

Neglected Antiviral:

BHT, AIDS

On Guard!

page 8

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Spectator sport: Gay Games II attendance wasn't as great Sunday as it looks (Photo Marc Geller)

Opening Ceremonies Too Gay:

by Dave Ford

Photos by Thomas Alleman and Marc Geller

Amid hoopla and humbug, Gay Games II — don't call it the Olympics — kicked in with the Opening Ceremonies at Kezar Stadium this Sunday.

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From the Publisher

Tom Murray

A Daring Young Man

Tuesday evening at Davies Symphony Hall saw one man who had a unique vantage point for viewing an exchange of energy, a bonding between audience and performers, during the Band Foundation's extravaganza "With The Greatest of Ease."

The hunky and talented man, gracefully swinging high above the stage on his trapeze, could see gay musicians gathered from across the nation to belt out popular marches, twirl batons, and wave glittering flags.

The man on the trapeze could see the President of the SF Board of Supervisors and his perky, top-hatted wife auction a rainbow-colored bow tie to raise \$1,000 for efforts towards defeating the LaRouche Initiative in November.

Most importantly, the man on the trapeze could see thousands of us in the seats below — laughing, clapping, shouting and celebrating: children and seniors of all shapes, colors and sizes, gay and straight.

For San Franciscans, the event was another evening of fine entertainment. For visitors hailing from other cities and towns, the event was pure magic, a dream — which after all is what a circus should evoke.

Third Person

Heather Ryan

A Lament for Debra

For those of us who knew Debra Waugh well, it was both predictable and shocking that she was found "badly decomposed. . . handcuffed, bound and gagged" on Monday night, July 28, in her Upper Market apartment. Those who knew her even slightly were aware Debra played heavy.

She kept it no secret — making regular appearances for the past few years at the Baybrick, Brig, End Up, Amelia's, Trocadero and Us Girls dances, dressed in leather and cues fastened to her right side. She lived recklessly — even set herself up in some ways for a grisly death. That style doesn't excuse her last playmate from strangling her to death, leaving her to rot.

I am angry that someone as lively and charismatic as Debra has been summed up by the local press as merely "an unemployed waitress and topless dancer." The description hardly suffices for those who have cared for her. Does this run-of-the-mill stripper have the wit to pull off an act like her self-

dubbed "Loretta in Leather" dancing in studded collar and accoutrements to the tunes of Loretta Lynn? Did she make gay men feel welcome in the lesbian bars? Would Debra have revealed her clamped nipples — as she did at the 1984 Butch/Femme Soiree — long before lesbian strip shows were common?

Certainly Debra was exasperating. She playfully called me "Mama" to poke fun at my advice and cried on my shoulder over every misguided crush. We alternately fed each other, stripped together, moved one another's furniture, picked up women and slept together. Our first meeting was auspicious! Who else could manage to lock four of us in my bedroom by slam-



No on LaRouche offices opened for business — and we mean business — earlier this month.

ming the door hard enough to dislodge the doorknob? Once a hand was freed, she gestured so frantically (while apologizing) that the cuffs still attached to the other hand connected with several parts of my body before we calmed her down. The next day she showed up with groceries from her short-lived stint at The Grocery Express. The following month Debra moved her bags into our living room where she slept and rehearsed splits for her Lusty Lady Theater act.

I am angry that someone as charismatic as Debra has been summed up as "an unemployed waitress and topless dancer."

Surely, she behaved like a child. She was bossy, lazy, chronically late — almost always — expected to be waited upon. Only a character can get away with such behavior. It was difficult not to be won over by her loud, tuneless renditions of "One's On The Way" or "Coal Miner's Daughter" on the 7 Haight, en route to one of the early lesbian strip shows. Or her repetitious (hardly original) phrases like: "Have fun while you can, girlfriend. Tomorrow you might get hit by a truck." Or,

"I'd rather be easy than ignored." Debra wasn't an accomplished public speaker, AIDS activist, lesbian mother seeking custody, or other things our community seems to value. She was, on the other hand, someone who made us laugh, took us dancing when we were broke, and reminded us life wasn't always so serious. To me, these are qualities as important — perhaps more rare — as fund-raising capability or other skills appreciated by the media.

How many of us have become financially successful or well known by 30? How many more of us muddle through life while searching for a possibly meaningful career, understanding lover, or friendly neighborhood to settle in?

I like to think that we count, too.

San Francisco Examiner, July 29, 1986, page C-6.
San Francisco Examiner, July 31, 1986, page B-4.

The second part of the Castro piece points out that there are many gay prophets without honor in their own city, and the Bay Area Reporter comes under particular criticism for dragging its purse on the bathroom issue.

Tom Youngblood
Dave Ford did mention the series in our last issue. With all due respect, we

Letters

Baird Pro and Con

To the Editor:
Re Don Baird's Chris Isaak review. Does Baird have his head up his ass? He says Isaak's show was "all too similar" to 1985's? Isaak's band was tighter with more punch this time. Baird's a crybaby when he wants Isaak's music to be "more developed." What does Baird want? Trendy-poo synthesizers or a 10-minute odyssey song? "Pitch of excitement"? I felt it, and so did many others. Who could shake to oblivion in that sweatbox anyway? Go move to any small town then, Baird, if you think they have anybody better than Chris Isaak. He's the best SF's often-not-music scene currently offers.

Harold Dunn

To the Editor:
I learn more about the contemporary music scene from one article of Don Baird's than from whole issues of Rolling Stone. Not only that, but his prose is as attractive as his face, and that's saying a great deal. More Don Baird!

Ulysses D'Aquila

To the Editor:
I haven't noticed any mention in the gay press of the wonderful two-part series about the Castro in the July 21 and 28 issues of New Yorker magazine.

tend to concur with Herb Caen, who called the article "endless and endlessly boring." — Ed.

Beach Wail

To the Editor:
I — like John Jordello in Letters, August 1, ("San Gregorio Grippe") — feel helpless about how to oppose the "big money" that seems to walk in and buy control and, likewise, how to use that power to support "our side." Who are Ron and Ben, and how do we support nude beach rights in general?

Cheers — and thanks for your paper.

Tom Stoker

Reader Youngblood asks for more information. This brings up the point that without phone numbers or current addresses letter writers don't give us much to work with. Anybody know what's going on with San Gregorio? Newspaper stories haven't been very helpful. Does the Bay Guardian have an update on this beach? Though we haven't been there in years, we have fond memories of the Beach, and hearing what's happening there (and similarly at Devil's Slide) hurts. — Ed.

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.

Trivia Quiz

- Kim Novak jumps into the chilly waters of the Golden Gate in which of the following films shot in San Francisco?
 - Dead on Arrival
 - Dark Passage
 - Vertigo
- Devilishly handsome, his treacherous behavior earned him the nickname "Wicked Lord Darnley." His affairs with male courtiers were common knowledge, but she married him anyway. Shortly thereafter, she was forced to order him executed as a political expedient. He proved damnably difficult to kill. Her name was:
 - Lady Jane Grey
 - Mary Queen of Scots
 - Princess Grace
- Who said, "There is only one gay pride: A sense of the gay history which one, all too soon, becomes."
 - Rita Mae Brown
 - Edmond Carpenter
 - Edmund White
- The Daughters of Bilitis (named after a lover of the Greek poet Sappho) was founded before the Stonewall riots, in what year?
 - 1945
 - 1955
 - 1965

Answers on page 24.

Editorial

Ken Coupland

Identity Crisis Averted!

Check our nameplate (as it's called in the trade) on page one, and you'll notice an ever-so-subtle change. We've reversed a trend. Previous owners (and there have been a few over the past dozen years) have taken it as their prerogative to tinker with the paper's legal name.

So, San Francisco Sentinel became The Sentinel (no such thing: There are Sentinels in Orlando, Fla., and, closer to home, Napa and Santa Cruz). For a while we published under the handle of Sentinel USA — also a misnomer — then resorted to the generic Sentinel.

With this issue, it's official: All you ink-stained wretches who have gotten used to referring to us by any other name, take note: San Francisco or, if you like, SF Sentinel.

Tim Redmond's diatribe against our Mayor and her underlings in the SF Health Commission in the SF Bay Guardian last week is worth getting hold of if you missed it. Under the headline, "A Dose of Poison," Redmond inveighs against the "prissy but dictatorial" Feinstein's recent quashing of a plan to allow distribution of free needles to the City's IV drug users. There's general agreement that if needles weren't subject to legal restrictions, addicts might tend to share them less, thus lowering their risk of contracting AIDS by this route.

Redmond's venom isn't reserved for the Mayor who, after all, shouldn't be expected to take the initiative on such a loaded issue. He takes aim at Drs. Philip Lee (Commission head) and David Werdegar, who were both of the above opinion about the matter before the Mayor pulled them up on the carpet. The pair had a change of heart thereafter. Needless to say, neither gentleman is a stranger to political expediency, but their waffling on such a serious topic doesn't do much for their credibility.

It's been pointed out elsewhere that IV users can get around the Mayor's pronouncement by buying veterinary syringes, which are not as yet controlled and some of which are apparently compatible. Any input?

At press time, we'd had no response from supervisory candidate Pat Norman to our calls concerning allegations in our last issue about the SF Public Health Department's indiscriminate administration of antibiotics to patients at risk of STDs. To be fair, Norman was out of town last week, but she could hardly have missed the editorial: It ran back-to-back with Robert Hass' in-depth interview with her.

Norman's skittish approach to the issues is well-known. But, as coordinator of gay/lesbian services for the Department she might have taken a position just this once. (Incidentally, apologies to Bob for misspelling his name again.)

Scare up a copy of the New York Native's July 21 issue for an astute article by staffer Tom Cunningham on "Macrobiotics and AIDS." Cunningham reports on a study of men diagnosed with AIDS who have opted for diets that follow the macrobiotic regimen and who are reportedly doing very well. Too bad AIDS honchos in the medical arena continue to disregard the role of diet in immune function (never mind the lip service paid to "good nutrition"). For information about local macrobiotics programs contact the Gay Macrobiotic Network at 647-3347. (The network hosts dinners every Friday.)

Medical gadfly Mike Culbert has published a crackpot expose on the AIDS crisis under the somewhat sensational title, AIDS: Terror, Truth, Triumph. Culbert reviewed a mass of scientific material and came up with some unorthodox ideas on the role of

drugs, parasites, poor nutrition and sanitation, anal lubricants, hydrogenated fats, fluoridation and, yes, doctors — in the disease. The book includes notes on "eclectic" (in this context, more descriptive than "holistic") treatments and a "rational" program for prevention. For details see advertisement, page 11.

When they give out those Cable Car awards next year, how about one to Bill Mandel of the SF Examiner (who's married) for his brave support of Gay Games II in several recent columns — and for not prefacing his remarks with "I'm not gay, but —."

Writer Patrick Hoctel, whose feature on Sharon McNight's directorial exploits appears on page 14 of this issue, is the author of "Slave of Babylon" which appeared in the Sentinel last month.



Senate hopeful Ed Zschau pressed some gay flesh at a warmer for local gay Republican group

Dissension in the Rank and File

A rumor has been floating around for two weeks that Concerned Republicans For Individual Rights (the gay Republicans) has been disenfranchised by the state Republican Party.

The President of CRIR, Chris Bowman, says it's just not so. "We're not even chartered by the state party, and the local party has not taken a position on the matter."

Deukmejian to meet with AIDS advisors, come out against Proposition 64 (the LaRouche AIDS Initiative) and negotiate restoration of AIDS funding vetoed from the budget.

CRIR's general membership was to have met August 18 to consider withdrawal of the Deukmejian endorsement, but that meeting has been rescheduled to September 15.

A MESSAGE ABOUT AIDS FOR THE MALE ATHLETES & VISITORS TO GAY GAMES II

Welcome to San Francisco and Gay Games II. Gay Games II will be a thrilling and inspiring series of events for all of us. We wish you a wonderful visit. We're glad you're here.

Please remember, though, that we are in the midst of a deadly sexually-transmitted epidemic. No one wants to see a worldwide increase in the cases of AIDS as a legacy of such a positive and healthy occasion. The sexual precautions men need to take are simple and absolutely essential.

Please don't have Unsafe Sex while you're here. In the face of this epidemic, most gay and bisexual men in San Francisco will refuse to have Unsafe Sex. Those who are still willing to have Unsafe Sex are extremely likely to be sexually contagious. The only way to stop the virus is to stop Unsafe Sex—especially anal sex without a condom, the

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

principal way AIDS is spread. San Francisco men have become experts about what's safe and hot. If you need guidance, or information about where to buy condoms, just ask someone!

Our HOTLINE is available to you for AIDS-prevention information. Call us at 863-AIDS for the most complete information about AIDS trans-

mission and safe sex.

We want you to take home wonderful memories of exciting events and of warm new friendships—and accurate information about AIDS for yourself and your friends at home. We don't want you to take home the AIDS virus—or leave it with us.

Play to win, and play to live. Enjoy the Games!



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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

500 HAYES STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

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Michael Hardwick's Long Uphill Climb

by David M. Lowe

The Atlanta bartender whose arrest and conviction precipitated the greatest civil rights setback in the history of gay liberation discusses his personal relationship to the case.

Michael Hardwick never had the intention of becoming a spokesman for the gay rights movement in America. Following his arrest August 3, 1982, in Atlanta on sodomy charges he had to be persuaded by the CLU to contest his case in the courts. Throughout proceedings in the state, federal and appellate courts he repeatedly shunned media attention and refused comment.

Not until after the Supreme Court handed down its ruling against him did he begin speaking out. Even then, he was reluctant to step into the national limelight. Only when it became painfully clear that he had no other choice did Hardwick begin to discuss his outrage over the evening when an Atlanta policeman observed him from his bedroom door.

What occurred the night you were arrested on sodomy charges?

The cop came to my bedroom door which I had left ajar. The door opened, I looked up — and there was nobody there. So, I went back to my involvement with mutual oral sex. About 35 seconds went by and I looked up again, and this cop was standing there. By the way — later on in Municipal Court when my attorneys asked him why it took him so long to identify himself, he replied the lights were low and he wasn't sure what was going on.

I asked him what he was doing in my bedroom, and he said he had a warrant for my arrest and that he had caught me [performing] mutual oral sex. I contended the warrant (on public intoxication charges) had been taken care of 21 days earlier, and had a receipt to that effect. He said it didn't matter since he had acted under good faith. He then proceeded to arrest me and my partner on sodomy charges and

possession of marijuana.

I felt as if my human rights as an individual had been stripped away in all of five seconds. When I asked him to leave the room while we got dressed, he refused. I asked him to turn around — his reply was I've already caught you in your most intimate sexual act, why should I bother. He then sat there and watched us both dress — with erections — and did not deviate his eyes for a second.

How did he get into your house in the first place?

There are two stories. The cop's story, and that of my house guest who was sleeping on the couch. The cop says my house guest let him in. My house guest said he woke up with someone standing over him, asking him where I was. He did not realize it was a cop and pointed to my bedroom, stating he didn't know if I was there or not.

What happened when you arrived at the jail that night?

There was somebody there to get me out within an hour, although it took them twelve hours to process me. During that time they put me in a holding cell after the guards made it clear to everybody I was there for sodomy. Three hours later they moved me into a cell with convicted criminals, also telling them I was in there for sodomy. I didn't get into fights with anybody, or get raped,

mother was visiting me, so I assured her it was just a freak accident since I had no explanation for it. At the time I didn't connect that the incident might be gay-related because the warrant for drinking in public had been taken care of 21 days earlier. I had no doubt [the bashing] was just a freak accident.

What's your opinion on the incident now?
I don't know three people in my entire life whom I have pissed off enough for them to do something like that. I don't know for certain, but I find it hard to believe there wasn't some correlation between the attack and my being gay. I don't know if it was a result of my being identified by the police as being gay.

Do you think the police were watching your home after that incident, just waiting for you to bring someone home so they could arrest you on sodomy charges?
I really don't know.

How did you hear about the Supreme Court ruling, and what was your reaction to it?
I don't usually go to work until eleven in the morning. All week

"He sat there and watched us both dress — with erections and did not deviate his eyes for a second."

ed what I was doing. I told him I worked at the gay bar. He asked me to get in the car. He drove me back to the bar, asking me where the bottle was. I told him it was in the trash can outside the front door. He said he couldn't see it and refused to let me out of the car to show him. Then he gave me a ticket for drinking in public.

The night before you were arrested on sodomy charges you were attacked in front of your home. What happened?

I arrived home at 6 am to find three guys in their early thirties, with short hair, waiting in front of my home. I had never seen any of them before. I got out of the car and asked them if I could help them with something. They didn't say a word but proceeded to tear all the cartilage out of my nose, crack four ribs and kick my guts in. My

in this country.

By five o'clock that afternoon I had cried all my tears out and had to begin my work as a bartender. I was forced to get my act together. I felt comfortable because — I thought — everybody would believe I was still in Atlanta when I was now working in Miami. As I was pulling myself together, getting over the numbness, and having some sense of how I felt about how I felt about the decision, a TV crew from Channel 4 in Miami walked in. It was about 8 pm: I had a full bar of customers. I freaked out because I realized if Channel 4 could find me, anybody could find me now. Once again, my privacy was ripped away from me. I jumped from behind the bar, went upstairs to the office to cry some more, and tried to pull my act together — again. The female reporter from Channel 4 followed me to the office. My manager told her I was very upset and would not be available for comment until tomorrow. That night on the news she did her report in front of the bar where I worked. Nice lady. I prepared a statement for the rally, requested earlier in the evening, and went home.

What convinced you to finally make yourself available to the media?

Actually, it was a couple of things. First, the Phil Donahue Show called my Atlanta attorney, Kathy Wilde. She convinced me it would help my chances for a rehearing if I made people aware of the real issue. A *Newsweek* poll also showed 57% of the American public supported me.

I did a radio talk show that week in Miami to get a feeling of what I might be confronted with. It went well with a lot of people expressing sentiments in my favor. At first, I refused to do the Donahue Show because Jerry Falwell would be one of the guests. When they replaced Falwell, I agreed to appear. I didn't trust Donahue at first — I thought he was up to something.

However, on the show he was very supportive and made the audience aware of his support. I was surprised at the audience support. Then this man called from Georgia with the last hick accent, and I was ready for the worst. He turned out to be gay and very supportive. In fact, the show was going so much in my favor I thought Donahue might turn against me to make it interesting, but he didn't. At the end he handed out flashlights and deputized the audience to go out and find the dirt on my opponents. Since then I've done several radio talk shows and newspaper interviews, including a 14-hour session with Walt Harris of the *Washington Post*.

Since the Supreme Court decision how has your life changed?

Intensely, to put it mildly! When I walk down the streets now I feel as if I'm walking around naked. I don't know anything about the people I meet, but chances are they are aware of the most intimate aspects of my life.

It's changed me a lot psychologically. I'm developing a confidence in myself and my beliefs I've never had previously. I'm learning I have the right to sleep with whomever I want, and that other people feel the same way. That heterosexual community has also been very supportive because they're starting to realize this is not just a gay issue, but a privacy issue. It's also made me tune in to the im-

Continued on page 10

Games from page 1

There was little of the thrill of victory or agony of defeat during the festivities (that comes this week). There was, however, plenty of fog, bands, atheists, fog, grumbling about ticket prices and accommodations, fog, and the usual amount of kvetching from the press — in short, your typical local Gay Event.

Kezar Stadium, once home to the Forty-Niners, now a high school football venue, may soon be razed to make room for condominiums, though the stadium's neighbors in the Haight don't like the idea, preferring the tacky old eyesore to tacky new boxes. Though the stadium exudes a palpable aura of decay, the playing field's been maintained in good shape and, Sunday, the field provided a strikingly verdant contrast to the stadium's dreary confines and the day's lowering skies.

Inside, at noon, people in parkas huddled under blankets on crumbling wooden benches, while a band played on the large stage under the east end zone. I fell in with the redoubtable Tom Alleman, accredited shutterbug. We decided to traipse around the stadium. Rebuffed at the west field entrance from the "press cage" by a short, kindly lesbian security blue-shirt who promised us on-field access if we brought her "something about five-two with blue eyes," we clambered to the top of the end-zone and traversed the stadium. Lots of people in blue shirts told us not to go lots of places, despite our shiny laminated passes. Good security. So good, in fact, that when the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence later tried to filch the Virgin Islands flag and march with it into the stadium, blue-shirts were heard muttering into their walkie-talkies: "We must abort this situation immediately." I'm pro-choice too.

Boom Boxes

Tom and I decided to have a look at the players and teams, all shifting from foot to foot in loose groups in the triangular lawn back of the rickety old stadium. The fog was supposed to lift at noon. It didn't. The gray day just got grayer over time, the way hair does.

Some athletes held signs. Others held cigarettes. Others passed joints. The fabulous, rhythmic drum demons Sistah Boom pranced around the lawn pounding a sexy tattoo, which prompted the behatted Gay Marching Band to respond with a furiously blatty version of "Rocky" — or something. (MC Scott Beach later announced the drum group from the stage as "Sistah Boom Boom." Fertig will do anything for a plug.)

Turdy Work

Alleman clattered his shutter ceaselessly, then said, "Okay, just one more shot." A wag from the Houston team — decked out in shiny silver team jacket — overheard, and said, "Here's one more shot." He bent over, cracked a smile, and leered at us upside down from between his legs. I waved him off, saying, "But darling, we've run that same fucking shot on the cover of our rag for the last four years." Those out-of-towners.

I wondered aloud whether I ought to get quotes for a story. "Why bother?" one bystander remarked. "You'll just get some asshole saying 'Coldest winter I

spent was a summer in San Francisco."

He was half-right: Mayor Dianne Feinstein later quoted the line in her remarks from the stage.

Knife Guy

About this time, Marc Geller — the Keith Richards of photography — sidled up. We soon ran into activist Cleve Jones, recent victim of a Sacramento knifing.

"Have you recovered from your little *contretemps*?" I asked. "It wasn't little," he groused. "Wanna see my scar?"

He pulled down the neck of his shirt, baring on his right shoulder a short, thick mulberry-colored scar. I winced — he seemed satisfied.

Gun Shy

I decided, at this point, to test my perks. I hiked up the stadium stairs to the press box, but a woman at the gate told me I couldn't enter yet "because it can only hold forty people due to structural reasons." Oh: If I went up, the thing might fall in a



Carrying a torch: Gay Games stalwart Rikki Streicher lights up at the Games' Opening Ceremonies

Press Here

A few minutes later, after bleating loudly, I was allowed aloft. There I



THOMAS ALLEMAN

roaring heap on two thousand gapejowed homos. I waited.

Good thing I did. A very large officer of the law descended the press box stairs, and introduced himself as Paul Seidler, a gay and lesbian community police liaison.

"Maybe you've heard of me," he smiled sweetly. "I'm the 'Kissing Cop.' And these are the lips that kiss."

I congratulated him, and asked how his buddies in blue responded to his openly gay stance (as it were). "Oh, you want to do lunch and get the whole interview," he said, adding, "I didn't know the *Sentinel* had such attractive writers." He must have had me confused with Rock Preview's Adam Block.

Finally, I said, "I'm never going to get a straight answer from you, am I?" I was immediately sorry.

"How straight do you want me to make it for you?" he cooed. I wished him well with his community work, and only later wondered if I should have asked to touch his gun.

Often Running

After about a zillion baton twirlers, flag corps, bands, tap-dancers, speakers and singers had strutted (I hear they were all fabulous), the Parade of Athletes began. We descended to the "press cage" edging the track — for a better perspective, you understand.

The dusty procession of 3,000-3,500 athletes (that's the official estimate; lop off a third) prompted raucous cheers from the now ample crowd filling each side of the stadium. (Officials gestimated about 9,000 showed; reporters speculated 5,000.) Each team, large and small, boasted individual sweatsuits gaily colored. My favorite team was from Japan: One guy in tennis shorts, furiously snapped pictures of everything in sight as he paraded around the track. I almost asked him to relieve Geller and Alleman. (Not to mention the

"This is the most extensive festival in the history of the gay community. This is something no one will ever forget."

"official Games photographers" who, according to Games Executive Director Shawn Kelly, gained special stage and field access in return for opening their photo files to the Games committee, and were chosen for their fealty to past Games. Needless, this caused a kerfuffle among the shutter artists not sporting the shiny red "Official Photographer" jacket.)

The dizzying joy of organizing a group of lesbian and gay athletes, training diligently, flying to San Francisco, then marching around a track loudly cheered by their brothers and sisters showed on the players' faces. In fact, the organization of the ceremony — and of the Games themselves — is a feat nothing short of astonishing. Too bad they charged \$20 for tickets, and suffered a half-sold house. (Tickets for Opening and Closing Ceremonies were \$30.)

Executive Director Kelly defended the towering tariff, however.

"This is the most extensive festival in the history of the gay community," he told me this week, adding that the Closing Ceremonies this Sunday will feature marathon finishers at 10 am, entertainment at 12:30, ceremonies at 1:00, and an hour-long Jennifer Holliday performance followed by an onfield Tea Dance for audience and athletes.

"That alone — Jennifer Holliday whipping us into a disco-crazed frenzy while 20,000 dance on the Kezar field — is worth \$20," Kelly said. "This is something no one will ever forget."

Especially if they miss it.

Shun Guys

As for the cruising quotient: Close scrutiny of the athletes revealed that the best-looking guys were lesbians.

Torch Throng

After the procession, the participants lounged on the field and listened to a raft of speakers.

Games organizer Dr. Tom Waddell welcomed the athletes, and Mayor Feinstein followed, immortalizing Waddell with this mind-bending sentence: "Not only is he a great athlete, but he's a finer person." She went on to admonish the crowd not to "let anyone tell you

you don't deserve the respect you do." She should have wagged a finger. Someone in the stands behind us blew a raspberry, suddenly raising the spectre in this writer's mind of San Francisco as a demented high school, with Dianne the principal.

There followed an invocation, a gospel reading of "Imagine" by Ron Murphy, the Oath to the Athletes (kind of a gay Pledge of Allegiance), and then lesbian businesswoman Rikki Streicher jogged heartily up the peach-colored ramp behind the stage and lit the Olympic — oops: I meant "Games" — torch. The stadium erupted in cheers, and a clutch of smoke bombs exploded around the upper edge of the stadium's west side, engulfing us in red, yellow, blue and green smoke.

As though the fog wasn't bad enough.

Over and Outcast

Rita Mae Brown, a writer Adam Block calls "the Yevtushenko of gay literature," closed with this: "By way of goodbye, I just want to say — Do you remember when you thought you were the only one?"

Frankly, I don't: There was always Paul Lynde and Charles Nelson Reilly.

PEOPLE WITH AIDS/ARC SWITCHBOARD

If you have AIDS/ARC call the People with AIDS/ARC Switchboard. We provide current, accurate information to people with AIDS/ARC, their lovers and families. We provide medical and mental health referrals. If you are confused or depressed, we offer support.

The Switchboard is staffed by people with AIDS/ARC who care.

Call Monday-Friday, 1:00-4:00 p.m.

 **861-7309**

The People with AIDS/ARC Switchboard is a joint project of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation and People with AIDS/ARC, San Francisco.

WANTED: VOLUNTEERS

Help Create Coming Home Hospice

Hospice of San Francisco is now renovating the Convent of the Most Holy Redeemer Church in the Castro so that it can serve as a hospice residence. Coming Home Hospice will be for people with AIDS and other terminal illnesses.

You can help, if you have experience as a painter, plumber or handyman, you can volunteer skills. Volunteers are needed to do the following things:

- WALL PREPARATION WORK**—requiring plastering, patching and painting skills.
- PLUMBING WORK**—requiring apprentice level plumbing skills for room sinks and bathrooms.
- HANDYMAN WORK**—requiring general skills for painting, door fitting, lock installation, taping and sheet-rock work as well as overall room finishing.

If you would like to provide help daytimes, evenings or weekends, call 861-1110 and leave a message for Berens Kaminsky. Help making Coming Home Hospice a reality.

A part of VNA of San Francisco, providing home, community and hospice care.

COMING HOME HOSPICE: A choice for compassionate care.

The Sentinel publishes every two weeks. The next deadline is Friday, **August 22**, and Friday, **August 29**.

The City

Non-Violence Workshop Slated

An 8-hour workshop in non-violent civil disobedience will be held on Saturday, August 16, from 10 am to 6 pm at St. Francis Lutheran parish hall, 152 Church St.

The training is sponsored by Mobilization Against AIDS-SF in preparation for resistance to possible quarantine measures. The training is free and open to all members of the community who wish to participate. You will need to make your own arrangements for lunch: brown bag it, or go to one of several nearby restaurants. For further information call Paul Boneberg or Frank Richter at 431-4660.

BWMT AIDS Task Force

Black and White Men Together AIDS Task Force sponsors a public forum entitled "AIDS and Substance Abuse and People of Color" on August 21, at 7:30 pm, at the All Saints Episcopal Church, 1350 Waller St. (between Masonic and Ashbury) in SF. This event is free and is open to all.

The forum includes a panel of experts who will discuss and answer questions on how alcohol and drugs can have a negative effect on the immune system which may increase one's risk for AIDS. Other topics are IV drug use and how substances interfere with various types of treatment for AIDS.

The Task Force also presents a forum on September 18 in which various AIDS service providers will speak on volunteerism and what the individual can do in the crisis.

Contact Larry Burnett at 621-4388 or 821-6296.

Community CollegeClasses

Classes for the Fall 1986 Semester at the Castro/Valencia Center begin Monday, August 18.

The Castro/Valencia program is the Community College Center's outreach to the gay and lesbian community and to the residents of the Castro Mission and Noe Valley. It is part of the Junior College District's long-standing plan of bringing education to the neighborhoods.

The Center's classes are generally nine-week mini classes, concentrating on skills training and life enhancement courses. Sixteen classes have been scheduled, beginning at various times over the next three months.

Classes of specific interest to the gay/lesbian community are the core of the Castro/Valencia program. They include Gay Culture, Options for Men Over 40, MidLife: Career in Crisis, Self Defense, Challenge for Women Over 40.

Three other new classes are planned: Exercise & Relaxation, Women in Management, and Fundraising for Community Agencies. Returning will be: Landscape Design & Construction, Home Repair, Income Tax Preparation, Sign Language, Small business Bookkeeping, Creative Writing, Effective Stress Management, and Small business Management. Two classes are planned in English as a Second

Language (basic and intermediate).

All the Center's classes are free with open enrollment. All one does is turn up for the first class. A minimum of fifteen students is required to start a class and keep it going. All classes begin at 6:30 pm, and most are one evening per week. Also offered is career counseling, available on Monday nights.

The Castro/Valencia classes take place at 450 Church (between 16th and 17th Sts.), Everett Middle School.

Contact Person is Dr. Juanita Owens, Director. Call 647-4884.

Women's Day Blood Drive

On Saturday, August 23, from 10 am - 4 pm, the Harvey Milk Club will again sponsor a Women's Day Blood Drive and a mobile unit from Irwin Memorial Blood Bank will set up donor tables in the cafeteria of Most Holy Redeemer Church in the Castro. Women interested in donating may call 863-6761 to make an appointment. Also, any person with AIDS/ARC who would like to receive a transfusion credit, a savings of \$20 per unit, may call the same number for further information on our Blood Fund.

The idea behind the kits is to give people enough information and some tools to help them assess their own risks and encourage them to make their own decisions on the kinds of risks they feel safe in taking.

Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Jewish Conference for Labor Day Weekend at Camp Swig

Camp Swig in the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains will be the site of the first Western Regional Conference of Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Jews, to be held Labor Day weekend (August 29-30). Located near San Jose, Camp Swig's 200 acres provide the perfect setting for lesbian, gay and bisexual Jews and their friends to join together for a fun-filled weekend of recreation, worship, education, good food and entertainment — all in a mountain setting of superb vistas, clean air and red-wood groves.

The conference sponsors are Congregations Ahavat Shalom (San Francisco), Beth Chayim Chadashim (Los Angeles), Sha'ar Zahav (San Francisco) and Tikvah Chadashah (Seattle). Representatives from the sponsoring organizations are working to create an informal and stimulating atmosphere in which participants may join together for a weekend of camaraderie. The weekend's program will feature a series of workshops on topics of current interest to participants.

The conference is authorized by the World Congress of Gay and Lesbian Jewish Organizations, the umbrella link for 25 Jewish gay and lesbian organizations worldwide. The Congress' primary purposes are education and consciousness raising within the Jewish community.

Registration is \$87.50 per person and includes all meals from Friday dinner through Sunday lunch. For additional information and a registration packet, please contact: Congregation Sha'ar Zahav, 220 Danvers St., SF 94114. (415) 861-6932. Space is limited and early registration is encouraged.

Since the veto, a majority of the state's newspapers have lambasted Deukmejian's action. The state's medical community, labor unions and politicians of both parties have responded in kind.

August 7, Administrative Law Judge Richard J. Lopez ruled that AIDS is not a physical handicap for laws against discrimination in employment. The opinion, subject to review by the State Fair Employment and Housing Commission, is in opposition to Deukmejian's claim that PWA's are already protected under existing laws.

However, the one consideration that may affect the Governor's decision is a recent statewide poll where he dropped 11 percentage points in his race against L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley.

This appeal may begin to sound like a broken record, but it's time — once again — to let the Governor know it will not be acceptable for him to oppose restoration of AIDS funding or AIDS discrimination legislation. A personal letter will have much more impact than a phone call. With the conservative fundamentalist gearing up to oppose us again, now is not the time to sit back with a wait-and-see attitude.

Gay Youth Resource Guide

The Gay Youth Community Coalition of the Bay Area has just made available a community resource guide for young lesbians/gays (ages 13-25). The guide for youth, young adults, service providers, and gay youth supporters contains over 200 Northern California references, such as survival resources and social listings.

To receive your copy of "We Are Here" send \$2 to the Gay Youth Community Coalition, P.O. Box 846, SF 94101. Include a first-class, stamped, self-addressed business size envelope. If you are under 25, you may receive the publication free of charge by submitting a signed statement to that effect.

Around the Bay

Safer Sex Kits Available

Safer sex kits, provided by the Pacific Center AIDS Project, are now available at the Gay Men's Health Collective's Sunday night Men's Clinic.

AIDS can be prevented. The most effective prevention is safer sex. The kits are designed to encourage behavior that will prevent the spread of AIDS. Each kit contains three condoms, a container of lubricant, and a rubber dam (a thin sheet of latex that can reduce the risk of exposure during oral-vaginal or oral-anal contact). It also includes a brochure which includes an extensive list of healthy sexual activities including hugging, feeling, wrestling, toys, masturbation, kissing and various methods of having intercourse without exchanging semen.

The Men's Clinic is open every Sunday evening, 7-9 pm, at the Berkeley Free Clinic, 2339 Durant Avenue. No appointment is needed. The clinic provides testing and treatment for most sexually transmitted diseases as well as counseling and referrals for men with AIDS/ARC and other gay health concerns. All services, including the safe sex kits are free (though donations are solicited).

The State

Dogging the Duke

by David M. Lowe

Three weeks have passed since Governor Deukmejian ignored broad-based, bi-partisan support and shocked most political observers with the veto of AB 3667, the AIDS Discrimination Bill.

The veto is the latest in an growing list of homophobic reactions to the AIDS crisis that included slashing \$20 million dollars from the AIDS budget.

The Governor, who claims an "unshakable commitment" to prevent the further spread of AIDS and vows his administration is "making an all-out effort" toward that goal, has at least two more chances to prove his sincerity.

The legislature, which returned from summer recess last Monday, is currently considering a number of important pieces of legislation — among them, SB 1327, which would restore \$24.8 million to the AIDS budget. Negotiations are underway with the administration to approve at least \$12-16 million for restoration of funds. This effort is spearheaded by State Senators Milton Marks (D-S.F.) and David Roberti (D-L.A.).

Assemblyman Art Agnos (D-S.F.), author of AB 3667, is working to pass legislation identical to his AB 3667 bill, vetoed by Deukmejian. Agnos is urging Deukmejian to reconsider the veto and sign an AIDS Discrimination Bill if it should be passed by the Legislature a second time. Supporters of a new AIDS Discrimination bill hope that the public outcry following the Governor's veto will persuade Deukmejian to reconsider his position.

Since the veto, a majority of the state's newspapers have lambasted Deukmejian's action. The state's medical community, labor unions and politicians of both parties have responded in kind.

August 7, Administrative Law Judge Richard J. Lopez ruled that AIDS is not a physical handicap for laws against discrimination in employment. The opinion, subject to review by the State Fair Employment and Housing Commission, is in opposition to Deukmejian's claim that PWA's are already protected under existing laws.

However, the one consideration that may affect the Governor's decision is a recent statewide poll where he dropped 11 percentage points in his race against L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley.

This appeal may begin to sound like a broken record, but it's time — once again — to let the Governor know it will not be acceptable for him to oppose restoration of AIDS funding or AIDS discrimination legislation. A personal letter will have much more impact than a phone call. With the conservative fundamentalist gearing up to oppose us again, now is not the time to sit back with a wait-and-see attitude.

The Nation

Hardwick Petitions for Rehearing

Attorneys representing Michael Hardwick have petitioned the Supreme Court of the United States for a rehearing of the State of Georgia vs. Michael Hardwick in which the court upheld the Georgia sodomy law by a vote of 5-4. The petition for rehearing was filed July 24, 1986.

Hardwick's attorney Kathy Wilde, ACLU of Georgia, said, "Petitions for rehearing are not commonly granted, but we wouldn't have done it if we didn't think our chances were good."

She believes the issues involved in the case demand that the Court reconsider its ruling. For a rehearing to be granted, one of the justices voting in the majority must consent to rehearing the case. Wilde believes there is a good chance consent may come from Justice Lewis Powell. "He did a flip-flop on this issue and we want to give him a chance to take another look," said Wilde. Following the announcement on of the decision, Powell revealed his intention of voting in favor of Hardwick, but changed his mind in favor of the State of Georgia.

The petition for rehearing contends the Court has misapprehended the issues and the record of this case by "focusing solely on the Georgia statute's application to homosexual activity when the state's sodomy law

makes no distinction between homosexual and heterosexual acts."

The second challenge to the Court's decision contends that Hardwick's Eighth Amendment rights were violated stating, "Even one day in prison, such as Michael Hardwick was forced to spend, is cruel and unusual punishment for the crime of having a sexual orientation, expressed through entirely private intimacies at home with another consenting adult."

The final point in petitioning for rehearing is "the Court's opinion jeopardizes all prior privacy decisions, encouraging the eventual overruling of decades of privacy decisions and protected rights."

The Supreme Court will announce its decision on whether or not to rehear the case in early October.

So far the national press has ignored Hardwick's petition for rehearing. Wilde believes "their efforts were not reported because the petition was not taken seriously."

"This is an important victory, not only for Jeff, but for all people with AIDS," said Benjamin Schatz, Director of NGRA's AIDS Civil Rights Project. "Once again NGRA has shown the insurance industry that if they try to take away our rights, we're prepared to fight back and win."

NGRA Executive Director Jean O'Leary said: "Jeff's case shows that it is more important than ever for gay and lesbian people to know and stand up for their rights." O'Leary urged all gay and lesbian people to write to NGRA for a free copy of their comprehensive 8-page booklet, "AIDS And Your Legal Rights." For copies, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to NGRA, 540 Castro St., SF 94114.

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.

TDD: 621-5106

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



On Guard!

John S. James

Neglected Antiviral: AIDS/ARC and BHT

BH**T**, a chemical used commercially as a food preservative, has also shown antiviral effects in scientific tests. Though no medical uses for BHT have been officially approved, many people have used it for controlling herpes, and a few for AIDS or ARC. BHT does cross the blood-brain barrier.

Unlike many other experimental AIDS treatments, BHT is readily available in many health-food stores and my mail order. And expense isn't a problem because BHT costs so little that twenty dollars can buy a three-year supply.

This paper will outline the arguments for and against the antiviral use of BHT, list some precautions, and tell readers how to find out more about it.

The Scientific Case for BHT

Scientists first became interested in BHT as an antiviral by accident, when their virus cultures failed to grow in media containing the substance. More research indicated that only lipid (fat)-coated viruses were affected. [The AIDS virus, and also the opportunistic infection cytomegalovirus (CMV), are lipid-coated.] The team that discovered this effect of BHT, at Pennsylvania State University, published the first paper on it in *Science* (April 4, 1975).

BHT has been found to inhibit or inactivate every lipid-coated virus against which it was tested, including herpes, CMV, Newcastle Disease virus in poultry, and many others. In the laboratory, it worked especially well against CMV. It does not affect other kinds of viruses that are not lipid-coated, such as polio.

No one knows with any certainty how BHT has this effect. One theory is that it removes the lipid coat, allowing antibodies to attack the core of the virus. Another theory is that it removes a particular protein from the coating of the virus, which prevents the latter from attaching itself to a healthy cell. This mode of action may be unique among anti-virals.

Since BHT has worked with all lipid-coated viruses tested, and AIDS is lipid-coated, it would be worthwhile to try the same laboratory test with the AIDS virus. At least one scientist wants to perform this work, but it has been difficult to get the needed funding: \$15,000. One organization may want to fund this work, but it can only award grants to non-profit institutions (like universities), not individuals or corporations. No one has been found who knows this scene and make the necessary arrangements. Anyone who could help in getting this research going should call Steven Fowkes at MegaHealth Society, (415) 949-0919 in Los Altos.

What about human or animal tests of BHT with the AIDS virus? No one has done such a study and, as far as we know, there is no official interest in doing one. But a handful of published reports describes tests of BHT with other lipid-coated viruses *in vivo* (in animals or humans, not in a laboratory dish):

two in chickens, one in mice, one in guinea pigs, one in rabbits, and one in humans. All were successful, to varying degrees.

The studies using chickens attempted to determine whether feed additives were responsible for agricultural vaccination failures. An incidental finding in the studies showed that BHT protected chickens against Newcastle disease, caused by a lipid-coated virus.

In mice, BHT reduced the healing time for herpes lesions when topically applied (directly to the sores). In guinea pigs, topical BHT shortened the time of the original herpes infection, but not of recurrences. (This study is difficult to interpret, since most of the placebo animals died during the initial infection. Anyone interested in this report should read the entire paper, not just the abstract.) In rabbits, BHT in their diet reduced the severity and death rate from herpes eye infections.

We can find only one published scientific study of BHT used as an antiviral in humans. In this double-blind test, published in 1985, BHT or the placebo was topically applied to herpes sores, but late in their development, after the patients had arrived at the clinic. BHT caused a small, but definite improvement. Researchers speculated

Evidence strongly suggests that BHT may help in treating AIDS or ARC, as well as opportunistic CMV infections, and that the risks can be kept low.

that BHT might be effective even when the virus travels directly from cell to cell.

The Case Against BHT

People who use BHT as an antiviral (or take it to slow the aging process and extend lifespan — an effect found in some animal studies), take about a thousand times as much as most people obtain in the average American diet. A primary concern about BHT — whether used as a medicine or a food preservative — is that it has promoted cancer in some animal experiments.

Due to the widespread use of BHT in food, many studies have fed large amounts of it to animals to investigate

cancer and other risks. The results are complex and contradictory, with experts disagreeing on its safety as a food additive.

What seems to emerge from the recent studies is that BHT does not cause cancer by itself. But, in some cases, it can increase the occurrence of tumors in animals already exposed to known carcinogens. In other cases, however, BHT prevents cancer, and actually protects the animals from it. (Incidentally, these studies show that BHA, another food additive, is more dangerous than BHT, and can cause cancer by itself. Some vitamin companies sell BHA; we suggest that people avoid it.)

The bottom line is that nobody really knows what the cancer risk is — if any — from BHT. The possibility cannot be ignored; anyone who uses BHT should consider it.

Another concern is the danger of overdose. BHT cannot be used like vitamin C, which has a huge safety factor. Some people use as much as two grams a day of BHT; animal studies suggest that ten times that amount would be close to a fatal dose.

Last year, two published reports attacked the popular use of BHT for herpes or life extension. "The Saga of

BHT and BHA in Life Extension Myths," published in the *Journal Of The American College Of Nutrition* (1985), played down the concern about cancer, but cited a 1957 study by the same author in which he had fed one gram per day of BHT to rabbits through a stomach tube. Not surprisingly, the rabbits died. The author concludes by urging the FDA to ban BHT except for its use as a preservative.

The other report was a letter (*New England Journal of Medicine*, March 6, 1985) from two physicians at the University of California, Los Angeles. They cite the cancer danger and the rabbit study, and report a case of severe stomach problems in a person

who ate four grams of BHT on an empty stomach. The patient required hospitalization, but recovered after several days. (We point out that most BHT users recommend no one should take more than two grams per day, perhaps no more than one; that they should start with small doses and work up, and — probably — not take BHT on an empty stomach.)

BHT and Herpes

Most of the current popular interest in antiviral uses of BHT stemmed from two books by Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw: *Life Extension: A Practical Scientific Approach*, and *The Life Extension Companion*. Pearson and Shaw began using two grams of BHT per day in 1968 for life extension; in 1974 they reported a doctor had tried it for 150 patients who had herpes. Almost all of them achieved remission.

Another of the best-informed groups on the antiviral use of BHT is the MegaHealth Society, with offices in Los Altos, CA, and Manhattan Beach, CA. Steven Fowkes in the Los Altos office has been talking with users and collecting their reports for six years. He has also co-authored a book, *Wipe Out Herpes With BHT*, with John Mann and Steven Fowkes, published by the MegaHealth Society and available from them or at some health food stores. Fowkes is now trying to bring BHT to public attention as a possible treatment for AIDS.

Fowkes has spoken with or corresponded with hundreds of people using BHT for herpes; we asked him about the overall success rate. He said that most of those who call him are the ones for whom it has failed to work. Usually they have taken less than one gram per day of BHT orally. When they increase the dose, and take the BHT with some vegetable oil or lecithin to help it dissolve, it often works. About a third of those who call are not able to get good results with anything he suggests.

The vast majority of those who write do report good results — usually they write to offer thanks. Some also report temporary skin reactions; almost always these are people on low-fat diets. Half of those who write say that

Continued on page 10



the Big K Empire of America California
Formerly Atlas Savings and Loan Association

WIN A SUZUKI SAMURAI!

In San Francisco summer begins in August. Come join our Summer Celebration and qualify to win a new 1986 Suzuki Samurai Convertible in addition to other valuable prizes, all to be given away during Empire's Summer Sweepstakes. Simply complete the coupon below and drop it in the entry box at any Empire location in San Francisco. Your entry will qualify you for each of the three drawings plus the Grand Prize drawing in October.



Complete details and entry blanks available at Empire of America branches.



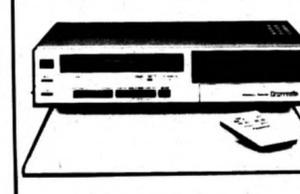
Summer Celebration T-Shirts

200 Summer Celebration T-shirts will be given away at the first two drawings in addition to other Sweepstakes prizes.



Sony Discman Compact Disc Player

World's smallest and most versatile portable CD player. Programmable music selection, carrying case and rechargeable battery pack.



Panasonic VHS Recorder

Easy to use. Front loading, multi-function display, electronic push-button tuning, 2-week programming, wireless remote control.



Sony 26" Trinitron Color Television

Giant screen in a table top design, cable ready, stereo compatible circuitry, 10-key remote control, sleep timer with automatic shut off.

Contest Rules: The first drawing will be August 22nd.

One entry per person, employees of Empire of America, their families and advertising agency not eligible. Entries for Suzuki Samurai must be licensed drivers, 18 years or older. Winner will be responsible for payment of sales tax, license fee, and for insurance qualification.

Entries must be received 12 hours prior to drawings and may be submitted at any Empire branch in San Francisco or by mailing a 3" x 5" white piece of paper with name, address, and phone number to: Summer Sweepstakes, Empire of America, 444 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

No purchase necessary, need not open or have an account with Empire of America to enter. Winners will be notified by mail.

SUMMER SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY FORM

1910

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____
Home Phone: _____ Business Phone: _____

DROP COMPLETED ENTRY AT ANY OF THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS:



EMPIRE SAVINGS
444 Castro Street
San Francisco

EMPIRE SAVINGS
1967 Market Street
San Francisco

EMPIRE SAVINGS
110 Bush Street
San Francisco



"Safer Sex" Kits

HEALTH AND AIDS PREVENTION is a responsibility shared by everyone. Let's take charge of our health and our sex lives.

LOOK FOR YOUR KIT at participating East Bay locations and organizations.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE EAST BAY and would like to host a home party to distribute kits, please call (415) 420-8181.

AIDS PROJECT OF THE EAST BAY

400 40th Street, Suite 200
Oakland, CA 94609

A program of the Pacific Center for Human Growth

YOU'RE CHANGING WE'RE CHANGING



New Times.
New Groups.
New Skills.
New Ways to Stay Healthy.

Call for more information: 626-6637.

Initial health consultations are always free. Groups are low-cost and no one is turned away for inability to pay.

let's stay healthy... together!

This project funded by the San Francisco Department of Public Health

BHT from page 8

their skin has improved since they started taking BHT.

BHT can be taken in capsules, or the crystals can be dissolved in vegetable oil. Taking it in oil may be more effective, but most people use the capsules because they don't like working with powders. The capsules should probably be taken with fatty foods (since BHT dissolves in fat, not water). Both forms are available in some health food stores or from health-products companies such as Vitamin Research Products in Mountain View, CA, or Twin Laboratories in Ronkonkoma, NY.

BHT and AIDS

Fowkes has barely begun to talk with

people who are using BHT for AIDS or ARC. He has been trying to bring the matter to public attention, but it hasn't been easy.

Last August, he wrote a four-page letter on the use of BHT as a possible AIDS treatment to several dozen public officials and scientists. The sole response was a polite thank-you from a scientist. Clearly, we cannot wait for any authorities to begin testing BHT. As we have seen repeatedly, after the lip service is done, saving lives is not a priority of U.S. public policy on AIDS — if it is even a goal.

One company, Key Pharmaceuticals in Miami, has a patent on antiviral use of BHT, so it does have an interest in research. This company helped finance the double-blind herpes study mentioned above, and it may be approved for

marketing a BHT ointment for the treatment of herpes. We have also heard rumors of good preliminary results of human tests of BHT against CMV, an opportunistic infection which, like AIDS, is caused by a lipid-coated virus.

In San Francisco, we spoke with Jim Gulli, who has used BHT for ARC for almost a year. Before using BHT, he had serious health problems; since then he has been in good health. His helper T-cell count was 200 to 300 for two years, but since using BHT his count has gone up with every test, and was over 800 when last tested four months ago. Suppressor cells went from 1,000 to 1,500. His lymph nodes remain swollen, but the night sweats are gone. His unusual, sharp headaches which he had had for a year cleared up within a

month of starting BHT, and have not reoccurred.

Gulli takes one gram of BHT (dissolved in linseed and sesame oils) once daily. Since it takes about a day of occasional shaking to dissolve the crystals, he prepares a month's supply at a time, adding about 35 grams of BHT to 70 tablespoons of the oils; one tablespoon from each of the two oils provides one gram. He experienced side effects at first — some light-headedness and loss of appetite for two to three weeks — but no problems after that.

Gulli knows several other people who are using BHT for AIDS or ARC, and he hopes to start an information group for those doing so. He can be reached at the address below.

Some Precautions

Here are some warnings we have received from people who are using BHT. This list is incomplete, and some of the items could be wrong. Do not rely on this article for medical advice; we are reporting these precautions for information only.

□ Before deciding to use BHT, consider the risks. BHT should not be used casually.

□ BHT should be avoided by anyone with hepatitis or other liver problems.

□ Beware of overdose, especially if you measure the crystals yourself. Note that doses should be proportional to body weight. The two people we spoke with who use BHT for AIDS/ARC take no more than one gram per day.

□ BHT is fat soluble; thin people may need less. Also, persons on low-fat diets may be more susceptible to side effects.

□ BHT can interfere with blood clotting; it may be a special risk for persons with ITP, hemophilia or other clotting problems.

□ Persons with AIDS, especially KS, can react to medicines in unexpected ways. Since no published studies exist on AIDS and BHT, it is not known whether there are any untoward side effects specific to persons with AIDS.

Anyone with personal information on BHT and AIDS is encouraged to contact one of the people listed at the end of this article who will distribute this information to others.

□ Doses of BHT should start small and gradually increase. It is probably not harmful to stop abruptly, as BHT remains in the body for several weeks.

□ A few people are chemically sensitive to BHT. One study gave test doses to persons who already had allergy or asthma problems. In those who reacted to BHT, a 250 mg dose (half that amount to severe asthmatics) caused a flare-up of the problem; some of the asthmatics needed medical treatment to stop the attack. The reactions always showed up within 75 minutes. While such reactions were rare, they do reinforce the advice that small doses be used at first.

□ In research studies, BHT altered the sensitivity of animals to radiation damage. When it is first used sensitivity is increased; later, sensitivity is decreased. Anyone receiving radiation treatments should be sure to inform his/her doctor if they are using BHT.

□ Maintain a balanced diet. One study gave toxic doses of BHT to rats, and found these doses caused more damage to animals that were on a protein-deficient diet.

□ Alcohol should be avoided for at least several hours after taking BHT. Alcohol may have a stronger effect than usual, so be especially careful about drinking.

□ Some people — at least — should avoid taking BHT on an empty stomach.

□ There may be special risks to using BHT during pregnancy.

□ BHT can interact with other drugs. It can either potentiate or decrease their effects. Some drug interactions may be unknown, but a pharmacist may help.

□ Always let your doctor know what you are doing. With BHT, as with any experimental or alternative treatment, you should research and understand the treatment yourself. Share what you

have learned with your doctor. Most of them will be more sympathetic knowing you have done your homework.

□ If you use BHT, it may be a good idea to invest \$20 in a kilogram of the crystals (a three-year supply) to guard against the possibility that its sales may be banned down the road.

Summary

Published scientific evidence strongly suggests that BHT may help in treating AIDS or ARC, as well as opportunistic CMV infections, and that the risks can be kept low. It has been proven effective on every lipid-coated virus on which it has been tried, and has worked as an antiviral in animals and in laboratory tests. The only human antiviral test — topical usage for herpes — was also successful.

We don't know with certainty whether BHT will help for AIDS or ARC because no one has done the research in the laboratory or with patients. An unknown number of people are using BHT for AIDS or ARC on their own, but there is no way to contact them, and many don't want to talk publicly. For CMV — often a major problem with ARC/AIDS — there is more evidence that BHT may be effective as it has been tested against the virus in the laboratory and worked well; however, there are currently no published human studies.

This writer talked personally with two people now using BHT for ARC. One seemed definitely to have benefited; the other is enthusiastic but is taking it on faith, and has no clear evidence of whether or not it helped.

We urgently need scientific studies which could obtain definitive answers on BHT's effectiveness. This research could be done quickly and inexpensively, since BHT is readily available in high purities for human use, and much of the preliminary work (animal safety studies) has already been performed.

Meanwhile, we should support those who are using BHT on their own, and collect and publish anecdotal information when possible.

For background information on BHT as antiviral or for life extension, contact Steven Fowkes at the MegaHealth Society, 994 Acacia Ave., Los Altos, CA 94022, phone (415) 949-0919. The MegaHealth Society serves as a clearinghouse for BHT information. It publishes a quarterly newsletter, to include, among other things, new developments in the use of BHT for herpes and AIDS.

□ For a list of references to the scientific papers used in writing this article, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to John S. James, P.O. Box 486, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

For more information

To find out about the use of BHT for AIDS or ARC, write the BHT Information Group, c/o Jim Gulli, 3851 21st St., SF 94114.

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Hardwick from page 4

portance of what I'm doing, and now I've got to go through with it and put as much energy as possible into it.

I never had to sand up for my sexual preference or my beliefs before but, now I have to do it on a regular basis.

I'm doing about 34 hours of interviews a week. I limit my out-of-town trips to one or two days a week: I work 60 hours a week and love my work as a caterer and bartender — I don't want to give it up. I'm lucky my employer has been very supportive of what I'm doing.

What would you like to say to members of the gay/lesbian community?

Be strong, be bold, because you have every right as an individual, in this country, to be proud of who you are.

There's Method in Her Mastery

Sally Fisher's AIDS Mastery is a hard act to follow

by Jason Serinus

When I signed up for The AIDS Mastery, held at The Pride Center this past weekend, I did so with the sole intention of releasing more of the "excess baggage" of suppressed emotions that keeps everyone of us from living fully in the moment.

I had been given an opportunity to do some of this work in massage therapist Irene Smith's training for bodyworkers working with people diagnosed with AIDS. Now would be a time to clear out more of the anxieties keeping me from fully loving myself and others.

The evening ended with a long, elaborate guided visualization. For an unfathomable reason, I tuned out this half hour which was designed to get me in touch with deep emotional blocks. As my co-participants were presumably reaping great rewards from Sally's work, I lay there angry at myself and others, forgiving myself, knowing that whatever I was doing was perfect, hating Sally for making this thing go on so long that I missed my appointments, and hoping that the all-night grocery would have packages of peanut butter cookies in stock (the \$9 storehouse of negative nurturing). I stalked out of the place, determined to arrive late the next day (I'd show them), and as I discovered the following morning — deciding again not to do my homework.

I had met Sally Fisher — creator of The AIDS Mastery and co-director of the Actor's Institute — at the start of the second Mastery, held in San Francisco some months ago. Fisher represents some divine amalgamation of the New York subway system and the Bhagavad-Gita. Outrageous and very "out there" in a positive sense, she commits to the knowledge that people diagnosed with AIDS "are healing themselves and living full, rich, active lives." Sally has seen her son Fisher guided successfully through a cancer episode by her friend and healer, Louise Hay. She knows all those metaphysical principles, guided visualizations, emotional release techniques, and healing affirmations do work, and — damn it — even for those unable to pay, she is there to give them an opportunity to experience their own power for self-healing and ecstatic living.

At the start of the workshop Sally explained that some years back she had experienced some of her friends diagnosed with AIDS being given a schedule of that they would expect. "When someone is given a schedule with the word 'death' on it, they begin preparing to die." As an alternative, Sally had adopted the Mastery workshop format to allow her friends and others to free themselves from such thoughts and discover the reality of their own existence. "Healing begins the moment we recognize ourselves," she explained. If we look at the stuff that undermines our ability to love ourselves, and release the blocks to experiencing ourselves fully in the moment, we have the ability to heal ourselves.

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conditioned emotionally-deadening defenses. One participant told me how great I was at playing "needy" — chalk it up to experience, dears — while another acknowledged me for being one of the three most convincingly "angry" participants in the room.

The evening ended with a long, elaborate guided visualization. For an unfathomable reason, I tuned out this half hour which was designed to get me in touch with deep emotional blocks. As my co-participants were presumably reaping great rewards from Sally's work, I lay there angry at myself and others, forgiving myself, knowing that whatever I was doing was perfect, hating Sally for making this thing go on so long that I missed my appointments, and hoping that the all-night grocery would have packages of peanut butter cookies in stock (the \$9 storehouse of negative nurturing). I stalked out of the place, determined to arrive late the next day (I'd show them), and as I discovered the following morning — deciding again not to do my homework.

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have felt if my father had opened up enough to share his love and concern for me with me. Forty-one years of isolation and pain began to be released in a flood of tears. Nor was I alone. Similar experiences and releases were happening all around me.

The rest of the day is best left to the experiences of future participants. We concluded with a party, filled with lots of hugs and kisses, great food, and a cake with enough icing to make someone's lesions turn red, white and blue. Since I was determined not to let my job of writing a commissioned article interfere with my inner work, I turned my notebook over to other participants to record their thoughts about the workshop. Here are some of their comments:

"You become so real, you actually begin to love yourself."

"I experienced unity with all like I have never experienced before. I do not have to fear loving another for fear of being hurt by separation. Quite the contrary, I must love another in order to love myself."

"Earlier in the week I almost convinced myself I was having a pneumonia relapse. Now my symptoms are gone and I feel great. I think this is the beginning of a real creative period for me."

"I have a sense of hope now that is not just a word, but a feeling that it's going to be okay."

Another AIDS Mastery will be held the weekend of September 19-21. Contact Scott Eaton at 415-861-0306 for registration information.

□ Jason Serinus is a healer practicing "Alignment of Mind, Body and Spirit," a certified masseur, and editor of Psychoimmunity and the Healing Process: A Holistic Approach to Immunity & AIDS (September, Celestial Arts), which may be ordered by California residents for \$12.10 (\$11.45 in other states) from The Holistic Group, P.O. Box 3073, Oakland, CA 94609-0073, or call 415-652-2180.

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Louise Hay To Speak

Louise Hay, well known author of *You Can Heal Your Life* and the popular tape *AIDS: A Positive Approach*, will speak at the next Metaphysical Alliance A.I.D.S. Healing Service, Monday, August 25. The service will be held at Grace Cathedral, corner of California and Taylor Sts. in SF at 6:30 pm.

Ms. Hay is famous for her outstanding work with AIDS patients and has numerous "success" stories including many individuals who have their disease and symptoms in total remission.

"The word incurable only means that the particular condition cannot be cured by outer methods and that we must go within to effect the healing." (Louise Hay)

For information call Michael at 431-8708 or Tony, 285-8783.

Metaphysical Workshops

A self healing and support group for People with AIDS or ARC and for those concerned with issues relative to AIDS meets every Sunday evening at the Amron Metaphysical Center, 2254 Van Ness Ave., (between Broadway and Vallejo). The weekly meetings start at 7 pm. Glenna Morea and Richmond McCormack facilitate the workshops.

Workshop participants are urged to facilitate self healing in conjunction with traditional medical treatment in order to take an active role in re-establishing their own health. The group explores positive reinforcements, creative visualization, meditative techniques and life affirming practices.

Although held at the Metaphysical Center, the workshops are not connected with any religious group or sect, are free of charge, and open to anyone with AIDS or ARC or concerned with issues relative to these conditions.

Participants are encouraged to familiarize themselves with the work of O. Carl Simonton, MD, author of the best selling *Getting Well Again*; Louise L. Hay, author of *You Can Heal Your Life*, and Shakti Gawain, author of *Creative Visualization*.

For additional information contact: Glenna Morea, 567-7126; Richard McCormack, 339-1134; Amron Metaphysical Center, 775-0227.

Discussion Groups

The Stop AIDS Project offers an opportunity for gay and bisexual men to meet in small groups of 10-15 to discuss the AIDS epidemic and related issues of health and well-being, with the goal of ending the spread of the AIDS virus.

Men interested in the "South of Market" lifestyle are as concerned about AIDS as anyone. However, there are interests, issues and concerns unique to the "South of Market Man."

The Stop AIDS Project is aware of these special needs and now offers discussion groups designed for the S/M and/or leather lifestyle. It's an opportunity to share with others who have common values.

Stop AIDS meetings are held almost every day of the week. Special "South of Market" groups are offered on the last Wednesday of each month. All gay and bisexual men are invited to participate in one of these meetings by calling 621-7177. Ask for Larry.

Strictly Kosher

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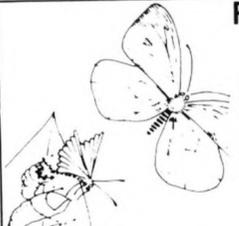
The dinner is a fundraiser for the printing of new High Holy Day machzorim. Participation is limited to twenty people, and the cost is \$25 per person. Call 863-1998 to reserve a space. A second dinner, with a Sephardic theme and Ladino music is being planned for September.

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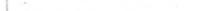
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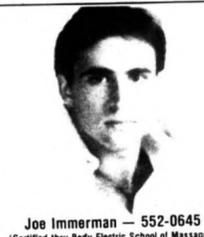
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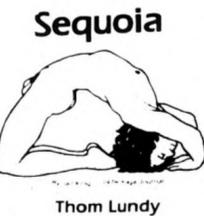
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Astrologer

Robert Cole

August 15-28, 1986

Aries, The Sheep (Mar 21-Apr 19):
Playmates from afar come knocking on your door quite unexpectedly. You should be ready for a rollicking party despite a tight schedule and primary responsibilities. You have permission to act like a big kid with your friends. The only possible problem, naturally, would be finances. Just admit you're short on cash, and be willing to let your sugar daddy or momma take care of the extra expenses. Are you having fun yet?

Taurus, The Ox (Apr 20-May 20):
Being a tour guide for out-of-towners is right up your alley. Your supernatural charm and incredible patience will guarantee visitors a grand stay in your city. Within a short while you start to have feelings for each other like family. You'll have a great time until you come to the end of the tour. Breaking up is especially hard to do, but you know it would have to be this way from the very beginning. Grin and take lots of pictures.

Gemini, The Wolf (May 21-Jun 20):
You keep starting that same old love letter over and over again in your mind. A trillion verbs flash up whenever the sacred noun crosses your imagination. Crumpled

poems surround your bed where you've slept alone for several eternities. It won't do you an ounce of good to struggle further with the appropriate way to say "I love you." Listen through the walls that surround you. Your lover is whispering, "Come here, wherever you are." You'll never think of the right answer, just go.

Cancer, the Crab (Jun 21-Jul 22):
Your love for work gets slightly obscene as the days progress. Long, sensuous sales talks keep you tied up on the phone; ambitious group projects satisfy your lust for more and more work. Your pockets are bulging, and you're learning that you needn't take your clothes off to have a good time. But — get ready, honey — there's a brash entrepreneur who's after your bottom line, and he just can't wait anymore.

Leo, The Snake (Jul 23-Aug 22):
You'll have great fun shopping for clothes, soaking in the sun at the beach, and being treated like a queen (or king). You've got so much free time and just enough cash to enjoy yourself like never before. So, put aside extraneous hopes, and discipline those passions for long, enduring intercourse. You'll have a much better time without making or taking promises. For an outrageously personal Birth-

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

Virgo, The Pig (Aug 23-Sep 22):
The praying and chanting seem to be working. As yet, the great ax of fate has not fallen on you, proving you do have very powerful forces at your command. Do not make merry in the face of doom since there is no escape. Eliminate your bad habits, eat only the purest foods, and follow right instructions to the letter. Know that all things must come to an end; the result depends on how well you're prepared for it. Pray on.

Libra, The Leopard (Sep 23-Oct 22):
This is the story of the country bumpkin who went to the big city. Buried in the cement of alienation, craving just one sincere glimpse from an urbanite, lost in the hotel bathroom — you are a perfect example of "the nervous wreck." But don't you ever forget, you're the one who ran away from cows and pigs and wide-open spaces. You're the one who wanted the excitement of city life. If you step back into your fantasy world, you'll do a lot better here.

Scorpio, The Scorpion (Oct 23-Nov 21):
You're taking much too long to show people the star you really are. Those wild psychic contortions confuse your audiences; and your strange clothes look more like shields of defense than signs of success. You see, it all has to do with your sensitive, cautious nature. If you could just smash your fears and dash in there — totally honest from the first hello, you would be as famous as you deserve to be. You can, too!

Sagittarius, The Horse (Nov 22-Dec 21):
There's a wonderful journey coming up in your not-too-distant future. You

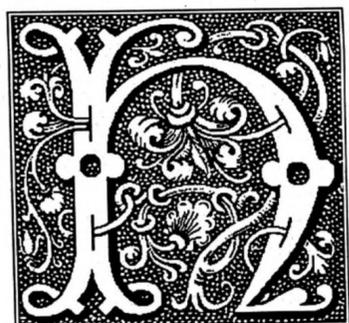
will fly off to an island paradise, but with your second-best friend. You will have all the usual fun in the sun even though it would've been much more romantic with #1. Sooner or later you'll have to let go of the impossible dream and settle for the chubby little nerd. And, you know, it won't be all that bad. This is a case of taking what's available instead of waiting longer for what's not.

Capricorn, The Whale (Dec 22-Jan 19):
There's a lot of help available if you'd just learn how to ask for it. The way you stomp around makes everybody feel insufficient and insecure. In your eyes, even your best friend begins to look like a wimp. Turn down the volume on your strong song and you'll be amazed at the loving harmony which surrounds you. That's right, baby, put down your weapons and let your enemy be your lover. You have nothing to lose.

Aquarius, The Eagle (Jan 20-Feb 18):
Love isn't something you do or make. Love is what you fall into when the most beautiful person in the world sweeps you off your feet with a tender smile. It seems nearly impossible for you to realize that he/she truly adores you, and you alone. But if you'd get off your humility trip, you'd find even more meaning in this message of love. Honestly, your problems come from an inability to stop working long enough to enjoy yourself.

Pisces, The Shark (Feb 19-Mar 20):
There's one supreme focus in your life right now — your health. You must not freeze up from the fear of death and disease. Every human being has to face the germs and viruses which have lived on this planet for longer than anyone can imagine. You need not wage war against disease. Nor do you have to build up your defense system to avoid death. Health is not a military conflict. Health is a free state of mind.

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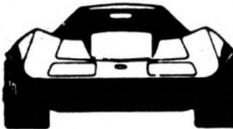
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Mitchell Brothers screen starlet Elisa Florez gives media a free show at the Green Door bash

Safe Smut Lightens Up

Behind the Mitchell Brothers' 'Green Door' by Patrick Hoctel

"Behind the Green Door — The Sequel," like its famous predecessor, has fantasy as its main element while adding another: safe sex. Or, more succinctly, the film is a safe sex fantasy.

From the beginning, it's obvious this is not going to be one of those "jump and hump" flicks. The opening scenes take place on a "plane" seemingly appropriated from someone's model-freak kid brother with its interior closely resembling a '50s living room (and a rather rundown one at that). However, the tacky charm of it all makes it abundantly clear that they're not even trying to fool you.

The crew and the passengers are the real show here, a collection of characters that would do Fellini or John Waters proud. In fact, the whole production reeks of Waters' low camp and Fellini's flair for the grotesque. Extreme close-ups of individual cast members create hilarious "arty" effects, especially when coupled with a

"awakening."

The story really gets moving when a freshly showered Gloria, while watching a tape of the original *Door*, relaxes with a drink and her deluxe vibrator. A loud "Alright!" was heard from the opening night audience when Gloria nonchalantly flipped open her suitcase to reveal this imposing piece of hardware.

Hitchcockian overtones make themselves felt (other than in the score, which at times could make Max Steiner sit up and take notice) when our heroine is spied upon by her neighbor, a bleached out, muscle — and wheelchair — bound voyeur (a surfing accident, presumably?) who, like Norman Bates, has a mother, albeit mechanical, who rocks back and forth in the window. But his

Wisely, the directors chose humor to introduce the safe sex issue while waiting to get down to business later on.

track featuring lots of nasty talk and characters speaking without their lips ever moving. The headlines glimpsed by Gloria as she moves around the plane (she's the camera here): "S.F. Adopts Safe Sex" and "AIDS Still No Cure" give the strange goings-on the chill of reality besides setting up what's to come.

Once the plane lands (it does a belly flop on touchdown, but no one, except for an irritable stewardess, takes any great notice), we're introduced to our main character, Gloria, who has never been seen full face until this point. She's a quiet sort, less boisterous than the other stewardesses — a woman ripe for an

high-tech surveillance equipment puts Norman to shame. This guy is a pro.

Gloria, however, is blissfully unaware of all this, and as the vibrator starts to hum and the vodka takes effect, the story begins to unwind. Not wanting to reveal too much, I can tell you that Gloria's fantasy revolves around a nightclub whose denizens are, in different guises, of course, the people from her everyday life.

The real test of the film is here. Because it is a safe sex fantasy, the safe sex shown must be erotic for the film to succeed. Wisely, the directors chose humor to introduce the safe sex issue while waiting to get down to business later on. Viewers greeted

the Chippendale-like doorman with his mandatory safe sex party favors and a Dr. Ruth clone lecturing the nightclub patrons on condom use with laughter and understanding. They enjoyed them as comic devices, but seemed to grasp that

Mitchell Sister Sharon McNight's Personal Crusade

Interview by Patrick Hoctel

No, it's not Missy Manners (Elisa Florez), former staffer for Senator Orrin Hatch and star of the film, it's San Francisco's own cabaret diva, Sharon McNight. Sharon has enjoyed a long association with the "notorious" Mitchell Brothers, and *Behind the Green Door — The Sequel* marks another of their collaborations. Sharon, who prefers the challenge of live performance, last January, when Sharon returned from her tour of Europe, there was a message on her answering machine from Jim Mitchell. He wanted her to work on his new movie — a sequel to the classic *Behind the Green Door*. Exhausted, she didn't return his call. Film work is drudgery for Sharon, who prefers the challenge of live performance, even though eleven years ago she directed *The Autobiography of a Flea* for the Mitchell Brothers while they were tied up in litigation. Widely touted as the first porno film directed by a woman and starring John Holmes (as "Father Clement," no less), the film went on to much acclaim and is still highly regarded.

Jim Mitchell called back. He really wanted Sharon to work on the film, he told her — then

they weren't only that.

Make no bones about it, the sex is hot — hot and weird. These are a few *Satyricon* escapees, including a fat lady who must be seen to be imaged (made flesh, she's still unreal). The O'Farrell Theatre veterans gave her their most varied reaction: an amalgamation of awe, disgust, support, and despair. The cast also numbers a dwarf, a bearded man with breasts, and other surprises.

Gloria (Missy Manners) goes through most of the film in a kind of good-natured daze which, I guess, is appropriate, given the pilot, but she does come to life in the various sex episodes.

A scene with a group of maenads (we're talking production values here, folks), replete with

Continued on page 19

added, "It's about safe sex." Sharon's immediate response was, "I'll be there!"

Why did this woman put her own quite successful career on hold and allow her promise of a two-month involvement to balloon into a six-month commitment? "For over three years, I've been singing songs, doing benefits, and raising money to fight AIDS," Sharon told me. "I kept seeing the same faces, the same people. We're always calling on the same part of the gay community to contribute, and now it's time straight people contribute — 'cuz it's coming their way and it's time they 'wake up and smell the coffee.'"

Given the Mitchell Brothers' clientele — the suit-and-tie crowd as Sharon dubs them — she believes here was one way to reach a previously untapped straight audience. She also stressed an important point about what method they had in mind to reach that audience. *Behind the Green Door — The Sequel* is produced by Mitchell Brothers Home Video. The movie itself of course, will run in all the Mitchell Brothers' theatres, but

Continued on page 15

Film

Ken Coupland

State of the Art of Seige

When Jobeth Williams, in *Desert Bloom*, scolds her withdrawn teenage daughter with another bit of homespun wisdom, you want to smack her — she's that good. "A girl who gets all wrapped up in herself makes a mighty small package," Williams warns.

While it's far from being a "woman's film," *Desert Bloom*, which marks the directorial debut of Bay Area writer Eugene Corr, is remarkable for its preponderance of sympathetic female roles — which means, of course, that it's all the more remarkable his film was made at all.

The story of a troubled family, struggling to get by during a weird time in the '50s — when Las Vegas was as well known for its role in the government's nuclear development program as for other kinds of gambling — *Desert Bloom* is an example of a new and unpredictable breed of regional, independent filmmaking that owes its existence to a single production company.

Trapped with six other projects from over 500 entries by Robert Redford's Sundance Institute, Corr's screenplay (with collaborator Linda Remy) was originally intended for television's *American Playhouse*. Not surprisingly, the flaws in the finished film lie in its dramatics.

Corr's exposition has a textbook quality. His characters always stand for "something" and his dialog moves in a lock-step from one cumbersome comparison to another between the advent of the nuclear age and the demise of the nuclear family.

John Voight is Jack, the maimed, shell-shocked World War II veteran who marries Jobeth Williams' Lily, a divorced war bride; her ex-husband's another wartime casualty and a vegetable in a psychiatric ward. Jack's not much better off: Subject to nighttime attacks of what has become known as delayed combat syndrome, he's another victim of seige mentality, and his war wounds have made him unfit for service in the defense program. Cooped up in his radio shack in the couple's ramshackle bungalow, he plots the progress of the bomb tests and monitors transmissions. Jack plays foster father to Lily's three daughters: The eldest, Rose (newcomer Annabeth Gish), is actually aware of Jack's mental problems and the target of his drunken attacks. Into this strained atmosphere comes Starr, a more sympathetic character (Ellen Barkin, in the role of her undeservedly neglected career). Starr's a free spirit and damaged wife, idolized by gawky, self-conscious Rose, who is marking time in Nevada for the 42 days it takes to secure a divorce.

Barkin's portrayal is an unmitigated joy. Her



Desert Bloom is an example of a new and unpredictable breed of regional, independent filmmaking.

tragicomic performance serves as an emotional fulcrum for the other characters (just as the time she spends waiting for her divorce marks the film's beginning and end). It's Barkin, largely, who determines why *Desert Bloom* is such an absorbing film. Corr tenderly details the older woman's affection for young Rose, and Gish's awkward admiration for the soigneur Barkin are achingly on target.

Corr's had plenty of expert assistance — Sundance bucks buy expertise — besides his cast. Prolific director of photography Reynaldo Villalobos left his stamp on *Urban Cowboy*, *9 to 5* and *Risky Business*. His camerawork here falls just short of smothering Corr's slender tale, but in the process, succeeds in overcoming the general airlessness of the plot. *Flamingo Kid* art director Lawrence Miller dips into his bag of period tricks with scrupulous attention to detail — again, almost too much so: When Jack breaks dishes in a rage, sure enough, they're Fiesta ware.

Corr piles on his parallels, loading the dice with the cheap shock of incest, impotence and child abuse — TV-movie fare — and the film's finale, juggling A-tests, running away from home and Starr's divorce party (all on the same night!) threatens to capsize his tale. But he's given his actors some of the best roles they're likely to see for some time, and they've returned the favor in their indelible portrayals. (Four Star)

Maybe you've found his novels unreadable, but Stephen King's formula horror stories have won him millions of fans. And there's no denying King's books have inspired some imaginative movie-making (Brian de Palma's hysterical *Carrie*, Stanley Kubrick's quirky, ill-fated *The Shining*).

Repo Man's Emilio Estevez plays a glowering parolee brow-beaten by odious Pat Hingle, the truck stop's owner — who turns out to be a closet survivalist with an army in the basement. If those ornery engines thought it was going to be easy to line up for gas at the Dixie Boy, they picked the wrong cookie.

King pushes a lot of buttons, including fundamentalist Armageddon fantasies. "Jesus, he's coming. He is pissed," one low-life exclaims as a truck barrels down on him. Very subtle, Stephen. In a delirium of overwork, Estevez — who's been pumping gas for the multi-tired titans all day — mumbles something about "interstellar house cleaners" who "send in their broom." Dialog, or environmental impact report?

But if King seems to have borrowed his main premise from the ineffable *Road Warrior*, he's given the plot enough twists to keep the gears turning, and rock stars AC/DC kick in with a thumping, heavy metallic score. As the trucks advance, the lead singer screams Cack! Cack! in a bare-faced ripoff of the theme from Psycho? Cack! It's more than a little appropriate. (Maximum Overdrive has been pulled.)

Corr's job description continued to expand along with her time commitment. Besides directing portions of the film, she also worked on the screenplay, trying — as she put it — "to make the motivations of the characters as real as possible."

Sharon's job description continued to expand along with her time commitment. Besides directing portions of the film, she also worked on the screenplay, trying — as she put it — "to make the motivations of the characters as real as possible."

No easy task in an adult film, no matter how

Continued on page 16

Continued on page 16

McNight from page 14

its real target is the bedrooms of straight America — the ever burgeoning VCR crowd.

Sharon then took a moment to gently pop this interviewer's beads about my preceding the Mitchell Brothers' name with "notorious." "They don't like to be defended," she said. "They like to have that aura about them." But, as a former and perhaps future employee, she characterized them as strictly square shooters and defenders of the right of people to see adult films. Sharon emphasized that the Mitchells spend at least \$250,000 a year fighting for individual rights, and worries that if adult films were legislated out of business (and she certainly has reason for concern), the industry would be forced underground where you couldn't see its products at all. "Then," she said, "you'll have a guy selling something out of the back of his car that he shouldn't." "And," she added, "once [the industry is] illegal, you can't tax it!"

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No easy task in an adult film, no matter how

Continued on page 16

Video

Michael Lasky

Lily In Love (Vestron Video, 104 min., \$79.95)

A delicious, romantic comedy about show business, stale marriages and love in its many guises gives Christopher Plummer the plum role of his career.

He's an aging classical stage actor who disguises himself as a dubious Italian, one to win the lead in writer wife's (Maggie Smith) new film. What he doesn't count on is Smith falling in love with this suave, gentle, but phoney matinee idol. He can't say she's cheating on him since the man she's having an affair with is none other than himself. The problem is she is not aware of it, or has she been cued in all along? For those of you who kvetch that movies aren't made as they used to, this is one of those light, bubbling, witty screwball comedies that were made in the '30s and '40s. Updated for '80s sensibilities and acted with understated zest by Plummer, Smith, Elke Sommer and Adolph Green, this movie-movie is not to be missed. It helps if you are a hopeless romantic. Grade: A

Brazil (MCA Home Video, 131 min., HiFi Stereo, \$79.95)

First, former Monty Python member

Terry Gilliam was distressed at how Universal wouldn't release his black comedy about an Orwellian 1984-type world. Shamed into it, Universal proceeded to push the film in a mass release that all but killed the film's chances. Now, Gilliam is unhappy that Universal prematurely released his film on video. He needs't be: The film plays better on the small screen, especially with the T.L.C. rendered in MCA's transfer to tape of Gilliam's purposefully smashing stereo sound and crispy imagery.

British actor Jonathan Pryce is a daydreaming bureaucrat who sees his dream woman at a government raid on "subversives." His attempts to save her by working within the system backfires continually until it is no longer meed. Told with acid-stained humor, *Brazil* is an unforgettable, at once challenging you while entertaining. Grade: B+

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break

(Kartes Video, 71 min., \$19.95)

This mint print videotape of W. C. Fields' last comedy classic is a bargain not to be missed. As usual, Fields was way ahead of his time with his surrealistic hodge-podge of thumbnail sketches, vaudeville routines, slapstick, song and outrageous satire of filmmaking. He's trying to sell his outlandish script to Esoteric Pictures' producer Franklin Pangborn. In the script, he falls out of a plane into the nest of Mrs. Hemoglobin (Margaret

Dumont), and her daughter (Susan Miller), who does a jive version of "Coming Through the Rye." His niece, Gloria Jean — Universal Pictures' bland version of Judy Garland — is delightfully awful but serves as the perfect foil for Fields and the totally nonsensical picture directed by Edward Cline.

The Journey of Natty Gann (Walt Disney Home Video, 101 min., HiFi Stereo, \$79.95)

One of Walt Disney's attempts to seize the adult audience without losing the younger audiences which the WD films had been generally geared for, and an engrossing story, coupled with spectacular photography of the northwest, with crackerjack performances, Natty Gann follows a teenage girl on her cross-country trek to be reunited with her father in the Washington lumber forests. Along her 2,000 mile journey, Natty is befriended by a protective wolf and later by a young drifter. Everything about *The Journey of Natty Gann* meshes seamlessly, quickly capturing our attention. Directed with style and crisp pacing by Jeremy Kagan, *The Journey of Natty Gann* has been particularly well cast with Lainie Kazan, Scatman Crothers, John Cusack and Ray Wise. Natty Gann is played by Meredith Salenger, a newcomer we most likely will see often. Don't pass *Journey* up simply because it's from Walt Disney. *Journey* is a film for anyone who has ever dreamed of running away. Grade: A

Ingmar Bergman Film Festival (Embassy Home Video, each \$29.95)

Nearly every image in Swedish director Ingmar Bergman's films could be frozen into a prizeworthy photograph. Renown for his insightful, unflinching introspection into universal human dilemmas, Bergman is masterful and uncompromising in artistic triumph in his films. Although better known for the darker views of the human spirit (they always seem depressing), his few comedies prove to be surprisingly joyful romps, playful yet sophisticated. In Embassy's current release of six Bergman films, there is the little-known comedy of the sexes, *The Devil's Eye*, which begins with a Satanic being who must alter a young bride-to-be's chastity before her marriage if he is to rid himself of a sty in his eye. He sends Don Juan upstairs to perform the task — and all "hell" breaks loose. *The Virgin Spring*, winning the Best Foreign Film Oscar in 1959, is more the typical Bergman — with his haunting black and white depictions of religious doubt, and the battle between human nature and instilled beliefs.

Also available are the relentlessly grim *Winter Light*, the sensuous *Port of Call*, *Secrets of Woman*, and the mesmerizing *The Magician*. If you can watch only one of these, *The Magician* should not be missed. Most of the films feature Bergman's stock performers including Max Von Sydow and Bibi Anderson. The photography is by Sven

Nykvist. The tape transfer from mint prints is excellent. Grade: A.

Film Checklist

Previously Reviewed / Ongoing

- About Last Night ★★½
- Aliens ½
- Back to School ★★
- Belizaire the Cajun ★½
- Big Trouble in Little China ★
- Club Paradise ½
- Donna Herlinda & Her Son ★★
- A Fine Mess ½
- Hannah and Her Sisters ★★½
- Haunted Moon ½
- Hearburn ★
- Home of the Brave ★★
- Howard the Duck ½
- Joshua Then & Now ★★
- Labyrinth ★½
- Legal Eagles ½
- Letter to Brezhnev ★★
- Mona Lisa ★★
- My Beautiful Laundrette ★★½
- Out of Bounds ½
- A Room with a View ★★½
- Rootless People ★★½
- Three Men and a Cradle ½
- Top Gun ★
- Turtle Diary ★★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
 ½ I'd pass — K.C.



Winston Tong, performer extraordinaire, considers his options

Winston Tong Plays with Dolls

An acclaimed performance artist struggles to maintain an identity amidst shifting definitions of what art, race and gender mean.

by John J. Powers and Don Chan Mark

He sees labels for what they are, limitation — just as words themselves can be limiting. He is unwilling to sacrifice his art for causes, but he's an outspoken opponent of sexism, racism, and unbridled materialism. His art speaks primally, urgently, without judgment, as an alert child's vision in the vacuum of pop culture.

The artist is Winston Tong — performer, poet and perhaps, shaman. We interviewed him on the occasion of *The Magic Theatre's* presentation of his new performance piece, *Three Times Me (3 x Me)*, playing *With Dolls and Words and Music*.

During our time together, we brought up various topics concerning the development of this artist's work in a world he sees as hostile to such visions.

On *Three Times Me* at The Magic:

Three Times Me is divided into three parts: a doll play, a word play, and some kind of music play. The story's the myth of Echo and Narcissus. Three parts are aligned with different parts of the human psyche — the id, ego and superego. The first part is very dark, dramatic, full-blown, hysterical, sexual. The second part is more about consciousness, the ego playing with words. There is a sub-plot in the second piece involving a male hustler and a female prostitute. Of course, the dolls in the first part and characters in the second part reflect my own personality. As for Part Three, well, I don't want to spoil anything."

On theatre and performance art:

"Whatever was vital about theatre has long since died. Originally theatrical events in pre-history were celebrations of harvest or natural occurrences, the rites of shamans and so forth, where magic happened to venerate the earth and make sure that the following year would be a good one. We don't have any harvests now — no harvest celebrations. We run on a calendar, a series of numbers that don't really make a difference to anybody except that they add up.

"People are displaced, thinking about what they really need or why they come to see something. They often listen because it's just something to do.

"From the beginning I've been trying to find something somewhere between theatre and perfor-

mance art that would have the best elements of both. Theatre tends to be too pat and dry, relying on text; too literary and flat. Performance art is relatively new. It starts from visual and kinetic concepts; time and space broken up by form and content in a more abstract way. Some early performance material really inspired me, like Nam June Paik's video paintings. This kinetic or moving painting altered the concept of painting itself: It was one of my first influences or clues.

"In my training as an actor, we got away from text because we felt that we needed a new way to get into the meat of the matter: Either start visually (or with movement) with a dream that doesn't make sense, a fragment of something, rather than

"I didn't stick with theatre because I knew that I'd end up in some rep company playing dieties or houseboys."

a text which said that A happens and then B and then C. We are working inside-out or backwards, I don't know.

"For all this, I've realized that narrative is important. I've done a lot of things that were very off the wall, and now I realize that narrative thread is valuable, it helps. It doesn't have to be much — it could be a gesture, a teacup moving to a mouth."

On living in Europe:

"I moved there with members of Tuxedomoon, but I fought the experience all along. What happened was I started to realize that culture shock isn't immediate — it happens over a period of years. I couldn't stay in Europe all the time. I had to have my fix of America every so often.

"Europeans seemed to see me first as Asian and second as an American. I was a very special person in Europe. I was treated with a lot of respect. There wasn't this prejudice as to what I should be doing as an Asian American, whereas in America, well, things are quite different."

On America:

"It was really hard to get started and to keep going here. Almost all of my friends told me I should stop this performance bullshit; none of them could see the point. They thought I was making an ass of myself. My family thought I was crazy and I shouldn't be doing such things. I ended up feeling that people didn't want to see it, they couldn't accept it — I thought it was a reflection of prejudice or fear, their resistance.

"I didn't stick with theatre because I knew that I'd end up in some rep company playing Puck; that usual Asian American thing, playing dieties or houseboys. I wasn't going to do that.

"Even before I started, I was treated as if the best role for me would be someone exotic or servile. I left the idea of even working in theatre and took off in the opposite direction. I said: If I want to play Rimbaud, I'll play him. If I want to do Ni-jinsky or Billie Holiday, I'll do it.

"It was really wonderful when Peter Brook came to see me in Paris and the late Julian Beck

saw my production of *Frankie and Johnny*, and to experience their enthusiasm and support. I couldn't believe it. I met William Burroughs and did *The Wild Boys* in New York.

"All of these things coming at different times confirmed for me that it was going OK, the work was going . . . not right or wrong, just going."

On the future:

"I certainly don't want to be dragging suitcases all over the world doing performance pieces forever — that's not the gist of my art. I started working with dolls, and people were fascinated with them. I could have stuck with that, but didn't. As soon as people really got into the dolls, I cut myself away. I got involved with the band, Tuxedomoon, and people said you can't do that, you can't sing — it's awful: *Where are the dolls?* I said — if you're good, they might come back — if you start buying my records; if you don't like it, you can go home, but I have to do what I must do with my art."

"The real quest is trying to come up with the most penetrating way of saying something — a way that's viable, mysterious, magical, ugly, terrible — so you'll never forget. Or, to ask something — a question — they (the audience) must find an answer to.

"I have never identified with one group or another. I've tried very hard to break through barriers that are constantly being set up. One is constantly being pressed into acting one way or another, into naming unnamable things, saying you're this way or that — gay, straight, thin, big, bright or whatever. I don't see the point of any of this: It's all the same! Why should I limit myself to any words, for whom? Because other people have to?"

"I've always fought such ideas. In my work, try to be Zen about things, to show things as they are or as they might be or how they might become — this is important. Ideally, as an artist one does not want to be stuck in some sort of ivory tower, art for art's sake and all that. One might, perhaps, but I think that any kind of supreme art has to reach as many people as possible and get them to see something they've never seen before."

□ *Three Times Me (3 x Me)*, Playing with Dolls and Words and Music, plays *Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30 pm; now through August 30. Call 441-8822.*

McNight from page 15

upscale. To enhance the look of the film and the actors themselves, she brought in experienced technical people — the art director from *The Autobiography of a Flea* and his crew, plus her own hairdresser and his people. To be sure, the Fellini-esque quality of the sets (in particular the nightclub and its patrons) and the film's often bizarre, but always entertaining camp sensibility are in large part Sharon's contribution.

In fact, Sharon's updated, driving rendition of the original 1956 song, "Behind the Green Door," — as alternately Marilyn Monroe, Eartha Kitt, Mae West, Bette Davis, and herself — stops the show. The opening night audience at the O'Farrell Theatre screamed and whistled as Sharon disappeared with a final kick behind the Greek Door. (The song also doubles as a safe sex video which can be lifted right out of the film.) The careful observer might also recognize a certain part of Sharon's anatomy (I won't say which) forming the basis for Wanda, "the world's tiniest entertainer" (Sharon's own words), who opens and closes the film. In short, anywhere there was a hole, so to speak, Sharon filled it.

The actual staging of the sex scenes she left to the Mitchell Brothers. "They know more about sex than I," she admitted. "They know what their audience wants." Rather, she viewed her role as safe sex expert (with the assistance of the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality) as her most important function in the film. "But I know what the audience that goes there needs to see," she said. And her primary reason for working with the Mitchells this time around was to push this aspect of the plot line along.

Safe sex permeates the movie. It's introduced in the headlines seen by the heroine. There are what amount to commercials for it by Miss Claudine of local waitress fame, a Dr. Ruth impersonator, a bodybuilder who serves as a sort of doorman for the fantasy nightclub, and Wanda.

During the scene in the nightclub when the sexual goings-on are approaching fever pitch, the camera does a cutaway to Miss Claudine. "Hello. Wine? Champagne? Latex gloves? Condoms? Nonoxynol nine?" she inquires sweetly of a

customer while gesturing to each of the items on her tray. Then the action switches back to the heroine giving head to three condom-sheathed men on trapezes. This constitutes what Sharon terms "selling the goods."

And if this weren't enough, Wanda's message that ends the film leaves absolutely no doubt as to what the audience should come away with. After the film was finished, Sharon went back and inserted Wanda at the beginning and end of the film in case some viewer had missed the point as to what all the fuss over condoms, vaginal dams, etc., was about.

In her best Mae West manner, courtesy of Sharon, Wanda intones, "So — you got the message? You don't get venereal disease or AIDS by holding hands or breathing the air. You get it by sharing body fluids. So, if you choose to have multiple sex partners, remember — take Wanda's advice: 'Play it Safe.'" Sharon McNight hopes that this new audience will take the hint.

Theatre

John J. Powers

Noh Contest: Oratorio's 'Clouds'

In the last couple of weeks, I've seen three plays representing very different periods and styles. Tristan Tzara's *Handkerchief Of Clouds*, at Studio Eremos, brings alive the sensibility of Dada as a genuine creative force beyond mannerisms or trends.

Members of the Noh Oratorio Society, directed by Claude Duvall, have created a work full of passion and comedy, a tribute to poetry as the most effective expression of romantic longing. The actors are viewed on and off stage before our eyes as they perform and comment upon a spare, amusing narrative — probably borrowed by Tzara from a silent movie of the period (the play was written in 1924). Here Tzara's great triumph rests in its way of examining the nature of theatre and art without the slightest trace of self-indulgence.

With the music of Erik Satie, Benjamin Britten and others in the background, the wondrous intricacies of Dada involve the exposure of meaning: a profoundly innocent romanticism speaks to beyond narrative form and finally, life beyond liv-

ing: a profoundly innocent romanticism speaks to us from another era. *Handkerchief Of Clouds* represents Dada as eloquently as any work of art from that period. This production is an exciting event.

Tzara's great triumph rests in its way of examining the nature of theatre and art without the slightest trace of self-indulgence.

Everyone in the remarkable ensemble cast pull through Tzara's complex format with the energy and talent I really haven't seen in most Bay Area theatre. Rob Beattie, Bob Cooper, Nancy Lawson, Ruby Muran de Assereto, Anne



Handkerchief of Clouds

Neuwald, Dennis Parks, Martin Ponch, Marty Schimerlik and Michael Shain are all to be commended, as are director Duvall and art director Lee Uhlenhake. Dada is alive, well and living at Studio Eremos

— for at least two more weekends. Call 863-3027 or 861-0560.
□ David Mamet's *Edmond*, at the Noe Valley Ministry, is an interesting morality play focusing on the quick slide downward of an upwardly-mobile white male. *Edmond* is *Taxi Driver* without the realistic grit and moral tone of screenwriter Paul Schrader's nightmare vision. Mamet's relatively amoral posture might be worthy of respect if there were more substance to his *Edmond*. As it is, the elaborate structure of the play belies its simplistic approach to very palpable issues involving power and oppression.

The violence and sexism displayed in *Edmond* is surely meant as a commentary on violence and sexism. I find this sort of thing fairly mundane. To make matters worse, racist aspects of the script seem gratuitous and downright obscene. Mamet ends the play on a fallacious note when we see the everyman-hero resigned to his position as lover to a black man who's just assaulted and raped him in prison. Mamet seems to view being gay as a noble degradation or, perhaps worse, the ultimate punishment for a lack of conscience!

He gets away with this viewpoint by putting it in the mind and words of his protagonist; it is easier to appreciate that Mamet is, in fact, observing and commenting on such perverse "logic." In any case, an apparent irony about *Edmond* is that it becomes a pointless affair from any angle.

The Noe Valley Ministry production is noteworthy for the intelligence and vitality of most

Continued on page 22

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Mike Mascioli

Cleo, Annie, Joan and Charles

In her recent evening with the Symphony Pops, fresh from her Broadway triumph in the brilliant *Mystery Of Edwin Drood*, **Cleo Laine** turned in the kind of solid performance we've come to take for granted from her.

Laine's not a *great* singer, but at times her depth on her famous soaring excursions into her upper register, and we've learned to place dazzlement behind her other virtues — interpretation, the emotional and tonal colors of her rich, smoky contralto and her eclectic repertoire (although lately the latter's failed to yield new rewards; once again she performed nothing she hasn't performed before).

Typically, her program blended first-rate jazz, pop, torch songs, show tunes and poetry set to music by husband John Dankworth. Laine's also an actress, and a few of her songs seemed more sharply drawn than ever. W.H. Auden's amusing poem "Tell Me The Truth About Love," which she's been singing for years, has by now acquired a virtual sub-text of gestures and expressions (especially useful in conquering the cavernous reaches of the Civic Center).

Laine's not a *great* singer, but at times her depth of emotion or her formidable musicianship and musicality elicits a great performance, like her witty — and showstopping — reworking of Mozart's *Rondo alla turca*, which offered the added delight of being performed by the symphony, under Dankworth's direction, before segueing into the vocal.

It's rare for a "trad" pop and jazz singer — least of all a middle-aged British female vocalist — to make an impact, and by all rights, after an initial flurry of attention, Laine should have settled comfortably into cult status. But here, more than at any of her past concerts (including a prior one at the Pops), I was struck by the extent of her stateside popularity — what with suburban couples packing the towering balconies and the picnic tables on the floor below, Dankworth's conducting the symphony that evening (and at a dance concert days before), and the crowd's unique appreciation of the subtlety and delicacy of her ballads.

Remarkably, she held the large hall enrapt with her ballads — not only Jerome Kern's "Bill," which builds and swells dramatically, but gossamer ones like "The Thieving Boy" (accompanied only by Dankworth's mournful clarinet) and Dimitri Tiomkin's "Friendly Persuasion" — stunning achievements all.

□ Britain's **Annie Ross** is remembered as the distaff third of the legendary early '60s vocal trio Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, who sang jazz instrumentals outfitted with Jon Hendrick's often spirited, tongue-twisting lyrics. Ross left L.H.&R. after half a dozen LPs, did some solo recording and returned to Britain to work. She's based in L.A. now, and if her performance — her first locally in well over a decade — and her enthusiastic reception at the Great American Music Hall two Saturdays ago are omens of things to come, she may also be remembered as a fine solo concert artist.

Despite her youthful good looks and witty, warm stage presence, it seemed at first as if Ross' comeback would be a disaster. She aggressively attacked L.H.&R.'s "Cloudburst," spitting out Hendrick's lyrics, having seemingly lost all sense of the breezy effortlessness with which they should be delivered, even at the song's breakneck tempo. "Bye Bye Blackbird," at first soft and sultry, sent chills up the spine — until it split wide open and became pushy and punchy. Ross seemed less a famed jazz singer than a musical menace.

But with "Come On Home" (another L.H.&R. tune) she hit her stride — and became less strident — and the song proved to be the first of many, expressively rendered (Like her compatriot Cleo Laine, Ross has done some acting.)

As a soloist, Ross was always woefully inadequate, to say the least. Her thin, flattened tones and uncertain pitch, tempered by the harmonies of the trio (where she also made effective use of a piping soprano), were embarrassingly pronounced on her solo LPs. But the voice that didn't wear well on the singer in her 30s is not unbefitting to her in her 50s for reasons too numerous to speculate on, beyond noting a mellowness, an added warmth that's come with age.

In the '70s L.H.&R.'s influence was reaffirmed as artists like Bette Midler, The Manhattan Transfer, Joni Mitchell and The Pointer Sisters recorded

their songs. With two of her quartet occasionally supplying vocals in an attempt to approximate the trio's sizzling, seamless sound, Ross took advantage of this renewed appreciation by performing many of their songs, like "Doodlin'," "Jumping At The Woodside" and "Twisted," with the witty lyric she wrote to Wardell Grey's bebop tune.

There were some surprises — *Rondo alla turca* with yet a different set of lyrics, and Soundheim's '65 parody "The Boy From . . ." (*Why does he claim he's Castilian? He them he ith Cathilian. Why do his friends call him Lillian?*) which, 22 years later, alas, still has 'em howling. Ross has

Continued on page 19



The novelty of Charles Pierce's Venetian Room appearances is wearing thin

Classics

Bill Huck

Composers' Games Kickoff

The Lesbian/Gay Chorus under the direction of Roger Pettyjohn is dedicated to presenting the works of living gay and lesbian composers. In the Inaugural Concert of Gay Games II Cultural Week, the Chorus, in conjunction with the Society of Gay & Lesbian Composers, presented a concert of works by several young — and mainly local — composers.

The two finest talents to emerge from this evening were Robert Chesley and Alan Stringer. Chesley, who has now given up composing music in favor of writing plays, offered *Two Madrigals*, to texts by Walter de la Mare, written before 1976. Like the poetry, the music of these madrigals was tinged with an English pastoral vision that echoes a little falsely down the corridors of the '80s.

In his music Chesley adopted a cultural perspective rather than developing his own. Yet the madrigals were cleverly crafted, with gentle but not simple harmonies and a real effort at counterpoint. Especially the second, "All That's Past," made me wish Chesley had continued his work in music, though I could hear why he thought he needed another medium in which to find himself. Now invigorated by his experience in drama, perhaps Chesley might return — renewed — to music.

Alan Stringer's *Psalm 100* ("Make a joyful noise to the Lord") possessed a confidence that Chesley's work missed. Composed in a more American idiom that veered between Copland and Broadway, *Psalm 100* was energetic, even fun, without losing a concern for musical textures and design. The Chorus clearly enjoyed their work on this music and gave it their finest effort.

Benjamin Britten's *Cantata Academica* was the Chorus' bow to the past. Britten is in so many ways the godfather of gay and lesbian composers of this century that his work was a fine choice to anchor the Chorus' concert. Since Britten worked so imaginatively with the English language, it was unfortunate that the Chorus did not choose one of his works in our language.

The large piece of the evening was Roger Pettyjohn's *For Those We Love* in which he attempts to present his view of the AIDS crisis. This vision moves, he says, from the typical Judeo-Christian philosophy exemplified by John Donne's "Death Be Not Proud," to "A Nightmare Dream" to the silver lining of "The Children of Light." It was a big project Pettyjohn had set for himself.

Perhaps because the composer was overwhelmed rather than inspired by his subject, the music for this mixed-media-performance work was practically devoid of interest. Neither the nightmarish vision of the central section nor the light-filled conclusion carried imaginative conviction — Pettyjohn found no musical image in which to embody the metaphors. He simply wandered in a wilderness of non-harmony. No doubt the composer's personal conviction was extraordinarily strong, but an artist's ability to project his own beliefs into an imaginative form is what matters in art. Only a little tribute to J.S. Bach in the piano part (through the evening the piano accompaniment of Dwight Okamura was exemplary) con-

taind any real coherence. Of the mixed media aspect of this extravaganza, the slide show was poorly implemented and, for this listener, distracting rather than enhancing. Yet Pettyjohn has done strong work before and hence I look forward to his next composition, when perhaps he will choose a more manageable subject.

Of the others — only Kristin Norderval delighted my attention. Her work shows a clear and sentimental imagination. Her knowledge of the tools of her art is competent. But her music rarely adds up to more than the sum of its parts. This is in part attributable to her — at this time — slender melodic gift. Nevertheless, her approach to her own imagination seems forthright. She has an honesty in her vision, and that particular gift is rare enough in our overhyped age.



Roger Pettyjohn (left), ably backed by the Lesbian/Gay Chorus. The group's recent concert with the Society of Gay and Lesbian Composers drew a mixed, but enthusiastic response from columnist Bill Huck

Musicals

Michael Lasky

Tango Survives Translation

The tango is a butch dance — it is also sexy, seductive, enthralling and stirring. With its hot mix of South American and African rhythms and melodies, the Argentine music breathes fire and passion. All this has been splendidly captured in the Paris and Broadway smash, **Tango Argentino**, now at the Orpheum Theatre until early September.

But how can tango music sustain two hours of entertainment? Isn't that Johnny One Note? Hardly. With breathless pacing, the 30 dancers, singers and musicians perform nonstop; each successive song and dance tops previous ones. Their seemingly boundless energy and expertise are infectious: They make you want to jump out of your seat and join them.

Tangos have story motifs. Other than the short translation from the Portuguese program, the

of instant fame and wealth was too much for socialist Somersville to take: He left the band. His new endeavor is far less commercial, far better. Musically, The Communards are more complex than the current Bronski lineup. A couple of songs ("Disenchanted" and "Heavens Above") touch on the synth pop structure of Bronskis, past, but other cuts throw in strings, horns, bangos (played mostly by women) and very competent piano efforts from Richard Coles: You can see his classical background. Coles also has a nice voice, best demonstrated during his duet with Somersville of Billie Holiday's "Lover Man."

One of my favorite cuts on the record is "So Cold the Night." A basic disco beat is married to Thief of Baghdad-style horns and strings, as Somersville sings about longing for the boy he wat-

Next up were The Screaming Blue Messiahs. This British trio's first LP on Elektra, *Gun Shy*, took a while for me to warm up to, but after their potent set at the I-Beam their records hit my turntable many times. It took about three songs and a coating of sweat before bald singer/guitarist Bill Carter stopped looking like Humpty Dumpty and turned into a demonic front man. Aside from Carter, with his shaved head, the band resembled normal Joes. The lighting stayed the same throughout their set, accentuating the straightforwardness of their non-image, back-to-basics style.

It was immediately clear that Carter was a very good guitar player. The familiar chords from *Gun Shy* were tauter and punchier, and much louder on record. Carter's style is most definitely blue-based, but he's speeded the blues up. One minute the group sounded like they were from Texas; the next, I was reminded of Gang of Four.

The Messiahs didn't talk much, just kept playing. Their more familiar songs like "Wild Blue Yonder" and "Clear View" sounded less exciting than their non-hits, but midway through almost all of their songs the passion would suddenly soar. Carter's vocals and presence gradually evolved and towards the end he was on his knees half-singing and half-speaking in a dramatic daze.

My only complaint about this great double bill was the music volume. It was just *too* fucking loud. I loved the show, but it nearly turned my hammer, anvil and stirrup into bone meal.

□ Flyers for Yo's show at Nightbreak, August 1 (they're my very favorite San Francisco band), featured shots from *Faster Pussycat, Kill Kill*, one of my all-time favorite movies. I collected many to use as stationery. The show was pretty great too. Each time I see this band they're better than before, and by all rights vocalist/guitarist Bruce Rayburn should be my boyfriend!

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Don Baird

A Singular Double-Bill

A couple of Mondays ago at the I-Beam I caught two bands who've been getting a lot of press lately: **Celibate Rifles** and **The Screaming Blue Messiahs**.

Celibate Rifles are a five-piece band from Australia. As I listened to their first few songs, comparisons ran rampant. From the manic crunch of pre-punkers MCS, the New York Dolls and — event! — early Alice Cooper, to the speed and fury of Metallica, this band ripped through musical and visual cliches, but managed to come off as smart. The two guitarists stayed bent over their instruments making funny crunched-up heavy metal faces and playing seriously, fast and loud. They toyed around with feedback the way it was done before The Jesus and Mary Chain. Vocalist Damien Lovelock drove some sharp political messages through guitar hero wonderland. During the song "Thank You America," Lovelock met the high-speed mayhem of the band with a fast reading of a poem from *Endless Life* by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, then interjected phrases from West Side Story's "America," and rounded it all out with the first verse of "Surf City." In America, heavy metal lyrics are usually about sex, fast cars or beating up teachers. These five Aussies create a valid and impassioned message to match their aural assault. Celibate Rifles make it politically correct to be a headbanger.

Next up were The Screaming Blue Messiahs. This British trio's first LP on Elektra, *Gun Shy*, took a while for me to warm up to, but after their potent set at the I-Beam their records hit my turntable many times. It took about three songs and a coating of sweat before bald singer/guitarist Bill Carter stopped looking like Humpty Dumpty and turned into a demonic front man. Aside from Carter, with his shaved head, the band resembled normal Joes. The lighting stayed the same throughout their set, accentuating the straightforwardness of their non-image, back-to-basics style.

It was immediately clear that Carter was a very good guitar player. The familiar chords from *Gun Shy* were tauter and punchier, and much louder on record. Carter's style is most definitely blue-based, but he's speeded the blues up. One minute the group sounded like they were from Texas; the next, I was reminded of Gang of Four.

The Messiahs didn't talk much, just kept playing. Their more familiar songs like "Wild Blue Yonder" and "Clear View" sounded less exciting than their non-hits, but midway through almost all of their songs the passion would suddenly soar. Carter's vocals and presence gradually evolved and towards the end he was on his knees half-singing and half-speaking in a dramatic daze.

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ches undress every night through his window. His vocals soar and beckon like a snake charmer luring a serpent from its basket: A perfect evocation of adolescent gay yearning. For this, The Communards deserve a place in your record collection immediately.

□ The **Smiths** have released a new single called "Panic." The chorus of the song finds Morrissey singing "Hang the DJ" over and over. The flipside has a wonderful Johnny Marr instrumental called "The Draize Train." This cut is just aching to be played in clubs. Let's hope that the A side doesn't offend and the B side catches on. Also included in the package were nine stickers that read "Smiths," "Panic" and "Hang the DJ," — three of each. Brilliant move, Morrissey.

□ Speaking of DJs, at Nightbreak before the Yo show I was very pleased with the great mixture of music coming from the booth. When I called the club to find out the DJ's name, they knew him only as James, but told me he plays every Friday. Check it out.

□ I would like to congratulate **Chris Isaak** on landing his first film role opposite Gregory Peck. I don't know any details about the project, but I do know Chris is playing a lot of clubs all over the Bay Area these days.

□ In the *Chronicle* I read an item about President Reagan saying that rock music causes drug abuse. It made me wonder of **Lou Reed** is going to play "Heroin" and "I'm Waiting For the Man" when he makes his only Bay Area appearance at Great America on August 16.



It took about three songs before Bill Carter stopped looking like Humpty Dumpty and turned into a demonic front man.

Smut from page 14

vibrators and expert tongues, left me fidgeting in my seat, and I'd never expected to have my glasses fogged by lesbian sex, safe or otherwise. Three hunks on trapezes (yes, you have seen it before, but it still works!), done up with black-and-white body paint, increase Gloria's frenzy with their swollen Satyr shafts shiny with condoms.

The last was a crucial scene. What would the audience's reaction be to Gloria going down on three condom-covered cocks? (Okay, so I am overly fond of alliteration.) Mixed, as it turned out. The action looked great. Wet, painted lips sliding up and down the glistening condoms. Never has latex been more erotic. But the sounds were something else again.

Ever sit on one of those naugahyde sofas and

move too quickly? Well, when Gloria's mouth met the condoms, it sounded roughly akin to that. Despite their titers over the audio, people around me were definitely interested in what was happening on the screen — as evidenced by the couple on my left whose hands were stuck in each other's lap. Pan also puts in an appearance much to Gloria's delight.

The film is loaded with camp and humor, which acts as that bit of sugar necessary to make straight audiences open their mouths to swallow the safe sex message. They're good hooks and, for the most part, the safe sex itself is highly charged and sure to spark viewer interest (if at first just for novelty's sake). Latex gloves and condoms are shown to be sexy, no matter their underlying purposes.

Continued on page 22

clearly earned her stripes as a jazz singer, but her early solo ballads demonstrated a pop singer's straightforward, sensitive reading of a lyric. Still, the biggest surprises of all were her careful, caring interpretations of "My Old Flame," sung, against solo piano accompaniment, as if she meant every word, and to a lesser extent (only because it's a lesser song) L.H.&R.'s "Li'l Darlin'."

□ There was something poignant in the triple bill of **Joan Baez**, **Don McLean** and **Livingston Taylor** last Thursday at the Concord Pavilion: in their status as performers whose popularity has peaked, who are without recording contracts and outside the commercial mainstream; in the turn-out — respectable but hardly overwhelming, an already defined loyal, older following rather than one that continually replenishes itself, and even in their accompaniment, artistically congenial but pared down to the bare bone by, I assume, economic necessity. Taylor accompanied himself on solo banjo (in a set which we managed to miss almost entirely by arriving 20 minutes late), McLean and Baez on guitar (with additional support from only a single guitar and piano, respectively).

McLean is one of our most underappreciated contemporary singer-songwriters, a troubador performing literate, frequently biting songs of often epic proportions, like "Orphans Of Wealth" and his magnum opus (and '71 smash) "American Pie." But his set failed to ignite for many reasons: a failure to establish a rapport with, or even speak to the audience (his fault), a dearth of material familiar to me (my fault) and the large venue's lack of intimacy (Concord's fault).

Baez, on the other hand, with her good humor, open manner and amusing stories, connected quickly, and she offered a nicely balanced program, including "Farewell, Angelina," one of her early songs; "Fairfax County," a lyrical new folk ballad; the Spanish folksong "Gracias A La Vida" and her own recent "Warriors of the Sun" ("fighting postwar battles that somehow never got won").

Like her contemporary Judy Collins, Baez has been performing for more than 25 years and is now in her mid-40s, yet still possesses one of the loveliest voices in popular music, one that's lost little of its range, purity or flexibility (although her "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" went out of its way to prove this and emerged as an overwrought vocal exercise instead of a stirring spiritual).

But Baez is more than a good singer, she's an *important*, even legendary one who influenced a generation of singers that followed, especially the lesbian feminists seminal in the development of "women's music," like Holly Near. Here even her anecdotes revealed her continuing commitment to social change, as did, of course, many of her songs — from "Oh, Freedom," which she sang in the heart of the South in the heat of the civil rights struggle, to Peter Gabriel's "Biko," about that young martyr to apartheid.

□ **Charles Pierce** is a consummate performer — an entertainer whose routines blend glamour and gags, music and even drama; a female impressionist whose face and body adapt, chameleon-like to whatever amusingly precise wig he's donned to portray some legendary screen goddess, and a comedian whose sensational material elicits laughter even on the tenth go-round. (Vegas croupier: "Miss West, I'd like to lay you ten to one." Mae West: "Well, it's an odd time, but I'll be there." Or Joan Collins on her early years in Tijuana: "I'd been doing a smart supperclub act there when my donkey died.")

But this, his latest engagement at the Venetian Room — his fourth in two years — the thrill of seeing Pierce storm that bastion of mainstream supperclub entertainment has palled in the gay community, and now it's business as usual (inasmuch as Pierce's act can ever be termed business as usual). Missing, at least on the second night when I caught his act, were the infectious delight and high spirits that flowed among performer and audience members at, say, his wildly successful debut there in '84 or at the Marine's Memorial in '85.

Here, amid a crowd of primarily staid, middle-aged tourists, hotel guests and out-of-towners, it was every man for himself — or in Pierce's case, himself and six or seven women. Early in the evening Pierce lamented good naturedly, "Another comedy line gone to waste" and, interestingly, his closing catchphrase between Bette Davis and Talullah Bankhead, the high point of his act, was trimmed back to nothing (for a fast exit?).

Pierce made a valiant and reasonably successful effort to animate the room but, despite his frequent and lucrative bookings there, I can't help wondering whether it's worth the uphill battle. ■

Rock Previews

Adam Block

Ray Charles, Andre Crouch, Faye Carol: This inspired triple-bill calls for some shameless stretching of the term "jazz" as the opener for the two-day Concord Jazz Festival. The two shows make for a mighty meagre contender to "Festival" status. But let's not quibble with Bill Graham. Faye Carol, who for years belted her bluesy cabaret to the gay brunch set in the Castro, gets a big-time booking. Crouch, the gospel-crossover Grammy-sweep wonder, raises the stakes. Brother Ray, who defined soul music before it had a name, can sing with more passion, poignance, warmth and raunch than my men Al Green and Michael Stipe. If he does, it'll be well worth a trip to the burbs. (Concord Pavilion, 8/15, 8 pm, \$16.50 res, \$13.50 lawn).

Stackula & Dead Marilyn: In the '80s, drag queens with ambition began calling themselves Performance Artists. New Yorker Peter Stack dredged up the attitude and invented this she-monster and the embalmed screen goddess for the Lower East Side circuit. The indomitable Dr. Winkie is jettisoning the lad out to perform his JFK tribute "Goodnight Mr. President." It only runs a half-hour, which may be a blessing, and despite the announced time, I'd wager it won't roll till after midnight. Probably plenty of time to get back from Concord. (DV8, 8/15, 9 pm, \$8).

Run DMC, Whodini, LL Cool J: The three mainstream rap-masters will be out to prove they can sustain this shtick in a sit-down sports arena. That's a hairy breakdance from even the Paradise Garage; but the beat-box homeboys should be out in force, and I know one dinge-queen's gonna think he died and went to heaven. (Oakland Coliseum, 8/16, 8 pm, \$15 adv, \$17.50 day).

Pandoras, True Believers, Grey Matter: The headliners are a Don Baird pick: surf-sluts from LA who would cream any dude dumb enough to crowd their wave. Their debut LP,



The Smiths: Will they be at the pajama party after their Greek Theatre gig 8/23?

Stop Pretending, is out on Rhino, and college radio spins their single "In & Out Of My Life In A Day." True Believers are touted as Austin's answer to REM — ironically featuring two lads from seminal SF punk bands: Alejandro, of the Nuns and Dils, and Javier from the Zeros. Reliable dish insists their live shows are leagues ahead of their recent debut LP. Grey Matter are toting a buzz as the South Bay's favorite pop band. A promising line-up — a must-see for Don Baird watchers.

Linda Tillery & Band: A dyke dance in a lovely nightclub. (Great American Music Hall, 8/17, 8:30 pm, \$8).

Pete Shelley, TBA: Five years ago, riding on the crest of his homoerotic club hit "Homo Sapien," Shelley came to town and headlined the I-Beam. The set was shockingly gormless. This from the guy who had done such brash, pithy work with the Buzzcocks? Very strange. Three years ago he turned up with the non-hit "Telephone Operator." His latest LP, *heaven and the sea* (Mercury) — done solo — arrives sounding pinched and insular. Very sweet guy. Very iffy gig. (Wolfgang's, 8/17, \$11 adv, \$12 day).

Jennifer Holliday: Four years ago Tina Turner launched this even in a leopard-skin shift, and soon soared to superstardom. The Gay Games return and we'll see if Tom Waddell's midas touch launches Jennifer to the stratosphere. At \$20 a pop, Jenny isn't the draw. Come to celebrate the athletes, cadge some camaraderie, and cackle gleefully with inspired MC Armistead Maupin. It's just that the Games won't be over until the fat lady sings. (Kezar Stadium, 8/17, Noon, \$20).

Chris Isaak, Non-Fiction, Ophelias, Great Guns: The three openers are part of the citywide battle-of-the-bands promotion. The spaced performer with the cowboy mouth gets stapled on the top of the bill to up ticket sales. Great Guns are a mystery-meat duo. The Ophelias have that cracked cover of Burl Ives' "Mr. Rabbit" on college radio. Non-Fiction are the Kentucky quartet with the doomy cult hit "Dead Into West Virginia." They're clear favorites if the suspense is killing you. Chris is due for honors as unavoidable. He's got a week at Club Nine coming up, and I'm counting on Dr. Winkie to hire him as a full-timer busker. (I-Beam, 8/18, 9 pm, \$7).

Voice Farm, Ogie Yocha: OK, I didn't even know the Japanese had a festival of the dead, called Obon. I'm not 100 percent sure Dr. Winkie didn't make up this fake holiday. And even if he didn't, I don't know what the Kraftwerk-cum-Devo antics of Voice Farm have to do with it. I'm told that the openers play a new wave version of traditional Tai Ko music. I think Winkie might have invented that, too. Very clever guy. (DV8, 8/21, 11 pm, \$6 adv, \$8 day).

Dan Hicks, Pastiche: The culturally deprived may only know Dan Hicks from Thomas Dolby's cover of "I Scare Myself." Tragic. The man is an unheeded national treasure — long listed in the Mill Valley Yellow Pages under Bar Fixtures — and proudly raging still on what is becoming his endless Loner With A Boner tour. Highly recommended. (Great American Music Hall, 8/21, 8 pm, \$9).

Cactus World News, Big City, 77's: The Irish headliners manage a fair athenic U2 roar on their single "Years Later," from an uneven debut LP, *Urban Beachs* (MCA), and they've earned some thunderous press in the UK. Big City and our own World Beat lead team, still plugging for vindica-

tion after last year's promises of impending glory. 77's features Romeo Void's former drummer. I still recommend Dan Hicks. (Wolfgang's, 8/21, 8 pm, \$9 adv, \$10 day).

Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels: If Bruce Springsteen's "Devil With A Blue Dress" Ryder-medleys (which he played to death as show-closers) have left anyone curious to see the fine monster — here's your chance. John C. Mellancamp produced the '83 "comeback" LP which didn't, but I'm hopeful Mitch will do some of the strange gay stuff he laid down on his obscure '78 LP, *How I Spent My Vacation* (Seeds & Stems). I wish they'd booked him to close the Games. (Stone, 8/22, \$8 adv, \$10 day).

Jackson Browne, Peter Case: I've had a love/hate relationship with Darryl Hannah's boyfriend and his brief, stunning set at the Amnesty International Show won me over again. I want to see how his new Reagan-bashing political tunes go down in hardcore gipper-country, which look to be the only places he's playing. Case, former lead singer with the Plimsouls, was reborn this year as a dusty-boots acoustic ruffian with five echos of Elvis Costello, Michael Stipe, and Marshall Crenshaw in his attack. Echo wars (Shoreline Amph, 8/22, 8 pm, \$16.50 res, \$14.50 lawn; Concord Pav, 8/23, 8 pm, \$17.50 res, \$14.50 lawn).

Forget The Royal Wedding: A fake Iranian wedding of Doc Winkie's club-designer's daughter and some video magnate (by invite only) — followed by a reception open to the uninvited masses. Don't ask. (DV8, 8/23, 11 pm, \$11).

Smiths, Phranc: Some of us remember the rather smug and diffident set her Royal Highness Morrissy dispensed in these parts last year — but that was in another venue, and besides: *The Queen Is Dead*. This is almost unavoidable. Memphis Mark trashed the upper limits of his credit-line buying Memphis Craig a copy for his birthday. Don Baird got an advance cassette and almost wet his pants. In fact, the normally icily unflappable Mr. Baird has worked himself into such a tizzy over this lead team, still plugging for vindica-

Continued on page 23

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A project of the Lesbian Caucus of the Harvey Milk Lesbian & Gay Democratic Club, in conjunction with the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank of San Francisco and Most Holy Redeemer Catholic Church.

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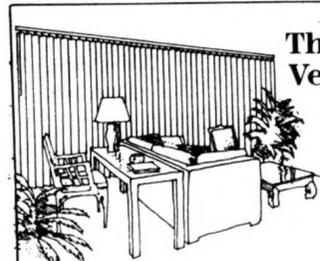
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A Thai Angel on Waller Street

The Phanom is the little Thai place you've been hearing about, with good reason: It is warm and attractive, moderately priced, and serves some of the most earnestly prepared Thai food this side of Berkeley's Siam Cuisine.

This past year, the Haight-Fillmore has seen an explosion of post-modern-on-a-shoestring boutiques, sushi bars, and cave-like "bodywear" emporiums. Suited perfectly to the needs and desires of its neighborhood, The Phanom will survive the shakeout.

The combination of bright tastes and striking textures is what we all like most about Thai cooking, and The Phanom's fresh-tasting salads are exemplary. Try the intriguing **Som-Tum** (3.95), shredded green papaya in a wonderfully balanced dressing of vinegar, fermented fish sauce, green chilies, and garlic. Or start with **Yum Nuer** (4.25), tender strips of sirloin tossed with red onion, mint, chilies, cilantro, and lime.

Our heart sank when we saw the canned straw mushrooms in a special **Mushroom Salad** (4.25). But: plump and tasty, strewn with onion, shredded ginger and mint, they were by far the best canned mushrooms we've ever eaten. Order the **Tom Kha Gai** (4.25), a silky chicken soup sweet with coconut milk and redolent of lemon grass, fresh lemon leaves, and the haunting perfume of galangal, the red-brown ginger used throughout Southeast Asia.

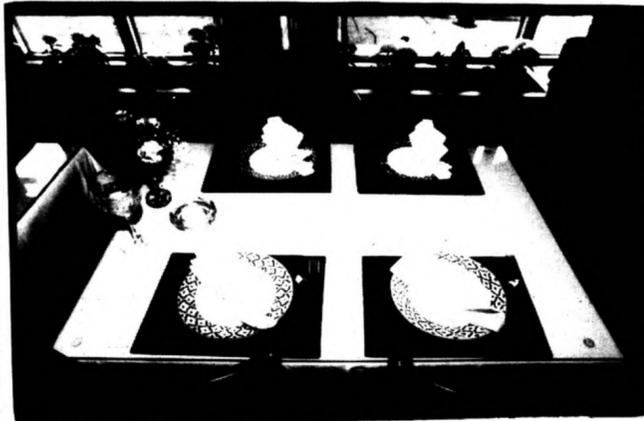
We could have made a meal of soups and appetizers, and on future visits may do just that. On the whole, the entrees were less to our taste. **Kiew Warn Nuer** (4.95), for example — a traditionally soupy coconut-milk curry — was marred by chunks of rubbery overcooked beef. But the sauce, perfumed with Thai basil, was wonderful over rice. Be sure to order rice with the curries, and it will arrive in an ornate silvery *mor kao*.

The squid in **Pia-Muk Kra Tien** (4.95), sauteed with garlic and scallions, had an enticing smoky flavor we couldn't account for. As expected, the shrimp in a **Shrimp with Sugar Peas** special (5.95) were the peeled, butterflied variety served in scores of indifferent Asian restaurants — but the slightly crunchy snow peas were a delight, and the bright

red jackfruit and palm seed. Someone had pressed a snowman's face into the rich ice cream with toasted cashews and raisins. Charming!

The Phanom — which means "angel" in Thai — doesn't need any flashy advertising or expensive flower arrangements to bring in clientele. Every night the pretty dining room is filled with alarmingly-coiffed students of local fashion, and plainer folk — all enjoying tasty and unusual food. A more accommodating staff would be hard to find in any restaurant. You leave The Phanom with a smile — it's that kind of place.

□ **The Phanom**, 400 Waller St., SF. 431-2526. Open daily for dinner only, 5-10 pm. Reservations accepted for parties of four or more.



The Phanom doesn't need any flashy advertising or expensive flower arrangements to bring in a clientele.

red sauce raised an appropriate amount of sweat on the brow (everything can be toned down, or up, spice-wise, by consulting the waiter). **Kaeng Pak** (4.95), a vegetarian special curry, suffered from too many canned ingredients.

Whatever you do, save room for dessert. **Tako** (1.95), a splendid tapioca-flour custard, glutinous and sweet, was made unusual by the addition of chopped corn. The salty coconut milk top layer provided a startling contrast. We hesitate before ordering the old warhorse **Fried Banana A La Mode** (2.25) — but here, crunchy, greaseless, perfectly ripe bananas were dressed up with shred-

The production currently at the Nova Theatre is a maddening, conventional rendering of this revolutionary work. Carole Graham directs the play as if it were a French version of *The Odd Couple* — replete with one-liners and a vaudevillean performance by Richard pastor as Claire.

To his credit, Tom Redalia executes a meaningful, intense portrayal of Solange, but his maneuvers are constantly being undermined by Pastor's caricatured playing. Pastor needs to slow down to think about his words. The director ought to discourage Pastor from running through some choice, brilliant passages as if he were struggling to reach a punch line.

In the '40s, Genet insisted that *The Maids* be performed by a male cast. There is no evidence that Genet did so because he saw camp value in the idea of men dressing up as women. In this production, director Graham acts as if Genet wanted to emphasize or celebrate such campiness. As a result, the production at the Nova Theatre appears to be another nasty sequel to *La Cage Aux Folles*.

This presentation infuriates me because *The Maids* is a modern classic and, San Francisco should boast worthy, intelligent performances of great theatre. This production, unfortunately, reinforces an ugly notion of SF's provincialism and inability to provide drama of the quality to be found in the East. The notion, obviously, is absurd. There is strong, serious theatre occurring in the Bay Area to dispel it. But this *Maids* would have us believe otherwise and, if I appear to be harping, it's because those involved should have known better. If you're interested, call 626-1001.

Smut from page 19

My gripes are few. Maybe I've been watching too many Falcon Studio videos, but *where are the orgasms?* A ribbed condom, filled with pearly cum, held next to Gloria's cheek and nicely lit from behind, could have been proof of the pudding, so to speak. Much attention is paid to condoms going on during this movie, but they never come off again. Also, the two sex escapes following the climatic nightclub scene feel like so much acrobatics; they're gratuitous. The movie *really* ends when Pan departs.

Minor bitches aside, the participants are hot, and if not hot, amazing in some idiosyncratic way. The sex is leavened with wit, and quirky, odd bits and characterizations abound throughout the film. *Behind the Green Door — The Sequel* is many leagues above the regular raincoat-over-the-lap fare. Though different from the original, it doesn't disappoint and, in this format, its safe sex message may finally reach a critically uninformed segment of its audience.

Less Talk

Dave Ford

Trick Question

For connoisseurs of "hindsight," skateboarding magazines prove unfailingly aphrodisiac. Photo after wide-angle photo display frozen tangles of scarcely hirsute calves, dairy-smooth washboard stomachs, lightly feathered armpits and, of course, strained and protruded glutei.

All is not comradely, however, in the world of "bros" and "dudes." A five-photo "Trick Tip" spread on pages 78-79 of the August *Transworld Skateboarding*, a San Diego-based "zine," shows a daring youth hurtling hither and yon atop a graffitied-red concrete ramp. Despite lackluster black-pencil editing, the word "fag" appears clearly in one shot. Observant scrutiny reveals this message under the blaster's board: "You little cocksucking fags with no home, can squirm your brains on this wall and die with blood on your head."

They've already tried quarantining skaters, but since fenced-in "skate parks" are now but a dim memory, the boys roll streetside. Don't judge a tribe, however, by one illiterate pinhead. At least one of these winsome latterday road warriors — treated right — would undoubtedly reveal a new twist on "Trick Tip."

Wham!

You're (Nearly) Dead

An Associated Press article out of Kingston, Tenn., in the Aug. 1 *SF Chronicle*, begins: "Being pinned

under his wrecked sports car for six hours with a broken arm was bad, but listening to the British pop group **Wham!** continuously playing on his tape recorder was worse, a teenager said."

Gordon Pickrell, a ripe 18, said (presumably in a butter-melting, heart-stopping drawl), "I never want to hear it again. I swear I don't." Then, proving queenspeak is universal, Gordon added, "I thought I was going to die." It was unclear whether he meant from the crash or the "music."

Young Gordon shows great good taste: before their divorce, Wham! "partners" **George Michael** and **Andrew Ridgley** sang about the joys of being "heterosexual," much like their heroes — **Elton John** and, of course, **David Bowie** and **Mick Jagger**.

As for the broken arm, I'm certain Gordon will find ambisexuality enlightening.

Coma Chameleon

So, **Boy George** is out a whopping \$370 for his smack conviction. Ouch.

An AP article (July 31 *SF Chronicle*) noted that Boy "looked pale without his usual pancake makeup" during the hearing, and that defense attorney **Geoffrey Sturgess** said of his contrite client, "He has manfully faced up to this drug problem and has helped the police in their inquiries." Very manful. Last week's *National Enquirer* held that boy now lives in fear of dealer retaliation. Will Boy be thumbed for fingering?

To judge the *Enquirer's* accuracy — remember, it's the same paper that recently claimed **Michael Jackson** is wearing a surgical mask around L.A. because, having been influenced by **Howard Hughes'** autobiography, he's become obsessively germaphobic. Not so, a friend assures me. Actually, Michael's allegedly hiding scars from a recent chin-cleft implant operation. True? Well, MJ appeared in a July 31 *Chronicle* photo apparently cleftless,

at **Vincent Minelli's** grave, but wore enough makeup to arouse suspicions about Boy George's missing pancake.

Sweeney In "Love"

Following her recent smash *Club 181* do here, comedian **Jane Dornacker** flew on south to audition for *gay Saturday Night Live* comedian **Terry**

Sweeney's "Burning in Love," directed by **John Moffitt** (HBO's "Not Necessarily the News") and produced by **Michael Groskoff** ("Blazing Saddles," "Young Frankenstein"). Gary Murphy, who is Sweeney's NY-based publicist, told me: "It was my idea. I met Jane recently, and I thought, 'This woman is nuts.'" The

Scene and Herd

"Bodybuilders are considered by some to be egotistical and very likely homosexual. It is true that some bodybuilders have ego problems, but so do many other athletes and non-athletes. Most are very well-rounded individuals. And the author, in ten years of attending and judging physique contests, has never heard of a homosexual bodybuilder."

From the introduction to *Working Out With Weights: An Introduction to Safe and Sane Bodybuilding Techniques for Teenagers*, by **Steve Jarrell**, (Aico Publishing Co., 1978)

"I looked up, and there was an officer standing there. I asked him a very reasonable question: 'What are you doing in my bedroom?'"

The very — as it turns out — handsome **Michael Hardwick**, subject of recent *Supreme Court* foolhardiness on "People Are Talking," Channel 5, August 6. When host **Anne Fraser** asked if the harrassing officer were gay, **Hardwick** smiled, "He had potential."

"It's like living with Oscar Wilde."

Comedian **Robin Williams** on his 2-year-old son's sense of humor, Interview (August).

I couldn't breathe in there."

Lingerie entrepreneur **Carol Doda**, taking air by the cigarette machine at *The Stud*, Wednesday, August 6.

"Homosexuals who do not want to be homosexuals: there would be a way we could help them."

Pint-size sex therapist **Dr. Ruth Westheimer** on her idea of "utopia," in the August Vanity Fair.

"They say I have no class. Fortunately, people with class are willing to overlook this flaw because I am very rich. You can't buy class, but you can buy tolerance for its absence."

Dead shipping magnate **Aristotle Onassis**, from the upcoming *Ari: the Life and Times of Aristotle Onassis*, by **Peter Evans**.

"Very dead, sir."

Jordanian Lieutenant General **Zeid Bin Shaker's** response to VP **George Bush's** penetrating question, "Tell me, general, how dead is the Dead Sea?" *SF Chronicle*, August 4.

film, now in production in L.A., should flame into theatres by next summer.

Meanwhile, there's still "no decision" on Sweeney's return to *SNI* this fall, but Terry and lover **Lanier Laney** have created *PoleStar Productions*, geared — Murphy said — to the "optioning material tailored to Terry's unique talents."

Oh. But doesn't cocksucking get an 'X'?

□ We are still looking at media foibles and local follies; we still need your help. Write us c/o *Less Talk*, San Francisco Sentinel, 500 Hayes, SF, 94102. Thanks so much.

Previews from page 20

show he organized a pajama party and threatens to camp outside the gates so that he can claim a cherished plot at the lip of the stage for this open-air, open-seating visitation.

With Phranc, the terrific flap-top, post-punk, lesbian folksinger opening, all can rest assured that at least one performer will deliver. And if **Morrisey** gets too terminally fey, I'm counting on her to plant one of her combat boots upside his *Khyber Pass*. Better pencil this one in as obligatory; I'm expecting **Memphis Mark** to show up in cowboy boots and love beads. (Greek Theatre, 8/23, 8 pm, \$15.50 adv).

Fats Domino, **Jerry Lee Lewis**: The mighty Fats rarely leaves home. Jerry Lee is rarely off the road. Fats is a vision of elegant, ebullient joy. The Killer is about the scariest thing that ever walked a stage. Two legendary Louisiana piano players: somewhere beyond the fringes of sin and salvation. Concord. (Concord Pavillion, 8/28, 8 pm, \$15.50 res, \$13.50 lawn).

Redwood's Fest

The Great American Music Hall & Redwood Records are delighted to announce the 2nd Annual Redwood Records Festival Sunday, September 28, at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. The concert day will begin at 2:00 pm and feature Holy Near, Ferron & The "Shadows On a Dime" Band, Linda Tillery & Her Band, all of whom helped make last year's event such an enjoyable day. Also added to the bill are Teresa Trull & Her Band, Kate Clinton (who will be emcee), and Sistah Boom. Additional performers are awaiting confirmation.

This year's Festival promises to get its audience rocking to the sounds from Teresa Trull's newest album (to be released by concert date), to Linda Tillery's rousing R&B vocals, and to Ferron's haunting poetic lyrics. Holly Near will acoustically balance out the afternoon with her progressive folk-singing style. As always with Festivals of this sort, surprise guests and impromptu jam sessions will make the day even more exciting.

Tickets for the 2nd Annual Redwood Records Festival are available at the Great American Music Hall Box Office, Cal Performances Box Office and at all BASS ticket centers. For further information and to charge by phone call 672-BASS.

Third Down: The Folsom Fair

For more information regarding The Folsom Fair, contact Michael Valerio, 109 Minna St., Suite 939, SF 94105.

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Sat. Aug. 16 260 Shotwell (at 16th) Doors open 9:30-11:30 \$10

Twice A Month

August 15 - 21

Friday, August 15

"An Exhibit Concerning AIDS," photographs taken over the past several months by Gypsy Ray, Mon-Thurs, 9 am - 10 pm; Fri 9 am - 5 pm; Sat-Sun, 9 am - 4 pm, in the Galleria, UC Extension Center, 55 Laguna St.

Kindred Spirits & New Works: Art exhibit at the Western Cultural Center featuring black artists continues, part of Gay Games II. 1-6 pm, at 762 Fulton St. (thru 8/16)

Gays in World Cinema: Roxie Cinema presents *November Moon* (West Germany, 1985), 6:15 & 10 pm; *Desert Hearts* (USA, 1986), 8:15 pm. \$5, \$4 for Frameline members, at 16th St. & Mission.

Marga Gomez & Tony Morewood, 7-9 pm, no cover before 8 pm; **dj Donna Rego** spins from 9 pm - 4 am; The Brick Oven serves NY-style Piza all night, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Jean Genet's The Maids, in which two gay male maids plot murder in classic play of diabolical role reversal. 8 pm, \$10 advance, \$12 door, at Nova Theatre, 347 Dolores St. (thru 8/17). Call 668-4427.

"In Praise of Love and Sex," a survey of 300 years of Japanese gay culture done in the style of shadow theatre. 8 pm (8/16, 3 pm), \$10 advance, \$12 door, at Victoria Theatre, 16th St. & Mission (thru 8/17). Call BASS and 863-7576.

Women Meeting Women: Food, music, drinks & a homey atmosphere, 8 pm - 12 midnight, at 437 Webster St. Call Mary Middgett at 864-0876.

River Repertory Theatre presents *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, 8 pm, \$5, at Jenner Playhouse (behind gas station & store) on Coast Highway #1, 20 minutes west of Guerneville via #116 (also 8/16, 21-23). Call (707) 865-2905.

Theatre Rhino presents *Unfinished Business: The New AIDS Show*, the award-winning revue covering multiple aspects of the AIDS crisis, 8 pm, general admission \$10 (\$1 off with canned good donation for SF AIDS Foundation Food Bank), at 2926 - 16th St. (also 8/16-17). Call 861-5079 for tickets.

Studio Rhino presents three one-act plays from the playwrights on Theatre Rhino: "The Murder of Gonzago - A Comedy" (by Daniel Curzon), "Chase the Birds" (by William Martin), & "The Bottom-Line Lover" (by Rob Kellett), 8:30 pm, at 2926 - 16th St., basement (also 8/16). Call 861-5079 or 552-4100 for reservations & prices.

Trocadero's Games II Party: "High Energy Dance, A Salute to Body Builders," 9 pm - dawn, free admission to athletes with GG II photo ID, at 520 Fourth St. Call Event Hotline, 495-0185.

Trivia Quiz Answers

1) a. Yes, Podesta Baldocchi 2) b. 3) a. 4) c.

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Goings On in The Next Two Weeks

Saturday, August 16

Gays in World Cinema: Roxie Cinema presents *Pumping Iron II: The Women*, 1:45 and 7 pm; *Pumping Iron* (1977), 3:30 & 8:45 pm; and *Rainbow Serpent* (France, 1983), 5:15 & 10:30 pm, \$5, \$4 for Frameline members, at 16th St. & Mission.

"Voices Raised in Song": Performances by choruses/choral groups from Bay Area with possible guest appearances from throughout the US and the world, 4 pm, \$3, \$5, \$7 & \$9, at First Congregational Church, Post & Mason Sts.

Jennifer Berezan and lead guitarist **Nina Gerber**, together with the incomparable **Crystal Reeves**, 8 pm, \$5-7, at Artemis Cafe, 1199 Valencia St. Call 821-0232.

Down Home Dancin': A square & western dance extravaganza coinciding with the national convention of western dancers, including instructions & exhibitions, 8 pm, \$5, at Golden Gate YMCA, 220 Golden Gate. Baybrick Inn (also 8/23). Call 431-8334.

★ In celebration of **Women in Sports**, Bay Area Career Women present "Hot Time Summer in The City" with great music for dancing and guest appearance by Sistah Boom, 9 pm - 3 am, Gay Games women athletes \$5 in advance/at door, members \$12, non-members \$22, at the SF Gift Center Pavilion, 888 Brannan St. Call Pat Luiz at 569-7709.

Athletic Meat: A j/o party in honor of Gay Games, presented by JO Buddies. Let the Coach give you a hand. Doors open 9:30 - 11:30 pm, \$10, Gay Games athletes \$7, at 260 Shotwell (at 16th St.).

Trocadero's GG II Party: "A Salute to Texas," 10 pm - dawn, free to athletes with GG II photo ID, at 520 Fourth St. Call Event Hotline, 495-0185.

Sunday, August 17

Closing Ceremonies of Gay Games II: 1-4:30 pm (Kezar gates open at 10 am, wrmp festivities 12 noon), general admission \$20, at Kezar Stadium in Golden Gate Park. Call Games Hotline at 861-5686, Games Office, 861-8282, or BASS, 762-2277.

Cool Breeze, New Orleans Caribe Afrique, 4-8 pm, \$5, at El Rio (your dive), 3158 Mission St. Call 282-3325.

Mimi Fox & Ginny Maybaw Jazz Quartet, 5:30 - 8:30 pm, \$5; dancing with Urban Funk & dj Donna Rego, at Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St. Call 431-8334.

Tune to Gay Cable Network's The Right Stuff Tuesdays, 9:30 pm, Cable 6 for entertainment updates

Thursday, August 21

Pre-Weekend Bash, Hot dancing, free soft drinks, **Bonnie Hayes** solo performance, 7 - 9 pm, no cover; Back Room Dancing at 9 pm with **dj David Ramirez**, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Cruise Night '87: Party featuring video highlights of last February's "Cruise to Remember" and info about next year's all-gay cruises; sponsored by Now, Voyager Travel; door prizes, drawing for free cruise, no-host bar, 8-10 pm, at Moby Dick's 18th St. at Hartford. Call 626-1169.

Saturday, August 23

A Sing-Along, Swim-Along Party featuring the songs of Broadway & Hollywood, 7 - 10:30 pm, Musical Theatre Lovers & JCC members \$5, general public \$8, at Marin Jewish Community Center (heated outdoor pool & picnic area), 200 N. San Pedro Road, San Rafael. Call 552-5045.

Card or board games - anything goes; have a delightful evening & make new friends, 8 pm, at FOG House, 304 Gold Mine Dr. Call 641-0999.

Melanie Monsur presents music for living in the real world, from earthy blues & gold to ethereal synthesized sound, 8 pm, \$3-5, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

CASA Dance by M&M Productions; dance contest with cash/prize, 9:30 pm - 4 am (Happy Hour 9:30 pm - 10:30), at 10 Rodgers St..

Sunday, August 24

Congregation Ahavat Shalom hosts a Fund Raiser Dinner, 4 pm, at 4355 - 18th St. Call 863-1998.

Tom Ammiano at Big Mama's in Hayward, 4 pm.

Grupo Sinigual, salsa, 4 - 8 pm, \$5, at El Rio (your dive), 3158 Mission St. Call 282-3325.

Monday, August 25

"With or Without Love:" Poetry & prose with Words, Words, Words, a publishing/performance group; readers will be Dale Goodson, Mary Kessler, Goody Thompson & Sue Metcalf, 7:30 pm, donation for readers, at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

Wednesday, August 27

Pamela Z & Junglebook, solo performance artists, big sound & animated rhythm, 9 pm, \$5; **dj David Ramirez** spins between sets and after the shows, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Thursday, August 28

Small Press Traffic presents Beau Beausoleil & Jack Foley, 8 pm, \$3, at 3599 - 24th St.

Tom Ammiano at High Chaparral, 9 pm, at 2140 Market St.

Trocadero's Gay Games Post Closing Day Celebration: Tea Dance, 6 pm - dawn, free to athletes with GG II photo ID, at 520 Fourth St. Call 495-0185.

Monday, August 18

VA Gallery of Art presents Bebe Pertolet, Paintings of gay men, and an installation by Mark Griffin, stressing normalizing of the last pairing of our race as technology requires, Tuesday - Saturday by appt. only, at 510 15th St., Suite 304, Oakland (thru 9/10). Call 839-9784.

R&B Jam with Pat Wilder & Rita Lackey - all musicians invited to sit in! 8 - 10 pm, no cover; followed by Back Room Dancing at 10 pm with **dj Lu Read**, at Baybrick Inn (also 8/25). Call 431-8334.

Tuesday, August 19

Gwen Avery, The Boss Lady of R&B, 7 - 9 pm, no cover, at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Gay/Lesbian Sierrans present "The Creek Renaissance": Ann Riley will show a videotape and talk about grassroots efforts to save, unearth and restore creeks in cities; centered in East Bay, this movement is spreading throughout the state, 7:30 pm, at Sierra Club HQ, 730 Polk St.

Gay Cable Network: Gay television on Cable 6, 9 - 10 pm (screenings at Maud's & The Alamo Square Saloon). On "Pride & Progress," continuation of Gay Games coverage, plus more with Sally Gearhart. On "The Right Stuff" will be all the regulars with more Procession of the Arts Coverage. Tippi will emulate her heroines, Patty & Cathy Lane, and Dr. Parkle will solve all your problems.

Wednesday, August 20

Nika, Latin/progressive jazz & rock, 7-9 pm, no cover (also 8/27); Back Room opens at 9 pm for **Wild Brides**, original "golden oldies," at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

A LaRouche Teach-In: The Hidden Threat to all Progressives. Dr. Mike Whitty (of SF ACLU & SF Mobilization Against AIDS) will report on CIA funding of LaRouche as part of the New Right agenda to crush the Left; also revealed will be the LaRouche ties to the C.O.P. & the Reagan White House, 7:30 pm, free, at Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St. Call 282-9246.

Gay Open Mike with Tom Ammiano, 8:30 pm, at Amelia's (also 8/27).

Mixed Reviews

The Critics Choose Favorites



You may want to book early for *On Your Toes*, coming 9/9 to the Orpheum, with the sensational Natalia Makarova (teamed here with co-star George de la Pena). Call 474-3800 for ticket

Film: Billy Wilder tribute features a Marilyn Monroe double bill, *Some Like It Hot* and *The Seven-Year Itch*, 8/17-18; *Sunset Boulevard* and *The Big Carnival*, 8/20-21; hard-boiled gems *The Fortune Cookie* and *Double Indemnity*, 8/27-28. Paul Morrissey retrospective stars Warhol superstarlet Joe Dellesandro in *Heat and Trash*, 8/22-23, and the less successful *L'Amour and Madame Wang's*, 8/26 - all at the Roxie Cinema. Call 863-1087.

On the cutting edge of sleaze: *International Festival of Erotic Animation* pairs with *Best of the New York Erotic Film Festival*; 8/18 at the Strand Theatre. Call 552-5590.

Summer '86 Repertory Festival's "Meeting of Minds" continues with film portraits of Henry Miller and William Burroughs, 8/19; special Anna Magnani program features *The Fugitive Kind*, 8/26; Ingrid Bergman tribute showcases *Stromboli* and *Voyage to Italy*, 8/21; *Anastasia* and *Autumn Sonata*, 8/28 - at the Castro Theatre. Call 621-6120.

Jazz in the City Film Festival includes *A History of Jazz Dance on Film*, *Bebop Legends*, Shirley Clarke's portrait of Ornette Colman, *On the Road with Duke Ellington*, and a profile on Charlie Mingus; 8/22-24 at the Pagoda Palace. Call 421-2901.

Performance: Noh Oratorio Society presents a staging of L.Z. *Masque (A.24)*, the final section of poet Louis Zukofsky's epic *A*; 8/21 at Hatley Martin Gallery. Call 863-3027.

The Prototype Project: Art and music teams 25 of the arena's most provocative artists in an environmental transformation designed to create "functional interpretations of consumer products"; 8/27 at SoMa's DNA Lounge. Call 775-2197.

Photography: *Masterworks of 19th Century Photography* includes exhibitions of rare daguerrotypes, recent acquisitions and others; 8/16 through 11/2 at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. Call 221-4811.

Bill Dane's deadpan renditions of "life-like" waxworks and dioramas are at Fraenkel Gallery; 8/20 through 9/20. Call 981-2661.

Theatre: *The Bohemian Grove* (a documentary fantasy) by Gary Aylesworth, examines the annual antics at this famous retreat; tonight through 9/13 at Capp St. Playhouse. Call 641-4454.

Personality, a play by Gina Wendkos about a woman unable to find her identity in a world of everyday substitutes; 8/16-29 at Intersection for the Arts. Call 626-3311.

Panic, Archibald MacLeish's 1935 passion play about capitalism and the Depression; 8/15-31 at the Julian Theatre. Call 346-4063.

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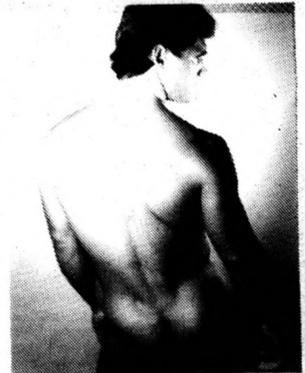
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Classifieds

STRICTLY PERSONAL

ASIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 33, 5'11", 170 lbs. looking to meet Asian interested in friendship, possible 1/1 relationship. Hobbies: computers, technology, travel, skiing. Also: romantic evenings, cuddling, quiet walks, movies and more. I don't smoke, drink or take drugs. Your age/ethnicity are not important; attitude/intentions speak more highly. SF can be a lonely place, why not take a chance and see what develops. 1716 Ocean Ave., Box 21, SF, CA 94112. (P-17)

You: 35+, small, slim, moustache, clean body, some body hair, good shape/health, grown-up, smoke grass, prefer traditional music, late nite company; no special excess caffeine, booze, scats, pain, money. Cigarettes, bald, small pp's ok. Me: 52, 5'9", 140 lbs, good shape/health, lite tan, med body hair, full scalp hair (trim), moustache, average good looks (germanic), HI-Q, scorpiorising. Max. 441-1087. (P-17)

ERASERHEAD

Italian opera, Hart Crane, absurdist theater, Kate Bush, tennis, early-to-middle-period Genesis, The Smiths and dumbbell flys are just a handful of my favorite stimulants. I think too much about predestination and of the relationship between reality and illusion, am constantly on the prowl for catharsis and do enjoy mountain vistas. At 29, I'm emotionally stable and perfectly adjusted to contemporary urban life. Please help me. SUSA Box 822. (P-17)

GRAB MY DICK

Horny, versatile GWM, 31, attractive, health-conscious, very independent, 5'10", 155 lbs, tan, b/br, beard, hairy chest, nice dick, shaved balls, seeks friendly fuck buddies for aggressive, hot, greasy, sweaty fun. Like to get off with hot tops, submissive bottoms and passionate men who like myself are healthy, masculine, open-minded, kinky, very versatile and strictly safe in the bedroom. I'm ball-sucking, ass-slapping, tit play, porno, jockstraps, leather, condoms, dildoes, etc.) Personality, affection, sense of humor exciting also. Photo and letter to: Tom, 2261 Market, #153, SF 94114. (P-17)

EAT IT

Do you like to obey orders? Will you lick, suck, and take it all the way down? Can you dig bondage and some pain to your genitals? Are you 25-35 (or so), shortish, slender? This muscular WM, 40, 5'8", athletic, but basically kind-hearted, wants to take charge of you. No drugs. Safe sex only. Send letter and photo to Box 30173, Oakland, 94604. (P-17)

HUNG HOT BOTTOM

If you want a hung hot bottom for daytime action let's get it on. I'm 36, 6'1", 165, looking for someone who can ride me hard (rubbers a must). You, 18 to 36, good looking, with hot ideas. Dildoes, leather, levis, open & discrete. Let's see what kind of action we can come up with? Your photo gets mine. SUSA, Box 805. (P-17)

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COMPOSER WANTS LOVER

Semi-muscular, 5'11", 150, 41, very good looking, aggressive, wild, safe, professionally responsible man desires similar creative, responsible mate for monogamous relationship. S/M would be great. Send letter and phone number to day to Colt, SUSA, Box 807. (P-16)

ARE YOU:

a boyishly cute, black, latin, or dark skinned, naturally firm & hairless male under 35, into adventure, nudity, porno, touching and hot tender sex, occasionally with groups / women, but not into drugs or excessive alcohol? ARE YOU: looking for a very attractive, warm, sensitive, yet dominate, hot masculine GWM partner/big brother, with firm, hairy body, for a hot friendship or special open relationship? Then call 763-6392. You might find him! (P)

TOP TO BOTTOMS

Bottom wanted approximately 40 to 50 with good shape, looks and mind. Self supporting and stable. No games except in sex play. I am 51, 70 lbs, 5'10", youthful attitude (but not "attitude") manly goodlooking, gentle and sometimes a little rough. Safe sex and substance free only. Lover-homobody preferred but loving, fucking, dating relationship will do for starts. Returnable photo appreciated. SUSA Box 821. (P-17)

GET THE BEST

Seek tall, white, single men with good looks and bodies, who need the best oral servicing on a regular basis in a comfortable atmosphere with a good man. Must be hung very well or very thick, uncut or cut and with natural aroma (no perfumes). Safe J.O. Finish. No exceptions. Straight men welcome, privacy and pleasure assured. Leave phone number for callback. Twin Peaks — Tom — 285-4196. (P-17)

"GUILTY, YOUR HONOR"

That's what I'll be telling a judge some day after I'm dragged off the Muni for flinging my face into the big hairy chest of some hunk. Otherwise straight acting professional "lose it" over a muscular, hirsute V-neck. If your chest needs a good looking, blue eyed, mustached face, 35ish, this 6', 170 lb, hung, into safe sex, masculine man with smooth, muscular body (great pecs) would love to skip jail! Letter/phone/photo (returned). SUSA Box 820. (P-17)

ASIAN SOUGHT

Asians hold a special fascination for me. GWM, early 30's, 5'11", 170 lbs., looking to meet Asians interested in exploring friendship and possibility of relationship. I enjoy romantic evenings, movies, travel, skiing, good times, don't do drugs/bars or smoke. Your age/ethnicity are not important; attitude and intentions speak more highly. Why not take a chance, you never know what will happen? 1716 Ocean Ave., Box 21, SF 94112. (P-17)

J/O TOILET

Hot GWM into raunchy J/O — raunchier, the better, into J/O, groups, phone J/O, sleazy, raunch, leather, rubber, letter/photo exchange. Want to meet men into wide range of fantasy scenes — limits expandable. Mutual toilet scenes — explore it all, fucker! Willing to experiment for a hot time, tell me what you want — all answered. Photo/Phone & Descriptive Letter: Box Holder, 41 Sutter St., Suite 1665, SF 94104. (P-17)

BOYS TOWN

Is strictly for the young at heart! Call 24 hours only \$2 charge in (213) & (415) 978-0069. (P-16)

PHYSICAL CHEMIST

Masculine, attractive, intelligent, independent, easy-going, GWM 33, brown hair, eyes, moustache and beard, 5'10", 165 lbs. Enjoy science, western dancing, evenings out, quiet evenings at home. Seeking out-going responsible, relationship-oriented companion, prefer air fire, nonsmoker with bright eyes and nice smile for mutual support, sharing, communication. Boxholder, P.O. Box 421763, SF, CA 94142. (P-17)

YOU'RE THE TOP

Attractive, dominant young top-man wanted for passionate, penetrating times by mostly bottom w/m, 28, slim, gym-toned body, boyish good looks. I'm bright, sensitive, intense, warm-hearted, playful, horny, non-druggie, with lots of heat at your service. You are healthy, fit, self-confident, 21 - 45, who takes charge and appreciates a good thing. Leather optional. Enjoy me now, avoid the rush later. Sense of humor and revealing photo required. SUSA Box 810. (P-16)

EARLY MORNING HEAT

Do you get up hot & bothered early in the morning? I'm up at 6 am & have a hard time going to sleep. I'm horny, hairy (without paying some phone sex service.) Call me 6 am to 9 am. I'm hot to swap fantasies. If you get my machine, keep trying, who knows... A long hot morning conversation may turn into something more. Charles (415) 486-1869. (P-17)

OVER THE KNEE

Bad Boy, 28, Blond/Blue Eyed, looking for dominate men any age to spank/paddle my bare ass. I'm 5'9", 135 lbs., handsome. Gym toned swimmers build into safe sex and other bottom fantasies. Letter plus photo to SUSA Box 817. (P-16)

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT WANTED

Semi-retired executive seeks shy, intelligent, business oriented, college graduate between 21 - 27. Must be willing to learn about business investments and to relocate. Winters in Hawaii, some international travel. Ideal person-physically fit, non-smoker, non-drug, 5'10", 145 lbs., handsome, well-mannered, fine dining, expensive autos, tennis. Seeks long-term monogamous relationship. Excellent career opportunity for right person. Salary depends on qualifications. Please send resume and photos if available, if close on above requirements. SUSA Box 811. (P-17)

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

A MATTER OF THE HEART
Energetic, cute, younglooking, WGM 26, cleanshaven non-smoker/drinker/drugie & not into bar life seeks furry husky nonsmoker 21-31 for one to one boyfriend/partnership. Honesty, a sense of humor, earthiness, monogamy, flexibility, balance, awareness, cuddling. The orgasm is not as important as the physical contact — the cerebral high. SUSA Box 813. (P-16)

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 good 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)

HOUSEBOY/VALET WANTED

Executive seeks houseboy/valet to perform various housekeeping, personal servant chores. Duties include some food serving/preparation, household chores, chauffeuring, automobile care, errands. Ideally 19 - 23, 5'9", 140 lbs., willing to relocate, clean, shaven, smooth body, well-mannered, non-smoker, straight looking/acting. Some travel involved. Must have agreeable nature, willing to serve. Good salary for right person. Expects monogamous relationship. If close to above requirements, please send resume and photos if available. SUSA Box 811. (P-17)

SEEKING ONGOING SEXUAL PARTNER AND FRIEND

GWM, early 30's, seeking partner (age not important) for ongoing sexual encounters and friendship. Prefer Asian. Already involved in a relationship that is not sexually satisfying; seeking someone to help out on an ongoing basis. Rewards involved are friendship, fun, goodtimes, sex. Live in SF, prefer SF, but not necessary. This can be enjoyable for all involved, why not give it a try? 2124 Kitredge #266, Berkeley, CA 94704. (P-16)

MASSAGE

EXOTIC MASSAGE
Caring mature Blk masseur Mr. G. 6 ft, 175 lbs, 40 yr, hung, uncut. A sensuous — relaxing — releasing massage — swedish — deep tissue — esalen combo \$30 hr. Tel 621-3319 — upper castro, 5 to 12 pm. weekdays, all day weekends. (MA-17)

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. \$30.00. Call Roy 8 am - 10 pm at 621-1302. (MA-17)

IN THE CASTRO
Professional 75-minute 7-chakra Swedish/Esalen massage. Now in my third year. Nonsexual, certified, only \$30. Call 10 am - 10 pm — Jim at 864-2430. (MA-16)

MASSAGE ONLY!
Let me relieve your tired body with a real massage. 15 year Professional. Call me and see for yourself. \$30.00 and you will be a new man. Benji. — 586-3825 (MA-20)

EXPERIENCE TOTAL RELIEF
Relaxing, sensual, full-body massage for athletes and businessmen. Let me soothe those tense muscles from over-work at the office or gym. ATHLETES: *sore from heavy workout? *tight muscles? *tension before or after competition? *BUSINESSMEN: *upset with your wife? *upright with your lover? *stress on the job? I'll rub all that away! CALL TODAY FOR APPOINTMENT. Eric — 826-4594 (\$40/\$50) Mon - Sat 10 am - 10 pm (MA-16)

POLARITY THERAPY
Enhance Health and Well-Being with a session that combines Polarity Therapy, guided imagery and intuitive counselling. 1 to 1 1/2 hrs \$30. Intro-rate \$15. For info and appointments call Charles at 621-3566. (MA-18)

TALL, DARK, HANDSOME
Italian, Hung Big, Will give massage in all the right places. Horny all the time. Call 775-7184. (P-17)

PERSONAL GROWTH

FREE CLASS

"Social and Mental Health Issues for the Gay and Lesbian Community" Nine week Community College Class on Tuesdays, beginning August 19th, 6:30-9:00 pm, at 450 Church St., Room 105. We'll combine course content with discussion and small group interaction. Stimulating guest speakers scheduled weekly. (List includes Harry Britt, Pat Norman, a therapist speaking about affordable therapy, and others.) A chance to gain information, network, make friends, have fun. (PG-17)

A TRANSFORMATIVE WORKSHOP FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT A WEIGHT-LOSS PROGRAM!

Are you on the usual weight-loss/gain roller coaster? Having a problem visualizing a new you? Have you reached your "GOAL WEIGHT" and still have a "FAT MIND"? If you can relate to any of these questions, do we have a workshop for you. The day will include: weight loss, clean, shaven, smooth body, well-mannered, non-smoker, straight looking/acting. Some travel involved. Must have agreeable nature, willing to serve. Good salary for right person. Expects monogamous relationship. If close to above requirements, please send resume and photos if available. SUSA Box 811. (P-17)

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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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consist of safe, nurturing exercises to allow you to combine your body and mind. Men/women of all sexual preference welcome. A fun and supportive day to share with like-minded people. September 21, 11 am to 7 pm. \$50 introductory offer! Hurry and sign up, space limited to 24 people. To be held at a San Francisco location. For more info call Melani 408-720-9832, Dan 408-378-7021. (PG-16)

RENTAL

FOR LEASE
Office/Commercial
1,100 Sq. Ft. \$675.00 per mo.
1,600 Sq. Ft. \$700.00 per mo.
Civic Center — Hayes Valley
552-5221 (FR-20)

WELL TRAINED PET
And lover too, and can't find a place where you can keep both of them? 5 room house with yard and view at Excelsior and Vienna. \$850.00 per month. Easy access to freeway and downtown. One block from city bus. Michael 333-7958, 824-6353 or after 5 pm 923-3252. (FR-17)

BED & BREAKFAST
7th Heaven — Overlooking Reno Basin — great view. Bed & Continental breakfast, quiet privacy, in-door hot tub for six. \$25-\$40.00. Reservations only. 702-747-7036. (FR-16)

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)

GAY SHELTER
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.

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MULTI MEDIA ARTIST

32 years old, seeks studio workspace. Employed, excellent references.
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Or By Appointment
Commercial Space Available for Retail

Lg. Flat 633 Hayes \$750.00
2 B.R. 419 Ivy, #4 \$500.00
1 B.R. 419 Ivy, #19 \$400.00
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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

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Commercial & residential maintenance service. Complete office and home care now available for the bay area. Call for a free est. Marcus 337-1442. "You've tried the rest, isn't it time to call the best?" (S-18)

APT. TOO SMALL?
Need more room? I am a graduate architecture student who can make the most out of the space you now occupy; from furniture arrangement to loft bed construction. For an initial 1 hr consultation, fee \$25. Call Rick 861-2676. (S-17)

TOPNOTCH CLEANING
Eat off your floor when I'm through cleaning your house or apt. Experienced. Reliable, mature \$8.00/hour. 4 hr. minimum. Steve 621-4596. (S-17)

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HI, I'M LISA
Need someone to talk to? Call 1-900-410-3600/3700. 50 cent toll first minute, 35 cents each additional minute. (S-20)

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Fast and efficient at reasonable rates. Evening hours available. One, two, or three men depending on the job. Lend a hand and lower the cost or let us do it all. Call David at 821-2691. (S-18)

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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.
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