

*Can We Rein in the Parade Committee? An Inside View page 4*

# Sentinel

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**Out of Our  
Mouths**  
An Anthology of  
Men's Writing  
See Insert



MARC GELLER

## Cordon Blues

Dave Ford on  
the Velvet Rope



MARC GELLER

*New York-style door  
policies at SOMA's newest  
niteries make it tough to  
get inside. But are the  
clubs making it too tough?*

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Parade-goers lining the route along United Nations Plaza

## Editorial

Ken Coupland

### It's Out of Our Mouths

As you flip from the horoscope to the personals in this issue — that is what you do, you know — you'll notice a radically different look to our midsection. "On Our Backs," an anthology of men's writing, has been in preparation for the last several months, and here it is now in our special pre-parade issue.

If you're a writer, you may wonder why we didn't advertise the fact we were soliciting men's writing. Or why we aren't publishing women's writing. And who are these guys anyway?

To answer those questions, we have to go back a ways. Twenty or thirty years ago, a loose coalition of writers known as the Berkeley Renaissance battled, bitched and stole each other's boyfriends through a revolution in American letters. Poets by and large, they were mostly faggots and, for the most part, didn't care who knew.

We hear a lot about the Beats and their scene in North Beach lately; they could be said to be enjoying a minor renaissance themselves. But we don't hear much about Robin Blaser, Robert Duncan, Lewis Ellingham, Stan Persky or Jack Spicer. These members of

the Berkeley group of writers wrote in a new and different way, and they wrote candidly about topics the poetry establishment had only tacitly acknowledged.

Their behavior showed courage. For some, it meant that critical reception to their work was abusive at worst, or that they were ignored, at best. Robert Duncan published "The Homosexual in Society" in 1947. In 1984, when his first book of poetry in 15 years appeared, the academic poetry community was silent, but thousands of poets banded together to create the National Poetry Award, especially in his honor.

The mainstream publishing houses, university presses, and officially sanctioned magazines and anthologies had good reason to exclude Duncan and his fellow writers. Theirs was (and is) a revo-

lution of style as well as content.

Major poets, homosexual or otherwise, who continued to develop the experimental tradition forged earlier in the 20th century, could count on being relegated to small press editions in hundreds of copies.

Today, the situation isn't much different. While there are exceptions (the New American Library's forthcoming gay writing anthology, *Men on Men*, for example), innovation in writing is automatically consigned to marketing oblivion. Today's experimental writers are, however, in good company. The works of Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams were neglected in its day—and who reads the writers who were popular then?

The anthology in this issue includes the work of writers like Duncan, James Broughton and Harold Norse — grand old men of gay writing who'd probably cringe at either term. It also includes writing by mature poets and prose writers who look to these men as models. And, finally, the anthology includes the work of young "unknowns" who have learned from them all. We're proud to publish them.

These writers circulate through free tabloids like *Poetry Flash*, SF-based and an excellent guide to writers and readings (contributor Steve Abbott was editor for some years). They read at Small Press Traffic on 24th Street, at New College, at the Clarion coffeehouse on Mission, and at Modern Times Bookstore on Valencia. Events like The White Rabbit Symposium and Jack Spicer Conference, which ends tomorrow, are a good opportunity for hearing these writers in numbers.

Women writers who share their commitment will be the subject of a second anthology later this year.

Introductions are in order. Parade insider and newshound David M. Lowe comes to us from broadcasting jobs as far-flung as Sacramento (check a map) and Chattanooga, Tennessee. Lowe's a graduate of the U.S. Military's crack newsie academie, the Defense Information School, and he's worked for the U.S. Air Force as an information specialist.

Corrections: Sentinel vet Bill Huck found his byline left off his review of the Kirov Ballet in our last issue. Newcomer Marc Geller wasn't credited for his photos of the tube of SNL's Terry Sweeney.

## Letters

### Uber Alleman

To the Editor:

I've put down my copy of your June 6 Sentinel to write this (a very rare thing for me to do on a Saturday morning once I'm settled down in the sofa with a cup of coffee and a week's worth of reading material). Perhaps you've featured photos by Thomas Alleman before, and I haven't taken notice however, his work in this issue is certainly noteworthy. His photographs have an almost uncanny quality which especially enhances the AIDS articles he's worked on. If they reproduce this well in newspaper, the originals must be very good. Their consistent mood and high quality go far beyond regular photojournalism. (I am reminded of Stanley Stellar in *The New York Native* — different, but identifiable). Keep up the good work — and thanks again for the handsome centerfold.

H. Grant

H. Grant's photos of Douglas Tilden's sculptures were featured in our May 23 issue.

### No Side Effects

To the Editor:

The Immune Enhancement Project is a small, recently funded project that is interested in the use of traditional Chinese medicine in the treatment of AIDS-Related Complex (ARC). We have a dual goal of trying to find a pattern in ARC through Chinese medicine, and to use Chinese herbs and possibly acupuncture to enhance the immune system. This is a positive, age-old system without the toxicity and other detrimental side effects of current drug modalities.

In an effort to reach the largest number of persons possible who have ARC, we are asking the media and readers to help in outreach. If you wish more information, please call us at 841-7019.

In these very difficult and painfilled times we appreciate your help in sharing this hopeful venture by putting it out to so many people.

Susan M. Black  
Co-Coordinator Immune  
Enhancement Project

### Natural Therapies

To the Editor:

I am continuing a program of natural therapies for AIDS and ARC patients. I have openings in my study group for five people who have these problems. They must have Medi-Cal insurance. The natural supplements are provided free of charge. Anyone who is interested should call me at 873-4076.

Laurence E. Badgley, M.D.

### No More Victims

To the Editor:

Many of us are realizing that our thoughts have power that our thinking patterns and states of consciousness affect and influence our physical circumstances and conditions. This idea is at the core of the work of many in the healing arts, the work of Louise Hay being a prime example of this.

If the above premise is accepted, take it one step further and consider the effect that the thoughts of others have on us and on our own thinking patterns, especially from those we depend upon and seek guidance from, namely, our health care practitioners. Consulting with physicians and health care professionals who regard AIDS as an eventual death sentence and people with AIDS as victims is probably not the best course of action. Their negative thinking is on an unconscious and conscious level, as may be the treatments and protocols they prescribe (if they regard people with AIDS as individuals who can't be helped).

AIDS-concerned people would do well to choose their health care professionals carefully, making sure they have a positive outlook toward their condition as well as their recovery.

Alan Burns  
HEAL

(Health Education AIDS Liaison)  
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### Credit Where It's Due

To the Editor:

I would like to express a personal sentiment and some observations after attending the Candlelight March on Memorial Day last Monday.

My personal sentiment is that I could not agree more with those who spoke with rage against the forthcoming LaRouche Initiative and other politicians who would use gays and lesbians as scapegoats for the troubles of the world.

However, I do feel it is important to recognize the many people who are already committed and working for our rights.

My observation is that we would all greatly benefit by putting our positive energies into supporting candidates who support the lesbian and gay community. While it is important to remind ourselves of the indignities with which we are confronted, we do have a choice, and that choice is to vote for candidates like Pat Norman.

Steve Lessure

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

## Commentary

Pete King

### Proud as Hell

This June, we in San Francisco will join millions of men and women around the world in celebration of our pride as gay women, lesbians, gay men and bisexuals. We will commemorate and reaffirm the spirit of the Stonewall Rebellion and to rejoice in our heritage, lifestyles and community achievements.

We'll share in the magic and sense of wonder and beauty created when a diverse coalition of people assemble out of common bond — love. It is our love for one another and courage in defense of the love for ourselves that makes us unique and gives us our strength.

This year, perhaps more than any other year, our love and our place in society are under attack, our rights and gains threatened, and our very lives at risk. We are at a crossroads — a time of decision and an opportunity for change.

We as a community have experienced the fear and anxiety of AIDS. But we have been able to see the reality of disease and prove we can respond with caring and understanding. Through education we have learned how to continue with our lives and focus our energies on the positive aspects of being engaged in a healing process. The rest of society now experiences some of the fear and anxiety we have felt. Only their experience is compounded by the ignorant, homophobic rhetoric of self-serving politicians, bureaucratic malaise, and traditional church teachings. Our ability to transform the sense of panic will directly impact our lives and our future.

AIDS has brought changes in our lives both negative and positive. It has renewed violence from those who do not understand or accept us, but it has also focused issues of gay rights before national attention as never before. We are front-page news; those who would otherwise ignore us are now forced to come to terms with the reality that we are a part of every community in this country.

Being in the spotlight presents us with a chance to inform and enlighten. By effectively communicating who we are, what we accomplish, and how much we contribute, we help destroy the myths and negative stereotypes that pervade many communities. To gain the respect and acceptance we deserve, people need to view us in human terms — as part of their families and their lives. We cannot afford to isolate ourselves nor be complacent to feel comfortable only in our own neighborhoods. To help make our lives free to justify our love for one another, and to create a better, more tolerant world for gay youth to grow in, we need to come out. We need to show we are proud as hell.

Gay pride celebrations, by whatever name or form they take, are the single largest public relations and media opportunity we have; they should always be organized with this fact in mind. By coming out, we are prospering, and we should show off what is best about our community. They should be exciting, fun and colorful and give the general public an opportunity to get to know us, to party with us,

and share in our lives. This is our holiday. We are part of the rich cultural fabric of this country, and our celebrations should be as universal in appeal as Cinco de Mayo and St. Patrick's Day. Everyone should feel welcome, and is encouraged to participate.

In San Francisco, it appears there are those who continue to feel that the parade needs to be a march and rally, a political demonstration of power. They resent the carnival aspect, and point out we do not fully enjoy our civil liberties in this country and are still legally discriminated against. This approach to social change is true, but not sufficient any more. This is the '80s, the decade of Live Aid and Hands

Across America. People are showing their concern in different ways than in the past. The '80s, for better or worse, is the era of the megaevent.

San Francisco's Freedom Day Celebration has the potential — if ever properly managed, produced and promoted — to become one of the world's magnificent festivals, in the same league as Mardi Gras in New Orleans or Oktoberfest in Munich. Wouldn't it be a breakthrough if the Parade were developed to the point where it was nationally televised? Isn't a goal to try and reach as broad an audience as possible? Gay Games is a precedent for the kind of international support this city can generate for a well-run event. It is an organization that has tried to stay clear of deciding people's politics for them, one that takes responsibility for the business aspects of producing an event that everyone can be a part of, and enjoy. Indeed, it is not the role of any one group to tell us what is politically correct, nor to use our community's name and event for their own personal agenda.

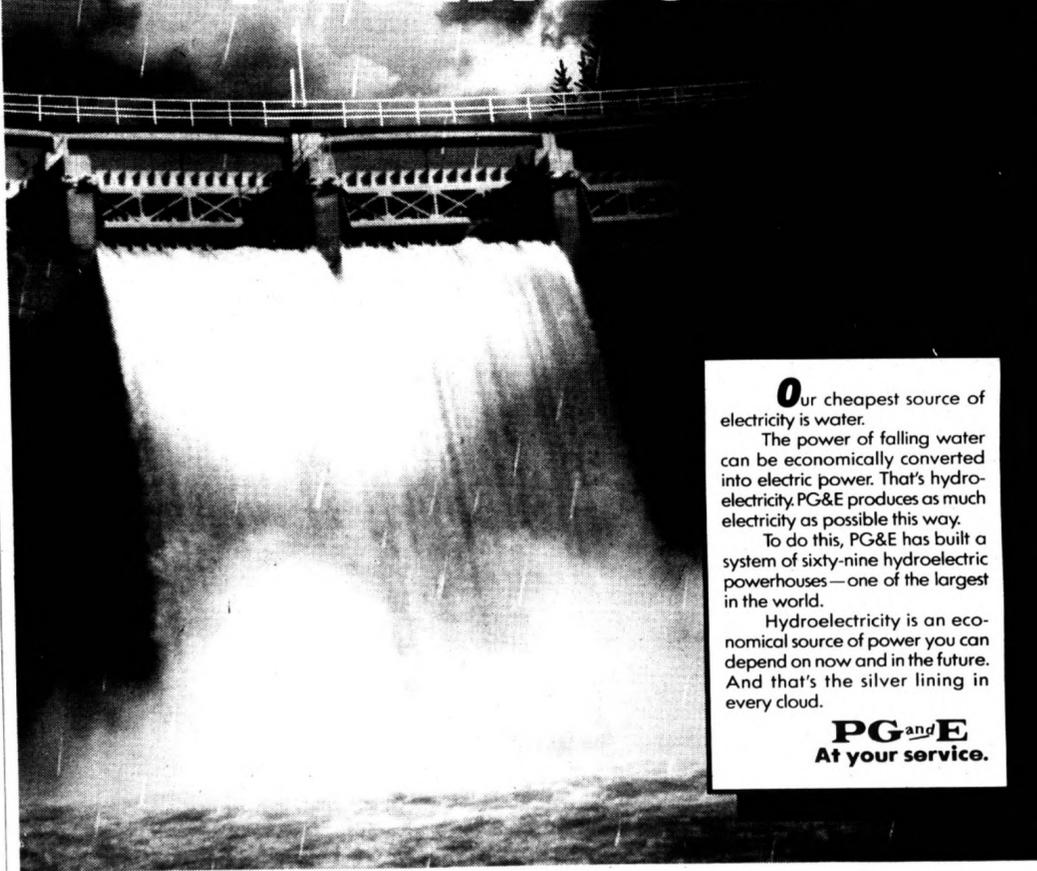
We are a reflection of the world we live in and embrace the diversity of races, creeds, opinions and lifestyles around us. We need to devel-

Continued on page 11



Allies in Wonderland: a pair of spectators at the Parade

# HOW PG&E CONTROLS ENERGY COSTS, WITH SOME HELP FROM ABOVE.



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VOICE OF THE NEW GENERATION

# Should We Rein in the Parade Committee?

An Insider's View by David M. Lowe Parade Photos by H Grant

It had been another long night of heated discussions, true to form for a meeting of the 1986 San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration Committee. It was the most important meeting of the year for the Parade's steering committee.

The thirty or so volunteers representing diverse occupations and ideas had gathered to approve the Parade and Celebration's Grand Marshals, speakers and entertainers, and MUNI station billboard designs.

On this occasion, it seemed nearly everyone with the right to vote had turned out and expressed an honest, emotional, gut-level opinion.

Well over three hours of Parade politics—at its best or worst, depending on your view—had gone by. Still, the burning question remained, why all the fervor and impassioned pleas for each particular point of view?

Some committee members believe that other members are more concerned with promoting their personal agendas at the expense of

promoting the event as a whole. Herein lies the problem, the source of constant bickering and backbiting. In regard to the pursuit of personal power, Board of Directors member Ken Purnell said: "The Parade committee is not a political group; it's the in-fighting that had made it become political." Others would agree.

**"The Parade committee is not a political group; it's the in-fighting that has made it become political."**

"Sometimes I think a lot of people forget we're putting on a parade and celebration," says Patrick Toner, Parade Co-Chair. "They don't take into account the larger picture: This is a major gay rights demonstration that the world looks at."

A possible solution that could reduce the political in-fighting on the parade committee is "for people to leave their own personal agendas at home and come with an open, flexible attitude as to what is best for the community," says Purnell. He feels some committee members use the often closed forum as a form of "therapy, en-

gaging in psychological ploys for power by holding out for their own views." Purnell also believes that each year the committee loses a lot of new, young, interested people; with good, fresh ideas because they are faced with almost constant bickering.

The Co-Chair of this year's event agrees with Purnell. Autumn Courtney thinks the problem is aggravated by factions pursuing their own "special interests," people more interested in "personalities," than the Parade, and just the "old guard wanting to hang on to control," Toner concurs with Purnell and Courtney that new blood on the committee is lacking, but places the blame in another area: "I think the current structure as it exists is antiquated, and there is entirely too much process for a one-day event." He refers to the current by-laws governing the body and intimates that "for the committee to survive, the by-laws must be scrapped and the structure reorganized." The by-laws are now nearly ten years old. Purnell believes they are outdated and should be thrown away, and the

committee should start fresh. "They're not applicable anymore," says Purnell, who alleges the "group could be held together with less stringent rules and by-laws."

Another viewpoint on the committee structure comes from Larry

Burnett, a committee Co-Chair who completely opposed scrapping the current make-up by suggesting "minor changes in the by-laws" reducing the size of the steering committee, and making the process less top-heavy. Burnett is a prime example of a newcomer who had been put off by the politics of the Parade committee. A few years back he expressed an interest in helping with the Parade, but found it difficult to crack what he perceived as a closed group. He tried again another year and worked his way up the structure by volunteering to work on a couple of sub-committees. His work paid off: He is now co-chairman of the booth and personnel committees. Responding to a statement by Toner that in the recent past the committee had an "elitist attitude" and that they accepted only volunteers who were "politically correct," Burnett said he didn't view them as elitist but as a "closed community that operated with the attitude of a tight-knit family apprehensive at working with outsiders." siders.

Burnett said "Despite all the personal promoting that goes on it's still a wonderful parade and celebration, and it's something I will continue to be involved with because it promotes equality for all men and women and does outreach to people of color, the handicapped and Persons with AIDS."

It appears Burnett's success in cracking the committee stems from his being able to circumvent the political process, or to successively navigate the occasionally troubled political waters. Like some others, he has learned to work from within for the good of the committee by bearing in mind to "think big and look at how decisions will affect the entire gay community even beyond San Francisco." That's one reason Burnett says he supported adding a lesbian and gay Grand Marshal. He feels that even though many San Franciscans might be aware of why we're honoring Rita Rockett and Sharon McNight, lesbians and gays who observe us from cities and towns across the country would not be as familiar with their work with AIDS patients and gay causes and may not appreciate why a lesbian or gay man was not leading the Parade.

Another person successful in influencing the committee was Scott Agnew, designer of the pink and blue billboards you may have seen in the Castro, Church St. or Van Ness MUNI stations.

When I called Scott indicating I wished to interview him for an article on Parade politics, his initial response was "I hate parade politics." Some individuals with this attitude don't volunteer their time, others work with it or around it, and still others—like Agnew—just ignore it. Agnew chose to not get involved in the power plays or move up the political ladder. Instead, he stopped attending the long and tedious meetings of the steering and general membership and merely offered his talents. Others on the committee were so impressed with his graphics work that they chose to fight the political battles for him, which left him time to devote to the product. In the end, the battle to use his design or the adopted logo of this year's Parade for the advertising was decided on the quality of the work itself and on Agnew's commitment to his design. He believes that

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## Cordon Blues:

### Getting in the Door

by Dave Ford

Photos by Marc Geller

On a hectic Thursday evening earlier this month, SOMA impresario Lawrence Lim, better known as "Dr. Winkie," unveiled a portion of his new Club DV8 at 540 Howard. Winkie plans an eight-room, three-floor glitz emporium slated to feature live music once a week and "new music dancing" Fridays through Sundays, a spot Winkie hopes will "provide an internationally established dance place here in San Francisco."

At \$10 a pop on Fridays and Saturdays and \$8 the other nights, Winkie's new *casa fabulosa* is shooting for a well-heeled clientele: A \$450 yearly "general" membership allows the card-carrier and a pal "VIP entrance" (no waiting at the velvet rope). Memberships in the thus far hush-hush downstairs Club Privee, set to debut this September, may run upwards of double that, according to insiders. DV8 publicist Jennifer Jones refused comment on the project: Competitors have big ears.

Jones also refused to comment on exactly what membership clientele the club is targeting, noting only that "we are marketing toward different areas: artistic, social and corporate." Since Winkie plans to advertise DV8 in out of town magazines like *The Face*, *Interview*, *Details* and *ID*, you can bet he ain't gunnin' for the bridge and tunnel crowd.

Ordinary folk can buy tickets at to live events "alternative" acts like opening entertainer New York's John Sex, German industrial noise band Einsturzende Neubaten, and rocker Charlie Sexton, to name a few recent shows. On other nights welcome to the club's disco — assuming, of course, they get past the doorman and the velvet rope.

Doormen and cordons Ropes are hardly new to the SF club scene. South of Market hotspots like Nine, the Oasis and DNA all have them, for different reasons. Nine manager John Clarke recently said their doorman "is more of a host, rather than somebody picking people out to come in." Oasis partner Paul Rosman said theirs "keeps out the underage," especially in light of recent police crackdowns. "We're not an image-type club," Rosman said. "So we're not looking for certain kinds of dress. At DNA, manager Jim English said the doorman is trained to spot "people with a certain amount of club etiquette — we don't want people in the corner doing drugs and throwing up."

But DV8's Winkie seemed to have a more difficult time with the door policy issue. Between dashing around the rubble-strewn club interior the Wednesday before opening night, watching ongoing construction projects, and monitoring the progress of New York graffiti artist Keith Haring's progress on his wall-sized mural, the lithe 33-year-old millionaire grappled with the question of the club's exclusiveness.

"The criteria for our doorman

revolve around picking people who have come to have fun," Winkie said. "They have to be beautiful, act beautiful, and carry themselves off well. This isn't meant to be discriminatory, but we're trying to create an atmosphere conducive to the public."

Winkie noted "there's a fine gray area" around the doorman's job.



Dr. Winkie, you presume: Club DV8 impresario Lawrence Lin (center) mugs cameraward

"Everyone wants to get in," he said. "We want a mix of all kinds. We're not that selective, but we're trying to be discerning."

What about the hefty door tariff?

"It makes it difficult for people to get in," Winkie conceded. "But we are trying to provide more than other clubs in San Francisco. If

you provide the best, you have to charge for it."

Certainly, Winkie has paid plenty for the Club's look, a combination of trompe l'oeil murals, faux marble columns, walnut and wood bars, and chandeliers (all in the Keith Haring Room where live acts perform). Club interior designer Shahla Etterfagh, a six-year SF

resident, said Winkie has sunk "over a million dollars" into the palace—so far.

"I love to work with classic materials," Etterfagh said as she watched workers (some wearing Keith Haring Swatch watches) scurry about the war-zone-like construction site. "It's time to move

Continued on page 11

# IS IT SAFE TO HAVE UNSAFE SEX WITH YOUR LOVER?

Many men have the mistaken idea that Unsafe Sex with a lover is safe, especially if the relationship is monogamous.

That is rarely true. For most of us, there is no safe way to have Unsafe Sex during the AIDS epidemic.

Nearly all of the publicity about AIDS has focused on avoiding Unsafe Sex with multiple partners. That is because from an epidemiological point of view, Unsafe Sex with multiple partners spreads AIDS far more widely than Unsafe Sex with a single partner.

Monogamous relationships do cut down on the spread of AIDS, but they don't guarantee the safety of the men in the relationships.

No one knows for certain just how much re-exposure to the virus is required for the disease to result. The body's defenses may be able to resist some quantity of the virus, but at some point, if you continue to be exposed (even to viruses from the same person), your body's defenses may be overcome.

It is not safe to have Unsafe Sex with your lover (or anyone else), UNLESS:

1. You have BOTH been in an EXCLUSIVELY monogamous relationship with each other for at least five years AND neither of you has shared IV needles, had transfusions, or used other blood products; OR
2. You have both been tested for HTLV-3 antibodies twice over a six-month period and have both received negative test results and haven't since been exposed.

Hardly anyone qualifies!

Caring about your partner these days means protecting one another from re-exposure to the virus. Try new and safer ways of sexual-expression. Use condoms if you have anal sex. *Avoid Unsafe Sex.*

Take care of one another. Take care of the community. There is nothing you can do about the past. There is a great deal you can do about the future.

If you would like more information or assistance, help is available. The STOP AIDS

Project, 621-7177, offers one-evening discussion groups about the AIDS epidemic. The AIDS Health Project, 626-6637, provides eight-week support groups focused on issues of social support, health promotion, and AIDS. And of course, the Foundation's AIDS HOTLINE, 863-AIDS, can provide the latest information on AIDS-risk and AIDS-prevention, as well as other referrals.



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

415-863-AIDS  
Toll Free in

Northern California:  
800-FOR-AIDS

TDD: 415-864-6606

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

## AIDS ANTIBODY TESTING

### Free, Anonymous Test Program Continues in San Francisco

New funding will extend the anonymous AIDS antibody testing program offered by the San Francisco Department of Public Health.

Without revealing your name or identity, you can make an appointment to learn more about the test by telephoning 621-4858, T-Th, 3-9 p.m.; F, 12-5 p.m.; Sat, 8 a.m.-5 p.m. MAKING AN APPOINTMENT DOES NOT COMMIT YOU TO TAKING THE TEST. After hearing a brief presentation at the test site you will have a chance to ask questions. You may then leave or stay to take the test.

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

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

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

If you want general information about AIDS or the AIDS antibody test, telephone the San Francisco AIDS Foundation HOTLINE (863-AIDS, 9-9 M-F, 11-5 S-Su). If you want to make an appointment at an Alternative Test Site for education or testing, call 621-4858 T-Th, 3-9 p.m.; F, 12-5 p.m.; Sat, 8 a.m.-5 p.m.



TDD: 621-5106

Funding for this message provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health

# The City

## 'Forward Together, No Turning Back'

It's nearly that time of year again, the time to express your gay pride in union. The 17th Annual SF Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Celebration begins at 11 am, Sunday, June 29, at the corner of Market and Spear Sts.

**Grand Marshals:** For their time, affection and talents donated to members of the gay community, especially those with AIDS, Rita Rockett and Sharon McNight will be the first two non-gay people to serve as Grand Marshals. Grand Marshal John Bush is National Executive Director of Black and White Men Together. Grand Marshal Virginia Apuzzo is Deputy Executive Director of the New York State Consumer Protection Board. She doubles as New York Governor Mario Cuomo's liaison to the lesbian/gay community.

**Speakers:** Virginia Apuzzo and John Bush will also be keynote speakers at the Celebration beginning at noon, at the Civic Center Plaza by City Hall. They will be joined by Irene Smith, who will speak on relating in the age of AIDS, and Willie Palaciol, on the role of lesbians and gays in Central America. Julie Abril will be the gay youth speaker.

**Entertainers:** This year's performers will be the Blazing Redheads, Swing Shift, M. J. Lallo (aka Joy St. James), Dexter DeVoe, Aldo Antonio Bell, Kay Weaver, June Millington, Romanofsky & Phillips, and Mario Mondelli.

**Special Needs:** To provide safety, comfort and dignity for all who attend this year's Parade and Celebration, two special viewing areas will be available. One area is in front of City Hall; another is along the Parade route by the Orpheum Theater and PG&E building on Market St., between Hyde St. and the UN Plaza.

**Volunteers:** The Parade still seeks safety monitors and medical help. If you can offer any of these services, you need to participate in an orientation, scheduled between now and the Parade. You can sign up for the class by calling the Parade office at 861-5404.

## Rainbow Banners To Kick Off Gay Pride Festivities

There will be more Rainbow Banners flying than ever before on Market St. this year. Raising Colors, which has sponsored the banners since 1984, for the first time will place banners on each of the more than 340 Market St. Path of Gold lightpoles: an uninterrupted display from The Embarcadero to Castro Street. The banners will be installed beginning June 16, and will remain in place until after the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade on

June 29.

Raising Colors is a city beautification project that is the brainchild of Clyde Wildes of San Francisco. In 1984, Raising Colors placed Rainbow Banners on Market St. from The Embarcadero to Civic Center, along the route of the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade. In 1985, Rainbow Banners were installed from The Embarcadero to Fifth Street and from Church to Castro Streets. This year, Raising Colors will close the gap, with banners flying the whole length of Market Street.

## The State

### Stopping La Rouche in His Tracks

David M. Lowe

A step has been taken to unify the various groups dedicated to defeating the La Rouche Quarantine Initiative. Sixteen SF organizations have formed the San Francisco Community AIDS Network (SF CAN). The purpose of the umbrella group is to produce a united, grassroots effort to fight the La Rouche initiative.

According to the ACLU, if you are suspected of having been exposed to the AIDS virus, the La Rouche initiative would require forced reporting of your name to public health authorities; internment and house arrest of those exposed to the virus; forced fir-

ings of airline stewards, food handlers and possibly bartenders; expulsion of students and teachers; and travel restrictions placed upon anyone exposed to the AIDS virus.

Supervisor Harry Britt and Ralph Payne, temporary co-chair of SF

CAN, will also serve on a nine-member statewide steering committee known as the California Community AIDS Network (CAL CAN). The committee's function is to collect endorsements of key elected officials, medical officials and opinion makers.

CAL CAN will conduct survey work to design a media response to the initiative and to raise funds for the campaign, as well as interface with local grassroots operations.

The Secretary of State's office must announce a decision by June 26 on whether the La Rouche initiative qualifies for the ballot.

### New AIDS Law Book Published

National Gay Rights Advocates, the San Francisco-based public interest law firm, announced the publication of the *AIDS Practice Manual: A Legal and Educational Guide*. The manual offers instruction and sample forms for lawyers to use when dealing with the special legal problems faced by persons with AIDS or ARC. The publication is a joint project with the San Francisco Chapter of the Anti-Sexism Committee of the National Lawyers Guild. The manual includes chapters on such issues as wills, employment discrimination, and the military.

Benjamin Schatz, Director of NGRA's AIDS Civil Rights Project, said: "The legal implications of the AIDS crisis are as widespread as the hysteria and misinformation surrounding the disease itself. This manual will provide those doing AIDS-related legal work around the country with up-to-date, reliable information."

NGRA Executive Director Jean O'Leary said: "This is an extremely important publication. It is critical for attorneys in smaller cities and towns who are standing up for the rights of people with AIDS and ARC. NGRA is committed to seeing that people with AIDS and ARC, as well as the gay community in general, are protected from the prejudice and discrimination of the AIDS backlash."

The manual can be purchased for \$10 (including postage and handling) by writing NGRA at 540 Castro St., San Francisco, CA, 94114. It is designed for a three-ring binder, and additional chapters and updates will be published in the future. NGRA is a non-profit public interest law firm which deals with gay civil rights issues and has a fully staffed AIDS Civil Rights Project. The Anti-Sexism Committee of the San Francisco Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild is an organization of lawyers, legal workers, and law students committed to working on issues impacting women and gay people.

### A Gay United Nations

The Conference '86 Project is looking for men and women of all backgrounds to participate in this year's Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade. Volunteers are needed for a float and marching contingent representing gay pride worldwide. With national flags of over sixty countries, this will almost certainly be the most colorful entry in this year's Parade. Interested individuals and groups are encouraged to call 821-0727 immediately; sign-ups are well under way.

### First Documentary On Parents of Gays To Air

The compelling story of eight parents facing the challenge of accepting their gay and lesbian children will be told on Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30 pm when KQED/Channel 9 broadcasts "Parents Come Out." (The show will be rebroadcast at 11 pm on June 27.)

A moving and provocative program, "Parents Come Out" is the first documentary treatment of the struggle facing many of the nearly 20 million families in this country with a gay or lesbian member.

## Senate Moves on Discrimination Bill

The state Senate will begin consideration next month of a bill that would protect AIDS patients from discrimination in housing, employment, and public accommodation.

The legislation by Assemblyman Art Agnos, D-San Francisco was narrowly approved by the house on June 11th.

AB 3667, AIDS Antibody Test and Discrimination, would:

- Make AIDS a physical handicap, thus protecting AIDS patients under existing anti-discrimination laws that cover housing, employment and public accommodation.
- All AIDS antibody test results, with the patient's consent, to be included in the confidential portion of their medical records.

- Allow the guardians of those judged mentally incompetent, or children under twelve, to consent to AIDS antibody tests.
- Provide restitution from the state crime victims fund to anyone who contracts the disease as a result of a crime, such as rape.

A number of gay rights groups and health organizations support the bill. The Republican Caucus is expected to oppose the bill on the grounds that it would increase the cost of health insurance from employers because they would have to cover expensive treatment of employees with AIDS.

## Committee from page 4

"regardless of all the politics, the Parade is a very worthwhile undertaking for the community, and people shouldn't be put off by the politics."

Where do we go from here? First and foremost, we forget all of this year's controversies and channel all our efforts into supporting this year's Parade, such as it is.

Secondly, come June 30, let's remember the unbelievable devineness surrounding the selection of a bisexual as Co-Chair, Autumn Courtney; the near dilitation and financial ruin of this year's Parade caused by the Treasurer fiasco; the unnecessary controversy that revealed our own heterophobia, bigotry and oppressive nature in responding to the selection of two straight women as Grand Marshals; the haphazard methodology by which an official logo was chosen; and the apathy of a community that allows a handful of committed but nevertheless closed group of volunteers to control the largest gay rights celebration in the world.

The Co-Chairs would like more power to put their own mark on the Parade. In this writer's opinion, this would lead to even more per-

sonal promoting and in-fighting and may eventually destroy the continuity that exists from year to year. Some reform of the by-laws is necessary. While the checks and balances of the committee ought to be retained, the members must permit easier access by the community to allow for new input of creativity and fresh ideas without the constricting bureaucracy.

The process should be opened up to include more members of the community, especially on wide-ranging issues affecting the community's international image. We should have a community-wide ballot to select Grand Marshals. We should draw upon the wealth of graphic talent in our community by sponsoring a contest for the annual Parade logo. Many of you have other suggestions on how to improve an already successful event.

I am a member of the media committee with the responsibility of handling press relations. Is there a conflict of interest here? Perhaps. However, all meeting I attended were open to the press, but no press ever showed up. A commitment by the gay media—especially—to scrutinize the Parade committee may cut out unnecessary politics and expose those who appear self-aggrandizing and detrimental to

the spirit of our Parade.

The bottom line is that members of the community who have a desire to work for the Parade ought to leave their personal agendas and passion for power at home. Bring your ideas and unique talents with you, and be willing to creatively blend them with the talents and ideas of others.

## Christopher Street West Announces Line-Up

The world's largest Gay Pride Celebration, produces this June 21 and 22 by Christopher Street West/Los Angeles, is more than just a colorful, exciting parade. It's an entire weekend of continuous entertainment.

The Festival runs all weekend long—noon to midnight on Saturday, June 21, and 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. on Sunday, June 22. This year's parade begins at 12:30 p.m. on Sunday, June 22 at Santa Monica Boulevard and Crescent Heights and proceeds along Santa Monica Boulevard to Robertson Boulevard where it will disperse.

In addition to the festivities, information from virtually all of the community service organizations within Gay and Lesbian community will be present at the Festival to answer questions and to supply referrals as requested.

For further information, call CSW at 213/656-6553.

## The Nation

### Supreme Shift on Affect on Gays

by David M. Lowe

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Warren E. Burger will step down July 10, when the court expects to finish work on its current term.

President Reagan has nominated Associate Justice William H. Rehnquist to replace Burger. Reagan will also nominate Antonin Scalia, a judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia to replace Rehnquist as Associate Justice.

What effect will the confirmation of these two traditionally conservative judges have on the gay community? Leonard Graff, Legal Director of National Gay Rights Advocates, feels there will be no change in the "net effect on gay cases because the appointments are not going to change the balance of the court, since one conservative is being replaced by another. It's hard to say what the long term effects might be with the appointment of young conservatives we'll be living with for another generation."

Rehnquist is 61 years old. Scalia is 50 and could conceivably serve on the court for the next 20 years. In that time either judge, like others before them, could alter his point of view on important issues coming before the nation's highest court.

"It's hard to tell what will happen since Rehnquist or Scalia will no longer be under pressure to prove anything. Now they're totally insulated by the lifetime appointment," says Graff. Once confirmed, judges don't always vote the way they're expected. Graff cited a recent example involving a conservative judge recently appointed to the 9th Circuit Federal Appeals Court by President Reagan. Judge Alex Kozinski wrote a dissenting opinion in favor of Gay Games legal battle to use the word "Olympics" in their title. As a result, Gay Games organizers plan to take their case to the Supreme Court.

### National Gay Youth Conference

The National Gay Alliance for Young Adults has announced the dates of its first National Gay Youth Conference to be held in Dallas, Texas, on the weekend of August 15.

The registration fee for the conference will be \$20 for members (\$30 for non-members), \$25/\$35 after July 31, which covers the workshops only. Hotel accommodations have been arranged for one to four persons to a room so this price varies accordingly (maximum \$70 for 2 nights).

For more information write: National Gay Youth Conference, c/o NGAYA, P.O. Box 190426, Dallas, TX 75219-0426.

# A SPECIAL APPEAL TO GAY MEN OF COLOR

Some people have the mistaken notion that AIDS is mainly a "white man's disease"—that People of Color aren't much at risk for AIDS.

The statistics prove otherwise. In the United States, roughly four out of every ten people with AIDS are non-white. Twenty-five percent of Americans with AIDS are Black. Nearly 15 percent are Hispanic.

**The AIDS virus does not discriminate on the basis of race, or age, or gender, or sexual orientation.**

AIDS can strike anyone who engages in the activities that can spread AIDS—Unsafe Sex or the sharing of IV drug needles.

In San Francisco, compared to the rest of the country, we've so far had relatively fewer cases of AIDS among Third World and People of Color. Let's keep it that way. Here in San Francisco, Hispanics account for 5.5 per-

### UNSAFE SEX PRACTICES

- Anal Intercourse Without Condom
- Rimming
- Fisting
- Blood Contact
- Sharing Sex Toys or Needles
- Semen or Urine in Mouth
- Vaginal Intercourse Without Condom

Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights

cent of local AIDS cases. Blacks account for 5 percent. One percent of local PWAs are Asian. Let's work together to see that no one else in San Francisco is infected with this virus. Together, we can do it.

**The only way we have of limiting this epidemic is through prevention.**

If we as a community are going to survive this epidemic,

all of us need to eliminate Unsafe Sex and needle-sharing from our gay male lifestyles until a cure or vaccine for AIDS is available.

No one has ever died from the frustration of giving up a few Unsafe Sex practices. Far too many have died of AIDS.

*Together, we can stop the spread of this disease.*



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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

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THERE IS  
SOMETHING  
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## "Safer Sex" Kits

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A program of the Pacific Center for Human Growth

## On Guard!

John S. James

### The Parasite Connection

Several years before the advent of the AIDS epidemic, many gay men became infected by intestinal parasites which previously had dominion mostly in the tropics. These infections — mainly amebiasis and giardiasis — started to spread through sexual transmission to infect as much as 60 percent of gay men.

Once infected, persons could carry the parasites for years unless they are treated. Many gay men would show only slight symptoms or none at all, yet they may have experienced a loss of energy and can continue to spread the infection to others.

Scientists are now studying the relationship of intestinal parasites to AIDS. Many researchers suspect that the AIDS virus usually does not cause the disease by itself, but that other factors must be present to generate the infection. These "cofactors" do not cause AIDS, but may make it more likely that exposure to the virus will develop into the disease. Some experts believe that the continuing epidemic of parasites among gay men has been a cofactor for AIDS and a major contributor to its spread.

This theory has important practical value because it suggests ways of reducing the risk of AIDS, in those not yet exposed and in those who have a positive antibody test and may already carry the virus. Doctors and scientists still differ in their interpretation of the available information about parasites and AIDS, but there is little argument about what people need to do to protect themselves. Gay men should get tested regularly for parasites, have them eradicated if found, and take steps to avoid transmission.

But since scientists don't know for sure that parasites contribute to AIDS, national public policy has largely ignored this approach, as it has ignored

so many promising leads toward AIDS prevention and treatment. Individuals must take the initiative and learn on their own how to get the best possible protection for themselves and others. The San Francisco Health Department does have an active program for parasite eradication; and many private physicians here have experience in handling this problem. Still, each individual must make the decision to take advantage of the services that are available.

#### Scientific Evidence

The scientific case against parasites is complex and scattered in many different publications. We will outline some of it, the possible mechanism involved, and suggest other sources for detailed information.

*Some experts believe that the epidemic of parasites among gay men has been a cofactor for AIDS and a major contributor to its spread.*

Laboratory studies have shown that the AIDS virus is much more infective against helper T-cells that are "activated" — meaning that they are doing their job in fighting disease. Ordinary minor diseases and infections increase activation of the T-cells for a few days or so, but parasites (like other chronic infections) can cause a permanent increase.

Parasites also can suppress other components of the immune system, perhaps as part of the mechanism by which they protect themselves from it. Suppressed immunity can open the door to the AIDS virus. For example, in one incident in Scotland, 300 hemophiliacs were given a blood product later found to contain the AIDS virus. Only about half of the hemophiliacs became antibody positive. Scientists then studied frozen blood samples taken before these people were exposed, and found that the main difference between the groups occurred in those who became positive and initially had a suppressed immune system. In those individuals with good immunity, the virus did not proceed far enough to cause the antibodies to be produced.

Parasites may damage the intestinal wall, which may facilitate the AIDS virus getting into the bloodstream. Also, intestinal damage allows undigested proteins in food to be absorbed into the blood, which further activates the T-cells because they try to fight this protein.

Parasites and intestinal damage cause malabsorption and consequent malnutrition, which further weakens the body and its immune system.

All the populations that have developed AIDS have had cofactors, parasites, or other conditions that could have the same effect on the immune system. For example, Central Africa, Haiti, and Belle Glade, Florida, where AIDS is epidemic through heterosexual transmission; all have warm climates, poor sanitation and generalized

conditions fostering parasitic diseases. Those with the parasites are much more likely to test positive for the AIDS virus than those without. Hemophiliacs and transfusion recipients seldom have parasites, but they regularly receive foreign substances in the blood, which may cause similar immunological effects. The same applies to intravenous drug users.

The same applies to intravenous drug users.

One group that predicted as being the highest risk for AIDS, in fact, has practically none. Of about two hundred "needlestick" cases (medical or laboratory workers who cut themselves with contaminated needles or other instruments, which introduces the AIDS virus directly into their bloodstream), almost none developed a positive antibody response, let alone ARC or AIDS. It is possible that lack of parasites or other cofactors contributed to the very low rate of infection.

For more information, see: (1) "Intestinal protozoal infections and AIDS," by Richard B. Pearch, in *The Lancet*, July 2, 1983; (2) "Parasites and AIDS: Evidence of a Link," also by Dr. Pearch, in *DAIR Update*, no. 1, published by the Documentation of AIDS Issues and Research Foundation, 2336 Market Street, Suite 33, San Francisco, CA 94114; and (3) "Enteric infection and other cofactors in AIDS," by Douglas L. Archer and Walter H. Glimsman, in *Immunology Today*, October 1985. Important evidence is also presented in a highly technical article, "Long-term cultures of HTLV-III-infected T-cells: A model of cytopathology of T-cell depletion in AIDS," by D. Zagury and others, *Science* Feb. 21, 1986.

#### Diagnosis and Treatment Issues

Symptoms of parasites can include loose stools, flatulence (gas), or diarrhea (usually mild), and especially malaise — feeling ill, depressed, or tired. Often these problems come and go, so people don't recognize them as symptoms. They think they are tired because they work hard, or because that's just the way they are. In one study, for example, about half the gay men in San Francisco who had amebiasis did not discern any symptoms at all.

Diagnosis is by examination of stool samples. The parasites are unfortunately easy to miss in the lab. Taking three stool samples gives about an 80 percent chance of finding them if they are there.

The available treatments have their drawbacks. Flagyl, the oldest antibiotic for treating amebiasis and giardiasis, causes unpleasant side effects, and very large doses of it have caused cancer in laboratory animals. But Flagyl is very effective, and kills a wide variety of disease-causing organisms. It is often used for infections acquired in the tropics, and has a long history of being safely used.

The sexually transmitted amebiasis is less virulent than the strains found in the tropics, so physicians can usually use milder drugs, like humatin (paromomycin). Humatin does not leave the digestive system, thus side effects elsewhere in the body are not experienced. It is about 95 percent effective for amebiasis. One disadvantage of humatin is the expense; it costs about sixty dollars for the treatment. All these drugs can cause serious side effects in rare cases, so they must be carefully monitored by doctors. It is best to consult a physician who has experience in treating these parasites; you can obtain referrals through the San Francisco Health Department, or organizations concerned with AIDS or other sexually transmitted diseases.

Persons who live or work in San Francisco can use the screening program run by the San Francisco Health Department. You can get stool kits for the test at the Health Center #1 (on 17th Street in the Castro), or the San Francisco City Clinic. There is a small clinic fee which can be waived if you do not have the money. If you test positive, you may be treated by your personal physician, or at a Health Department clinic. This program is strictly confidential to protect your privacy. For information about San Francisco's program of screening for parasites, call 558-5277.

#### Other Treatment and Prevention Issues

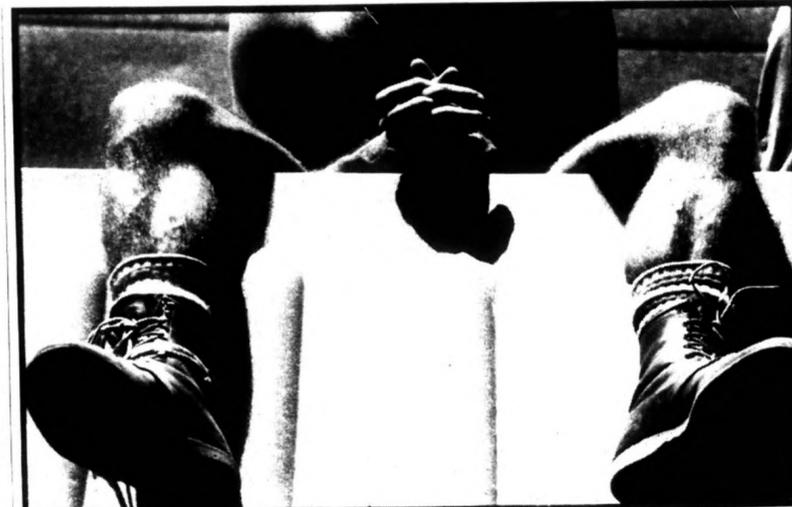
(1) Any kind of drug can potentially be more dangerous to persons with ARC or AIDS. An experienced physician can recommend the treatment appropriate for each individual.

(2) It's very important that sexual partners be tested for parasites and treated together, to prevent re-infection.

(3) Safe-sex practices for preventing AIDS would not stop transmission of parasites. In addition to safe sex using the guidelines, people must be scrupulous about avoiding fecal transmission, for example through toys or by careless handling of condoms after use. Tiny amounts of feces can contaminate hands, other parts of the body, or other objects, and later get into the mouth during eating, smoking or other activities, causing an infection.

(4) Some single-celled intestinal protozoa are called non-pathogenic; they do not cause obvious disease. They might be cofactors for AIDS; no one currently knows. In addition, they may be "markers" for more serious organisms which were missed in the test. Physicians differ on whether treatment should be given if only non-pathogens are found.

(5) Some people use Chinese medicine or other herbs as an alternative to antibiotics like Flagyl or humatin. These



This hirsute observer kept his shoes and socks on during the Parade

may be effective in some cases, but you should still be tested afterwards for the success of the treatment.

#### Summary

Most people exposed to the AIDS virus do not get AIDS. That's why it is so important to look for cofactors, to

find out what factors may reduce or increase the risk of AIDS in those exposed to it. By eliminating suspected cofactors, we may help to protect ourselves against AIDS.

At this time there is no conclusive proof that parasites are a cofactor, but there is considerable evidence. In any case, the parasites are a serious health

problem in their own right and epidemic in our community. All gay men should be periodically tested, have these diseases treated if found, and take care to avoid transmission. This is one measure that all of us (and especially those with a positive antibody test) can take to protect ourselves and others against AIDS.

# A SPECIAL APPEAL TO MEN OVER 45

Some people have the mistaken notion that AIDS is a young man's disease — that older men aren't at great risk of contracting AIDS.

The statistics indicate otherwise. There are cases of AIDS among newborn babies and cases of AIDS among gay men in their eighties. AIDS does not discriminate on the basis of age (or race, gender, or sexual orientation).

In San Francisco, 35 percent of men with AIDS are over 40. Nearly ten percent of San Francisco AIDS cases are found in men 50 and older. By contrast, only 15 percent of people with AIDS here are in their twenties.

Studies conducted for the San Francisco AIDS Foundation by a professional research firm indicate that men over 45 in San Francisco,

compared to any other demographic group in the local gay or bisexual male population, tend to be less knowledgeable about AIDS-prevention, and more likely to engage in anonymous Unsafe Sex than their younger counterparts.

We urge men over 45 to reassess their risk of contracting AIDS and to help spread the word to their contemporaries: Men over 45 are definitely at risk for AIDS.

Help is available. The STOP AIDS project, 621-7177, offers one-evening discussion groups about the AIDS epidemic for men of all ages; older men are especially welcome. The AIDS Health Project, 626-6637, provides eight-week support groups focused on issues of social support, health promotion, and AIDS. And, of course, the Foundation's AIDS HOT-

LINE, 863-AIDS, can provide the latest information on AIDS-risk and AIDS-prevention, as well as other referrals.

Remember, with AIDS, it's the sexual activity you engage in that counts, not how old you are. Please protect yourself and your partners from AIDS.



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

415-863-AIDS  
Toll Free in Northern California:  
800-FOR-AIDS  
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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.

**Reclaiming Sexual Spirit**

Are you tired of being faithful to your VCR? Bored with what you think you are limited to with "safe sex"?

"Reclaiming Sexual Spirit," presented by Buzz Bense and Scott Eaton on June 24, is an evening devoted to putting the FUN back into SEX! Our purpose is to cultivate and nurture our sexual energy, and then explore new and pleasurable ways to express it. Whether you choose to be celibate, monogamous, or the hot single man on the block, you can enjoy Reclaiming Sexual Spirit.

We will open up our concerns in a safe environment, talk about sex with each other in small groups, visualize and share new ideas, and build the fire of sexual energy that is in each of us. Lovers and boyfriends are encouraged to attend together to enhance the relationship you already have.

Reclaiming Sexual Spirit: Tuesday, June 24, 7:30-10:30 pm. All American Meeting Hall, 2269 Market St. (at Noe). Cost: \$10.00.

**Making Friends with Anger**

"Making Friends with Anger" is a six week class designed for men and women who want to feel more comfortable with anger. Knowing that anger can be a scary emotion, the class has been especially structured to be safe, supportive, and fun.

The class will be led by Scott Eaton, MA and is sponsored by the SF Center for Growth and Counseling.

The next class begins on Thursday July 17, meets from 7:30-9:30 pm, and costs \$15 per evening. Registration deadline is July 4. For more information, call Scott at 861-0306.

**ARC Treatment Study**

Two hundred volunteers with ARC are needed for a study on the effects of alternative medicine on the immune system. The study will attempt to show that aggressive treatment of the immune system by Chinese medical techniques will result in fewer opportunistic infections and improve immune functioning.

Volunteers will fill out an in-depth questionnaire at the beginning and end of the six-month study. Some will be selected to receive weekly treatment with Chinese herbs and acupuncture during this study. An equal number will receive additional treatment for ARC symptoms.

The Immune Enhancement Project, which is conducting the study, wants volunteers who exhibit the symptoms of AIDS-Related Complex but who don't have a life-threatening opportunistic infection. ARC symptoms include weight loss, diarrhea, night sweats and a general failure to thrive. Persons who have had Kaposi's sarcoma for at least a year with no current infections are also welcome.

Project funding limits the number who can be treated during the study. However, participants can use self-funding or individual sponsorship to join the treatment group. Participants can pursue other types of treatment concurrently with study treatment. This non-profit study is funded by the People's Life Fund and by matching grants.

For more information or to donate to the project, call Susan Black at 841-7019 or write the project c/o 2016 Tenth St., Berkeley CA 94710.

**Louis Nassaney Speaks**

Louis Nassaney, personal student of Louise Hay and fourth runner-up in the Mr. Superman contest of Southern California, will tell his remarkable story of AIDS self-healing at the next Metaphysical Alliance AIDS Healing Service, Monday, June 30. The service will be held at the Metropolitan Community Church of San Francisco, 150 Eureka St., at 6:30 p.m.

This eighth in a series of monthly services will include music, meditation and readings from written works on healing with healing inspiration for all.

**Holistics**



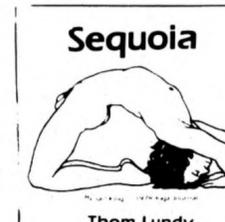
**Esalen Massage**

As in other forms of communication, massage requires an ongoing exchange of input. The best massage is a product of teamwork. My job is to provide the kind of atmosphere that would encourage your interaction, which would then assist me in applying Esalen technique. Sessions are non-sexual and I charge \$25 for 60 minutes and \$35 for 90 minutes. I am experienced, trained, and can supply references. Please call me at Alamo Square. Dan Dokken 563-2498.



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Rolfing® is a gentle yet powerful form of bodywork that realigns the body, improves posture and allows chronic tension and aches and pains to subside. I work gently and sensitively, and have been a Certified Rolfer® for the past five years and am also a licensed psychotherapist. Free initial consultations include postural analysis with photographs. Insurance may apply. 922-3478.



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Learn true relaxation, to manage stress and restore harmony to your whole being. Small, friendly beginning and experienced classes provide a supportive atmosphere to learn precise stretches with breathing awareness and guided meditation. Tuesday evenings near 16th Street BART. \$30/4-week series, beginning monthly. Call for reservations/info. 841-6511.

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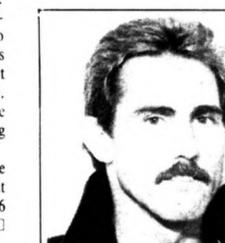


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1 hour session \$35.00  
East and West Bay  
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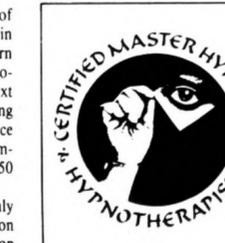
**Jesse Vargas**

13 years experience in Physical Therapy and Bodywork with extensive background in Sports Injuries. Certified practitioner and instructor of Sports Massage. Member of SMTI. Director of Sports Massage for Gay GAMES II.



**Bill Strubbe**

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**William Teeter, C.A.**

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Physical dis-ease and emotional dissatisfaction are symptoms of a deeper spiritual illness within. When we confront the reality of our death we lose all fear of the unknown and discover love. The healing force within is then allowed to flow unimpeded. I have 12 years counselling and bodywork experience. Sliding scale Call 661-6227.



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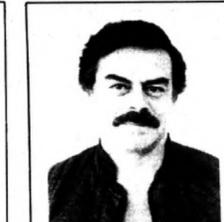
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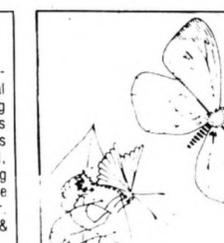
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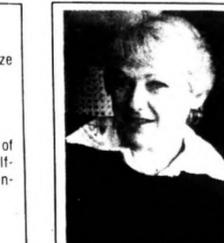
I am certified by Esalen Institute and for several years was on the staff of Harbin Hot Springs Resort. I use a number of body work techniques for a complete, relaxing, therapeutic massage. Roy Pellerin 621-1302.



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**Cordon from page 5**

away from flashy colors, plastic and black walls. I want to bring antiquity to San Francisco's younger generation. They appreciate and love it."

Eitterfagh noted that a SF Fire Marshal mistook arty, resin-filled floor cracks for the real thing. "When we told him they cost \$10,000, he nearly screamed," she laughed. She will begin work soon on Club Privee, which "will look like a grotto, like the underground cave of the mythological Gods and Goddesses of the River." Bring swim fins.

It's natural to wonder whether or not the new kid on the block poses a threat to established SOMA niteries.

"That remains to be seen," said DNA's English. "We're concerned, but not worried. They have a different approach and philosophy. We're trying to maintain a club with a crowd representative of

*"There's a high ration of money per capita here. I really do believe there is a market for a private club."*

San Francisco itself." The six-month-old club, which holds about 300, features live music and events on Wednesday and new music dancing the rest of the week.

"I don't think people are going to want to pay [those prices] to get in [to DV8]," said Nine's Clarke. He said his 800-person, nearly year-old club features live music "sometimes every night of the week," and charges \$10 for monthly memberships. "I don't think [DV8] will affect us," he said.

At the 479-person, 2 1/2-year-old Oasis, Rosman said, "It's too early to tell" whether DV8 will siphon off Oasis customers. "I don't know

**Parade from page 3**

op our institutions and traditions, and to secure our place in this world. We are part of one of the world's largest minority groups. Our celebrations of pride serve to inspire and promote human rights for everyone—because we are Everyone.

The 1986 theme is "Forward Together." It will be used in celebrations across North America to reflect the growing numbers of men and women—gay, lesbian, bisexual and straight—joining with one another to move ahead to the a day when stereotypes, bigotry and sexism are a thing of the past. When the full right to live one's life and express love is respected and guaranteed.

I hope you'll join with me in celebration this month, and that you will come out and show your pride at the 1986 San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day festivities on June 29.

Peter King is President of the Conference '86 Project, an organization that promotes and supports Gay Pride Celebrations and cultural development internationally. Conference '86 sponsors the fifth annual meeting of Pride Coordinators in October, here in SF. ■

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They've taken the first step. Now you take the next.

what direction they're going to take," he said. "They say they want a higher-end crowd. It's not the kind of place an average guy off the street wants to go to."

Maybe not. A chichi mix of fashion dweebs, suburban implants and scene-makers packed DV8's Keith Haring Room for the clubs shakedown cruise. Cigarette girls offered gum and confections, while lounge lizards slouched on sheet-covered couches under Haring's mural, a cartoony five-panel configuration featuring lots of three-eyed and three-breasted monsters gobbling serpents with male genitalia. (Madcap New York sexhortationist John Sex noted later from the stage, "It's nice to see famous people painting penises, don't you think? I wish there was more of it.")

Snafus with club ventilation and the muffled sound system ruffled some. And one first-nighter sniffed, "They pour pre-measured shots for well drinks. That just isn't done."

Still, most seemed content to quaff two dollar beers and three dollar drinks and shimmy and



France list: imported doormen Frederique and Boy Pierre scan the roster of supplicants

shake to discrooner Sylvester's falsetto.

A couple of questions nag: How many well-healed clubgoers are there in SF, and how will DV8 fare in a city known for its congenial, get-down, party-hound spirit?

"The illuminati don't come to clubs here because there's nothing nowhere offered them," said publicist Jones. "Most don't have a place to go out, talk business and

be treated like royalty."

Jones allowed she has "a list of national and international people" who are intrigued by the flashy San Francisco upstart.

"San Francisco has a large crowd of American Express card holders, and more BMWs and Mercedes are sold here than in any other city," Jones said. "There's a high ratio of money per capita here. I really do believe there is a

market for a private club."

Maybe. But neither the disco, which opens in August, nor Club Privee will be big news for months yet—and the DV8 staff is just now becoming operation-ready.

"When we open the club, it will really be hell," Jones joked. "That's why we're only opening a floor at a time. Otherwise we'd all go bananas." ■

**ANAL SEX AND AIDS**

After four years of studying thousands of cases of AIDS, the evidence is becoming increasingly clear: *anal sex is the number one cause of AIDS transmission in America.*

Several epidemiological studies conducted independently in several different cities, involving thousands of gay and bisexual men, have produced essentially the same finding—the principal difference between gay men who get AIDS, and gay men who don't get AIDS, is the amount and kind of Unsafe anal sex they have engaged in.

Unsafe anal sex includes anal intercourse without a condom, rimming, scat, fisting and fingering, and the sharing of dildoes and other insertive sex toys.

So our message is very simple—if we as a community are to survive this epidemic, unprotected anal

**UNSAFE SEX PRACTICES**

- Anal Intercourse Without Condom
- Rimming
- Fisting
- Blood Contact
- Sharing Sex Toys or Needles
- Semen or Urine in Mouth
- Vaginal Intercourse without Condom

Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights

sex has to cease to be a part of our gay male lifestyles until a medical solution for AIDS is available. The risks are just too great for both tops and bottoms.

Condoms can help. They are capable of stopping the AIDS virus. Anal intercourse with a condom is still considered "possibly safe" because of the risk of condom breakage through misuse. (The major causes of condom breakage are air inside the condom, not enough lubrication, old or

mistreated condoms, or the use of oil-based lubricants.)

It takes practice to use condoms correctly. However, condoms are readily available, inexpensive, and when used properly, are good protection. Learn to use them. If you insist on anal sex, insist on condoms.

Let's protect one another. Let's end Unsafe Sex in San Francisco until this epidemic is over.



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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.

# Astrologer

Robert Cole

June 19 — July 2, 1986

The ancient traditions of the zodiac are rooted in vivid animal images. The word "zodiac" means cycles of animals. The animals mentioned herein comprise the California Zodiac — the first major revision of the militaristic Roman Zodiac in 2500 years. By the year 1999, the animals will be fully reinstated with traditional dignity.

NOTES: The Solstice (21st) is the official beginning of summer in the northern hemisphere and winter in the southern hemisphere. The Earth will reach her maximum tilt to the Sun at 9:30 am. That night at 8:42 pm the Moon will reach its fullest, and Earth will rock under the trample of dancing feet!! Let the celebration begin!!

**Aries, The Sheep (Mar 21-Apr 19):**  
The long, hot days of summer find you looking for shade. Everyone else might be running around exposing themselves, but you find it easier to hide behind your sunglasses. You and your lover should find a quiet little bungalow under a palm tree and spend most of your time there together. Let the crazy world spin out of your control; you've done your share of good works for a while. It'll feel best to stay home for the summer.

**Taurus, The Ox (Apr 20-May 20):**  
Your summer begins with travels, demonstrations and parades. You're trying hard to keep up with your sweetie as he/she

runs barefooted across the freeway of life. The pavement's hot and there's miles of traffic, so you'd better keep your wits about you until you're safe on the other side. If the hassle gets to be too much for you, speak up, communicate your anxieties. Scream for help if you have to. You'll make it together eventually.

**Gemini, The Wolf (May 21-Jun 20):**  
Now that you're older, you're ready and waiting for this summer. You have your credentials from the higher-ups; all signs point to a most productive season. However, you must be prepared to answer questions from a lover who feels that you've been ignoring him/her. Plan to sneak off together for a couple of days in la-la land. Confirm your commitment with hugs and kisses. When you return from your escapade, there will be stacks of work to do, but your tan'll look great.

**Cancer, The Crab (Jun 21-Jul 22):**  
Happy, happy Birthday to all you little crabs out there! This summer will bring you the assurance for which you've longed, and the freedom which you've avoided. Make your birthday party a celebration for the whole community. Lavish yourself with attention. And hang onto your lover for dear life. There's a social whirlwind headed in your direction and you need to stay grounded. For a very special look into your future, send your birth date/time/place and \$5 to Robert Cole, Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188. You look marvelous!

**Leo, The Snake (Jul 23-Aug 22):**  
The hot rays of summer bring out the competitor in you. You're ready to muscle your way into a territory which is already crowded with sophisticated show-offs, but aggressive behavior will cause more trouble than you can imagine right now. Muster your wit and charm; win over those who are blind to your ulterior motives. Use your body beautiful to dazzle those who stand in your way. Sooner than later, you'll find your place in the Sun; you'll have the privileges that come with the territory.

**Virgo, The Pig (Aug 23-Sep 22):**  
You'll be parading through mobs and mobs of nearly naked bodies as summertime begins. It's obvious that you're not just one of the crowd; in fact, everyone steps aside as you sashay your way through the congestion. You have a glowing aura of beauty and power about you; but you really must be careful of sweeping too many beach bums off their feet. What would you do if you had that many mouths to feed anyway??? Look, but don't touch!

**Libra, The Leopard (Sep 23-Oct 22):**  
Finally, finally, finally!! At last, you have reached your goal. Here you sit right in the middle of the dreams you've worked on all year long. Now aren't you the smarty-pants! On the other hand, consider sharing some of your joy with those who are having to scrape the bottom of the barrel for survival. Volunteer to bring a little more sunshine into someone's foggy world. There's even a person in your family whose life could be much brighter because of you.

**Scorpio, The Scorpion (Oct 23-Nov 21):**  
The sunny days of summer would be great if it weren't for all the tourists. Your serenity is bound to be abused by travellers who are here today and gone tomorrow, so you may as well prepare yourself for the intrusions. It's not impossible to enjoy yourself in the crowds as long as you have someone to hang onto. That's why you must pay more attention to your lover if you expect to have any fun at all.

**Sagittarius, The Horse (Nov 22-Dec 21):**  
There are hundreds of ways of getting intimately involved without having to bring money into the picture. Financial contracts guarantee only shallow commitment, but you want someone to love from the depth of your soul. Consider the possibility that this summer is better for making love than money. Friends who talk a lot about business deals may be trying to say something more passionate. Look for secrets between the dollar signs.

**Capricorn, The Whale (Dec 22-Jan 19):**  
Don't you think the summertime is too hot and glitzy for a hard-nosed, hard-working person like you? Well, dearie, get ready to subject yourself to the annual rituals of sharing complex and tender emotions on these hot summer nights. You'll have to set aside fabulous career ambitions for a while because your love life is much more important now. Mosey on down to the beach with your lover and whisper sweet nothings in the moonlight. Nobody cares.

**Aquarius, The Eagle (Jan 20-Feb 18):**  
You'll be working your head off as this summer begins. Big changes in your daily routine and in your eating habits will fortify you with strength enough to do the work of ten people. As you endeavor to make your wishes come true, don't forget to smile at the crowds who are passing by. Maybe only one in a thousand will pay any attention to you, but that's no excuse for frowning at all the others. After all, everyone is a potential customer.

**Pisces, The Shark (Feb 19-Mar 20):**  
Pull out the boogie-board and the rollerskates — this summer's going to be an adventure into pure, continuous excitement. You'll get the drift in the next few days when a couple of old pals rush into your house and take you off to a resort in the wilderness. Offer no resistance, you'll be the life of the party. And don't be surprised if you fall in love with one of these lolly-gaggers. That's what summer's for!

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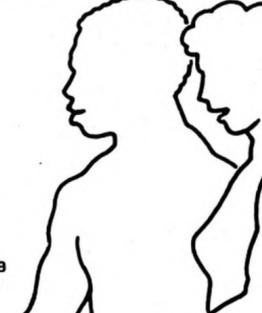
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## Steve Abbott

### The Political as Personal: A Poem for Men

It's been a long time since we've talked like this  
you & i, just simple talk  
honest  
no bullshit, poses, divisions between us at last.

Remember childhood?  
We shared a world together then (or so we'd like to  
believe).

Maybe I told you stories or maybe we played  
war, cowboys & Indians, wrestled.  
Or maybe we just spent vast times alone  
outcasts making huge sandcastles or, Lord,  
some of us even daring to play with dolls.

(Do details matter here? Yes brother,  
details always matter  
which is why we block them out now with a tightness  
of muscle & mind  
until they sink in our past like gravestones covered with  
moss.)

When I was four yrs. old I waited with Mom  
for Dad to come home from war.  
Like Joan Blondell looking up expectantly in movie photos  
I looked out my window at night & dreamed  
of what — Errol Flynn?  
A strong grownup man to protect me?  
Or was it a comrade I wanted  
someone to share these struggles of life together.

(Think of your life: What did you hope for?)

Then Dad did come home — straight-backed, distant,  
cold & fierce as a drill sergeant's whistle  
& then it was time for school.  
In kindergarten I was ridiculed by the teacher  
because I couldn't draw a circle  
and was it First Grade, Second, Third (I don't remember  
when exactly)  
that I learned to swagger like a man?  
The message finally stuck:  
No strength but in isolation  
toughness  
calculated detachment  
intellectual contempt  
sarcasm  
interiorized despair!

## Out of Our Mouths

An anthology of men's writing  
on the occasion of the  
17th Annual San Francisco  
Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade  
and Celebration

Sunday June 29, 1986

Cover photograph courtesy  
CNA Gallery: Jim James

"I try to write the most embarrassing  
thing I can think of."

John Weiners, 1985

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**Art Direction:** Graphic Aid

**Copy Editor:** Ray Lim

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Steve Abbott (Photo Robert Pruzan)

I draw these times back painfully now tho they've become  
as much a part of me  
as my skin  
& who thinks of skin anyway  
unless you happen to be Black, Brown, Yellow, Deformed,  
Old, Female, Fat, Shrimpy or Queer?  
Why does a touch of tenderness frighten us so?

Once I was afraid to share my words with you  
just as I was afraid to share my body  
& then I thought a sharing of words or sex  
would itself be the Great Liberation  
but what has all this sharing or not sharing of words or  
sex brought us?  
Why do we still not demonstrate the strength of unity our  
sisters share  
except thru State controlled commodification of death?

I look in the faces of Clint Eastwood, Ronald Reagan,  
Jerry Falwell, Dan White, Ayatollah Khomeini, Fidel  
Castro, Yuri Andropov  
& do I see any more oppression there than in my own  
face?  
Do I see any more oppression in the face of you, my  
straight brother,  
than in you, my gay brother — you body building in the  
gyms or you hanging against the wall of a bar?  
Why is it we can only look at the faces of our dead  
brothers —  
Whitman, Crane, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King,  
Chairman Mao, Che Guevara, Harvey Milk —  
to find our images of freedom?

When I saw *The Deer Hunter*, one image burned itself  
into my brain:  
"One shot! One shot!"  
the men said as they played Russian Roulette  
& only after the gentle, sensitive man blew out his brains,  
only then could Robert DeNiro leap across the table  
embrace his friend & cry:  
"DON'T DIE! DON'T DIE DAMN IT, I LOVE YOU!"  
And at the movie's end when everyone sings "God Bless  
America"  
it's a blasphemy,  
a violence all of us have interiorized & are responsible for.  
So I ask you: Who has organized our isolation & why?  
Who has organized our states of desire &  
I ask you: why?  
Who has organized our emotional education  
& why?

The only thing worse than being angry  
is to be angry & not know why.  
The only thing worse than being oppressed  
is to be oppressed & not know why.  
Let our songs & stories unite our spirits.  
Let our songs ring out & overwhelm the perpetrators of  
division, oppression & death.

□ Steve Abbott has published three books of poetry and has two  
prose works forthcoming: *Holy Terror*, a novella, and *The Mal-*  
*content & Other Stories*.

## Bruce Boone

### Buddies in Space

I love my man. On this piece of velvet  
what's pleasanter than twinkly lights.  
In my absence I don't compare hot breath.  
The blistering limbs keep plastering our  
walls. Against this determination are  
three. The mind's the body, spirit too.  
Soul's irreducible. A finishing with the  
quest for mastery in the pumping of iron.  
My wish is the gods grant you a long and  
happy, Thor 3. This was to kiss, salute.  
Same to you sincerely, Atem bar Akatan.  
We grossly ignored the doubts I told him,  
my plan to teach. Without resolves or  
resources, I told him, these asteroids  
continue to whirl. Where they have limbs,  
our pride's bolts. Look from that porthole.  
The spears of light that are thrown down,  
ache in. Boisterous freedom's my  
only delight. Be loving you too, true.  
Emblazoned on the foreheads were stars.

## Lovecraft

Twist the little normalcy with words.  
The sentences, new letters gateways to faces.  
With an older woman's love my own's compared,  
blackened. The stale echoes of bimorphism  
that don't provide Providence. These  
stretched out are models, crack. In the  
blood find no ichor. This indescribable  
glug glug glug isn't a speech, remember  
it's sound. The rubble reformulates itself  
above, alien aircraft, huddling. Remove  
this from us, we beg. What part of me is  
heard at a distance? In this ruined meat  
palaver, message of hope, never again  
lifted up from the page. How these bright  
trumpets quicken me as anyone! The bathetic  
moaning below. Here I am, the unearthly  
when animal tissue is heard to  
decay. Dead Cthulhu sits in his dream house,  
*R'lyeh. Ph-nglue mglw'nafh Cthulu R'lyeh*  
*wgah' nagl'fhtagn*. Sister to complicity  
is his brother, sound. Every premise  
his promise, black heavens' milky spawn.

□ Bruce Boone likes to write porn narrations that draw back  
from themselves with questions. Also poetry. Currently he's  
translating a philosophy text of the French philosopher (pornogra-  
pher) etc. *George Bataille*. The book's called *Guilty*.

## Bernard Branner

### come closer

a gossamer hand  
of death  
which slept  
between two fertile  
breasts  
has crept  
into the ghetto

biceps ripe  
as melons  
now hoist a lover's  
casket

the black veil  
a queen perfumed  
now scents a funeral  
pyre.

faggots/the book  
of webster says:

sticks tied together  
for fuel

but the fire  
subsides

we must rise like  
the phoenix  
from ash.

### Hindsight

if I crawl up under  
this thing  
slide through the rear  
end of it  
maybe I can steal  
a glimpse  
of the fleeting moment  
it fell apart  
and put it back together  
again.

faggots/come closer:

flesh is not  
fatal

but below it  
the soul.

□ Bernard Branner has published in several community periodicals,  
and is part of the upcoming *Gay/Lesbian anthology Com-*  
*mon Difference*. He's a graduate student at San Francisco State,  
and teaches African-Haitian dance.

## James Broughton

### Song of the Bed

Everything important in life  
occurs upon a bed.  
It's where you cry when you are born  
and where you lie when dead.

You spend a third of your life in bed  
with sickness, sex and sleeping.  
You can have a good laugh with your love in bed  
though it's also used for weeping.

In a bed the most fantastic things  
are hoped for and conceived.  
It's where you dream, it's where you scheme  
it's where you are deceived.

It's where on earth you come to birth  
and most of childhood spend.

It's where you come and where you don't  
and where you come to an end.

□ James Broughton grew up in San Francisco and has been on  
the local scene since 1948, when his first book was published, and  
where he still flourishes, writing poetry and making poetic films.  
He has published some twenty books, of which the most recent are  
*Ecstasies, A to Z*, and *Graffiti* for the Johns of Heaven. His most  
recent film (1983) is *Devotions*, made with his lover Joel Singer.



Sam D'Allesandro (Photo Marc Geller)

## Sam D'Allesandro

### Electrical Type of Thing

"There's more to a relationship than acquisition." Scott was busy  
trying to talk me out of something. I wasn't listening. I was think-  
ing about the different ways a relationship can turn out. A lover  
can be a best friend, a piece of furniture, or an eternity.

My Chris treated people like furniture — jumping from one to  
the next, rearranging the pieces, tossing out and retrieving. Chris  
says he's 'a very visual person'. That means he doesn't like the way  
a lot of people look right off the bat, and quickly tires of the looks  
of those he does like. Visual fickleness. He moves from face to face,  
from body to body. The whole process takes as little of getting to  
know someone as it sounds.

Chris is handsome, beautiful, sexy. That means person after per-  
son is willing to let him put his cock inside of them, or lick the sweat  
from his belly, or do whatever Chris decides he wants. He knows  
just how to do everything so that you're always ready for more. His  
eyes are brown and steady. Unavoidable. In a bar they look  
straight into yours from across the room — he's interested in get-  
ting your interest going, no matter what he plans or doesn't plan to  
do about it. But it's the hands you should be watching.

He might slip one of them down your pants while giving you a  
kiss. Or into your shirt to play with a nipple. Then when your resis-  
tance is zero he might give you a nice pat and be on his way. He  
might do anything. With Chris even a pat and quick kiss are worth  
something. That's the way it is with him. And the way he does  
whatever he decides to do will always seem OK. Almost respect-  
able. He's never rude. His tone is always friendly. There's nothing  
you can pin down as deceptive, yet the effect in the long run is the  
same: left alone with your buns in the oven, or your iron in the fire,  
or your head up your ass. That's how I used to think of Chris. I  
would stay with him whenever he'd have me.

I've known Chris for four years now. I'm the only one he has  
continued to see and who has continued to see him for that length  
of time. We have sex about twenty times a year. Sometimes we do it  
four times in a month and then don't see each other for four  
months. And we live in the same city. It's not so big. Usually a  
chance meeting gets us hooked. It's always up to him; he knows I'm  
ready. He knows I'm started on him. I know that if we're at the  
same party we'll end up together. We both know that I'm different  
than most of the guys he sees. We're on to each other. He wants me  
in a different way, but almost as much, as I want him. We're drawn  
to each other. We are each the free electron the other's unbalanced  
nucleus needs. It's an electrical type of thing. A charge.

Once when I was on the other side of the country and thought  
we'd never be in the same city again, I sent him a card telling him  
he was an asshole and that I loved him. When I came back he told  
me he loved me too. If that were true, I wondered, then why did I  
get to see him so seldom? He said that I was the one who never  
called — then I couldn't get a hold of him for a month. Still, he  
does want me. Just not all the time. He does want me but that  
doesn't mean we can be around each other too much. He's just the  
kind of guy he is. And I'm the kind I am. Everyone that can't have  
him wants him. I want everyone I can't have.

Over coffee, I told Scott and Jeff about the way Chris and I are  
together. I wanted to hear someone else accept the relationship just  
as it is, the way I have. Instead they gently tried to tell me about the  
way loving relationships are supposed to be, always sharing and  
sensitive, etc. Chris and I are sensitive, only in a different way.  
Chris and I share some needs and the means to satisfy them. To-  
gether we're basically self-contained. Scott and Jeff tell me that  
there are other needs to consider, that a relationship can't be based  
on sexual intensity alone. I say if sexual intensity's there, the rela-  
tionship's already been based.

I don't think we can always be sure what it is we need, that seems  
to be different for me than it is for Scott and Jeff. Or is it? Maybe  
they've forgotten how good pure intensity can be. Or never know the  
relief you can feel when someone gets you to totally forget your  
self. Someone who helps you to find a subhuman state — no lan-  
guage, no questions, no problems — just a pulsing, quivering slab  
of sensation. People would pay a guru or a roller to do that. Or  
Werner Erhart. I'd rather be physically fucked by Chris than ver-  
bally fucked by Werner Erhart. Skin craves sensation. It's those  
nerve endings. It's the way we're made.

I wonder if protozoa ever get into a little S&M. They seem to  
think about sex less and do it more. They do it all the time. On-  
celled nymphomaniacs constantly going at it in a big way, without  
the aid of cockings, lubricants, vibrators, or pornography. That  
can't be totally unfamiliar to us. It's basic, after all.

I don't think Scott and Jeff quite understood. I needed more of  
something. Self-awareness alone had become pretty vapid. Every-  
thing seemed too neat. I didn't want to be dirty exactly, but I didn't  
want to shave everyday either. I didn't want to get hurt exactly but  
I liked sex rough. I needed someone who could satisfy urges I  
couldn't even name. Someone complicated enough to be exciting,  
primal enough to be effective. For me that was Chris. He hadn't  
chosen his shape and I hadn't chosen mine, yet all the right barriers  
were there to create the charge.

I met Jack in L.A. He drove a little red truck with four-wheel  
drive and a dolby stereo. At first I didn't want him but his shyness  
interested me. He was young and clean. He had very hairy legs and  
arms and a smooth chest with large, sensitive nipples. His body  
seemed so vulnerable, so beyond his control — I could make him  
tremble in a second just by teasing his tits. Soon he wanted to live in  
my asshole. If I was standing naked anywhere, like brushing my  
teeth or shaving, he'd come out of nowhere and have his face be-  
tween my legs, kissing my cheeks and licking my asshole. He was  
obsessed. I never stopped him. It seemed like his right. It was so  
easy to give him so much pleasure.

Sometimes he wanted me to spank him and then fuck him once  
his ass was all red. He'd whimper all the way through it. I could tell  
it hurt him to be fucked, but he wanted it anyway. I respected his  
willingness to be hurt a little. He'd dumped his conditioning of not  
being able to want anything that hurts. It was a spiritualness with  
him, not a sickness. A respect for his own desires without question-  
ing their right to exist. He was perfect, because he had no guilt.

Some people would have called him a whore. I love the whore he  
is. For him, whore means beautiful, means uncalculated, means  
guiltless and basic — like the angels or the nymphoprotzoa. When  
I left L.A. I made him promise to use rubbers. I wanted him to stay  
healthy. The rubbers won't change things for him; this way he can  
think he's doing it for me. And he'll like that.

Now I am my Chris for Jack. I am his Chris. Now I understand  
Chris better. I do love Jack, I just can't be with him all the time. He  
is so different from the others. He's not furniture, although some-  
times our actions make each of us seem so. I'm only as rough as he  
wants me to be. Chris is the same way with me. It's the way we are.  
None of us knew exactly what we needed, but we each knew we  
needed something. That's what we got. I'm not embarrassed about  
it now. Maybe I know something Scott and Jeff don't know.  
There's more than one way to get and give affection, and to me, at  
the right time, they are all acceptable. If Jack and Chris and I are  
furniture, then we are very well-appreciated furniture. We love our  
periods of use.

One day Chris and I went to the beach. We thought we should  
try going on an outing together. We didn't have much to talk  
about. All I could think about was wanting to have sex with him.  
Later we did. And then we were happy.

Jack came to visit me and brought his new boyfriend. He wanted  
me to watch him fuck his boyfriend, so I did. Afterwards he smiled  
and I could tell he was proud for me to see him take the role I usual-  
ly took in our relationship. His boyfriend loved him and was proud  
for me to see Jack wanting him. Jack loved his boyfriend and was  
proud for me to see Jack want him and have him. Then the boy-  
friend went out for awhile and Jack and I had sex together. All of  
this made us happy.

□ Perhaps writing's the one place we don't have to be SAFE right  
now. It's fiction — we can still do whatever we want in it. That  
also means even if some parts are true-story I don't have to say  
whether or which. Certain moments in this story aren't exactly  
safe-sex. That could be because they're based on events coming  
out of pre-safe history (that's OK), or maybe they're just plain  
fantasy (that's OK). In any case, sanitizing this story just  
wouldn't work. In our own minds we get to be free all the time. It's  
there if you want it.



## Robert Haule

### Spaghetti Squash

I promise to stay out of sight  
not get hurt as you suggest a blasting cap  
can be dangerous in the wrong hands

postcards soak up oil and sweat  
San Quentin photographed in 1971  
will arrive around the holidays Cheers!

your birthday your favorite vegetable  
delivered by the same woman  
who picks through your garbage

I'm her hairdresser scissors  
can be dangerous in the wrong hands

When I visit Niagara in my blond wig and  
black strapless cocktail dress Horeshoe Falls  
will tumble through your door and

down your throat

## Thom Gunn

### San Francisco Streets

I've had my eyes on you  
For some time now.

You're getting by it seems,  
Not quite sure how.

But as you go along  
You're finding out  
What different city streets  
Are all about

Peach country was your home

When you went picking  
You ended every day  
With peach fuzz sticking  
All over face and arms,  
Intimate, gross,  
Itching like family,  
And far too close.

But when you came to town

And when you first  
Hung out on Market Street  
That was the worst:  
Tough little group of boys  
Outside Flagg's Shoes.

You learned to keep your cash.  
You got tattoos.

Then by degrees you rose  
Like country cream —  
Hustler to towel boy,  
Bath house and steam;  
Tried being kept awhile —  
But felt confined,



Thom Gunn (Photo Robert Pruzan)

One brass bed driving you  
Out of your mind.

Later on Castro Street

You got new work  
Selling chic jewelry.  
And as sales clerk

You have at last attained  
To middle class.

(No one on Castro Street  
Peddles his ass.)

You gaze out from the store.

Watching you watch  
All the men strolling by  
I think I catch

Half-veiled uncertainty  
In your expression.

Good looks and great physiques  
Pass in procession.

You've risen up this high —  
How, you're not sure.

Better remember what  
Makes you secure.

Fuzz is still on the peach,  
Peach on the stem.

Your looks looked after you.  
Look after them.

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□ Thom Gunn was born and raised in England and has lived more than half his life in California. He has published eight books of poetry, including *The Passages of Joy*, from which this poem is taken, and *Selected Poems*

## Kevin Killian

### Snowy Water

We wore beautiful colors in school, black  
and gold the likes of which I haven't since  
seen except on signs that droop over  
Chinatown sin parlors open all night

I ordered this high school cocktail  
to appear at my hand, an anise liquid black  
as a squid, corseleted with goldfish like  
a chain of gold on which the hidden ring is hung

Juliet can't wear on her finger. This drink,  
sweet as the devil, dramatic when stirred, is  
everything a teenager wants. When I put  
it to his lips a hair fell off his face.

He smiled and told me two lies about sex.  
He was fifteen or sixteen. He was one of  
those boys. In school the glass walls of our  
room would fog from so much hot breath

and steamed cotton and wet snowy water  
spreading in circles on the wood floor,  
like the rings old cocktails leave behind  
when your arm moves to grab them and hold them,

while outside the Long Island woods, moving  
with snow, heavy, but Housmaniacally  
evanescent at the same time, made me write  
in his yearbook "Remember me!"

Even then I suppose I guessed there's not  
much ado about anything much, that's a  
dance in the dark, crepe paper tied to his  
waist to make him into a girl. I wrote

a novel, *Atlantis*, to give my teacher the  
kiss of love (he was very religious but  
religion, I thought, is only sex without  
color) (like lamb with mint jelly). Over

my head one word turned my hair from a  
winsome blond to this serious maple: *adoration*.

Then the house they lived in burnt to the  
ground like a curtain, we stood outside

cheering on a green hill, I saw the pages  
of my book fluttering and weeping in the  
nauseous air, trying to die, under a sun as  
gold as beer and as warm and as flat.

So when you try to die you can't, you  
jump over a wall, you decide *I will not  
be a nun, what I will do is fuck up  
for twenty-five years then see what*

*exactly is what and what's not even that  
much.* But then again maybe I did, that was

summer, to stare at the eccentric rings  
in the hardwood and to say to myself,

to explain it to you, "Boy's school." We  
lived in time, in a seething jungle the vines  
and contours of which, while never Viet Nam, now  
have vanished with progress and OPEC, so

when something happened we could place it  
real quick, like it happened for us. The way  
that now there's no time, and here no seasons,  
and sex, I now think, is religion with no color

— like a bag of liquid on a dead man's chest.  
I think going to a school makes one think  
more often of going outside, just to get  
away from the teachers and to try to find out

what process inside bare trees leaves them  
so alluring to lightning, so easy to carve,  
so kind to the wind in the open vatic mouth  
of a nature I haven't believed since I was

fifteen or sixteen, one of those boys who  
walks around the kitchen just like a dog trying  
to get to sleep. Then he lies down in your arms  
and you blow a sensual music through him like Keats.

In the morning he gets you to eat all the  
wild plums in the icebox and to drive him to  
school or to, at any rate, a big parking lot  
stunned with Mercedes and fallen leaves

the color of this Tuesday. A little bell rings  
in the side of your head like the ear of Van Gogh,  
then a wonderful teacher descends from  
the top of a set of stone steps and begins

to talk about living in history and how  
this time we live in will never have its  
duplicate, it's special, it's a typological  
snowflake like something out of Dante.

Every time one melts it's an act in perfect  
taste, that's why I sometimes imagine life in  
high school to be the most hieratic  
time of one's life, with a court of breeze

nipping, like the players of an air guitar,  
at every new pore of new skin that grows  
and flows across one's body on wave after  
wave of chill and chastisement and heat.

But sometimes I lie. Once I told my roommate  
Helen Hayes was dead and that Elena Verdugo,  
who played "Consuelo" on *Marcus Welby, M.D.* for  
so many years, was Elinor Donahue ("Princess"

on *Father Knows Best*) all grown up and  
using her real name out of a newfound feeling  
of ethnic pride. To test the configuration  
of belief I kept pushing til my teeth ached.

I said in real life Lucy and Ricky couldn't  
speak English, only French. Their baby, Ricky Jr.,  
grew up to become Ricardo Montalban on ABC's  
*Fantasy Island*. I said the people upstairs all

got bitten by their collie and died. And look  
there's the collie! She screamed and jumped  
into a birdbath. I said I had read in the paper  
a baby was born with three heads all sitting

atop one another like an Indian totem pole  
and they named it Pocahontas. I said please don't  
get married and leave me alone in this shape-  
shifting house, I will go mad with grief

"and in sad cypress let me be laid." Melodrama  
and reversal have always come easily to me,  
in private a Fassbinder-Sirk festival runs  
in my head from day to night with my eyes shut,  
but once upon a time I was more sedate about  
it, and a nicer boy with some gorgeous friends,  
and wore black and gold and stole a ladder to  
bring it to school at night, stoned on a new drug.

In the wondering starlight flecked with seeds  
of marijuana, he and I mounted the Stonehenge  
handball concrete wall, spray paint like roses  
in our teeth, adventure and art at heart

and I wrote Wordsworth. THIS IS THE HOUR  
OF FEELING. And he wrote the vacuous lovely  
words of Brian Wilson: BE TRUE TO YOUR SCHOOL.  
JUST LIKE YOU WOULD TO YOUR GIRL OR GUY NOW.

□ Kevin Killian edits *Mirage in San Francisco* and is the author of *Desiree* (SF, e.g. Press). His work is forthcoming in *Zyzzyva*, *Ottotole*, *Jimmy and Lucy's House of "K"*, *Men on Men*; New Gay Fiction, and *The Classic Voice in Contemporary Gay Poetry*.



Tede Matthews (Photo Jorge Delgado)

## Tede Matthews

### Love's Exile/San Salvador

There is no language  
to speak of love.  
The white hands,  
their deadly moth dance,  
wipe away all traces  
under the black cat cloak of night

They never kissed

Now his eyes  
are all that remain,  
haunting each street light

You should never kiss a ghost

No connections in the plaza,  
no hands reaching out,  
reaching low,  
in discreet shadows

The shadows recede  
and guard dogs snap  
in his wake

He lies mute  
and isolated,  
aching for the comfort  
of a heaven-bound bird

Aching for him  
to be born  
from the flames

□ Tede Matthews is poetry coordinator at *Modern Times Bookstore*. He is a member of the *National Writers' Union and Lesbians And Gays Against Intervention*. He has been published in various journals, such as: *The James White Review*, *Fag Rag*, *No Apologies*, *El Tecolote* and *Social Anarchism*. His poetry will be featured in the upcoming *Beaux Arts Press lesbian/gay poetry anthology* *Common Difference*.

## Edward Mycue

### Each Nipple Was an Ikon

and I was so spiritual. God,  
I was an Adonis, then. Grew-  
up Quasimodo just like the bulk  
ostensibly alive, really frozen,  
here in the Land of the Dairy  
Queen. Here, outwardly bent, so  
inwardly beautiful, like me, he,  
Quasimodo, clapped outwardly,  
cheered inwardly, thrilled and  
wept as Esmerelda danced with her  
goat. Picture it then. Look  
at the dumb, ugly, maltreated, mis-  
informed sod-cutters, tasting the  
salt. In the new year, they will  
make flawless love, weave the sky.

And then, in the obscure curve  
of a garnet Catherine lake, cast  
back in blood, opening a cargo of songs,  
I will winnow the hearts of the dead  
because I was an Adonis then, before  
the songs bled, emptied, withered  
like grass or a fever on wind, like a  
verb that inherits the absence and  
doesn't end, has no destination, goes  
on, still lives, echoes: a nipple, an ikon.

□ Edward Mycue has poems collected in three volumes of poetry, two chapbooks and various broadsides. He has been published in several anthologies and a number of different magazines.

## Harold Norse

### The Moronic Plague

"I believe that homosexuality should be included with murder and other capital crimes so that the government that sits upon this land would be doing the executing."  
—Dean Wycoff, of the Moral Majority

A deadly dullness sits  
upon this land. A fungus  
crawls in the pits of the body  
infecting the crotch.

It digs  
deep, creating  
a maddening itch and desire for release  
which the disease inhibits.

It works its way



Harold Norse (Photo Robert Pruzan)

from brain to sexual organs  
taking over completely  
till nothing's left of either. But  
the patient doesn't die.

He becomes inspired!

In the grip of moronic fever  
his eyes and facial muscles harden  
his heart pumps ice-water,  
he throws faggots in the fire.

The sound of professors burning  
pleases the Moron soul.

God speaks on television  
with a country accent: "Gimme  
your money, suckers! And don't forget  
your property. Sign  
on the dotted line."

Electronic miracles  
make the lame walk and the dumb talk.  
But no miracle can make them think.

Millions fall victim to *Fungus Moronicus*.  
Rival Morons shoot each other  
in gangland style, warring cults from the **MORON CHURCH**

founded by Moroni, the soldier-prophet  
who saw inhabitants on the moon  
and sold moon real estate  
to the faithful.

When hatred erupts in plague proportions  
the religious crazies rush forth  
in great numbers  
killing everyone.

Soon everybody's dead.  
Nothing but the **BOOK OF MORON** remains.  
They have hurled the H-Bomb  
at pornography  
trashed nature  
wiped out sex.

At this point in his private  
viewing studio **GOD**, who  
has been watching the show  
without a word, yawns and mutters,  
"Well, damn *Me* if this isn't the most **BORING**  
situation comedy I've ever  
dreamed up! I'm glad  
it's off the air."  
And that's how the stupidest soap opera  
in history  
lost its ratings. Copyright © 1986 by Harold Norse

□ In a cover story in the *Advocate* on his collected poems, Carnivorous Saint (*Gay Sunshine Press, 1977*), Harold Norse was called "the American Catullus." Carnivorous Saint has been called "the most important homoerotic opus in our poetic literature." This fall, *Crossing Press* (New York) will publish Norse's mammoth collection of homoerotic poetry, *Love Poems*, which includes most of the work that appeared in *Carnivorous Saint*, newly revised, plus over seventy new poems up to 1985. Norse is currently writing his memoirs, to be published by *William Morrow*.

## Edgar Poma

### Filipino Round-Up

The day it looked as if Alex was going to die, Atenio, his lover of three weeks, rounded up as many young, gay Filipinos as he could to bring into Alex's hospital room for the middle-aged man's pleasure. "He just likes to look at our kind," Atenio said. "Smile at him. Look sexy." He turned to me and said, "Well, try to look sexy." I had come this far with the others — but I wasn't about to pretend to seduce a dying man. I was disturbed enough by the fact that he was going to die with his long-held belief intact that gay Filipino men were all alike — effete, passive, frivolous, gold-digging, submissive, always eager-to-please. In Alex's view, we must have looked like a houseboy's convention. I didn't know what the hell I was doing here.

As I headed for the door, Atenio stopped me and whispered, "Look, I know this is hard for you, but don't you realize that the only person who has to know exactly what and who you are is yourself? Besides, aren't your principles of image irrelevant when someone is dying? Now, here, put on this fur coat and act like Imelda's maid." I thought about it for a minute and said, "I can't put on the coat, but I'll stay."

A few minutes later, Alex turned to me and reached weakly for my hand. I took his hand instantly. "I can be," I assured him before he died, "whatever you wish."

□ Edgar Poma was born in Sacramento in 1959 of immigrant Filipino parents. His play, *Reunion*, is currently being staged by *Teatro Chicano in Arizona*, as part of the city of Tucson's *Gay Pride* celebration. His poetry has most recently appeared in *Without Names*, an anthology of Filipino writing. Poma lives with his lover *Rodney Wong* in San Francisco.

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# "Time does not pass only you and I do."

## —Krishnamurti

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### John J. Powers

#### Child of Porn (for Rob Goldstein)

the corner of the room  
dirty-blue, dark  
covered, filled with  
clear pornography —  
advanced  
hetero  
nights — imagine! his penis,  
for there could be no mistaking it, rose:  
a first.

he thought of  
bandages, demons; became  
a perspiring shadow, could not giggle.  
"the man pushed his big dick  
into her wide hole."  
flutter of mary, silk, smiling,  
a phrase like a stroll, the door seemed  
to disappear,  
inside he became a man or a woman.

he would begin by saying  
oh yes, i graduate in june. the other  
touched his catholic uniform.  
"she felt like his dick  
was charging right through her, her  
head tilted, bent so far back on the pillow."  
the black and white street  
dissolved like an image —  
when the Iranian  
yelled: you no look at this shit.  
punk! you young,  
slapping him with the color photos of lesbians in  
borneo lit up by los angeles,  
he felt like judas, his neck and  
lips burning.

#### Lengths

these are the boy's arms  
so new looking with thin  
blue veins and clean, soft as his mother's skin

the words he is able to pronounce  
whatever they are  
make us proud  
when they are naughty they're funny  
because he's so young he wouldn't know  
what they mean anyway

especially fuck

unless he has learned more than  
any of us could have hoped for in that new school  
where sex  
may be whispered in the hall  
like cocksucker

cunt  
the worst of all in a dream society you'll forgive or  
understand the expression

bitch bastard  
et cetera

to boot, he only says  
i enjoyed school today  
i'm learning  
give me a kiss

#### Hairlessness

i ran away from him: he's  
precise and complete.  
his forehead is large and clear.  
the frown, thinking,  
accompanies an ability  
of a limb, like a hand making  
a move, a quick line  
over his crotch, so my smile  
is short, direct, boring. he's  
happy, temporarily relieved,  
underline if or when and if  
i get it up, get up enough,  
in a mist of preparation/steal  
the jewels, barren,  
uncomplicated by hair,  
arrive at a bent head, inquisition.  
underline then.



John J. Powers (Photo Thomas Alleman)

### Steve Silberman

#### The Rain

In the newspapers recently and on television,  
the almost-microscopic helmeted technicians climb  
across an enormous grid, their intricate work hidden from the camera  
tending what is barely contained by the Jovian architecture —  
because the wall is not perfect a tiny identity  
has passed into their bodies beyond boundaries and filters,  
as they grow older they will feel it,  
working inside. Thousands of us observe their difficult labor  
through the single lens — we hope they are accurate,  
not drunk, or disheartened,  
like Atlas they carry not only the human globe on their shoulders  
but the sub-worlds of insects and mythic animals,  
the moist, oxygen-saturated heavens of microbes,  
the gravityless heavens of singing whales —  
we hope the crude structure holds  
back what is unapproachable, what is death to see,  
what to drink in or inspire unknowingly  
is to die in great pain —  
And here where the catechism of precaution has failed us,  
the fire burned uncontrollably for twelve days,  
and the great cloud drifted with the wind  
over grazing cattle and fishing-villages. So in Poland  
a bartender invents *jodynówka*, vodka with iodine...  
Thinking of those who lived to be one hundred, who never say  
*I owe my long life to an unrelenting abstinence*,  
who have seen the world pass  
from the steam-engine to the automobile to a circle of glistening  
made objects reflected in a face mask on the moon,  
I used to ask, *what blessing and horror*,  
*what changes will live through us?* Who never wanted  
to tell our children *Come in out of the rain*,  
knowing that the rain itself is innocent,  
merely bringing down the death we invented —  
knowing we are innocent, loving and patient  
near to any god, and not perfect.

□ Steve Silberman was awakened to poetry and homosexual exuberance by reading Howland Leaves of Grass in his bedroom in high school. In 1977 he was a shy apprentice of Allen Ginsberg's at Denver's Naropa Institute. He has since studied with local poets Aaron Shurin and Robert Pinsky. Silberman's work will be seen in two locally-produced anthologies this summer, Michael Mayo's Practicing Angels (Seismograph Press), and Kenny Fries and Judi Friedman's Common Difference: An Anthology of Twelve Lesbian and Gay Male Poets (Beaux Arts Press). His work has been published in No Apologies and elsewhere. Born in 1957, he has lived in the Haight-Ashbury since 1979.



Steve Silberman (Photo David Gadd)

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***Anal intercourse without a condom is probably the riskiest sexual activity you can engage in.***

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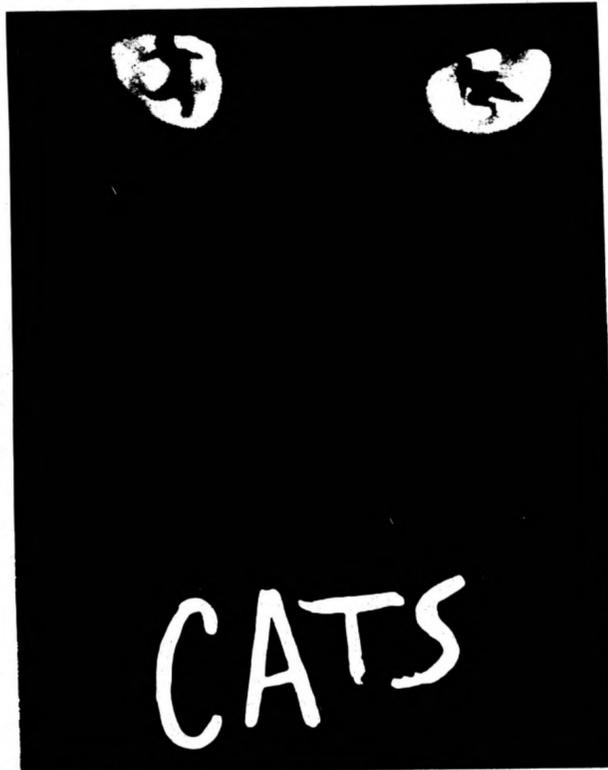
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## Sentinel

# At Ease

'Mala Noche' Director Gus Van Sant:

## Love, in Portland?

Interview by David Lamble

One day back in 1977 a fellow filmmaker handed Gus Van Sant a copy of a disturbing, dark book by an irascible eccentric Oregonian poet named Walt Curtis. "It was called *Mala Noche*," Van Sant recalls. "It was a really nice white book with big black letters on the cover. . . . I read it at home, and it was filled with all kinds of pornographic images of Curtis and these two Mexicans. I actually kept it hidden under the bed where I was staying because I was too afraid that people would see that I was reading this book."

*Mala Noche's* story, which fascinated and alarmed Van Sant, was a Burroughsian tale of infatuation and unrequited, obsessive love/lust experienced by a middle-aged poet turned shop clerk for a young con artist/illegal Mexican farm worker named Johnny. Johnny and his friend/chaperone Pepper cut a riotous swath through Walt's Skid Row Portland life. If Johnny is to Walt a male Madonna Walt — to Johnny — remains first, last and always "a stupid faggot."

*Mala Noche* is not the kind of story that modern gay audiences are clamoring to see up on the screen, — until, that is, they actually see it. A press screening of the film in San Francisco earlier this month left many normally voluble members of the local film press corps nervously dumbstruck, as if they were reluctant to break whatever spell or reverie the film had cast over them. "It's usually with the press that that's the way it is, I don't know why. Someone suggested that they don't like to look foolish in front of their friends. . . . A normal audience usually asks a few questions, although there is a lull before questions start up."

One explanation for the odd effect the film has on many who see it for the first time is that it raises a host of an often taboo topic: the legitimacy of lustful male feelings across the generation gaps. Director Van Sant, though, admits to stacking the deck a tad by casting a darkly handsome, young Oregon actor, Tim Streeter, in the role of Walt. Van Sant says he expressly chose the 26-year-old Streeter instead of the real life Walt Curtis (in his early 40s) to avoid giving a distinctly pederastic theme to the film. "A lot of people said, 'Well, you know no one likes a old bugger' no one likes this kind of guy.' Everyone, even a gay audience, is on edge about this kind of relationship."

*Mala Noche* does confront its audience with the often unequal relationship between Anglo and Mexican communities in North America. Ironically, Walt's one-way passion for Johnny reverses the normal pecking order, putting the kid quite literally in the driver's seat. Van Sant notes that casting the roles of the two Mexican kids took some time. Many of the young Mexican-Americans declined the roles because of explicit gay sex scenes in the script and because they felt it highlighted a member of their community in a less than flattering role. "The real migrant workers we talked to seemed to think of theatre and the cinema in a religious way. A film about homosexuality [to them] is just not done. . . . Also, the Mexicans were not presented [in the film] in a very good light. They were skid row types. . . and it wasn't upgrading the image of the Mexican in America. They are very concerned about that image, and they want to become middle class."

So, Van Sant indulged in some creative casting: He picked a Native American kid from the suburbs to play Johnny and cast a young professional boxer from the east side of Portland to play his close buddy. Pugilist Ray Monge had a couple of stiff conditions before he agreed to assay the role: He refused to kiss during the steamy sex scenes, or to disrobe beyond his jockey shorts. Monge feels his sexual circumspection adds depth and authenticity to his character. "I think I was pretty much like Pepper would have been in life. I think that's why the movie is real good," Monge says he's gotten good reviews

from his friends and family despite the unsettling gay content. "The say, 'Hey, that was a good movie,' even though it was pretty hard for us to understand all that." Monge, who accompanied Van Sant to San Francisco for the pre-Festival publicity junket, seemed to take gay San Francisco in his stride. He is particularly anxious to pursue acting further. "It's a lot easier than boxing," he said.

## Film

Ken Coupland

## Frameline Counts to Ten

When the curtains part at the Castro Theatre tonight, the San Francisco International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival will be celebrating its tenth birthday. For the folks at Frameline, organizers and "sponsors" of the event, that's an achievement in more ways than one.

In the past decade the Festival has grown from a one-night, Super-8mm affair to a ten-day, multi-venue, mixed media extravaganza embracing film and video contributions from many countries. In the process, the Festival's become an institution of and by itself, with a significant impact on distribution plans for films with what are called "gay themes."

True to its origins, the Festival once again includes its share of certifiable smut and this year, things being as they are, that means feature length safe-sex marathons and special events related to the airing on public television of a documentary on a popular local "AIDS-related" theatrical production.

**The Festival's Spanish film series demonstrates the unprecedented breadth — and depth — of the national cinema that exploded in the wake of the sinking Franco regime.**

You'll have to look elsewhere for exhaustive listings of Festival events (call Frameline for a complete schedule). Herein, our impressions of four features screened in advance, several of which will enjoy commercial runs shortly after the Festival. Act fast if you want to catch these films the first time around, since they're among the half-dozen or so Festival offerings that are expected to sell out.

First up is the Festival opener, Mexican director Jaime Humberto Hermosillo's *Dona Herlinda and Her Son*. A wry and sometimes winning little travelogue set in colorful Guadalajara, Hermosillo's domestic comedy finds a willful, well-off widow embroiled in a scheme to keep her only son at home and find him a wife at the same time — even if it means having his boyfriend under the same roof.

The plot holds promise, but it reads better than it plays, primarily because Hermosillo's leading lady's a dud. Glacially paced and frigidly self-conscious, Gaudalope del Toro's performance as



Director Van Sant: raising some taboo topics

Gus Van Sant says two films were particularly influential in bringing *Mala Noche* to the screen: the zither music and odd camera angles employed by Sir Carol Reed in the early '50s cold war noir thriller *The Third Man*, and the surprising success at the box office enjoyed by Frank Ripplloh's *Taxi Zum Klo*. "I saw *Taxi* as proof that there was a need for the kind of films I wanted to make," Van Sant says that under the current

spate of successful, commercial gay films, he has high hopes that *Mala Noche* will be distributed theatrically after its Festival showing.

□ *Mala Noche* screens at 8:30 pm, Monday, 6/23, at the Castro Theatre as part of the Tenth SF International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival. Call 861-5245 for details.

mer (Gerard Thoolen) against Hein, a grimly successful stockbroker (Bram van der Vlugt) who's Simon's older brother.

When word reaches the pair that their dying father has summoned them to his bedside, it's the first time Simon has heard from the old man in 20 years. The brothers set out on an arduous journey to a remote, fictitious country in the far north terrorized by a horde of sadistic skinheads locked in battle with a faceless army of white-robed revolutionaries.

*Tracks in the Snow* is almost as strange as it sounds, and Seunke's talented leading men work hard to communicate his vision. Seunke has fashioned a parallel universe around the off-kilter costumes, props and settings he devises, and the film — shot without faking it under believably arduous conditions — has compelling moments. Thoolen as the swish entertainer is particularly effective, but Seunke is a little too gleeful in developing the reversal of roles between the two brothers when danger and hardship overtake their expedition.

While the plot turns increasingly absurd, Seunke injects a note of almost rhapsodic lyricism into the developing relationship between Simon and the strapping, uncivilized native guide who's in tow.

It wouldn't do to give away Seunke's unsurprising revelations (reminiscent of a subplot in *The Color Purple*), but they're orchestrated, in his direction, with annoying histrionics partially redeemed by a telling coup de theatre at the close.

The Festival's Spanish film series demonstrates the unprecedented breadth — and depth — of the national cinema that exploded in the wake of the sinking Franco regime. The remarkable candor shown by the new wave of Spanish film directors who grapple with political issues is surpassed only by their willingness to delve into areas of sexual expression — and the often disturbing connections between the two.

The struggle for Basque independence in Spain, to offer an example, is usually restricted to filler material by the news media. In the vein in which they're presented, it's easy to view the Basques as quaint curiosities. Sound familiar? A people with a language utterly alien to the Spanish tongue, they've endured centuries of official repression.

Director Manuel Uribe's *The Death of Mikel*, the brooding, bitter story of an unlikely romance set against a background of impassioned protest and brutal politics, turns the stereotype on its ear. Uribe's Basques are educated, cultured, even chic — and bilingual. His characters have all but been assimilated into the mainstream of Spanish life, and Uribe's leftist intellectual position themselves apart from the workers they claim to represent. His luxurious camerawork (production values are excellent overall) takes full advantage of the natural beauty and picturesque archi-

Continued on page 15

## Film Clips

Michael Lasky

### Top Marks

#### Back To School

Who would have thought that a Rodney Dangerfield comedy would turn out to be the funniest film of the year? But that's exactly what the hilarious *Back To School* is. The laughs don't let up for an instant and by the time it's over, your sides hurt.

Dangerfield plays a crude school-of-hard-knocks guy who owns up to the graceless way he operates. Building his father's small tailor shop up into anationwide chain of Tall and Fat Clothing Stores, Dangerfield ditches a wife who gives good headache (Adrienne Barbeau) and heads off to see his son (Keith Gordon) at college. To prove to him that you can do anything you set your mind to, the son enrolls as a freshman, but only after donating the incentive money for a new building.

With particularly good one-liners, deadpan expressions and a warm and winningly aggressive attitude, Dangerfield woos the student body — and us too — in short order. He's no longer the put upon, I-get-no-respect dirty old man, but a loveable, letchful guy who will stop at nothing to get what or who he wants. And he makes you root for him because he knows and teaches that life is a party, and most poor suckers don't know how to get an invitation to the good times.

Dangerfield's timing works so well that it infects the entire cast, including Sally Kellerman as a James-Joyce-reciting English prof whose stream-of-consciousness overflows. Ned Beatty as a money-grubbing Dean, Paxton Whitehead as a stuffed shirt business prof and Robert Downey, Jr. as a smart-ass punk roommate.

There are 90 minutes of bitchy barbs and sidesplitting gags in *Back To School*, but it wouldn't be fair to give any of them away. Instead, see this movie for yourself and get your laugh fix of the season. (Metro)

### The Lunch Club

#### Ferris Bueller's Day Off

High school senior Ferris Bueller (Matthew Broderick) thinks everyone should take a day off once in a while. So today, after much planning, he happens to wake up with stomach cramps. His parents buy into the act, even though his resentful older sister (Jennifer Gray) does not. High school principal Jeffrey Jones doesn't either, and is willing to devote his entire day to capturing Ferris in the act of playing hooky.

Such is the flimsy premise of teen-fetishist director John Hughes' *Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club* new movie. What makes it work most of the time is Hughes' gift for dialogue that sounds authentic while simultaneously is funny. But this time, perennial teen, 24-year-old Matthew steals the show with his world-weary and whimsical delivery. The film is set up as Broderick's lecture and demonstration to the audience about having a good time while you are supposed to be working. The message is clear: Each one of us is responsible for his own happiness.

Again, the setting is a white Chicago suburb, a grazing grounds for the affluent and spoiled. As in all Hughes' films, reality is skewed so that adults are just these mindless people who sire offspring who can make them believe anything.

Hughes successfully combines the style and techniques of '30s screwball comedy with '80s sensibilities. Those films weren't based on sober reality, but can make us buy their lightheaded world, anyway.

Sure, Ferris Bueller is a teenage fan-



The Manhattan Project: The not-so-hot stuff?

tasy, complete with his computerized failsafe systems to fool anyone who suspects he is not bedridden. We enjoy this outing precisely because he fools the world and gets away with it. We all want to get away with it, but we live in the real world from which this is Ferris Bueller's Day Off. (Regency 3)

### Let's Go Fission

#### The Manhattan Project

Right from the beginning of this venture we're asked to suspend credibility. But before long, we are required to suspend in credibility.

O.K., maybe it's possible a precocious high school student can build an atomic bomb in his spare time with extra parts and puny public high school lab equipment. But then we are asked to believe that he could sneak into a top secret nuclear arms plant, fool the entire security system and make off with a jar of radioactive plutonium.

Everything that the jar has been near

becomes a miniature Chernobyl but, amazingly, our handsome science student is clean even though he's actually touched the hot stuff.

Directed by Marshall Brickman (who helped Woody Allen out with some great scripts), *The Manhattan Project* bombs out even though there is another great performance by John Lithgow, a likeable one by the handsome Christopher Collet, and occasional flashes of wit. ("If you don't give up the bomb," says Lithgow to the boy, "they will take you to some room and they will throw away the room!")

This film is supposedly filled with suspense, but the dull, thud pacing and the outcome is as predictable as they come. All that this *China Syndrome*-genre movie gave me was a case of the Chinese Restaurant Syndrome. (Alexandria)

**GAY GAMES**  
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### Film Checklist

Previously Reviewed/Ongoing

- Absolute Beginners★★★★½
- Brazil★★★★½
- Desert Hearts★★★★½
- Hannah and Her Sisters★★★★½
- Home of the Brave★★★★
- Joshua Then & Now★★★★
- Legend½
- Letter to Brezhnev★★★★
- My Beautiful Laundrette★★★★½
- Out of Africa★★★★½
- A Room with a View★★★★½
- Short Circuit½
- Three Men and a Cradle★½
- Top Gun★
- Trouble in Mind★
- Turtle Diary★★★★½
- Vagabond★★★★½

A note on the star system:  
★★★★ As good as you'll get.  
★★★ For what it is, very good.  
★★ Flawed, but worthwhile  
★ Some redeeming features  
—I'd pass. —K.C.

### Film from page 13

ture of the coast of Bilbao.

Imanol Arias, whose somber good looks set the film's mood, plays Mikel, a married man with marital problems and a shadowy past. When a bubbly therapist tells him the key to any psychiatric problem is a lack of humor, Mikel doesn't get it. He's too absorbed in his own identity crisis. That's understandable: Spanish-speaking, yet Basque, his name an unfamiliar jumble of consonants to European ears, Mikel's deeply conflicted about his sexual preferences as well. In a bizarre test of machismo at a port festival, he's hoisted out of the town harbor gripping a rooster tied to a yo-yo-ing length of cable. The casual cruelty of this sport reverberates in a harrowing scene where Mikel returns drunk from the festivities to find his wife in bed. A sensuous episode of lovemaking turns abruptly into a savage physical attack; Mikel wounds her in the most intimate fashion imaginable.

Estranged from his wife, Mikel's seduced by a transvestite cabaret singer (they seem to be a fixture in Latin supper clubs) who tells him, "At first, all you fags are the same." Uribe's drag queen is tellingly portrayed by an androgynous performer identified only as "Fama." Mikel successfully surmounts his obsession with his effeminate lover: Pretty soon he's flaunting it. The swift retribution he provokes is violent as well as tragic.

Uribe's scenario is astonishingly complex and, partly due to its dense flashback structure, mystifying. In a Pirandellian twist, Uribe — a Basque himself — doesn't seem to want us to learn precisely what happens to Mikel or who is responsible for his death, but the implications he draws are horrific. The politics who rejected Mikel for his tastes embrace his memory. "Mikel fell fighting," one says. "His death belongs to us all." It's a chillingly ironic observation.

No one could accuse Eloy de la Iglesia of reticence in his handling of the themes of sex, power, and the struggle between them. We aren't past the credits for *Hidden Pleasures*, the prolific director's tenth feature, before we're exposed to a teenage hustler's bare behind. His client — a handsome, closeted, middle-aged banker — embodies the classic Latin homosexual contradictions.

Eduardo (Smion Andreu) has a masochistic streak. A confirmed chicken hawk, he long ago

gravitated from affairs with homosexual men to quick fixes with street trade. Straight kids, who he can count on to despise him for what he is, aren't about to remind him he's living a lie. The loveless encounters take their toll: He's smitten by a willowy, young student named Miguel (Tony Fuentes), who is anxious to escape his origins in the barrios of Madrid.

It's easy to understand the attraction. Physically, intellectually and emotionally, Miguel's a superior specimen. Eduardo, correctly, fears the consequences of telling the boy about his infatuation which, of course, feeds his unconscious urge for self-punishment. And Miguel is damn slow to catch on.

Eduardo's conflicting motivations aren't made all that explicit in de la Iglesias' script. A didactic filmmaker by any standard, he's able to resist the temptation to preach: The action proceeds in a series of graphic, tautly scripted scenes. What's mystifying is why this early film is so much more engaging than some of the director's later efforts. In contrast to other films by de la Iglesias (the relatively wooden *El Diputado* and his chummy but uninvolved *Colegas*), *Hidden Pleasures* connects on intuitive as well as political levels. No doubt, Fuentes' presence as the love interest has something to do with this; not just pretty, he's also passionate and articulate. It's possible to admire, not merely enjoy him (as in the case of other de la Iglesias romantic leads).

While the vagaries of international distribution, or the lack of it, account for the order in which we see these films (enthusiastic audiences for the two newer ones prompted the release here of the other), it's hard to avoid the uneasy impression that de la Iglesias has been repeating himself since *Hidden Pleasures* — with diminishing effect.

The repetition comes from his obsessive reworking of this theme of older gay-and-younger straight romance. It will be interesting to see what he does with his current project, an adaptation of Henry James' Gothic thriller, *The Turn of the Screw*. De la Iglesias has swapped the governess in the tale for a Jesuit teacher, a move he defends in the context of James' counterfeited heterosexuality. But it's not hard to tell what attracts him to the story.

*Hidden Pleasures* opens for a limited engagement July 4-10 at the Roxie Cinema. For information on this film and others in the Festival schedule, call Frameline at 861-5245.

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## Theatre

Mike Mascioli

### Larry Kramer Explains It All

Though I haven't read Larry Kramer's bestseller *Faggots*, I've had only bad reports from trustworthy sources. Even the press material from the Berkeley Repertory Theatre, where his hit play *The Normal Heart* runs through July 6, admits the novel was "almost universally condemned by the gay press... as reactionary and based on self-hatred." Not surprisingly, then, I approached Kramer's play with reservations.

The *Normal Heart* is a fictionalized, yet patently autobiographical, blow-by-blow account, each blow scrupulously recorded in superlatives (September 1981, October 1981, November 1981) of Kramer's cause for alarm and call to arms in both the gay and straight communities during the outbreak of the AIDS epidemic. His fictional alter ego, writer Ned Weeks, skirmishes with colleagues, with the unconscionably slow-to-rouse New York City bureaucracy, with private tragedy and public crisis.

Like Ned, Kramer helped found a gay crisis center from which he was eventually ousted, apparently for his total lack of diplomacy and dangerously short fuse. It was, no doubt, one of those painful, frustrating situations in which one's sense of principle or common sense is not shared, one's contributions ignored by seemingly petty colleagues, and I can understand, if not quite condone, Kramer's impulse to write this play.

Nor can one impugn his genuine concern in the face of the crisis or his good intentions. But the road to hell is paved with good intentions — or, more likely, with reactionary thinking like Kramer's. *The Normal Heart* should raise AIDS consciousness; what it shouldn't raise is Larry Kramer's stock in the eyes of the gay community. In every way — dramatically, politically, psychologically — Kramer is ill-equipped to examine the AIDS crisis, its implications and ramifications.

Despite published novels, plays and screenplays, Kramer's literary voice is small. Granted, the play gets a little better — tighter, sharper — as it progresses. The relentless bitterness and cynicism of Dr. Emma Brookner, an AIDS specialist in the face of the epidemic, is, dramatically speaking, too obvious, but it finally finds its proper context when she confronts a panel rejecting her appeal for research funds. And an account of the indignities suffered by a colleague and his dying lover, even after the lover's death, tears at the normal heart, yet also reflects the closeted man's newfound self-acceptance and sense of responsibility.

Given the unabashedly autobiographical nature of the play one is loathe to give Kramer too much credit. Moreover, in the first act the focus is diffused and the issues confused as he parades out his entire agenda — gay politics, homophobia, coming out, AIDS, sexuality (or as he likes to think of it, promiscuity, and the cause of our downfall) — any one of which could yield a full-length play but few of which are well integrated or scrutinized here. Even so, at three hours, *The Normal Heart* still manages to contain several redundant scenes and speeches.

The play is filled with clichés and clichés — Ned and his lover, Ned and his brother, Ned and just about everyone — and we spot all of them coming a mile away. The dialog is trite, pedantic and burdened with melodramatic urgency. In the very opening scenes in a hospital a stranger suddenly announced with a glazed, doomed look, "I'm the 28th case, and 16 of them are dead"; and Dr. Brookner barks soon after, "Someone is gonna have to tell the gay population — fast!"

Ned, of course, takes up the call. "Tell gay people to stop having sex!" Brookner urges him, adding, "It only sounds harsh." Easy for her to say — she's been crippled and confined to a wheelchair all her life. And easy for Kramer to so heartily concur — he's not particularly active sexually (judging from the play) and when one character insists, "It's my right to kill myself," Ned counters, "But it's not your right to kill me." Sounds good — except that it is unmitigated arrogance for Kramer to expect others to change their lifestyle so as not to infect him, and if he practices what he preaches he has nothing to worry about. Kramer fears that gays could again be herded into concentration camps, but it seems to me that the first step in accomplishing that would be to convince the public that gay people must stop, or be stopped from, having sex. (Oddly, the play overlooks even the most obvious forms of one-to-one safe sex.)

And in a vituperative article (*N.Y. Native*, March 14, 1983) that Berkeley Rep has irresponsibly included in their presskits, Kramer confronts gay men not only with facts about AIDS but with a lot of his own personal garbage as well ("I am sick of closeted gays... I am sick of guys who think that all being gay means is sex in the first place. I am sick of guys who can only think with their cocks..."). Only those who share Kramer's hangups will hear the important message couched in such invective. With friends like this...

*The Normal Heart* strives to accomplish many things: the education of the public about AIDS; a critical look at roles and responsibilities during the epidemic; retaliation; and a chronicling of the early stages of the crisis. But it falls short of a reliable chronicle and goes far beyond mere revenge because, ultimately, what the play does best is to deify Larry Kramer.

Anyone curious about the Second Coming — when it will happen, if it will happen — will be interested to know that Kramer apparently thinks

*I suppose we should just be thankful Kramer didn't call his play The Sacred Heart.*

it's already happened, and that it happened in 1981 in his apartment.

It would require more room than I have here, not to mention another viewing of the play, to detail the manifold ways Kramer conveys this. Suffice to say that Larry-Ned is a committed, concerned, tireless individual, from the first scene to the last (no change, no growth: a dramatic *faux pas*), and Kramer stops a hairsbreadth short of saying that his efforts and those of Dr. Brookner (whoever she may be in real life) singlehandedly effected the beginning of AIDS awareness, media coverage and funding. Even if this were true, think of how offputting it would be if a handsome

## Dance

Eric Hellman

### Carvajal Steals Men Dancing

The recent "Men Dancing 5" concert at Centerspace Theater proved to be a high-energy, standing-room-only potpourri of local talent. The program's 13 pieces covered a host of dance idioms, including tap, ballet, modern, Flamenco, and even a performance work. It was a great deal of fun — rather like an all-boy version of a high school talent show.

However there were three pieces (one, in particular) that distinguished both dancer and choreographer, suggesting new artistic possibilities and something other than entertainment for friends.

Most notably, Carlos Carvajal's short work, "Egg" (danced by the intense, sensuous Rockney Bogner), was an original and thoroughly captivating piece of art. Performances of Carvajal's work have been relatively sparse in recent years since the demise of Dance Spectrum, his critically-acclaimed company founded in the early '70s. This has been a great loss for Bay Area dance lovers and, given Carvajal's former association with San Francisco Ballet (as a dancer and later as ballet master and associate choreographer), it would be wise for the Ballet's new administration to reassess his potential for future contributions.

I was especially taken by Carvajal's ability to overcome the limitations of the Centerspace Theater. The performance area is very small (twenty by twenty-five feet or so) and the technical equipment minimal, although adequate. Carvajal's stage design consisted of a fan of light (edged by an outline of twisting tree



James Carpenter (right) and Robert Picado in *The Normal Heart*

man kept reminding you how attractive he was — and how distasteful if he were to actually write a play about it to better remind you. I suppose we should just be thankful Kramer didn't call his play *The Sacred Heart*.

Lines like "There isn't one good thing to be said for anyone in this whole mess" are unconvincing, and the product of shrewdness, not honesty or modesty; we don't believe for a minute they're meant to include Ned. Kramer makes much of his abrasive, volatile nature, but it's clearly not viewed as a failing at all — except in the sense that the hero in a Greek drama possesses a tragic flaw — but, rather, as a sort of noble rage since, after all, Ned was right. Perhaps — but I for one still felt cheated at not seeing a single stigma.

Nonetheless, despite Kramer's smokescreening, it is obvious that one man's dogged, vocifer-

ous pursuit of justice is another man's self-righteous, boorish, counterproductive behavior, and I'm sure another play could be had from this material — although not, one hopes, from the pen of Larry Kramer.

With the exception of the Dr. Brookner of Judith Marx — a one-note reading of a one-dimensional part — the major roles are reasonably well handled. A couple of minor roles — Ned's straight, staid brother (Jarion Moore) and Terry, a crisis center worker (Chuck LaFont) — are even better. Their dialog is less fraught with drama. Indeed, Terry is pegged as the comic relief (more dramatic oversimplification) and is given most of

the funny lines.

Still, with so much breastbeating going on, it's a wonder we can hear any of the lines at all. On the strength of her all too infrequent appearances on the new edition of *Saturday Night Live* (routines and characterizations often lifted from her stage act, it turns out), I'd raised my hopes for the essentially one-woman show with *Danitra Vance* running through June 29 at the Victoria Theatre.

Virtually every review of Vance invokes comparison with Whoopi Goldberg; both are young black actresses and both, like Lily Tomlin before them, have developed repertoires of comic characterizations. But it's an apt comparison on a more critical level: Despite Goldberg's golden reputation, she and Vance are usually better than their material, which is diverting but rarely as funny or inspired as Tomlin's.

In retrospect, even the names of Vance's characters, like Bryn Mawr Smith Radcliffe Vassar or Robin the Reluctant Transsexual, are a tip-off, the tip of an iceberg of material that's too often unpolished and unsubtle. Music figures prominently in her act, but in the form of songs like "Midol Junkie" that are supposed to be satirical but are only sophomoric, more appropriate for filler on *SNL* or for "zany" musical performers destined to remain small-time — The Toons, for instance. Only "I Play The Maid," sung to the tune of "I Write The Songs," has any real bite, but even that had added poignance on *SNL*, where it was accompanied by clips of black maids from movies and TV.

Danitra Vance is a likeable, talented performer but hardly the "comic genius" she's already been proclaimed. This act needs rethinking.

particularly drawn to the ritualistic, trance-like quality of the dancer and his movement. I felt privileged to witness Carvajal's vision of a young man's discovery of self and being in the world.

Besides Carvajal's work, two other pieces included in "Men Dancing 5" seem especially worth noting.

Hassan Al Falak gave a strong, energetic performance in "Beneath the Baobab," choreographed by Donald McKayle and set to a primitive, jungle-wall score. This piece requires exceptional athleticism and intensity of focus, producing a torrent of movement activity and ending with the dancer drained, dripping beads of sweat, and triumphant.

Duncan MacFarland (the male half of the San Francisco-based DanceArt Company) performed a provocative narrative piece titled "The Dailies". This dance relates the dulling routine and frustration of a young officeworker. I especially like Duncan's ability to inject humor into his subject (the junior exec conveniently extracts a pull-on suit, white shirt and tie from his briefcase, effecting a transformation to the required business uniform in less than a minute),

limbs) projected against the real wall, creating an atmosphere that was seductive and mysterious. Viewers were transformed from the small, box-like performance space to a world of imaginative possibilities.

"Egg" opens with dancer Boger dressed in

*I felt privileged to witness Carvajal's vision of a young man's discovery of self and being in the world.*

baggy mechanic's overalls. He races from centerstage to the left, and then to the right, each time colliding with the walls, holding his pose in mid-air and then gently sliding down the restrictive surface. The boundaries of the space became integral parts of Carvajal's dance.

The overalls are soon abandoned, and Bolger emerges bare-chested wearing silver-grey tights. He dances a complex, highly lyrical, introspective dance to contemporary, vaguely middle-eastern musical accompaniment. Carvajal's choreography is consistently non-repetitive and inventive; he emphasizes a free, interpretative exploration of the language of ballet.

I found "Egg" immensely appealing and was

## Classics

Bill Huck

### Blomstedt's Good and Bad Nights

Herbert Blomstedt's two performances of Beethoven's *Fidelio* with the San Francisco Symphony last weekend were cause either for genuine concern over the fate of the classic music in his hands or for genuine exuberation, depending on which night you heard the opera.

Blomstedt's knowledge of the music was never in question. Though not an opera conductor, he is a thorough scholar who does his homework and comes prepared. But Blomstedt is not always flowing in his interpretation. He can be rigid, detail-oriented, too precious in the weight he asks certain passages to bear. Friday night's performance was such an occasion. Phrases did not dovetail into one another. Tempi were drawn out, sometimes unmercifully, as in the Quartet "Mir ist so wunderbar/It seems a miracle" for Marzelle, Leonore, Rocco and Jacquino. Sublime though this Quartet is, it could not bear the burden of significance that Blomstedt was trying to place upon it.

Throughout almost every piece, there were moments when Blomstedt seemed unable to control his orchestra, to keep the pulse going. Some of these problems were due to lack of rehearsal. Little mistakes of ensemble littered Friday night's performance. But that is not what I am complaining about: My problem is the way Blomstedt failed to override these annoying details. The Maestro lost his concentration, his inspiration, when things became ragged. And so things became disjointed as well.

Friday night's concert began with a problem that may have been at the root of the unrest in the performance. Tickets for this concert were sold as

part of the 1985-86 season and sent out to subscribers last September. Plainly printed on each ticket was the Symphony's usual starting time: 8:30. However, because the Symphony's contract with its employees, musicians and other makes it economically disastrous for concerts to go beyond 10:30, the administration decided to begin the *Fidelio* performances at 8:00.

Of course, many patrons arrived for an 8:30 curtain. To these patrons, the Symphony claimed that they had sent out notification of the change, but I, for one, never received it. My friend and I arrived on time only by chance.

To complicate matters, Blomstedt is a very religious man, and music for the Maestro is a sacred endeavor. He will not rehearse on the Sabbath, for example, because he will not work then, but he will perform because he likens that activity to his minister father's preaching. Performance is a celebration of the sacrament. I suspect, for example, that Blomstedt prefers symphony to opera because the theatrical nature of opera is so essentially secular.

In any case, the Symphony decided that *Fidelio* was a sacred event that could not be interrupted. Blomstedt worked hard to discourage applause holding his pose between numbers and never relaxing or enjoying the break. In addition, the patrons who crowded the lobby were never

seated during the entire first act, despite the fact that *Fidelio* is a number-opera that could have been broken in several places. After all, it was not the fault of the patrons. They did not arrive late; the performance started early. Once the Symphony had sold tickets with 8:30 printed on them, they should have begun the concert at that time and swallowed the extra cost of running to 11 p.m.

Only in the final scene of Friday night's performance did the conductor sweep through the music naturally. Throughout the rest, the Maestro was not at his ease and the music did not blossom. On Saturday night, however, we heard one of the great Blomstedt performances. Here, the audience added to the celebration with applause at the conclusion of deserving numbers, and after a bit of stiff-backed discouragement, the Maestro relented — though he did manage to squelch applause after a stupendous performance of "O namenlose Freude," the ecstatic duet for Leonore and Florestan that ends the dungeon scene. In the Opera House, there is a scene

Vol swept through the tortuous leaps of Leonore's big aria with sovereign ease and managed the long, exacting melody when she unlocks Florestan's chains at the end with lyricism to spare.

Reiner Goldberg, her imprisoned husband Florestan, had the only voice that could really fill Davies. A sumptuous tenor, with the ability to shade his sound appropriately, Goldberg showed he deserves the praise Europe has been showering on him. Plishka, who sang the jailer Rocco, is the kind of singer whose musicianship is no better than his conductor's. At the Opera he can be slovenly and mediocre. But under Blomstedt, he was careful and correct, a joy with his rich, black bass. Beverly Morgan, as the soubrette Marzelle, was not always in tune, but her sound is beautiful and her rhythm captivating. Guenter Reich, as Pizarro, played with his words most excitingly, but he, too, suffered from the Davies Hall cavern.

The San Francisco Symphony chorus outdid themselves, as they had also in their performance

*I suspect that Blomstedt prefers symphony to opera because the theatrical nature of opera is so essentially secular.*

change at this point, and in the music Beethoven worked hard to end the scene with applause and so fill the gap — something Blomstedt does not recognize.

Among the singers, Luana de Vol, who got her start in the San Francisco Symphony chorus, proved a brilliant Leonore. Davies Hall is a terrible auditorium to ask any singer to fill with sound, and de Vol suffered from the black hole above the orchestra that seems to absorb all the sound. (Even Paul Plishka, who can thunder in the Opera House, was sometimes lost in Davies.) Nevertheless, de Vol did not push her voice, yet her sound had all the vigorous thrust required by the music. This compromise showed us an intelligent artist at work, planning for a long career rather than sacrificing it all for the moment. De

of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* several weeks ago. Under Vance George's inspiration tutelage, the chorus has become one of the city's greatest treasures.

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### Benefit at 'Cats'

Cable Car Awards has announced that there are a limited number of tickets still available for the July 11th benefit performance of the award-winning musical "Cats" at the Golden Gate Theatre. Beneficiaries from the profits of the sale of these tickets are Coming Home Hospice and Gay Games II.

Ticket prices are \$65 in the orchestra section, and \$25 in the balcony. Orchestra ticket holders will receive an invitation to the Gala Jellie Ball and Cast Party at the Hyatt On Union Square after the performance.

Tickets may be purchased by phone using VISA or Mastercard by calling (415) 826-2999 from 9 a.m. until 9 p.m. or by mailing check or money order to Cable Car Awards, Inc., Post Office Box 1171, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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# When the Banshees Wailed

This month I caught **Souxsie and the Banshees** at Oakland's Henry J. Kaiser Auditorium, joining the ranks of hundreds of female teens in full Bride-of-Frankenstein regalia who looked perfectly ready to beat themselves to death with their own earrings. When these Rainbow Girls from Hell were still in first grade, Siouxsie and the Banshees released their debut LP, *Scream*, a record that figured as prominently in changing the face of popular music as initial records by The Clash and The Sex Pistols.

Opening with "Cities In Dust," their biggest hit to date, Siouxsie and company commanded immediate attention with an unpredictable choice to start. They covered nearly all the songs from their latest LP, *Tinderbox*, and strategically threw in some old favorites like "Christine," "Arabian Knights" and "Happy House," during which several hand puppets were manipulated from behind large blocks on each side of the drummer.

Siouxsie's voice, an instrument ranging from a whining whisper to a sustained resonant howl (and rumored to be on the blink about two years ago), not only help up in this live situation but sounded even better than on record. In this day

tions were pushed to the fore, providing the necessary compensation.

Siouxsie maintained her legendary aloofness with the audience, never speaking to us, never really looking at us, almost in a world of her own. People I know who saw the show were bothered by this. I didn't mind at all. The only elements that she puts forward are her songs, her voice and her dancing, without endearing qualities or cute personality traits to sway or enhance her listeners. Everything she offered was top grade — right down to the eye make-up.

The group encored with two of their best songs, "Israel" and "Spellbound." Their final song was unfamiliar and astonishing. The band

*Siouxsie maintained her legendary aloofness with the audience, never speaking to us, never really looking at us, almost in a world of her own.*

when studio techno-treatments are slapped on recordings as liberally as Mary Kay Cosmetics on faces of housewives, it's reassuring to find an artist holding her own.

Band members Steven Severin on bass, Budgie on drums and John Valentine Carruthers on guitar played a straightforward set, sounding exactly like their records. I can admire that ability in a band, but I found myself wanting some harsher chords and higher energy. They created a perfect frame though, for Siouxsie, whose vocal explorations

whipped into a frenzied tornado of sound as if they'd been saving up all night for this one moment. As Siouxsie sang her last note, she held the microphone with her mouth, then let the mike drop to the stage floor, and walked off. It was a perfect exit.

Last Thursday's "A Night in New York" at The Oasis boasted a lineup of New York cabaret performers **Animal X** and **The June Brides**, **The Pop Tarts** and, finally, **John Sex**. I arrived midway through the June Brides set to find three cos-



Siouxsie's got her voice back

tumed women on stage singing to recorded music. Between songs a "theme" bride ('60s bride, biker bride, gangster bride) paraded across the stage. During one song, The Oasis roof opened automatically to reveal a line of ten of these brides standing on the balcony holding candles. I wondered if all of these people were from New York: That's a big revue to take on the road. The costumes were stunning, but the ladies shouldn't have sung. They should have said, "Hi. We're 13 girls who combined our wardrobes and came up with this." What they came up with by way of costumes was definitely an A+.

Next up were The Pop Tarts, two guys and two girls singing and dancing to recorded music, who used simple props like umbrellas and inflatable world globes and tossed party favors to the audience. They seemed to me like rejects from *Frame*, forced to endure the underground. I

walked around the club during their set and spotted Arturo in his trademark Patsy Cline drag. I mustered up the courage to introduce myself and tell him just how much I love her. Catch her act if you can; she's moving to Tokyo.

John Sex was well worth waiting for. Flanked by Miss Kitty, local chanteuse on tits, and Miss April, a short girl with a platinum bee-hive and fall, Sex took the stage in a light-up jacket and glasses. For the first time that evening I felt I was in the presence of a genuine performer. Sex danced about the stage, lewdly gesticulating, shaking hands and singing better than any of the opening acts. The two dancers had some wonderfully campy moves, my favorite being a hip-shaking hair tease in unison. Sex encouraged the audience to buy some drinks, get drunk, spend money, break the plexiglas and fall in the pool.

Continued on page 20



Einsturzende Nuebaten's guitarist lost a few strings at DV8 recently

## Rock Previews

### Adam Block

**Patsy Cline & The Memphis G Spots:** Patsy is leaving for Japan and this is billed as her "farewell" concert. When Jessica Lange portrayed the shitkickin' diva, she mimed the songs. She isn't Arturo. His Patsy hasn't been phased out by her own untimely death. She remains brash, hilarious and heartrending: Not content with simply mouthing her old material she's breathing life into it. And she's wondrous on songs that she never got around to recording.

The Japanese will probably declare this act a National Treasure. They don't quibble about genius. If Don Baird were President he'd undoubtedly have Patsy and her crack band perform the national anthem at the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty — a campaign platform I could support.

I'll be watching that show, for the 200 Elvis-imitators, but I know who I'll miss, and I know I'll be convinced that that torch is being lit, like a candle in the window, in anticipation of the

return of our own Lady Liberty. If you think that I'm joking, buy early, crowd close, and fall in love. If you know that I'm not: Be brave, be lucky be here. (Nine, 6/20, 11pm, \$6)

**Wire Train, Yo, Fields Laughing:** Think of this as a battle of the bands. The headliners' plangent, intelligent pop has earned them raves in Europe, so they're hitting their hometown, which has never waxed that enthusiastic, to prove that they deserve every superlative. Local indies, Yo, are way more likely to crowd the top of local critics' lists of faves. Their soulful, unvarnished assault and the adoration accruing to their third lp *Once In A Blue Moon* (Restless), pit them as fitting competition against the headliners. The folkie openers are locals with a fresh single, just getting the kind of insider-buzz that persuades the avid to arrive early. The daring and incorrigible will check into this show before dashing over to Nine. (Wolfgang's, 6/20, 8pm, \$9 adv., \$10 day)

**Stevie Wonder:** It's almost sacrilege to admit how aimless and boring the man with the life-savers and red licorice woven into his do has become. Face it: He's been walked through the platitudes of too many awards ceremonies,

and has focused with too much alacrity on the ascendance of Lionel Richie to Kenny Rogers-hood. Stevie is still brilliant, just half-embalmed in his own legend. If that doesn't creep you out, and you can cadge a ticket, the audience ought to provide plenty of sartorial distractions. At least it's not at a stadium but, personally, I'm waiting for him to play the Venetian Room. (Oakland Coliseum, 6/21, 8pm, \$18.50 res.)

**Mapenzi, Zulu Spear:** World Beat was supposed to be the hot new pop thing, germinating right here in the Bay Area. It's beginning to look more like Fuzak for the anti-apartheid set: a cult rave-up for the cognoscenti. These two teams work the turf with refreshing hilarity and eclecticism. Stevie Wonder may best embody the aspirations of black America, but odds are you'll find more grit, sweat, and delight at this gig. (Great American Music Hall, 6/21, 9pm, \$7)

**Big Bang Beat:** The Zsa Zsu Pitts Memorial Orchestra began as a lark for local musicians: an impeccable camp tribute to the top 40 of the Big Chill generation. When the founder claimed the name, the rest of the band walked, and emerged as this collective. He quickly hired replacements and both are proving to be crowd-pleasers, but loyalists of the original cast will want to be here. (Stone, 6/21, 9pm, \$8 adv., \$9 day)

**Beat Farmers, Screaming Sirens, Frontier Wives:** The Beat Farmers are one not-to-be-denied bull-goose-loony bar band who power from poignant country to booze-soaked r&b like an ace j.d. slamming his customized stock car into fourth. They're one of the best ways I can imagine to tell a stranger about rock'n roll. The Sirens are raunchy rowdy cowgirls out of L.A. — the band Eve Babitz said she'd take Lina Wertmuller to see if she wanted to explain one far edge of Western Civilization. An outrageous, inspired pairing. (Stone, 6/22, 9pm, \$7.50 adv., \$8.50 day)

**Tuxedo Moon:** San Francisco's own seminal art-rockers were formed by a couple of guys who used to do music for the Angels of Light until they discovered electronics and junkie-chic. Expatriating it up in Europe the lineup shifted, and while they were treated with reverence in the old world, locals began to lose touch. After a five-year absence and a brief U.S. tour, this looks to be their farewell date before returning to Europe. Odds are that the legendary Winston Tong will put in a rare appearance on vocals. Welcome the prodigals. (I-Beam, 6/23, 11pm, \$7 adv., \$8.50 day)

**Faith No More, Thelonus Monster:** This one gets the Don Baird, perverse-ly-intrigued-seal-of-approval. The raucous-a-farian East Bay thunderbunnies coast in on their anthem, "We Care A Lot." The openers will travel a long way to sing the deathless "Why Don't You Blow Me And The Rest of The Band?" I'm looking for hordes to call their bluff — hopefully in mid-song. (Oasis, 6/24, 10pm, \$5)

**Get Smart, Non Fiction:** I have it on reliable rumor that the headliners are a young power-pop combo out of Boston — then again they may be a novelty combo who sing only TV theme songs. The openers are the Kentucky lads whose local single "Dead Into West Virginia" persuaded Elvis Costello to sign them to his Demon Records label in the UK. The coast meet poolside. (Oasis, 6/25, 10pm, \$5)

**Karen Finley & Lydia Lunch, Mekons:** Weird. I don't know who Finley is, but Ms. Lunch may be remembered for her Nancy Spungen-on-bad-acid rampages as lead singer with Teenage Jesus & The Jerks. These two are billed as "Performance Artists," presenting what I'm sure is a delightful little trifle called *Revenge of The Ultimate Pussy Killers*. Call me cynical — lacking in charity — but I'd say that makes for a rather iffy come-on. The opening act, advertised almost as if as an afterthought, are another story. The Mekons are a 7-piece group of post-punk

Situationists out of Leeds in the U.K. — a cracked collective out of the Gang of Four's territory, who holed up and never gave up their guerrilla war/love affair with pop culture. Their lp last year, *Fear And Whiskey* (SIN), was probably the least-known disc to crop up in multiple critic's polls for '85's Top Ten. This is their first SF appearance, and it's the buzz on them that leads me to believe the steep ticket might just be well justified. Might, mind you. (DV8, 6/26, 10pm, \$12.50 adv., \$15 day)

**Camper Van Beethoven, Yo:** Camper have outdistanced their novelty hit "Take The Skinheads Bowling" from their first lp, with their current *II & III* which has made their psychedelic bone-crusher "I'm On A Bad Trip" a staple of college radio. Live they've been curiously ramshackle and unfocused, but this is a fine chance to see if they've licked that problem. The other top local-contender-as-critics'-darling open. (Oasis, 7/1, 10pm, \$6)

**PIL, TBA:** John Lydon caught a lot of skeptics by surprise with this year's *album* (Elektra), and it's lush single, "Rise," a disc that he described as "the thinking man's heavy metal." Unfortunately the musicians from that disc — guitarist Steve Vai, bassist Bill Laswell, and drummer Ginger Baker for instance, aren't expected to play this tour. The former Johnny Rotten is always a riveting, charismatic, even craven performer, and I probably won't be able to resist, but *caveat emptor*. (SF Civic Center, July 2, 8pm, \$15 adv.)

**David Lindley & El Rayo X, Regular Guys:** Jackson Browne's long-time lead guitarist, and the man who sang the unearthly falsetto on Jackson's cover of "Stay" is an endearingly cracked, nimble-fingered wit who regularly brings down — and sells out — the house when he takes to the road. If the idea of Ry Cooder on mushrooms tickles your fancy, this could be the ticket for Independence Day. (Wolfgang's, 7/4, 8pm, \$10 adv., \$1 day)

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# Twice A Month

June 20 — June 26

Friday, June 20

**BWMT Baker Beach Bikini Potluck.** Call Alan at 567-9851 for details.

**Monica Palacios & Marga Gomez,** sex & shopping, both at the same time, 7 pm, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

**"Ain't Takin' This!"** Comedian Sandy Van presents an outrageous one woman show with a man, 8 pm, \$5, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

**"The Women,"** by Clare Booth Luce, a camp classic tale about infidelity, female competition and nail polish with 35 fascinating women characters, 8:30 pm (Thur-Sat), 7:30 pm (Sun), \$8-12 (student, senior & group discounts), at the New Zephyr Theater, 25 Van Ness Ave. (Thur 6/29). Call 386-SFAT.

**"The Children's Hour"**, see 6/25.

**"Wrists,"** Tom Ammiano's one-man, two wristed comedy show, 8:30 pm, \$7 at Studio Rhino. Call 861-5079.

**Katibelle Collins,** an intimate evening with Noel & Cole, 9:30 pm, \$6, at Buckley's Bistro (also 6/27). Call 552-8177.

**★ The Happy Hour Celebrity Backyard Barbeque & Pool Party,** 10 pm, \$6, at Club 181 (also 6/21, 6/27 & 6/28). Call Doris at 621-3748 or Phil, 626-9548.

Saturday, June 21

**Opening of a display of visual materials on Gay Pride** from Roderick Cummings' collection, at the Walt Whitman Bookshop (thru July 6). Call 861-3078.

**Reception for Maude Church** at the Baybrick Inn, 3-6 pm; Church's new paintings in acrylic on canvas and oil pastel drawings of landscapes will be on display thru July 22 (5 pm - 2 am).

**Reception for The White Rabbit / Jack Spicer Circle,** 3-5 pm, at City Lights Book Store; The White Rabbit / Jack Spicer Circle Reading, 7 pm, at the SF Art Institute. Call 654-3422.

**Benefit for SF AIDS Foundation,** 7-11 pm, \$8-20 (sliding scale), at Artemis Cafe, 1199 Valencia St. Call 821-0232.

**Sophisticated Segues** by dj Chris Wasmund, 8 pm, \$5; **Afterhours** with dj David Ramirez, 2 am, \$5, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

**★ Dance with "The Dishes"** — live music — to benefit Dignity / East Bay & Pacific Center AIDS Fund, 8:30 - 11:30 pm, \$5 minimum, at St. Augustine's Hall, 400 Alcatraz, Oakland. Call Joan at 547-1730.

**Marga Gomez & Jim Perry,** 9 pm, \$2, at Hotel Utah. Call 421-8308 or 777-3411 for reservations.

**Weslia Whitfield,** 9:30 pm, \$6, at Buckley's Bistro (also 6/28). Call 552-8177.

Sunday, June 22

**Day Hike:** to Mt. Tamalpais State Park, led by Milo Jarvis. Meet under the BIG Safeway sign near Market & Church. Call 863-2842.

**The Blazing Redheads,** Latin Jazz fusion, 4-8 pm, \$5, at El Rio (your dive). Call 282-3325.

**Playreading from Places Please!**, an anthology of lesbian plays, 7 pm, \$3-5 (sliding scale), at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

**Richard Damien,** 8 pm, \$6, at Buckley's Bistro (also 6/29). Call 552-8177.

**★ Armistead Maupin** continues reading from his new *Tales of the City* series, 8 pm, free, at the Walt Whitman Bookshop. Call 861-3078.

Monday, June 23

**Poetry reading** by gay Chicanos y Chicanas with Riban, Francisco Alarcon, Sabrina Hernandez & Rodrigo Reyes, 7:30 pm, \$3-5 (sliding scale), at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

Tuesday, June 24

**Gwen Avery,** the Boss Lady of R&B, 7-9 pm, no cover; **dj Chris Wasmund,** 10 pm, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

**"Reclaiming Sexual Spirit,"** presented by Buzz Bense & Scott Eaton; an evening devoted to putting the FUN back into SEX, 7:30 - 10:30 pm, \$10, at All American Meeting Hall, 2269 Market St. Call Scott at 861-0306.

## Goings On in The Next Two Weeks



The stars of the Happy Hour Celebrity Backyard Barbeque and Pool Party at Club 181 this weekend. See 6/20

**The Gay Cable Network:** "Pride & Progress" presents gay news views and sports. "The Right Stuff" spotlights the Alex-5 performance group, Phill's Liz Taylor interview, and highlights of the 10th annual SF Lesbian & Gay Film & Video Festival, 9-10 pm, Cable 6; screenings at Maud's.

**Blush Production's BurLEZk** erotic danceshow for women, 9-10 pm, \$5; **dj Chris Wasmund** spins till 2 am, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Wednesday, June 25

**★ "The Children's Hour,"** by Lillian Hellman, a suspenseful tale of two women caught in the panic and destruction of homophobia, 8:30 pm (Wed-Sun), 3 pm (Sun matinees), \$9-12 (\$9-10 matinees), at Theatre Rhino (Thur 7/20). Call 861-5079.

**Scott Rankine,** 9 pm, \$6, at Buckley's Bistro. Call 552-8177.

**Leopard Set,** innovative jazz-beat & poetry, 9 pm, \$5; **dj David Ramirez,** at 9 pm shows, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

**The New John Handy Quartet,** two shows from 9 pm, \$2, at The Endup. Call 495-9550.

Thursday, June 26

**★ SF International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival** and Epstein/Adair Co-Productions host a live broadcast benefit celebration of *The AIDS Show: Artists Involved with Death and Survival*, 5:30 pm & 8:30 pm, \$10, at KQED-TV Studios, 500 - 8th St. Call Frameline at 431-9227.

**Bonnie Hayes** tickles the ivories, 7 pm, no cover; **dj Page Hodel,** funk & soul dance party, 9 pm, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

**BWMT Rap:** Personal Identity Workshop, led by Dr. John Bush, National Co-Chair of NABWMT, 7:30 pm, at 1350 Waller St. Call Larry at 621-4388 or 821-6296.

**The Tayu Center for Gay Spirituality** sponsors a Tayu Study Group, directed by Tayu Master Rob Schmidt, 8 pm, \$3 donation, at Shared Visions Center, 2512 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley (every Thursday). Call (707) 887-2490.

**"Malvinasong,"** the warm & witty tribute to the late Berkeley crusader-balladeer Malvina Reynolds featuring a live cabaret revue and film, 8 pm, \$7 (Thur), \$8 (Fri & Sat), at Studio Eremos, 499 Alabama St. (thru 6/28). Call 530-6134.

**Aldo Antonio Bell & Katibelle Collins,** 9 pm, \$6, at Buckley's Bistro. Call 552-8177.

**★ "Unfinished Business: The New AIDS Show,"** directed by Leland Moss & Doug Holsclaw, 8 pm, \$9, at Theatre Rhino (thru 6/28). Call 861-5079.

June 27 - July 3

Friday, June 27

**Femprov,** once is not enough for The Fab Five, 7 pm, no cover; **The Master of Mixology,** dj page Hodel, 9 pm, \$5; **Afterhours** with guest djs, 2 am, \$5, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

**Bay Area singers/songwriters** Becky Reardon & Judy Munson, cabaret with synthesizer technology, jazz rhythms & smokey vocals, 7 pm & 9 pm, \$5-7 (sliding scale), at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

**★ SF Gay Men's Chorus** presents "A Little Guts and Lots of Glitter" with a lineup of local performing groups, 8 pm, \$7-13 at First Congregational Church (also 6/28). Call 864-0326.

**Jon Sugar & GAWK** present poetry by Lloyd Stensrud, John J. Powers & Don Chan Mark, 9 pm, at the Paragon, 555-A Castro St. Call Jon at 664-2682 or Richard, 552-2909.

**Drummer Contest,** 9 pm, at Trocadero Transfer. Call 821-4228.

Saturday, June 28

**★ CNA/ART** poetry reading, 4-6 pm, \$5; **performance/video,** 7-8 pm, no charge, at 142 Fillmore St. Call 621-0909.

**KQED-FM (88.5)** presents "The AIDS Show," produced by Sentinel writer David Lamb; contains recorded segments based on the Theatre Rhino production, 8-9 pm.

**Hunter Davis,** Redwood recording artist, in concert. Come celebrate the release of Hunter's debut album *Harmony*, 8 pm, \$5, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

**"The Iron Dice,"** music/drama by Howard Van Loan, 8 pm, \$2, City College Theatre (B215 adjacent to Theatre; limited seating), Phelan & Judson (near Ocean). Call 239-3132.

**Over Our Heads,** 9 pm, \$2, at Hotel Utah, 500 - 4th St. Call 421-8308 or 777-3411 for reservations.

**★ Gay Comedy Extravaganza** featuring many of your favorites from the Valencia Rose, midnight, \$6 at the Castro Theatre. Call 861-5404.

Sunday, June 29

**★ SF Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration.** 17th edition of the world's largest such begins 11 am at Market and Spear Sts, proceeds to City Hall, followed by 5 1/2 hours of prominent speakers and entertainers. Volunteers needed. Call 861-5404.

**Baybrick** opens at 2 pm for a day of fun for all! \$5; every Sunday, **Urban Funk** with dj Donna Rego, 8:30 pm, no cover. Call 431-8334.

**Special Show,** djs, to celebrate after the Parade, 3 pm til 2 am at Esta Noche. Call 861-5757.

**Stephen Heric Quintet** (rebirth of Tropical Nights), salsa, samba, funk & jazz, 4-8 pm, \$5, at El Rio (your dive). Call 282-3325.

**Gay Day** at The Eagle, 11th & Harrison, 5 pm. Call 821-4228.

Monday, June 30

**Poetry reading** with Robert Gluck, Martha Courtot, Tede Matthews & Judi Friedman, 7:30 pm, \$3-5 (sliding scale), at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

Tuesday, July 1

**The Gay Cable Network:** "Pride & Progress," "The Right Stuff," & the Who Is Doris Fish? contest, 9-10 pm, Cable 6; screenings at Maud's.

Thursday July 3

**Car Camping at Russian River,** led by Don Magruder (474-6200) & Andy Bassar (863-0548, 273-6217) of SF Hiking Club; long weekend trip (to 7/6) staying at the Willows, with hikes to Armstrong Woods, canoeing & more.

**SF Musical Theater** presents "Cabaret Showcase," a revue to benefit their Fall season, 7:30 pm, no-host cocktails, 8:30 pm, show, at Buckley's Bistro. Call Eve at 239-4907.

### Rock from page 18

He strapped on a wild guitar for one song. His playing was awful, but perfect, as his dancers crawled to him on hands and knees in a frenzy of guitar/penis worship. Sex had done all the ax-hero moves, even playing the guitar at one point with his mouth. Delicious.

During the song "Hustle and the Muscle," Sex dished out lines like "Ride my Pig" and "Can you handle the man below my belt?" before pulling a girl out of the audience for an exaggerated dry hump. He sang three different versions on "The Mary Tyler Moore Theme — normal, fast, and super-fast. Members of the opening acts and the infamous Patsy Cline joined him on stage for an explosive dance number I'll not soon forget.

I had many reservations about attending this show, but it turned out to be great fun. John Sex's act yanks its influences from vaudeville and from Divine, tears the heart out of R&R and stomps on it with a spiked heel: I laugh just thinking about it.

Speaking of laughs, I just read *Elvis and Me*, by Priscilla Beaulieu Presley. I was particularly amused by some of Priscilla's fashion dilemmas — like which dress matched the butt of the gun Elvis made her carry in her bra, or which floral print she could wear without getting thrown out of Graceland by the king. Read it; it will take you all of twenty minutes.

## Mixed Reviews

### The Critics Choose Favorites

**Art:** Lawrence Halprin: *Changing Places* presents more than a dozen commissions by this widely influential SF-based landscape architect and environmental designer; 7/3 through 8/24 at the SF Museum of Modern Art. Call 863-8800.

**Dance:** Maria Cheng performs in "Antecedents," an exploration of her Chinese-American heritage through expressive dance and provocative narration, 6/20-21 at the New Performance Gallery. Call 621-7797.

**Lazarus/Dance** presents new work by modern dance choreographer Joan Lazarus, 6/20-22 at Footwork Studio. Call 824-5044.

**The Jeffrey Ballet** arrives for its annual summer visit featuring John Cranko's full-length *Romeo and Juliet* and mixed repertory, 7/1-13 at the Opera House. Call 431-5400.

**Film:** Tenth SF International Lesbian/Gay Film Festival opens at the Castro Theatre 6/20, moves to the Roxie Cinema 6/25

through 6/29. Call 861-5245.

**The Man in the Silk Hat,** portrait of Chaplin precursor Max Linder, a pioneer silent film comic; shown with Linder shorts; 6/20 through 6/26 at the Pagoda Palace. Call 421-2901.

Northern California premiere of *Labyrinth*, starring David Bowie; director Jim Henson of *Muppets* fame and executive producer George Lucas will be on hand at this benefit for Pacific Film Archives; 6/27 at UC Berkeley's Wheeler Auditorium. Call 642-1412.

**Lost Horizon,** Frank Capra's classic evocation of Shangri-La starring Ronald Colman, includes some 20 minutes cut from the original release; 7/2-5, part of the "Revived and Restored" series at the Castro Theatre. Call 621-6120.

**Music:** Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Yeomen of the Guard* in a new production by the Lamplighters, 6/21 through 8/3 at Presentation Theatre. Call 752-7755.



The lamplighters revive *The Yeomen of the Guard*. See Music

**Performance:** The Paul Drescher Ensemble presents the SF premiere of their micro-opera *Slow Fire*, with a music/theater

piece *Was Are/Will Be*, 6/25 through 7/6 at Theatre Artaud. Call 621-7797.

**Photography:** *Facets of the Collection:* Roger Parry, fifty b&w prints by the French surrealist photographer; now through 8/10 at the SF Museum of Modern Art. Call 863-8800.

**The Ring Resplendent:** SF Opera's 1985 *Ring Cycle*, a photographic record by Ira Nowinski; now through 7/20 at the War Memorial Opera House Museum. Call 431-0717.

**Pierre Molinier:** 16 *Erotic Photographs*, bizarre, kinky drag studies by an eccentric recluse, plus other photographers; 7/2 through 8/16 at Fraenkel Gallery. Call 981-2661.

**Theatre:** *The Mosquito Man*, world premiere of Ellen Sebastian's experimental work about the perils of toxic chemicals; tonight through 7/13 at the Zephyr Theatre Complex. Call 474-8800.

**The Foreigner,** Larry Shue's antic, award-winning comedy, stars Rene Auberjonois, Imogene Coca and Charlene Tilton of Dallas; opens 6/25 for a limited run at Marines Memorial Theatre. Call 771-6900.

**Going to Waste,** zany farce based on a play by Feydeau, performed by the Dell 'Arte Student Ensemble; 6/26-28 at Intersection for the Arts. Call 626-2787.

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# Classifieds

## STRICTLY PERSONAL

### MUSCULAR AND SPIRITUAL?

Your very handsome face and well toned-muscular body are balanced by your dynamic mind and gentle spirit. You're 25-30, versatile, non drug/alcohol, moustached. Maybe slightly hairy, tallish, nicely endowed. Me: very handsome, 6'1", 170, 31, blond-brown hair, moustache, muscular, very-defined, smooth, washboard ab, serious, silly, spiritual, political, love swimming, art, dance, romance. Only replies w/photo - returned. Box 125, 2261 Market St., SF, CA 94114. (P-12)

### HOME SWEET HOME!

Responsible, quiet and mature 29 year old GWM looking for home in exchange for domestic and/or business tasks. I am returning to school to study physical therapy and will have financial aid package and part-time job. I have previously been a formal butler/cook and also managed a real estate brokerage in San Francisco. I presently manage a 18 unit building. My interests include: cooking, bicycling, body building, art, theatre, holistic health and I am a certified masseur. I am hardworking, personable and even very attractive (5'11", 155 lbs. with brown hair and warm bedroom eyes). I have local references. Call John at 564-2424. (P-13)

### Picture Trading Scene

Me 32, W/M, muscular, blue eyes, 5'11", 170 lbs., quiet, sincere, intense, handsome farm boy. Looking for well hung with large round helmet head. Age doesn't matter. If you are looking for the same and fun, and into trading pictures and cassettes, and possible get together, a picture of your manhood guarantees mine. Send address or phone. My pictures are stimulating and just waiting for yours. SUSA, Box 790. (P-11)

### PINSTRIPED MASTER

Slender, sexy professional, 35, seeks passionate playmate who is open to new experiences. I am available daytime or evenings. SUSA, Box 797. (P-12)

### STEADY FRIEND/SEX PARTNER WANTED

GWM, early 30's, looking for a steady sex partner, to help with problem of getting horny a lot. Looking for individual in East Bay for daytime fun, SF for evenings and/or weekends. No involvement wanted or expected other than friendship, fun and sex. Age not important. Prefer Asian/Black/etc. but don't let that stop you. 2124 Kittredge #266, Berkeley, CA 94704. (P-13)

### NAKED HOUSECLEANING

Performed by you in your house or apt. Weekly under direction of the lash. Military inspection room by room. Lash applied on bareback light or medium only. Also available, military physical training under the lash. Ages 21-35 only with photo and phone. The sarge is 38, GWM, and will call you if accepted. Benefits: clean house, disciplined mind & body, new motivation, new feeling of worth, new friend. SUSA, Box 801. (P-13)

### MUSCULAR BODY BUILDER

Very muscular Body Builder 41 years old, 5'7", 145 lbs., 43" chest; 15" arms, 29" waist. Like to experience bondage fantasies top or bottom with other muscular men. No marks, safe preferred. Write to Boxholder, P.O. Box 5401, Oakland, CA 94605. Phone number get first response. (P-13)

### TOPMEN / LETTERMEN

Attractive GWM couple, mid 30's looking for well hung fuckbuddy 30-40's. Lover needs deep plowing. Love to share and learn. Condos a must. Send photo and phone to 1827 Haight Street, #26, S.F. 94117. (P-13)

### DICK IN LEVI'S

Goodlooking hot GWM, early 40's, 5'8", 150, well built, moustache, hairy, wants hot mouth, deep throated aggressive man into sucking, cut, hard cock, in and out of 501's. All replies answered. Send name, number to SUSA Box 798. (P-13)

### STIFF, THICK AND HORNY

Attractive GWM, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., tan, brown-eyed, blondish, bearded, hairy-chested, health conscious, very independent, looking for fuck-buddies for intense, passionate, greasy, sweaty fun. Not looking for love, romance, involvement, commitment, attachment, etc. Already have an established, emotionally fulfilling but mostly platonic lover relationship. Like to get off with hot men who like myself are masculine, versatile, kinky and strictly safe. Personality, affection, sense of humor important also. Voyaristic/Exhibitionistic JO, Phone JO, talking dirty, jockstraps, cockrings, leather, tiplay, light SM/BD all okay. Photo/letter to Boxholder, #153, 2261 Market St., SF 94114. (P-13)

### MANY FACETED LEATHERMAN

Trim, hard Daddy/Master, young looking 51, 5'8", 145 lbs., brown hair/eyes, beard, moustache, into all leather, boots, bondage. Looking for young or hot in leather and out son/slave for mutual safe only good times. Many interests, many scenes, many fantasies. Let's explore. Photo/phone required. If you need a man to serve and service, reply to Ed, Suite 166, 584 Castro, SF 94114 for more information and details. (P-13)

### BUBBLEBUTT NEEDS ATTENTION

Hunky GWM, Young 36, 5'8", 150 lbs. — Very Attractive, hung (cut). Blond, Blue, moustache and Passive is looking for a goodlooking, built man with moustache, 35-45 who is aggressive and takes charge in the bedroom. I work-out daily and am in excellent health. I'm interested in developing a serious relationship, willing to devote all my attentions and affections to one special man. Send letter and photo with phone. SUSA, Box 792. (P-13)

### ROMANTIC LOVER WANTED

W/M Scorpio Bodybuilder, 5'11", 46" chest, brown/blue, bald, Bottom/Versatile, excellent cook (Ethnic mostly), into Sci-Fi movies, walks in GG Park, computers and Monogamy seeks Latin or Caucasian for enduring relationship, cuddling, quiet times. You: 35-45, trim or firm body, moustache, non-argumentative, somewhat possessive but not smothering. Non-smoker preferred. Are you into plants and animals. Taller, Humpler? Please Write! P.O. Box 5233, SF, CA 94101. Love! (P-13)

### "LASTING RELATIONSHIP"

wanted with someone, 25-45 years old, who is caring, romantic, clean and mature enough to handle a relationship. I'm Asian, 25 years old (but look boyish) who enjoys nature, movies and quiet evenings at home (not into bars). Race, looks, cock size unimportant. Call 469-5635 anytime after 9:00 p.m. Serious only please. (P-13)

### SINCERE BLACK MALE

29, looks boyish 24, very slender build, intelligently erotic, 120 lbs., 5'8", 28" waist, eyeglasses. Back from eighteen month monogamous and caring relationship in London. Alone again. Seek realistically social friendships and one sustainable, loving relationship. Prefer drug-free non-smokers. Race unimportant. Ages 26-40. Safe Sex/AIDS Conscious. Non-Kinky. Career-oriented and fatherly/big brother types respected. Photo/letter receives same. James, 2269 Market Street, Box 132, SF 94114. (P-13)

### Hot Men With Potential

Wanna date? Are you: 1. Intelligent, secure, sincere & cuddly? 2. Weight lifter, non smoker, college educated professional? 3. Hard & defined, good friend & lover? 4. Has stock portfolio? 5. Some of the above. 6. All of the above. All #6's please contact me for: 1. A free drink. 2. A quiet dinner. 3. To see my changes. I am a very goodlooking 7 year old GWM, dominate, very aggressive, 155 lbs., 5'11", BR/BL, career & monogamy oriented, I enjoy theatre, sports cars, speed boats & good friends. Send photo SUSA, Box 787. (P-13)

### DESIRING SOMEONE SPECIAL

Attractive, WM, 53 yrs, 6', 200 lbs.. It: brown hair, blue eyes. Very little experience but with a life long desire. I'm easy going, considerate, a non-smoker (no drugs), social drinker. I would like to meet similar person, white, Asian, who has time to invest in friendship, hopefully a relationship with mutual concern for safety. Live in the Sacramento area and look forward to meeting. SUSA Box 800. (P-13)

### AFFECTIONATE LOVER WANTED

Have lots of love to give to the right man. I'm tall, 6'1", slender, masculine, GWM, 48, brown hair, beard, blue eyes, good looking hung well, versatile. Would like you to be of slender build, smooth, hung, over 35, enjoy being made love to. I'm a dominant type, like tit play, giving massage, making you feel good, building a relationship. Please call evenings up to 11:00 pm at 776-9473 - be sincere. (P-13)

### AS YOU LIKE

I'm a cuddly, good looking, 5'7", 43 year old, masculine, moustached, submissive guy looking for a man to please. Use me when you like, as you like for oral or anal (with rubber) service. No complications or demands, but I do appreciate hugs, kisses and affection. I prefer a man 35 to 50 who is reasonably trim and good looking. Please drop me a line. I will reply promptly. Todd, SUSA, Box 799. (P-13)

### OAKLAND G/W/M 48

seeks G/B/M for companionship and possible relationship. Symphonic, opera, ballet, gourmet cooking, hiking, movies (Esp. Sci-Fi), parties, dining out, the country, travel, and church. I smoke a little and drink socially. Work in S.F. Robert - 763-5322. (P-14)

### LOVER WANTED

Mature 34, 6'1", 175 lbs., attractive, brown, brown, moustache, well-toned, passive, uncut. Wants 30-40 who is aggressive and takes charge in bedroom. Likes quiet dinner for two evenings at home, beach. A totally honest one on one relationship. Send photo and phone number to Barry, 2378 Market St., #2, SF 94114. (P-13)

### SAFE, STEADY SEX BREEDS LUST

Like to strip down and bed down with a handsome, hot, intelligent, successful, well-hung Italian for some A/P French, C&B work, hot talk, visuals and other (Greek?) uninhibited action on regular basis? Happily "married" GWM, 5'9", 160M, 38, seeks attractive, long-term sex partner who's hung bigger than average — any age, cut/uncut — for safe play. Sex only, your place. Philip, P.O. Box 26652, SF 94126. (P-14)

### Take A Break

Lets take a break from the bars, the games, and the nonsense. I'm a handsome dark haired Italian with a great chest, big arms, sweet smile and a nice moustache. You don't have to be gods gift just masculine into working out and one who can deal with a good friendship perhaps more. Write to: 584 Castro Street, Box 442, SF, CA 94114. (P-22)

### TED. You'll regret breaking our date at The Endup

Thursday for their free spaghetti feed. Made out with a new lover there. Your loss, baby! TERRY (P-13)

### ATTENTION BEAR HUNTERS!

Big masculine, hairy, bearded Russian River Bear seeking horny bear hunter/chubby chaser for hot Sex Safari in the Redwoods or mountain overlooking the Russian River. Looks not as important as hunting skills and horniness. So get your gun primed and ready to shoot and come trap me at my mountain lair and make me growl. Your letter/photo gets mine. Bear, Box 1481 Guerneville CA 95446. (P-13)

### LOOKING FOR LOVE

would love to meet a gorgeous hunk but would be happy with a nice guy who is warm and human. Would prefer younger than me or young in attitude. Like trim and neat. I'm 50, 5'7", dark, good looking. Want a long term relationship but one safe night can be fun. Love to touch, cuddle, be held. Write. Picture would be nice. 2215-R Market #251, SF 94114. (P-13)

### PERSONAL GROWTH

**BUILDING INTIMATE RELATIONSHIPS — A group for gay couples**  
Have a boyfriend/lover? Want even more from your relationship? Discover ways to deepen the intimacy between you. Hear how other couples deal with such "stuck places" as sex, other men, commitment, wanting space, anger. Group meets Wednesdays 8-10 pm and is open to one or both partners. Led by two experienced therapists. Info: Gordon Murray 821-1718; Scott Eaton, 861-0306. (PG-13)

### AFRAID OF ANGER

Most people are. So we hold it in and feel tired, or turn it against ourselves and feel unloved and stressed, or end up exploding. **Making Friends with Anger** is a six week class for men and women who want to feel more comfortable with anger. Meets Thursdays, July 17-August 21. Register by July 4. Cost: \$90 (\$40 for PWA's). More info: Scott Eaton, MA, 861-0306. (PG-13)

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### TOP WANTED

I am GWM, 35, 170 lbs., mostly greek passive (with condom) seeking greek active man, age around 30-40, any race, for mutual satisfaction, friendship and possible relationship. I'm professional, stable and busy, but casual and informal, healthy, and affectionate. I enjoy travel, reading, walking, people-watching, current events / politics, day trips in and around SF, museums, restaurants and music, with eclectic taste and a good sense of humor. Write Boxholder, 808 Post St., #605, SF, CA 94109. (P-12)

### BOYS TOWN

is strictly for the young at heart! Call 24 hours only \$2 charge in (213) & (415) 976-0069. (P-16)

### SOMEONE SPECIAL SEKS SOMETHING SPECIAL

Attractive GBM 21, 6'2", 200 lbs., bright, witty — wants to meet other GBM to build a relationship. I'm not looking for sexual partners. I'm not into the bar scene. I'm looking for a man 25-7 whose done all his playing, and is ready, for a serious one on one. Serious replies only! 495 Ellis St., #621, SF 94102. (P-13)

### WANTED MASTER OR MASTERS

Experienced slave available. Looking to please you. Bondage, F.F., T.T., B.T., Whip me beyond my limits. Looking for slave camp in S.F. 38 years old, 5'10", 190 lbs. Call Bruce — 5-10 pm M-F, weekends-24 hours. 885-9720, Rm. 57 — 706 Polk St, #57, SF 94109. Bruce B. (P-14)

### MASSAGE

**FULL BODY MASSAGE**  
Enjoy a relaxing, therapeutic massage from a trained, mature professional. I am certified in several types of massage and use a combination for a fantastic feeling. \$30. Call Roy 8 am - 10 pm. 621-1302. (MA-12)

### TALL DARK HANDSOME

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

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I'll do the rest. The modestly-famous 75-minutes 7-chakra Swedish/Esalen Bliss Massage. The hands of an angel in the heart of the Castro. Nonsexual, certified, \$30. Call 10 a.m. - 10 p.m., Jim 864-2430. (MA-13)

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### Massage Certification

You are invited to study massage at the Body Electric School of Massage & Rebirthing, 6527A Telegraph Ave., Oakland. One class or the 150 hour state-approved training. Call: 653-1594

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Lg. Flat	633 Hayes	\$750.00
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Stove, refrigerator, carpets and curtains included. First and last months rent required. No deposits. All references checked. Must be employed. 863-6262

### "Emergency Housing"

Do you need food, work, clothing, and a place to stay? All this is provided at the new U.S. Mission Shelter at 788 O'Farrell. Come on over or call (415) 775-6446. (R-9)

### Painting Interior & Exterior 15 years experience Call Weston: 861-7853

**ROOMMATE**  
PWARC 43 would like to meet another person interested in a share rental living situation based on friendship and mutual support. Once we agree on the area a reasonably priced 2 bedroom apartment will be located. Some of my interests include meditation, self-discovery, reading, cooking, movies, etc. No drugs, alcohol or tobacco. If 35 or over and interested call Rob 431-0382. (R-13)

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### ARE YOU HOT ENOUGH

to enter the Search for Rod Contest An Erotic Strip Show, July 11 & 12 Send a full body photo, include phone #, age. Send to: Key Communications 100 Valencia Street, Suite 229 San Francisco, CA 94103. DEADLINE JULY 3

### EXPERT PIANO TUNING

I also repair, regulate, evaluate and re-string pianos. Ivories carefully matched and replaced. If you are thinking of buying a piano I can help you find a good one. Call TRICKS OF THE TRADE (415) 864-4981

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It's easy to advertise in the Sentinel, and not as expensive as you might think. Talk to Jim Stout at 415-861-8100.

### FOR SALE

**A REAL DEAL!**  
Brand new barely used 20 gallon aquarium. Includes cover, gravel, and I'll even throw in a pair of fancy guppies, all for one price of \$70.00. Needs other accessories, heater, filter and air pump, but the tank is in real good shape. If interested, call Todd at either 863-1270 or 864-2224. Also have a table to put tank on for only \$20.00. (FS-13)

### MISC.

**MEMORIAL SERVICE**  
The memorial service for Michael Emrys, A.K.A. McKinley has been moved to Dancer's Stage, 60 Brady Street. It is still June 21 at 4:00 p.m.

### San Francisco SPCA

500 10th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 (415) 621-7000

### FINANCIAL PROBLEMS?

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