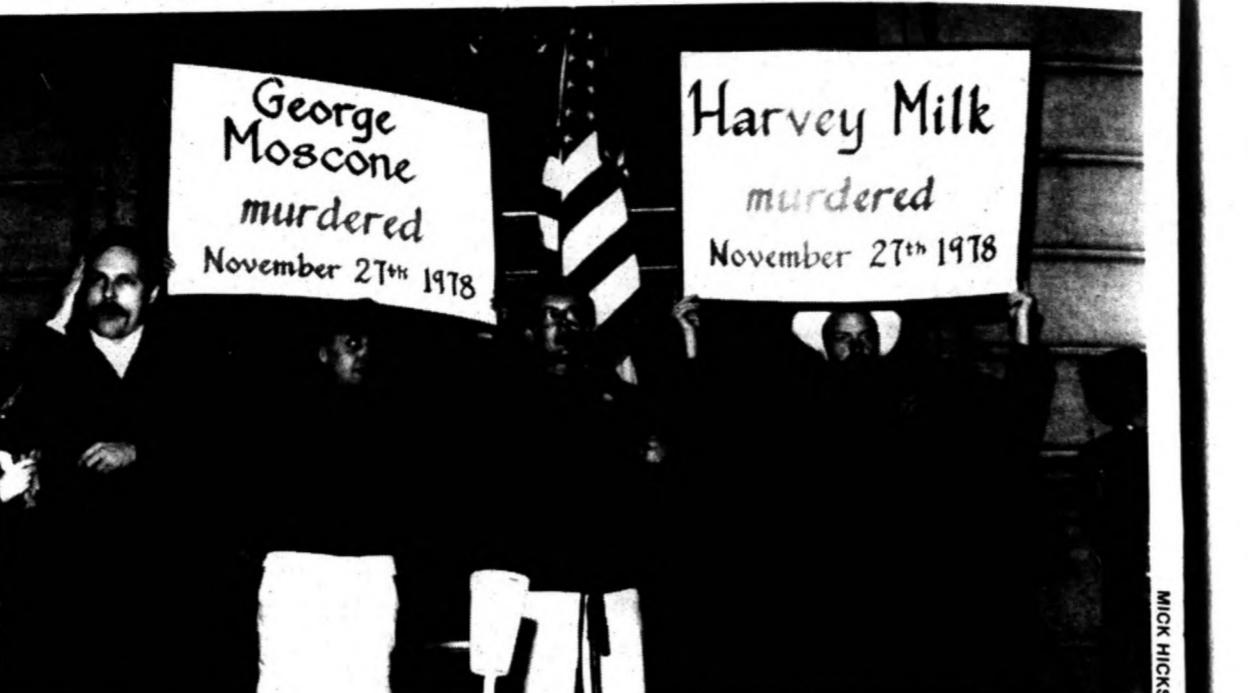
"THE BEST . . . !"  
NEED WE SAY MORE?

## Text of Speech by Cleve Jones

*City Hall Steps, November 27, 1985*

Seven years ago tonight, San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk were murdered in their City Hall offices by former Supervisor, former police officer Dan White. That night we marched, forty thousand of us, from Castro Street to City Hall and the flames of our candles filled this plaza with light. We would return six months later, on May 21, 1979 when Dan White was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to just five years in prison. But that night we did not march in silence and the light that filled this plaza came not from candles but from burning barricades and exploding police cars.

*Continued on next page*



Cleve Jones says his piece; the veteran activist was flanked by Gilbert Baker (left) and Jack Fertig at City Hall as last Thursday's March wound down.

## "I thought Shanti would increase my fear of AIDS"



It's not easy to feel safe and happy when you see so clearly what's happening in our community — when first-hand experience has taught you how painful and debilitating the disease can be.

Recently my best friend was diagnosed. It was devastating. A few days later I saw a Shanti training video of an interview of a person with AIDS who knew he had only a few weeks to live. He talked about being at peace. About how the only thing that matters is our love for each

John Fulton  
Shanti Board of Directors



**Volunteers needed. Call today for more information.**

## It pays to advertise.

And it doesn't cost as much as you might think — not if you advertise in *Sentinel USA*. You'll be getting your money's worth, because when you advertise with us, you reach your market, not everyone else's.

Maybe you've been holding off on advertising because putting together an ad is just too much trouble for you. With our art department here to help out, that needn't be the case. You can leave considerations of copy, type, layout and illustration to us — we'll even arrange for photography — and our rates for these services are extremely reasonable.

We've earned ourselves a dedicated readership over the years, and with our brand new format, exciting features, special sections, and provocative news and entertainment coverage, we're winning new readers all the time. Also, we're distributed by over two hundred bars and businesses in the Bay Area.

Don't you owe it to yourself to check us out? Have you seen a copy of the new *Sentinel USA* recently? Talk to Jim Stout, our advertising manager; he'll be happy to provide you with any information. Call 415-861-8100 today.

**And we make it pay.**

# Sentinel

*Continued from last page*

All that is history now. The players are dead, we remain.

The candlelight march is an annual opportunity for us to face our community's loss together in a spirit of strength, love and hope. Above all else, this march is a symbol of hope.

I stood on these steps the night Harvey and George died.

Like you, I cried.

Like you, I have cried a lot in the seven years that have passed since November 27, 1978.

I cried for Bobbi Campbell. I cried for Gary Walsh. I cried for Jon Sims. I cried for Tod Coleman. I cried for Frank Cook. I cried for Joe Schmall. I cried for Nick Paris. I cried for Allen Estes. I cried for Mark Feldman. I cried for Paul Castro.

I live in San Francisco and I can't cry anymore.

Now I fear it is your turn to cry, America. Now it's your turn to pace the hospital corridors, now it's your turn to wait up all night, now it's your turn to count the days, now it's your turn to wonder why.

Those are the words screaming behind the smiling face of the Secretary of Health and Human Services.

Those are the words echoing through the closets and hallways of Governor George Deukmejian's administration: "LET THEM DIE".

But let's not talk about tomorrow, America. This is what we want:

We want to live, without fear of violence, without need for deceit.

We want decent jobs, free from discrimination.

We want homes to live in. We want our families.

We want to be healthy, and cared for if ill or dying.

We want to live.

That is all we want, America, are we so different from you?

And now our numbers have been diminished and many here among us have been already condemned to an early and painful death. But we are pledged to the memory of those who have fallen and those who will follow—to see this struggle through to the end.

And if the day should come when only one here tonight remains—one person with a voice, a heart and two strong arms—then even on that sad day this fight will continue.

We are the lesbians and gay men of San Francisco. For two decades we have been on the forefront of an international struggle to liberate homosexual people from intolerable prosecution, part all the small children who are even now growing up gay in a land of sorrow and fear.

We send this message to America: We are the lesbians and gay men of San Francisco, and though we are again surrounded by uncertainty and death, we are survivors, we shall survive again, and we shall be the strongest and most gentle people on this earth.

## March from page 5

A small group of protesters, who have erected an encampment in front of the building and who are demanding an increase of \$550 million in federal spending on AIDS treatment and patient services, joined the observance and provided a centerpiece for a quiet rally which followed.

Ian Beck, who declared a hunger strike Thursday, was admitted to San Francisco General Hospital Monday at 2 pm for treatment. Beck, who has an AIDS-related condition, had held vigil at the federal building since Oct. 28.

Prior to the gathering at the vigil site on United Nations Plaza, a short rally was conducted by a collection of groups near the steps of City Hall. Activist Cleve Jones delivered a brief address, telling the audience, "I live in San Francisco and I can't cry anymore. It's your turn to cry, America... for now you know what we have known for four years. And you're going to wonder why." [See full text below.]

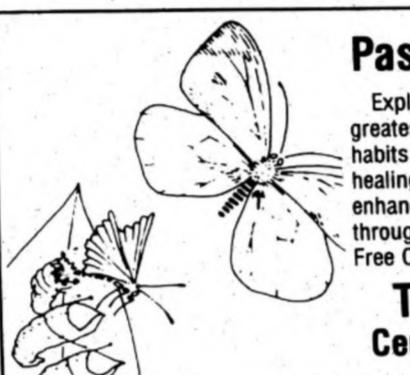
Jones, speaking to a crowd assembled earlier in the evening, said, "We send this message to America: We are the lesbians and gay men of San Francisco, and though we are again surrounded by uncertainty and death, we are survivors."

William Paul, who was an organizer for the AIDS vigil and who made up most of the name placards, told *Sentinel USA* following the rally, "I think something else happened; AIDS has evoked a lot of militancy and activism from people who were extremely non-political. It seems to me that the vigil has gathered many, many people who are not viewed as part of the mainstream of gay life."

The U.N. Plaza gathering dispersed by approximately midnight Wednesday.

Police reported no incidence of violence or other disruptive incidents along the march route.

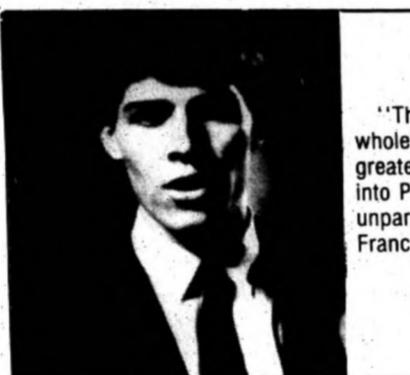
## Holistics



### Past Life Regression

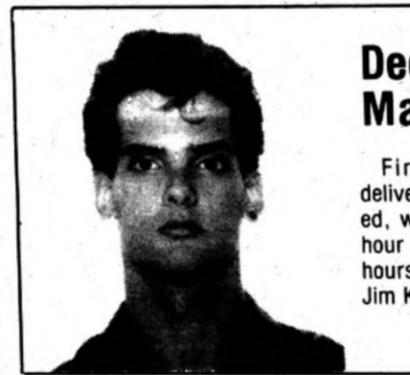
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**Thomas Bauman**  
Certified Hypnotherapist



### Holism

"The view that an organic or integrated whole has a reality independent of and greater than the sum of its parts." Fear Into Power/The Firewalk Experience. An unparalleled Holistic event. R.R.I. San Francisco Center 563-6452.



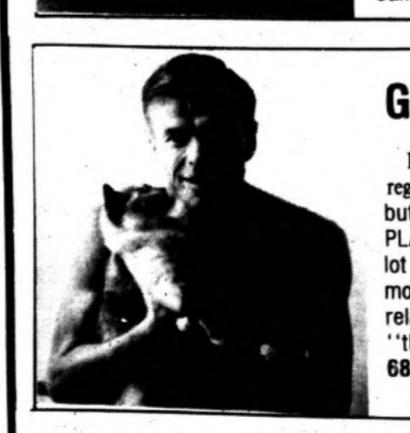
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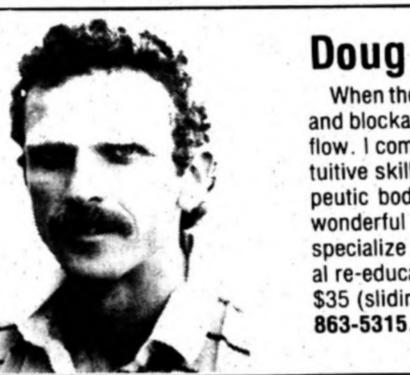
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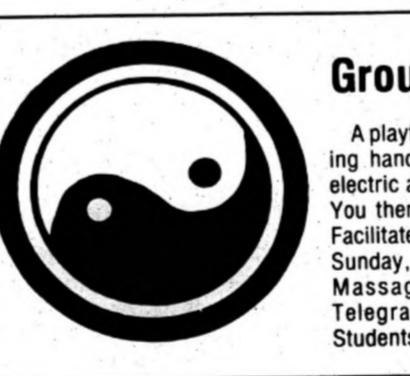


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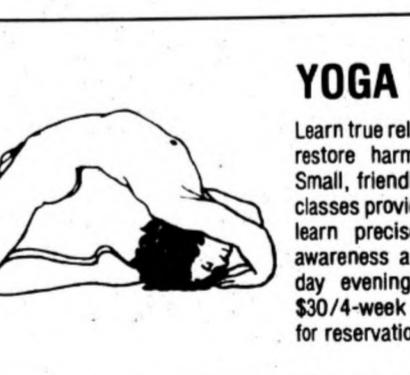
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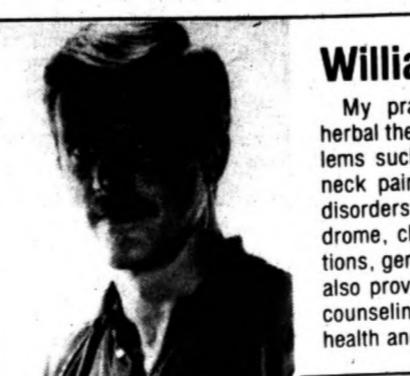
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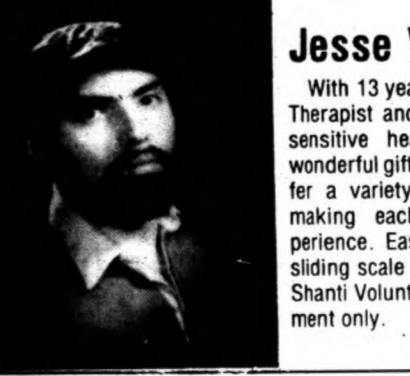
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## Astrologer

Robert Cole

December 5 — 19, 1985

**ARIES (Mar 21-Apr 19):** You are so beautiful during this time of year.

Cold winds and rain might rage outside but you and your family are cuddled up in the home safe and sound. As a central figure in the family you bring warmth and security to relatives and their friends. This week share the brilliance of your creative efforts with neighbors who are much less fortunate. Prepare a nutritious meal and serve it with gracious humility. This is the time to shine your light of goodness far and near.

**TAURUS (Apr 20-May 20):** Gathering around the fire with close friends is your favorite pastime this week. Like savages from a distant past you huddle together in the cave of consciousness waiting for the threatening storms to pass. You have mystical stories to share with your friends, and they have wonderful adventures to share with you. But remember that your present situation is defined by obvious social limitations. When the skies have cleared you'll be surprised to find out how big the real world really is.

**GEMINI (May 21-Jun 20):** If it wasn't for your lover, you would naturally spend this week in a state of rebellious depression. The commercial hype and the shopping hustle are your least favorite ways of celebrating the holidays. So snuggle up next to your companion and let him/her decide where to

put the tree and what to buy for whom. Save all of your special holiday love for your #1 lover; for the others, cards and calls are plenty enough.

**CANCER (Jun 21-Jul 22):** Spend most of your time this week collecting the foods which you intend to enjoy during the darkest and coldest times out of the whole year, and the best way to insure your own security is to collect and store food. Finding good food to eat and preparing it according to the traditional recipes will bring peace to your soul. Plan to store up surprises so you can invite neighbors over to eat too. You must have more than enough!

**LEO (Jul 23-Aug 22):** You are all keyed up to start a spectacular three-week binge of partying and celebrating but your friends don't seem as excited as you do. If you notice everyone else is preoccupied with work this week, you should just go off and enjoy yourself for the time being. There will be plenty of time to share one another's company later on, but for the present moment you must create ways to entertain yourself. And you must forgive the others for not wanting to waste their time for you.

**VIRGO (Aug 23-Sep 22):** Here you go again through the sacred ritual of the Christmas holidays. Moving all the furniture around the house, sending out all the

invitations, decorating all the trees, rushing through all the traffic — ah, yes, the traditions seem to be much in vogue this year. But don't let your Christmas become a celebration of waste. Refrain from spending precious resources on fancy gimmicks and shiny objects. Winter is coming; you must save in preparation for cold days ahead.

**LIBRA (Sep 23-Oct 22):** You'll be bopping around from one friend's house to another as holiday traffic reaches its peak. In the midst of the commute be sure to keep your schedule loose and leave a little extra time for the freeway delays. You can attend all the parties and all the celebrations if you really want to, but that means you can't slow down until Christmas Day itself. So go for it! Enjoy the yuletide spirit to the max!

**SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21):** Get ready to celebrate Christmas early this year. In the next seven days you will see a spectacular change in your financial situation. For your patience you will receive rewards far exceeding your expectations. Your stocking will get extremely stuffed with all sorts of goodies way before everybody else's; and you have the option to sneak off with all the presents without telling a soul. You can do anything you want with the money and the gifts, anything except share them.

**PISCES (Feb 19-Mar 20):** Listen to your lover's advice about business this week. You're so wrapped in all the process that you've lost view of the success. Only your lover can see clearly around the bright lights flashing and the credit cards cashing. Hopefully he or she will encourage you to dip into the till for some vacation funds. Why don't you both travel off to Russia or Alaska for Christmas? You must take advantage of the abundance which surrounds you instead of waiting for more to come.

**SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21):** You'll be able to find your direction through any spiritual or material confusion which could appear in your life during the coming week. Heads will spin as you traipse through the holiday traffic with your nose held high completely avoiding the frustration and anger of others. Rise to your status! This is YOUR birth-day season, and you deserve full respect. For a

Birthday Star Chart and Annual Forecast just send your birth date/time/place and \$5 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

**CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19):** Take control of yourself! You seem to be spinning in a million different directions; and you can't keep using the excuse that higher beings are making you act so weird. Gather your wits about you and admit, maybe for the first time in your life, that you are totally responsible. You are not a victim; and you are not being punished for your sins. On the contrary, you are the cause; you are the reason why it's like this right now. Be God yourself!

**AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18):** Extremely powerful people inspire you with fantastic ideas and high hopes during the next week. Take every word with maximum seriousness. Respond immediately to any hyperbole by demanding proof positive. You've had plenty of the jive; now you want a secure and honest vision of the future because you're ready to stake the rest of your life on it. Don't be surprised if some cannot grasp the importance of your long-term plans; those who can will prove to be your best friends. Planning furthers.

**PISCES (Feb 19-Mar 20):** Listen to your lover's advice about business this week. You're so wrapped in all the process that you've lost view of the success. Only your lover can see clearly around the bright lights flashing and the credit cards cashing. Hopefully he or she will encourage you to dip into the till for some vacation funds. Why don't you both travel off to Russia or Alaska for Christmas? You must take advantage of the abundance which surrounds you instead of waiting for more to come.

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## Sentinel

# At Ease 3 Poets

### Robert Duncan: A Contentious Music

by Steve Abbott

When Robert Duncan's *Ground Work: Before The War* appeared in 1984, his first book of poetry since *Bending the Bow* 15 years earlier received no major prizes and little of the critical attention commonly accorded lesser works by James Merrill, Richard Howard, James Schyler or even such younger poets as Robert Haas or Frank Bidart. Poets across the country were shocked. Over 3,000 of them contributed their individual money and prestige to create a special honor for Duncan in 1985—the National Poetry Award.

Establishment critical neglect (or contempt) and grassroots poets' acclaim are not new to Duncan. Nor is controversy. "Conventional poets and avant garde poets are at war," he wrote in his essay "Man's Fulfillment in Order and Strife." "Every order of poetry finds itself, defines itself, in strife with other orders. A new order is a contention in the heart of existing orders."

Duncan's mission "to change, to recreate the heart of poetry itself," has been lifelong. In the 1940's he was intimate with Anais Nin and Kenneth Patchen. He broke with them because he felt they refused to grow in their writing. In the forty years since, Duncan has known and worked with writers as diverse as James Baldwin, James Broughton, Robin Blaser, Robert Creely, Phillip K. Dick, William Everson, Paul Goodman, H.D., Allen Ginsberg, Pauline Kael, Denise Leverett, Dwight MacDonald, Henry Miller, Charles Olsen, Ezra Pound, Kenneth Rexroth, Jack Spicer, Gore Vidal, John Weiners, William Carlos Williams, Tennessee Williams and Louis Zukovsky.

Always ahead of his time, from the first Duncan championed the underdog. He fought racism and sexism long before it was fashionable. In 1947 he jeopardized his writing career by publishing an early essay "The Homosexual in Society" in which he defended his own homosexuality as central to his work while warning of the dangers of homosexual ghettoization. He was the first to use the term "cocksucker" in a published poem. Duncan also attacked America's smug imperialism and the idea of "progress" behind which the military/industrial complex hides its contempt for nature and life. But Duncan has never been a political poet in the facile, propagandistic sense. His work is always grounded in mythic reality as revealed in his own personal, bodily experience.

"Myth is the story of what cannot be told," Duncan writes in his essay "The Truth and Life of Myth." "It is the story that comes to him (the poet) and forces his telling." In other words, Duncan believes, as did Jack Spicer, that a poet does not express himself so much as discover himself in larger mythic scripts that work through and around him. Like a priest or magician, the poet confronts "The Other." Whereas Spicer, and John Weiners tended to see themselves condemned or cursed by this Other, Duncan saw the Other in multiple aspects. Chaos or order, wrath or love, idiocy or wisdom could equally be invoked. A poet has to give witness to all sides of him or herself to give a full picture of the human experience. If a poet sought to get in touch with spiritual realities through alcohol or drugs, Duncan believed, he could not bring full consciousness to his work and his delusions would end in some form of insanity or death.

In late 1979 and early 1980, Aaron Shurin and I held three interview sessions with Robert Duncan for *Gay Sunshine* and *Soup* magazine. From the start it was obvious Duncan's interest was not in a formal interview but in a discussion or workshop atmosphere wherein we might have a dialogue. Immediately he countered his own ideas of poetry with those of an emerging circle of younger writers known as "language poets." What these poets lacked, Duncan felt at the time, was a sense of the "tremendous" or the mythic in life. He saw them so caught up in philosophical and linguistic theories that they were only writing from their intellects, not from the depth of their whole being. He felt they excluded the emotional experience of the body.

"Where there is blood in my own early poetry," Duncan said, "that's because I had early bloody experiences." He described a car accident he'd had in highschool and then, chillingly, Duncan began to describe — in painstaking, present tense narrative — a gay bashing he suffered in which he was almost killed. Yet, even at the age of sixteen, Duncan experienced this event in terms of its mythic overtones. Even as he described such tiny details as his attacker's blazing eyes and heavy breathing, he painted the scene as an incarnation of Greek rape myth. No storyteller has ever so held me under their spell. Duncan went on to show how these autobiographical events worked their way into his early poetry. As our sessions progressed, he had Aaron and I read our poetry too and he discussed our work in the same context.

What came forth clearly is that Duncan sees language as charged by all past human experience. It's as genetically coded as a DNA molecule. The poet comes to this charged language charged by his or her own deepest passions and, in the interaction, both poet and language are irrevocably changed. Out of fear or laziness, a poet may want to escape. This produces banal, self-indulgent or flawed poetry, a "safe" poetry Duncan sees as almost worse than no poetry at all. No risk, no gain. And yet we can learn from our escapes and failures too. "For the good of poetry," Duncan said later in the same interview, "the voice of each poet is needed."

*Duncan sees language as charged by all past human experience. The poet comes to this charged language charged by his or her own deepest passions and, in the interaction, both poet and language are irrevocably changed.*

For those coming to Duncan's poetry for the first time, or for those who've never "tuned-in" to his work, I would recommend reading it aloud. His words and phrases cannot be fully appreciated when just seen on the page. They must be sounded on the vocal cords and heard by the ear, like music, to be fully appreciated. Duncan writes, and breaks his lines, according to breaths. As with Spicer, and often, Weiners, the silence of white space around and between words is as important as rests in music. When Duncan himself reads, he keeps a beat with his hand as if conducting music.

Reviewing *Ground Work* for *Poetry Flash*, George Butterick emphasized Duncan's great range and diversity. On one hand, Duncan offers a long, cosmogonic poem such as "Santa Cruz Propositions," the technique of which is collage:

From the flaming heart of the revolutionary sixties, he assembles his most dynamic collage, rapid-fire, "crackling," and closely timed section by section. There is a fuse on the poem, reminding us, now, how close to conflagration, how overheated, the society had been. The sections dated down to the hour are like news bulletins. Here Duncan accomplishes a mimesis of communication reality — how the reports of events are fed to us.

Since Duncan is often critically faulted for having too high or antiquated a diction, Butterick then quotes the end of a shorter poem to show Duncan isn't above using coined slang when it suits the poem's purpose:

*Insufferable*

*are those masters of grammar  
who have denied their illiterate nurses.*

*Out of dry dogs of their own?*

*Clonk lightning!*

"Clonk lightning" squals "No way!" and is prior to grammar.

Duncan's famous "Passages" and "Structure of Rime" series are continued in *Ground Work* as are two major new series "Dante Etudes" and "A Seventeenth Century Suite." Thom Gunn admirers may take *Moly*. One of America's most erudite and complex poets, Duncan can still pen love lyrics as simple and accessible as this:

*And If He Had Been Wrong For Me  
yet he was there, and all my thirst  
gathered in the thought of him that year,  
a tall liquid presence of the man,  
a river running in the sound of him,  
sun dazzle in the shallows, shadows  
in the pool beneath the rocks.*

*It is a place of early lonely thought,  
impatient reverie of a cool green.*

*It is a glass of water  
ever just pour'd for me, a memory  
kept silent come to speak.*

*Continued on page 16*



# Jack Spicer:

**Spicer and his circle  
shared a new culture  
—and a hostility to  
the square system**



BOB RANSOM

by Lewis Ellingham

Parallel to the flourishing of the Beatniks in San Francisco's North Beach in the late 1950, another group of poets and artists lived and worked along upper Grant Avenue, the main street for the City's bohemia.

The entire population intermixed all the time, but different communities developed, sometimes the focus a lifestyle (like marijuana-smoking, Kerouac-influenced cross-country travel, Zen buddhism, the use of a bar or park or coffee house, etc.).

And sometimes it was a personality. Jack Spicer's group favored The Place, a beer-and-wine bar in a small storefront between Filbert and Union Streets that opened in 1954 and was patronized by the whole range of the beat kids of the day.

**The Co-existence Bagel Shop was one of a number of popular Beat hangouts in North Beach in the '50s.**



*Spicer thought of himself as a radio, a vehicle of transmission of the amoral, impersonal utterances which played for unknown reasons through space and time through human beings.*

At the University of California, Berkeley, after World War II, an informal collection of poets, almost all young gay people, but not focused for this reason especially, calling themselves 'The Berkeley Renaissance' after interests in that period in history, came to be recognized as a cultural force of distinction both on and off campus. The poet Robert Duncan initiated the group. Duncan's closest associates were Jack Spicer and Robin Blaser. There were others, some closely linked, some more distantly (like the poet and movie-maker James Broughton). Many of these people came to San Francisco to live. For himself, Jack Spicer maintained an on-and-off connection with the University as a teacher or research assistant till he died. But once in San Francisco a new movement naming itself after the Berkeley group, the San Francisco Renaissance, came into existence, its principal personalities Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder (both of whom had attended Berkeley), Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Michael McClure, Jack Kerouac and Kenneth Rexroth (who had been around the Bay Area's bohemia since the 1930s as a cultural leader and anarchist poet). The common bond of all these artists, and the collection of several hundred young people around them, was hostility to the 'square' system of their own families and American society as a whole — the one favored so ardently by the survivors of the Great Depression and the War. Meanwhile the New Deal was fading, General Eisenhower was President, and Senator McCarthy with his frenzied anti-Communism was the hero of the day.

It was "a crack in space" (to borrow from another Berkeley writer of the time, Philip K. Dick), this new culture. Or what the artists wanted from it: a way that *heard through* the order they had come to regard as shattered by its own successes and activities, its technologies and wars. Jack Spicer, especially, wanted "to read the Indian signs" for the new language that he felt must open in these circumstances. He favored listening to the languages of popular culture, of any language that was trying not to enforce the values of times he believed had come to oppress. His politics were radical, but not aimless. They were a politics of language; he, an Orpheus singing the messages formed in the new mental and emotional relations of his society.

"Orfeo", a poem from Spicer's *A Book of Music*, written in 1958, is one of several linked together into a book, a series of open-ended poems that are narrative in a mysterious way, but not a telling of an old story in familiar forms so much as a departure from an old story into the forms of the terrifyingly ordinary, the lives we daily live governed by the structures, comfortable or not, that make our speech, our conventions, everything about us. *The voice broken as God's must be in a revolutionary world.* Spicer was particularly

*Continued on page 16*

## John Wieners:

**Wiener's great love poems preceded some puzzling experiments that riled critics.**

*In Wieners' work not only can we not know the "real" lives of the idols we adore, we cannot trust the language our beloved has elected to speak to us in.*

property values too. But the odd thing is how few good books have been written here. There are maybe five or six of the highest rank: one of them is John Wieners' first book, *The Hotel Wentley Poems*, written in the late 50s when the author was 23.

You know how, in his Sunday Punch columns, Herb Caen is always going on and on about the good old days in San Francisco? *The Hotel Wentley Poems* is proof positive that life back then was just as fraught with fear and as awful as it is now. Maybe worse. OK they didn't have AIDS then, but they hardly had homosexuality either, not in its commodified version, the one we've come to love or at any rate feel relaxed with. In *The Hotel Wentley Poems* there's not a wasted word; its springs are tight, its structure fetal, its feelings dark and unnameable. In a 1973 interview Mark Aalyson asked: "John, would you say that there is a remarkably high percentage of homosexuality among authors today?" The reply came clear and blank as a layer of cellophane: "Song writers, like Cole Porter, always had sort of bisexual lyrics and that influences people a lot." Some explanation!

Wieners' own influences may be neatly divided into two camps, the high and the low, and this has caused a lot of critical consternation. Among the latter we can number a whole constellation of movie stars — in a recent interview in *Mirage* he tells Raymond Foye that Ava Gardner is "always our master." Lana Turner, John Hodiak, Hedy Lamarr, Barbara Stanwyck, Sonja Henie are other favorites. On the other end of the spectrum, he early on sat at the feet of Charles Olson, Robert Creeley, Ezra Pound, at Black Mountain, New York, Venice, and learned from each mentor, from each city. His poetry is in turn reminiscent of these writers, as well as Crashaw, Herbert, Donne, Christopher Smart, Blake, Whitman, d'Annunzio, Swinburne, Yeats, etc. Out of these atmospheres a lyric beauty was born, in bloom from the beginning. From *The Hotel Wentley Poems*:

*The poem does not lie to us. We lie under its law, alive in the glamour of this hour able to enter into the sacred places of his dark people, who carry secrets glassed in their eyes and hide words under the coats of their tongue.*

*(A poem for vipers")*

The new poetry is awfully different, and some have called it deranged. All the years in asylums — and listening to all those Billie Holiday records! — have altered his language at least 90 degrees. From *She'd Turn on a Dime* (1984):

*It's not exactly Kosher, it's down there New York taut fly; curved behind manor's remark men dirty my hair, lonely legs parked like dark Maltese Falcons model Sam's erotic spark.*

*"Saint Ann's Scotland Yard Serial Librarian"*

About himself, the author writes;

*he is a tireless worker, and has a very long memory. Having forgotten what ensues, the anger of redundancy rises in a very lustful nature; he drinks like a fish.*

*Crowded cupboards combine with scrap heaps dish! There is no man to be feared in judicial canon more than this male harlot.*

*("Oriental Sonja")*

*Continued on page 16*

by Kevin Killian

John Wieners (b. 1934) may be the greatest love poet of our century, but his genius hasn't saved him from a checkered career. He's now 51 and lives in Boston, and now he's writing again after many years of silence. After the disastrous reception of *Beyond the State Capitol, or Cincinnati Pike* (1975) John Wieners withdrew from poetry — like Garbo retired after the heartbreak of *Two-Faced Woman*.

Yet now he's back, with a new book called *Selected Poems* (edited by Raymond Foye, Black Sparrow, 1985), which contains a generous number of new poems. This should make everyone happy, but Wieners is such an unusual case I can tell I'm going to have to explain a little further.

We who live in San Francisco like to think of it as a literary city — even if we do writing ourselves it gives us a kind of cachet, like the cable cars, and no doubt drives up

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Spicer from last page

### Orfeo

Sharp as an arrow Orpheus  
Points his music downward.  
Hell is there  
At the bottom of the seaciff.  
Heal  
Nothing by this music.  
Eurydice  
Is a frigate bird or a rock  
or some seaweed.

Hail nothing  
The infernal  
Is a slipping wetness out at the horizon.  
Hell is this:  
The lack of anything but the eternal to look at  
The expansiveness of salt  
The lack of any bed but one's  
Music to sleep in.

at ease describing the terror of being, the longings and confusions that are the real figures behind the figures we fashion for ourselves, the images of comfort that are the surfaces of the unbearable.

Spicer's life over forty years, begun in Los Angeles in 1925, and ended in San Francisco County's General Hospital in 1965, due to alcoholism, curiously was not simply an overplayed hand in a Romantic gamble to make poems. Spicer enjoyed the ordinary with enthusiasm; baseball, cards, pinball, talking, sitting in the sun, playing the radio.

Spicer believed that "Martians" (he later called them "the unknown") "dictated" his poetry, that he was the intermediary voice — Orpheus — pronouncing their "messages." Hence, the radio is a frequent image in his writing: he thought of himself as a radio, a vehicle of transmission of the amoral, impersonal utterances which played for unknown reasons through space and time through human beings. Even so, Spicer argued, man was moral. Poetry did not relieve man of the obligations and responsibilities of life. Friends often speak of Spicer as "principled." He was often grimly so, but with humor. His sense of play entered whatever he did — his love of puns in talking especially.

Jack was a kind of Socrates; he collected people around him. His table at The Place, and, after 1960, at various bars on Green Street, notably Gino & Carlo's, was usually full, with poets, painters, and whoever else gathered to hear him, to exchange ideas, to drink, relax, watch sports events on bar TV, to be together. The 'table' was not just Jack's. It was everyone's who chose to sit there, the atmosphere democratic though sometimes harsh. Arguments were not delicate; feelings often were hurt. Yet those who were a part of this life remember it precisely with such words as 'principled' because of Spicer, the integrity of his dedication to his art — the fact that he regarded human life as vastly important, as *worth* the best effort anyone could make. Like discovering a new language, a poetry true to the life we live in place and time.

Lewis Ellingham, a poet in the North Beach era of the 50s, has devoted himself to prose in recent years. He is currently working on a biography of Spicer and his circle.

Wieners from last page

Although it has an intimate tone, Wieners' poetry isn't confessional. When he describes his love for, say, Marilyn Monroe it's meant as a method of getting through to a spiritual truth, the kind of think you can't talk about any other way except to a frank and open discussion of the private lives of the stars. Marilyn is no more nor less than the vehicle through which the perceptions flow, perceptions of intimacy, estrangement, "crush," social protest; all of which are well embodied within the movie screen — yet the screen dissolves, displaced by movie magazines, to take the heat off the figure who, while onscreen she seems human, has another Life to live. We her fans must content ourselves with her doings on Earth. In Wieners' finest work this consolation becomes a mirror. Not only can we not know the "real" lives of the idols we adore, we cannot trust the language our beloved has elected to speak to us in. Throughout this book, the indeterminacy of meaning is a constant theme, but since Wieners' vehicles are seen to be as mass market as Rita Hayworth's, his achievement has been relatively ignored. We've all seen Lana Turner and Jennifer Jones parade themselves through film and film, and been appalled. "All dull details/I can only describe to you,/but which are here and I hear and shall never/give me up again, shall carry with me over the streets/of this seacoast city,/forever." ("A poem for record players," 1958.) Somehow Wieners manages to carry this off.

So I've been waiting a long time for Weiner's new book of poems. In his dexterity, in his heartbreak, his adventurousness, grace and politics, Wieners is to poetry as Chaplin to film, and this book is his greatest triumph. You might read one other book this year that's as good (Robert Gluck's novel *Jack the Modernist*). Watch this space for further details.

Kevin Killian is the editor of *Mirage*, a recent issue of which was devoted to Wieners, and is the author of a memoir, *Desiree* (e.g. Press).

Duncan from page 13

### □ Brief Robert Duncan Bibliography:

#### Books by Duncan:

*Fictitious Certainties: Essays* (New Directions: 85)  
*Ground Work: Before The War* (New Directions: 84)  
*Bending The Bow* (New Directions: 68)  
*Roots and Branches* (New Directions: 64)  
*Opening of the Field* (New Directions: 60)

#### Books about Duncan:

*Young Robert Duncan: Portrait of the Poet as Homosexual in Society*, by Ekbert Faas (Black Sparrow: 83) \$10  
Biography of Duncan up to the age of thirty. Of value chiefly for its extensive quoting from Duncan letters and notebooks.  
*Ironwood 22: Robert Duncan issue*, edited by Michael Cuddihy (Box 40907, Tucson, AZ 85717) \$3.50  
New poems and prose by Duncan as well as several essays about his work. Bruce Boone's comparison of Duncan and Spicer is especially good.  
*Robert Duncan: Scales of the Marvelous*, edited by Robert Berthoff & Ian Reid (New Directions: 79) \$4.95

## Theatre

Mario Mondelli

## Dead in the Water

**Deathtrap** the play by Ira Levin, directed by Bo Westerfield, through 12/29 at Theatre Rhino. Call 861-5079.

With *Deathtrap*, Theatre Rhino takes a giant step backward. It's beneath them — little more than a gay *Mousetrap*, the kind of play a small theatre does when it can't do anything else. *Our Town* is another one; so is *The Glass Menagerie* — you could make a game out of naming them.

If you're determined to produce one of these, you're limited to two basic choices: a crackerjack facsimile of the original production, or a markedly alternative or experimental treatment that will still work for the script. *Deathtrap* director Bo Westerfield has unfortunately opted for the former.

Theatre Rhinoceros had to scramble for a replacement when the scheduled *The Go-Go Boys* was unexpectedly pulled at the last minute. Ira Levin's 1978 mystery, with its single set, small cast, and familiar title, must have seemed to fit the criteria for an emergency replacement perfectly. An emergency is really the only excuse for choosing this play. Thrillers don't profit from revivals; once you know whodunnit, the "thrill" is gone. Levin even points this out in his script: mystery doesn't wear well.

Westerfield's staging, on the other hand, is a mystery all by itself. He has actors making jittery, confused crosses at the most unlikely moments; they perch on desks and hook their legs over the backs of chairs in a parody of informality. Often they're forced to hold up their



A troubled trio in Rhino's *Deathtrap*

Sidney Bruhl, Sheila Traviss never plays a wrong moment, but only because she doesn't take the risk of playing *any*. Her character seems to disappear when other actors are speaking — she forgets she's still onstage — and not being able to ignore her, we're always aware of her non-committal performance. It's wearing on an audience to have to continually guess what an actor is playing (or means to be playing, or should be playing . . .). Sidney's acerbic, embittered wit provides him with a number of literate, off-the-cuff cracks, the kind a writer takes for granted. Tony Mascole plays him with such pompous deliberation that Levin's little barbs become face-front one-liners, and they don't bear up under Mascole's drawn-out, vaudevillian delivery. Everything Mascole does seems designed to prolong our focus upon him. He's the type of actor who really enjoys being onstage — and likes to enjoy it for as long as he can. The rest of the cast acts equally bewildered, and their plodding, under-rehearsed performances diminish any charm, *Deathtrap* could have had.

In fairness to them, the fault isn't all theirs. There's not an actor here who couldn't give a decent performance with a modicum of competent direction. Bo Westerfield's directorial technique relies markedly on lines — on the words themselves. Westerfield dotes on words and readings and skimps on action and logic; when he does summon up all the elements that make up a scene, he doesn't seem to know how to combine them. His unmerited devotion to the script uses up energy that might have gone into correcting the sloppy details (both big and small) that makes this production so amateurish. A fatal coronary

Continued on page 20

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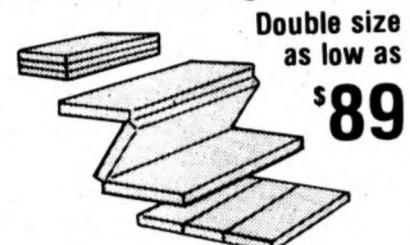
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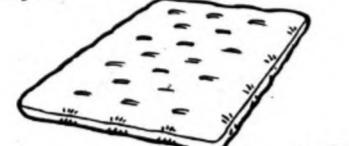


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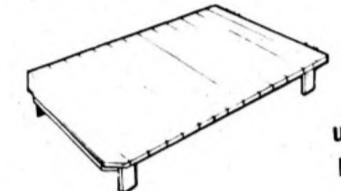


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## Film

Ken Coupland



May-September romance for Ian Holm, Amelia Shankley in *Dreamgirl*

## Wonderland

*Dreamchild* ★★★½

*At the Cannery*

she realizes, has come back to haunt her — and he's brought some of the characters from his books with him. Here the film runs into trouble; it's hard to imagine Carroll himself would have approved of Jim Henson's elaborate, grotesque, but entirely too modern re-creations of the Mad Hatter, the Dormouse and the March Hare. In fact, the whole production suffers from an overly modernistic opulence that's just a little too synthetic to be entirely convincing.

Browne plays the grown-up Alice who, as a child, inspired Lewis Carroll's famous tales. Set in Depression-era New York, this film derives much of its humor and poignance from the clash between Alice's Old World values and the brash tactics of the reporters who see her as a good story for a readership that's heard enough bad news. Flinty and aloof, her sense of propriety offended by the brazen attentions of the press when she arrives in New York for the Carroll's centenary, she's nevertheless charmingly comic — it's a consistently amusing, but also very touching portrayal.

Nevertheless, *Dreamchild* is a richly evocative film, and a pleasant alternative to the calculated whimsy of run-of-the-mill "seasonal" fare. □

## Rude Shock

*The Quiet Earth*★

*At the Bridge*

When a man wakes up one morning to find that, to all appearances, he's the only person left on earth, you know there had better be a good reason why that's the case. And there is, in a way, in this thriller from New Zealand about a high level government agent (for so he is) and several survivors he encounters in the aftermath of some sort of apocalyptic "effect".

*Continued on page 23*

## Film Checklist

*Previously Reviewed/Ongoing*

*After Hours* ★★

*Back to the Future* ★

*Bring on the Night*

*Crossover Dreams* ★★★

*Dim Sum*

*The 400 Blows* ★★★★

*Jagged Edge* ★★★

*Joshua Then & Now* ★★

*Jules et Jim* ★★★★

*Kiss of the Spider Woman* ★★★½

*Latino* ★★★

*My Other Husband* ★

*Mishima* ★

*Plenty* ★★★½

*Target* ★

*That Was Then This Is Now* ★

*To Live and Die in LA* ★★

*Grows aware of her impending death. Carroll,*

## Pop

Mike Mascioli

## Veterans Have Their Day

For a while it looked as if Cab Calloway's recent Venetian Room engagement might not fulfill the expectations generated by his long absence from the Bay Area and considerably longer career of imposing accomplishments.

Leader of the band at the Cotton Club in the early '30s, Calloway was also a superb and popular personality vocalist; the sides he'd recorded '42 alone fill ten pages in Brian Rust's exhaustive *Jazz Records*. By the '50s he'd parlayed his vocalizing into a musical comedy career highlighted by roles in *Porgy and Bess* and, later, on Broadway in the famous black version of *Hello, Dolly!* with Pearl Bailey.

True, at the Venetian Calloway's vocal and appearance belied his 77 years, but during his first short set he seemed not to be giving his all, an impression possibly fostered by the fact that half the songs in the set, including the egregious "You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You", were beneath his capabilities.

Daughter Chris then relieved him for five songs. Chris Calloway possesses a terrific set of pipes and a solid repertoire, which includes "Grownin' Dan," recorded by her aunt Blanche Calloway & Her Joy Boys in '31. But her performing style's an uneasy alliance of influences — the aggressive and ultimately self-defeating nouveau-soul vocal of latter-day Lena Horne, and the campy patter of Betty Midler, which is ingenious coming from Midler but only goofy coming from Calloway. Calloway did her best work not as a songstress or entertainer but as a catalyst: when her father joined her for a sizzling "Jumpin' Jive," she proved to be his perfect match, in both senses of the word: his presence effectively tempered her style; and her presence seemed to ignite something within him, for with his next set Cab Calloway closed the show in a blaze of glory.

□ Among Calloway's contemporaries are The Copasetics, four black hoopers whose average age hovers somewhere on the far side of 65. Individually, in fact, some of them performed with his band — as well as the bands of Ellington and Basie — in movies and on the legendary stages of the Palace, the Cotton Club and the Apollo. Together, though, the Copasetics are one of the more delightful and valuable results of the nostalgia craze, aiming, as they do, to preserve and propagate the tradition of tap dancing, one of America's few native art forms.

Tap sprang from rhythmic African slave dances, which had assimilated elements of the jigs and clogs of early Gaelic immigrants. Popularized in the minstrel shows of the late 19th century, it reached its dazzling peak in Harlem in the '20s and '30s in the fancy footwork of dancers like Bill "Bo-

jangles" Robinson.

The Copasetics, though, are more than a product of knee-jerk nostalgia or a heightened consciousness regarding senior citizens. The nostalgia craze fostered not only a renaissance of forgotten performers, styles and art forms but an appreciation of genuine artistry and craftsmanship, and the Copasetics are old masters of their craft, as they proved to a hearteningly large and varied crowd — black, white, grandmothers, new wavers — at UC Berkeley recently. They tap sitting down, tap skipping rope, tap without sound; yet their performance is founded not on gimmickry but, rather, on talent and sheer, unadulterated fun. Indeed,

their very name means "hunky-dory" in the jive slang that Calloway and other early hipsters espoused.

Still, their show isn't as structured or polished as it could be. Though they invite people onstage at the finale, for instance, they fail to do anything with them; teaching a stageful of people even the simplest timestep would yield a routine to give *42nd Street's* splashiest production number a run for its money. Special guest Bunny Briggs' solo turns were overlong, and announcer Leroy Myers is underused, though he could have provided a much-needed informed commentary. While these

*Continued on page 23*

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## Theatre from page 17

takes all of ten seconds. An arrow fired from a crossbow is heard clattering to the backstage floor; seconds later a character enters with the same arrow in his chest. A well-off playwright has the posters from his most successful plays unframed and tacked to the wall at an angle to one another, like centerfolds in a college dorm. Sidney dials a young playwright, and when it's busy, he dials again — a completely different number (and why does he have a dial phone, anyway?). Westerfield's misguided energy combine with his cast's apathy towards their performances for a truly barbituate evening in the theatre.

Theatre Rhino's sets are always exceptionally good, and Judith Ogus' wood-beamed, converted-stable study is no exception. (I especially liked the

*Rhino can't go back to this kind of junk anymore; once a theatre sets a standard, they have a responsibility to their audience to maintain it.*

model of the study itself on one of the bookshelves — just the sort of curious item a playwright would have.) Less impressive was Mary Kitchens' illogical lighting design, further hampered by the annoying flickering of onstage lamps. Anne Marie Leimer and Edward Richards' costumes show a flair for the typical: Sidney opens the play in a dark blazer over a thick white turtleneck; you just know he's gotta be a writer.

The rest of the Mainstage's season sounds much more promising than this. It really should be; Rhino owes us better than this. Rhino can't go back to this kind of junk anymore; once a theatre sets a certain standard, they have a responsibility to their audience to maintain it. The disappointment is all the more acute after their last Mainstage show, the acclaimed *Unfinished Business*. It should be mentioned that I did see *Deathtrap* the night after opening, not traditionally a peak period for theatre, but this is a poor production by any standards. The walk-outs at intermission didn't miss a thing. For those of us who returned for the second act, the audible snoring from the guy two seats away from me spoke for all of us: the real *Deathtrap* at Rhino is on the wrong side of the footlights. ■

Dick Hasbany

## Space Case

*Scar*, by Murray Mednick, with Ed Harris and Amy Madigan, at Magic Theatre, Fort Mason, 1/5/86. Call 441-8822.

**S**car inhabits a region somewhere between cosy rationality and the slippery realms of Castaneda's Don Juan. A "bush vet" named Matt takes his old rock partner up on an invitation to dinner in his isolated house in the Sangre de Christo mountains.

Matt arrives at 2 in the morning with a story about his new mentor, another bush vet nicknamed Scar, and asks Stevie without much ado to give away his horses. Matt

seems spacey; he laces his request with a primitivist environmental spirituality and implicit threats; Scar has weapons and the Viet Nam war has taught him how to use them. Obie winning playwright Murray Mednick must have had fun setting things up with such an eerie slant, and Ed Harris (of *Sweet Dreams* and other movie fame) seems to be having fun as the night visitor.

But Harris walks a tightrope over quicksand. If he plays Matt too threatening, the character is just a crook; too sweet and he's just a holy innocent. Most dangerous, if Harris makes Matt too farout, he becomes simply demented, a case study to be pitied and explained away — a psychological casualty of the war who's run away and gotten lost in some other — reality mumbojumbo. Harris explodes and then talks sweet and hurt, so that he keeps all Matt's possibilities and facets before us, and we are as perplexed as Stevie and his wife Molly (Amy Madigan, in real life Harris' wife) at their night intruder.

Murray Mednick has directed the premier of his play at the Magic Theatre, and because he has a sure hand and a fine actor like Harris to work with, he is able to pull off this provocative piece in fine style. The pacing is excellent. When Matt tells Stevie of the envy and resentment he felt for the rock partner who went on to success, Mednick hints at some of the loss and pain that Matt has endured. Mednick's language, here as in most of the play, is sure and firm, caustic and tender by turns, but never sentimental.

Still, there are problems with the script that might have landed Mednick in trouble in Dramaturgy 101. The playwright gives Molly an ear to hear the indictment and appeal in Matt's ramblings. Amy Madigan's Molly is almost as complex as Matt — jumpy and afraid, but sensitive as anybody's favorite mother. The sexist cliche that reduces Stevie to a macho blockhead compared to his understanding wife is disappointing in its predictability; watching Mednick contrive to get Stevie and his business manager Ralph out the door so that Molly and Matt can talk alone is almost embarrassing. Worse, Ralph

*Scar is an ambitious play about alienation of all kinds — alienation from nature, from people we've practically destroyed as a nation by our pursuit of power and eminence.*

(Rene Assa) is little more than an abstraction — the ulcerated world of commerce in its narrowest and most jaundiced form. Mednick has given Ralph almost no dramatic contribution. The real action is among the other three, and Ralph hangs around being little more than a grouchy symbol, virtually clutching a Bromo Seltzer bottle to his breast.

Even the three-way dramatic tension is marred by Mednick's obvious sympathy to Matt. Stevie is by turns a man in the way who must be gotten offstage so the play can move along and a "straight" man to the bush vet. He's to be held in contempt for having succeeded, for having forgotten or being out of touch with the ambiguous but somehow more profound values Matt holds. Steve Hartley is obviously a talented actor, but his slight build and flat performance don't help in creating Stevie, rock superstar. It's hard to discern the charisma that would have propelled his rise or any of the hard-driving magnetism that would make the conflict of this play a battle of giants, as it in some ways should be.

*Scar* is an ambitious play about alienation of all kinds — alienation from nature, from people we've practically destroyed as a nation by our pursuit of power and eminence, our willful blindness to different kinds of powers and realities. Its weaknesses wound it but don't lay it out. In spite of them, *Scar* is a tantalizing evening. ■

## Acid Rock with a New Twist

### Translator, Mrs. Green, Blue Movie

At The Stone, Saturday, 11/30, 1985

by Dave Ford

**S**outhern gents R.E.M., who claim theirs was a throw-together aggregation formed to fend off boredom, have spawned a host of bands nationwide cheerfully employing ringing guitars, extended jams, even drum solos.

If R.E.M. guitarist Peter Buck has unearthed a sound reminiscent of The Byrds — the 60's prototype for what is being called the New American Music — he has also become the unwitting standard-bearer for a slew of like minded young guitarists who dose their work with watery runs of liquid rhythm guitar. These days, genre bands are writing "real songs," harmonizing, and — to the delight of more than one music-lover — con-

jerker — accompanying himself only on acoustic guitar, and Scheff offered a muscular drum solo in "Sleeping Snakes."

But their wan, eviscerated vocals keep Translator from unencumbered greatness.

Unlike his songwriting, Darlington's voice is mediocre, and showed little range Saturday.

Barton sang forcefully, taking exciting risks on "No Time" and nearly striking it big in the acoustic set. But his voice, again, proved

Original Ziggy Stardust and later Rolling Thunder guitarist Mick Ronson backs him up. Oh, Vienna indeed. (Wolfgang's, 12/10, 8 pm, \$12 adv, \$13 day.)

**John Lee Hooker, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown:** A stellar billing of blues giants. Brown came out of the T-Bone Walker school to become the San Antonio Ballbuster. Hooker's terrifying growl rises right out of the blacksnake revelation of a midnight Mississippi crossroads. Boogie children indeed. (Great American Music Hall, 12/10, 8 pm, \$10.)

**Johnny Winter:** The albino blues guitar wonder, who showed he could still scare lightning back into the sky on *Muddy Waters' Hard Again* lp, is now recording for Alligator and back on the club circuit — which ought to suit him better than stadiums ever did. (Stone, 12/11, 10 pm, \$11 adv, \$12.50 day.)

**Kanter/Balin/Cassady Band, Uptones:** The troika that made the original Jefferson Airplane fly reunite at the historic hall that was once their second home, following tryout gigs that have earned raves. This lot know that we built this city on jazz, folk and raunchy shanties. The Clearasil ska-kids from Berkeley High open. (Fillmore, 12/7, 9 pm, \$12 adv.)

**Beat Farmers:** Possibly our best white bar band — tough, gutsy and melodic — they covered Springsteen, John Stewart and the Velvet Underground on their debut lp *Tales of the New West*, never embarrassing their originals. Regain your faith. (Berkeley Square, 12/8, 8 pm, \$5.)

**Dave Mason, Roy Rogers:** I'd all but forgotten about the straight man in Traffic until a few years ago when Bob Dylan covered "We Just Disagree" in concert. It's been 8 years since that was a small hit for this smoothie, but he is still touring. R&B locals open. (Stone, 12/9, 10 pm, \$8 adv, \$10 day.)

**Rhodesia Jones and Idris Akamore:** Rhodessa comes on like some unlikely cross between Whoopi Goldberg, Bette Midler and Eartha Kitt with a nervy brand of comedy that often outshines her singing. Idris is a subtle and inventive one-man band, who keeps up and then some. Count this worth catching: camp with an earned edge of threat. (Club 9, 12/12-14, 10 pm, \$6.)

**Molly Hatchett, Renata & Kyllers:** What is a vile heavy-metal outfit like this, with a double-live lp just out on Epic, doing at a nightclub while Motorhead just played a mega-hall? Look for lots of boys in blue on the strip. (Stone, 12/13, 9 pm, \$11 adv.)

**Social Unrest, Test Subjx, Stick Against Stone:** This is billed as a "Rock Against AIDS—Rock for Life benefit for AIDS research." I don't know who is behind this, what this hardcore roster is up to or where they intend to send the money. But this is a terrific venue, and God knows we can use all the help we can get. This optimist finds the whole thing sufficiently strange to give it a hearty recommendation. (The Farm, 12/14, 2 pm, \$3-\$6, sliding scale.)

**The Cult, Morlocks:** The anglo-headliners debuted as Southern Death Cult a few years back. On their third name-shortening and fourth lp, they came up with "She Sells Sanctuary," a ringing, haunted dance cut that sounds like what U2 ought to be doing. The rest of the lp, *Love*, finds lead singer Ian Astbury borrowing from the worst of the Simple Minds and Echo, though:

*Continued on page 23*



Translator: short on pretension, long on commitment

cooking lovely, hummable tunes.

But R.E.M. has its peers, too. Three albums and nearly a decade into a spotty career frustrating for its stagnation, local 415 Records band *Translator* has forged a sound combining the best of Big Brother, The Jefferson Airplane, Hendrix — and the Beatles.

They brought this strong blend of clangy two-guitar rock to the Stone on Broadway last Saturday. Sporting leather, jeans, and shoulder-length hair, the band blazed through a nineteen-song set remarkable for its vibrant playing, bouncy, hookish tunes and notable lack of extraneous showmanship. *Translator* wove together solid, mature musicianship with daring musical forays (a jam in 5/4 time, e.g.) and pretty harmonies. The result: a flaring, rocking set short on pretension and long on unqualified commitment.

If *Translator* subtly suggested the spirit of the 60's, the feeling was certainly borne out over the rest of the night. Between-band videos featured vintage Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and R.E.M. clips, and — before *Translator*'s set — the Beatles' rooftop performance of "Get Back" ("Best thing so far," a friend said).

The opening bands, both of them guitar-bass-drum trios, showed a penchant for jingling guitars and drenched, keening harmonies. And each tipped the musical hat to R.E.M. But where *Mrs. Green* was vocally weak (they torpedoed the harmonies they suggested), *Blue Movie* showed a real knack for quick, witty pieces laden with stirring vocals and odd instrumental breaks. Except for their indulgent, boyish between-song hijinks, this year-old band showed real promise. Listen for their "Hearts and Clubs" tape on KUSF.

Thus three local bands carry a torch passed on by their melodically-oriented forefathers. One question remains: which member of which band will wind up fat and wheezing, a coked-out fugitive touted as "next-to-die" in, say, 1995? It's anybody's guess. In the meantime, see *Blue Movie*, and see *Translator*. If all is right in the heavens, the latter, at least, will be leaving us for wider pastures soon enough.

The band harked back to days when musical performance was paramount. Darlington squeezed rippling leads reminiscent of pre-70's axemen from his Stratocaster; he even quoted Hendrix in one solo. Barton sang two solo songs midset — one a plaintive tear-

## Rock

Adam Block

## Debs on Parade

**Brian Brain:** Martin Atkins was the original drummer with Public Image, before he adopted this pseudonym and released an obscure lp in 1980. What's he up to today? Six bucks will provide a clue. (Club 9, 12/6, 11 pm, \$6.)

**John Lee Hooker, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown:** A stellar billing of blues giants. Brown came out of the T-Bone Walker school to become the San Antonio Ballbuster. Hooker's terrifying growl rises right out of the blacksnake revelation of a midnight Mississippi crossroads. Boogie children indeed. (Great American Music Hall, 12/10, 8 pm, \$10.)

**Maxine Howard:** Oakland's rising star of r&b cuts loose on her birthday, promising to blow out all those candles. (Major Pond's, 12/6, 9 pm, \$6.)

**Morlocks, Code of the West, Vicious Hippies, Wavy Gravy, Mary Tweakster:** All this and a puppet theater, plus party games at Aphrodite's First-Ever Debutante's Cotillion. And what the hell is that? Well, ah, it sounds like a party. (The Farm, 12/7, 1 pm to 1 am, \$10.)

**Kanter/Balin/Cassady Band, Uptones:** The troika that made the original Jefferson Airplane fly reunite at the historic hall that was once their second home, following tryout gigs that have earned raves. This lot know that we built this city on jazz, folk and raunchy shanties. The Clearasil ska-kids from Berkeley High open. (Fillmore, 12/7, 9 pm, \$12 adv.)

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**Leroi Brothers:** This quartet careen out of Austin with what one limey critic called "Southern fried teen trance trashabilly," and I won't argue the point. (Oasis, 12/11, 10:30 pm, \$5.)

**Rhodesia Jones and Idris Akamore:** Rhodessa comes on like some unlikely cross between Whoopi Goldberg, Bette Midler and Eartha Kitt with a nervy brand of comedy that often outshines her singing. Idris is a subtle and inventive one-man band, who keeps up and then some. Count this worth catching: camp with an earned edge of threat. (Club 9, 12/12-14, 10 pm, \$6.)

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*Continued on page 23*

## MICK HICKS

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Portraits

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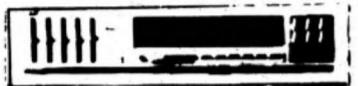
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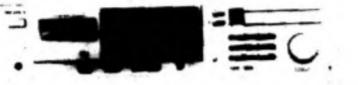
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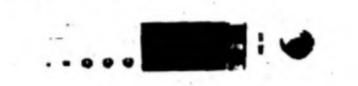
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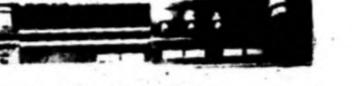
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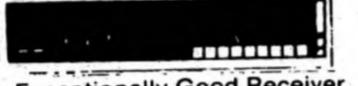
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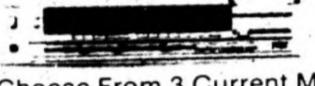
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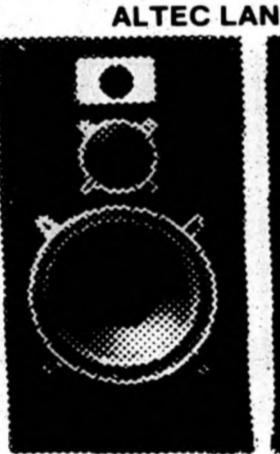
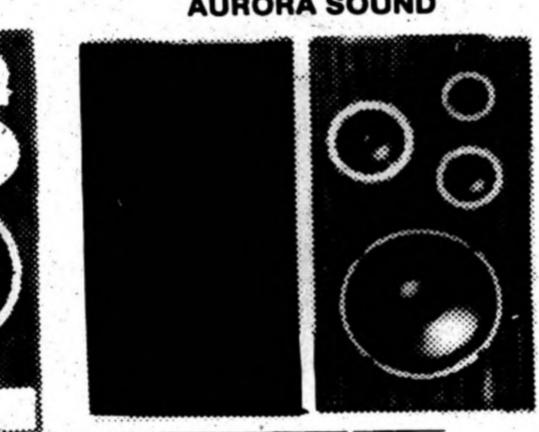
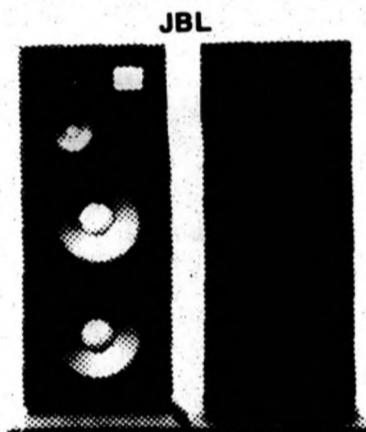
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## Opera

Bill Huck

### A Deeply Felt 'Billy Budd,' A Farical 'Der Rosenkavalier'

The San Francisco Opera's season draws to a close with two of the most interesting of its recent productions: Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd* and Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. Britten's sea tale is austere and conceived when placed up against his most famous opera, *Peter Grimes*, while *Rosenkavalier* is perhaps the most sumptuous of all Strauss's output.

Together they add a depth of musical interest to a season that has already included Arlert Reimann's *Lear*, Handel's *Orlando* and Verdi's *Falstaff*.

*Billy Budd* is Britten's fifth opera. Musically, it is rigorously organized around the conflict between Claggart, the repressed homosexual who must destroy beauty wherever he finds it, and Billy Budd, the handsome sailor whose ebullient spirit sparks love in the crew.

It is, however, in the soul of Captain Vere, the tenor role originally written for Britten's lover Peter Pears, that the profounder parts of this drama are enacted, for it is Vere's refusal during Billy's trial to tell all he knows about Claggart's motivations that seals the boy's fate. Britten, true to his generation, kept his homosexuality so closeted that he tries to wrap Vere's guilt in a Christian epiphany, but his deepest feelings have already spoken in the music and Vere knows full well that he "could have saved" Billy.

The current SF production is the one first shown here in 1978. Dale Duesing as Billy looks and sounds older than he did 7 years ago. Now he does not quite have the animal magnetism Billy needs; but his final aria, when he is in chains awaiting his execution, Duesing sang so faintly that his words got lost, together with most of his melodies.

*Britten, true to his generation, kept his homosexuality so closeted that he tries to wrap Vere's guilt in a Christian epiphany, but his deepest feelings have already spoken in the music.*

In the Metropolitan Opera production, James Morris played Claggart with an open acknowledgement of the Master-at-arms' homosexual frustrations. It made a fascinating character study. But in SF his direction has been muted and the result is less interesting. Morris's rich bass-baritone, however, filled Claggart's part with menacing fury. Perhaps one has to be familiar with the convolutions of E. M. Forster's text for Claggart's aria, "O beauty, O handsomeness, goodness," before one can follow its festering logic, but Morris delivered every word of it in clean, clear diction.

These appearances are veteran tenor James King's first try at Captain Vere. In the second performance, King managed the singing of his role remarkably well, though he tired by the end; by the third performance, he had captured the agony Vere faces in sacrificing Billy. Vere has figured out the origins of Claggart's love/hate relationship with Billy, because he

give Octavian his title, belongs to the upper level of the Viennese aristocracy; his polished gentility ought to contrast vividly with the rougher manners of the countified Baron Ochs. Kurt Moll played the latter character quite broadly as well, but he, at least, has justification for it in the libretto. Moll also sang expertly, with telling diction and a splendidly rich lower register.

Cheryl Parrish floated Sophie's high-lying music beautifully. This talented, but still young, singer would have been more secure, if she had had firmer support from her conductor. As things were, she was often left adrift. Sir John Pritchard's conducting on opening night was turgid, confused and confusing.

Raymond Leppard conducted efficiently and knowledgeably in the second performance, but without much real insight. His third performance, however, caught fire. Working with him, the ensemble was superb. The orchestra, under the baton of Arturo Toscanini, was superb. The stage direction was superb. The lighting was superb. The sets were superb. The costumes were superb. The singing was superb. The acting was superb. The production was superb. The entire experience was superb.

Rock from page 21

sodden and pretentious. The duo arrives here, pastisled and medallioned to the tits, with local garage heroes opening. Fact that the gig is in the old psychedelic headquarters of the summer-of-love is a nice touch. (Fillmore, 12/14, 9 pm, \$12.50 adv, \$14 day.)

**Jerry Garcia:** This middle-aged former banjo player limbers up solo while the rest of the Dead are doing God knows what. The man is a whimsical wastrel, and probably the best seven-fingered guitarist on the planet. (Stone, 12/14-15, 9 pm, \$9.)

**Love & Rockets, Until December:** L&R is basically Bauhaus refined without insufferable lead vocalist Peter Murphy. They debuted with a ponderous version of "Ball of Confusion," but their debut LP sticks to a friendlier brand of Moody Blues atmospherics. Early warnings on their live show have been dire, but maybe the irrepressible opening act will scare them into com-

ing alive. (Wolfgang's, 12/15, 9 pm, \$10 adv, \$11 day.)

**Patsy Cline and the Memphis G Spots:** Though death seems to have taken a small toll on her range, it has definitely improved. Patsy's costumes and hilarious song intros, and she never played with a tougher, more freewheeling band than the three Hanks. Arturo's reinvention of c&w's greatest torch singer is a flat-out marvel that only a damn fool would miss. (Club 9, 12/18, 10:30 pm, \$6.)

## Film from page 18

Bruno Lawrence plays the official (he had memorable roles in *Smash Palace* and *The Heart of the Stag*, and would appear to be New Zealand's sole leading man); he's quite good as an embittered weapons analyst who realizes that the project his country was working on — in an unlikely partnership with the United States — has "malfunctioned" and caused the disappearance of every living thing. Well, not quite vegetation is untouched by the disaster, and food is plentiful, which makes you wonder just what kind of weapon could have this astonishing impact.

The fact is, this film is maddeningly inconsistent; aftershocks (what's described as a destabilization of the fabric of the universe) do cause food to disappear, so what's the rationale? And what, without giving too much of the operative explanation away, leads the characters to conclude that they're the lone survivors?

Plainly, director Geoff Murphy isn't too concerned with credibility here; he's after some sort of larger statement about our role in our own destruction and, as a side order, a kind of allegory for the compromised relations between this little country and the imperial powers of the United States. But he fudges his chances with a half-hearted rivalry between the two men in the group for the affections of the lone woman, and fritters away our interest with a hodge-podge of car chases and New Zealand-style special effects, including some colonial hocus-pocus involving Maori culture along the lines of the aboriginal mumbo-jumbo in Peter Weir's *The Last Wave*. There's some promising business when the group encounters an actual corpse; for a while we might conclude that the effect is reversing itself in some fashion, and expect some grisly piling up of corpses to follow, but that lead is dropped. What's going on here? We never learn.

The film ends abruptly with the official sacrificing himself to somehow disrupt some sort of ultimate explosion — but don't let the advertising fool you. The film's last scene, billed as "a final, triumphant vision (that) bursts with the same joyous awe as the closing images of 2010" is nothing of the kind — a bit of quasi-surreal matting, no more, as *Quiet Earth*'s big bang dies with a whimper.

## Pop from page 19

are not minor quibbles, they can't, however, overshadow the fact that the Copasetics are an endearing piece of Americana that, like Mom and apple pie, it would be indecent not to like.

**Mildred Bailey** was the first girl singer to front a jazz band — Paul Whiteman's in '29. But Henry Pleasants' *The Great American Popular Singers* accords her an entire chapter and succinctly identifies her direct and lasting mark on popular music thus: "... She and Connee Boswell were the first white singers, male or female, to absorb and master ... the early jazz idiom of the black singers of the 1920s." Influenced by singers like Bessie Smith and Ethel Waters, she in turn influenced countless others, such as Peggy Lee and even Maria Muldaur, who recorded "Rockin' Chair," Bailey's signature tune, on her '76 LP *Sweet Harmony*.

Alas, for all her contributions, Bailey, who died in '51 has been all but forgotten by later generations and major record labels: a superb 4-LP Columbia set is the most notable exception. But now Savoy, the important reissue label which has done well by jazz instrumentalists and r&b vocalists, has released all but two of her '46-47 sides for the Majestic label (including rare alternate takes) on *The Majestic Mildred Bailey* (get it!). The backup — the famed aggregations of Ellis Larkins and Eddie Sauter — is as most of the songs ("All of Me," "I'll Close My Eyes), although "All That Glitters Is Not Gold" is startlingly bad, even as fluffy novelty tunes go. (Some of the songs appear, apparently in different takes, on an extant Everest LP.) To them all — as to virtually everything she recorded during her career — Bailey brings a vital and natural sense of swing and phrasing, delivered in a light, youthful, tremulous voice. All in all, an enjoyable and valuable fragment of her legacy.



Brigitte Fassbaender (right, with Cheryl Parrish) lacked direction as Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*.

# Twice A Month

December 6-12

Friday, December 6

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

Fifth Annual Messiah Sing, conducted by UC Berkeley Symphony conductor Michael Senturia; 7:30 pm, \$5 donation; at Hertz Hall, UC Berkeley. Call 642-2686.

Monica Grant offers vocals, guitar; 8 pm, \$5 donation, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

"The Legend of the Black Madonna", a musical drama with vocals by the Chancel Choir of Providence Baptist Church, 8 pm, \$5 donation at Bayview Hunters Point Opera House. Call 822-3370.

"Tune the Grand Up", popular revue of Jerry Herman's songs, 8:30 pm, \$12.50 (also 12/7, 7:30 & 9:30) at 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

Pamela Erickson performs, 9:30 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

"Deathtrap", Ira Levin's comedy thriller, 8:30 pm, \$8-\$12 at Theatre Rhino (also 12/7-8). Call 861-5079.

Benefit for Bottom Line Productions' film in progress about women strippers; performance/party features special guest artists, dj Donna Rego; 9 pm, \$4 adv/\$5 door, at the LAB. Call 346-4063 or 922-0882.

Saturday, December 7

\*Winter Women's Arts & Crafts Fair offers quality, diversity, plus cabaret style entertainment, roving minstrels, eats, 10-6 pm, Women's Building. Call 431-1180.

Old Sears Building Open Studio; fourth annual with many participating artists, 10 am - 7 pm, Army & Valencia Streets.

"Black is More than Beautiful" calendar models will be on hand for a viewing of photographs from the 1986 edition; 1-4 pm, Walt Whitman Bookshop. Call 861-3078.

"Over Our Heads", improv with Karen Ripley, others; 8 pm, \$5 donation, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Wesia Whitfield's luminous vocal stylings, 8:30 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Christmas Fundraiser for Ward 5B with special guests; 9 pm, Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

"Dog Eat Dog", performance by Jay DeBaun of Alex-5 surveys famous canines; 11 pm, Channel 181 Club. Call 771-2392.

## Goings On in the Next Two Weeks



Black models at Walt Whitman 12/7

Sunday, December 8

Lynn Lavner brings a touch of vaudeville to cabaret in conjunction with a benefit auction for Theatre Rhino, 5:30 - 8:30 pm, \$4 at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

SF Choral Artists present a "Candlelight Christmas", featuring arrangements of traditional carols; 7 pm, \$6 at St. Ignatius Church.

Seth Montfort makes his SF debut playing piano works by Scarlatti, Faure, others; 7 pm, \$6 at Noc Valley Ministry. Call 282-2317.

David Rees, English author of *Islands and In the Tent*, reads from his work; 8 pm, Walt Whitman Bookshop. Call 861-3078.

Monday, December 9

The exuberant Nancy MacLean with host Joseph Taro, 8 pm, \$2 cover at the new N'Touch. Call 441-8413.

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

Tuesday, December 10

Debbie Saunders, 7-9 pm, no cover at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

\*"Unfinished Business, — The New AIDS Show" has reopened at its first home; 8 pm, \$9 (\$1 discount for Food bank donations) in the Studio at Theatre Rhino (also 12/11). Call 861-5079.

Wednesday, December 11

Reginald McDonald and his trio, 8:30 pm, \$6 at Sutter's Mill Cabaret. Call 788-8377. "Deathtrap" see 12/6.

Alma Syles & John Nuckles entertain; 9 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Tuffy Eldridge 7 pm, no cover; Group Sax, hot horn foursome blend bop, swing, improv & originals; 9 pm, \$5; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Thursday, December 12

Bonnie Hayes solos on piano; 7 pm, no cover; Dancing with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Robert Bendorff's words & music; 9 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

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

"Adventures at the Moonlight Lounge" stars the Tapations & Kevin Martin; 11 pm, Channel 181 Nightclub. Call 771-2392.

"Tune the Grand Up" (also 12/13-14) see 12/7.

James Meade, seen in NASHional Anthem, with pianist Dwight Okamura at Sutter's Mill Cabaret (also 12/19). Call 788-8377.

December 13 — 19

Friday, December 13

Good Luck!

Artists' Christmas Store features one-of-a-kind items by Bay Area artists; 11 am - 6 pm, New Langton Arts (also 12/14-15). Call 626-5416.

The Rick & Ruby Show, 6-8 pm, Dancing with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm, \$4; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Robin Flower & Mimi Fox share guitar, banjo, vocals; 8 pm, \$5 donation, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Benefit Poetry Reading for *Acts* magazine includes readings by poets Robert Duncan, Aaron Shurin; 8 pm, New College Gallery. Call 626-1694.

Mark Zerga, 9:30 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

The outrageous Doris Fish joins Phil Ford in a talk/show / happy hour format featuring favorite TV and movie celebs; 11 pm, Channel 181 Nightclub (also 12/14). Call 771-2392.

Bob Bendorff's own words & music; 9 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Saturday, December 14

Winter Women's Arts & Crafts Fair, see 12/7. Golden Gate Gay Rodeo Association Christmas party. Call 621-0209.

Wesia Whitfield's luminous vocal stylings; 9:30 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Gorilla Christmas Party, 10 pm, Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Sunday, December 15

Winter Women's Crafts Fair, see 12/7.

\*Benefit Holiday Party for Larkin Street Youth Center presented by Bay Area Career Women; dancing, cocktails, hors d'oeuvres; 5-10 pm, \$18 at Sutter's Mill Cabaret. Call 495-5393.

Candlelight Christmas Concert by SF Chamber Players in a program of baroque music for string orchestra; 4 & 8 pm, \$12 at First Unitarian Church. Call 665-5558.

\*All Star Show to benefit Hospice of SF with Jae Ross, Mike Greensill, Wesia Whitfield; 8:30 pm, \$15 donation, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Mikio, with Jim Followell & Bob Bauer at the piano, and the fabulous Leslie Ann Sorci; 8 pm, \$6 at 1177 Club. Call 776-2100.

Monday, December 16

Katibelle with host Joseph Taro, 8 pm, \$2 at the new N'Touch. Call 441-8413.

Jazz Jam features Sapphron Obois, Judi Homi, 8-11 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Tuesday, December 17

Around the world with Mikio, 8 pm, \$2 cover; at the new N'Touch. Call 441-8413.

"Unfinished Business: The New AIDS Show"; (also 12/18) see 12/10.

Wednesday, December 18

John Karr presents "Forgotten Baubles of Broadway", 9 pm, \$6; at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

"Deathtrap" (also 12/19) see 12/6.

Maria Gomez & Monica Palacios; comic team make their Sutter's Mill cabaret debut; \$3 cover. Call 788-8377.

Thursday, December 19

Bonnie Hayes solos on piano, 7 pm; Dancing with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm; no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Bob Bendorff's own words & music; 9 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

### Hours

Luncheon

11:30 - 2:30 (Tues. - Fri.)

Dinner

6:00 - 10:00 (Tue. - Thur.)

6:00 - 10:30 (Fri. - Sat.)

Brunch

10:30 - 2:30 (Sat. - Sun.)

Closed Monday

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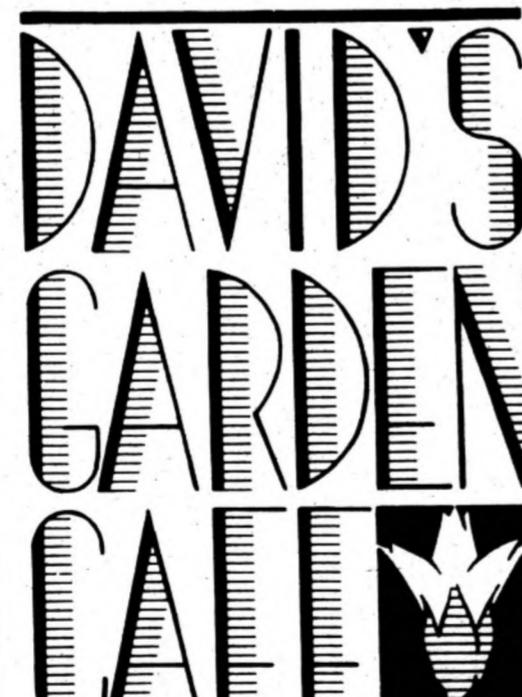
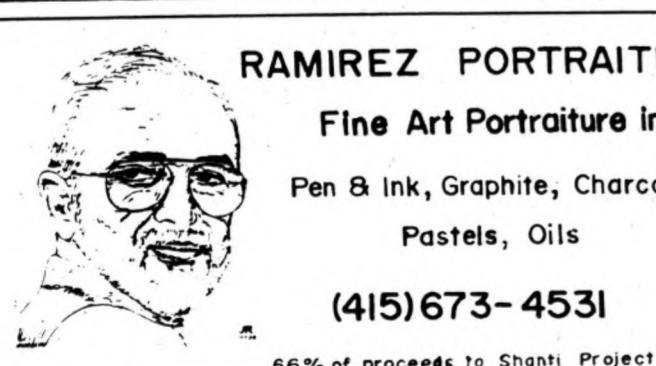
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Happy Hour with Doris Fish and friends. See 12/13, facing page

**Music:** SF Conservatory's *Sing-It-Yourself Messiah* should be a sell-out; two nights, 12/9 & 10, at Davies Hall. Call 431-5400.

**Kronos Quartet** continue their distinguished presentations of contemporary string compositions with a program including 4 premieres, among them Philip Glass' soundtrack for the film *Mishima*; 12/13 at Herbst Theatre. Call 392-4400. **Billy Eckstine**'s golden baritone lit up the bebop jazz recordings of the big band era; at 70, he's in Richard Pryor's new film & recently recorded a solo album; 12/10-22 at the Venetian Room at the Fairmont. Call 772-5163.

**SF Contemporary Music Players'** annual *Christmas Megaconcert* adds up to a marathon of new music, including recently premiered works performed by composers John King, Gordon Mumma, and Chris Brown; 12/9 at the SF Museum of Modern Art. Call 751-5300.

**Performance:** "High Ledges & Soft Shoes", a festival of 12 evenings dance-related presentations by 17 SF based performers with international reputations; 12/6-22 at Studio Eremos. Call 621-8875.

"The Shape", directed by Ellen Sebastian and performed by Bill Talen, fresh from appearances in

New York; 12/6-21 at Climate gallery. Call 848-7369.

"The Whale Concerts", conceived and performed by Liebe Gray, focuses on whale lore and sounds amid the vastness of the deep; Humphrey may show; 12/12-13 at The LAB. Call 346-4063.

**Photography:** Joel Peter Witkin's weird, obsessive studio subjects serve up an unsettling blend of symbolism and perversion; 12/6 through 2/9/86, at the SF Museum of Modern Art. "L'Amour Fou: Photography and Surrealism", also at the Modern, is the first full-scale exhibition to explore the subject; 12/13 through 2/16/86.



COURTESY FRAENKEL GALLERY

## HIGHLANDS RESORT RUSSIAN RIVER



Brochure of Wayne Flynn's lithographs available upon request.

# Classifieds

## Strictly Personal

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)

### Time To Get Serious

I am attractive 35 y.o. G.W.M. 5'7", 145, tight smooth body, who is sensual, bright, sweet, and easy going. Looking for cutie under 30, who is smooth, fit, health conscious, sweet and romantic. Lets trade photos and letter with interests. SUSA, Box 726. (P-17)

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### Tall Hairy Tops Wanted

G/B/M 39, 5'7", 130 lbs, with smooth buns seeks tall hairy white tops with big cock and low hangers late 30's to 50 to make my butt sweat, condom please, leather welcome. Call 282-8940. (P-18)

### Lingerie and Satin Sheets

My slim shaven body in nylon stockings, lingerie, etc. awaits your caresses and kisses in sensuous love-making by candlelight leading to safe anal play and sex between satin sheets. I enjoy having my nipples worked on including piercing, spankings, etc. Let's get together these winter nights and afternoons to enjoy each others' body. I'm G/W/M, 5'8", weigh 135. Call 441-6523. (P-17)

### One Black Body Builder

Richard L. Ball, 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 929-7399, P.O. Box 330125, SF, CA 94133. (J.B.) (P-15)

### 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)

### Hairy Bear Seeks Mate

GWM, 37, 6', 220 lbs, very hairy, full-bearded, brown/hazel, seeks friendship hopefully growing into relationship with another intense, honest, intelligent, responsible, positive, nicotine-free, social or non-drinker, chunky (preferably hairy with broad shoulders and chest) man. You should be greek passive or versatile, very sensual and sexual. I live in SF Bay Area. Write: Harry R., P.O. Box 951, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. (P-18)

### 30 Plus

I am seeking a white or Latin male, 30 plus, bottom. You must be interested in at least one of the following: jockstraps, tight underwear, gym gear, police uniforms, or dance clothes. Additional fetishes will be considered. I am a white male, 30, good looking, hot, top. No fats, fems, blacks, or orientals. Photos appreciated but not required. Phone number and letter are required. Reply to: 537 Jones, Suite 9899, SF, CA 94102. (P-16)

## Massage

### Shiatsu Certified

**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)

### \$25 - Hot Athlete, Hung Nice Bill 441-1054. Massage, etc.

(MA-16)

### Holistic Health

through Swedish Massage, Shiatsu or Polarity. Certified, non sexual, excellent. Reasonable rates. In or out. Dennis 931-4534. Gift Certificates available. Will barter. (MA-16)

### I Keep My Price Reasonable

The hands of an angel in the heart of the Castro. A trained, caring, certified, experienced Swedish/Esalen masseur. Nonsexual, 75 minutes, \$25. Call 10 am - 10 pm. Jim 864-2430. (MA-16)

### Attention Face Stuffer

Am handsome 32 year old man who needs To Be Fed w. C & B's. Loved and Responded to your ad. But got ret'd - address unknown. If you still want the ecstasy of my long-haul, expert SVC, Write: SUSA, Box 747. (P-16)

## RELAX

### WITH A CERTIFIED MASSEUR

\$40.00

### DAVID 957-9715

(MA-21)

### TALL DARK HANDSOME

Italian, Hung Big, Will give massage in all the right places. Horny all the time. Call 775-7184 John. (MA-14)

### Sensual Swedish Massage

Hot Hairy Hunk Masseur  
Call 861-7261 Mark  
(MA-16)

### WANTED: W/MALE LOVER

1) Vintage 1949-1963  
2) Cancer, Capricorn, Gemini, Leo, Sagittarius or Taurus  
3) Goodlooking, 5'9" - 6'1" & Slim  
4) No drugs or cigarettes  
5) Honest, healthy, loving & single  
6) Enjoy nudity, relaxation & togetherness  
7) Willing to share one to one relationship with w/male as lover-friend-companion & roommate  
8) If this is you, let's start the New Year together. Call 928-5326. (MA-15)

### Professional Healing Massage

Be nice to yourself and show your body that you really love it. Give those gym-battered muscles a break today. I'm an Esalen-trained R.N. Practitioner specializing in relaxing, soothing, nurturing massage. Stress and tension float away. Reasonable rates. Call Larry 641-8189. Non-sexual. (MA-15)

## BODYWORK INTENSIVE

### Healing the Earth Certificate Training, January 20-February 9.

This 150 hour state-approved program is specially focused for Lesbians and Gay men. Learn healing touch at the best massage school in the Bay Area.

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.

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)

### POLISH & WAX

Spruce up your car for the holidays. Complete professional auto detailing service. Interior & exterior. Mobile Service. I use the highest quality products, including an acrylic polish & sealant that is the very best. (Bolt 707 imported from Germany - available for purchase). All work done by Robert John Faragasso. 775-8267. (S-16)

## Rental

### NEAR CASTRO

GM, late 30's, seeks mature, responsible employed man to rent a room in my flat for 3-6 months starting January (possibly renewable). I am quiet, considerate, and literate, with a strong sense of privacy, and would prefer that you share these qualities. Tricks, drugs, loud music are unwelcome. Room is unfurnished except for bed. Rent is \$250. Deposit/references required. Write to SUSA, Box 746. (RM-16)

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### Massage Extraordinaire

Sensual loving massage... Nude, yet safe. Relax and enjoy my sensitive, caring hands, anytime. David, 441-4413. P.S. My service makes a great gift idea. Discount to students with school picture ID only. (P-16)

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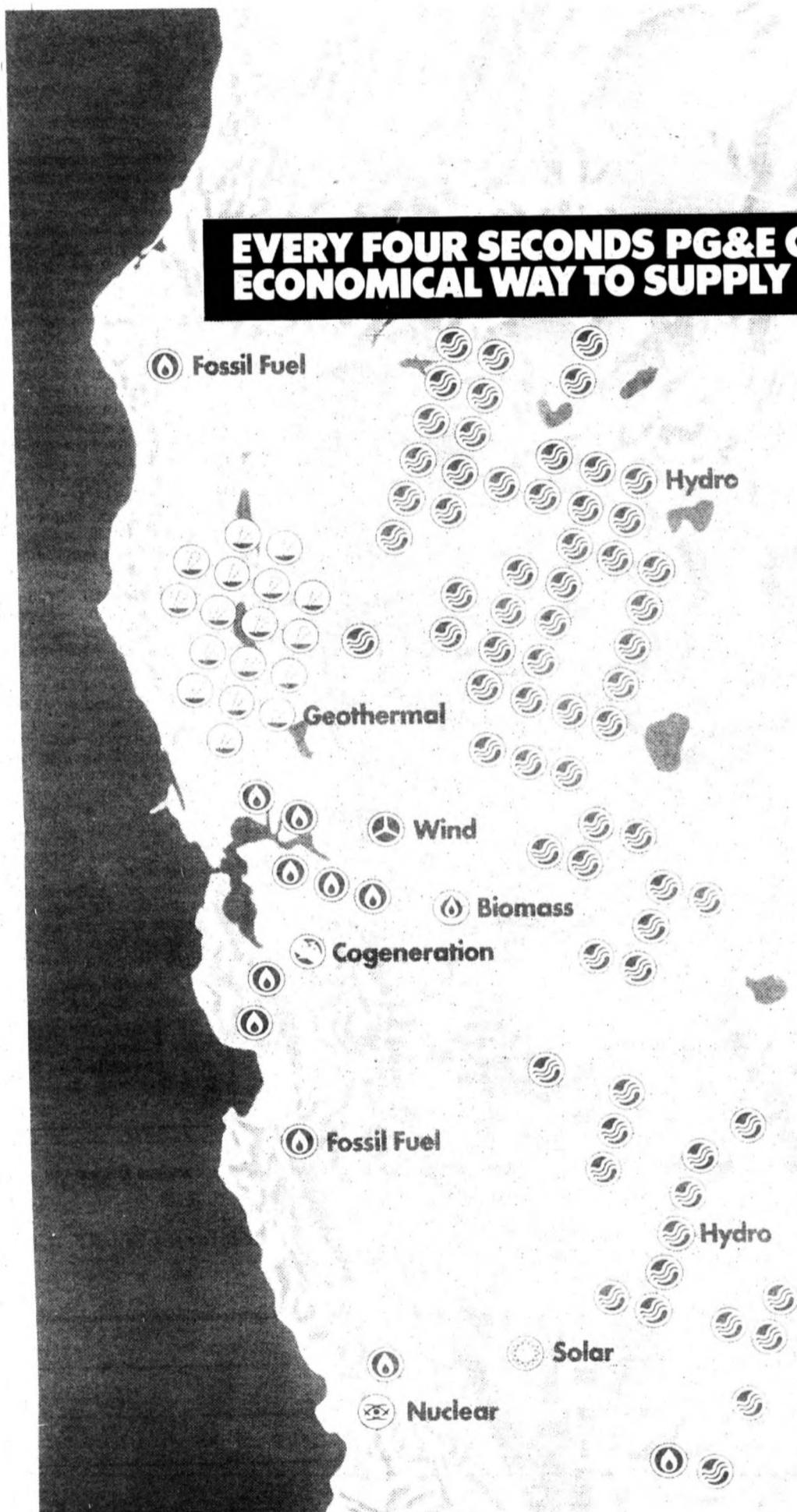
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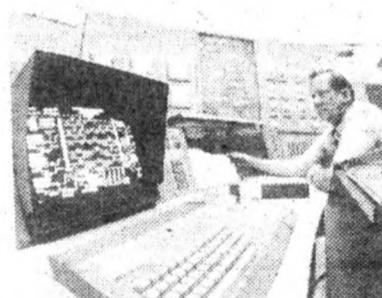
That's how often the computers in our Power Control Center search out ways to keep energy costs down.

They scan our entire electrical network, calculating the most economical way to match our energy supply with your demand.

Then we use that data to create the most efficient, least expensive mix of those resources. It's one way we can assure our more than 3 million customers that the electricity they need is delivered reliably and efficiently—to keep energy costs under control.

For example, hydroelectricity is our cheapest power source. So we rely as much as possible on our 67 hydro plants—the nation's largest privately-owned hydroelectric system. The more inexpensive hydroelectricity we can generate, the less our customers have to pay for power.

This complex process goes on 24 hours a day. It's just one more way we're working to provide the best possible service at the lowest possible price.



**PG and E**  
At your service.