It happened again last week. A friend was dead. AIDS was the culprit. This time the loss seemed worse because Jan's death was unexpected and far away in Europe. Soon the news arrived that he was already ashes. There had been no time for goodbyes, no chance to formally express grief. His friends here were left with an emptiness, wishing there was some way to memorialize their gentle Dutch friend.

Now maybe there is. It's called the NAMES Project, an undertaking that's almost quintessentially San Francisco in its fusion of art, politics and psychology. Project participants are creating fabric panels memorializing a friend, lover, or family member who has died. Each panel will bear a name with a background that captures an important aspect of that person.

Project organizers hope to stitch together thousands of panels and carpet the Capitol Mall during the October Gay March on Washington. Besides it's potential to gain media attention, the project "provides a positive means of expressing our community's loss," said activist Cleve Jones, the idea man behind the project. Jones said it is open to anybody who wants to participate.

This is an exclusive report on the first large protest against mandatory AIDS testing in Europe. It was written by a German gay activist who was there.

by John J. Vischansky
MUNICH, West Germany — Ten thousand demonstrators marched for two miles from the OctoberFest grounds to Marienplatz Square here on April 4. They were protesting extreme proposals by the German state of Bavaria to impose harsh regulations in an attempt to stem the AIDS epidemic. The three-hour AIDS demonstration was the largest in Europe thus far, and television crews came from across Europe to document the unique event.

The protest centered on announced plans by Bavarian officials to require AIDS tests without a person's consent, a computerized registration of persons with AIDS, denial of business permits to people with AIDS in certain occupations (hairdressing, tattooing, medicine, dentistry), the expulsion of foreigners who test HIV-positive, and the mandatory testing of homosexuals, prostitutes, and drug addicts. Bavaria has 100 known cases of AIDS.

The mile-long line of marchers concluded their two-mile trek at Marienplatz Square, where the...
EASTER BONNET CONTEST
and BEER BUST
AT THE TRANSFER
198 Church Street
SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1987
from 3:00 pm to 6:00 pm

Prizes will be awarded for the most
OUTRAGEOUS BONNETS!!

JUDGES:
Tony II of the Polk Gulch Saloon
Dr. B. Douglas Wilson
Tatiana

50/50 RAFFLE

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1987
FREE HOT DOGS!!!

LIVE BAND
"THE JOHN GALLAGHER BAND"
& BEER BUST
AT THE COVERED WAGON SALOON
917 FOLSOM between 5th & 6th

FREE HOT DOGS
DANCING
50/50 RAFFLE
PRIZES

BEER BUST STARTS AT 3:30 ENDS AT 6:30  BAND STARTS AT APPROXIMATELY 4:30

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO BENEFIT
THE 1987 SF LESBIAN/GAY FREEDOM DAY PARADE & CELEBRATION COMMITTEE
Who Do We Want for Mayor?

Agnos and Molinari Speak Out

Domestic Partners, AIDS, Politics

by George Meadenhall

San Francisco has two declared candidates for mayor who are both looked upon with favor by many lesbians and gay men. The election is six months away (November 3), but already some gay citizens are taking sides based on the two men's records and their political styles. Local gay political clubs will soon be taking positions on the candidates.

San Francisco has two declared candidates for mayor who are both looked upon with favor by many lesbians and gay men. The election is six months away (November 3), but already some gay citizens are taking sides based on the two men's records and their political styles. Local gay political clubs will soon be taking positions on the candidates.

What follows is a preview of the two candidates John Molinari, who has been a member of the Board of Supervisors for 15 years, and Art Agnos, who has been a member of the School Board for 11 years. The Sentinel asked the candidates for comments about their political philosophies, city AIDS funding, lesbians and gay men in politics, and to reflect on the "domestic partners" issue.

Philosophical Political Agnos: I believe in allowing people to make decisions about their own lives, to give them a fair and just opportunity to live in peace and dignity. That philosophy is manifested in all of the legislation that I have sponsored. The best way to achieve this is by continuing to speak out to school administrators. It is important to the gay community.

Molinari: My legislative history has been one of cooperation. I have listened to the needs of the community and have worked to channel every dollar in the best possible way. As the need arises, I have passed legislation that will get us the funding that we need. He was pushed General Hospital as a center for AIDS care in the city, providing a secure and safe haven for people with AIDS. I have never had a "wait and see" attitude. I have always been a supporter of my campaign. As mayor, I will offer my record to determine if the city needs the leadership we need for the next eight years.

Domestic Partners

Agnos: San Francisco had a terrific job. The best in the country.

Molinari: I defer to Harry on this. It is his legislation. We probably got hung up on the issue of whether or not we should have a gay marriage issue or not.

Domestic Partners

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Domestic Partners

Agnos: The time has come for this, but it is not a gay issue. It is a "single" issue. Straights should have the same opportunities to take care of anyone in their family or life, just as a gay person should. It was a mistake to offer it as a gay issue. I am not the kind of person that would have done this died in a mortuary.

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Domestic Partners

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It's About Time

There are hopeful signs in recent weeks that our nation is no longer looking to a President to make its mistakes. The media is focused on the epidemic. While the press has been reporting on developments for years, other publications and networks TV stations have been slower to recognize the need to inform and educate its viewers. Surgeon General Koop has slowly shifted from presenting AIDS as a gay man's disease to presenting it as a health crisis affecting all segments of society. People and Newsweek include AIDS in features on sex and sex education in general. Efforts—while welcome—were begrudging on the subject and addressed the seriousness of the epidemic; while Vice-President George Bush last week endorsed mandatory AIDS testing for all people seeking marriage licenses.

Kudos to Koop

Surgeon General Everett Koop has emerged as an unlikely hero in prodding change in attitudes and approach to AIDS on the national level. He faces criticism from conservatives and the insurance industry because he demands that the rights of individuals be protected with confidentiality. He also opposes mandatory testing. As a born-again Christian evangelist, who previously had little good to say about gay life, Koop now favors sex education, the use of condoms, and shows animated videos in classrooms depicting "two cononds with little eyes on them chasting about sex." Koop demands that there must be non-judgemental discussion of homosexual sex in educational programs, which is at odds with Secretary of Education William Bennett's statement that educators should be advocating heterosexual behavior. Kudos to our surgeon general on AIDS.

A Presidential Panel on AIDS

The US Senate voted unanimously to ask President Reagan to establish a 14-member presidential commission on AIDS, and a similar resolution will be introduced in the House of Representatives. Amazingly, support for the commission comes from conservatives, such as Republican Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, Orrin Hatch of Utah, and Warren Rudman of New Hampshire, as well as liberal Democrats Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts and Alan Cranston of California. The strong bipartisan support is an indication of the interest and determinations of Congress to provide direction in the fight against AIDS," explained Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, who authored the resolution.

We rejoice that a disparate group of legislators is uniting, albeit belatedly, and we congratulate these people with ARC and AIDS. The article reflected the frustration of these people over Congress to provide direction in the fight against AIDS," explained Senator Robert Dole of Kansas.

A Regional Hospital

There's growing discussion of converting the army facility at 10th Avenue and Lake Street into a regional AIDS treatment facility. This venture could involve combining federal and local funds. There is realization that San Francisco cannot provide enough money to meet the enormous burden of health care for AIDS patients. Our city has been generous, a model to the nation, and yet more money is needed.

A Regional hospital makes sense. The location is excellent. Although the cost of conversion is staggering, the need is great. Necessity calls for open action — for local and national cooperation. Now.

Home Remedies

Chronicler reporter Randy Shilt's recently wrote about making use of people with AIDS and AIDS. The article reflected the frustration of some people over delays in government testing and making available drugs that may help the complex virus. It included information previously published in the Sentinel, and credited our contributing editor John S. James for his research on alternative methods of combating the disease. We have been criticized by the medical establishment and others for publicizing this type of information. An educator These are real people offering false hope to people who were terminally ill. And yet, daily we receive requests for reprints of these articles.

We must search wide spectrum of ways to combat AIDS, to educate and inform people about their choices, and to encourage them to take responsibility for their lives.

Kudos for Diana

To the Editor:

I read with interest the opinion Princess Diana opened Britain's first AIDS ward April 9th in London. She shook hands with nine patients to destroy the myth that the disease can be passed contact. Officials at Middlesex Hospital had invited Diana to open the ward and shake hands with the patients without surgery. During her 40-minute visit to the AIDS ward, Diana also shook hands with a male nurse, who works on the ward and has carried the virus for two years, although it has not developed into AIDS. This was really a wonderful thing to do. We have become so paranoid that we are baring a lot of dear people who are fighting for their lives. We must unite and do all that we can to get the funds and to find a cure for this terrible affliction that touches every walk of life. When there is no hope, we have no vision. When there is no vision, we all perish.

Morris—Michael Leger, Jr.

Professor of Law, City College

CMJ Counsels Caution

To the Editor:

Citizens for Medical Justice wholeheartedly supports the early approval of experimental drugs currently proposed by the FDA. The early release of drugs demonstrating some initial effectiveness in fighting the AIDS virus is necessary as an emergency measure that could possibly save tens of thousands of lives, if not more. Further, using the FDA's red tape will help keep the government away from other illnesses.

However, the FDA move should not be made available to allow people to manipulate false hopes during the viral crisis because "the words of care." There must be strong legislation and regulation to prevent blackmail-type boaxes in the midst of the epidemic. Furthermore, those who are warning against price gouging by drug manufacturers should be listened to carefully. Price gouging has occurred with stavudine and AZT.

Citizens for Medical Justice is a national voice of compassion, dedicated to care for all Americans. Only if and when we have real direct medical care, can the government free the majority of experimental drugs be meaningful to the vast majority of people struggling with AIDS and other life-threatening diseases. AZT, stavudine and other drugs are not good for a person too poor to buy them. And those who can afford the price find themselves quickly impoverished.

The FDA move to release experimental drugs to the marketplace is a step in the right direction, but without tightly enforced laws against companies and individuals promoting "snake oil cures" and without free quality medical care for all Americans, the FDA changes offer little real hope for the majority of people with HIV infection.

Citizens for Medical Justice

Write In Britt

To the Editor:

Even though Harry did the politically correct thing on election night and asked all of us to support Nancy, I encourage everyone who voted for Britt to maintain your political voice and write in his name on the final ballot.

Pele has no chance of losing, so we can use this opportunity to remind him that the machine that ran him that his "triumph" was marginal.

I know I voted for Harry not only because I am tired of having my vote co-opted by political machines of any ideology. Just because Pelé's machine mouth liberal platitudes doesn't disguise the fact that it represents the worst aspects of the American political system.

Watching Pelé receive the key to the Burton "machine" was just too galling. Write in Harry Britt on the final ballot. Let it be known that our support for Britte included and transmitted sexual preference identification. This time we almost made^ it. Never mind

Leland Moss

Ross Responds

To the Editor:

In your April 10th, issue, George Mendenhall wrote about the congress campaign of Koos Wadhurst. The nature of the reference to me demands a response.

My ballot designation was not "head of the party," it was Deputy Public Defender. The quotation attributed to me is fictitious. I never made such a statement nor was I ever motivated as indicated.

My decision to run for Congress was finally made on a walk at Sun Valley during the week of February 14th. I made the decision because I believe that the election offers an opportunity for a Republican in be elected in the district for the first time in 26 years. I did not know of Mr. Wadhurst's interest in the party until the day after I filed my petition with the registrar.

Another statement of Mr. Wadhurst that I ran my campaign on the basis of integrity is blatantly untrue. My campaign was based on the issues and on my academic background and my commitment to the political process, which is as follows: Mr. Wadhurst's statement that he "won't abandon his principles," the day after I filed my petition with the registrar.

Robert Mendenhall

San Francisco Sentinel • April 17, 1987

We are committed to providing you with accurate and reliable information. If you notice any issues with the document, please let us know so we can make the necessary corrections. Thank you for your support!
State Meet Here Draws 100
DC March Taking Off!

by George Mendelbaum

"We are going to Washington, DC to build on our movement," Howard Wallace told a statewide meeting of activists here on Saturday, March 11. But he elaborated that that was not all — "We are going to be very public, going over the heads of the politicians to the public. We will be there to shape opinion. This could begin to turn our national agenda around." It appeared that seven months before the October 11 march and demonstration in the nation's Capitol Mall, the "National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights" has taken off with excitement and considerable advance planning.

Wallace addressed an eight-hour planning session here at Mission High that drew 100 enthusiastic lesbians and gay men into workshops. The first national march, held in 1979, had 70,000 participants. Total 200,000 are projected for this event. The march — unlike the previous one — has the endorsement of almost all lesbian and gay leaders and organizations.

Ken Jones, chair of the local organizing committee, said that after years of internal distrust, "We are building bridges and alliances, working together in a coalition that is becoming family." San Diego activist Nicole Ramirez Murray added, "Everyone is on board this time — Republicans, Democrats, Socialists. All of us are united and joining in." Similar enthusiasm was expressed by numerous speakers.

The march demands are that there be recognition of lesbian and gay relationships; repeal of sodomy laws; passage of the national gay rights amendment; and discrimination against people with AIDS, ARC and positive HIV results; massive funding for AIDS education, research and care; the right to reproductive freedom and the end to sexist oppression; and the end to racism in this country and South Africa.

The first national march, held in 1979, had 70,000 participants. 200,000 are projected for this event.

Oct. 13 will be having their national meeting on May 1.

Controversy surfaced at the Mission High session here when Wuzzy Spaulding began talking about group plans for discounted airline travel. Recent labor disputes now affect several major airlines. After a lengthy discussion, it was decided that California planners would not make accommodations with any airline that is on the national AFL-CIO boycott list. Spaulding said it was not too early to begin to make reservations for a projected Oct. 9-14 schedule of events. He said the capital "is a fun place to be" with museums, monuments, and a number of gay disco and businesses.

The scope of the Oct. 9-14 week began to unfold with several presentations. Eileen Hanson said she hopes that the thousands who are willing "to go to jail for what they believe" during the civil disobedience would take the local non-violent training. Claire Joan explained his project to unfold hundreds of flags on the Capitol mall each 3' x 5' panel of a quilt naming a person who has died of AIDS. Los Angeles activist Morris Right announced that there would be a senior group, and gay veteran Bill Luke said there would be laying of a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. There is a planned Third World conference and a public ceremony uniting lesbians and gay couples. Ken McPherson of the local Mobilization Against AIDS has set up a national march information number for those with computer modems (615-441-7741).

Financing of the mammoth event will require $200,000, according to fundraising chair Donald Snow. He explained, "The 1979 march ended in debt because we kept borrowing and spending. We will now collect funds — and then spend." Local groups are asked to raise funds with one-third of their money going to the national headquarters.

Howard Wallace, Nicole Ramirez Murray.

Snow further commented, "Some people ask why we are mar­ching and I answer, 'Why did we wait so long?' " San Francisco's Pat Norton, currently running from an operation, is an officer of the national march along with the former director of the March on Washington, Box 3491, Lambeth Center.

Racial, sexual and ethnic mixes are required by the national organizers at every level. The California region com­plied with that policy on Saturday. Its elected representatives to the national steering committee were Randy Barnes of Gay American Indians and Rev. Betty Pedersen of Metropolitan Commu­nity Church in Berkeley for North­ern California. Southern California elected Geni Cowan, a black lesbian from Santa Barbara, and Nicole Ramirez Murray, a Hispanic from San Diego. Pedersen voiced approval — "I am delighted with that composition. It establishes that we are broad-based. This improves our movement."

Elected to serve as the Northern California organizing committee are Bums, Barnes, Bishop Mikael Itkin and Marilyn Leigh of San Francisco. Gerald Gomez of Sacramento, and J. Hatter Stout of Santa Cruz. They will hold their next Northern California organizational meeting in Sacramento on April 26 at Lambeth Center.

March activities require immediate funding. The public is being asked to send contributions to Northern Cali­fornia March on Washington, Box 3491, Oakland, CA 94609. The national office telephone number is (202) 683-9000. There are plans to open a local office here. The local number is 280-4238.

The first national march, held in 1979, had 70,000 participants. 200,000 are projected for this event.

If you don't select your destiny, a destiny selects you.

We are going to visit the arena of Profound Humaneness called "Integrity." Sometimes "integrity" is reduced to mean a kind of moral uprightness and steadfastness, in the sense of saying, "He has too much integrity to ever take a bribe."

But profound integrity goes far beyond this. Sometimes, in order to distinguish it from the more limited popular usage, it is called "secondary integrity." This is the integrity which is not constrained by limited moralities, however well-intentioned. The integrity that is profound living is the singularity of thrust of a life committed and ordering every dimension of the self towards that commitment. Thus the self is in fact shaped by the self and it is the self's commitment. You can say that an audacious creation of the self takes place in integrity, without which you cannot be the sum of the various forces impacting you in your society.

Thus the basis of integrity is a destinial resolve — a resolve that chooses and sets your destiny and out of which your whole life is ordered. The object of that resolve is the ultimate decision of each person, and each person makes that choice, consciously or unconsciously. To do so with awareness is the height of man's responsibility. It is incarnate freedom. It is what real freedom looks like. When man has thus exercised his freedom he is truly free and true to himself ever thereafter he has a unique position to look at the values of his society. He is no longer bound by the opinions and codes of his fellow-man, but reevaluates them on his own destiny and his own life's thrust.

Thus the man of integrity is continuously engaged in a societal transvaluation, a moving across the values of society and interpreting them in line with his life's thrust. It does not give him the liberty of ignoring his society, but his obligations transcend the conformity of living within the codes and mores of his society. Thus the man of profound integrity always seems to quite fit with his fellow-men, but his actions always are appropriate for him, even to those who oppose him.

Nothing matter how odd the man of profound integrity appears to his neighbors, he experiences himself as securely anchored. While he is very clear that this world is not his home, nevertheless he experiences himself as having found his native vale. He experiences an eternal at-one-ness, not so much with the currents and waves of activity around him, but with the deeper trends of history itself. Amid the flux of wavered and froth that is so evident in others, he experiences an inexplicable rootedness, as though he has sunk a taproot deep into the foundation of the earth itself. Though he experiences his life as a longjourney, even an endless journey, towards the object of his resolve, yet he never senses himself as a stranger on the journey. It's as if he'd been there before. Original integrity, as experienced primarily by this sense of at-one-ness.

Kierkegaard once wrote a book about this kind of integrity that he titled, "Purity of Heart is to Will One Thing." An ancient philosopher focused his wisdom around this integrity with the advice, "Know yourself, and to your own self, be true."
Clash

Rubenstein Resigns from Stonewall Board

by Corinne Lightweaver

As tempers flared in a controversial debate, sexologist and activist Maggi Rubenstein resigned in protest from the board of the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club and walked out of the meeting after club members rejected her proposal to publicly recognize bisexuality in official club pronouncements.

Attorney John Wahl, gay-activist and former candidate for the Board of Supervisors, resigned from the club's board the next day in support. Both Rubenstein and Wahl plan to remain on the board, though the club faces a voting challenge. During last week's meeting, Rubenstein made a motion that if the club were to name more than a generic "gay" line and is a co-founder of the SF Bisexual Center, which operated from 1976 to 1984. She also founded the Stonewall Sexual Health Project, which sponsors safe-sex workshops for people of all sexual preferences.

The sexologist has encountered resistance before to her insistence on bringing bisexuality out of the closet. Thirteen years ago, she resigned from the Board of the Council on Religion

“A third of the population may be bisexual, according to Kinsey, and yet people tend to think dichotomously. I call it the sin of omission — knowing better, but choosing not to acknowledge,” — Maggi Rubenstein

Rubenstein resists the trend that gay identity and lesbianism are more than sexual identities, because there are lesbians who don’t engage in sex and gay prions who are celibate. "Gay identity and lesbian identity are social identities," states Paul, "but bisexuals are a variant or degree of sexual orientation.

As far as anyone can see, there is no such thing as a bisexual community. Gay identity and lesbian identity are social identities, but bisexuality is a variant or degree of sexual orientation.

— Bill Paul

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by John Welzl

Sunday at the Tenderloin's Glide Memorial Methodist Church is called a "happening" with its light show and unique congregation — a racial and ethnic mix of children, senior citizens, gays and straights. Bringing them together for 22 years has been the controversial Rev. Cecil Williams, a popular black minister whose politics often make headlines.

Most recently, Williams (almost everyone calls him "Cecil") has become known for his program that feeds thousands of poor people daily. There were also the days when he supported the Black Panther Party. Williams is a political coalition builder in a religious setting. Today he is calling for an improved quality of life for the homeless, AIDS sufferers, seniors, single parents, women and mothers. He is a person in tune with the times. In this talk with the Sentinel, Williams began by recalling his arrival in San Francisco from Texas in the 1960s.

"Let me tell you something which you may not know. Twenty-two years ago, when I came here, the first community that Glide opened up to was the gay and lesbian community. I was scared to death. I had friends who were gay, but all of a sudden a whole room full? (Laughter)

"What happened is, we began to find ways to organize — others began to organize. There were some groups already in existence like the first gay bar association, the Tavern Guild, and the first lesbian group, Daughters of Bilitis. We brought them together, to tell the truth. And I'm not trying to say we were that great or anything. It was just the time."

"You know, I recently returned from Israel. They talk a lot about their democracy and their pluralism in that democracy. That helped me to again realize that you should always take the risk of going into any group of people in any community. I cannot get caught in 'Black folks are my folks and I'm just going to be with black folks.'"

Reflecting back on what has happened over the years, Williams said, "I salute the gay community because I think now we can safely say that it's one of the most potent forces in San Francisco. Gay politics and my own style in winning in the big city."

"What I think the gay community has done is it has always been aware of the fact that it must not just look at its own self-interest. It must look at the interest of the total community as well. The black community must do that, also. Anybody who gets caught up only in their own self-interest without the total community is vulnerable."

When asked if he had also become wiser about politics since the 1960s he replied, "Yes. I have learned to keep my eyes open. I remember supporting candidates who never won for years."

"There are things for which you have to vote. I now understand power and I know how to use power. I'm much wiser, I think, in regards to the whole political arena."

Williams firmly believes in San Francisco, "The pioneers came West from the East and settled in. They said, 'it's over. We have failed.' That is not true. The Bay Area sets trends now more than any area in America. This is the first frontier because we dare to risk. We will try things that cannot and will not be tried in other places. Suddenly, the candid minister turned to another subject. "There is something in a religious setting. Today he is calling for an improved quality of life for the homeless, AIDS sufferers, seniors, single parents, women and mothers. He is a person in tune with the times. In this talk with the Sentinel, Williams began by recalling his arrival in San Francisco from Texas in the 1960s.

"Let me tell you something which you may not know. Twenty-two years ago, when I came here, the first community that Glide opened up to was the gay and lesbian community. I was scared to death. I had friends who were gay, but all of a sudden a whole room full? (Laughter)

"What happened is, we began to find ways to organize — others began to organize. There were some groups already in existence like the first gay bar association, the Tavern Guild, and the first lesbian group, Daughters of Bilitis. We brought them together, to tell the truth. And I'm not trying to say we were that great or anything. It was just the time."

"You know, I recently returned from Israel. They talk a lot about their democracy and their pluralism in that democracy. That helped me to again realize that you should always take the risk of going into any group of people in any community. I cannot get caught in 'Black folks are my folks and I'm just going to be with black folks.'"

Reflecting back on what has happened over the years, Williams said, "I salute the gay community because I think now we can safely say that it's one of the most potent forces in San Francisco. Gay politics and my own style in winning in the big city."

"What I think the gay community has done is it has always been aware of the fact that it must not just look at its own self-interest. It must look at the interest of the total community as well. The black community must do that, also. Anybody who gets caught up only in their own self-interest without the total community is vulnerable."

When asked if he had also become wiser about politics since the 1960s he replied, "Yes. I have learned to keep my eyes open. I remember supporting candidates who never won for years."

"There are things for which you have to vote. I now understand power and I know how to use power. I'm much wiser, I think, in regards to the whole political arena."

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"I salute the gay community because I think now we can safely say that it's one of the most potent forces in San Francisco. Gay people got wise about politics."

I want to say, I'm saying this because I'm probably one of the few people who will say this. This is a tolerant city. This city can also be very mean and I think there is an anti-gay movement here. I really do. There are some folks in this city who are indifferent to gays, and some who still hate gays. There are those who will stay away, who don't want to be close to gays — like there are folks who do not want to be that close to blacks."

He cautioned, "Gays are going to be sought out politically much more — by everybody. Once you show that you have power, everybody comes running. But I hope that the members of the gay community don't think they've got it made. I don't care what you are. You don't have it made in this city. Never will I think that as a black person, I've got it made. But you have to be very careful not to lose your sense of humanity, dignity, and respect in order to find quick and deceptive ways to pull things off. We ought to all find ways to work together.

Williams was asked to comment on the most recent election in which he supported Supervisor Doris Ward, a black, for Congress. "I said publicly that I would have supported Harry Reid if Doris had not been in the race. Harry lost, so when I saw Nancy the other day I said to her, 'Anything I can do now, I'd be happy to.' We have to know how to stay close to her to make sure that if there are things that we disagree on, we can let it be known. She knows that I'll demonstrate in a minute."

"Why did Pelosi win?" "This election said clear that the city is still hooked. It's hooked on how much money there is and the designation means a lot in this city. I think it will probably be that way for a while."

Rev. Williams was asked if AIDS would continue to be political. "There is no doubt about it. It's got to be political. It is already political and will remain so as long as there are politics where money is involved. The religious community can play a very strong role in this. We have to care more than any other segment of the community. We just have to."

In his concluding comment, Williams related that he was at the National Lesbian and Gay March on the nation's capital in 1979. Would he be in the march this October? "Yes. I'll be standing there if I'm healthy and nothing holds me back — and I do not know what would hold me back. I will always be there. Always."
Joseph Durant, one of the project's first panel-makers, got involved after nearly 40 friends died of AIDS last year. By the end of the Christmas holidays, Durant said he was "shell shocked."

"I kept watching my friends just curl up and die," said Durant, a good-looking man whose dark eyes cloud over when he talks about the friends who have died. "At the rate it was going, I was losing a friend a week."

Since January, Durant has created 17 of the 3 by 9 panels. He said making them was "cathartic."

"I sit down to do them," the 31-year-old said, "and let myself wade through my thoughts and memories."

The panels are a particularly appropriate way to memorialize his friends because so many of them were involved in the arts, he said.

"Then if they weren't well-known or their art wasn't bought, it's important to have a visual representation of them," he explained in a voice thickened with emotion.

Durant is also an artist. He teaches an art class for people with AIDS and works in fashion and set design. He attended what he called "Frock U," the Fashion Institute of Design and Merchandising as well as the Academy of Art College. He's also been involved in gay politics since he moved here from Denver in 1976.

He thinks the panels are an ideal way to memorialize his friends in an art and political way.

"It's not something I can doom myself physically. He plans to fill his own panels with plastic pockets containing a photo or the person's name on it.

Jim Geary, executive director of the Shanti Project, which oversees the operations of the San Francisco and Oakland Shanti Programs, said the project will need 10,000 panels. He hopes they can be assembled in San Francisco and shipped to the nation's capital.

Durant's commitment to the project has meant long evening hours at his sewing machine, lovingly stitching together the panels he's made. He's also trying to involve other friends. Not all of them are ready to deal with the emotions surrounding panel-making.

When Durant recently asked a friend whose lover died just two months earlier if they could be involved, the man told him he'd have to but not yet.

"When he's able to," Durant said, "it's going to be a beautiful tribute to their love."

The NAMES Project is still trying to raise money. Persons interested in participating or contributing to the project can call 626-5725.

The NAMES Project is still trying to raise money. Persons interested in participating or contributing to the project can call 626-5725.
The sense of isolation in the gay community connected so strongly with my own experiences, that I knew my future included Shanti.

My clients and friends with AIDS have been wonderful teachers in this regard. Over the past year, I've found a joy and thrill about my life that wasn't there before my work with Shanti.
DENVER, CO — It appears thatpressive AIDS legislation in the nation.
Governor Roy Romer has
Community Church in Denver will
permits this if the condoms are latex,
measure in the spread of AIDS. The
claims "it allows uncontrolled dispens­
Food and Drug Administration now
permits this if the condoms are latex,
measure in the spread of AIDS. The
claims "it allows uncontrolled dispens­

WASHINGTON, DC -  The National
NGLTF Protests
Reagan's Praise;
BEYOND THE BAY

WASHINGTON, DC -  The National
Washington Committee, the National
is the first ap­

BOSTON, MA — Worcester County
laws and should be punished accordingly.
Similarly, Kovalich herself
in 1986 after she admitted she was a lesbian during an investigation of her life. Ironically, Kovalich herself
has been
had investigated lesbians and gay people in federal service in the past.

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Win for Kovalich
Judge Denies
Lawsuit Dismissal
by George Medenhall
A lesbian Defense Department investigator has been permitted
to proceed with her lawsuit against the federal government.
Federal District Judge Charles Legge has denied a
dismissal motion by the federal defense department.
Kovalich was demoted from her "Special Agent in Charge" super-

Pat Norman, Howard Wallace
Gays Speak at April 25 Rally
Pat Norman, popular lesbian activist, and Howard Wallace, founder of the Les-
...
Crime and Other Diversions

Would you like to be able to commit a crime, get caught, and have no criminal record at all? Sort of like a "get out of jail free" card? Well, it happens all the time in California, and the authorities not only don't frown upon it, they're behind it all the way.

It's called "pre-trial diversion" and it's available to select arrestees who authorities not only don't frown upon it, they're behind it all the way.

For gays and lesbians, this statute has helped hundreds avoid criminal prosecution. According to Blanche Bachman, a diversion representative in SF, an average of 25 gays utilize the diversion program each month. Upon successful completion of an educational or community service program, charges are dropped.

Blanche is one of two lesbians among the four full-time and three part-time diversion reps. She merits dividends huge in the courtroom and reviews the police report in the case. If the district attorney tells her that the diversion is allowed, then Blanche or one of the other reps interviews the defendant or the victim in order to determine how best they can serve their diversion time.

Since gay rep are not accepted, referrals to the regularIndented to the court, he is returned to court for criminal prosecution.

Since many defendants are under-educated, referrals to adult education programs are recommended. In the initial interview, it is determined that the individual should either resolve counseling or perform community service.

Substance abuse and mental health problems are referred to agencies such as Operation Recovery, 18th Street Services and Advance Place.

Community service, usually involving 23 hours, is performed at the AIDS Foundation and four other community Thrift Store or one of the hospital diversion programs recommended to perform the work or attend the counsel-

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ing, he is returned to court for criminal prosecution.

One of the latest jailhouse controvers-
ies involves the desire of health officials to provide condoms to inmates. My in-
terviews with deputy sheriffs and with gay men in jail over the weekend in the county jail demonstrate that jailhouse sex is widespread. "You only have to daze a shart over your bunk," says one former inmate, "and then you can fuck all day!"

The argument against providing the condoms seems to be that it is felony to sex, and to do it would be to aid the commission of a crime.

In other words, a company could sell a drug now given free if the alternative was not to do the study or provide the drug at all. (For treat-
ment rather than experimental pur-
poses, the company could charge a price not "massively unfair" — for drug sold widely available at all.)

This new rule could help to end the conflicts and regulatory limbo where some of the most promising AIDS treatments really now have languished for months or years — unexamined, unexplained, unavail-
able. Until May 5 the FDA will receive public comments. Write to: Dockets Management Branch (HFA-300), Food and Drug Administration, Room 4E-42, 5600 Fisher Lane, Rockville, MD 20857.

John S. James
(Mr. James writes the On Guard column for the Christian Science Monitor in every other issue of the Sentinel.)

PS

All letters must be typed and signed. Originals please. Include your name and mailing address. Deadline is the Friday prior to publication. We reserve the right to edit or reject any letter submitted. Letters should not be more than 300 words in length.
POINT OF VIEW
REV. ROBERT CROMLEY

Hanky-Panky Evangelists

It has been wonderful giggling at the plight of Oral Roberts and the Bakkers. Roberts was sitting in his prayer tower say­ ing God was going to let him die unless millions were raised. He "elevated" God to the roles of blackmailer and terrorist. Evangelist Jim Bakker then admitted he was paying blackmail to someone who threatened to reveal his affair with a secretary.

We then discovered that his wife, Tammy, has been hooked on prescrip­tion drugs. Some joked that she was ODing on mascara aid that PTL — "Praise the Lord" — actually stands for "(Pass the Loot)." Then we learned that Jimmy Swaggart denied that he was hatching a plot to take over the PTL ministry. These evangelists are money hungry. They explain the sin and the wound. They make unsubstantiated claims that the same long after they receive the buy­ ing on of hands. The person and the disadvantages are doped. The Bakkers and Oral Roberts give God and Jesus a bad name. They give con men a bad name. They are conservative in politics — and the prestige that their vocation. They are also organizers of national television shows and fund­ raising schemes. They are truly entre­ preneurs.

I am certainly jealous. I would love to have a TV show, one thousand people in church every Sunday, a $2 million budget — and the prestige that goes with all of that. Many clergy who are detractors of these evangelists are eunuchs of the minor and money numbers these "Christians" attract. Would you like to have the fame, money, prestige, and power that these evangelists have.

There is nothing wrong with wanting what others have. It only becomes coveting if we are compulsive and obsessive about wanting what others have. It only is wrong if we compromise our personal being to get what the evangelists appear to have. It is only

sinful if we appear one way in public to enhance our career and in our heart feel different. My problem with evangelists is that they do exactly what they say. They are not hypocrites. They really do hate homosexuals, people who have sex outside of marriage, and people who want abortions. They are fundamentalists who see the Bible as a rule book. They want to judge who is obedient to it and force it on those who do not believe. They, too, have prob­ lems with sex and drugs — even if they appear to be against sex and drugs.

They are human, too. They have lost the inner but hate the sin. That is a distinction without a difference. I am not very happy with people who hate part of me, or some­ thing that I believe in my heart and then turn around and say they love me. I see a smiling God giggling at the plight of our fundamentalist brothers and sisters, God is showing them that their self-righteous ways, their claims to a perfect, personal relationship with Jesus, are blind and full of shadow and ambiguity. I see a laughing Jesus saying, "Don't try to take advantage of your relationship to your personal Savior. Take a few days to pray in the darkness of your closet rather than in your prayer tower or on national TV. Discover my true calling for you. Come and see this life, I have given you is a mystery to be plumbed and examined. It is not subject to simple cliches and answers."

But before we get too self-righteous ourselves about our fundamentalist brothers and sisters, let us also take a look at ourselves. How many of us are money-hungry — worrying far more about money than anything else? How many of us are in love with our con­ sumption — the latest toys, gadgets, fashions, hairstyles and cars?

Central America. This is the third an­ nual Western White House demonstra­ tion. Mike Felker has the details at 863-9872.

Direct Mail Info — May 11
A one-day discussion with direct-mail professionals will be held by the Na­ tional AIDS Network (NAN) on May 1 at the Women’s Building here. This is an opportunity for those planning suc­ cessful fundraising campaigns to learn about how to use direct-mail tech­ niques. One of the organizers is gay ac­ tivist Cleve Jones. Info: Cleve Jones, 626-5725.

Minorities in Media
SF State University has an April 30-May 1 conference on television and radio broadcasting. Included is a panel on "The Status and Role of Minorities in Media" scheduled for 8:30-10 p.m. Thursday, April 30. The curious may contact the Broadcast Communica­ tions Art Department at the univer­ sity. Info: 469-1148.

Choosing a Psychotherapist
Those seeking a psychotherapist may get guidance from a free lecture on Thursday, April 22, at City College. The speaker, Dr. Gerald Amada, is author of A Guide to Psychotherapy. The place is Gordon Hall and the time is noon-1 pm. Details from Brenda Chine, 228-3580.

Smith College Wants You
The local Feminist & Lesbian Alumnae of Smith College has local meetings and wants to contact new women who are graduates of Smith. "Panels" would like a call at 626-7954.

Don’t we exploit the sick and the wounded when we do not visit and com­ fort them? How many religion people by their sexual heroics, by their words, action and lives give God and Jesus a bad name? How many cheer on the US government when it attacks Grenada, Libya, and beates up those Nicaraguan Commies? How many of us are cruel in our attitudes toward women, blacks, Asians, homosexuals or heterosexuals or indifferent to black South Africans? Reflecting on this, let us have a bit of charity for the pious evangelists. Also, let’s ask them for a tad of humanity — toward those whose beliefs are for­ eign from theirs.

Rev. Robert Cromley is rector of Trinity Episcopal Church and is known for his outreach to the lesbian and gay community.
Allegations of Lesbianism Used to Intimidate

The Chronicle of Higher Education, a prestigious national newspaper, wrote a 1983 article that started this trend.

- Allegations of lesbianism have been used on college campuses to intimidate female students and faculty members.

Koop

Continued from page 3

Koop said that children know about sex and will have sex. "Kids aren't dumb -- they know about these things. If you go to a drugstore to get a pack of gum, you'll see a box of condoms next to it."

In his first comments about AIDS on April 1, the resident urged, "AIDS cannot be what some call 'value neutral.' After all, when it comes to preventing AIDS, don't medicate and morality keep the same list?" When the president called for abstinence in a talk with reporters, Education Secretary William Bennett agreed, adding that educators should be advocating "homo sexual behavior." Koop has responded that there must be a non-judgmental discussion of homosexuality in any educational program. Koop remains self-confident. He persists with, "We're not talking about morals here. You can't give people a false sense of security. And you can't educate anybody about AIDS unless they know about sex."

Sally Gearhart

Professors: Gays and Lesbians in Academia

The first time Sally Gearhart made love to another woman, she was 19 and the other woman was her college roommate. "I thought I just happened to love a woman," she says.

Three years later, Gearhart remembers her second affair occurred. "She called me a Sapphic."

"I said, 'A what?'"

"She said, 'A Sapphic.'"

"Now, I had been through Sweet briar College with its classical education. They taught me all about the lyric poets of the sixth century BC, and they taught me about Sappho. But never had

they mentioned that she was a woman-lover. So when a woman named me a Sapphic, I said, 'What do you mean? You want me to be a lyric poet?'"

"She said, 'Yes, you're a lesbian.'"

"I said, 'What's a lesbian? This was my second lover. I was 22 years old and I was just finding out what to call myself. I had never heard the term... I had no idea that people who loved the same sex existed. Nuts!'

Gearhart, now 55, is familiar to many from her appearance in the 1978 documentary film, Word Is Out. Her ability to articulate the lesbian/feminist experience with warmth, humor and conviction won her many admirers.

She also received wide exposure as Harvey Milk's partner in debating State Senator John Briggs. (Briggs' 1978 ballot initiative, Proposition 6, was a blatant attempt to force lesbian and gay teachers out of California schools. It was soundly defeated.)

Gearhart, openly lesbian and a member of the faculty of San Francisco State University, has come a long way from her naiveté about the sexuality of Sappho. She was born in rural Virginia during the Depression -- to her, the era of "the ten cent movie and the penny postcard." The appearance in 1978 of her daughter and granddaughter of dentists, she classifies the family as "water-creating middle class; which is in turn as we're scared of falling back to being 'country.'"

She remembers shaking hands with Eleanor Roosevelt. "I was eight years old and she came to the Easter Egg Roll wearing a mink coat and riding boots. I'm sure that had an influence on my life..."

Gearhart says that, as a teenager, she operated on two different and contradictory levels. "I went through high school dating a lot of boys and assuming

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Gearhart

Continued from previous page

the next fourteen years in Texas, teaching first at Stephen F. Austin State University and, later, at Texas Lutheran College. She remained deeply clued throughout those Texas years. In Word Is Out, she recalls attending faculty parties accompanied by a gay male friend: "We’d put on an incredibly good show . . . I felt myself living a dual life and I put a awful lot of energy into creat­ing to it that the world did not know what I was actually about."

Nonetheless, some of her faculty colleagues knew or suspected that she was a lesbian. "They tried one of my sadness to seduce me," Gearhart says. "Because of a previous blackmail threat, I was being celibate and very careful at the time. I would not have touched her with a ten-foot pole. Two years later, after she graduated, the student came to an incredible end and told me what had happened."

Playing along with the system to maintain the secrecy of her closet, Gearhart found herself growing inter­nal conflict over the values of the system she was supporting and her developing feminist consciousness. "I was sponsor­ing sororities," she says in Word Is Out, "which had a lot to do with the way in which you perpetuate these stereotypes of what femininity is all about . . . I was judging Miss Texas contests!"

In 1970 Gearhart moved to San Francisco where she found the women’s and gay movements building up steam in a political and social atmosphere conducive to coming out. "I was so ex­cited to be able to say that I was a les­bian," she recalls, "that I would shake hands with strangers on the street and say, 'Hi! I'm Kelly Leven and I'm a g­bearh!' I realized then that I had put too much of my identity into being lesbian. What I really was was a speech teacher, so I seriously began to build my professional life."

She worked part-time for three years and finally was hired by San Francisco State on a full-time basis. As she built her career anew, her academic em­phasis shifted — as had her political in­terests — to women’s studies. "At State, in 1972, we had the first course in the nation on sex roles and communica­tions. We were beginning to understand that the differences between men and women were great. These differences, both influence and were influenced by communication patterns."

But, even at San Francisco State, new thinking and emerging changes in established values met with resistance. Gearhart says, "A lot of my publica­tions were in women's studies and were about lesbian. Most were published in movement journals, rather than tradi­tion academic journals. Some members of my department questioned whether these writings were sufficiently scholarly and whether they should be the basis for granting tenure."

The final vote was in favor of grant­ing tenure, but one committee member filed a minority report that talked about the "political atmospheres" that surrounded Gearhart and questioned whether that was ap­propriate for academia. The dissenting opinion shifted the decision to the prov­essor and the university president. After a good deal of politicking on the issue, "the ruling came down in her favor," Gearhart says. "I got no support from the depart­ment, the school, and the university. I was left with an incredible amount of freedom and even a certain kind of regard for being openly different."

14 San Francisco Sentinel • April 17, 1987
A Critical Look at the AIDS Care Movement

An Analysis of the 1987 National Lesbian and Gay Health Conference and the Fifth National AIDS Forum

by Jason Serinus

Over 1,000 lesbian and gay health professionals, caregivers, support workers, PWAs, and concerned individuals attended the recent Lesbian and Gay Health Conference, held March 26-29, at the Sheraton Universal Hotel just north of Hollywood. Mostly middle-aged, and almost all from the continental US, the attendees, many of whom also lectured in workshops and panels, were given the choice of attending a staggered 227 workshops and panels offered in 11 concurrent sessions, seven plenaries and group sessions, 11 receptions, two banquets, and at least one safe and sober dance (attended mainly by hot LA lesbians).

The conference afforded a unique opportunity to develop a critical overview of the current state of the AIDS care movement by examining the experiences and feelings of other health care providers, many of whom have gained insight and encouragement from our Bay Area community, the following is an attempt to look at what we have accomplished, and where we may be heading.

Nurturing Elements

First, credit where credit is due. For a community that is "under siege," as holistic healers such as ourselves described the tone of the conference, we are doing a magnificent job of learning how to care for each other and making such efforts possible. For the participants I interviewed who felt most positive about the conference, this element of nurturance became the basis for their choices about what to attend and how to share. For them, the conference provided a space in which they could, to some extent, move beyond and separate themselves from the day-to-day demands of the AIDS situation to address some of their own emotional and spiritual needs.

Rita Fahn, a nurse on SF General Hospital’s 5A AIDS Ward, and Gary Kurt, a nurse practitioner at the Ward 86 AIDS outpatient clinic, observed that it "always is a good to have a conference where the majority of attendees are lesbian and gay." "It was a real break from the AIDS medical conferences in Atlanta and Paris very depressed," Gary reported. "This conference offered far more of a blend of approaches, and far more nurturance." Both nurses skipped the clinical workshops to attend such workshops as "Healing Ourselves, Healing Others" led by Joan M. R. Veifio of the AIDS Prevention Program and the UCSF AIDS Health Project, "Empower" packed and much-praised "Making Room for Healing and Dying" by Shanti director Jim Garry; "Empowering the Age of AIDS: Strengthening the Gay Male Family," led by Judy Mack of the AIDS Health Project; and "Nurturing Ourselves: A Workshop for People Who Work with People Who Have AIDS".

Second, the conference underscored the need for more of a blend of approaches, and far more integrated they were into the conference than any other year that we had attended. Indeed, with a number of workshops given by and for PWAs, and a special award presented to our own Bobby Reynolds, the people to whom to our community is devoting so much care and love emerged vibrantly from a mass of pessimistic statistics.

Holistic healers Misha Cohen and Dan Phillips of the San Francisco AIDS Alternative Healing Project, and William O’Connor of the AIDS Healing Alliance also stressed that the conference was a "healing experience." Among mostly experimental, affirmative workshops, they agreed that there is much love and mutual encouragement for moving forward in our movement.

Male Egos & Organizational Chauvinism

All was not so rosy in Kansas, however. Attendance at the highlighted-for-the-press "International Approaches to the AIDS Crisis" panel revealed male heads of the AIDS organizations from the United Kingdom, Canada, and Australia far too attached to their pre-packaged presentations to allow representation from other areas more than a few minutes to share.

Although much valuable information was presented, attendees were forced to process it and learn from it’s outside the discussion. This inability to share — and the male ego and organizational chauvinism that created it — were unfortunately evident in many different situations throughout the conference.

David May, an AIDS Health Educator for Northern California, and Ruth Schwartz, an AIDS Community Health Worker, the women attendees, and just about everyone else I was able to interview left the conference with a host of concerns.

Speaking as individuals, rather than as representatives of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation with which they are affiliated, David and Ruth voiced some key questions about our current direction.

David experienced an excessive number of didactic workshops, a lot of which were purely academic and too often repetitious. If one missed "Safe Sex?" at 11 am, for example, one could almost be certain of encountering it academically again at 2 pm. Too many presenters seemed attached to giving their very own ego presentations, often putting out "their own party line or marketing campaign," rather than resources for the common good.

One workshop which David attended attempted to oversee major condom companies into advertising in the gay press. David instead mentioned an alternative approach being used to bring condoms into our bedrooms: at least one AIDS organization is itself marketing and packaging condoms superior to those currently available from the big commercial manufacturers. This not only helps ensure our health, but keeps some of the proceeds from the sale of condoms within our community.

David emphasized that he would rather see us put our energies into marketing superior Japanese condoms, such as "Chapeman 39, “40,” or "Fujitex,“ rather than trying to undercut large American manufacturers of inferior products into making their profits from advertising within the gay community.

Among other issues raised by David: this conference featured the first workshop on SM in eight years, and demonstrated a lack on the part of AIDS organizations to educate and dialogue with bisexual men.

For Ruth Schwartz, the conference "raised a lot more questions than it answered. At what point do our own individual needs as health care professionals employed in AIDS organizations diverge from the needs of PWAs and people at risk?" she asked of herself and others. "At what point does our vested interest in the AIDS care system, our stake in career advancement, and prestige threaten the needs of the people we are designing services for?" Ruth underscored some of David’s concerns by noting that "some too extreme, this was a more conservative mainstream conference" than she had expected. It was almost as though an unspoken consensus among many attendees was that "we’re all professionals, and we can exchange a few trade secrets and put ourselves on the back. Indeed, such egotism and chauvinism resulted in the shared feeling among many participants that they learned more from networking after the workshops than from the presenters/program presentations themselves. Ruth also questioned the role for the white gay men and lesbians who make up the majority of staff in most AIDS organizations in an epidemic where cases of AIDS and AIDS risk increasingly occur among heterosexuals and people of color. "I didn’t hear the word Africa throughout the whole conference," she said. Indeed, the multi-faceted nature of the epidemic drew into question the glaring absence of people of color.

Billy Jones, a black man, street person, gay father, and long-term social service provider, and most recently health educator for Washington DC’s gay and lesbian Whitman-Walker Clinic, reiterated these concerns. While one out of every four PWAs is black and 40% are people of color, hardly any third World PWAs or health professionals attended the conference. Billy attributed this in part to the cost of traveling to and attending the conference, which made it prohibitive for most economically disadvantaged people of color who were not sent by professional organizations. The resolutions passed by the plenary at the conclusion of the conference stressed the need to do more to support people of color, as well as to the deaf, the developmentally disadvantaged, and women.

Chris Stansell, assistant director of the Shanti Project, attended the conference with a contingent of nine people from that organization. While acknowledging that many of his fellow staff members felt feeling "rewound, healed, and validated," that "an absolute heartfelt space and caring" was created during our four days together. Chris stressed the need for more major AIDS organizations to address the changing face of the epidemic. AIDS, he noted, surfaced first among gay men, then among the third World population, and may yet fulfill predictions that it will spread beyond the IV-drug community to hit the US heterosexual population with full force.

Yet the White Third World was inadequately represented at the conference. As a Mexican-American, Chris felt that he did not receive adequate support from the conference.

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"At what point do our own needs as health care professionals employed in AIDS organizations diverge from the needs of PWAs?"

— Schwartz

MEN

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HEALING RESOURCES

VAN R. AULT

Metaphysical Center Opens on Castro Street

The Obelisk Becomes The Oracle

by Van R. Ault

"Where an Obelisk once stood, there is now an Oracle." This is the advertising slogan for a noteworthy change taking place on Castro Street. The Obelisk, once an expensive, attractive, trendy representative of gay commercialism, will in a short time be transformed into a metaphysical spiritual center called The Oracle.

The Obelisk store has gone dark, its doors locked, while the change is in process, perhaps like a caterpillar going into a cocoon. But it hopes to emerge as a bringer of new possibilities to its gay community when doors open again in the next month or two.

The Oracle is the advertising slogan for a noteworthy change taking place here. The Obelisk store has gone dark, its doors locked, while the change is in process, perhaps like a caterpillar going into a cocoon. But it hopes to emerge as a bringer of new possibilities to its gay community when doors open again in the next month or two.

"The Obelisk represented a time of opulence and materialism," reflects Mark Cristofer, former president of the Obelisk's corporation, and now a board member of the Oracle's. "As AIDS came in, the gay community became less materialistic. When you die, you look at it totally differently. Issues differ now. What we plan on doing with the Oracle is to create a place that will have all of the resources needed for people to find whatever path they need. It is not one spiritual path that will cure this disease; the cure comes from actual spiritual healing and learning the lessons that the disease presented.

Cristofer's thesis about AIDS is that it is the gay community -- as a collective consciousness -- has chosen to experience AIDS as an opportunity for a learning experience to open closed hearts and fearful minds, so that we can return to our ancient roles as healers, shamans, priests and priestesses of society. "This is the way our higher nature teaches us," he explains. "The gay community has gotten it first because we're more spiritually aligned and conscious than the norm. The coming-out process itself creates a higher level of consciousness, because we have to question our entire belief system. The heart chakra in the gay community has been blocked because of what society has done to us and what we've chosen to believe, and what we've done to each other. As we witness what's happening with so many of the people who have AIDS or have died of it, we see our heart open up again."

He suggests that the gay community will cure the disease metaphysically. "The disease will heal itself through the process of people becoming more spiritually evolved. When we get to that point, there's only one alternative to take and that is to teach. That's what we've always done through our history, and it's time to do it again."

The Oracle will offer a three-fold approach to support that process. First, it will offer books, audio and video tapes on spiritual growth subjects, which will embody the Obelisk's material self-help material and new age concepts. Some of these will be pre-screened, so there will be plenty of space in the store for people who cannot afford to buy to

Continued from page 15

Confereence

The conference organizers for his insights. He noted a lack of understanding with the differences between Puerto Rican and Mexican-American populations, and felt the heavy Northeast bent of the conference did not adequately represent the whole country.

Lessons from the Women's Movement

High on the list of priorities for the women who attended the conference was their ability to dialogue with and educate the men present to this end, the Saturday morning 75-minute panel, "Lessons from the Recent Past: What Gay Men and AIDS Service Providers Might Learn from the Women's Health Movement," was set up as a key focal point of the conference.

Much to the dismay of the women and the more grassroots political and feminist organizations on hand, this panel was poorly attended by -- guess who -- the gay men who are doing key work with AIDS. Nor was the early 9:30 am starting time of the panel the reason: many men attended the 8:30 am address on "Critical Public Issues Facing CDC." There was no way to avoid the crucial week-end meeting of the four women on the panel: the boys in the hand were still scared to march with the women who have been the cutting edge of the movement for control of our lives for the last 20, not 120, years.

Keith Burton, MD, stated that, "I would have hoped the networks of gay and physicians would have a more feminist analysis of the patriarchal roots of Western medicine, and the limitations this creates in dealing with AIDS."

The four panelists stressed that the same issues that gays are facing now with AIDS are the ones that women have been addressing for years: housing, welfare, disability rights, employment discrimination, their ability to define their own treatment based on their own highest interests, and respect from the medical profession as responsible human beings as opposed to statistics, case histories, or "them."

Women have already addressed the issues of access to health care and quality of health care, and developed clinics, organizations, and the technical self-help knowledge to begin to ensure that all women's health could be looked after.

"Control of our own bodies is of elemental concern to any social and political movement," said the first speaker. "This has been true of the issue of reproductive rights, and it is true of the AIDS movement as well."

Suannet Gage, executive director of the AIDS Alternative Health Care Project and Women's AIDS Project in Los Angeles, stressed that her work grew out of the women's health care movement and out of need to develop hands-on, self-help techniques as well as emotional support. Her project teaches PWA's to go do a doctor with a friend who will make sure they get their need to understand what their bodies are demanding from them met through communication devoid of technical jargon.

The last speaker, Suzanne Pharr, lesion and former vice-chair of the National Coalition on Domestic Violence, told a story too horrible to be ignored.

Perhaps two years ago, the federal government offered half a million dollars to a national women's organization promoting awareness against domestic violence to aid a new project. After much debate, her group budgeted the money for educational and outreach activities.

We are doing a magnificent job of learning to take care of ourselves, he said, and yet why is this woman organization using the tape of the women's national project "as a model for educational and consciousness-raising activities with all their staff, volunteers, and clients?" He further stated, that several women's organizations and agencies confronted and ended the invisibility of domestic violence against women, proof of color, the dead, and the ability to be disdained by the time of the conference.

The concluding panel unanimously urged, requested, and, yes, demanded that all of every AIDS organization use the tape of the women's national project "as a model for educational and consciousness-raising activities with all their staff, volunteers, and clients." It further stated that several women's organizations and agencies confronted and ended the invisibility and discrimination against women, proof of color, the dead, and the ability to be disdained by the time of the conference.

A Gentle Lion of Contradictions, Choreographer Paul Taylor Talks about His Career, the "Ridiculousness" of Ballet — and the Premiere of Sunset by San Francisco Ballet

by David Gere

At a time when many modern dance choreographers, Taylor company alumni Twyla Tharp, Laura Dean, and Danny Grossman among them, are making dances for big ballet companies — on pointe, even — Taylor remains an unambiguous modern dance partisan. He is committed to choreographing dances only for his own company, fashioning movement that speaks of his "ease with awkwardness," his joy in ugliness, his fascination with both the dark and light sides of human nature. He does not do commissions.

Procuring the right to perform a Taylor work, therefore, is a little like going into the lion’s lair to borrow a steak bone: Chances are, if you leave at all, you’ll leave hungry. The San Francisco Ballet tipped out with its stomach full. Taylor’s Sunset (1985), one of the finest works of his career, is included in the company’s eighties program, premiering next Tuesday night.

Perhaps Taylor is a gentler lion than his roaring might suggest. He may snivel about "ballet" (imagine the word set in flowery italics, Ray Bolger-style), but he'll also give a strong ballet company a shot at performing one of his most delicate works. Yes, between the growing and acquiescence there is an inherent contradiction, but a certain bluster is essential to this man who started making modern dances when the idiom was in its adolescence. A bit of the terrible teenager has always lurked under the surface of Taylor’s work. And that youthful edge remains.

Taylor was born near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania during the Depression, his father a Ph.D. physicist — who insisted on being referred to as "Dr. Taylor," even by his wife and three older step-

children — and his mother, a suffragette. Taylor's parents separated and his father moved to Ohio when Taylor was a child, due to the unusual "loneliness." Dr. Taylor held for his eldest stepson.

The rest of the family then moved to Washington, D.C., where Taylor's mother supported them by running a hotel dining room. "It was not convenient to have a child around," says Taylor, so he, the youngest, was farmed out to boarding schools during the year and to camps in the summer.

In a soon-to-be-released autobiography (Private Domain, Knopf, $22.95) Taylor writes that he enjoyed "health, privacy, and a mother whom I was wild about." And he was not, contrary to what one might expect, lonely. There were, indeed, few peer playmates. But Taylor rose up for the separation from his family by conjuring imaginary companions in a rich "inner fantasy world," playmates who were fully as real to him as flesh-and-blood contemporaries.

Almost by chance, Taylor ended up at Syracuse University studying art on a swimming scholarship. "I thought that I wanted to paint, but when I started painting classes I realized that I was just not cut out for it. And I couldn’t think of anything I’d be any good at. So when this idea came about dancing and I thought, 'Yeah, that’s something I could do', there was nothing else for me."

The girls’ modern dance club at Syracuse provided some few opportunities for dancing, by featuring Taylor in a pseudoprimitive duet performed in and among the campus plantings. And the university cheerleaders enlisted his efforts in their rollicking halftime numbers. "Something was better than nothing," Taylor comments wryly.

But Taylor encountered dancing in other venues, too.

In the movies, for one, although Taylor says he could never "connect" with the idea of being in one — "You had to sing and talk ... I’m scared to death of talking." And at the ballet, in another. He found, though, that the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo, which had swung through town on tour, wasn’t something he could completely relate to either. "It wasn’t me," he says. "Carry some idea around with pointe shoes on? It looked ridiculous to me.

"It still does."

Taylor’s first encounter with modern dance was through books, especially Barbara Morgan’s early photographs of Martha Graham, to which Taylor responded with prophetic recognition. A bit of the terrible teenager that looks like me." That summer, Taylor — sleek and strong, with a swimmer’s build — studied at the American Dance Festival, where Graham discovered him in class as he danced in his blue jeans. (His tights had not yet arrived in the mail.) By the following year, he was performing with her company.

Taylor was rightly famous as a Graham dancer. Impressively large and muscular, he was her ideal partner in such epic dance-dramas as Clytemnestra and Phaedra. And when, in 1959, Graham and Balanchine hit upon the idea of choreographing complementary works to the music of Anton Webern, Balanchine asked if he could borrow Taylor to perform a solo in his part of Episodes, featured among his New York Ballet dancers.

After that, Balanchine asked Taylor to join his company. Although honored by the invitation, Taylor demurred. He could not be a ballet dancer. He thought at the time, "It just isn’t how things are meant to be . . . I have to keep heading in my own direction."

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Paul Taylor’s Sunset, performed by the choreographer’s own company, featured Lila York and Christopher Gillis (1983).
On his workshop bench, Thomas Hardin Masterson lines up the woods he has chosen, his favorites: chocolate brown walnut, ruddy cedar which he had cut and cured himself; bleached white-操控下; salvaged from, the mash tubs at daughters have children.

San Francisco, where he lives — a different friend. Instead he brings home men from married, has never had so much as a girlfriend. Instead he brings home men from under threat of a whipping. Now them to weekend visits, not by words—he their lives he and Ravenel have hardly theirhood. Ravenel never set foot in the shop, could tell! Ravenel turned out paper.

Tom Hardin stays in the shop.

High Bridge
A Story
by
Fenton Johnson

"Gingko. Came from the monastery walk. You remember those big trees where you used to be able to park for mid-night Mass."

Ravenel shakes his head. "I guess that was before my time."

Tom Hardin puts on his glasses and holds the wood to the window. Ravenel flips on the overhead fluorescent. With the board Tom Hardin swats the switch off. "I need the sun to look at this."

Ravenel stands and brushes his jeans of wood shavings. "You want your coat? It's cold."

"Leave it. I'll drink it." Ravenel shuts the door behind him with a careful click. teach penmanship and English in the Catholic grade school. Hiring her was a radical step; she was their first lay teacher. Tom Hardin, who was on the parish board, chose her because they believed her safely into spankthood, no temptation for the high school boys or men of the parish. She was tall, thin, arch: curlicues of dyed black hair dangled over her arching forehead, pencilled eyebrows arched over deep-set, protruding eyes. In her marriageable years she had a ruddy cedar plain. Tom Hardin himself had said so. Then their generation aged. The married women wrinkled and sagged from child-bearing. Weighted down with kids, laundry, groceries, they slowed their steps and words and thoughts.

At forty Miss Camilla was plain as ever, but with the Christmas presents for the children, and bought herself a new coat. In 1950 two hundred dollars bought a very nice coat indeed, a scarlet wool knee-length affair with a real mink collar. Miss Camilla learned all this because five days after Tom Hardin left to hunt deer. Rose Ella swell and her wallet shrink. He felt trapped. When in November friends asked him to go deer hunting in upstate New York, leaving Rose Ella a three-word note: "I'll be back." In it he folded two crisp one hundred dollar bills.

"Guilt money." Miss Camilla told him later, on their first drive to High Bridge. She was blunt about this, like everything else; it was another reason Tom Hardin liked her. "Women in New Hope are nothing like yours."

Forty-two, Tom Hardin had too many children and a life that was slipping through his hands. Ravenel, number six, was due that December. Tom Hardin watched Rose Ella swell and her wallet shrink. He felt trapped. When in November friends asked him to go deer hunting in upstate New York, leaving Rose Ella a three-word note: "I'll be back." In it he folded two crisp one hundred dollar bills.

Tom Hardin looks up from his workbench, to see Miss Camilla hobbling across the yard. She has had two heart at-tacks: she has been told she will not survive the third, and that it may come at any time. Weather permitting, but she is coming. Tom Hardin returned. Miss Camilla had just bought a new car and was none too well off herself. "For the next two weeks the five Masterson children are supper cramped around Miss Camilla's walnut-grocery with Paty K., the youngest, perched on a stack of the complete Shakespeare.

"What have I to lose?" she'd say to Tom Hardin.

In 1950, when Camilla Perkins was forty years old, the Parish Board asked her to come of her after his death. They have their own lives, and he is careful to remind them of this. His sons have jobs, his daughters have children.

No, not at all. Through his childhood. Ravenel never set foot in the shop, except under threat of a whipping. Now he wants to look on. It is this, the changing of things, that angers Tom Hardin. For all their lives he and Ravenel have hardly spoken to each other, except to snap and back off. Now Tom Hardin is dying and they are supposed to get along; here is Ravenel asking to be taught in a month what it took Tom Hardin himself a lifetime to learn. "What kind of wood is that?" Ravenel says, pointing.
A fine job. I might add.”

“You made clear who here was boss.”

“Between teaching your children, know­

ing you for thirty-five years and listening to

“Mrs. Camilla, I’m trying to learn. He wants to

“Is it because he used to avoid your shop? He is trying to learn. He wants to learn.”

“in three months. Four months.”

“Do you think he gave up a job and came back only for that? He knows he can’t learn wood in that little time.”

“He’s too much like you to ask.”

“He is just like me,” Tom Hardin grows. “Let him get a wife and start thinking. He isn’t a man. He’s never even mentioned a girl­

friend. He’s not married. He has no family.”

Miss Camilla’s face tightens, bitter and grey under the heat of her arching gaze. Tom Hardin had forgotten that birth could be this hard. He lay the roses on the bed.

“Dead flowers.” Rose Ella said her face turning to the wall.

“These nights Tom Hardin sleeps not at

all. How can he sleep, with no guts to an­
chor his body to its bed? He eats almost

nothing but still every trip to the bathroom

is a stinking mess. He keeps these bath­

room episodes for nightmares, when Rave­

nel is asleep and Tom Hardin can sit

in the fluorescent hum for as long as he

burned by the heat of her arching gaze, Tom

had seen fit to remind Miss Camilla of as much,

all. He had voted to hire her. Rose Ella had

nothing. He was on the Parish Board, after

and on without turning back but she said

nothing. She was the one who handed him

the glue from the bottle spout. He can see

her hesitating; probably she knows where

he will want to go. “A dying man’s last re­
quest,” he says. “That’s a joke.”

“I suppose I owe you something for all

this woodwork education,” she says.

“As long as it’s sunny.”

By February, things come to the point

that Tom Hardin cannot work on his bench. Something new is happening here — he feels the cancer growing. At night he places his hand on his side, feeling the cancer pulse with a life of its own, its beat a half beat behind the beat of his own heart. He cannot escape the notion that he is do­

ning this to himself — the cancer is a part of

himself, after all, that is killing him, and tak­

ing its goddamn sweet time in getting

burned to its bed? He eats almost

nothing but still every trip to the bathroom

is a stinking mess. He keeps these bath­

room episodes for nightmares, when Rave­

nel is asleep and Tom Hardin can sit

in the fluorescent hum for as long as he

needs, with a Reader’s Digest in his lap and no

questions asked, no sympathy given. If his problem were only the pain, he would have no problem. But each day he leaves a little more of his life behind. In the mornings, crossing the flagstone patio

steps he had hoisted and crowded into it, he sipped of a half hour’s strength. He sits in the shop, breathing heavy and shallow, until he hears Ravenel open the back door to bring coffee. Then he stands and picks up a piece of wood, or an oil can, anything to look busy. “It’s not like Ravenel would know what goes with wood and what doesn’t,” he grumbles to

himself when he supposed he could do

something up. Miss Camilla will work her

way across the yard in her own good time.

“What has you going crazy?” Tom Hardin says to Ravenel one snowy

morning, when it is clear that Miss Camilla

will not make it across the yard.

“Nothing, really. We talk about books, mostly. Miss Camilla taught me English, you know. She’s the one who gave me a chance to talk about that kind of thing.”

“Don’t talk about her heart.”

“Tom Hardin says, but he grins at her imper­

iousness. He takes a good swig of his coffee and

hletes her along; he wanted her to witness this

burning and clamping to Miss Camilla. In the hope that once this is done he will recover the strength to mount the layered block on the lathe and turn it into a lamp. He has not told her that it will be a lamp, nor that it will be his gift to her.

These mornings Ravenel still brings cof­

fee, but he cuts short his hanging around to

imply questions. Instead he crosses the

yard to Miss Camilla’s, where he some­

times stays for more than an hour. This

delays her arrival at the shop. Tom Hardin

finds himself getting irritated with Ravenel, though he knows he has no reason to. He is building something up. Miss Camilla will work her way across the yard in her own good time.

“What do you do with your evenings?” Tom Hardin says to Ravenel one snowy

morning, when it is clear that Miss Camilla

will not make it across the yard.

“Nothing, really. We talk about books, mostly. Miss Camilla taught me English, you know. She’s the one who gave me a chance to talk about that kind of thing.”

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“Nothing, really. We talk about books, mostly. Miss Camilla taught me English, you know. She’s the one who gave me a chance to talk about that kind of thing.”

“Don’t talk about her heart.”

“Tom Hardin says, but he grins at her imper­

iousness. He takes a good swig of his coffee and

hletes her along; he wanted her to witness this

burning and clamping to Miss Camilla. In the hope that once this is done he will recover the strength to mount the layered block on the lathe and turn it into a lamp. He has not told her that it will be a lamp, nor that it will be his gift to her.

These mornings Ravenel still brings cof­

fee, but he cuts short his hanging around to

imply questions. Instead he crosses the

yard to Miss Camilla’s, where he some­

sometimes stays for more than an hour. This

delays her arrival at the shop. Tom Hardin

finds himself getting irritated with Ravenel, though he knows he has no reason to. He is building something up. Miss Camilla will work her way across the yard in her own good time.

“What do you do with your evenings?” Tom Hardin says to Ravenel one snowy

morning, when it is clear that Miss Camilla

will not make it across the yard.

“Nothing, really. We talk about books, mostly. Miss Camilla taught me English, you know. She’s the one who gave me a chance to talk about that kind of thing.”

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yard to Miss Camilla’s, where he some­

sometimes stays for more than an hour. This

...
giving him the finger, but out of deference he says, "Safe trip," he says. Tom Hardin feels like anger. Tom Hardin trailed behind.

Out of the trees' bare limbs. Then she spoke. Still their last echoes tangled themselves in the stone pathways.

TomHardin takes Miss Camilla's arm. He is going to make a lamp from that block of wood. He chooses his words carefully. He does not want to misstep now. "I know," he says. "I was going to give it to you. I thought as much." 

"I never finish it. Turning it takes a good eye and a steady hand. I've lost that. But I thought you would want to know. I was making it for you," he says. "You're very kind. With her cane she points out the blooming redbud. "It's greener now than it was then," she says.

Really, this is a better time of year to come."

"He's not like me," TomHardin growls. "Let him get a woman."

to Miss Camilla he keeps his hands in his lap. They are hardly out of the drive before Tom Hardin turns to Miss Camilla. "How about driving to High Bridge?"

"I know where you think that is an hour or more away, and I've seen better roads." He does not move. "Do you think she will be there?"

She aside. He says, "Tell her I thought she would be there."

He waves Ravenel at it. "Tell her I thought she would be there."

Along the catwalk, he listens for her voice. He hears only the chattering of the swallow.

When finally she reaches the car, he holds the door for her, but does not shut it once she has climbed in.

"Tom Hardin," Miss Camilla says gently. "You have been looking in the wrong place.

He does not move. "Do you think she ever forgave me?"

She says nothing. He knows she is turning her answer over in her head, an answer she is sure of but uncertain whether to present. No. she says finally. No. I don't think she ever did.

They arrive home as it is getting dark. Ravenel bounds across the yard, full of noise and concern. Miss. Camilla leans against his seat. His disappointed is too great not to give it voice. "My God, Camilla, why are you saying no now? What difference does it make?"

"Before. Rose Ella lived, and you took what you wanted. Now she is dead, and suddenly you ask."

"I couldn't ask, then. He forces himself to the seat and says the words. I didn't know how. Things are different, now. I'm older."

Tom Hardin looks good to me then. "Anyone would have looked good to you then. Anyplace would have looked good to you then. I was available, with a new car and a school holiday. She plants her cane, covers one mottled hand with another, stares out over the valley. "Tom Hardin. You seem to think I have never known love. She speaks in a voice determined to convince. She might be lecturing herself. "I have known love. I have been lucky in love."

"I know your kind. You think any flat-chested woman should faint in your lap."

"I don't think I ever did." He waves Ravenel at it. "Tell her I thought she might use it to fuel her stove." Ravenel lifts the sack, feels its weight. hesitates. "Go on," Tom Hardin says. He watches his son cross the yard. In Ravenel's walk he sees his own walk, that bow-legged, strut peculiar to the Masterman sons. He sits for a few minutes, then Ravenel returns. He comes out with a shack, and places the unwrapped block of wood on Tom Hardin's workbench. "She thanks you." Ravenel says, "but she insists that it be finished, and says to tell you that she doesn't want to use it. She tells me that I am to finish it. You are to teach her me how. She says."

"He does."

Tom Hardin takes the block of wood and holds it to the light. It is not the best gluing job, even for a beginner. "It can't be done," he says. "It won't hold up to the lathe." Ravenel moves to the door, standing out at the newly-greened lawn. From across the yard Tom Hardin hears Miss Camilla's door open, and he lifts his head. Ravenel steps out and crosses to offer his arm, which she accepts. For a moment they talk, then they turn away to return to Miss Camilla's house.

Tom Hardin studies her three-legged walk, as she pulls herself to her door with the help of her cane. I am too old, he thinks, I have too little time left to change. If that is stupid and narrow, so be it. I have earned that privilege.

Yet he watches Miss Camilla poling away from him, his son at her side. He hefts the woods in his hands, turning it over in his window's light, his unhurrying fingers testing its strength against the turning of the lathe. 

Fenton Johnson, a former Stagger Fellow in Fiction at Stanford University, is currently working on an edition of magic and another look of short fiction. Previously published in the Chicago Tribune, "High Bridge" was awarded "numerous" status in the Nalden Alpert Fiction Competition. Johnson, who currently lives in San Francisco, has lived in the Bay Area for over 15 years.
Jo Harvey Allen represents a new breed of performing artist. Before the age of broadcast immediacy and video reality, she would have been an impossibility. Even today she is very nearly unique. Where Whoopi Goldberg and Lily Tomlin have gone before, Jo Harvey is going now, but she is also breaking new ground.

Goldberg and Tomlin—and, from a certain angle, Bette Midler, too—are artists with many different talents all developed to highly professional levels. The same can be said of Jo Harvey. But, where the women who went on to super star status before her offered themselves as cafeterias of talent, Jo Harvey is pure the Hundred way of success as a solid, fully-integrated wall of talents.

As the lying woman in David Byrne's film, True Stories, she proved herself as a film actress. She was wearing some striking jewelry, a necklace and several bracelets that were all gifts. Snakes seemed appropriate gifts for the writer-actors who created Hally Lou, an aptly-named, would-be TV evangelist whose sermons involve the handling of poisonous snakes. Jo Harvey has to come out of the closet.”

She was being put in the way of possibly new careers before her offered themselves as cafeterias of talent. Jo Harvey represents a new breed of performing artist. Before the age of broad-
Robert Gluck, the Modernist

The writer's life is glamorous, larger than life — so thinks the public. Robert Gluck, assistant director of the San Francisco Poetry Center and one of America's most innovative and influential gay writers, chortles at this stereotype. Sipping coffee at Sweet Inspiration, he says, "I get a lot of joy out of simple things — walking my dog late at night or walking to the post office. I like to play a lot and I like domestic rituals. Our sweetest connection to the history of mankind is when we boil water for tea. Basically, I'm a slob at heart."

Gluck, author of the acclaimed Jack the Modernist, is preparing for a three-day residency at Intersection: April 21st, 27th and 28th. On April 21st, Gluck will discuss the self as a construct (non-narration, or preparation for a three-day J

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In primitive communities, you are completely known, inside and out, all your life. But as society develops, these needs are redistributed. Warhol's "Everybody should be famous for 15 minutes" is the latest attempt to meet this need. The only problem is that you're only known as a commodity.

One of Gluck's literary innovations (along with New Narrative poets, such as Judy Grahn, Kathy Acker and others) involves how he names himself in his work. "I'm a little slob at heart." Gluck continues. "I give them the option of rewriting what they think about the self and of having their names changed if they wish. In Jack the Modernist I also turned letters into conversations to keep the flavor of how my friends talk."

On April 22nd, Gluck will read a new story he's writing for the occasion, "Two Sapphires of Light." It's about the break-up of a relationship where nothing holds — not words, the self or even one's sense of the past. "Life seems to be built on top of it crumbling from the bottom," Gluck says. Bruce Boone will join him to read "Al akhea" from his translation of George Bataille's Le Coupable.

"The hardest thing to do in writing is to show how things are while revealing the contradictions of one's own time," a construct (non-narration, or preparation for a three-day J

Previously, each generation had one audience. What we think about sex, what we're able to think about it, is dramatically more limited than our experience of sex."

We all have an urge to be whole, to be integrated, to have a life that makes sense. Serious writing must be critical of a society that doesn't nurture its members. But who we are is also the language we speak and our attempts to rectify things will always be qualified by limitations and losses we cannot be aware of. The hardest thing to do in writing is to show how things are while revealing the contradictions of one's own time. This requires a great deal of faith because you have to re-imagine the world. Since the world we live in, at every point, is a world no one has yet described, everything works against us. Language describes a world that no longer exists, ideas are happy to continue beyond their life-span, literary forms want to continue beyond their possibilities around them. It's hard to get past this.

Uppermost in Gluck's mind at the moment, however, are not literary questions or even his upcoming poetry festival, but an upcoming visit from his boyfriend from New York. This prompts some observations on how there doesn't seem to be a "younger generation" anymore because one can't get to a point where the terms are different.

"What we think about sex, what we're able to think about it, is dramatically more limited than our experience of sex."
San Francisco Ballet

A Poetic, Haunting ‘Narcisse’ Premieres

Last week, surrounded by an emotionally schizoid evening of dance programming, a poetic and psychologically potent new ballet emerged on the Opera House stage.

Narcisse, the fourth work for San Francisco Ballet by choreographer Val Caniparoli, is a dramatic, sometimes ambiguous, exceptionally liquid piece of dance. It is also a subtly profound work, revealing much about the choreographer’s art, the profession of ballet dancer, and the nature of San Francisco’s ballet audiences. The impact of Narcisse, set to Debussy’s dreamy evocative Nocturnes, is haunting. It begins in absolute silence: a group of dancers taking class, preparing for performance. Everyone watches a central, single dancer — the most beautiful dancer in terms of line, the most advanced dancer in terms of technique and artistic expression. This new Narcisse is danced by Jean Charles Gil. His performance — on both Thursday and Saturday evenings was virile, seamless and technically brilliant. It was also impassioned by a dramatic urgency that seems to have become the trademark of this international star.

Besides the sensuous, gestural movement for Gil ( punctuated by many leaps and intricate footwork), Caniparoli also choreographed an effective counterpoint of crossing, sometimes frenzied diagonals for the corps of 14 dancers. This keeps the choreography for Narcisse very difficult, but never obviously so because of Caniparoli’s extreme sensitivity to Debussy’s impressions of color.

The choreographer has made a dance that both follows and develops this continued line of movement for Gil and his partner Joanna Berman (the dances the role of Echo, challenging the youth’s self-absorption and asserting her own technical and artistic competence). Berman’s performance, especially the second night I attended, was exquisitely strong and appealing.

The story that Narcisse tells, despite the mythological precursor and despite dance historical references (one immediately thinks of Massine’s L’Apres-Midi d’un Faune) is unique. As the ballet evolves from the literal to the symbolic, to the private and the public, to the observed and the observed, to the personal and the public, the public and the private realms of dance, the ballet invokes a poetic and psychological longing for performance. Everyone watches a central, single dancer — she taunts him, challenges his absolute superiority, invites this self-absorbed youth to dance with her. In the third movement, a transformation of place — and person — occurs. The ballet studio setting disappears, and is replaced by a black-on-black scrim and flash, deep blue lighting. (The decor, by John Wood Hudson, are remarkably successful throughout the entire piece.)

The dancing in the final movement — an exceptionally poetic, organic pas de deux — reminds us that ultimately the work of dance is the making of art. Narcisse finds a tentative, short-lived union with his Echo. The mystery of Narcisse; the ballet eludes a transcription of narrative from one context to another. And this is why the ballet invites a mood of contemplation, this is why Narcisse haunts with poetic resonance.

Having said all of this, I must return to earth and explain the severe emotional distress induced by the evening’s dance programming included with Narcisse. Caniparoli’s new dance is sandwiched between two contrasting, short works that make up the first act and Balanchine’s comic/patriotic fantasy, Stars and Stripes, in the last. The effect is jarring, to say the least, and dilutes the more meditative impact of Narcisse.

Stars and Stripes is a great masterpiece of choreographic invention and a dance that’s filled with arch, witty humor. The entire cast (nearly a full company ensemble) performed with exuberance, clarity, and charmed musicality. Christopher Boastwright’s mischievous, pristine interpretation of Mr. Cupid in the Fourth Campaign was fully equal to Evelyn Cisneros’<i>s</i> porky, razor-sharp Miss Liberty Bell. Also, Andre Reyes (leading the Fourth Campaign) dances with an excitement that’s positively infectious.

The problem, however, was the contrast of mood that Stars and Stripes induces as an afterthought to Narcisse. The two works simply do not belong on the same program. If the SF Ballet administration truly believes in the poetic depth of Caniparoli’s ballet, then the powers that-be need to let the audience leave the house in a state of introspective contemplation. Also, the SF Ballet patrons need to know that a great night at the ballet will not, necessarily, leave them jauntily marching up Market Street.

As a final note, much praise is due to both Jamie Zimmerman and Jim Sohn for the remarkable restraint and personal conviction they gave to Michael Smuin’s classic wonder of high camp, Eternal Idol. Instead of convivial melodrama, both dancers conveyed a smoldering passion — a sexual love based in real affection and sensitivity.

The arsenic in *Arsenic and Old Lace* provides a slow, but tasty poison.

The arsenic has so completely invaded the legitimate theatre. Television has probably never before so completely invaded the legitimate stage, outside Los Angeles, as it does in this show. Jean (Edith Bunker) Stapleton stars as kind, crazy Abby. Her co-stars are Marion Ross, meaning Marion Cunningham of "Happy Days"; Gary Sandy, who is Andy of "WKRP in Cincinnati"; Larry Storch, best known as Corporal Agarn of "F-Troop"; and Jonathan Frid, the vampire Barnabas Collins of "Dark Shadows."

Among the nine actors and actresses in the supporting cast, there are five who have had continuing roles in soap operas and two others who have substantial series television careers. The last two have done some film work, but never nearly as much as these two. Surprisingly, this little scene cast is very good on the big stage.

In fact, the beautifully integrated ensemble acting, more than anything else, is what overcomes the creeping pace of the production and gives "Arsenic" a bubbly, madcap vitality. *Arsenic and Old Lace*, Kesselring's only really successful play, doesn't cry out for punishment. Murder victims are everywhere. In the end, I am not running out the next line to get things moving, one or the other of them would save the day. Stapleton's magic is in the delirious perfection of her character. On cue — or between cues, as is often seemed — her Abby trils, coos, shivers, or gasps to spark a laugh. Her manner and movements anticipate the play back into focus. Sandy, on the other hand, turns out to be a fantastical physical comedian. In tiny mimed gestures, grand pratfalls, and very communicative posture, he erases the wrinkles of those questions from becoming too ponderous. The questions, which must only be allowed to surface on the crest of a laugh, are the following: 1) In a world as haywire as ours, who can say who is crazy? 2) Is kindness any less dear if it is totally misguided? Twenty-four people are known to be dead before the final curtain falls, with one more victim on the brink, but no one is really in any trouble. Actually, no one dies during the play, they're already dead from the beginning. Murderers abound. Murder victims are everywhere. But, somehow, real nastiness just a touch of camp here and there, just what the toxicologist (Kesselring) ordered.

In the end, I am not running around encouraging all my friends to see *Arsenic and Old Lace*. They've seen the play, maybe almost too many times. But, every once in a while, some- one who has never seen Arsenic, I say, "Go, see it." -

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**Diane Johnson Completes Literary Lecture Series**

On Thursday, May 7, Diane Johnson will give the last lecture in the five-part series "Writing on Literature," sponsored by The Threepeny Review in association with the English Department and the UC Berkeley English Department. Ms. Johnson's lecture is entitled "The Readable Victorian: Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Col- lins, et al." It will draw on her own experience as the writer of a mystery novel and a thriller, as well as her academic background as a professor of Victorian literature at UC Davis. Ms. Johnson's lecture will take place in 155 Dwinnell Hall on the UC Berkeley campus. Tickets cost $5 ($3 for students) and are available through the Cal Performance Box Office at 642-9988. Tickets will also be sold at the door.

**Theatre**

**JOSEPH BEAN**

"Arsenic and Old Lace" Revival

TV Stars Deliver a Slow, but Tasty Poison

The arsenic in *Arsenic and Old Lace* provides sudden, supposedly merciful death to lonely old men. In the real world, arsenic is a slow poisoning, dragging its victims through at least two or three hours of pain before it kills. Now, even though playwright Joseph Kesselring didn't write it that way, director Brian Murray wants everyone to know exactly what slow poison feels like.

Murray has given his staging of *Arsenic* a pace so sluggish the audience has time to chat about the costumes on stage and the weather outside without once stepping on a line of the script. The usual pace of the play is a manic rush. Played that way, with people colliding, doors popping open and shutting snap, and lines tripping over lines tripping over sound effects, I never stop laughing. Slowed down to preciousness, the glittering deep-black comedy suffers and half of it dies. The surviving half of the laughs is still more fun than any five ordinary comedies will ever do. Besides, this *Arsenic* has other attractions that can't be destroyed by a dragging tempo. I confess, I like to see film and television stars "live and in person." And, for me, the stage is what playwright Joseph Kesselring didn't write it that way, director Brian Murray wants everyone to know exactly what slow poison feels like.

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When San Francisco was building the War Memorial Opera House back in the early 1930s, a member of the Symphony's board of directors, Leonora Wood Armby, inquired of Arturo Toscanini what he thought of the project. The conductor replied firmly that if San Francisco wanted to build a hall that would flatten the symphonic repertory, the city should throw out its plans for a 3,000-seat house and restrict the new hall to 2,000 seats at the maximum.

But this is America and economics intervened. The planners knew that they would fill the larger house and thus felt that they could not afford to forego the extra income it would generate—even though many acknowledged that Toscanini was right and that the larger hall would inevitably cause massive acoustical problems.

Nothing brought this out, the War Memorial's acoustics turned superb at the top of the house, where the orchestra plays in the basement, but it has a real problem with thin and dry sound on the extreme lower floor. The problem is obscured when opera or ballet are being presented, because the curtain is pulled between stage and pit and because those patrons on the main floor feel the reverberation of the music from the orchestra at one end of a long space above the stage. Davies Hall was the eventual home of the Opera and Symphony. The at-long last time the newly-oversized hall were further complicated by an acoustical decision made in its planning stages.

The developers of the project wanted a building in which the orchestra and the audience balance between stage and pit and because those patrons on the main floor can hear each other. The necessary change has not been overwhelming but it has helped the musicians is that it has helped them, thought they are not yet fully satisfied. But by the nature of things they may never be fully content.

In the second tier, the sound is fuller, particularly from the strings. The bass has been amplified and what I call the natural woodland of all the strings, but particularly the cellos and basses is thus improved. The balance between the strings and the brass is thus improved. The organ still blasts out unwantedly in a most vulgar fashion.

I definitely think I can hear a difference, though I admit the change has not been overwhelming and that many around me feel they cannot perceive a difference. Since the symphony took their current acoustician with them on their European tour so that he could study how the orchestra sounded in a traditional, shoe-box design, the question, "Don't you have a little bit of Faust — and the Devil — in you?"

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Continued on page 28
Cha Cha Cha Cafe
Havoc in Havana

The Haight is fighting for its life. Imagine to what uses a large community theater could be put — and contemplate the ruin of that theater at the corner of Haight and Cole, a garbage-strewn lot. It is no wonder Round Table Pizza and The Gap are nearly empty all the time; mass produced junk food and clothing are intuitively unsuited to this distinctive neighborhood. If a Thrifty Jr. is built on the spot, it will be to pander to the avarice of a generation of investors who couldn’t care less about neighborhood integrity, or if their food is irradiated or not.

Up the block from the bleak “hole on Cole” is Cha Cha Cha Cafe, a bright, hip, slightly daffy Cuban restaurant that represents the Haight’s other developmental possibility. It expresses a vision that is personal and keyed in to the oft-feared sensibility of the neighborhood, a convivial place for residents and outsiders to mingle and enjoy decent food at very reasonable prices.

Cha Cha Cha is a campy evocation of the salad days of American imperialism. Blue cod is dished up on banana leaves, on a crisp half-moon of short pastry, shredded chicken and tomatillos in a thick tomato sauce that tasted both fruity and hot. This same sauce — chunky with long-simmered onions and celery, and made subtly smoky-tasting by the addition of roasted peppers — graced the best tapa of all: six salt-cod-and-cornmeal fritters called bacalaitos Puerto Rican style. The outside of each fritter was tempura-crisp, the inside golden and sweet, with flaky morsels of the preserved fish much enjoyed in France and Portugal under the names morue and bacalhau.

Of the entrees, the roast pork came off best. Though slightly overcooked, the slices of meat were succulent and fragrant with cumin. The pork turns up at lunch rubbed with more spices and a slathering of unsweet barbeque sauce, piled onto a baguette. It is one of the best sandwiches in town.

The pork turns up at lunch rubbed with more spices and a slathering of unsweet barbeque sauce, piled onto a baguette. It is one of the best sandwiches in town. Also exemplary, in a completely different vein, is a sandwich of mild, unctuous goat cheese and meaty strips of roasted pepper, filling and generous at $4.75. The aforementioned blue cod steamed in a banana leaf was disappointingly bland. The fish is so mild that steaming it with a dollop of innocuous papaya butter is exactly the wrong idea — it needs some vivid or contrasting elements, or grilling, to come alive.

One of our favorite Cuban dishes, arroz con pollo, was homey and comforting as it should be, but the rice — flecked with peppers and out-of-season peas — was more than a little greasy. Since the meat dishes themselves are apt to be rich and heavy, every effort should be made to make the side dishes as delicate and ungreasy as possible. A crispy-skinned trout with Cajun spices under a blanket of pureed garlic was the centerpiece of a pretty plate — but the composition rested in a quarter-inch puddle of grease, which rendered the meal nearly indigestible.

We are told Cha Cha Cha will soon be making it own flan. If it is sweetened with restraint it will be a much better idea than the coagulated candy sold presently as chocolate mousse torte. Also, the coffee needs to be brewed more strongly; the present version fails to get you moving again.

If we seem to be kvetching inordinately on small points, it is because we want Cha Cha Cha to succeed. That’s the thing about neighborhood places, they are accessible, they depend on the local community to stay alive. You think Round Table Pizza is making its lease on coffee-to-go.

Cha Cha Cha Cafe, 380 Haight St., 386-5758. Open for lunch Mon-Sat 11:30 am-3 pm, Sun 12:30 pm-3 pm, for dinner Mon-Thu 5 pm-11 pm, Fri-Sat 5:30 pm-11:30 pm, Sun 5:30 pm-10 pm. Inexpensive.
The Pleasures of a Crowded House

Rock music fascists are a sad group who operate under the illusion that any modern music attracting popular appeal somehow immediately becomes unworthy of any serious consideration. What these elitists fail to understand is that all rock music, by definition — regardless of genre or commercial success — is essentially pop music.

Nonetheless, these musical fundamentalists expend enormous amounts of energy giving lip-service to their campaign of denial, succeeding not only in making everyone around them miserable, but managing to deny themselves a good deal of musical pleasure, too.

A case-in-point is the Australian band Crowded House and their current Top 5 single, "Don't Dream It's Over," a) an impec­table melodic whine with the kind of near-perfect construction most songwriters would sell their souls to achieve. The song's popularity was primarily responsible for selling out both of the band's shows last week at Wolfgang's. No doubt that same popular appeal provided the motive for scores of musical fascists to deny themselves the pleasure of seeing the band (as well as motivating much of the cynical advance-press the kind of near-perfect construction most songwriters would sell their souls to achieve).

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Though the band's showmanship was solid, the songs themselves were somewhat wanting, with the exception of the title track, which stood out as a powerful, memorable piece.

The one thing that Crowded House has going for them is their ability to write catchy, memorable songs. "Don't Dream It's Over" is a perfect example of this, with its朗朗上口的旋律和易于传唱的歌词。

However, it is equally important to note that these musical elitists are missing out on the sheer musical pleasure that can be derived from listening to a band like Crowded House. Their songs may not be the most groundbreaking or innovative, but they are certainly enjoyable and well-crafted.

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I got a call last Saturday. Before noon, I'd been up until dawn — pondering profound questions, like whether Grace Jones or Wire Train's lead singer has a harder time carrying a tune? Deep stuff, you understand, but the call was from my fellow critic, Don "Bobo" Baird, so it was OK. Or so I thought.

It seems that Don's dashing sidekick had bombed off with a hot bathe1ian to a rodeo in Petaluma; Bobo had declined the adventure. "I'm feeling urban," he confessed darkly. "I want to go into bars with neon martini glasses outside and order mixed drinks in the day­time. I invited Mem­phis Mark to start off with a theme brunch. The theme is vodka. Inter­ested?"

I figured that Bobo's absence from the Sentinel (for one week­less week) was taking its toll. The boys had been sucked into a white trash vortex — skateboarding down Jerry Lee Lewis' staircase. Bobo was playing pinball with the Beastmaster and appealing to Memphis­Mark's, house-hardest alter-ego slave instincts. Heady stuff.

I offered to join up with Don's savage pilgrimage a little later: after I'd cleaned my shirt, written my grandma, and listened to the new Holly Near album. A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

I caught up with the two at Rolle, in the Castro. Memphis\r\n\r\nNeil Finn (left), Nick Seymour (center) and Paul Hester — the three pleasure boys from Crowded House.

Neil Finn (now 28) has spent long hours singing along to old Beatles records. Many times his melodic cooings reached Paul McCartney perfection, while his vocal phrasing and guitar style were unabashedly Lennonesque. Most of Finn's songs are basically written by the formula method using catchy "hook words" and repetitive refrains. Finn's real songwriting talent lies in his abi­lity to use that basic pop formula in a variety of styles.

The rest of the band was adept at translating Finn's raw lyricism into songs they offered had quite the same commercial bite that "Don't Dream" was blessed (or cursed?) with.

After six weeks of formal touring, the band still managed almost two hours of music on both nights in North Beach with enough energy left over to jam it up for a live KFOG radio simul­cast audience on Thursday.

(Those of you listening on the radio couldn't see the plastic gar­bage bag used as a prop during Hester's spontaneous condom gag. Fortunately, you didn't see the crazed fan who snatched away Finn's mike and insisted on singing "Twist and Shout" in its entirety.)

As a New Zealand teen, Neil Finn(27) has spent long hours singing along to old Beatles records. Many times his melodic cooings reached Paul McCartney perfection, while his vocal phrasing and guitar style were unabashedly Lennonesque. Most of Finn's songs are basically written by the formula method using catchy "hook words" and repetitive refrains. Finn's real songwriting talent lies in his abi­lity to use that basic pop formula in a variety of styles.

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After securing the bottle of Eau De Potatoe, I hailed a Yel­low­barked, "To Pallazo Bobo, please," and we were whisked through the bunghole of the Castro to an unsassuming door.

Bobo's Gentlemen's Rotary & Swizzle Stick Society assem­bled.

The collective was enthralled. Memphis Mark sat slugging a twistard method to Bobo's cursed?) with.

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Roomful of Blues, Sunnyland Slim, Little Charlie & the Nightcats.

Three second-string blues teams will try to raise the roof. Charlie Crisswell is San Jose’s young sen­
sation, a tough, Chicago cat, yet who can get 0 sides with King Curtis and Walter Horton — thirty years ago — and still ring the roadhouse out, those blues. The Boston-based headliners throw 0 horns in the brew, and hopefully have a little more the jive and chic than the second LP from 1977, which is their only one I’ve heard. The club is associated with an old shack that surpasses all know­
ing, but one can be hopeful. (Willy’s, 4/12, 9 pm, $12.50 adv., 13.30 day.)

Blue Movie, American Music Club, Future

The folks from Nightbreak took over the club, and promise this club certainly ain’t the chicken debu[17,77]t L P from 1977, which is almost second-string blues teams. They were from the funk bass line with a shoot-up to his eyebrows, and they offered a hilarious cover­
ing arrangement. It’s like playing some of the old “King of Love,” "then ensued — was it, “Stairway To Heav­en” or the headliners may not be pretty, but they boast an ar­
resting brand of folk-rock, at least on the night of their 0iff. Almost,” which has been get­
ing KUSP-play in advance of

Until December promise to wear their best Easter bonnets — all part of a theme evening at the Galleria, Friday, 4/17.

Crystal Pistol Club

Billed as, "SF’s first non-Euro­
pean dance club, exclusively for flying children, beautiful and holy and ancient bus-­
drivers, mothers, plumbers, window­
shoppers, and dancers." Decor is by Bruce Burris, the Rev. Howard Finnister of the Out­
side. Music is by the peerless Donia Rigo, who has earned her chops playing funk­
Dias at the Stud, and shak­
ing down the Baybrick. Last weekend’s crowd was littered with people like the ACP, Miss Kitty & Robin­
son, Bobo Baird, and Sylvester. (Spooñôn) Jack your body down at this happening alternative. (CPC, 842 Valencia / 4, 4/18, 9 pm, $2.)

Tooth & Nail

This prescient 3-piece features Club 9 doorman Dan, and a member of the Beat-Nigs.

Jo Harvey Allen

Jo Harvey knows about clos­

text from another angle, too. "I have a lot of friends who are gay, I’ve never laughed for years, and they still can’t talk to me about it. When there’s some­
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When I asked if any of her characters had ever expressed any opinion of queers (the word which she refuses to use), Jo Harvey was stumped for a mo­'
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Continued from page 27

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givingly on the mantlepiece. I saw the number 666 carved into the ice cubes in my vodka.

"What?" shrieked Bobo, his hairline like budding horns, what — then?"

I took a deep breath, squinted at him, and drawled, "Bobo, I’m gonna write a very long in­
troduction."

the seats. As costs mounted, the plan was scrapped, but perhaps this additional wood would help the acoustical properties of the hall, thus justifying the expense. If the symphony does at any point cut the seats, I also wish they would redesign the second­
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"Counter Angel," waitress Ruby Kay comes out. Jo Harvey knows about clos­
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The exact direction Taylor had in mind was a distinctly mainstream one. She wanted to do Graham's "weighty" psychological approach and from Merce Cunningham's abstract, chance orientation, too. In fact, Taylor began by rejecting all other styles, passing through a period of formalist experimentation before finding his own choreographic style. When he was 25, Taylor's dance was rooted strongly in childhood imagination, in a sense of fantasy that made real life seem to him a distant, rebellious dream world. Graham had passed back all the way to those imaginations.

It was also during this period that Taylor confronted his homosexuality. He chose to discuss his career. The autobiography provides a glimpse of a young man ignoring and then struggling with his sexual identity, finally realizing the depth of his attraction to men in a dance. During the Eastern tour with Graham when he was 25, Taylor says, was the first time he allowed to allude to his homosexuality in his biography, as it is as explicit as it gets in Sun-Set, which begins with a long, tender, tussle of two men in a fragmentary uniform. "Someone men, really," says Taylor. "The underlying attitude is not that the men are gay, but that they are..." The war has been over, Taylor says, that chances are it's going to be... The war has been over.

Judging from the way Taylor is thinking about his own life, the war has been over. Taylor's choreographic style has steadily risen. And as his work keeps getting better and better, Taylor's style becomes ever more emphatically his own. Some critics have suggested that Taylor, after the death of Balanchine, is our greatest living choreographer, a compliment that, if true, would make him very happy.

What love's all about. The heavy responsibilities disappear in the soothing warmth of springtime. You'll find that your indications are right and her cooking can't be beat. The war has been over. Taylor's choreographic style has steadily risen. And as his work keeps getting better and better, Taylor's style becomes ever more emphatically his own. Some critics have suggested that Taylor, after the death of Balanchine, is our greatest living choreographer, a compliment that, if true, would make him very happy.

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The Beauty of the Beatles

In re my item last week about The Beatles, the three homophobes of Lark nedus—my bizz my boy checked in late in the week to say that "a [male] friend of mine knows from first-hand experience that two of the guys [in the Beatle Boys] put out on me.

I don't say it's true, but I don't say it isn't; I report what I hear. Anyway, it kinda figures.

Fashion Pigs

The only figures at the Apr. 8 Rolo show at Club DV8 were skinny ones draped in natty threads. These little homblowers expand their embouchural expertise.

Village Voices

If the Choron hopped, the Ex mopped — up, that is, with its Tues., Apr. 7 cover on the Gay Men's Chorus. Instead, reporter Elizabeth Fernandez's piece, rife with AIDS deaths, loss and tragedy, stalked wretchedly, missing out on the editors, the gay community was front-paged as catastrophically disabled.

Steal Hearts

The Chronicle got the jump on Editors' Week with a Monday (Apr. 6) Randy Shilts pg. 1 piece on "Desperate AIDS Patients' Underground Remedies." The visiting editors couldn't know that the Examiner had broken the story a week before, sneaky move, Choron.

Kissing Your Vacation Goodbye

That same Choron front page featured upbeat predictions for summer SF tourism — despite AIDS fears. AIDS reports "certainly make us feel uncomfortable about coming," one man told reporter Steve Mausey, perhaps unwittingly tipping his subconscious. What the hell are people afraid of? It's hard to tell what we say behind our backs — underground fix-it labs in the country.

Smoking Pottstown

Finally, reporter Carl Nolte (same day, same piece) fanned an oft-heartwarming pg. 1 excl on "The Little Band That Could," those cheery Pennsylvania marching-band high schoolers preparing to invade our little burg for the GQ Bridge.

Dog Daze

Other accordion inclusion in depth neighborhood reports — the Ex scooped the Choron by a day (Tues., Apr. 7) — and an especially primping Choron piece on the 20th anniversary of the Summer of Love — suspiciously, three months early.

But the inimitable Chronicle real-
yoke stole the week with pg. 3 in-
joye, 9 (Thurs.,), headlined: "Shaggy Dog Saves Toddler." Kathy Boldgrove's Nat. Enq.-like piece about a mutt that saved a drowning 18-month-old was undoubtedly custom-crafted for that headline.

After all, what ed. don't love a shaggy dog story?

Burr Cold

The Ex's Burr Sidner missed an obvious angle in his exhaustive Apr. 6 Style section piece on Deep Springs, a private, all-male school and work farm for gifted guys, founded by turn-of-the-century utilitarian magnate L. L. Nunn. Twenty-four boys and young men, twelve to a class, submit themselves to grueling 20-hour days cracking books, cooking meals and slopping pigs.

And what do the tough little whippers do with all that pent up, or energy? Burr's not telling; though "the lack of female students is perhaps the hottest continuing discussion around Deep Springs," Sidner refuses to milk the story for its obvious climax. He notes that the trustees continuously grapple with co-education, and quotes one boy who has "a real fear of coming out of here with a warped at-
titude about women.

But that's it. No mention of (shhhhh!) HOMOSEXUALITY. The same boy says that women might only magnify existing problems: "There are some pretty intense feelings there." Ob-
viously, we'll just need a more adept reporter than Sidner to figure this out.

No Caen Do

For its part, the Choron couldn't seem to reign in the Feb. 20/21 issue's "Shaggy Dog Saves Toddler." Kathy Boldgrove's Nat. Enq.-like piece about a mutt that saved a drowning 18-month-old was undoubtedly custom-crafted for that headline.

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18 APRIL SATURDAY
Big Apple Rag (BARC) presents The Golden Girls Ball. You’ll be 40, 50, and 60, and you’re fabulous! Dance to live music from the ’30s through the ’80s. Portion of proceeds donated to the First West Coast Conference and Celebration for Old Lesbians (60+). Raffle, door prizes. 8 to 1 am, the Claremont Gabletop Boul­eeom, Oakland. $25 general/$18 members. Cash only at the door. (Inf: 499-5593.

The EastBay FrontRunners meet at 9:30 am at Lake Merritt at the corner of 14th and Oak Sts. near the Cameron Stanford Hotel. Flat three­mile loop. Info: 526-7932 or 312-3246.

The Whole Life Expo hosts the 20th Summer of Love anniversary celebration at the Mocone Center. Guest artists include John Sebastian, Mohly Grape, Malinda Midlund, County Joe McDonald (sings the Fish), Brewer and Shiley (is rumored of the runest group famous for “One Toe Over the Line”). It’s a Beautiful Day (“White Bird”), Frankie and Moe, etc. So break out the puck bowl oil and those bellbottom flared/shaft your old lady did all the stitching on. 2:11 pm. Tickets: 454-2941 or 762-BASS.

Code: Blue, the self-described “first European style private nightclub for women in SF,” throws a hot bash — with prizes for the best chapeau. L.A. Davis is back spinning the tunes; watch out for the go-go dancer: 9:30 pm to 2 am corner of Lombard and Taylor, SF. $7 general/$6 members. Info: 978-5557.

A production of Joe Orton’s What The Butler Saw plays at the Durham Theatre tonight at 8 pm and tomorrow at 2 pm. Expect more of Orton’s brilliant, bawdy dialogue and character delineation in this work that the NY Times la­bemed his “most noutously funny play.” Back at Dwanille Hall, UC Berkley campus. Info: 642-1900.

19 APRIL SUNDAY
World-famous Bay Area poet Harold Norse reads from his The Law Poems: 1950-1987 and from his work in progress, Memoir. 7 pm, Walt Whitman Bookshop, 2319 Market St., SF. Info: 861-2260.

Black and White Men Together hold their Easter picnic at Buena Vista Park East, SF. Enter from Duboce St. BYO. In case of rain, meet at 101 Baker, SF. Noon.

Cyclist Jim Sutherland and Peter Tsao, who last summer rode in the Cycle for Life, a 4,000-mile, cross-country trip that raised $15,000+ for AIDS education, address the 0 Pau Club on their experiences and the plans for the second Cycle for Life slated for this summer. 2-4 pm, First Unitarian Church, 159 Franklin St. (at Geary), SF. Free. Info: 552-9977.

Operation Concern and GLOVE sponsor a Women’s Tea Dance for older lesbians (60+) and friends along with games and refreshments. 3-6 pm, SF Home Health Services, 225 300 St., SF. Info: 626-7000.

Michael Smin sausage a special AID benefit performance for the Shanti Project, Hospice of SF, and the SF AIDS Foundation. It’s a production that pro­mises everything from “Gregorian chants to Frank Sinatra.” 7 pm, Geary Theatre, 450 Geary Blvd. 800, 800, 800. Tickets: Info: 673-6440.

Take a geology tour with the SF Hiking Club from the end of the “L” street line to Fort Funston and beyond for miles round trip with no elevation gain. A chance to collect fossils and pebbles. Wear tennis or walking shoes and bring warm sweater plus lunch and water. Swim/wool/optional. Meet at Harvey Milk Plaza at Castro and Market Sts. to catch the 9:15 am main train — return around 5pm. Total cost is $1.50 or fast pass.

20 APRIL MONDAY
Sinofon San Francisco concludes its 1987 season with a program of two rarely heard Bohemian church works, Caesarini on the Death of Emperor Joseph II and Kostis Sophocles, Opus 117, under the direction of Samuel Chait. 8 pm, Herbst Theatre, 150 Van Ness Ave. (at McAllister), SF. $14/$9/$5 students, seniors, and disabled. Tickets: Info: 822-3344.

Jack off and hose off with the SF Jacks on their annual HaNight Weekend, 8 pm-2 am. Inter­sex, hard hats, bowlers, boaters, etc. Flip your lid and flick your Bic at the same time! Doors open 7:30-8:30 pm only. 890 Folsom St. (near McAllister), SF. $6 donation, but no one will be turned away for lack of funds. Checking of all clothes except shoes is mandatory.

The American premiers of works by two of Japan’s most fine artists, Tora Takanemi’s Rain Spell and Toshi Hosokawa’s Dance of Rain, will be showcased in a program of new and tradi­tional Japanese music by the SF Contemporary Music Players. 8 pm, SFMOMA, 401 Van Ness Ave. (at McAllister), SF. $10 general/$7 stu­dents, seniors, and museum members. Tickets/ info: 751-5300.

21 APRIL TUESDAY
Quicktricks, the nation’s only gay duplicate bridge club and one of SF’s oldest gay social organizations, sponsors a ten-week series of bridge lessons for beginners starting tonight. In­structor Ted Wagner plans to cover basic bid­ding and play for novices — with an emphasis on duplicate bridge techniques. 7­:10 pm each Tues­day, Metropolitan Community Church, 150 Eureka St. (between 18th and 19th), SF. $5 per session or $40 for the entire course which (in­cludes the book).

Film Arts Foundation presents Your Film Lab and you: a technical workshop designed to teach filmmakers how to obtain the best possible print from the film lab. The class will shoot test footage and tour film labs: 4­22/511-222 at 5 pm. Tickets: Info: 511-222.

Dancer Amelia Hilt performs with the Lines Dance Company, Friday and Saturday, April 22 & 23, at 8 pm. The Palace of Fine Arts, Bay and Lyon, SF. San Francisco. Tickets are reasonable ($10-$40) and performance by this emerging classical ensemble should not be missed! Call 586-1542. Tickets available through STBS.

Sandro Count’s Sideshow opens Thursday, April 23 — and there’s a special first night benefit for the AIDS Food Bank. See Event of the Week! Sandro Counts’s Sideshow opens Thursday, April 23 — and there’s a special first night benefit for the AIDS Food Bank. See Event of the Week! Sandro Counts’s Sideshow opens Thursday, April 23 — and there’s a special first night benefit for the AIDS Food Bank. See Event of the Week! Sandro Counts’s Sideshow opens Thursday, April 23 — and there’s a special first night benefit for the AIDS Food Bank. See Event of the Week!
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