

Sentinel

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*A Lesbian's View
of Life at
Rajneeshpuram*

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Santa's Helper: Doris Fish gets into the spirit during the Channel 181 Happy Hour

Big Fish, Little Pond

*Doris Is All Dressed, with
No Place To Go But Up*

by Ira Kleinberg

Doris Fish and Phillip R. Ford want \$50,000. Whether they need \$50,000 is another story entirely.

It's your typical boy-meets-girl, boy-directs-girl, boy-and-girl-spend-\$35,000 story. Phil is a 24-year-old aspiring filmmaker who works in a film laboratory, Doris is a somewhere-in-her-30s cult figure and local drag celeb. *Vegas in Space* is their movie and the reason they want the \$50,000.

Now.

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Glamor first, glamor last, glamor always: A scene from 'Vegas in Space.'

Princes and Gurus

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh continues his pilgrimage, leaving in his wake angry lawmakers, hordes of reporters, and a motley group of adoring followers. Headlines announce that the golden guru is attempting to escape from the United States on a chartered lear jet. He is in a crowded courtroom dressed in flowing robes. His trusted aide flees to Switzerland. (to avoid charges of theft or attempted murder?) He exits to a remote corner of India, ensconcing his entourage in luxurious accommodations while the Indian government takes possession of his Foundation's property to recover \$3 million in taxes.

The classic image of Rajneesh is his legendary daily appearance while at the commune in Oregon: He glides past his followers in a shiny Rolls Royce, part of vast fleet.

Eastern culture appreciates enlightenment through penetrating contradictions. Our more analytical western minds attempt to decipher, focus and clarify in a more scientific manner. Yet many people in both east and west find it nearly impossible to untangle the myths surrounding the elusive guru. Why have thousands of men and women left (or donated) all of their belongings and followed this bewildering man?

Not so many years ago, at the beginning of another holiday season, we awoke to headlines announcing the mass cyanide suicides of disciples of another guru, Jim Jones. These people were obedient unto death. They were not the middle class puppy type attracted to Rajneesh, but simpler folks equally devoted to their religious master. A stunned world wondered aloud, "What made them do it?"

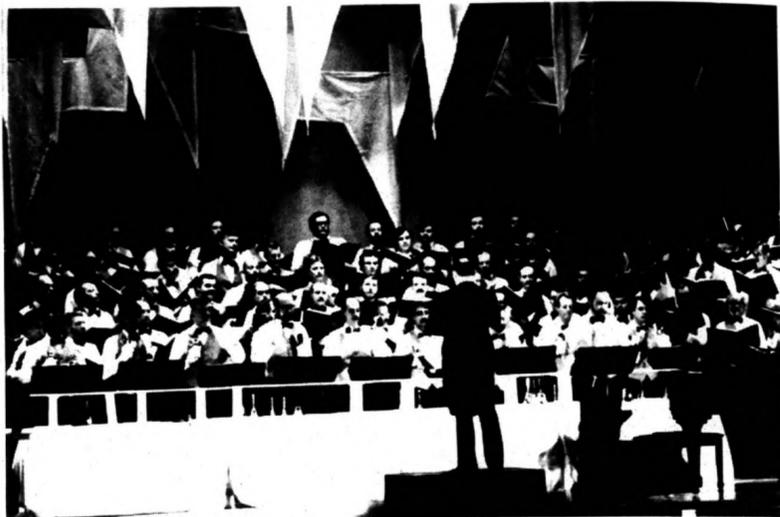
Throughout history charismatic figures have gathered disciples, who leave family, friends, jobs and possessions to seek wisdom from the enlightened master. Lots of people have followed lots of charlatans. Some pseudo wise men have altered history's path in tragic ways. Adolf Hitler is but one recent example.

Christian tradition celebrates next week the birth of its Savior, who eluded media coverage and rode on an ass instead of in a Rolls. Like the Buddha before him and Mohammed centuries later, Jesus remains a bewildering charismatic teacher that millions have followed.

The psalms offer a prudent suggestion: "Put not your trust in princes." The wisest way to follow a "star" is to absorb his message and chart your own course, mindful of pearls gleaned along the way. Pedestals are no place for people.

Gay people have a history of courageous individualism. Clones exist, but remain a small minority compared to the many who resist pressure to conform, to follow the leader be it Reagan or Falwell or John Paul or Rajneesh. We can learn from wise ones while remaining the master of our own heart. We can participate in traditions while charting our own future. We can herald the birth of a Savior while taking responsibility for our own life.

Most importantly, as gay people we can offer our own unique wisdom to the world, which has much to learn about love.



Greg Tallman conducts the Gay Men's chorus Christmas concert.

Letters

Choosing our Battles

Dear Editor:

Vic Basile in "Choosing our Battles" is correct in the need to establish proper priorities as gay men dealing with AIDS. First, we must remember that AIDS is not a "gay disease" and address it like a medical problem. Gay men die of other causes, and obsession with AIDS can cause hysteria which needs to be confronted with facts, reality and proper perspective.

Second, we must reject all attempts to use medical rationalizations to oppress rights of persons with AIDS. Such efforts impact on rights of all gay men. If Mr. Basile has observed the signs of the pickets at the Queens school, he would have noted that they were in fact about gays and AIDS.

Third, we must remember that as a medical matter, it is the duty of our elected officials to use our taxes in this matter. Such actions do not make them "friends of gays" nor does the fact they drop a few crumbs our way give them any special cause for our support. Regardless of the appeal to the political system to make AIDS yet another liberal special spending interest bloc, government programs cannot be measured in value by their cost. "AIDS Funding" which is directed at funding sex spies, developing mandatory testing of "high risk" groups, making lists of military personnel to facilitate discrimination, setting up state programs to fight gay sex, or to establish quarantine programs are not acceptable, and must not be included as a "priority" of unchecked spending.

Fourth, we must not allow hysteria and panic about the disease to coerce "high risk" groups into accepting the medical and political establishment's "cure". By hawking the "test" and by a systematic program to accept "medically justifiable" limitations on free-

dom, the purpose of much "AIDS awareness" among the medical profession is clearly a very real threat.

But basically, we cannot reject the crucial fight for gay liberation. Our enemies are quite willing to take our freedoms without our calling that battle "draining and unwinnable." Mr. Basile is willing to write off the baths. The unwinnable fight to publish a gay paper? It would be pathetic indeed to wake to find a society which had a cure for AIDS but a lack of freedom for sexual expression.

Jerry Jansen

High Ideals

Dear Editor:

What is it that enslaves homosexual men in San Francisco? What games of insecurity prohibit men from challenging and supporting each other in the pursuit of accomplishment and excellence? Why do we constantly affirm the image "You're OK, I'm OK" when in fact our standards are banal and our accomplishments are an insult to our potential?

There are those who dare to dream and work quietly with discipline and love but set against them is the overwhelming energy (or lack of it) of gays in San Francisco — it is a public legacy and living tradition of endless mega parties, carnivals, street fairs, camp and trivial social customs which do not challenge or enrich individuals but sanctify their gayness.

It's time to commit ourselves not just to participation but to excellence and accomplishment in the arts, in intellectual pursuits, in sports, and in public service.

All fine and noble causes support each other. There are many challenges. I could use the participation and support of 1/100 of 1% of the able-bodied men to create and ennoble physical beauty, vision, and skill in a fine performing company.

Quote/Unquote

With friends like this... "I don't see it as a punitive thing. I see it as the ultimate form of compassion."

— Jack Ayres Jr., Dallas member of the Texas Board of Health, after the Board tentatively agreed to allow health officials to quarantine AIDS victims who do not "cooperate" with authorities.

Spot those trends...

"More or less everything these days that isn't AIDS-related is, as we all know, caused by Yuppies." — Paul Rambali, in an article on matte black accessories for the home in the British magazine The Face.

It is a challenge to make muscles mean something positive for yourself and those around you! It is a challenge to produce and perform with accountability to high ideals. It is a challenge to move out of the debasing popular values of gayness (which affect us all) and into the comprehensive human energies that we unconsciously waste.

I challenge men to be part of a performing company that gets attention because it deserves attention based on the nobility of its vision and the excellence of its skill.

Bob Murphy
PROFORM
626-6255

The Heart of 'Tex'

Dear Editor:

Dave Ford's interview of Charlotte Maillard, in the December 5th issue of *Sentinel USA*, brought out her charismatic exuberance which helps explain her function as a catalyst in San Francisco. The city used to be full of Old Money that gave back, but it has been a long dry period (even my Chinese friends cannot shake the Chinese Money Tree for their own worthy causes). Bless her for getting the ball rolling.

But there were a few bumps in her interview, also, not easily overlooked. If a very large subscription goes in for the philosophy of having people who are smarter and who care more to assume the personal decision-making of others — in or out of the baths or anywhere else — we, as a society, will be in a potboil of trouble no amount of charisma can cure.

And, while I appreciate the way she re-applied the term "special" to everyone, the reference to the gay community as a "special interest group" galls me whenever I hear it. That phrase was, I believe, hypocritically coined by some Very Special Self-Interested Politicians and it should never go unchallenged. The excuse for inexcusable heterosexual delusory "supremacy" is utilitarian. It lodges in the tangible, material, assembly-line production of human-units. In fact, this manufacture depends on an egg and a sperm — never mind the orientation of the donor. Aside from biological outcomes, how is heterosexuality any less a "special interest"? Or how is homosexuality any less a Basic Necessity? And if we are *All* special there doesn't seem to be any way out of dealing with special interest groups. Meanwhile, congratulations to Ms. Maillard for dealing productively with the greatest Special Interest Group of all: the wealthy.

Rich G. McKirkeby

Winter Solstice:

Have a Very Pagan Christmas

by Van R. Ault

The third week of December may be "Christmas season," but it's also a time for celebration of a more ancient festival — the Winter Solstice. This occasion has been marked by ritual, vigils, dancing, feasting and deep meditation for thousands of years in places around the world.

On Winter Solstice, celebrants observe the shortest day and longest night of the year, and greet the sun as it returns to make the days longer and brighter.

It is a powerful time, for the invisible tides that rule our mental, physical, emotional and spiritual well being come to a peak. The symbols surrounding the festival tell an interesting story about the human spirit as it makes its journey through the wheel of the year.

This Solstice, hundreds of Bay Area residents will keep an all-night vigil, burning candles, meditating and visualizing together, partying. They will then greet the morning sun as it rises over a new cycle of change. Christendom's biggest bash also occurs around this season, and for a good reason. The Bible never gives us Christ's actual birthdate. The Church decided to place it officially at mid-winter to bring Christ into line with other sun-gods. For, indeed, much of the lore of Jesus' birth resembles that of pre-Christian deities, and underscores the universality of spiritual expression.

The Celtic festival of Winter Solstice was called Alban Arthan by the Druids. The word *Yule* is derived from a Norse word *Yul*, meaning a wheel, referring to the turning of the seasons like a wheel, in which the solstices and equinoxes are spokes. The Romans celebrated it with a merry festival called the Saturnalia. Whatever one chooses to call it — Solstice, Yule, Alban Arthan or even our vulgar, commercial Christmas — the occasion is clearly a time for rejoicing.

Mistletoe abounds at mid-winter, and this custom, too, is pagan in origin. On Alban Arthan, the

Chief Druid would cut the sacred mistletoe from an oak tree. In magic, mistletoe assists with pro-

A Winter Solstice Ritual

The ideal time for this process is Dec. 21, climaxing at 2:08 pm, when the sun enters Capricorn. However, any time before the Dec. 21-22 will do. Prepare a day or two ahead of time, if you can, by tying up any loose ends you have going on in your life. Finish any old projects, patch up any grievances or feuds you have with anyone else, pay off old bills, if possible. Anything to create a perspective of "turning over a new leaf" will be helpful. An hour before your ritual, go into silence. Unplug the phone. Take a long, hot bath, letting go of any tension or anxiety. When you get out, relax, dress in clean clothes or wear nothing. Breathe deeply and slowly, and imagine yourself filling with energy. Light one candle.

As you look into the candle, contemplate the lessons of fall:

- What did you learn about yourself?
- What did you accomplish?
- What did you not get done?
- What was the most empowering thing that happened within you in fall? Look at it, meditate upon it.
- How will you extend that sense of power and wisdom into winter?
- Where would you like to go with it?
- What areas need empowerment? Look at your major personal

issues. Then look for the components of your character and personality which fuel them. For instance, if you've had trouble maintaining a relationship or job or physical health, what is it within yourself that has created this? What do you want? What do you need to let go of in order to have that? Look deeply at what your obstacles are. Imagine reaching into the subterranean levels of your awareness, and pulling these obstacles, these things you wish to banish from your life, up to the surface. Visualize them as threads of dark energy that you begin to weave around yourself like a cocoon. Another gay Witch, Sean McShee, recommends this process for gay people because of its non-gender birth imagery. Say:

In strength and silence I wait in the darkness of winter's cocoon, safe and calm. I embrace my own power, my will to grow, to transform, to give birth to my best self.

Now imagine that you are totally enfolded by this dark cocoon, the darkness of this longest wintry night. Rest in it, relax. Focus on what you wish to transform within yourself. See it exactly as it is right now. What will you change it into? Visualize that. Then feel what that feels like. For instance, imagine yourself very self-confident, stable and strong, or very healthy and happy. What would that feel like to you? Keep breathing, slowly and deeply, and fill these images

with energy. Get excited about it. Imagine golden light blazing up like a torch within your heart and spreading throughout your whole body, pulsating, glowing brightly like the sun. Allow this feeling of power to build, as you imagine the desired transformation taking place right here and now. Say:

I am the living presence of the returning light. I am the radiant beauty of the sun. I am the newborn child of winter and I step forward into the world, reborn, renewed, in the glory of light. So be it!

Let the light streaming through you amplify and, as it peaks, see yourself bursting through the cocoon reborn, regenerated and completely refreshed. See any shreds of the cocoon melting in the light radiating from you. Bask in this light for a while. Then, relax, keep the energy you need and gently allow the rest to flow down through the floor into the earth. In closing, say:

As above, so below. As within, so without. All is well. So be it.

Allow the candle to burn all the way down. It is done.

Have a joyous winter.

□ The latest installment in Van Ault's "Exploration In Magic" series will be a Winter Solstice celebration Dec. 22 at 7:30 pm. There is a \$7 charge, and reservations are required. Call 864-1362 for information. □

Yule log's flame on a candle, keeping it going the whole year and using it to light the Yule log next year, "unless you get vicious and snuff it out at Halloween."

Did you ever wonder where the Christmas colors of red and green come from? As Bob explains, "Red is the color of bloodshed and menstrual blood, and death, the waning year. Green is the color of new life and spring to come, the waxing year."

And, of course, there's Santa Claus, everybody's most generous daddy. Otherwise known as Saint Nicholas, this figure originally rode through the sky on a white horse (not in a sleigh pulled by reindeer). Nick was also a name for Woden, a Norse god. In Italy, Santa's place is actually taken by a Witch, named Befana, who flies around on her broomstick on Twelfth Night, bringing gifts for children down the chimneys.

As for current observations of the Solstice, they are as varied as the people who participate. If you want to include this occasion in your holiday calendar, use your imagination and creativity to make it special. You might want to throw a Solstice party, and turn it into an all-night bash, with a big breakfast feast after sunrise.

The shortest day and longest night is an excellent time for inner rebirth, and setting new goals for winter. This is the best opportunity to look not so much at small issues in your life, but the larger ones of which they are comprised. The trends you initiate for yourself at this time can be expected to last usually until spring.

The week before and after the Winter Solstice is an excellent time for a psychic reading, looking at the Tarot, I Ching, runes or having an astrological profile done.

The transformational energies of Winter Solstice can be dramatically harnessed through personal ritual. I offer a sample ritual below. Feel free to change it as you wish.

Sentinel

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VOICE OF THE NEW GENERATION



More Sentinel USA staffers than you'll ever find again in one place: Adam Block, Bill Murney (bottom row) Robert Burke, Robert Hass, (top row, left to right) Joseph Kramer, David Lambie, Van Ault, Ken Coupland, Ira Kleinberg, Jim Stout, Tom Murray, Mike Mascioli.

O'Connell Trial Verdict Points to Problem of 'Hidden Violence'

by John Wetzel

A landmark verdict that could send three men to prison for twelve years in the O'Connell "gay bashing" trial has been met with approval by a gay community still angered at the lenient Dan White verdict, and still concerned about what some of them say has been a "hidden" form of violence.

In the Polk Street area, most men questioned say they felt the verdicts in the trial were fair, justified, and showed diligence on the part of the prosecution.

John L. O'Connell had been killed on Polk Street in a July 1984 assault which was demonstrably motivated by anti-gay prejudice.

Despite efforts by public defenders to obtain acquittals or involuntary manslaughter convictions for the defendants, the jury in the case returned second degree murder convictions for the two men who assaulted O'Connell and for a third man the jury found had encouraged them.

The three convictions, pending a January 9 ruling and sentencing by Superior Court Judge Edward Stern, went to Danny Clayton, David Rogers and Timothy White. A fourth suspect, Douglass Barr, was acquitted.

Second degree murder charges carry a maximum penalty of 15 years to life in a state penitentiary. Further charges for assault are still pending against three of the defendants.

"I'm very happy that they got it (second degree murder). I'm very happy indeed," said one man. Newton, a 60-year-old retired architect and 25-year resident of San Francisco, added, "Emotionally I'm very happy. Intellectually, you still quiver and waver."

"I think they were determined to get the three convicted and I don't think it was sloppily done. But will it lead to less violence?"

"I think it says that society is not going to tolerate gay bashing," said Don Marlow, 30, a 5-year Nob Hill resident.

Some were puzzled by the jury's decision to acquit Barr. "I figured they were all together," explained Warren, a Polk Street waiter.

On the other hand, according to a storekeeper whose boutique is located near the scene of the attack, "It says that injustice will be acted on regardless of what people may feel personally — that there are right things and there are wrong things and that to attack a person with no reason is wrong."

"And it doesn't matter whether it's because you have green hair or because you have the wrong color tie, or whatever."

"I just think that the conviction would stand whether he was gay or straight," said another storekeeper in the neighborhood. "I think San Francisco is open enough to deal with that."

There was a feeling, however, that the decision in the O'Connell case may have implications for how

gay people are perceived. "I'm glad it got the coverage that it did, because hopefully it will wake people up and give more support for gays. I think (authorities) hush up too many of these cases as it is."

"Because of the fact that it took place in a predominantly gay section of San Francisco," said Barry Girkins, a passer-by, and the fact that gays do have a lot of political clout in the city, I think the city, the district attorneys, or the prosecuting attorneys used it probably as a test case to see what could happen in terms of stopping the continual harassment of gays in San Francisco, even with their clout and even with their numbers."

"It's important that people know that these things happen and that they could happen again," said Tom Pasco, a health care worker who moved to San Francisco 4 months ago from Nebraska.

"Probably Dan White made sure that people in San Francisco are aware of the problem. It's a hidden violence," said the boutique clerk.

"I don't think you would get this verdict in the midwest," said Haight-Ashbury resident Tom Parkins.

Still, memories of the 1979 verdict that sent the community into a fury over Dan White's sentence still linger in the minds of men who frequent Polk Street.

"I have never understood the Dan White verdict, ever, I think most people haven't. Any thinking, logical person hasn't. That sort of colored my opinion of the judicial system regarding violence against gay people," one resident said.

Wearing a wide-brimmed blue hat, Alexander Poelker sat on a rail at Chelsea Square, where O'Connell was killed, and said, "the message this seems to give out is that we're going to convict guilty parties. I think the court's getting a little tougher."

Barry Girkins, concluded, "I think it sends a message out. They deserved what they got and because it was politically expedient to keep it in the news and to make it a so-called show for the public consumption, it has to have an effect on public opinion."

An appeal will be filed on behalf of the 3 convicted youth by their attorneys on January 9.



Signs of the times? Posters on the barriers around the new State Government Building seem to be targeting a new risk group. Straight women with a yen for that kind of thing can call the number advertised for some hot conversation.

Supes Approve ARC Resolution

San Francisco Again Leads the Way

by Robert Hass

Last week San Francisco became the first US city to hold hearings on ARC (AIDS-related complex). The hearings before the Human Services Committee were in support of a resolution introduced by John Molinari, President of the Board of Supervisors which approved it this week. The resolution called on state and federal advocates to allocate monies toward additional research, educational efforts and direct benefits for people with ARC and AIDS. The resolution was approved unanimously Dec. 11 and sent on to the Board of Supervisors.

Among the approximately 50 persons testifying were representatives from City agencies, political groups and the medical community, as well as participants in the two-month long ARC/AIDS vigil at the Federal Building.

In their opening remarks all three members of the Committee, which also includes Supervisors Willie Kennedy and Bill Maher, indicated they would likely support the resolution. But only 45 minutes into the hearings Molinari proposed cutting short the testimony, saying this would help avoid repetition and save Committee time. Many in the audience immediately protested.

Committee Chair Kennedy decided to continue the hearings after learning that none of the ARC/AIDS vigil members had yet testified. At that point Molinari, who earlier had been applauded for sponsoring the proposal, left the room. He did not return for the remainder of the hearings.

During testimony supervisors listened intently as people with ARC described coping with their illness and its related difficulties, offered advice, or vented frustrations.

"I'm tired of seeing people I love die while the federal government says they only have ARC and aren't eligible for benefits," said Steven Russell, a person with ARC.

"I came here today because I'm scared and I'm mad. I live on \$288 a month. That is not enough for anybody to live on. How am I supposed to do it?" Russell asked.

Evan Duran, who also has ARC, told how his benefits were cut as soon as he was diagnosed. He came to San Francisco in hopes of a cure. Referring to all those with ARC or AIDS he said, "Everyone of us, I think, has thought of suicide."

Practically all who testified mentioned that more money was needed to help people with ARC. But while representatives from City agencies defended their track record of providing services to people with ARC, those with ARC described scenarios which pointed out the inadequacies in existing programs at all governmental levels.

Officials from the Centers for Disease Control have estimated that for every case of AIDS there may be 10 cases of ARC. Jeffrey Amory, who administers AIDS and ARC services for the San Francisco Health Department, said about 10 percent of all persons with ARC are quite ill and in need of special services. He indicated that local assistance including crisis intervention, mental health and social services were available to persons with ARC as well as AIDS through his department and the San Francisco AIDS Foundation.

However Amory pointed out that a number of other important local services remained off limits to people with ARC, including those at the Shanti Project and Hospice of San Francisco. The SF AIDS Foundation's food bank and the San Francisco AIDS Fund also only serve people with AIDS, according to others at the hearings.

A lawyer who testified said those with ARC still are unable to receive either Medical or Medicare. He added it is not unusual for such individuals eventually to lose their housing or other assets due to mounting medical bills.

For those who manage to qualify, the system severely limits their income, according to Chris Bowman, Aide to state Sen. Milton Marks.

"If you're on disability and you're eligible for Medical, you have to 'spend down' to \$504 before Medical will pick you up," Bowman explained. "Who can live

on \$504 a month in this city? Most new rents for one-bedroom apartments are that much. So people are either forced to live in decent housing and starve, or live in a dump," he said. Bowman urged that the \$504 ceiling be increased to \$800.

Throughout the hearings speakers offered the Supervisors advice on what actions to take. A few leaders spoke in generalities about pressuring the federal government to act on behalf of people with ARC. Others had more concrete suggestions.

Part of Supervisor Molinari's resolution called on the City to conduct a needs assessment of the characteristics and symptoms of ARC, and then develop a general policy of benefits and treatment for it.

Paul Boneberg, Coordinator of Mobilization Against AIDS, said he hoped such a needs assessment would be completed within 30 days. In his opening remarks Molinari had said his resolution was an attempt to counteract government's natural tendency to move slowly on pressing social problems.

Boneberg also praised the supervisors for the hearing on ARC. "This is the first government body in America to address that issue," he stated.

John Belskus, a member of the ARC/AIDS vigil, urged the City to send a special delegation to Sacramento and the White House to lobby for the vigil's four goals. They include \$500 million or one hour's worth of the federal budget for AIDS/ARC research and treatment; disability and other support services for people with ARC that are presently available to people with AIDS; access to new medications being used in Europe and Mexico; and actions by President Reagan and government officials to condemn AIDS-related discrimination.

Supervisor Bill Maher said he hoped San Francisco's own Washington lobbyist would speak with representatives from other cities about these problems.

Other suggestions included im-

Continued on page 12

Pushing the Feds on ARC and Aids:

What Local Congressional Reps Are Saying and What They're Doing

by Robert Hass

At the beginning of December U.S. Rep. Sala Burton sent a letter to sympathizers chained to the Federal Building in San Francisco's United Nations Plaza. It expressed support for their courageous vigil, acknowledged the pressing needs of people with ARC (AIDS-related complex), and then outlined a list of actions the Congresswoman has taken on the subject of AIDS and ARC.

The letter ended by saying, "I am always open to hearing your concerns, and I hope that we are able to meet during my next visit to San Francisco."

Burton remains the only one of San Francisco's four U.S. legislators to have sent an unsolicited letter to the protestors. Some would argue she cares or is more sensitive than the others. Others might claim her staff simply is more adept at public relations. But what matters most to those suffering from ARC or AIDS is what's actually being done to help them, particularly in Washington.

Sentinel USA recently contacted the offices of Burton, U.S. Rep. Barbara Boxer, and U.S. Sens. Alan Cranston and Pete Wilson to determine what each legislator was doing concerning the four demands of the ARC/AIDS vigil. Those demands include: \$500 million in government funding for ARC and AIDS research; changes in government regulations so persons disabled by ARC receive needed medical and social welfare benefits; availability of experimental treatments to all who choose them under carefully monitored research protocols; and government condemnation of AIDS-related discrimination.

Reps. Burton and Boxer appear to be actively pursuing federal solutions to several of the demands as well as planning future strategies with Congressional colleagues. Sen. Wilson has failed to initiate any key legislation, but has voted for all AIDS appropriations and promises to follow closely upcoming hearings on the treatment for people with ARC. Sen. Cranston has supported AIDS legislation in the past. However, because his staff failed to return most calls, his position on the four demands is less clear to us.

Pete Wilson

Wilson angered gays recently when he claimed no knowledge of the ARC/AIDS vigil committee's four demands. His reason? The protestors were not chained to his building. Jack Hanna, a member of the vigil decided to act.

"I took a reporter with me to Wilson's office and said I was there to officially notify him of our four moral appeals," Hanna said. Nine days later Hanna returned only to learn the senator still had not sent a reply from Washington.

"So I told them I'd put off the press to this point but couldn't any longer," Hanna said. That evening a letter from Wilson's office was hand-delivered to Hanna at the Federal Building. It clarified the senator's position on the demands.

Long criticized by gay activists and media throughout the State for his insensitivity to gay concerns and especially to AIDS, the senator

appears to be increasing his support of selected AIDS issues. In conversations with Sentinel USA his staff seemed defensive initially but was willing to discuss issues frankly and supply requested information.

increased from 90 in 1984 to 227 in 1985.

In his Dec. 6 letter to Jack Hanna of the SF ARC/AIDS vigil, his aide wrote, "Regarding the dissimilar treatment of AIDS versus ARC patients, the Senate Labor

Committee is planning to hold hearings on this issue early next year and Sen. Wilson will be following them closely. He invites your participation in those hearings," the letter said.

On the issue of experimental treatments, Schutz said her office is planning to write to the FDA (Federal Drug Administration) within a few days asking the bureau to move along new AIDS drug therapies as quickly as possible.

Regarding disability benefits for people with ARC, she said the senator would need to know what constitutes an ARC diagnosis before committing himself to a position. Yet according to Dr. Donald Abrams, an expert on ARC who has treated hundreds of patients with compromised immune systems at San Francisco General Hospital, it is not the ARC diagnosis but the severity of symptoms and their effect on a patient's overall functioning which determines whether he is disabled.

Finally, Sentinel USA asked Ms. Schutz whether Wilson believed people with AIDS or ARC were discriminated against. "I can't comment on that," she said, and then added, "We need more evidence before we can start talking about changing federal laws."

Wilson's aides also emphasized



ARC/AIDS Vigil member Wes North, in front of the Old Federal Building

According to Washington Legislative Assistant Maria Schutz, Wilson has supported all increases for AIDS thus far. Unlike his other three SF colleagues, however, he will not embrace, even in principle, a recommendation to increase budget levels to \$500 million until budget proposals are in front of him.

"While he will be eager to look at a proposal to double or triple AIDS funds, he won't blindly say we should increase the money, because that's what has gotten us into our deficit," explained Schutz.

Although Wilson has not sponsored any AIDS-related legislation, he has begun writing letters on the subject. This increased interest may be due, in part, to advice he is receiving from SF Republican Bruce Decker, Chair of the State AIDS Advisory Committee. According to Wilson aide Otto Bos, "We're getting very good advice from Bruce Decker."

In one letter dated December 11 addressed to Otis Bowen, the new Secretary of HHS (Health and Human Services), Wilson urged Bowen to earmark funds for pediatric AIDS cases which have

A Vigil Calendar

During the eight days of Chanukah members from Congregation Ahavat Shalom lit a candle each night with members of the AIDS/ARC vigil encamped at the Federal Building. Ahavat Shalom is Hebrew for "lovers of peace."

San Francisco Supervisor John Molinari surprised the protestors with a large Christmas tree. Later another tree was also donated. Last Sunday night carolers from the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church serenaded the group. The following evening a contingent from the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus also showed up to entertain.

This holiday season members of San Francisco's gay and nongay community are finding many different ways to send their love and support to the protestors. In turn, the protestors' actions continue to demonstrate the same degree of caring for others throughout the United States and abroad who also have AIDS or ARC.

Vigil committee member Ed Wyre helps coordinate special activities and entertainment for those chained to the Federal Building and support people. He explained that the church carolers group had a special reason for their visit.

"Their choir director recently died of AIDS," Wyre said. "They've decided to send a telegram to president Reagan about the need for more federal action on AIDS and ARC," he said.

According to Wyre, a number of other activities are planned between now and New Year's Day. Tonight Dick Kramer's Gay Men's Chorus will carol at the Federal Building. Christmas eve vigil member Father Rob Howard and another priest will celebrate a latin Mass with those who wish to participate. There may be some surprises as well, Wyre said.

Any group or individual interested in doing something special for the vigil keepers this holiday should contact Wyre at the Federal Building. ■

he doesn't share fellow Republican U.S. Rep. William Dannemeyer's AIDS prevention zeal. This fall, Dannemeyer introduced a legislative package in the House of Representatives which, among other things, would have prohibited persons with AIDS from practicing in the health care industry and would have made it a felony for a person in an AIDS high-risk group to knowingly donate blood.

Sala Burton

Burton seems to be working hard on a number of fronts on the ARC and AIDS issue. Aide Charles Klein said Burton has been trying, together with Rep. Waxman and the SSA (Social Security Administration), to determine the quickest way to secure benefits for people with ARC who are disabled. Klein said it is unlikely the CDC would change their definition of AIDS to encompass ARC for a number of reasons, one being that it would interfere with past epidemiological research into the spread of the disease.

He indicated the SSA has already drafted a new policy on ARC and that copies have been

Continued on page 12



Ms. Davis gets into the spirits, as egg nog takes its toll.

Fish from page 1

Three years in the making and a long way from finished, *Vegas in Space* is the tale of a jewel theft in the capital city of the all-woman pleasure planet Clitoris. At its present hour-and-40-minutes, it's about 30 minutes too long, according to Phil. The film exists as a rough-cut — without special effects, music and the other niceties that make a fine cut — which has been shown at work-in-progress screenings at the SF Film Arts Foundation. Much of the filming was done in Doris' apartment.

"There's no doubt it will come out," Phil says from the kitchen of that very apartment, a '60s palace if ever there was one. "It's just a question of when."

Doris' roommates of the past several years, Ginger Quest and Tippi Magnin (this one *wasn't* in *Beach Blanket Babylon*), are sitting in the kitchen with Doris and Phil. Cat Kelly Affair is nowhere to be found. The scene is reminiscent of the previous night's *All New Happy Hour Xmas Special*, the talk-show takeoff they performed at Channel 181 Dec. 13-14, except for the lack of drag.

The 90-minute show is similar in format to the first Happy Hour, which debuted at the 181 as a benefit for Frameline in October 1984. Phil and Doris play the most ingratiatingly bored and self-centered of hosts to a bevy of dead and brain-dead female stars. The show is also similar to the first Happy Hour in the fact that it was almost entirely scripted. Com-

pleted on a Wednesday, rehearsed on a Thursday and performed for the first time on a Friday, the script relied heavily on the acts individual performers had developed on their own. Here are some highlights:

- You might not have much to say, but we might as well hear it. (Doris interviewing Jayne Mansfield, as played by Freida Lay.)
- We take wholesome youths and degenerate them... they end up in sleazy diners at 4 in the morning. Then we take them home. (Jennifer Blowdryer, author of *Modern English* (Last Gasp Comics), talking about her "Inward Bound" program.)
- The whole drug thing was blown way out of proportion. Elvis didn't take anything that wasn't prescribed. Why, he knew more

just yourself. (Bette Davis, as played by Tommy Pace, after her poetry/performance piece and before she began to lose it on stage to the delight of the crowd.)

- I don't know why they have midnight Mass, because all those priests are gay, anyway. (Shirley Temple, as played by Janis Sukaitis.)
- Keep that up young lady and you'll get a lump of coal up that tight blonde ass. (Santa Claus, as played by Bob Foltz, to Shirley. So how was the show? Sandal Hebert and Tippi fit in so well as the Happy Hour TV Dancers, playing everything from game-show hostesses to reindeer to... dancers, that it was easy to overlook them. The same could be said of Arturo Galster's Jessie "Heavenly Elvis" Presley.

strictly; but, of course, most of us are."

Phil describes the Happy Hours as "a pleasant distraction," but says most of their energy is focused now on the movie, which is primarily a starring vehicle for Doris. Perhaps one line from *Vegas in Space* best sums it up: "Whatever happens, don't stop dancing," Tracy Daniels (played by Doris) tells crew members Debbie Dane and Sheila Shadows (played by Lori Naslund and Ramona Fischer). "That's how you can save the universe."

Much of the cast for the Happy Hours comes from the movie: Miss X plays Queen Veneer, Ginger plays Empress Nueva Gabor and Tippi plays Princess Angel, while Phil produces and directs. The script was written by Doris, X and



Sounding an awful lot like Debbie Boone, Doris cradles a light-up infant as she sings "You Light Up My Life." The adoring — and adorable — Happy Hour TV Dancers (Tippi, left, and Sandal, right) bring up the rear.

about pharmacology than most doctors. (Priscilla Presley, as played by Lori Naslund, in a lovely bouffant wig, gold sequined jumpsuit and black backless pumps.)

- No Merv. No Merv. Jes. Jes. Is true. (Charo, as played by Ginger.)
- Everyone knows about you, Doris — biggest slut in San Francisco. Don't be ashamed of it... be proud of it. (Ronnie Spector, as played by Miss X, just before throwing eggnog on Doris.)
- You should be commended for not defacing another tree, Doris...

Though the pacing was off at times and certain bits seemed interminable, the Happy Hour as a whole paid off well. Channel 181, with its mixed audience, was an appropriate place for the show (what with the now-boarded-up Spirit club downstairs and all) and a welcome alternative to the prefab art bars that are invading South of Market.

"We're sort of a crossover troupe," Doris says of the show's cast, "because we're not really appealing on any kind of gay level

Phil.

"I could sit around and wait forever to get discovered and put in a movie, so that's why I decided I would have to make my own movie — I just couldn't sit around and wait," says Doris of the film on which she has staked her future, at least for now. "You can do the nightclub scene in San Francisco forever, and you may not ever get out of it. I don't want to do the same show night after night, going from club to club, doing the same jokes over and over."

After 10 years on the scene locally and a previous tour of duty in her native Australia, it's a valid concern. Despite the critical success of shows such as *Naked Brunch*, *The Miss Solar System Pageant* and the Happy Hours, as well as the greeting cards she has done for San Francisco-based West Graphics (there are about 40 to 50 designs now in distribution), true success — national success, commercial success — has continued to elude Doris.

"I was a reasonably big nobody in Australia when I came here in '75," Doris says. "I had my own little shows going there in a group called the Synthetics. It was probably like the antipodean version of the Cockettes, except we never had beards. Of course, in those days, I didn't realize you had to have an act."

She realized that, according to Phil, who is fourth-generation Marin County and a 1983 San Francisco State University film grad, "the day she met me."

"I first laid eyes on Doris, Tippi and I think Miss X on my 20th birthday at Russian River," Phil says. Phil and his friends were to alternate nights in a cabin with Doris and her friends. Everyone was in a rotten mood.

"We just thought Phil was some queen, then we heard he made movies, then I saw his films and I realized, hey, this is somebody to be friendly with," Doris says.

"I had no idea they were scheming all this while," Phil adds.

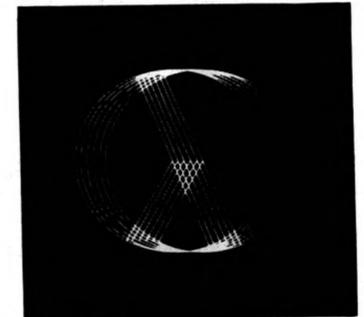
Whether that scheming pays off, and whether Doris becomes more than just another San Francisco success story, remains to be seen. "It's all timing. And timing is all



"I don't want to do the same show night after night, going from club to club, doing the same jokes over and over."

luck," Phil says over late-night sandwiches at the Port Deli. "Because we all know that everyone knows how to be a success. Right?"

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In the Wake of the Breakup of Rajneeshpuram

*A veteran of the controversial commune
relates her experiences
and hopes for the future*

by Tanya Savory

The name Anand Veera means "blissful courage" in India. It was the name that Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh gave to Sophie Wilboux years ago. And perhaps a sort of blissful courage is what it takes to close down your own successful mime theatre, pack up your life and, at 34 years of age, move to a commune in a desolate part of Oregon and work 12 hours a day at various odd jobs, all in the pursuit of increased self awareness.

Nine years ago, Veera, as she prefers to be called, intrigued by books relating Rajneesh's teachings, visited India for three months. During her visit, she had the opportunity to meet Rajneesh in what is known as a "darshan," meaning "seeing through" — a personal interview of sorts. The Bhagwan gave simple advice to the gay woman concerning her sexuality and her life: "Enjoy it and go for it."

And yet, in an interview with Rajneesh years later, the guru was quoted as saying that he saw gay men as being happy while he saw lesbians as being "somber." When I related this statement to Veera, she laughed and commented, "He might have said that," while her friend, also a Rajneeshite, added, "But another time he said that to be lesbian is the only wise thing."

Contradictory statements and mysterious actions by the guru are nothing new to his disciples. Dhyon John, president of Rajneesh Investment Corporation, once commented in an Examiner interview that, "Trying to explain this man is impossible. He is one big contradiction; he's said that many, many times."

Whether the Rajneesh is impossible to explain or not, Anand Veera spent several hours attempting to explain her experience as a gay Rajneeshite, her connection with and perception of the guru, and her life in the now disbanding Rajneeshpuram, Oregon commune.

Veera joined the 64,000 acre ranch commune in 1982 and continued to live there until very recently. But this month the small town began breakup in the wake of Rajneesh's return to India, following charges of immigration fraud to which he pleaded guilty.

The leader has been referred to as "the rich man's guru" or "the sex guru" by outsiders. Veera rejected both descriptions. "I had very little money when I joined the commune." She added, "Maybe a third of the more than 3000 members of the commune are wealthy." She explained that everyone becomes equal in the commune, regardless of past financial standing. "You worked 12 hours a day, 7 days a week no matter how much money you had." And the work was not paid for though housing, food, clothing, and necessities were provided for all.

Bhagwan sees sex as the first step of enlightenment. If you cut out that first step, you cut the root of the flower."

And gay sex? Veera explained that labels, separation and stigmas did not exist in Rajneeshpuram and that "most people had experimented with just about everything." She commented that society generally imposes an individual's self image and that the individual is unfortunately compelled to create a lifestyle according to that image/label. "In Rajneeshpuram you pushed to find yourself, accept yourself and live as you really are — not as society says you are."

Veera added that there were gay men and perhaps even more lesbians at the commune, but she emphasized that the distinction was unnecessary since "it didn't really matter."

In an setting where unrestricted sexuality of every variation not only existed, but was encouraged,



ROBERT PRUZAN

Anand Veera, shown here in Rajneeshi garb, isn't sorry about the time she spent as a follower of Shree Rajneesh.

And the guru's infamous fleet of Rolls Royces? Veera broke into laughter and said, "He doesn't give a damn about those cars!" She described his desire to collect the luxury cars as actually a desire to "push the buttons" of society, that is, to create a situation that he knew would get a reaction. "Bhagwan is simply for enjoying whatever there is. He does not condemn luxury."

While "not condemning luxury" may be a bit of an understatement, considering the guru's Rolls fleet, Lear jets, and commune assets of \$80 million, Veera insisted that the emphasis in Oregon was not on monetary standing. And, as if in proof, she is in the process of selling her possessions ("lightening herself" as she puts it) with hopes of eventually returning to India and seeing Rajneesh again.

As for his tag as "the sex guru" Veera had this to say: "It's just that he doesn't make sex a taboo. Sex is so basic. . . It's magical. The

the AIDS epidemic would inevitably become a threat. "We were the only community to take AIDS seriously three years ago," claimed Veera. The imposed precautionary measures included the use of gloves and condoms and refraining from intimate kissing. Veera insisted that the entire commune adhered to these safety measures without exception in all sexual relations; male to male, male to female and female to female.

"But we could still relate very deeply," Veera commented. "There was a deeper energy of tenderness and love."

Rajneesh predicted that AIDS would eventually kill two thirds of the world population, and as a result of this prediction he made AIDS testing mandatory for every one of the thousands of Rajneeshites in the Oregon commune. Veera said that most everyone was agreeable to the testing, but that she noticed a few people crying and

Continued on page 13

ALCOHOL, DRUGS... AND AIDS

There is growing evidence of a significant connection between AIDS and alcohol and drug abuse. Substance abuse is an issue we can no longer afford to ignore.

Drugs and alcohol don't cause AIDS. AIDS is caused by a virus. But there are at least three ways in which alcohol and drugs can increase your chances of getting AIDS.

First, alcohol and drugs depress the immune system and make you more susceptible to disease. Alcohol, marijuana, speed, cocaine, poppers, and other recreational chemicals lower your resistance to disease. In some research studies, poppers have been implicated in increasing the risk of KS. Drugs and alcohol weaken your health. They *increase* stress rather than relieve it and help the AIDS virus overcome your body's defenses.

Second, alcohol and drugs reduce your ability to stick to judgments about what's safe and what isn't. A huge majority of gay men in San Francisco have given up Unsafe Sex. For the relatively few who haven't yet, studies demonstrate a strong correlation between

alcohol and drug use and Unsafe Sex.

Third, sharing IV drug needles transmits the AIDS virus directly from the bloodstream of one infected person to the bloodstream of another. If you do take the risk of using IV drugs, don't share needles! It's a direct route for the transmission of AIDS. There are thousands of IV drug users in America with AIDS, and probably other thousands who are still incubating the virus and who are contagious. Don't share needles!

According to experts who treat substance abuse among gay men, we have had a major epidemic of substance abuse in our community for years—so much so that most of us have accepted substance abuse as a routine part of gay life. What was once routine, however, is now deadly.

If you want confidential and gay-sensitive information about substance abuse for yourself or for a friend, help is available. Contact Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic (drug-focused) at 621-2014, Operation Concern (alcohol-focused) at 626-7000, or call the AIDS Foundation's

AIDS HOTLINE, 863-AIDS, for a referral.

Remember:

- Sharing needles is dangerous. Don't share needles.
- Alcohol and drugs depress the immune system. Protect your health.
- Getting high can lead to Unsafe Sex and exposure (or re-exposure) to the AIDS virus.

Now is the perfect time to take a fresh look at your own use of alcohol and drugs—and to get some help (often free) to find out if you have a drinking or drug problem that may increase your chances of getting AIDS.



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

The City

Celebrate Holidays with Food, Fun

■ The Native American Indian Senior Center and Gay American Indians will host a community Christmas dinner potluck from 5-9 pm Dec. 23 at the Pride Center, 890 Hayes St. All are invited.

For more information, call 621-7030 or 431-7030.

■ A potluck for lesbians and gays will be held from 2-7 pm Dec. 25 at 437 Webster St. Liquor is welcome, but must accompany a dish.

For more information or to RSVP, call Midgett at 864-0876 or Tony at 752-7766.

■ Bay Area Black Lesbians and Gays is having a pre-New Year's gathering from 7:30 pm to 12:30 am Dec. 28 at 437 Webster St. All are welcome at this finger-food potluck. Liquor must accompany a dish.

For more information or to RSVP, call Midgett at 864-0876 or Tony at 752-7766.

■ The Food Bank needs the following items this holiday season:
Canned ham
Tuna
Peanut butter
Mayonnaise
Breakfast cereal
Protein powder
Hot chocolate
Tea
Hot plates
Blenders

For more information, call 864-4376.

■ Radio station KBLX is offering \$8,000 in groceries, toys and other merchandise to worthy charities nominated by its listeners. So far, the station has received few suggestions. Why not nominate your favorite gay charity? Just send a card or letter to KBLX, 601 Ashby Ave., Berkeley 94710. Everyone who writes gets a free T-shirt.

Classes begin Monday, Jan. 13 and Wednesday, Jan. 15. Students may choose between the evening and the morning course. At the conclusion of the 10-week program, graduates will receive a community college certificate.

Candidates must be 18 years of age and have a nursing assistant certificate or be caring for an Alzheimer's client or other brain-damaged adult. Pre-registration is not required, and the course is offered without a fee. Students register at the first class session.

For information, call Terry Bloom or Henry Lim at 647-5557.

Elders, Others Learn Acting

The San Francisco Intergenerational Program is sponsoring an acting workshop for beginners of all ages. It will include scene study from original plays, improvisation and body movement and will be conducted by director, actor and playwright George Birimisa. Birimisa also conducts a writing class for lesbians that is sponsored by Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders (GLOE), a program of Operation Concern.

The Acting Workshop for Beginners will start Jan. 8 at 7 pm. The location is the Live Oak School at 18th and Diamond in the Castro. Payment will be on a sliding scale. For further information call George at 431-6254.

Christmas Dinner Serves Tessie

An ad hoc committee will continue the Gay Community Holiday Dinner Program providing Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter dinners to gays and seniors. The program originated at the Society for Individual Rights in the 1970s, was continued by Pride

Foundation and, during the past 10 years, had been coordinated by Empress Tessie and will continue to be held in his memory.

The Christmas dinner will be held at the Rathskeller at Turk and Polk streets from 12-2:30 pm. Everyone is welcome to attend. Special thanks are extended to the owners of the Rathskeller, Tony and Elizabeth, for their continued generosity in donating the use of their facility and equipment for the holiday dinner program.

The Christmas dinner is in need of turkeys, hams and tax-deductible cash donations. Checks should be made payable to the gay Rescue Mission Community Dinner Fund and dropped off at or mailed to the Kokpit, 301 Turk St., San Francisco 94012.

Volunteers who can provide transportation and other help are needed. Please call Empress Phyllis at 621-0304, Rick Hanson at 441-6929 or Mr. Lee Ona at 775-3260 if you can help or wish to make a donation. Food also may be left at the Kokpit.

Workshop Explores Macrobiotic and AIDS

A four-week intensive workshop on self regulatory macrobiotic interventions for AIDS will begin Jan. 9 in New York City. The workshop will be offered Thursdays from 8-10 pm and Saturdays from 11 am to 2 pm. The fee is \$185.

The course incorporated the fundamentals of macrobiotics, especially as they pertain to the problem of AIDS, and the related macrobiotic practices including yoga and cooking instruction. The understanding of the immune system and the problem of AIDS from a macrobiotic perspective will be presented. Relevant sociocultural issues associated with the problem of AIDS also will be discussed. This intensive applied course is well-

structured and eminently practical, with effective and enjoyable homework assignments based on knowledge learned and assimilated in a supportive family group environment.

The structure and content of the course has been designed not only to offer adequate interventions for AIDS friends (or people concerned with AIDS), but also to provide the necessary introductory training for interested health-care professionals. The instructor is Michael Arconad, director of education and research for the Health Education AIDS Liaison (HEAL) in New York City.

For more information, call 212/243-6051.

Dignity Celebrates Christmas Mass

Dignity/San Francisco, an organization of Roman Catholic lesbians and gay men, will celebrate mid-night Mass on Christmas Eve at the Castro Theatre. All are invited to attend. The theme of the Mass is "Come Out for Christmas!" and the celebration will begin with carolling at 11:45 pm.

John Collins, director of Dignity's Spiritual Life Committee, called the event "a purposeful statement that gays and lesbians also are the Catholic Church — that gays and lesbians lead spiritual lives. We're hoping for a large and joyous celebration."

Special seating will be available for the hearing-impaired, the ill and the handicapped. Dignity is providing transportation for those with special needs. They should call 771-7933. Refreshments and sweets will be served after Mass.

Dignity/San Francisco is a chapter of Dignity/Inc an international organization of Roman Catholic gay men, lesbians, their friends and families, founded in 1973 and united

to promote spiritual development, social justice and the acceptance of gay and lesbian Catholics by the Church and society.

Dignity/San Francisco celebrates the Eucharist Sundays at 5:30 pm at St. Boniface Church, 133 Golden Gate Ave. In addition to providing worship services and religious education, Dignity/San Francisco offers social activities to foster a spirit of friendship and community and a hospital ministry program for the seriously ill.

Metaphysical Alliance Plans AIDS Healing Service

The Metaphysical Alliance, along with the AIDS Interfaith Network at the Metropolitan Community Church, will hold a metaphysical AIDS healing service Dec. 23 at 6:30 pm at the Metropolitan Community Church, 150 Eureka St.

This second — a series of monthly services will include an empowering sermon, enlightened readings and an inspirational healing meditation.

Conference focuses on Gay/Lesbian Suicide

San Francisco Suicide Prevention will sponsor a workshop on gay/lesbian suicide from 8:30 am to 4 pm Jan. 25 at The Women's Building, 3543 18th St.

Lesbians and gay men have long been restricted in their access to health, social and crisis services. Faced with the fear of discrimination, many lesbians and gay men do not seek the assistance they need.

Initially, the problem may be one of illness or perceived illness, fear of death, employment or housing difficulties, self-identity questions, family tensions, physical or drug abuse or grief for loss of a loved one. Any such problem can, however, become critically exacerbated by isolation and alienation. At some point, the option

chosen by some is suicide. Even in suicide, lesbians and gay men are the victims of more myths than truths.

The second national conference to focus on the issues of lesbian and gay male suicide is planned to provide care-providers and interested community members with the facts that are available about gay/lesbian suicide, to destroy the myths that have been perpetuated and to share skills in dealing with the gay/lesbian client.

For more information, call 752-4866.

Integrity Hosts Christmas Eucharist

Integrity/San Francisco Bay Area, the local chapter of the national organization of gay and lesbian Episcopalians and their friends, will have its Christmas Eucharist at 7:30 pm Dec. 26 at the Church of Saint John the Evangelist, 1661 15th St. A holiday reception will follow.

For more information call Father Jim Trapp at 775-4126 or Richard Ploc at 227-8054.

Christmas Dinner

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The Nation

Stonewall Park: Book Early

The National Association of Lesbians and Gays, a non-profit Nevada corporation, announces its plans to develop the first resort and residential community for gay people. The community, to be called Stonewall Park, will be both a destination resort with full recreational and legal gambling facilities and a planned residential community.

The concept of a destination resort geared toward lesbians and gays will provide the self-sustaining base of the community's economy. Stonewall Park will offer the gay people of this country a place of recreation, comfort, respect and, for those who desire it, a permanent home in a completely supportive community.

Additional information and the NALAG membership brochure can be obtained without charge by calling 702/322-8093.

Alcoholism Professionals Seek Input

The National Association of Lesbian and Gay Alcoholism Professionals (NALGAP)'s Training and Education Committee is forming a network of educators concerned with gay and lesbian community education about alcohol use and abuse. Formed at the first national NALGAP conference, held in Chicago, Sept. 26-29, the Training and Education Committee hopes that this network will be an effective way to share resources in this area.

Recognizing only in recent years that this community has long been neglected, city and state agencies

responsible for alcoholism services are beginning to question ways of targeting gay men and lesbians for alcohol education. The past few years have seen some efforts made in training alcoholism service providers in combating homophobia, but few resources have been allocated toward communitywide educational activities.

NALGAP's Training and Education Committee will be a mechanism for resource sharing: Who is doing what? Planning what? All health educators involved in this area of work are urged to join in this networking by calling Robert A. Kajdan at 213/201-6730 or Ron Vachon at 212/566-6110.

NCBLG Launches Its New Movement

Through a series of board and membership resolutions at its annual convention in St. Louis Nov. 29-Dec. 1, the National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays (NCBLG) took concrete steps to put into motion its "New Movement of Black Lesbians and Gays."

First, the organization made good on its promise to change its name to reflect the participation of women in the organization and its leadership. The name change follows actions taken last year to ensure women were represented on the board of directors. As was the case last year, the current board has a total of eight women and six men. One currently vacant seat is to be filled by a representative of Bay Area Black Lesbians and Gays, a chapter of NCBLG.

NCBLG moved to support the concept of increased mass actions in 1986 by endorsing a national lesbian and

gay march in 1986 with NCBLG functioning as one of the key organizers of the march. NCBLG also endorsed the planned NOW march in support of the ERA and reproductive freedom.

NCBLG mass actions will reflect the call by Gwendolyn Rogers, NCBLG's secretary and a convention keynoter, to launch a national Network of Lesbians and Gays in Solidarity with Southern Africa and an International Network of Lesbians of African Descent (INLAD). INLAD is a continuation of the work begun by black lesbians who were in Nairobi this past summer at the UN-sponsored International Women's Conference.

NCBLG's membership also ratified a board resolution to establish a life achievement award to be called the Mabel Hampton Award, in honor of this year's honoree. The award subsequently will be presented to individuals because of their lifelong affirmation of black pride and lesbian/gay pride.

NCBLG voted to adopt a budget of \$142,000 that proposes to spend 47 percent of the organization's income on public education programs with an emphasis on AIDS and another 17 percent on publications. The budget's highlights include the production of a national resource guide for black lesbians and gays; the continued publication of NCBLG's newsmagazine, Habari Daftari; a membership drive to recruit 1,000 new members; and the hiring of a community organizer who also would focus on mobilizing and coordinating the black community's response to AIDS.

The NCBLG board is expected to meet in early 1987 to act on other specific recommendations coming from the conference's workshops.

NCBLG is the only national lesbian/gay political, educational and service organization whose focus is the healthy development of the black lesbian and gay community. For more information, call 202/737-5276.

"I've been around for a while"



Jessie Myers
Shanti Practical Support Volunteer

And I've spent a lot of my life seeing situations that weren't taken care of. So what's being done here impresses me. I know of instances where someone didn't have family. So at Shanti, we made a family for this person. Shanti to me is creating ways where people can be loved and cared for and have support.

Life in this country is wild enough, isolating enough, and frustrating enough. I think the pattern being set by Shanti of loving care and the example of

what can be done with people working together is incredible. I may be naive but that's how I feel.

Shanti is satisfying some part of me in some way, because I'm feeling much more secure and stable. It's touching part of me that's never been touched before.

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IF YOU HATE LONELINESS (but haven't made any new friends lately!)
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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.

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"THE BEST . . . !"
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Feds from page 5

submitted to regional offices for comment. The SSA is also attempting to arrive at a definition of being disabled with ARC. Klein estimated a new SSA policy might be approved as early as January or February.

Burton also sent a letter to CDC Director Dr. James Curran last week inquiring into agency plans to expand its investigations to include ARC.

Sentinel USA asked Klein what Burton's position was regarding the vigil demand for \$500 million, or one hour of the federal budget. "She would be in favor of tripling the funding if needed," he replied. Congress appropriated \$234 million for AIDS in 1986.

Burton has also decided to pressure the FDA rather than pursue a legislative route to get new testing sites established, Klein said. Her office worked to get HPA23 approved for clinical tests in the U.S. and supports additional testing of new drugs, Klein said. He admitted they haven't yet explored ways of expanding experimental treatments to all persons with AIDS or ARC who request them. "But we'll be looking into it," Klein predicted.

He explained that those working on AIDS and ARC issues are finding they must consider strategy

more than ever before. "Legislation is a time-consuming process," Klein said. "If we can influence the federal agencies to change their regulations, changes will occur more quickly."

Barbara Boxer

Boxer, along with Reps. Burton and Ted Weiss, co-sponsored a bill that has received less media attention than it may deserve. HR3602 would remove Medicare's two-year waiting period for AIDS patients who qualify for social security disability. According to Mark Cloutier, Boxer's newly appointed legislative aide, the bill is likely to be voted out of committee in January. If passed, the legislation would pay for all medical costs, or any portion not covered by private insurance.

With Cloutier on her staff, Boxer will likely expand her efforts on behalf of people with AIDS and ARC. Although the job is only part-time, Cloutier brings to it useful expertise. He has lobbied in Washington for AIDS, served as AIDS chairman for the Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club, and helped draft the group's successful "Can We Talk?" brochure.

Cloutier said he will help Boxer push for expanded drug testing. "I would like everyone with AIDS or ARC to be able to get on a protocol

of a safe anti-viral drug," he said. Since no one knows the long-term effects of these drugs, Cloutier emphasized the importance of participants being part of a research project so their condition would be monitored carefully.

Boxer is committed to increased funding for AIDS and ARC, according to Cloutier. She co-sponsored a House bill which added \$70 million to the \$126 million AIDS funding package recom-

with AIDS Washington lobbyist, Gary McDonald. The letter said the money was appropriated to educate people about a life-threatening ailment, not just gonorrhea or another similar sexually-transmitted disease, he said.

Alan Cranston

Because Sen. Cranston's staffers failed to return calls from Sentinel USA, it was difficult to evaluate fairly his position on the four

will be conquered only by a coordinated, sustained effort which requires a long-term funding base — not the repeated shuffling of funds at the last minute," he wrote in a letter last fall to Lowell Weicker, Senate Appropriations Subcommittee chairman.

Cranston's concern for alternative drug therapies was demonstrated by his authorship of an amendment last October providing approximately \$3.4 million in additional FDA funds for AIDS drug research.

"Legislation is a time-consuming process. If we can influence the federal agencies to change their regulations, changes will occur more quickly."

— *Sala Burton aide Charles Klein*

mended by the Reagan administration for fiscal year 1986. She also called on acting HHS Director James Mason to allow Americans who began experimental HPA23 treatments in Paris to continue them in the U.S.

Last week Boxer's office learned the CDC had decided to freeze the \$1.6 million in grant money for AIDS safe-sex education. Cloutier said her office immediately wrote the CDC asking for an explanation and began working on the problem

demands of the vigil committee. Cranston aide Jo Kunney, whom other staffers said was most conversant on AIDS issues, happened to be away at the time.

Cranston did fight for approval of an additional \$70 million in AIDS funding for 1986 and helped secure FDA approval to test HAP23 here. He also fought to prevent AIDS monies from being taken away from other health programs.

"A transfer of funds fails to recognize that the AIDS epidemic

AIDS/ARC Discrimination

According to Burton aide Klein, no legislator has yet tackled the fourth vigil demand, the touchy problem of AIDS/ARC discrimination. However both Klein and Boxer aid Cloutier agreed that the ramifications from introducing such a bill could create an anti-gay backlash.

"The chances of achieving passage of a federal AIDS/ARC antidiscrimination law are virtually nil," said Klein. "It might make conservative and moderate legislators back off from their support of AIDS efforts," he added.

Hearings from page 4

proving coordination among the City's AIDS agencies, and insuring that all future AIDS/ARC appropriations are not taken from existing social service programs. One speaker also reminded those present that social service programs were being cut by the Reagan administration long before the AIDS crisis surfaced.

During the hearing Molinari praised the courage of the ARC/AIDS vigil protestors. "Others on this Committee and I have been touched by those individuals who have chained themselves to the Federal Building and drawn public attention to ARC," he said.

But vigil members made it very clear in their testimony their demands were for all persons with ARC or AIDS, not simply those in San Francisco, and that what they needed went far beyond the somewhat symbolic SF resolution.

"We chained ourselves to one federal building," said a person with ARC. "We can chain ourselves to the White House," he added.

Lesbian Grief Group

Operation Concern sponsors an ongoing lesbian grief group. The 12-week program is led by Emily DeLaRosa, LCSW. For more information, call 626-7000.

Different Spokes Visits Tiburon

Different Spokes bicycle club has several events planned in January.

The club's monthly meeting will take place at 7:30 pm Jan. 7 at the San Francisco Public Library, 1833 Page St.

Decide-and-Rides meet at 1 pm on Saturdays and at 10 am on Sundays at McLaren Lodge in Golden Gate Park. Decide-and-Rides also will meet at 10 am Jan. 5 and 19 at the Stanford Shopping Mall (El Camino entrance)

Other rides planned include a 33-mile trip through the East Bay hills with hot tubbing after, beginning at 10:15 am Jan. 5 at the Rockridge BART station, and a 45-mile Tiburon Peninsula Loop, beginning at 10 am Jan. 12 at McLaren Lodge. Call Derek at 339-2345 or Jerry at 461-3666 for more information.

Rajneesh from page 8

"sort of freaking out" while waiting in the testing line.

Two men who were tested were found to have AIDS symptoms and were very quickly placed in a "special place" up in the mountains, where they lived for a year. Veera maintained that they were "very well taken care of" and actually pampered. While she admits that the men were placed in the mountains in order to isolate them from the rest of the commune, she says everyone remained "loving and accepting."

Veera went on to describe how Rajneesh felt that the "deep, deep, deep cause of AIDS" was psychological and a result of the fact that people in the 20th century are the "most anguished with no new direction and often no contentment." Veera also said that Rajneesh maintained that it could take up to two years, as opposed to six months, for an AIDS patient to die in a loving atmosphere such as Rajneeshpuram and that the atmosphere could possibly cure the disease.

One of the AIDS patients did, in fact, die in Oregon. "He died enlightened, contented and with no sorrow," said Veera. "His lover was with him in the end." And, in the typical Rajneesh tradition, the funeral was festive and celebrative as opposed to mournful.

A second AIDS testing took place near the time of the commune breakup. Fifteen individuals tested positive at the time, but since the commune was disbanding, they were not directly dealt with. On the same day that Veera was leaving the commune she observed that "all the AIDS patients were leaving together in a truck." She was uncertain as to where they were headed, but commented, "They will probably stay together."

In a surrounding where so much emphasis is placed on the importance of open and free sexuality, it seems likely that AIDS might have played a part in the closing of the commune. Veera flatly denied that it had anything to do with the breakup. "It was just time to move on," she said.

And "moving on" seems to have been a popular motive for many for joining the commune in the first place. Said Veera, "People were not there (Oregon) because things were not working. They were there because they had come to a plateau in their lives and realized that they wanted to find out more about themselves." Unlike other cults and communes, the average age according to Veera in Rajneeshpuram was around 35. "Probably three fourths of the people there had done everything (career-wise) that they wanted to do, but they were not totally contented."

What will all the re-located Rajneeshes do now? For Veera, she basically wants to continue to "experience" new things. When asked what she would *not* do, she commented that she didn't think she would be very happy stuck in an office downtown. "I have to continue with something artistic." Interestingly, she doesn't miss life in Oregon.

Presently she is staying with a friend in one of the sunnier neighborhoods of San Francisco, and attempting to "lighten" herself of her possessions. "This is good," she said, and then added with a smile, "for this week."

Holistics



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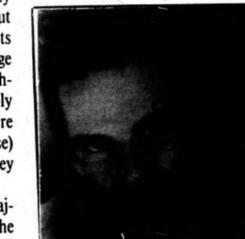
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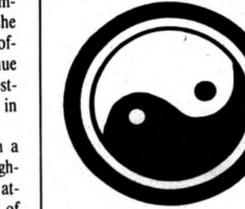
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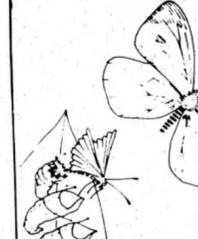
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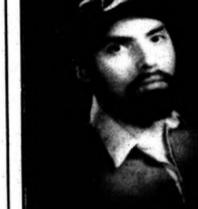
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Robert Cole

Dec. 19 — Jan. 2, 1986

Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19): Your spirit will be elevated to great heights of excitement this week as you prepare for the most glorious celebration of the year. Through the dark cold nights the brilliant exuberance of your smile shines. You are a beacon of love for those who feel stranded in the winter-time. Travel far and near during the Christmas holidays sharing the magic of your optimism. Your sense of security is the best gift to give; your radiant joy is a sign that all is well as the year comes to an end.

Taurus (Apr 20-May 20): This may be the darkest time of the year, but your abiding devotion will light a pathway of hope in the lives of several unfortunates. Your love is strengthened by the unflinching commitment of your personal relationship; you both have everything you ever wanted and there's enough left over to share with others. Protect the integrity of your marriage by going forth together to save the world from poverty.

Gemini (May 21-Jun 20): Santa Claus is very serious about surprising you with good fortune this year, so leave plenty of signals and obvious hints to emphasize your heart's desires. You can write a wish list a mile long knowing that everything you want will definitely appear under the tree on Christmas

morning. Why should you be so blessed? The simple fact is that you are the apple of Santa's eye; he or she is madly in love with you. You couldn't possibly take advantage of someone who has so much to give. So do!

Cancer (Jun 21-Jul 22): While everyone else is running from rooftop to rooftop trying to keep up with the frantic traditions of gift-giving, you and your lover will cuddle up next to the fire and share pleasant memories of the year gone by. Through the thick and thin of it, you both have turned a year of disaster into a year of growth and understanding. With pure unconditional love you have rescued each other from horrible fates. And now you have so much to look forward to as you fall deeper and deeper in love.

Leo (Jul 23-Aug 22): Your work schedule could become overwhelmingly complicated this week unless you make immediate arrangements with the others on your team. You simply cannot afford to spend your holidays covering everybody else's schedule. Make a point of splitting shifts with your co-workers so that you will be able to attend the festivities to which you have been invited. And if you want to be the center of attention, consider hosting the company Christmas party at your house this year. Ho! Ho! Ho!

Virgo (Aug 23-Sep 22): You'll get all tangled up in the wrappings and the adhesive tape this Christmas, you just watch and see. You seem to have more gifts than people to give them to. Your exuberant generosity will necessarily overflow onto any innocent bystanders who are not already wrapped up in their own celebrations. Go absolutely crazy sharing the joy of the season, but respect the humility of others when they ask you to stop.

Libra (Sep 23-Oct 22): Christmas is always a celebration of the home and this year is no different. Relatives from far and near gather around your tree to share gifts and catch up on the family news. You will provide everyone with plenty of food and spiritual joy; so many wonderful things have happened in your life since last Christmas. But not everyone is as happy as you'd like; you may have to spend extra time with a brother or sister who has little to be thankful for.

Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21): Dashing through the rain and snow to be with your family for the holidays is nothing new. Inevitably you change your mind at the very last minute and decide to go home for Christmas. This year will be slightly different because you end up dragging your lover along with you. This erratic behavior may bring greater excitement to the celebration, but you must be prepared for a sensitive reaction from your relatives. It may take more than just a weekend for everyone to adjust to your companion, so give them time if you want good results.

Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 21): This Christmas you can count on getting much more than you ever expected. Friends and relatives are so enchanted by your beauty and intelligence that they feel obligated to overwhelm you with signs of love. Keep a record of who gives you what because you must express

thanks over and over again until the message gets across. Others find it much easier to give thanks to you than to receive thanks from you.

Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19): Your birthday celebration always gets mixed in with the Christmas madness and you wouldn't have it any other way. Great abundance comes to you unexpectedly this year when a close friend hits a jackpot or wins the lottery and decides to share the winnings with you. The two of you will go crazy with excitement; you'll end up spending all the money before New Year's day. Enjoy yourself to the max by refusing to save anything till later. For a full year's worth of wild birthday predictions, send your birth date/time/place and \$5 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

Aquarius (Jan 20-Feb 18): While everyone else is decking the halls with boughs of holly your mind seems to be focused on more serious matters. The complications of the previous year seem to have all built up to a grand crescendo right in the midst of the holiday celebrations. This is not a time to panic or to escape into depression. Clear your conscience by avoiding responsibilities right now. Let everyone else handle their own problems, and put yourself to celebrating this Christmas as if it were your last.

Pisces (Feb 19-Mar 20): You will call together all your friends and enemies for a big get-together this weekend. The powerful magic of the Solstice inspires you with ceremonial reverence. You are like a wizard calling together all the elves and fairies in a ritual powerful enough to change the course of history. Light the incense and keep the fire burning through the night. You and your friends will experience a spiritual transformation that's bound to make the coming year very different for each of you.

Sentinel

At Ease

Edmund Teske: Passionate Pioneer

by Ken Coupland

Photos by Robert Pruzan

Until now, Edmund Teske has operated on the sidelines of mainstream photography, his romantic, highly personal imagery seemingly at odds with prevailing canons of photographic theory. In a profession that has seen its share of masculine role playing, his open enthusiasm for the male figure hasn't exactly endeared him to established critics. And his unfashionable preoccupation with montage has placed him at odds with purists who persist in treating the camera's discoveries as neutral and inviolable.

All that may be changing. With a half century of work behind him, a successful commercial career, including still photography for Hollywood studios, and a reputation as a respected teacher, Teske seems, finally, to be getting the recognition he deserves. Today, as well, there's a renewed interest in the altered image, which places Teske's photography squarely in the midst of some of the most significant developments in the medium to date. Growing acceptance in recent years of the aesthetics of the male nude have contributed to the appreciation of his work.

Teske was in town earlier this month for the opening of his one-man exhibition at Vision Gallery. While he was here, we talked to him about his role in broadening the definition of photography, the incorporation of autobiographical elements in his work and his involvement with Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin Fellowship.

Teske's photography is founded in a tradition of Pictorialism that was discredited for many years by proponents of what he refers to as "the dilemma of purism. At least I call it a and, praise the Lord, we've outgrown it. I've been an influence in helping to do that. Photography is far more vast in its abilities than the narrow framework in which the purists worked."

The purists liked to point to the work of Ansel Adams, Edward Weston and other West Coast photographers who kept their focus sharp, didn't visibly manipulate their images and supposedly never interfered with the content of their subject matter. But Teske points out that neither Adams nor Weston ever suggested to anybody that this was the only way to take photos. But critics, according to Teske, "called me perverse in barking up the wrong tree. . . it irritates me that such men get to be so-called 'historians' and hold top university jobs with big salaries."

Teske's prints, not surprisingly, are unusual for their muted hues and subdued contrasts, which make them difficult and — in the case of his experiments with a process he calls "duotone solarization," nearly impossible — to reproduce. But they have been published, notably in the exquisitely printed volume of his work published by The Friends of Photography (see below).

Unusual, too, for the times in which they were made, are the frank depictions of male nudes that recur in his work. Very often they're superimposed on disparate views: a silhouette of the Brooklyn Bridge, the lunar landscape around Mono Lake, family photographs, plant forms, aquatic patterns. While

we talked, he conducted a tour of the exhibition, stopping to point out, in one print, a frontal shot of a man's groin and an overlapping portrait. Teske noted proudly the man's son had posed for the portrait. Personal meanings like this, which are hidden from the viewer, have confounded critics who saw Teske's contributions as at odds with academic interpretations of photography's role.

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If you want to say you're gay, fine. I don't say I'm gay; I've indulged life on every level and in every kind of way, but I say all these things are in me. I act things out, then have an objectivity about them and work with them creatively.



Sentinel USA Editor Ken Coupland interviewing Edmund Teske at Vision Gallery. That's subject Nils Vidstrand, center.

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Like many of his generation, Teske resists being pigeonholed as "gay" or "straight."

While Teske's preferences may seem unequivocal to many viewers, he objects to being labeled. "I'm not totally given to just the 'masculine' principle," he explains. "I was maybe 3 or 4 years old when I realized all things are on earth here in terms of polarity, the play between two polarities and gradation in between, light/dark, hot/cold, feminine/masculine, what have you. We have all of it within ourselves; all of us," Teske says. "Krishna, of ancient times, said 'all things are within me, but I am not in

them.' If anybody wants to be some one thing that's one choice — if you want to say you're gay, fine. I don't say I'm gay; I've indulged life on every level and in every kind of way, but I say all these things are in me. I act things out, then have an objectivity about them and work with them creatively."

Images from Within: *The Photography of Edmund Teske* is available from Vision Gallery or by writing The Friends of Photography, P.O. Box 239, Carmel, Ca. 93921.

Love has nothing to do with somebody else, it is your state of being. Love is not a relationship. A relationship is possible but love is not confined to it, it is beyond it, it is more than that — Man becomes mature the moment he starts loving rather than needing. He starts overflowing, he starts sharing, he starts giving — And when two mature persons are in love, one of the greatest paradoxes of life happens, one of the most beautiful phenomena . . . they are together, and yet tremendously alone; they are almost one. But their oneness does not destroy the individuality.

Yesterdays enemies are my friends and my life of today. Think before you judge or prosecute your fellow man. I have all reasons to be contented. I am 50, healthy and I have a home. Thank you America, the world, my pals, peers enemies and friends for giving my life awareness and beauty.



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Wright Brother

Edmund Teske's Photos of Taliesin and Taliesin West

Frank Lloyd Wright's extraordinary architectural achievements, with their profound impact on contemporary design and planning, are exemplified in the structures he designed and built for his own use, Taliesin and Taliesin West. Planned as combination living quarters and studios for himself and the young architects who came to study with him, these two complexes allowed him to express his philosophies about the relationship of building and landscape without the compromises involved in the usual catering to the demands of a client.

Wright had a reputation for pretty much getting his own way on his commissions, but the exalted nature of his goals for his schools — a truly Utopian program of manual labor, design instruction and communal living — no doubt contributed to the visionary physical expression he gave them.

Teske was introduced to Wright early in his career, joined Wright's Taliesin Fellowship shortly thereafter, establishing the first photography workshop there and photographing the buildings and day-to-day activities of Wright's organization. Teske's experiences with Vedanta served him well at Taliesin. As an artist, he saw himself "articulating the experiences of my life, and through photography, achieving summation. — The exquisite focal point of all being. That's why Wright liked my images so much. I came through with the feeling of his architecture, the lyric poetry of it."

Teske's reminiscences provided a glimpse of an unusual aspect of Wright's character. "He could be very understanding. Want me to tell you some stories? It was a bright and early Sunday morning and I was going to photograph from one of the rooftops at Taliesin. To do so, I had to go through this room to get access to the roof. I knocked and a voice said to come in. I entered and, in bed with a cover up over him was one of the most unbelievably beautiful Greek heads of a man — I'm living all the time in the wonder and the beauty of the Greek and Persian culture we study historically — anyway, he said to come in and I was quite taken with the beauty of him.

"I got to the roof and got my shots, during which time he'd gone out. Later in the day there was a picnic, and there he was. Lo and behold, this beautiful head rested on a body that was almost dwarfish; his arms and hands were very feminine. It was amazing to me. Anyway, we became good friends and, during a Halloween party, he donned the attire of a Spanish great lady — a red flowing dress and mantilla and a great comb. I went in pretty 'macho' attire. I 'escorted' him to the Halloween party and he and I danced. Frank Lloyd Wright came up to us and tapped me on the shoulder and asked if he could dance with my partner! It was wonderful."

Teske explains how Taliesin took its name from the Welsh word for "shining brow," a remarkably apt expression of Wright's philosophy of the relation of building to landscape. Describing the integration of labor and study at the Fellowship, "You did all these fundamental things of life with a highly imbued spirit, because they were being done in relationship to a very conscious articulation of the idealism each of us has within us, and which Frank Lloyd Wright brought out of anyone who came; he emanated it, you absorbed it and came forward with whatever degree of it that you had. That was his wonder and beauty as a great *invocateur* of the spirit, of the idealism of being. So when you were doing your work — haying, or in the vegetable garden, picking things from the trees, washing your laundry, you were relating it all to the whole which is articulated by the structures of Taliesin, which organically grow out of the hillside.

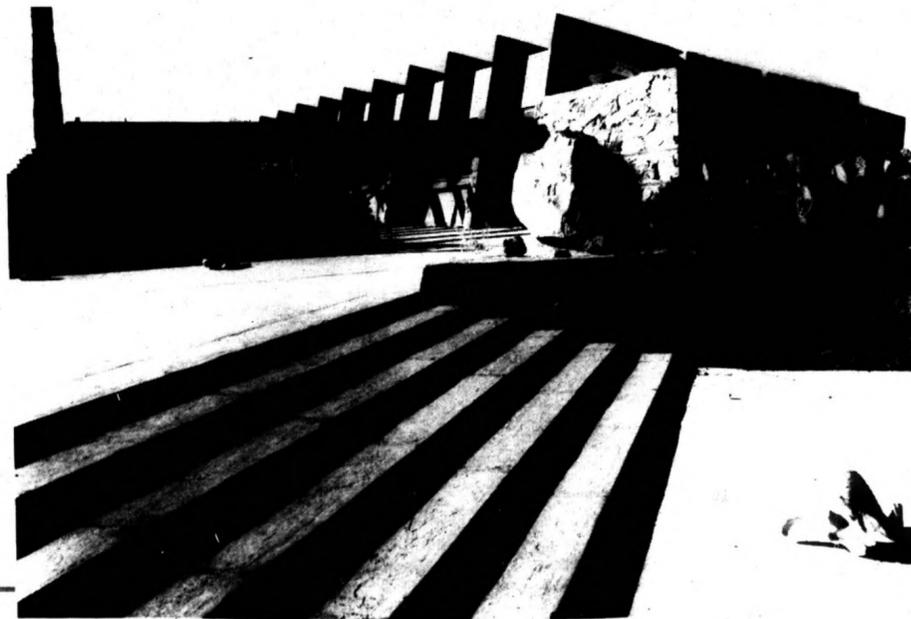
Referring to his concept of "organic unfoldment, he gives Wright credit for articulating for him what had been an unconscious concept. Teske's reverence for Wright's work is summed up best by himself. "Taliesin," he concludes, "has been my greatest experience here on earth."



Taliesin — East Side South End — 1936



Buddha — Taliesin East — 1937



Taliesin West — Skull of ram — 1943



Big Sur Hot Springs 1968



John Saxon, Los Angeles 1958



Nils Vidstrand, Mono Lake 1978

Adam Block



Keith Haring paints himself into a corner: the artist at work on a self portrait he incorporated into his mural for the Clementina Street day care center South of Market.

Man about Town: Keith Haring, Painter

Is this hero worship," Dianne Fuller, elegant maven of the SF art scene art scene drawled a la Lauren Bacall, "or intellectual curiosity?" Fuller was casting a skeptical glance over the packed auditorium at the SF Art Institute where 27-year-old New York artist Keith Haring was due to present a slide lecture last Wednesday night — in a series Fuller helps book.

SOMA tycoon Mark Rennie didn't seem to hear her. He was rummaging through a stack of slides of Haring sketching on boys' t-shirts at the party Rennie had hosted at Club Nine, and pictures of Haring painting a mural at a day care center down on Clementina Street.

"You know we had Robert Hughes here," Fuller mused, "and it wasn't *this* packed. Haring has come up number one every time we've asked the students who they wanted."

In the press release for the talk, Haring was characterized as "the Andy Warhol of the 80's." Critic Hughes had savaged him in

print as "the Peter Max of the subways." Standing at the podium with a nervous grin, Haring looked a bit like a slightly goofy cartoon character, lanky and rubber-faced, with startled eyes behind black frame glasses, a bubble of dark hair riding high on his head.

The lecture moved rapidly through a summary of his work: the chalk drawings he began doing in 1981 on the New York pavement, next blacked-out advertising space in the subways — flying saucers, luminous babies, barking dogs — on to entire walls of buildings, spray-painted collaborations with Puerto Rican graffiti artist LA2, cars adorn-



Haring's distinctive figuration is now being translated into large scale metal sculpture.

ed in France, shops in Italy, body paintings on Madonna and Grace Jones, gallery shows; eventually even paintings on canvas and mammoth sculptures — the same icons now weighing in at three tons.

Haring answered questions about schooling and technique, but seemed impatient. "OK," he finally blurted, "when are you going to ask me about *selling out*?" He pro-

of my big sculpture show in New York. At Andy's last book signing someone pulled his wig off!" Haring pleaded, "I wish people could see the things I turned down: polyester, Kraft Cheese. They even wanted to carry my shirts at Sears."

"Wait a minute," this reporter piped up. "If you're such a populist artist, and you can control the quality, why *not* sell your shirts

Haring answered questions about schooling and technique, but seemed impatient. "OK," he finally blurted, "when are you going to ask me about selling out?"

ceeded to explain that he'd only appeared at Emporium/Capwell because they were selling his Swatch watch design, and that he'd allowed *that* to be made only because his images were already being used without his permission — by Guess Who, and even by Swatch themselves — and he'd rather have it done right. He'd agreed to appear in the store if they printed up 2000 posters that he could give away and located a place where he could do a free mural.

The crowd didn't seem too concerned with this business of selling out — these were yup-artists, not punk-rebels, but Haring cared. He said that some of his street artist friends "wanted to tar and feather me at the opening

at Sears? Why should they only be available to the new waveoisie in New York or LA?" The crowd hissed me down. "I don't know — see, I almost said yes," Haring explained, "but I like the idea of keeping things a bit special, so that people have to seek them out or have to discover them. I'm opening The Pop Store in New York and we'll sell my things, and lots of other pop objects that I like, and stuff like Andy Warhol wallpaper — but I'm not interested in getting too big. I'm not *franchising* it!"

Then Haring started talking about Robert Hughes — clearly still deeply stung by his

Continued on page 26

Books

Robert Burke

Child's Play

Ambidextrous:
The Secret Lives of Children

by Felice Picano
Gay Press of New York, \$14.95

Some writers think of their work as "product" and treat it like any other marketable commodity. It is knocked out, packaged and left to the vagaries of the marketplace. This sort of thing can be found at your local supermarket or chain bookstore near the checkout stand. It is displayed, appropriately enough, on racks that are known in the trade as "dump bins."

Then there are writers like Felice Picano. Picano has successfully worked in almost every medium, from the novel (*The Lure, Late in the Season*) to the short story (*Slashed to Ribbons in Defense of Love*) to poetry (*The Deformity Lover*). And he works in such a way that we are not even aware of him doing it. The seams never show in Picano's work.

But something else is happening in Picano's most recent work, *Ambidextrous: The Secret Lives of Children*, a collection of three inter-related memoirs of his childhood in New York. Picano has, in *Ambidextrous*, gone beyond his basic obligations as a writer to entertain and instruct. In *Ambidextrous*, Picano has bestowed a gift upon us.

Childhood memoirs are, on the whole, treacherous stuff and only rarely successful. The problem is that most writers who attempt them fail insofar as they attempt to make connections



Picano can run the length of experience from the lyrical to the lewd without missing a beat.

and ascribe motivations that are now only true in hindsight. The result is similar to a painter attempting a portrait through the reflections he catches in a broken mirror. It can be done, but the effect is stunted, disproportionate to the subject. A few writers (Capote, Williams and, now, Picano) can free their writing from adult conceits and calculations and bring us into the immediacy and the wonder that is childhood.

Ambidextrous is not, however, some gently colored pastel of towheaded boys and girls riding their bikes and playing jacks. Such concerns are here, of course, as they are in any childhood, but they are literally interspersed with episodes of sexual experience and subversion that can only be described as Rabelaisian in both their humor and their vulgarity.

Whether Picano is describing j/o circles with his "bj buddy," Ricky Hersch (who, I suspect, makes another appearance in one of the most poignant stories in *Slashed to Ribbons*), or acquiring his first heterosexual experience with the Flaherty sisters (who should write their own memoirs and perhaps entitle them *Naughty Nymphets*), he is living proof of Freud's dictum (and for once he had it right) that children are polymorphously perverse.

Picano and his friends have not yet come to the age of labels and so-called norms. For them, the discovery of their sexualities (note the plural) is something that is shared with friends, a discovery at once mysterious, delightful and filled with both anticipation and apprehension — not anxiety. Consider Picano's description of the vagina of his first girlfriend, Franny:

It was like a fleshy exotic flower, especially from some angles and in a dimmer light; her clitoris extended, her labia swelled, it sometimes looked like an orchid; a sort of Lady Slipper speckled with dew.

Compare that with his description of one member of the j/o circle

Harley jumped down . . . He unzipped his pants, reached into his slightly yellow-stained jockey shorts and extracted an almost erect monster of length, girth and redness.

As any reader can see, Picano can run the length of experience from the lyrical to the lewd

Continued on page 27

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Dennis Quaid (left) and Lou Gossett Jr. in *Enemy Mine*

Film

Ken Coupland



Show and Tell

Fool for Love ★★½

At the Clay

Director Robert Altman has been devoting himself exclusively to filmed versions of legitimate dramas for some time now. Understandably disgusted with the quality of motion picture scripts, he's taken to stage directing, and, when he does make films, restricting himself to small budgets and relatively unknown casts. This time out, he's picked Sam Shepard's *Obie Award* winner; it's the first time there's been a film of a play by Shepard, a distinguished scenarist (*Paris, Texas*) in his own right, and Shepard's cast in the lead. It's an auspicious pairing. So why the longeurs?

Shepard's script pits Ed, a rambunctious cowboy, against May, a country girl who's run away from him. Former Breck model Kim Basinger, who's had her share of bimbo roles, gets a chance to act for a change; as Shepard's romantic interest, she's quite convincing — at least at first. Ed runs May to ground at a seedy desert motel (evocatively realized by Altman's production team) where she's working under the watchful eye of a mysterious old alcoholic, played by Harry Dean Stanton. The two lovers are painfully drawn to each other, but May feels betrayed (something about a Countess Ed's been seeing) and she refuses to take him back.

It's an intensely physical, often violent rela-

tionship, and Altman expertly choreographs the couple's push-and-pull attraction for each other as the action takes them from the motel's restaurant back and forth to May's sleazy cabin. Slowly, we begin to realize that there's more going on here than a mere domestic squabble, and somehow, the old man's intimately involved.

Cameraman and Altman regular Pierre Mignot contributes a fluid and expressive photography that makes the most of the motel's pink neon and beige adobe, and the film's flashbacks are especially faithful to the look and feel of their period. But as the flashbacks grow longer, eventually overwhelming the progress of the plot, the film gets into trouble.

The problems have a lot to do with the fundamental structural differences between theatre and cinema. Physical restrictions make it more effective to *tell* about past events than to *show* them on stage; in front of the camera, the reverse is true. But Altman and Shepard opt for both.

Altman makes a stab at suggesting the play's concerns for the characters' conflicting versions of past events by deliberately mismatching what we see and what we hear. But we see what we believe, so there's never really any question of what's true and what's not.

The result is an enervating winding-down, as the characters, once we know the secret of their real relationship to each other, slowly but surely beat the issue to death. Shepard's antics — lassoing juke boxes and garbage cans, grow tiresome, Basinger's incapable of bringing any real depth to her role, and Stanton reprises the many washed-up failures he's played in other films. □

Gender Gap

Enemy Mine★

At the Alexandria

Lou Gossett Jr. *pregnant*? This talented actor has some amusing moments in director Wolfgang Petersen's dreadful new sci-fi epic. As a hermaphroditic reptile, or Drac, he sports a nifty set of dentures and a truly alarming ski mask of sorts — though it doesn't fit around his mouth very well — and a rapidly swelling belly. Dracs, who hail from the planet Draco, pitted against earthlings in a war in space, have the curious ability to make babies all by themselves. As Lou puts it, "You humans have a choice; with Dracs it just happens." When the Drac comes to term, he gets a kittenish look in his eyes (quite a feat, since Gossett's wearing reptile-style contacts) and spends his time knitting little jumpers for the new arrival.



Auto Motive

Clue

At the Royal

While it may have seemed like a cute idea to transfer America's third favorite board game to the screen ("Clue" was recently edged out of second place by — you guessed it — "Trivial Pursuit"), the project defeated the best efforts of any number of mystery writers, and no wonder. There's little mystery to why these established talents passed.

Like any boardgame, "Clue" itself depends on an element of chance. With that in mind, the movie's writer/director, Jonathan Lynn, has given us three different endings, in what we're told is a cinematic first. It may well be a cinematic *last*. Depending on which theatre you're in, you'll see one of the three; having seen all three at a preview, I hope for your sake it's not two of them. The one *real* ending isn't much good either.

Lynn proposes that "the movie has to work for people who've never played the game." Well, I haven't, and it didn't. And I seriously doubt that if you have, it would anyway. Hamstrung by the play's props, characters and physical layout — all of which are faithfully trotted out for us to

Petersen, (who directed the remarkable *Das Boot*, a perplexing study of fear and claustrophobia aboard a German U-boat) keeps things moving along nicely until the blessed event, when he hits a snag. Up to that point the developing relationship between the Drac and humpy Dennis Quaid, who plays an earthing, has its share of diversions, however silly.

The pair, crash-landing independently after an orbital dog-fight, find themselves on a truly hellish planet where air and water, conveniently, don't seem to be a problem, but meteor showers are. The showers come in the form of devastating explosions that have driven every living thing (and there are some lusus) underground.

For a while we're caught up in the brooding, sinister atmosphere of the place, and intrigued by Gossett's implacable alien. But the plot takes a mawkish turn when the dying Drac delivers a doll-size version of himself (mercifully, we're spared the anatomical details) and Quaid spends the rest of the movie playing uncle to junior.

From here on in, *Enemy* degenerates at such a pace that before long the screening audience, usually a pretty reserved bunch, were hooting with derision. Quaid's given the thankless task of playing role model to the young Drac — he's even stuck with a scene where he teaches him to play touch football.

All this is hopelessly sentimental, but it can't distract us from the truly horrendous racism that's implicit, whether or not it's intentional, in the Dracs' characterization. While you'd never recognize the actors stripped of their alien camouflage, Gosset of course, and the young boy who plays his child, are both black — and both behave like childish, inferior innocents.

In a punning reference to the title, the planet's being exploited by a dastardly crew of "scavengers," space pirates who are strip-mining the surface and enslaving captive Dracs to do their dirty work while human law enforcement looks the other way. These scenes look like they've been lifted entire from *Indiana Jones and The Temple of Doom*.

By this time, you've been beaten over the head so often with Maurice Jarre's welling, exaggerated score, and clubbed with so many miles of Industrial Light and Magic's tacky, surrealism set painting, that you're ready to root for the villains. But the closing sequence, a sort of group gargle on the planet Draco (for gargle is what Dracs do) is hilarious. □

Performance

Mario Mondelli

Talen's in Good Shape

The Shape by Bill Talen, directed by Ellen Sebastian Through 12/12 at Climate, Gallery Call 848-7369

Bill Talen opened *The Shape* in New York in preparation for this San Francisco engagement, and if that seems like an unusually roundabout approach to a theatre piece, well, that's just about the way Talen does everything. With *the Shape*, Talen looks at the film industry, or rather our obsession with it, from the inside out.

He starts off as an aspiring screenwriter with a treatment for a new sci-fi/thriller/adventure/romance movie that, he claims, "has to be made." He's so supremely confident in its success capability that he periodically stops to ask the audience whether they don't agree that it's so good they may as well "papier-mache (his) face" with dollar bills.

It isn't, of course. The hypothetical film is a re-write of any number of Hollywood clichés, which Talen's screenwriter openly admits, and plays off: at one point, "panning" down the unconscious body of his heroine, the ever-enigmatic Laura, he compares each and every feature of her body to that of any number of well-known actresses. She has "the breasts of the young Elizabeth Taylor... the elastic genitalia of Mary Lou Retton." Talen trades on our knowing these often obscure references — and, yes, it was like a

gay litmus test as Talen reeled off those actresses and their less than shining moments 25 queens, primarily scattered throughout the house chuckled in recognition.

The recognition factor is key to *The Shape*, as Talen goes on to slowly play all the parts in his imagined film script: Jimmy, the happy-go-lucky hero, "a Jimmy Stewart for the 80's," and his anthropomorphically endowed beagle Buster, Jimmy's lovable, crotchety Scatman Crothers "type" house mate — even George Lucas himself, who, Talen hopes, will be the one to make the movie in question, titled, appropriately enough, *The Shape*. We're called upon to recognize not just the characters, but their settings, their situations, their reactions, even the derivative film techniques (including a masterfully performed scene in DePalmaesque slow motion).

The success of the evening lays not only in Talen's characterizations, but in his depictions of Hollywood's emotional manipulation techniques. Laura steps back into Jimmy's life from another time, growing up together by "the river." A plum opportunity for a flashback escaped Talen here, but he managed to minaturize their relationship with a single idiosyncratic moment: propping his foot up on the chair that serves as all the set pieces in *The Shape*, he launches into a full vice rendition of "Oh, What A Beautiful Mornin'", which apparently is the key to their rural past. This mo-

The success of the evening lays not only in Talen's characterizations, but in his depictions of Hollywood's emotional manipulation techniques.

ment exemplifies Talen's audience rapport, as his Jimmy chuckles inwardly, strikes his relaxed, nostalgic pose, then shatters the calm with his song — he's like a deranged musical comedy ham.

A performing talent like Talen's requires a guiding hand that allows free reign while trimming the excess. Director Ellen Sebastian is the perfect complement to Talen's style, and her sense of the all-pervasive influence, the lure of the Hollywood dollar to the artist, is no less acute

than Talen's. Sebastian is used to working in the single-actor show (she directed Whoopie Goldberg in the highly successful *Moms* at the Victoria) and through her New Performance Gallery production *Minor Prophets* was uneven, this was due to one of the two-member cast being replaced two weeks before the opening. Her return to the one-person format shows her in top form; her direction reflects Hollywood slickness. She seems to have had fun with the mood of the piece, and she's captured a camera's movements and subjectivity with an economical wit. She's also responsible for the precise, shrewd lighting and sound design, which are no less than perfect.

The piece shorts both Talen and Sebastian; it's good, but it's slight, and we're left wanting more, not in terms of time (it comes in at an ideal 60 minutes or so), but the matically. It says something about the pervasiveness of Hollywood in so many parts of our lives, but it never really says enough about its effect on any one of them. The ending, after a number of false ones, is sudden and ambiguous, and the only real elation one feels is the vicarious energizing of the performance itself. It's the only let-down in *The Shape* — the whole piece mocks the trivializing of life and love that is inherent in a big LA film production but doesn't comment on it. We're set up for some kind of payoff, a statement about government control, or the merchandizing of American movies. Though no solutions are expected in an hours time, a couple of questions would have been welcome. Nevertheless, *The Shape* is proof of a fiercely creative force in San Francisco, and will be equally rewarding to devotees of both film and live theatre. This could be the production that weans your friends into a theatre and away from *Rocky X*. □

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Theatre

Dick Hasbany

Beauty at the Edge of Terror

Fen by Caryl Churchill, directed by Anthony Taccone, at Eureka Theatre, through January 12. Call 558-9898.

Somewhere in the middle of the Eureka Theatre's *Fen* the cast moves to various parts of the playing area to sing a setting of Rilke's *Duino Elegies*: "For Beauty's nothing but the beginning of Terror we're still just able to bear . . ." It's a frightening region of being — that place between pleasure and truths too hard to face. It is the region that the Eureka explores in Caryl Churchill's play about misery in the flat farmlands of eastern England.

The Eureka has become virtually synonymous with Caryl Churchill's work. Her plays seem to epitomize the company's concerns and challenge it to innovative production. In *Fen* they've taken her work to that point Rilke describes — beauty at the edge of terror.

Set designer Peggy Snider and technical director Steve Boswell have transformed the theatre's interior so that the squalid hopelessness of Churchill's characters are redeemed by a suggestion of the awful grandeur of the earth. They've moved the seats to one wall and hauled in enough dirt to make a fenland field (with rows of real potatoes to be dug up), and painted a broad bleak sky behind it all. The sound of gathering birds swells and fades left to right. The design and technical work is superb, and the result is one of the most completely realized productions I've seen since last year's *Tokens*. The cold, recalcitrant earth is as much a part of this play as it is in a Hardy novel, and its evocation is one of the major triumphs of *Fen*.

Churchill has created characters who are victims of passion and unkind fate to crawl and dig in this earth. She seems to have had tragedy in mind when she sat down to write it, and this strange and dreamlike play almost succeeds in reaching a tragic intensity. The great themes of guilty passion and our role as cosmic playthings are enriched by the way Churchill plays with folk figures like ghosts, witches, and wicked stepmothers, anchored, as well by her feel for everyday language and contemporary social critique.

Production notes inform us that Churchill's interest in her subject was originally piqued by Mary Chamberlain's oral history of farm women there, and in 1982 she and a theatre company went to the fens to talk to the women themselves. The fens, we are told, had been primarily marshes until the seventeenth century, made arable only after outside investors drained the water in development that was much resisted by the local population. In fact, the development of the fens seems to be a classic example of how whatever becomes valuable finds its way into the hands of those who have money. By the time the play opens, the indigenous fenlanders have been reduced pretty much to the level of tenant farmers, interlopers on their own land. There's a strong feeling that if these folks talked with a

Churchill's plays seem to epitomize the Eureka Theatre's concerns and challenge it to innovative production. In Fen the result is one of the most completely realized productions I've seen.

drawl instead of dropping their "h's" we might very well be listening to Georgia sharecroppers.

Still, there's a very British feel to *Fen*. Early on in the play a woman schemes to escape to London, and later, in one of the original songs written by Ilona Sekacz, three adolescents try to get excited about their futures — if they have one — as hairdressers or nurses. But the woman doesn't go to London and the girl's pathetic hopes may be too grand for the realities of Thatcher's Britain. Churchill would have us believe that they're more likely to end up in work gangs, digging onions that conglomerates own and suffering guilt in some hopeless affair.

The cast of four women and a man, each taking up to four different roles, turns in a fine ensemble performance. I found Ellen McLaughlin especially effective as the awkward Shirley, whose counsel in this bleakness is to be tough — to just get on with it. Her resignation is contrasted with the vulnerability of Val, another character. Val (Sigrid Wurschmidt) challenges Finnish resignation and despair by claiming her a love affair. The affair, based on a story Churchill and her colleagues heard in the fields, ends brutally, and no wonder. True it may be, but it somehow doesn't quite fit the play. I think the problem is that Wurschmidt doesn't give Val that streak of toughness that both distorts the other characters and yet makes them larger than life. Val's portrayal bears the stamp of soap opera, in the midst of an atmosphere for more austere and powerful.

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Pop

Mike Mascioli

Three Ladies Who Launch

Hot on the heels of Cab Calloway's long-overdue appearance came another singer we'd all but given up hope of seeing perform — **Maxine Sullivan**. It's not as if Sullivan hasn't been active. She performs steadily in New York and records more than ever — for Kenneth (a Swedish label) and Audiophile, and she has three current LPs, on Concord (*Uptown*) and Stash (*The Great Cotton Club Songs Of Arlen & Kohler, The Burton Lane Songbook*).

While the folks at both labels would doubtless like to think these recordings are special — and, indeed, *Cotton Club* boasts many rarities — in point of fact they're only — only — the latest entries in Maxine Sullivan's latter-day oeuvre, a body of work of such consistent excellence that it constitutes one of the great recorded legacies of vocal jazz.

With her quartet, the standard jazz trio supplemented by a sax, Sullivan touched down at Kimball's for a single evening recently. (Among those there to listen and learn: jazz singer Bobbe Norris.)

Discovered by bandleader Claude Thornhill ("White Svengali Discovers Sepia Trilby" proclaimed one headline) Sullivan scored with her first solo recording, "Loch Lomond" ('37), which helped spark the big band trend of swinging the classics. But she was never a hitmaker; subsequent retirements and comebacks robbed her career of important momentum.

What she was, however, was a solid jazz singer with a soft yet keen sense of swing and a sterling reputation, both of which she shared with contemporaries like Lee Wiley and Mildred Bailey. Even *The Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Jazz*, with its lamentable focus on instrumentalists, accords her a long column, lauding her "remarkably pure, non-abrasive singing voice" and "delightfully subtle phrasing".

Her bag of tricks is paltry compared to Ella's or Sarah's — no scatting, no melismatics, no tricky time changes, scant improvisation of the melody. At 74, she doesn't even have the power to hold a note for long. Yet she is, in the most exalted sense of the word, a great singer, probably our greatest living jazz singer.

Her very lack of vocal frippery allows for readings — even of uptempos — with a depth and sensitivity not often found in jazz singing. Still rarer in jazz are singers who actually improve with age; Alberta Hunter was one, Maxine Sullivan is another. Time has burnished her vocal, giving it added richness, elegance and character. Yet it is at the same time a friendly and youthful voice — not only young for its age but young in spirit.

Like gold coins into our laps these qualities poured forth, more than once in the very opening bars of a song. As she sang "Just give me something to remember you by/when you are far away from me," she momentarily took my breath away, for she'd looked into the heart of the song and sent its emotion directly into the heart of the listener. And on "You're a Lucky Guy" (which she sang on a bill with Louis Armstrong at the closing of the Cotton Club in '40s), the first five words alone were delivered with such warmth, conviction and gentle swing that they could effectively represent the essence of Sullivan's artistry.

Her taste, moreover, is flawless; in two entirely different sets she sang 19 songs — most of them classics ("They All Laughed," "As Long As I Live"), none less worthy. If there is such a thing as the music of the spheres, Maxine Sullivan must be making it.

□ In the early '60s **Joanie Sommers** courted the teen generation — squeaky clean, beach party division — with hits like "One Boy" and "Johnny Get Angry," but on her seven Warner Bros. LPs she frequently sang standards. After a single LP for Columbia in the mid-'60s, she didn't release a record again until '83, when *Dream* appeared on the jazz label Discovery. There, and in her recent comeback at the Plush Room, she was accompanied by the excellent and creative Bob Florence on solo piano.

While Sommers doesn't and never did have the makings of a great singer, she has the makings of a good one, what with her material — "I'm Old Fashioned," "The More I See You" and other vintage pop — and the attractive, dusky quality of her vocal. Her voice recalls the old Days of

popular music — Doris and Anita O'. Unfortunately, the former has a tendency to weep or, conversely, gush with saccharine brightness, and it's she and her "teen" counterpart, Connie Francis, who are most strongly heard in Sommers' vocal, even though Sommers now fancies herself a jazz singer.

Almost nothing she does is simple and direct; if it were, she must reason, she couldn't be a jazz singer (though Maxine Sullivan, for one, would beg to differ). She's lifted Sarah Vaughan's babbling, mush-mouthed delivery, and if every dollar I own, like many a syllable she sings, yielded four, I'd be rich. Such things are not jazz, only elements in the jazz vocabulary, and slapped all over her vocal like Band-Aids on an overactive youngster, they are not even that — merely mannerisms.

Cabaret

Gary Menger

San Francisco Success Story: Getting Their Acts Together

There's considerable overlap of cabaret performers and gay community performing groups, especially during the holiday season.

As a case in point, the **SF Band Foundation** will produce a 5:00 to 7:00 show at the Gift Center to benefit itself this Sunday. It will feature the band, the Tap Troupe, special guests Dowager Empress **Jose**, and cabaret favorites **Pamela Brooks** and **Gail Wilson**. (Gail will also be featured in "Men Behind Bars" next month.)

Golden Gate Performing Arts will present the Gay Men's Chorus again this year in "Now Sing with Hearts Aglow" — a warm and wonderful evening, with the last of the performance next Tuesday, Christmas Eve, at Mission High.

1177 Club, in Gramercy Towers on Nob Hill, houses the City's most cheerful and entertaining revue: **Tune the Grand Up**, a bargain holiday performance will be given Friday, 12/20, followed by a carol-sing (\$10 per person). This one's for SF Council on entertainment members and guests only, but it's a simple matter to join the Council, at the door, and the '20 membership fee enables you to several other discounted entertainment events through the year. 1177 will follow up on Saturday with an "open house" Christmas party — \$10 cover, no minimum, impromptu entertainment. . . glitter and sequins are the suggested attire.

Buckley's Bistro rings in with a holiday special on Thursday, the day after Christmas: **Mitch Bandanza**, formerly featured in *Beach Blanket Babylon*. . . will do an evening of his own, probably with a special guest or two from the *Beach Blanket* cast. Prior to his show, complimentary wine and hors d'oeuvres will be served at 7 pm next Friday. Buckley's will present an extra holiday-week performance of **Aldo Bell's A Whole Lot of Bessie in Me**.

Out in the boonies (**Big Mama's in Hayward**) there will be a cabaret Christmas Entertainment by some of SF's best (**Robert Erickson, Peggy Pierce, Pamela Erickson, Karina Zorn**). That's tonight.

The 'N Touch (Polk at California) has given us all a reason to "rediscover" Polk Street in its newly instituted cabaret performance schedule — both Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, over 5:30 cocktails. They'll present Critics Circle Award winner **Cindy Herron**.



If there is such a thing as the music of the spheres, Maxine Sullivan must be making it.

Sommers' performance was slightly redeemed by her relaxed, friendly stage presence, and interestingly, near the end of her program she turned in a handful of tender, restrained efforts — "Meditation," "A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square," "Dream" — but it was a case of too little too late.

□ To say that **Tracy Nelson**, in her recent show at the Great American Music Hall, sang rock, r&b, soul and the blues (which is at the root of them all), as well as country songs and original compositions, is accurate, but it also paints a false picture of her performance. Most of her songs were second-rate, and at the hands of the driving five-man Rat Band and two backup singers — a tight crew, but loud and bigger by half than it had to be — they suffered from a limited presentation, not to mention the overriding sameness that inferior material seems to share. Nelson can invest a colorless Nashville tune like "Open The Screen Door And Come On In" with an awesome humanity, even nobility, and there's much to be said for that, but what it says about one's taste and sense of purpose is less admirable.

A shame, really, for this is a voice that could grace spirituals, tackle trad folk and blues, soar without accompaniment — anything. Though I knew it from recordings, nothing prepared me for the power of her live vocal.

Was there ever a rock voice — even a blues voice — with such strength and soul behind it? Nelson conjures up singers like Joplin and Big Maybelle, but she has all the control the former lacks and none of the abrasiveness the latter possesses. Her ballads are plaintive, even heartrending, and her singing seems to reverberate with the pure passion of the blues; she sang her most popular song, "Down So Low," with all the ardor of a spiritual, her voice rising like the clarion call of a trumpet at Jericho. It's a vocal of majestic solidity: She sounded no different after 75 minutes of full-throttle belting than she did in her first song. Listening to Tracy Nelson, I felt I knew something of what those who heard Bessie Smith in her glory must have experienced. ■



Aldo Bell



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Rock

Adam Block

A Season In Hell

Goddamn! Look at those prices! New Year's Eve is the big kahuna of nights out, and a tempting array of talent is due — but suddenly a \$5 local bar bank will be setting you back \$15. Of course the club will generally throw in an idiotic party hat and a plastic cup of rank bubbly that hits the gullet like battery acid. So, buyer beware. I'll be up in Seattle and safe from such temptations.

Many of these gigs are aimed at couples, some even offering them discounts. It is indeed a brand of suffering meant to be shared. When I've been single on the big evening, I've inevitably found myself waiting in line at some raucous queer bar on the stroke of midnight, and have even come to find it a cheerful and appropriate place to be: out in the cold, and on the verge. Very rock'n'roll.

However horrifying the holidays may seem, don't despair, loyal readers. I trust these tips will see you safely into 1986.

John Sex: Alphabet City's most endearing lounge lizard brings his foot-high, peroxide funnel-do and "Muscle of Love" back to SOMA. Last year special guest Leo Ford came out in mid show and gracefully jacked-off solo, leaving the new waveoisie hilariously speechless. Both acts bear repeating. Now that Liberace has declared himself a fan, and with a record due soon, I hope Mr. Sex hasn't stopped astonishing fans. (Oasis, 12/19, 10:30 pm, \$5.)

Mapenzi, Zulu Spear: Jungle drums, choreographed horns, and brash invention from two of the most irrepressible World Beat outfits, at the most user-friendly of venues. (The Farm, 12/20, 9 pm, \$6.)

club-play, and they can be counted on for a Ph.d.'s warp on Carmen Miranda. Count on Martha Davis to sing, "Only The Lonely." (Warfield, 12/29, 7:30 pm, \$14.50 res.)

Neville Bros: This lot can claim 30 years of New Orleans r&b as a direct legacy, and whether Aaron is stopping time with his 1960 hit, "Tell It Like It Is," or the boys are parading through their Meters' anthems like "Hey Pokey Way," or whipping up the second-line wonders of The Wild Tchapatoulis Mardi Gras Indians, they serve up earned delights. Keith Richard called them his favorite band, and with Bill Graham now managing them, they may start to get the recognition they deserve. Start here. These shows are billed as danced. (Great American Music Hall, 12/29, 8 & 10:30 pm, \$12.50 / 12/31, 9 pm, \$35.)

Wall Of Voodoo, Pray For Rain: Some folk thought that when local vocalist hero Andy Priebory, formerly of Eye Protection, came on board the "Mexican Radio" yo-yos would change their tune. Fat chance. Last year the local openers were calling themselves Big Race. Don't you think their new name is real catchy? (I-Beam, 12/30, 10:30 pm, \$6 adv, \$7 day.)



Freaky Executives: funketeers at the Berkeley Square 12/31

Bobby McFerrin: Some folks consider Mr. Acapella a novelty act for the Wyndham Hill set — long on the vocal pyrotechnics and short on soul. His fans don't care what you call them, but they do ooh and aah a lot. This time he's bringing a band. (Great American Music Hall, 12/21 & 22, 8:30 pm, \$9.)

Jesus And Mary Chain, Flaming Lips: The renegade Scottish headliners bill themselves as, "the saviors of pop," caching melodic tunes under oceans of feedback, lots of anglos and anglo-philies seem to buy it. Their first lp, *Psycho Candy*, is due out here soon on Sire, and the single, "Just Like Honey," is already in the top five at KUSF. This is their first SF gig and should draw as many doubters as true believers. The Okie openers, (with an lp, *Forever Is A Long Time*, out and a zany act playing what one way dubbed, "Tangerine Dream meets Led Zeppelin,") have just become a trio. Their lead singer quit. J&MC are renowned for twenty minute sets, so don't come too late. (I-Beam, 12/23, 10:30 pm, \$7 adv, \$8 day.)

Muskrats, 800: The Muskrats are the post-punk answer to The Limelights. With acoustic guitar, washboard, and assaultingly enthusiastic vocals they power through "folk music" from "Snowbird" to "Homeward Bound," and Blue Oyster Cult's, "Godzilla," to Husker Du's, "New Day Rising." Talk about pop saviors! If there's a more entertaining young band in the city, I haven't seen them. (VIS club, 12/27, 10 pm, \$5.)

Motels, Kid Creole & The Coconuts: Ah, the struggle. Both these acts have been together — in one form or another — about ten years. Both have current lps out, neither of which is even in the Billboard 200. The Kid's "Endicott" did get

No Fashion Show, Fire Eaters, Black Athletes, Tekno Fear: The value-for-dollar pick for the night' with a suitably outlandish and unpredictable roster of talent, within strolling distance of Esta Noche and The Stud, in a friendly club that will stay open til dawn. (16th Note, 12/31, 9 pm, \$7 adv, \$8.50 day.)

General Public, Uptones: I love lead singer Dave Wakeling enough to recommend this up-front, but I can't help remembering that about a year ago General Public tore it up at the kabuki for a far less daunting price, and the group haven't released squat since then. Still, I'm sure the lads will put their hearts into it. Berkeley's ska-teens ought to bring out their cute loyalists. For the young and the restless. (HJ Kaiser, 12/31, 8:30 pm, \$20.)

Allen Toussaint: This is destively the class act of the night, but that doesn't make it a sure bet. Toussaint wrote and/or produced just about every great cut to come out of New Orleans in the last twenty years — from "Mother In Law" to "Ya Ya," "Lady Marmalade" to "Southern Nights;" but he is a painfully modest and surprisingly reserved performer, and will take to the keyboards here with a local pick-up band. The price includes a "cajun buffet" from 8-10 pm, and I hope the chef has been studying Paul Prudhomme's Bible. That kind of food would make this a bargain even if Toussaint misses his plane. (Oasis, 12/31, 8 pm - 3 am, \$20 single, \$35 couple.)

Los Lobos, TBA: The barrio-bar band of record are a national treasure. They ought to pack the hall that launched a kajillion acid trips. (Fillmore, 12/31, 9 pm, \$20.)

Continued on next page

Dave Ford

Texas T-Birds

Not in The Mood

The Fabulous Thunderbirds

At Wolfgang's 12/5, 85

The Leroi Brothers

At the Oasis 12/12, 85

Texas has made a number of contributions to popular culture of late as the subject for a voluminous, fast-selling Christmas tome by James Michener; by its execrable political position viz. gays, gay issues, AIDS, AIDS discrimination, and basic human civil rights (a rock-ribbed argument for the state's out-and-out secession); and lastly, with a host of rowdy bar-room bands faithfully reworking blues fields first tilled by '40s and '50s musicians on the chitlin' circuit.

One of the latter loped into Wolfgang's two Thursdays ago. In the past years, **The Fabulous Thunderbirds** have honed a grungy blues style with traditional roots in the music of Bob Willis, T-Bone Walker, and Bobby "Blue" Bland. On Thursday, the Austin invaders whipped a whooping crowd into a lather with swampy rockers, slimy slow blues numbers, and a sampling of Tex-Mex music. But the performance lacked real fire; it never tapped the sweaty, boozy, 3 am frenzy at the heart of the best roadhouse blues. That's a shame, because this band has reputedly ripped the roof off more than one distempered honky-tonk.

Guitarist Jimmy Ray Vaughn shone when

cranking out chunky rythm guitar chords. Unfortunately, he executed arthritic lead solos reminiscent more of forebearers like B.B. King than of his brother Stevie Ray (who is noted for his fluid, speedy blues playing). Vocalist Kim Wilson, who bore a disconcerting resemblance to deceased comic Andy Kaufman, howled and growled with fervor, but never with abandon. His snaky, squealy harp playing recalled the best of Muddy Waters but, again, never ignited. The newest and youngest member plucked a white stand-up bass nonchalantly, exhibiting a brand of sidelong boredom meant to pass for "cool" (capital "K"). The drummer was competent but unobtrusive.

The T-birds were joined for a three-song encore by "special guest 'star'" Carlos Santana. Santana was notable as much for his spooky denim jump suit (wide collars!) as for his crinkly lead-guitar essays. In keeping with the rest of the night, his setlette never ascended above the quotidian.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds are a virile party band, adept — word has it — at stripping listeners from the spine out with raunchy rythm and

The Thunderbirds performance lacked real fire; it never tapped the sweaty, boozy, 3 am frenzy at the heart of the best roadhouse blues.

blues. But as with all spontaneous music rooted in jazz and blues, the band's mood has to be right. It wasn't Thursday.

A week later, Austin redeemed itself. **The Leroi Brothers** are four Texas men with a bag full

of punchy originals and covers. They swung last Thursday night for forty shaking aficanados on the Oasis' cramped side bar.

Their singer warbled with practiced cool in a controlled growl, while Evan Johns riffed mightily, constructing tight, singing lead solos. They lifted a couple of rollicking originals from their Columbia EP "Forget the Danger, Think of the Fun," and encouraged with two George Jones chestnuts and a crack reading of Dion's "The Wanderer."

Thus, an unexpected pleasure: a sizzling bar band tucked away south of Market, entraining a lucky, sweaty few. □

Sun Shines

The Sun Ra Arkestra

At The Mabuhay Gardens 12/6, 85

Depending on your point of view and your spiritual level, 70-year-old big band leader **Sun Ra** is either an "other-side" messenger sent to tout the wonders of interstellar joy, or a space-cadet geek mired in mystical gobbledygook (with a band to match). For the initiated, Ra's Friday performance at the renovated Mab held few surprises — just a raving load of roller-coaster musical moments and intergalactic incantations.

Ra's twelve-man, "yeah-but-what-do-these-guys-eat-for-breakfast" ensemble opened with a ten-minute stroll through the shadier areas of "out" jazz. One moment they raised Coltrane's tortured ghost, the next they sounded like weekend drummers in Golden Gate Park. With horn screeches, drum chortles, conga bubbles and moaning brass cries they expertly trod the fine line between mindless noodling and transcendent exploration.

A female vocalist introduced the night's theme: "The say your life is a joy/When you get your vibrations from an asteroid." Dig? She was followed by the top Ra-man himself, elegant in leopard-skin poncho, fur hat and blue mascara. He sang, "Some call me Mr. Ra/Others call me Mystery," and busied himself staggering about the stage while the band blazed.

Once at his Yamaha DX7 keyboard, Ra got serious. He whipped the boys through a galloping range of styles ranging from trashy swing to tight runway-train be-bop. Bedecked in black glitter capes and sparkly red fezzes, the band members rifled through fat stacks of sheet music and blew in compellingly in unison. It became abundantly

clear that this orchestra is no joke; Ra's seasoned players are jazz pros. As he sat by benignly, they clapped, whooped and grinned at each others' inside musical jokes. One sax player, especially, turned in a succession of brilliant, swinging solos. The set wrapped with a barn-burning "Mack the Knife" — the front horn line circling the stage like hunched Dixeland demons — and lurched to a halt with an eventually acapella "Space is the Place."

It was an all-stops-out musical attack short on Ra's usual trans-planetary exhortation and long on supercharged big band musicianship. Don't miss him next time: this band provides the soundtrack for the space shuttle.

□ It's a cliché, but it's true: each time a musician dies, a little of us goes with him. Everything changes, forever.

Ian Steward, the "sixth Rolling Stone," died last week of a coronary. He was 47. "Stew" helped form rock and roll's premier band in the early '60s; when he was edged out of the lineup by an early manager for "not looking like a Stone," he nonetheless acted as roadie and pianist. Schooled in a traditional boogie-woogie keyboard style rooted in the honky-tonk and Dixieland music of the American South, Steward grounded the Stones in the blues tradition they worked to interpret. The barrell-like Scot's tinkling playing defined the band's sound as much as Keith Richards' slashing guitar or Charlie Watts' chaotic drumming.

With Stewart's death, an important rock and roll voice is silenced. If it's a happy day in rock and roll heaven, it's a sad day here on earth. ■

Rock from page 24

Freaky Executives, Behold Wyoming: Some folks like the locals better than The Time; the zany funketeers will be putting a shine on the witching hour in the East Bay. (Berkeley Square, 12/31, 10 pm, \$15.)

Chris Isaak: The Roy Orbison of Modesto will bring his pout and swagger to this gusty little hole-in-the-wall and debut material for the second lp he's due to start recording in '86. Ah hell, call it an historic event. (Nightbreak, 12/31, 11 pm, \$10.)

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ROXIE CINEMA

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Haring from page 18

critique. It didn't really matter though, he said; he would be leaving the next day for the opening of a one-man show that a museum in Bordeaux was giving him. He said that museums in America are too scared to give a one-man show to an artist his age, afraid that he might just be this week's flash in the pan.

Asked about the fame and success, he insisted that he didn't need it. "I know that if in two years I'm back doing day care in the Bronx and working with kids I could be perfectly happy." Dianne Fuller's eyebrow was arched slightly, but Haring looked like he believed it.

Haring is homosexual and makes no bones about it. In *Pop Underground*, (Last Gasp Comix) he talked to author Peter Belsito about his lover, a black dj, and about friendships with Andy Warhol, Phillip Johnson, and William Burroughs, saying, "I've always had respect for the elders of the homoerotic art world, who have inspired all kinds of people and had a big effect on me."

Haring arrived in San Francisco with his photographer friend, Tseng Kwong Chi, who documented his work for the book *Transit Art*, and his assistant, Benny, a coconut-headed Hispanic youth with a startling grin, decked out in a Keith Haring satin jacket and sporting a Keith Haring swatch. Benny was very quiet. Haring's friend, a Dr. Winkie, who's commissioned a mural to be painted next Spring when he completes construction on his SOMA club DV8, put them up in a guest house on the edge of Russian Hill and provided a limo.

The trio showed up later at the Stud. Haring asked local artist Dan Phil, "Where do the young boys hang out?" Hipped to Esta La Noche, he reportedly decided that was his other favorite bar in the city.

Asked if he'd had to censor homoerotic images from his work as his fame increased, Haring grinned. "Well, for last year's Venice Biennale I gave them a picture of Mickey Mouse getting fucked by ET, and that was in papers all over Europe. It was even on the back of a magazine for Italian teenagers."

He never puts sexually explicit images in the subway, however. As he explained to Belsito, "I don't really want to offend people or have them tell their kid not to look at it. That is public. It's not like the privacy of a gallery or book."

Haring's subway period may be over. He was still doing his famous chalk drawings two months ago, but people were following him and stripping the images out with exacto knives. Haring shrugged. "I guess I wouldn't have minded so much if they just really loved them and wanted to take them home for themselves, but I found out they were framing them and trying to sell them to collectors. That really destroyed the whole idea of the thing for me. It was about seeing, not profiting."

Pen at the ready, Haring left his mark on a lot of people during his visit — the hero worshippers and the intellectually curious, those who came to see, and those who came to profit. He'll be coming back to paint Dr. Winkie's mural, and I look forward to it. I can't help but like a guy who paints the town.

Opera

Bill Huck

Fall Opera Wrap-Up

The primary lesson taught by the recent Fall Opera season concerns the importance of the conductor. The SF Opera itself apparently anticipated this lesson when it announced last Spring that Sir John Pritchard was to become the company's first Music Director. Yet, at this point, Pritchard himself seems to be part of the problem rather than part of the solution.

For me, the most successful production this fall was the revival of Aribert Reimann's *Lear*. Revival is an important word here, for *Lear* sounded — and looked — better rehearsed and better prepared than what we generally see and hear at the Opera. Gerd Albrecht, perhaps the greatest conductor to have worked here in recent years, was to have presided, as he had in the 1981 summer series, but an injury forced him to withdraw. He was then replaced by his young associate, Friedemann Layer, who had led several European productions of *Lear*. Layer proved a firm, vigorous conductor, as well as a sensitive musician.

His cast, of course, was top-flight. Thomas Stewart gave a towering performance as the old King, Helga Dernesch sizzled as the wicked Goneril, Jacques Trussel won all hearts as the sinned-against Edgar. But still it was Layer, the conductor, who gave the performance its sweep and cohesion.

Maurizio Arena is clearly being treated by the Opera as a first-class conductor, and he is almost one. Both his *Adriana Lecouvreur* and his *Falstaff* were more than competent, but one lacked the tragic passion it needed, while the other missed that mixture of lightness and sorrow Verdi created for his last, shimmering masterpiece. *Falstaff*, however, did manage to create a fabulous impression because of its imaginative, almost choreographed staging.

Sir Charles Mackerras, who led Handel's *Orlando*, is clearly a talented musician, but in his

opera house appearances this season he was fighting an expensive but campy production of *Orlando*, and a mezzo hero who cared more for her own glory than the composer's. The whole showed a misunderstanding of Handel so deep that, except for Ruth Ann Swenson's singing, the evening fell flat. Nevertheless, *Orlando* did whet the appetite for more: when shall we get *Semele*, which is probably Handel's greatest effort, outside of *Messiah*, and the *Messiah* was composed in English? Covent Garden has a production we could borrow.

Turandot was a hideous mistake in all aspects, except for the radiant shine of Eva Marton's voice. There is no excuse for a major opera company hiring tenor Franco Bonisoli. To my ears, he has a sloppy vocal production to match his sloppy musical manners. His singing has volume but not purity of sound and his mangling of the score was shameful. Conductor Klobucar, who did such a splendid job on *Solome* a couple of years ago, made nothing of Puccini's grandest music drama. Perhaps he was working on the wrong side of the Alps, but perhaps he was so dismayed by the unmusical willfulness of his tenor that he simply could not give his best.

Werther told a slightly different story: that the dearth of good tenors is the primary reason for the drabness of most nights at the opera these days. Alfredo Kraus, who back in the mid-1950s was singing *Traviata* with Maria Callas, graced this season with the cleanest and most poetic tenor singing we have heard in San Francisco in too many seasons. If the evening failed to catch

fire, it was because Michael Plasson, the conductor, is a soft-edged romantic with not enough spark in his soul to ignite a match, let alone a Massenet opera. He can preach successfully only to the already converted.

A *Tosca* that is designed to showcase the Scarpi may be a good idea on paper. Indeed James Morris was wonderful as the lustful police-chief of Rome, but the conducting, though sometimes colorful, was slow and static, the *Tosca* herself ill-tuned and the Cavaradossi stiff-voiced. However, I must say that I would prefer to listen to Giuseppe Giacomini than to Franco Bonisoli.

Raymond Leppard returned the season to the heights that had been reached by *Lear* with his finely-detailed reading of Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd*. What a difference a good conductor can make! James King turned in a superb performance as Captain Vere, as did Morris in the role of Claggart and Peter Glossop as Mr. Redburn. The smaller roles were particularly well handled in this production, especially Daniel Harper as the off-stage voice, James Schwisow as the Novice, and Paul Gudas as Red Whiskers. Stage Director Basil Coleman deftly evoked the confined, yet seething world abroad ship. The projections were especially evocative of the loneliness of the sea.

And now we come to Music Director Pritchard and his two operas: *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *Der Rosenkavalier*. The first generalization that can be made is that the maestro's opening nights are dismal, even when judged by dress rehearsal standards. I saw and heard several performances of each of Pritchard's operas and the conducting did get better in both cases, though even the best of them would not warrant hiring this man as a company's music director. Virgil Thomson observed once that an artist cannot lose his talent, but he can lose his inspiration. Pritchard has kept his talent: he is a seasoned and knowing conductor. But he has lost his insight into the tensions and drama of music.

Ballo was a disgrace. Pritchard fought tenor Carlo Bergonzi, who knows more about Verdi singing and Verdi style than almost anybody alive. What a joy it could have been, had Bergonzi been given the support he deserved. Pritchard's alternations between excessively slow tempi for the passionate declarations of love and excessively quick tempi for the hustle and bustle pulled the music apart. The conductor's cold-fish interpretation of Verdi's many moods robbed the

music of all its vitality.

Rosenkavalier fared better, though its success must be credited to the singers and their forceful understanding of their roles, rather than to the conductor. Pritchard added next to nothing to the accomplishments of Kurt Moll as Baron Ochs and Brigitte Fassbaender as Octavian and he diminished Kiri Te Kanawa's achievement. Moll cannot be praised too highly, for he sang everything with joy, insight and zest. He is currently the world's great Gurnemanz; perhaps the Opera might organize a *Parsifal* around him. In most performances Fassbaender betrayed a frayed and worn voice, but she is a real professional, capable of riding expertly through the miasma of Pritchard's accompaniment. Kiri Te Kanawa managed some ravishingly beautiful moments, but her weak lower register kept her from conveying much of the conversational quality of the Marschallin's role. Pritchard could have helped by subtly controlling the orchestra, as, for example, Klobucar had for Josephine Barstow's Salome, but he did not — apparently he could not.

Books from page 19

without missing a beat. And it is all done with the child's sense of the moment as eternity.

But Picano outdoes himself in the passages where he describes his own growing awareness of language. Making the connections between the arcs and lines of the alphabet and the written word and, further on, the realization that the word can be used to argue and communicate will, I guarantee it, bring back memories for every reader and writer. These memories are put aside because we, adults that we are, have foolishly thought of them as childish.

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Twice A Month

December 20 — 26

Friday, December 20

Fempro is at it again; 6-8 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm, \$4; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Ellen Stapenhoest, singer, songwriter, guitarist, fiddler (take a breath); 8 pm, \$4 donation at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

"Deathtrap", Ira Levin's hit comedy, 8:30 pm, \$8-\$12 (also 12/21-22; matinee 12/22 at 3 pm); at Theatre Rhino. Call 861-5079.

"Tune The Grand Up", popular revue of Jerry Herman's songs; 8:30 pm, \$12.50 (cover); at 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

Buns Contest, prizes; 9 pm, Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

★Grand Reopening Party for the new N'Touch with the dynamic Leola Jiles, Joe Barnett; 9:30 pm, N'Touch Cabaret & Dance Bar. Call 441-8413.

Dueling saxophones: Benjamin Bossi & Norman Salant team in an unaccompanied sax performance; 11 pm, \$5 at Channel 181 Nightclub. Call 771-2393.

Saturday, December 21

★"Lust in the Dust": Divine & Tab Hunter up on the screen, joined by the SF Gay Freedom Day Marching Band; special benefit matinee for SF AIDS Foundation Food Bank sponsored by the Grand Ducal Council; 12 am (doors open 11:30 am) at the Castro Theatre. Call 661-5039.

Dancing with dj Chris Wasmund from 8 pm, \$4 cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Claire Mix & Mom offer original music, blues, humor; 8 pm, \$3.50 donation at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Chanticleer, renowned male vocal ensemble performs a Christmas concert; 8 pm, \$12 at St. Ignatius Church. Call 392-4400.

Snow White Look-A-Like Contest, 9 pm, Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Westia Whitfield's luminous vocal stylings with Mike Greensill, Paul Breslin; 9:30 pm, \$6 at Buckley's Cabaret. Call 552-8177.

★"Flirting with Santa"; the Trocadero staff host a Christmas party with music by Steven Smith, visuals by Greg Fleming, opticals by Cameron Brown; 10 pm - dawn, \$10 (\$5 ID required); at Trocadero Transfer. Call 495-0185.

"Strange Beat", musical performance featuring Kitty Baudoin, Sharon Pucci, Boris Goldman, Joe Herber; 11 pm, \$5 at Channel 181 Nightclub. Call 771-2393.

Goings On in the Next Two Weeks

Sunday, December 22

★"A Christmas Gala & Dance Along Nutcracker" presented by the SF Band Foundation; lavishly decorated community Christmas party hosted by Jose Sarria featuring the SF Gay Freedom Day Marching Band, Twirling Corps, Flag Corps, SF Tap Troupe & City Swing, as well as cabaret artists Pamela Brooks & Gail Wilson; 5-7 pm, \$10-\$15 at the Gift Center Pavilion. Call 621-5619.

Linda Tillery presents soulful blues, jazz; 5:30 pm, \$5 cover; 8:30 pm, dj **Donna Rego**; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

"Oldies Are Still the Goodies"; 2nd annual AIDS Food Drive benefit in memory of David Warren Wheeler; 6 pm, \$3 or food items; at Industrial Dance Company. Call 626-2543.

"A Christmas Memory" by Truman Capote (in what's becoming a Christmas tradition) read by Robert Coffman; 8 pm, Walt Whitman Bookshop. Call 861-3078.

"A Whole Lot of Bessie in Me" starring Aldo Bell; 8:30 pm, \$6 at Buckley's Cabaret. Call 552-8177.

Monday, December 23

Marga Gomez's antics & **Joseph Taro's** songs; 8 pm, \$2 cover, at the new N'Touch. Call 441-8413.

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

Tuesday, December 24

Christmas Eve
Cindy Herron's "Billie's Song" with Bob Bendorff at piano; 5:30 pm, \$2 cover, at the new N'Touch. Call 441-8413.

Wednesday, December 25
Christmas Day
Benefit for the SF AIDS Foundation, all proceeds and tips for the day donated by the Mid-night Sun.

Thursday, December 26

"Feathers 'n' Flesh", featuring male strippers and comic Karen Ripley; 8 pm, \$2 cover, at the new N'Touch. Call 441-8413.

Bonnie Hayes solos on piano, 7 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 441-8413.



Pilar is one of the acts in the Plush Room's Cabaret Festival. See 17/27

Mitch Bandanza, formerly with Beach Blanket Babylon; 9 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

"Adventures at the Moonlight Lounge" with the Taptations & Kevin Martin; 11 pm, \$5 cover, at Channel 181 Nightclub. Call 771-2393.

December 27 — January 2

Friday, December 27

Monica Palacios & Marga Gomez team, 6 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm, \$4 cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

End-of-week treat; favorite cabaret stars perform 6:30 pm, no cover, at the new N'Touch. Call 441-8413.

Singer & composer Pilar returns to the Plush Room with a quartet; 7:30 & 10 pm at the York Hotel (also 12/28-29). Call 885-6800.

Saturday, December 28

Westia Whitfield's luminous vocal stylings with Mike Greensill, Paul Breslin; 9:30 pm, \$6 at Buckley's Cabaret. Call 552-8177.

Sunday, December 29

Chevere plays Latin jazz; 5:30 pm, \$4 cover; 8:30 pm with dj **Donna Rego**, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Tuesday, December 31

Cindy Herron, toast of "Billie's Song", with Bob Bendorff; 5:30 pm, \$2 cover, at the new N'Touch. Call 441-8413.

Baybrick celebrates with party favors, champagne; 8 pm, \$8 cover. Call 431-8334.

"Tune the Grand Up" kicks off a special New Year's Eve party; 8:30 pm, \$50 cover, performance 9:45 pm, at 1177 Club. Call 776-2101.

Giant party from 9 pm; at Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Westia Whitfield is the attraction at a dinner show, 9 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. For reservations call 552-8177.

★"So Many Men 1986", the 1-Beam family's annual binge features Trent Turner & Co. and exclusive West Coast engagement of hit disco group Lime, "Venice Chainsaw Juggler" Robert Gruenberg, djs Michael Garrett and Mary Ryan; 9 pm, \$25 adv. \$35 door, at the Gift Center Pavilion. Call 668-6023.

Rawhide II's annual year-end bash will be awash in lottery tickets; 9 pm, no cover. Call 621-1197.

SF Eagle rings in the New Year from 9 pm, no cover. Call 626-0880.

★New Year's Eve Celebration; 10 pm - dawn, \$15 (Troc ID not required); includes champagne, party favors, hors d'oeuvres; at Trocadero Transfer. Call 495-0185.

Taptations special floor show, 11 pm, \$5, at Channel 181 Nightclub. Call 771-2393.

Sentinel USA is expanding its arts & entertainment listings. Let us know about your group's activities. Next deadline is **December 27 for January 2, 1986** (publication)

Mixed Reviews

The Critics Choose Favorites

Art: pickings are slim; step down a notch and catch Gary Larson's mordant cartoons in "A Far Side of Science," at the Academy of Sciences at Golden Gate Park. Free, for the hardcore, first Wednesday of every month. Call 752-8268.

Spectacular Helmets of Japan, 75 examples of millinery among the Oriental military, is across the Music Concourse from the Academy at the Asian Art Museum through 1/26/86. Call 558-2993.

"Hidden Treasure"; out in the Avenues, nine sterling displays of California Arts & Crafts Movement furnishings, weekends only at the SF Crafts & Folk Arts Museum. Call 668-0406.

Dance: book ahead for **Bill T. Jones, Arnie Zane & Co.**; the duo have been making dances about their bi-racial relationship for some years; this show premieres "Secret Pastures" here; 1/9-12/86 at UC Berkeley's Zellerbach Playhouse. Call 642-9988.



The K'Thar Sissies celebrate the Winter Solstice with a Ceremony of Wands, an erotic celebration and blessing of renewal, 12/21. Call 921-7314.

Film: "Colegas," directed by Eloy de la Iglesia (*El Diputado*) a study of troubled youth in present day Madrid, opens 12/27 for one week at the Roxie Cinema. Call 431-3611.

Warner Bros. Diamond Jubilee Tribute, 60 film, month-long salute to the studio features no less than 17 of Bette Davis' finest; starts 12/22 at the Castro Theatre. Call 621-6120.

A Tribute to Orson Welles includes two of the late director's least shown and most intriguing projects, 12/22 at the SF Art Institute Cinematheque. Call 771-7020.

Music: *The Four Freshmen* may epitomize square, but their backup on the Manhattan Transfer's latest album was a treat; they're at the Venetian Room at the Fairmont for a week long engagement, opening 12/26. Call 772-5163.

Mozart's version of Handel's *Messiah* is of unusual interest; the SF Symphony, under Edo de Waart, will be performing it 12/18-21 at Davies Hall. Call 431-5400.

Theatre: "night, Mother," Pulitzer-prize winning drama has its Bay Area premiere at A.C.T. 12/31. Call 673-6440.



A scene from Colegas. See Film

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

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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 relationship hopefully growing into friendship 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)

Look Sweet 16?
Slim lover wanted 18-19, who looks younger. Too young to get into bars? Too young to shave? Share love and fun with caring, mature, gentle man 45, 5'7", 160 lbs., glasses. Any race OK. Inexperienced OK. Like respect, equality, nature, computers, heated swimming pool, walking by the ocean, really getting to know each other, being very affectionate? Call 585-4335 9 am - 11 pm. No phone sex. Follow the safe sex guidelines. (P-13)

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! P.O. Box 442, 584 Castro, SF 94114-2588. (P-17)

Oral Sex Slavery
Masculine, secure, imaginative, healthy, vigorous and fit man, genuinely into both sides of the headlined erotic artform, seeks similar man for longterm involvement. I enjoy diverse sexual expressions, from "abuse" to affection, but not greek. I am W/M, 39, 5'8", 165#, solid, bald, bearded, and enjoy outdoors, jogging, workouts, activities of mind and spirit. I dislike drugs, city hedonism, and slack. P.O. Box 30173, Oakland 94604. (P-17)

Muscular Blacks Wanted
G/W/M, 39, 5'11", 150 lbs., slim body, with bulging jockstrap and smooth white buns, seeks smooth muscular black tops with huge cocks, 32 to 50 for long deep sessions. Eugene 285-9672. (P-17)

I am attractive professional 31 year old GWM, 5'6", 133 lbs., brown hair, mustache. Looking for an attractive man 21-35 years old who is interested in friendship and possible relationship. Pleasures include music, sports and safe sex. For a prompt reply please send photo and letter to: Occupant, 495 Ellis St., #PT200, SF., CA 94102. (P-17)

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GWM, 40's, new to area, looking for friends for good times and safe sex. Into classical music, talk radio, travel, cooking, pipe organs, nudism, photographing macho men and exhibitionists. Send letter with photo (if possible) and phone number to: Rob, P.O. Box 1062, Forestville, CA 95436. (P-17)

Blonde Bomber
The phone is still steaming but the vision of your blue eyes is fading and I miss you. Will you come home and meet my dog? Sacramento St. (P-17)

Looking for a date New Years Eve? So am I. Safe very good looking white male 6', 170, 38, mustache, brown hair, hazel eyes looking for same age 35 to 50 to share New Years Eve and Day. I'll foot the bill for that right guy. Why would a good looking guy place an add? It's hard to find a honest nice looking guy today. Reply with letter and photo to SUSA, Box 745. (P-16)

Butt Play
Muscular bodybuilder wants top/daddy, muscular, smooth, 20's to 50's dildo expert. I'm 40, 185 lbs., shaved, please call Mike, 759-6575. Non-smokers only. (P-17)

S/M LOVER WANTED
Masculine, aggressive, V.G.L., sm(er), both, 37, 150, 5-11 seeks similar mate who is a fanatic for opera and achievement. Write Colt today with phone & foto if possible. SUSA, Box 748. (P-19)

Performers Wanted Rock/Classical Band
Rock Band starting to create a popular yet new form of rock which synthesizes opera/classical with rock. Call Chuck today 285-4912. All talents welcomed and considered. (P-19)

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

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)

MUSCLE MALES
White male, 44, 5'7", 160 lbs, seeks MUSCLE MALE LOVER, into sincere relationship only who enjoys Love, dining out, cooking, antiques, astrology, numerology, J.O., and tilt-play. Include phone number, picture if possible. Write 537 Jones, Box 5136, SF., CA 94102. (P-17)

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)

Hungry For Bear Meat?
Hunting Season is now open on the Russian River so get your gun primed and ready to shoot. Big masculine bearded hairy Bear (43, 6', 270 lbs.) looking for Bear hunters/Chubby Chasers for hot wild animal sex. Looks not as important as sincerity and hunting skills. Trap me at my mountain lair or lure me to your place. Letter/photo gets mine. Box 1461 Guerneville 95446. (P-17)

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