

San Francisco Sentinel

Hanky Panky Evangelists pg. 12

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BAVARIA REFURBISHES DACHAU?

10,000 Germans Protest Mandatory AIDS Testing

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



'Bavaria is refurbishing Dachau' proclaimed a sign at the massive rally in Munich protesting mandatory AIDS testing.

persons with AIDS, denial of business permits to people with AIDS in certain occupations (hair-dressing, 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

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A Quilt Made of Memories

by David Israels

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 good-byes, 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.

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Artist Joseph Durant created 17 panels honoring friends who died of AIDS.

PAUL TAYLOR ON DANCING



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THE 1987 SAN FRANCISCO LESBIAN/GAY PARADE COMMITTEE PRESENTS



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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 Mendenhall

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 served as a SF Assemblyman for 11 years. The *Sentinel* asked the candidates for remarks about their political

able to make a deal with the governor on his workfare program so why not on AIDS funding?

City AIDS Funding

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



THOMAS ALLEMAN

Art Agnos.

philosophies, city AIDS funding, lesbians and gay men in politics, and to reflect on the "domestic partners" issue.

Political Philosophy

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 do — empowering people so they can make their own choices about their lives. San Francisco needs the same opportunity, whether we are talking about individual rights, neighborhood development, small business opportunity or anything else involving life in this city.

Molinari: My legislative history has been one of cooperation. I have listened consistently to the gay community and responded to that — working with people. I am not the kind of person that tells people what they need and then expects them to accept it. I would continue that openness. This takes time and cannot be a "hit and miss," and that is why I have been out in the community so much. My philosophy has been inclusive. I want the broadest possible input to ascertain what people's problems are and then solve them.

Agnos: and I have a difference in style. I listen and respond. I am not so sure he had done such a hot job in Sacramento. He has not been able to get us the funding that we need. He was

When I brought the Surgeon General here, he was extremely impressed with our response and called it a model for the country. We cannot continue to do it alone. It will take a much greater assistance from the state and federal governments who have been shamefully slow in their response. As mayor, I will go to Washington and Sacramento on a regular basis to make sure that our needs are well-known and satisfied.

Molinari: In the city funding of AIDS services, we have to begin by conserving what city resources we have and not waste them. That is why I have pushed General Hospital as a center for AIDS care, so we do not duplicate our efforts. We must channel every dollar in the best possible way. As the need increases, both state and federal governments will be forced to respond. We are going to see more and more care funding by them as this national disaster increases. They will not be able to avoid doing this. Hopefully, we will have new state and national administrations that care more about social programs than armaments.

Lesbians and Gay Support

Agnos: It is not the lesser of two evils in this campaign — but who is the best candidate. My record is the best, so I will earn the majority of support. I do not expect any community to vote as a block, but my record has demonstrated how effective I can be over a person

who has primarily made social contacts.

Molinari: Lesbians and gay men need to be brought into more policy-making positions within city government. While I strongly believe that such appointments should be made to boards and commissions, I am talking about the mayor's office also — where the day-to-day decisions are made. This will assure that lesbians and gay men receive the necessary benefits from government that they deserve.

I have kept a basic commitment to support lesbian and gay candidates across the board, even when it has been politically detrimental to me. Gay candidates need encouragement when they run for office. That includes my support for Pat Norman. I had no prior commitment from her and heard she might be supporting Agnos. Her candidacy was important to the gay community.

It is vital to me that I put lesbians and gay people in my administration at policy levels. There has not been that kind of involvement — certainly not of lesbians and that has been a mistake. Lesbians have been virtually ignored at that level. Their concerns are not always the same as gay men, but we have made the mistake of lumping them together under "gay."

There has been a real outpouring of support for me from the lesbian and gay community. Remember, I was going to many gay functions and meeting with gay people long before I was a candidate. This outreach will be an important support of my campaign.

Agnos: The people of San Francisco, not just gay people, deserve the best leadership. The best of what the city's elected public officials have to offer. I am needed more in San Francisco at this time than in Sacramento.

There is the challenge of providing the best health care system when we have the worst health crisis in history, affordable housing which individuals and families can afford to rent or buy, preserving a healthy and prosperous economy in our neighborhoods and downtown, providing a secure and safe city environment where people can live their lives in comfort that is free from the oppression of crime — and a variety of other issues. This will demand the



SCOTT MARTIN

John Molinari.

best that the city has to offer. I want to offer my record to determine if the city wants that kind of leadership in the city as well as in the state house.

I have never had a "wait and see" position. I have been a "see and act" legislator — who sees problems on the horizon and acts before they become major problems. That is the kind of leadership we need for the next eight years.

Domestic Partners

(Supervisor Harry Britt originally introduced this legislation, which was vetoed by the mayor, in 1982. Domestic partners would have permitted city employees to register a "partner" with the city, so that person might benefit from the city health plan. Recently, Britt re-introduced the measure and it is being revised.)

Agnos: The time has come for this, but it is not a gay issue. It is a "singles" 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. That handicapped it from the start. It was then misunderstood by the public.

I will work to create a program that will include all. I have already done it three years ago in Sacramento with the anti-crime profiteering law. It set up a trust for victims or relatives of victims to sue to gain compensation. I wrote this so it would benefit, not only people like Gina Moscone, but Harvey Milk's lover, Scott Smith.

Molinari: I defer to Harry on this. It is his legislation. We probably got hung up on symbolic things, so the issue unnecessarily picked up opposition. The registering at city hall got caught up as being "gay marriages," when the issue should have been the different lifestyles of the 20th century. The good parts of it got lost in all of the controversy. Maybe it could be revised, but I am prepared to sign it as mayor.

Reagan Never Read Report

Dolls with Pocket Condoms: Dr. Koop Defies Reagan

by George Mendenhall

Baby boy dolls — anatomically correct — were shown to reporters this week by US Surgeon General Everett Koop. In their back pockets were condoms. Koop said that although he believes condoms being tossed from a float in the Mardi Gras parade was distasteful, he urges education about their use.

The White House has been unable to silence the independent Koop, who cannot be removed by the president. Although President Reagan has ordered Koop to screen his statements about AIDS with the White House in advance, Reagan's order is obviously being ignored. The doctor has responded by continuing to speak out to school groups and associations about the need for condoms, public school education on sex and AIDS, and increased AIDS funding.

Koop is the official spokesperson on health matters for the federal government, but he told a *New York Times* reporter last week that Reagan has never discussed AIDS with him nor read his widely distributed report on the AIDS crisis — one that can be read in a few minutes. Koop's report is con-

sidered the most comprehensive federal analysis of AIDS ever published. Koop would like to see it distributed to every household in America (cost: \$14 million).

The surgeon general is under criticism from the insurance industry and conservatives because he demands that the rights of individuals be protected with confidentiality. He also opposes mandatory testing. Ironically, the physician is a born-again Christian evangelist who has had difficulty speaking positively about the gay lifestyle in the past. The Reagan appointee was urged upon the president by the religious Right but was opposed in congressional nomination hearings by the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force because some of his earlier actions were considered homophobic.

Now the surgeon general favors sex education, the use of condoms, and believes it might be wise to show animated videos in classrooms depicting "two condoms with little eyes on them chatting about sex." He said his wife listened to this and told her husband, "Well, I'm glad your mother's dead."

Reagan has countered by urging that school children be told not to have sex until they marry. Vice-President George Bush is now calling for national legislation to require AIDS antibody tests of everyone applying for a marriage license. (A California bill that would have done this died in a legislative committee last year.)

Rep. William Dannemeyer (R-San Francisco), who favored quarantining people with AIDS, believes Koop "is speaking as if he were discussing cattle diseases with America's farmers, as if there were no connection between human sexuality and morality." Howard Phillips, chair of the Conservative Caucus, says Koop has "failed in moral courage."

Koop has remained consistent, even startling his supporters at times. He pleads, "AIDS education should start at the lowest grade possible" — beginning at the kindergarten level. At a Philadelphia AIDS conference on April 7, he said that while sex education should begin in the home before children go to school, "Parents are often reluctant to discuss sex, so it is up to schools, churches and synagogues. If parents don't do it, they've abdicated their responsibility and somebody else has to do it." He said he had not made up his mind yet whether condoms should be distributed to high school

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EDITORIAL

TOM MURRAY

It's About Time

There are hopeful signs in recent weeks that our nation is no longer burying its head in the sand and is finally facing the AIDS epidemic. The media has been instrumental. While the gay press has been reporting on developments for years, other publications and network TV stations have been slower to recognize the need to inform and educate the public. Focus 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 teen sex and sex education in general.

Even President Reagan broke his silence on the subject and admitted 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 changes in attitude 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 showing animated videos in classrooms depicting "two condoms with little eyes on them chatting about sex." Koop demands that there must be non-judgmental 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.

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 Senators 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 indicative of the interest and determination 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 sending the White House a strong message. Washington is finally waking up.

A Regional Hospital

There's growing discussion about converting the army facility at 15th 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 needed.

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

Home Remedies

Chronicle reporter Randy Shilts recently wrote about home remedies being used by people with ARC and AIDS. The article reflected the frustration of these 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 providing this type of information. An educator recently commented that we were offering false hope to people who were terminally ill. And yet, daily we receive requests for reprints of these articles.

We intend to present a 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.

San Francisco Sentinel

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C. Everett Koop, the US Surgeon General — an unlikely crusader for sex education.

LETTERS

Kudos for Diana

To the Editor:

I read with interest the UPI release that Princess Diana opened Britain's first AIDS hospital ward April 9th in London. She shook hands with nine patients to destroy the myth that the disease can be passed through casual contact. Officials at Middlesex Hospital had invited Diana to open the ward and shake hands with the patients without surgical gloves.

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 hurting 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, there is no vision. When there is no vision, we all perish.

Marvin—Michel LeGrier, II
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, cutting the FDA red tape will help people fighting against other illnesses, also.

However, the FDA move should not be used to allow people to manipulate false hopes by dumping worthless "cures" onto the market. There must be strong legislation and regulation to prevent laetrile-type hoaxes 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 ribavirin and AZT.

Citizens for Medical Justice is a strong advocate of national, direct health care for all Americans. Only if and when we have real direct medical health care will the freer availability of experimental drugs be meaningful to the vast majority of people strug-

gling with AIDS and other life-threatening diseases. AZT, ribavirin and other drugs are no good to 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.

John Belskus
Citizens for Medical Justice

Write In Britt

To the Editor:

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

Pelosi has no chance of losing, so we can use this opportunity to remind her and the machine that runs her that her "triumph" was marginal.

I know I voted for Harry not only because I wanted to sponsor an openly gay vote in Congress, but also because I am tired of having my vote co-opted by political machines of any ideology. Just because Pelosi's machine mouths liberal platitudes doesn't disguise the fact that it represents the worst aspects of the American political system.

Watching Pelosi 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 Britt included and transcended sexual preference identification. This time we almost made it. Next time we'll win.

Leland Moss

Ross Responds

To the Editor:

In your April 10th issue, George Mendenhall wrote about the congressional campaign of Kevin Wadsworth. The nature of the references 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 false and untrue. I never made such a statement nor was I ever motivated as indicated.

My decision to run for Congress was finally made on a ski trip 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 to be elected in the district for the first time in 20 years. I did not know of Mr. Wadsworth's plan until February 24th, the day after I filed my petition with the registrar.

Another statement of Mr. Wadsworth that I ran my campaign on the basis of bigotry is blatantly untrue. My campaign was based on the issues and on my academic background and my professional and political experience, which qualify me for the position without question. I did not refer to Mr. Wadsworth in any way during the campaign except to point out that he supported Mayor Bradley, a Democrat, in the gubernatorial election last November. If elected, I will assuredly help and support the needs of our San Francisco gay community.

Mr. Wadsworth's disappointment in losing to me is understandable. The very fact that I was managing my own campaign with one half the money and one half the personnel that he had demonstrates beyond doubt my competency. If Mr. Wadsworth's desire, indeed, is to unify the Republican Party, he should start by supporting its candidates rather than to falsely accuse and disparage them because of selfish personal reasons.

Harriet Ross
Deputy Public Defender

Edwards's Misogyny

To the Editor:

I have just read Thomas Edwards's letter (April 3) in your paper trashing me, Sally Gearhart and Roberta Achtenberg for being radically militant lesbians(!) dividing the male/female gay population. While it is an honor to be compared with Sally and Roberta, I wonder why two Britt supporters are the targets of his invective. Sally and Roberta should sue.

As a member of the board of directors of two organizations with lesbian and gay male membership (CUAV and the Gay/Lesbian Historical Society), and past co-chair of BACABI/NO on 6 and the Coalition for Human Rights, I think my record of working on issues of importance to both gay men and lesbians is a hell of a lot stronger than Mr. Edwards's record on issues important to women.

Several years ago — over some issue that has faded from my mind — Mr. Edwards accused me, Billie

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500 HAYES STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

State Meet Here Draws 100

DC March Taking Off!

by George Mendenhall

"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. Over 200,000 are projected for this event. This 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 bill; an end to 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 march has opened national headquarters in the nation's capital with the former director of the 1986 national cross-country peace march, Lee Bush, as staff director. A logo has been selected and brochures will be out in May. The national coordinating committee will meet in Atlanta on May 1-2. Those planning a massive civil disobedience at the US Supreme Court on

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

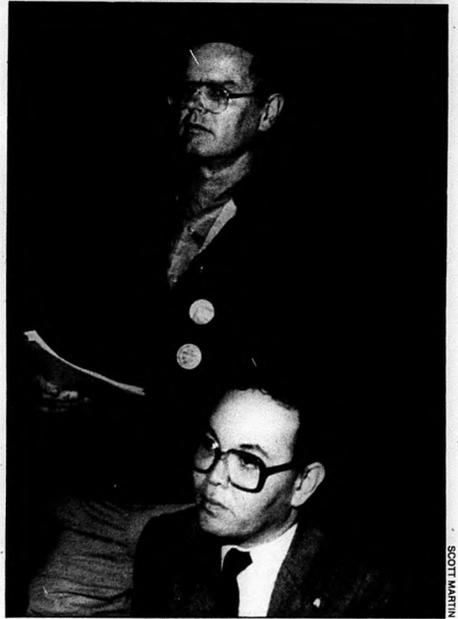
Oct. 13 will be having their national meeting on May 1.

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 discos 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-violence training. Cleve Jones explained his project to unfold hundreds of quilts on the Capitol Mall — each 3' x 6' panel of a quilt naming a person who has died of AIDS. Los Angeles activist Morris Kight announced that there would be a senior group, and gay veteran Bill Lake said there would be a lying in a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. There is a planned Third World conference and a public ceremony uniting lesbian and gay couples. Ken McPherson of the local Mobilization Against AIDS has set up a national march information number for those with computer modems (415-441-7671).

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



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 Norman, currently recovering from an operation, is co-chair of the national march along with Steve Ault of New York City and Kay Osberg of Washington DC.

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 Burns 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 Pedersen, Burns, Bishop Mikael Itkin and Marilyn Leigh of San Francisco, Gerald Gomez of Sacramento, and J. Hunter Stout of Santa Cruz. They will hold their next Northern California organizational meeting in Sacramento on April 26 at Lambda 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) 783-1828. There are plans to open a local office here. The local number is 285-4238.

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

We are going to visit the arena of Profound Humanness 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 focused towards that commitment. You can say that an audacious creation of the self takes place in integrity, without which you are simply the creation of the various forces impacting you in your society.

Thus the basis of integrity is a destinal 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 realizes that to be 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 the basis of their impact on his destinal resolve.

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

No 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-oneness, not so much with the currents and waves of activity around him, but with the deeper trends of history itself. Amid the flux of wavering to and fro 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 long journey, 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 is experienced primarily by this sense of at-oneness.

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."

Courtesy: Frederick J. Young, Inc. (415) 695-2834

Clash over Bisexual Issue

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 bisexuals 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. While both Rubenstein and Wahl plan to remain members of the club, they felt they had to resign from the board as a matter of principle.

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 started the Sexologist 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

community" in its official pronouncements — such as specifically naming lesbians — that club officers should mention bisexuals as well. After a heated discussion ensued, Ben Gardiner, former president of the club, suggested an amendment to change "should" to "are encouraged to." But before the amendment could be voted on, member Ron Katz made a motion to table discussion. Katz's motion, which passed 8 to 5, effectively tabled the issue indefinitely.

"I'm sympathetic to Maggi Rubenstein's motion and would have been inclined to vote for it," says Ron Katz. "Unfortunately, when there was discussion of her motion, Maggi shouted each speaker down, so it was impossible to have a fair and intellectual discussion.

"There was also a legitimate question as to whether this would be a bylaw change. In addition, not a lot of members were present. I don't think you should have 13 out of 87 members making that decision."

Rubenstein, 56, a nurse and licensed counselor with a PhD in sexology, has worked for 20 years as an activist in the gay and lesbian community and describes herself as one of the founders of the bisexual movement. She founded the 24-hour SF Sex Information Hot-

and the Homosexual when its members asked her to be a keynote speaker at a conference but failed to introduce her as a bisexual.

Rubenstein declares she is tired of "biphobic" people who are willing to accept the energy, money, and time of bisexuals working for the gay and lesbian movement, but refuse to publicly acknowledge bisexuals. "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," says Rubenstein.

Bob Basker, a club member and a founder of Mattachine Midwest in Chicago in 1964, spoke out in support of Rubenstein during the meeting. "It was a simple enough request, but the club wasn't ready for it. Unfortunately, there's generally a tendency with minorities [to say] 'we'll take care of you later.'"

Basker sees a need for consciousness raising among the club's mostly male members. A motion several years ago to include "lesbian" in the club's name was voted down. Because two lesbians were among those who cast their votes against changing the name, several of Rubenstein's opponents feel that specifically naming any group other



Sexologist Maggi Rubenstein opens controversy.

than "gay" is a closed and settled issue.

Basker says some of Rubenstein's opponents also feel that bisexuals are people who haven't fully accepted their homosexuality. He says he disagrees with that viewpoint. "It's my opinion that every minority should designate itself. It's up to bisexuals to decide who they are and what they're going to be called."

Ron Katz believes the majority of the membership of the club may be sympathetic to Rubenstein, but that they need an opportunity to adequately discuss the issue.

"Maggi's position may be that the club wants to freeze out bisexuals," says Katz, "but I think the bulk of the club members have no such conviction and want to make up their own minds."

Ben Gardiner, who proposed the amendment to Rubenstein's motion, says he felt the motion was inappropriately phrased as a demand. While he feels that bisexuals are more of a majority than a minority, he says club officers are elected because of their particular viewpoints and that each individual's judgment should be respected accordingly. "My objection is that you don't elect officers and then muzzle them."

Bill Paul, a club member and educational psychologist at San Francisco State University, was one of the vocal members opposing Rubenstein's motion. "As far as anyone can see, there is no such thing as a bisexual

community," argues Paul. He contends that gay identity and lesbianism are more than sexual identities, because there are lesbians who don't engage in sex and gay priests who are celibate.

"Gay identity and lesbian identity

"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

are social identities," states Paul, "but bisexuality is a variant or degree of sexual orientation. Maggi's position is that bisexuals are persecuted by the gay

on the cutting edge," to do the same things," says Wahl. "We should not be party — even by implication — to the oppression of a co-minority."

Book Party Set for Steve Abbott's Lives of the Poets

Meet Steve Abbott, author of the recently published *Lives of the Poets*, on Sunday, April 19, 3-5 pm, at Small Press Traffic, 24th and Guerrero Streets, San Francisco. This informal event is open to all Bay Area residents. Admission is free. Abbott is a recognized essayist and poet; he

is also one of the *Sentinel's* senior arts writers.

Gay History Reviewed

A look at "Our Spiritual Journey Together" will be held at Occidental College in Eagle Rock (Los Angeles) on Saturday, May 2. The session is to "explore our existence and history" as gay people. Topics such as homophobia and personal growth will be explored by Dottie Wine at (213) 483-8575.

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Tenderloin's Rev. Cecil Williams Talks Turkey

A candid talk with San Francisco's best known progressive minister. Gay politics and his own style in winning in the big city.

by John Wetzel

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 people, teenage 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 people got wise about politics. They've known for some time that the more they get their vote together, the more power they express in this city. The gay community has flexed its muscle — and is feeling its power. I think there are great possibilities in the gay community for the future — for helping to determine the greatness of this city.

"What I think the gay community has to do is always be 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 com-

munity is in trouble."

When asked if he had also become wise 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. I

other people 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 strongly believes in San Francisco. "The pioneers came West from the East and settled in. They said, 'It's over. We have found it.' 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

"This election said clear that the city is still hooked. It's hooked on how much money there is and who the candidate is. I think it will probably be that way for a while."

— Williams

started feeling like I was nothing. Then, finally, I got wise to how to put people together, how to make block votes count, how to get people to register

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

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 who the candidate is. Secondly, it has to do with who designates whom 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

"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."

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 recent election in which he supported election Doris Ward, a black, for Congress. "I said publicly that I would have supported Harry Britt 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

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." ■

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Possible Disadvantages

- Some people wrongly believe that a negative test result means they are immune to AIDS.
- People who test positive show increases in anxiety and depression.
- When testing is not strictly confidential or anonymous, some people may risk job and insurance discrimination.

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Funding for this message provided by the S.F. Department of Public Health.

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NAMES Project

Continued from page 1

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 6' panels. He said making them was "cathartic."

"I sit down to do them," the 31-year-old said, "and let myself wander 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.

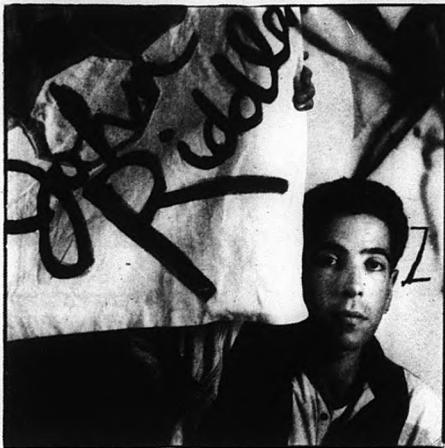
"Even if they weren't well-known or their art wasn't bought, it's important to have a visual representation of them," he explained in a voice thickened with emotion.

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 merge his interests in art and politics.

"I'm making something for myself that will be for the world," he said. "It's a way to manifest my friends physically." He plans to fit many of his panels with plastic pockets containing a photo of the person the panel is named for.

Jim Geary, executive director of the Shanti Project, which offers emotional support to people affected by AIDS, said activities, such as the NAMES Project, "help a person grieve in a



Joseph Durant.

positive manner. It's a part of the healing process.

"Historically, oppressed groups have used memorials as a way to acknowledge the significance of a person's life in a way that wasn't acknowledged by society," he said.

Spreading the panels across his kitchen floor in a Castro Street apartment,

on the Russian River how much he loved Paris."

Riddler, a video producer, returned to his beloved city a year-and-a-half ago to work at the Pompidou Museum. Four months later, he was diagnosed with pneumocystis and in two weeks he was dead. Durant's whimsical Paris Postcard features an appliqued carica-

Project organizers hope to stitch together thousands of panels and carpet the Capitol Mall during the October Gay March on Washington.

Durant said his approach to painting them is "so fucking artsy I can't stand it." He makes many of them "ass backwards" because he often produces a panel and only then decides who it belongs to. Most of his are spray or hand painted. Others employ applique. All of them contain a story.

One panel he calls Paris Postcard. It's for John Riddler, 34, who, Durant said, was a "skinny little hick from the South who told me on a camping trip

ture of the Eiffel Tower, a representation of a cancelled postage stamp with the French flag and the words "Love John Riddler."

Durant said the panel that will mean the most to him is the "one I haven't done yet." It's for a boyfriend who had a significant influence on his art. Durant lost touch with the man and then read his obituary in the *BAR*. He preferred not to talk in detail about someone who meant so much to him.

"Some things are better left unsaid," Durant explained quietly.

Though the panels are freighted with sadness, their design allows for maximum creativity and even humor. Durant said that the panel for James McClure, a former deputy sheriff, will be decorated with a tin star and badge. Another that he just finished for Ed Mock, well-known Bay Area choreographer, shows dancing feet across a stormy sky.

Project director Jones wants people across the country to be inspired to design the fabric panels. He said groups in 16 states from Hawaii to Virginia are already working on them. He hopes to get residents of Belle Glade Florida, a community of immigrants from the Caribbean with an unusually large number of AIDS cases, involved.

Jones said he got the idea for the project after the 1985 memorial march for Supervisor Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone. To dramatize the growing number of AIDS deaths, marchers carried placards bearing the names of someone they had lost and covered a large portion of the facade of the Federal Building with the signs.

"It was a stunning tribute," Jones said. "I realized this sort of image was the way to present a dramatic illustration of the impact of the AIDS epidemic."

The project's organizers hope to raise \$80,000 for the nationwide under-

taking, which is sponsored by the Gay March on Washington, with about half coming from foundation grants. Jones noted that he's seeking funds from groups that do not usually give to AIDS organizations. By publicizing the project through the existing national network of AIDS groups, he thinks the project will attract more than just "political activists and zealots."

To cover the Capitol Mall, Jones 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 to design a panel, the man told him he would 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 in or contributing to the project can call 626-5725.



Brougham Could Become First East Bay Gay Official

by Shawn P. Kelly

In the wake of Harry Britt's near miss in his recent congressional campaign, there will be a second chance to elect an openly gay candidate to public office next Tuesday in the person of Tom Brougham, a candidate for the East Bay Peralta Community College Board of Trustees from District 4 (Berkeley/North Oakland).

Brougham, the former president of the politically active East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club, is in a neck-and-neck race with incumbent and Board President Marsha Corprew for the seat on the seven member board which oversees the operations of the East Bay community college system.

Brougham has the backing of a broad progressive coalition centered in Berkeley, while Corprew, a black woman, has her base of support in Oakland's black community.

Although Brougham is running as an openly-gay candidate — and would be

Continued on next page

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MAYER LABORATORIES

Protest

Continued from page 1

main courthouse with its famous glockenspiel is located. The march disrupted midday downtown traffic on a busy shopper's Saturday.

The somewhat motley and colorful conglomeration of predominately young marchers drew the attention of "Mr. and Mrs. Normal Burger" who were out for an average day of conspicuous consumption. The demonstrators, carried a sea of overinflated condoms, banners, and signs. They were not just from gay associations but from various parties and beliefs—united in a common effort to ward off Bavaria's repressive and counterproductive plan. Hundreds of police officers were present, but only one arrest was made.

Some parents walked with their children, and gays strolled hand-in-hand. Handicapped persons on crutches and those in wheelchairs endured the long walk. A banner was held high that proclaimed (loosely translated), "Enough of This Junk!" There were baby carriages, bicycles, rainbow-colored solidarity badges, and long-stemmed red roses. It was a Folk Festival atmosphere — on the first warm spring weekend in Munich. But underneath all the gaiety, of course, was the importance of the march and concern over the discriminatory attitudes and the seriousness of the disease.

When the protesters arrived at the square, one spokesman said, "It looks like the state is not trying to combat the spread of AIDS, but trying to fight people with AIDS." Other speakers expressed that the Bavarian proposals were, "reminiscent of both



Munich gay leader Guido Vahl spoke to 10,000 in Marienplatz.

the Middle Ages and Orwellian 1984 at the same time." Parallels were made to Nazi Germany — although they seemed questionable when drawn by German

themselves. Speakers called for anti-discrimination legislation, increased AIDS funding for research and information campaigns, more assistance for social work programs, as well as a general understanding and compassion for those with AIDS.

A court order had forbidden the use of posters that condemn the state. A poster proclaiming "The Bavarian Government Is Worse Than Any Epidemic" was not allowed, and any texts that proclaimed that sentiment had to be blacked out. Police photographed but did not confiscate a banner proclaiming, "Bavaria Is Renovating

Dachau." Dachau, the former concentration camp, is on the outskirts of Munich.

Organizers of the demonstration were pleasantly surprised, even exhilarated and amazed, that there was such a large turnout. Many marchers knew that they would be photographed by the police and that this might be used as evidence against them some time in the future. The event was exciting and unparalleled, given the usual complacency, reticence and often justified fear of reprisal. Gay people here got out of the bars and closets and took the risk.

Despite verbal friction surrounding the rally, it was peaceful and quiet — except for a few "Stop Strauss" chants. These were in reference to Franz Josef Strauss, the leader of the Christian Socialist Union (CSU) party. The CSU is the majority party here. While

The event was exciting and unparalleled, given the usual complacency, reticence and often justified fear of reprisal. Gay people here got out of the bars and closets and took the risk.

Strauss has not been outspoken on AIDS controls, others in his party have been.

One CSU leader is Peter Gauweiler, Bavarian Minister of the Interior. He is responsible for police affairs and is highly visible in pushing the conservative, draconian Bavarian proposals at a national level. One rally demonstrator climbed a pedestal of the downtown statue of the Virgin Mary, Patron of Bavaria, and unrolled a banner declaring, "Condoms Instead of Gauweiler."

On Sunday, after the rally, Gauweiler spoke to a conservative CSU crowd in a beer tent at a spring festival. He re-emphasized his oppressive AIDS policies — including that people with AIDS who have sex should be charged with murder. He called AIDS "a sin." He prayed aloud, "Mother Mary, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The audience gave him wild applause.

Shortly before the demonstration, the Bavarian Minister of Culture, Johann Zehetmair, had said that "homosexual fringe groups must be thinned out" to prevent the spread of AIDS. But that did not deter people from coming out. During the march, police photographed participants — as they do at all anti-establishment demonstrations here.

After the march, conservative party members criticized march participants because they included members of the liberal Green and Social Democratic parties and Communists in their ranks. But realistically, the demonstration must have been embarrassing to the German government, which can't seem to get Bavaria to fall in line with its more intelligent policies on AIDS. There are 11 states in Germany, but each may apply their own existing laws

pertaining to epidemics and criminal punishment.

Some of the hysteria here relates to newspaper accounts involving charges that a black American in Nuremberg has been spreading AIDS. The man has been arrested and accused of malicious intent to commit grievous bodily harm. The charge is that he had unsafe sex with three men in the last six months of 1987, although he knew that he had AIDS. There are two similar cases in Germany — one involves a female prostitute and the other a German gay man.

Some dramatic reactions have occurred by some gay people here to the proposed oppressive policies in Bavaria. Fewer people are now using AIDS counseling services, and some are thinking of moving to other states or even to other countries. One gay photo-journalist said, "If this gets any worse, I am heading for Amsterdam." ■

Brougham

Continued from previous page

the only openly-gay East Bay elected official if he wins — he is emphasizing mainstream issues around the financially-troubled Peralta District in the race.

"The district is almost bankrupt, so there is a large perception that change must occur," Brougham said in an interview with the *Sentinel*. "There's a real sense of 'turn the rascals out.' There is an anticipated \$7 million deficit this year. The situation has absolutely gotten out of hand, and there is a need for a comprehensive remedy."

When asked what effect running against an openly gay activist may have on the race, Broadwater said flatly, "That is not an issue in the campaign."

"I would push for the answer to two questions," he said. "What is the best educational program possible in the era of drastically reduced resources; and what facilities will best carry out that program."

When asked to emphasize what issues of particular concern to lesbians and gays he would push as a member of the board, Brougham cited system-wide distribution of AIDS information, AIDS education courses and training, eventual movement towards a domestic partners policy, and feminist issues, such as comparable worth and equitable funding for men's and women's athletic programs.

Brougham has the support of many well-known political figures, such as Berkeley Mayor Loni Hancock, former mayor Gus Newport, Assemblyman Tom Bates, San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt, as well as strong support from labor and feminist groups and the powerful Berkeley Citizens Action organization.

Corprew, however, has her share of

political endorsements, including Oakland Mayor Lionel Wilson, Congressman Ronald Dellums, and many local church leaders.

"We've been running a people-oriented campaign," said Bob Broadwater, Corprew's campaign manager. "I think we're going to win it."

As to charges that as an incumbent and board president Corprew should be held responsible for what all agree is a financial crisis, Broadwater defended his candidate, while agreeing that the primary issue of the campaign was "getting the district out of the economic doldrums that it's in."

"She only ascended to the presidency 1-1/2 years ago," Broadwater said, "and she should not be blamed for problems that have been here for the last

five years." Broadwater cited the policies of the Deukmejian administration as the major factor in bringing about the current problems.

When asked what effect running against an openly-gay activist may have on the race, Broadwater said flatly, "That is not an issue in the campaign."

Both camps agree that voter turnout in the district will probably be the key in this race that Brougham himself terms "obscure." Although Berkeley has a nearly 4-1 majority of precincts over Oakland, there are other races on the ballot in Oakland that may draw more voters in Corprew strongholds.

Brougham estimates that only 6,000 of the 60,000 registered voters will actually participate in the election. Although there have been no polls conducted in the race, Brougham said that reaction to his candidacy has been "extremely favorable," according to reports from his precinct walkers. "The question," Brougham said, "is whether those people will be motivated to vote." ■

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BEYOND THE BAY

NGLTF Protests Reagan's Praise; Condoms Get Approval

WASHINGTON, DC — The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF) has protested President Reagan's praise for the early release of experimental drugs for use by AIDS patients. It claims "it allows uncontrolled dispensing of drugs that have not been proven safe or effective."

Condom makers can now advertise that condoms are a preventative measure in the spread of AIDS. The Food and Drug Administration now permits this if the condoms are latex, not natural membrane.

Quarantine Law Threatens Colorado

DENVER, CO — It appears that HB-1177 will pass the state senate here. The bill is being called the most oppressive AIDS legislation in the nation. It allows for the possible quarantining of people with AIDS. A town hall meeting on April 21 at Metropolitan Community Church in Denver will discuss what can be done to halt the legislation. Governor Roy Romer has said he will soon appoint a task force to study the effect the bill would have on the citizenry.

Warhol Gets a Mass; Drag Night a Hit

NEW YORK, NY — More than 2,000 attended a mass for a noted Catholic who died on Feb. 22 — Andy Warhol. Yoko Ono was there with numerous other celebrities. Rev. Anthony Dalla Villa called Warhol "a simple, humble, modest person." Warhol's death is being investigated by NYC authorities amidst allegations that he received improper medical care while recovering from a gall bladder operation at Cornell Hospital.

A colossal drag affair, "Night of a Thousand Gowns," was held at the Waldorf-Astoria. The event drew 400 people — many arriving in limousines to display elaborate costumes while a large crowd outside cheered. An estimated \$100,000 was raised (at \$250 per person), although there were expenses. Benefiting are two NYC AIDS groups, the National March on Washington Committee, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, and the Human Rights Campaign Fund.

Milton Marks First Appointee to AIDS Panel

SACRAMENTO, CA — Sen. Milton Marks (D-San Francisco) is the first appointee to the AIDS Vaccine Injury

Compensation Policy Review Task Force. This body was set up under AB-4250 to provide financial security in compensation funds for researchers and pharmaceutical firms, speeding up the development of a vaccine.

Asian Doctor Makes Extreme AIDS Proposal

TAIPEI, Taiwan — Dr. Wange Cheng-yi of Taiwan University Hospital has asked for legislation that would give the death penalty to anyone having sex who has contracted AIDS. He said, "This is tantamount to murder and should be punished accordingly." The only confirmed AIDS case in Taiwan, a homosexual businessman, died here a year ago. Authorities would not speculate on whether the government would act on Cheng-yi's suggestion.

Coors Beer Shuns Same-Sex Couples

PORTLAND, OR — Coors Beer, still involved in a continuing gay community boycott, got into more hot water here during a Valentine's Day "Couple's Run." The company would not permit same-sex couples to race as it claimed that they would have an unfair advantage. The American Heart Association benefited from the event. Its events director, Catherine Crooker, protested the Coors decision. She said, "Who does Coors see as inferior or superior — mixed couples, two lesbians or two gay men?" She stressed, "Our organization does not discriminate against gays or any other group."

Bath Owner Talks, Business Owners Listen

SAN JOSE, CA — Sal Accardi, president of The Watergarden bathhouse, was the invited speaker at the San Jose Downtown Business Association. He spoke candidly: "AIDS is not a gay disease. It is being discovered, at great price, that monogamous heterosexual marriages are not always that monogamous. Non-communication about sex permeates marriages. Moralizing about sexually transmitted diseases has only served to make treatment less available, less confidential, and more difficult."

Canada Gay Book Allowed by Judge

ONTARIO, Canada — The Canada Customs Service's confiscation of a book, *The Joy of Gay Sex*, has been overturned in court. CCS said the discussion of anal sex was obscene. Judge Bruce Hawkins disagreed. He said anal sex was a common homosexual act so "to write about homosexual practices without dealing with anal intercourse would be equivalent to writing a history of music and omitting Mozart." Local gay activists said they would have to wait and see if Hawkins's ruling affected customs' handling of other gay erotica coming in to Canada.

Victory in Boston, Judges Order Compromise

BOSTON, MA — Worcester County Savings was ordered to come to an agreement with a man they had fired for having AIDS by June 17. If there is noncompliance, there will be a full public hearing of the case. The order came from the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination and affects Steven Dutil. MCAD said Dutil's condition was a handicap and so he could not be legally discriminated against. There are 11 other similar cases pending before the body, so local activists are

optimistic. Many were surprised at how fast MCAD acted — only two months after the complaint was filed. MCAD has been known to wait as long as three years before making a ruling.

Arkansas University Can Discriminate

FAYETTEVILLE, AR — A federal judge has ruled that the University of Arkansas did not violate the rights of the Gay and Lesbian Student Association by denying it funding. Waters cited the US Supreme Court's Georgia sodomy ruling last June in support of

his contention that gay people can be treated differently than other groups. He said the university decision was "beneficial." The gay group will appeal to the 8th Circuit Court.

Maryland Tries Again

ANNAPOLIS, MD — The Maryland state bill to decriminalize private adult consensual sex activity was rejected (15-7) by the House of Delegates after passing the state senate. It was the first time in ten years that civil rights and gay groups had been able to get a vote in the house — which was considered progress.



Pat Norman, Howard Wallace

Gays Speak at April 25 Rally

Pat Norman, popular lesbian activist, and Howard Wallace, founder of the Lesbian and Gay Labor Alliance, will be the two major speakers at a Western States peace rally on Saturday, April 25. Both are organizers of the upcoming October 11 national gay march on Washington, D.C.

The Mobilization for Peace, Jobs and Justice begins its march at 11 am at Justin Hermann Plaza, at the foot of Market Street. The gay contingent will meet at Steuart and Market Streets. The march will proceed to the Civic Center where the rally will begin at 1 pm.

Speakers at the rally will call for equality for all — including lesbians and gays. They will also urge an end to U.S. intervention in Central America, South African apartheid and the nuclear arms race. Organizers state, "We are the majority and we can make a difference. We must tell politicians everywhere that our voices will be heard on these issues."

Win for Kovalich

Judge Denies Lawsuit Dismissal

by George Mendenhall

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 move by federal defense attorneys. Jean Kovalich was demoted from her "Special Agent in Charge" supervisory position in 1986 after she admitted she was a lesbian during an investigation of her life. Ironically, Kovalich herself had investigated lesbians and gay people in federal service in the past.

Judge Legge ruled on April 6 that the Kovalich case was not moot because she was being continued in a lesser position (at reduced pay) and not discharged from her department at the Presidio of San Francisco. He also denied Kovalich's attempt to force the Defense Department to declare how it interprets the law and to require that it not take similar actions against other gay persons in the future. The judge is allowing Kovalich to pursue this line, however, as he has asked her to return on November 9 to clarify and "identify the specific employment actions which plaintiff believes can and should be redressed by this court." There will be a trial on that date.

Attorney Dick Gayer, who has represented numerous gay people in the federal service, explains that Kovalich was known as a lesbian by her co-workers. She was demoted because of her "failure" to declare her sexual preference before she was asked and her refusal to name her former female sex partners. Her demotion means that she

can continue as an openly lesbian federal investigator but not in a supervisory position. Kovalich has a federal security clearance.

Gayer is often in federal court defending gay people who work in high technology positions and who have difficulty in getting higher level security clearances. A number of these people organized a few years ago and now publish their own newsletter. High Tech Gays has unanimously endorsed Gayer's defense of Kovalich and is assisting the case with its legal defense fund.

Going to New York City?

Dr. Ruth Westheimer and Congressman Bill Green and Ted Weiss are being honored by the Gay Fund for Human Dignity in NYC on April 30. It is the 10th anniversary of the fund and the event is at the restored, historic Federal Hall National Memorial at 26 Wall Street. Details at (212) 529-1600.

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AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

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 meet the statutory requirements. It only applies to persons arrested for misdemeanors who also have no prior criminal convictions. Violent crimes are excepted.

For gays and lesbians, this statute has helped hundreds avoid criminal prosecution. According to Blanche Blachman, 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 meets defendants eligible for diversion in the courtroom and reviews the police report in the case. If the district attorney tells the judge that diversion is allowed, then Blanche or one of the other reps interviews the client for about 45 minutes to determine how they can best serve their diversion time.

Since gays represent about 10-12% of the total caseload, many gay agencies participate in the diversion program. In the initial interview, it is determined that the individual should either receive counseling or perform community service. Substance abuse and mental

health problems are referred to agencies such as Operation Recovery, 18th Street Services or Acceptance Place.

Community service, usually involving 25 hours, is performed at the AIDS Foundation, CUAV, the Community Thrift Store or one of the hospice organizations. If a person refuses to perform the work or attend the counseling, he is returned to court for criminal prosecution of his case.

Since many defendants are undereducated, referrals to adult education programs are available. English classes are recommended for many.

Although violent cases are not accepted, a defendant in a "fagbashing" case is sometimes referred if no injuries or actual violence occurred. These individuals are referred to counseling if they are open to it. Otherwise, community service is required. The district attorney has a policy of objecting to referral for any case involving violence or even the threat thereof, but judges sometimes ignore the objection in a rush to clear their caseloads. There are also occasions where all parties agree that an exception to the rule can be made.

Gays who are referred have generally

been caught shoplifting or arrested in a public restroom for sexual activity. Newcomers to Polk Street prostitution are also seen. According to Blachman, only about 1% of the referrals involve lesbians.

Counseling is recommended in many of the cases involving sexual activity since many seem to be unaware of AIDS risks and have engaged in unsafe sex. Blachman notes that several persons have been referred from these cases who already have AIDS.

After seven years in the program, Blanche has seen a wide variety of individuals go through diversion, from bankers to hookers, from punks to lawyers. The most prominent participant was the district attorney from another county who several years ago was diverted after punching a waiter in a SF restaurant.

Each case is closely monitored by having the individual report bi-weekly over the three-month diversion period. Participating agencies are called monthly for progress reports. Individuals who fail the program go back to court to explain why to the judge. However, only 18% fail.

One of the advantages of diversion is that restitution can be collected for victims, while the city avoids the expense of a trial or formal probation. Each year about \$65,000 is returned to crime

victims in payments obtained through diversion clients. The arrestee has the advantage of being given another chance. Somehow, it looks like both sides are winning.

One of the latest jailhouse controversies involves the desire of health officials to provide condoms to inmates. My interviews with deputy sheriffs and with gay persons who have served time in the county jail demonstrate that jailhouse sex is widespread. "You only have to drape a sheet 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 a felony to have sex in the jail and to assist it would be to aid the commission of a crime.

If jail personnel are seriously concerned about this felonious activity, they don't seem to have made an effort to stop it judging from the reports I have received. I could not find anyone in the district attorney's office who was aware of any prosecutions in recent history for sexual activity between consenting adults in the jail.

The real crime may be allowing the spread of AIDS when an easy remedy is close at hand.

LETTERS

Continued from page 4

Jean King and Ellie Smeal of being men-haters.

As I responded to him at the time, as a general rule, I do not hate men, but I could make an exception in his case.

I think his letter is eloquent testimony to the charges many of us in the women's community have made about the misogyny that has been rampant in this campaign.

Paula Lichtenberg

Labeling Bridges

To the Editor:

In his "Film" column of April 3, Glen Helfand refers to Fabian Bridges, the subject of a controversial documentary shown on KQED, as "a Polk Street hustler." According to the documentary, Fabian Bridges lived in Texas and the Midwest, nowhere near Polk Street. The program also indicated that he held a county job in Texas before being diagnosed with AIDS. It appeared to be open to question whether he was actually a hustler later on, since at the time he made the statement on camera, he was severely ill and without money, and may possibly have been giving the filmmakers the "sensational" story they wanted to hear, in exchange for the money they gave him.

It seems doubly sad that at a time when we're trying to get KQED to be more responsive to the gay community, the gay press would also be guilty of this kind of inaccurate labeling of one of our own dead.

Philip Reai

Helmet's Do Help

To the Editor:

The proofreaders were obviously asleep at the switch when you printed Ed Dollak's letter (Helmet's Don't Help) in the April 10th issue. It is riddled with errors. No one, to my knowledge has ever made the claim that a helmet worn while riding a motorcycle will in any way prevent an accident. A helmet will, however, greatly increase the chances of surviving one, as documented by the well-known (to bikers) Hurt report. I also take exception to the statement that California's motorcycle test is "rigorous." Having passed it myself, I found it to be on

the simple side, not even putting the testee into actual driving in traffic. What is needed to increase motorcycle safety is more awareness on the car driver's part to the fact that we're out there.

As to the question of infringement on personal liberties by legislating mandatory helmet laws, I find this to be a gray area, as there are those with little to protect than others.

Stephen J. Grochowski

A Qualified Thanks

To the Editor:

Thank you for Steve Abbott's thoughtful review of *Tokyo: Form and Spirit*. The layout was handsome, and the amount of space your magazine gave to the show was most gratifying. I am sorry that you did not like my attempt to create a quiet space for the Buddha, and I agree that the relationship of the statue to the door of the Reflecting Room is not as easy to grasp as it was at Walker Art Center — in the main because of our decision to provide wheelchair access to this lovely room — a feature Jacking in Minneapolis.

Also, in your eagerness to emphasize the significance and serenity of Ito's installation at Walker you have, I fear, been betrayed by your memory. First, the Reflecting Room did not conclude their presentation. It was, I agree, the climax, but *Playing* was, as here, the final selection. Second, the "seams" in the pool *did* show at Walker and are clearly visible as such in Walker's installation shots published in *Design Quarterly*. Context, as they say, is everything.

Graham Beal
Chief Curator,
SF Museum of Modern Art

'Scientific' Homophobia

The following letter was sent to *Omni* magazine in response to an article descriptive of an East German doctor's "research" into the "cause" of homosexuality.

Editor:

Linda Murry's article "Sexual Destinies" (April 1987) presents the reader with the patently homophobic views of the East German doctor Gunter Dornier. Yet I would not suggest that a search for a biological etiology of homosexuality (and here the doctor's sexism emerges, for his study — like almost all studies —

does not concern itself with lesbians) is itself homophobic — only Dornier's intentions are.

Vicious medical experiments on homosexual males date back at least to the brutal work of Nazi pseudo-doctors in the 1930s. One recognizes in both the Nazis' and Dornier's theories an emphatic reaction against difference; the belief in a dichotomized sex/gender system disallows meaningful consideration of homosexuality. Two examples will suffice.

The concept of the Native American *berdache* shows us a more complex reality than simply male and female, for a *berdache* neither identifies as, nor conforms to gender role expectations of a female. In many Native American societies, gender has been conceived of not as two opposite poles (or as a continuum between them) but instead as a multifaceted, multidimensional array of spiritual possibilities. Quite differently, in parts of Melanesia, male homosexual behavior has been institutionalized for reasons of manhood rituals and a belief in female impurity. In these cultures, male and female are rigidly demarcated, and male homosexuality is both required and the statistical norm.

The pseudo-science of Dornier (as well as UCLA professor Richard Green) fails less for its intentions than for its cultural chauvinism and anthropological inaccuracies. Finally,

it is utterly ridiculous to suggest that eliminating (male) homosexuality will "control the spread of AIDS." Perhaps ten million people have been infected with HIV in Africa, almost all of them heterosexually.

Scott Bravmann

It's About Time!

To the Editor:

Finally the U.S. Food and Drug Administration wants to let persons with AIDS/ARC or other serious or life-threatening conditions get experimental drugs, after they have been shown to be safe and probably effective, but before final approval for mass marketing. This change could end the need to go to Mexico, Israel, Europe, etc. for treatments which should have been available here long ago but got trapped in politics and red tape.

Unfortunately some gay organizations have opposed the proposed new rules. They fear that companies will sell drugs which are not safe and effective — and start charging persons with AIDS for the drugs used in their clinical trials, now provided free. In fact, the new rule would only allow sale after both phase I and phase II tests (safety and efficacy) had been completed, unless the FDA permits an emergency exception. And before a company could charge for drugs used in its clinical testing, it would have to show "that sale is required in order for the sponsor to undertake or con-

tinue the clinical trial."

In other words, a company could only sell a drug now given free if the alternative was not to do the study or provide the drug at all. (For *treatment* rather than experimental purposes, the company could charge a price not "manifestly unfair" — for drugs today seldom available at all.)

This new rule could help to end the commercial and regulatory limbo where some of the most promising AIDS treatments *ready now* have languished for months or years — unexamined, unresearched, unavailable.

Until May 5 the FDA will receive public comments. Write to: Dockets Management Branch (HFA-305), Food and Drug Administration, Rm. 4-62, 5600 Fishers Lane, Rockville, MD 20857.

John S. James

(Mr. James writes the On Guard! treatment column which appears in every other issue of the Sentinel.)

PS

All letters must be typed and legibly signed originals. Please include your complete address and telephone number. Deadline is the Friday prior to publication. We reserve the right to edit or reject any letter submitted. Letters should not be more than 250 words in length.

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POINT OF VIEW

REV. ROBERT CROMEY

Hanky-Panky Evangelists

It has been wonderful giggling at the plight of Oral Roberts and the Bakkers. Roberts was sitting in his prayer tower saying 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 and 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 exploit the sick and the wounded. They make unsubstantiated claims that the lame walk after they receive the laying on of hands. The poor and the disadvantaged are duped. The Bakkers and Oral Roberts give God and Jesus a bad name. They give con men a bad name.

The only social issues these evangelists condemn are sexual. They are against women's rights, pornography, abortion and homosexuality. They are conservative in politics — never criticizing the president for his war-mongering and arms build-up or his cutting of programs that help the poor and the needy. They never speak up for the rights of blacks, Asians, or women. In fact, Jerry Falwell has said

he feels the white South African government is doing a good job in race relations.

These evangelists are high-powered business people. They would do well in oil, steel and computers. They happen to have chosen the selling of religion as their vocation. They are also organizers of national television shows and fundraising schemes. They are truly entrepreneurs.

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 envious of the money and sheer numbers these "Christians" attract. Many would 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 are sincere. 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 problems with sex and drugs — even if they appear to be against sex and drugs. They are human, too.

They say they love the sinner but hate the sin. That is a distinction without a difference. I am not very happy with people who hate part of me, or something 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 that the life I have given you is a mystery to be plumbed and examined. It is not subject to simple clichés 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 consumerism — the latest toys, gadgets, fashions, hairstyles and cars?

Don't we exploit the sick and the wounded when we do not visit and comfort them? How many religious 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 beats up those Nicaraguan Communists? How many of us are cruel in our attitudes toward women, blacks, Asians, homosexuals or heterosexuals or are 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 of us whose beliefs are different from theirs.

Rev. Robert Crome is rector of Trinity Episcopal Church and is known for his outreach to the lesbian and gay community.

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SPACE AVAILABLE

Gay Youth Week, April 20-26

National Gay Youth Awareness Week is April 20-26, according to the National Gay Alliance for Young Adults in Dallas. The groups states that it will have a media campaign for that week to draw attention to gay youth. Readers may write NGAYA at Box 190426, Dallas, TX 75219. There appears to be no local observance of NGYAW so far.

Delta on HRC Gay Agenda

The Lesbian/Gay Advisory Committee of the city's Human Rights Commission will be discussing the policies of Delta Airlines in regards to handling people with AIDS at its Tuesday, April 21 meeting. The public discussion will include AIDS/ARC and lesbian issues as well as the obligatory notice policy of the SF Chronicle. The meeting will be at HRC, Room 509, 1095 Market St. (at 7th). No one can be admitted after 6 pm.

People With AIDS Panels

A series of panels with people who have been diagnosed with AIDS or ARC will be presented to the public in four monthly programs beginning April 29. The project is sponsored by the Veterans Administration Work Service Education Committee. The first panel will include a person in social work, another working on a masters degree, a veteran, and a woman with AIDS. All panels are at 1-3 pm in the auditorium of bldg. 7, VA offices at 43rd Avenue and Clement. Info: Kay Ellyard, 750-2044 (days).



Performance Piece Benefit

The AIDS Food Bank, which distributes over 600 bags of groceries a month to 250 people with AIDS, will benefit from a Theater Artaud performance on Thursday, April 23 at 8:30. There will also be wine and cheese receptions and a rap with performers. The night is called "Sideshow" and will star a veteran of the Pickle Family Circus, Sando Counts. The performance piece will be in the 3-story high interior of the old American Can Company building at 450 Florida at 17th Street. Admission is \$25 for this special night. Info: 621-7797 or 762-BASS.

Easter Veterans Protest

The Reagans will be at home at their Santa Barbara ranch over Easter weekend, but they will not be alone. Nearby, several gay Vietnam veterans will be among those protesting US policy in

Central America. This is the third annual Western White House demonstration. 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 National AIDS Network (NAM) on May 1 at the Women's Building here. This is an opportunity for those planning successful fundraising campaigns to learn about how to use direct-mail techniques. One of the organizers is gay activist 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 3:30-5:00 pm on Thursday, April 30. The curious may contact the Broadcast Communications Art Department at the college. 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 Conlan Hall and the time is noon-1 pm. Details from Brenda Chinn, 239-3580.

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. "Pamela" would like a call at 626-7954.

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ON THE JOB

ARTHUR LAZERE

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 Sweetbriar 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 this woman called me a Sapphic, I said, 'What do you mean? You want me to be a lyric poet?'"

"She said, 'No — 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 terms. . . 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's 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 naivete 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 daughter and granddaughter of dentists, she classifies the family as "water-treading middle class; which is to say, we were always 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 jodhpurs 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 assum-



THOMAS ALTEMAN

Sally Gearhart with "fellow Virginian" Jo Daly, at "We Are Family" unity party, April 6.

ing that I was going to get married, because I didn't know there was anything else to do. . . . But there was another undercurrent going on. That was my lesbianism. From when I was ten years old, I knew I wasn't going to have children and do the regular marriage and family thing."

From Parisburg High School she went on to Sweetbriar College, in Lynchburg, Virginia — today's Falwell territory.

"They tried very hard to make a lady out of me and failed miserably," she says. "I majored in drama and English. I knew I didn't want to get married. By then, the alternatives that I could see were to be a prostitute or a nun — or go to graduate school." She went on for a master's degree at Bowling Green University and completed her PhD at the University of Illinois in 1956.

Gearhart considers the greatest single

institutional influence on her life to have been the Methodist and the Lutheran churches. "It's as if I had always been standing there 'with my knees flexed,' ready for the leap of faith, with the Augsburg Confession under one arm and the Bible under the other. But I was never able to make the leap, to give myself over to the Christian faith."

By the time she was in graduate school, Gearhart found a new focus. "Everything that I was looking for in the church — and didn't find — I ultimately found in feminism. The communion of saints that the church kept talking about, I never found there. But I found it in the kind of community that women are able to have together — and that gay men have started to find, too."

With occasional detours, usually amorously motivated, Gearhart spent

Continued on next page

Allegations of Lesbianism Used to Intimidate

The *Chronicle of Higher Education*, a prestigious national newspaper, in a 1983 article written by Cheryl M. Fields, reported that:

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

• Many women on campuses say they are afraid that even discussing such allegations will stigmatize them and hurt their careers.

• Women report that they have been asked by members of search committees if they know why other female job candidates are single.

• Some researchers feel that they may be hurt merely by studying homosexuality.

• Several scholarly associations have documented discrimination against both male and female homosexuals, both on faculties and on administrative staffs.

Koop

Continued from page 3

students. "Whatever you do, do it with good taste, so there will not be a backlash."

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 president urged, "AIDS cannot be what some call 'value neutral.' After all, when it comes to preventing AIDS, don't medicine and morality keep the same lists?" When the president called for abstinence in a talk with reporters, Education Secretary William Bennett agreed, adding that

educators should be advocating "heterosexual behavior." Koop has responded that there must be a non-judgmental discussion of homosexual sex in any educational program.

Koop remains self-confident. He persists with, "We're not talking about measles here. You can't give people a false sense of security. And you can't educate anybody about AIDS unless they know about sex." ■

AIDS Bike-A-Thon Set To Raise \$500,000



Eleven AIDS services throughout the Bay Area expect to net \$500,000 from the 1987 AIDS Bike-A-Thon, set to roll Saturday, May 9. All funds — 100% — collected in the pledge ride go directly to the charity organizations. Registration is now underway (March 14 to April 26) to recruit at least 1,000 cyclists.

Beneficiaries selected for this year serve four Bay Area counties. In San Francisco, they are AIDS Hospice/Coming Home Hospice, AIDS Emergency Fund, Shanti Project, Godfather Fund, The SF AIDS Foundation, Open Hand, 18th Street Services, and the AIDS Health Project. In Alameda County, the East Bay AIDS Project is eligible to receive donations as is Marin AIDS Support Network in Marin County and Project Ellipse in San Mateo County.

Riders and their sponsors choose which beneficiary they wish to contribute funds to. Checks are made payable directly to the beneficiary. The \$40,000 production cost of the event is being raised through a separate fundraising effort spearheaded by Different Spokes Bicycle Club, the bike-a-thon sponsor.

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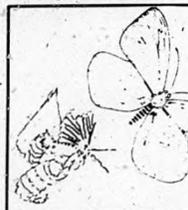


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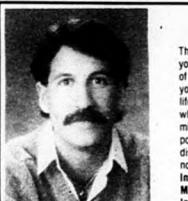


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Gearhart

Continued from previous page

the next fourteen years in Texas, teaching first at Stephen F. Austin State College and, later, at Texas Lutheran College. She remained deeply closeted during those Texas years. In *Word Is Out*, she recalls attending faculty parties accompanied by a gay male friend: "We would put on an incredibly good show. . . . I felt myself living a dual life and I put an awful lot of energy into seeing 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 bribed one of my students 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 me in a fit of guilt and remorse and told me what had happened."

Playing along with the system to maintain the secrecy of her closet, Gearhart found herself in growing internal conflict over the values of the system she was supporting and her developing feminist consciousness. "I was sponsoring sororities," she said in *Word Is Out*, "which had a lot to do with the way in which you perpetuate those 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 and 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 Sally Lesbian and I'm a gearhart!' 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 — 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. Those 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 lesbians. Most were published in movement journals, rather than traditional 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 her tenure, but one committee member filed a minority report that talked about the "political atmosphere" that surrounded Gearhart and questioned whether that was appropriate for academia. The dissenting opinion shifted the decision to the provost and the president of the university. After a good deal of politicking on the issue, the ruling came down in her favor.

Gearhart maintains a wide range of interests and activities, from training speakers for the No on 64 campaign to writing science fiction to singing in a barbershop quartet. Currently on sabbatical, she looks forward to returning to the classroom next fall.

"I have been very fortunate," she says, "San Francisco State wants good teachers. Once I was tenured, I have felt nothing but support from the department, the school, and the university. I have felt an incredible amount of freedom and even a certain kind of regard for being openly different." ■

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 male, mostly white, 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 staggering 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. Relying heavily on the experiences and feelings of other health care providers, many of whom have gained respect and appreciation in 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 seige," as holistic MD Keith Barton described the tone of the conference, we are doing a magnificent job of learning how to care for each other and ourselves. 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 Fahrer, a nurse on SF General Hospital's 5A AIDS Ward, and Gary Karr, a nurse practitioner at the Ward 86 AIDS outpatient clinic, observed that it "always feels good to have a conference where the majority of attendees are lesbian and gay."

"We always come back 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 William R. Vitiello of the AIDS Prevention Program and the UCSF AIDS Health Project; the packed and much-praised "Making Room for Healing and Dying" by Shanti director Jim Geary; "Empowerment in the Age of AIDS: Strengthening the Gay Male Family," led by Judy Macks of the AIDS Health Project; "Nurturing Ourselves: A Workshop for People Who Work with People with AIDS"; the sometimes riotous "Sexual Enrichment Workshop for Lesbian and Gay Therapists"; etc.

Alison Moad, head nurse on 5A and honorary lesbian, "came in contact with a unanimity of feeling and surge of energy that was so inspiring. As a non-gay person, it was very moving for me to attend the conference. It was good to see so many lesbians and gays standing together."

Commenting on the large numbers of PWAs in attendance, she noted how

much better integrated they were into the conference than any other she 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 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 Tom O'Connor of the AIDS Healing Alliance also stressed that the conference was a "healing experience." Attending mostly experiential, 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 representatives from other countries more than a few minutes to share.

Although much valuable information was presented, attendees were forced to process it and learn from it 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 counties, 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 rap," rather than pooling resources for the common good.

One workshop which David attended attempted to coerce 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 most readily 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 "Chapeau 39," "0-0," or "Fuji Latex," rather than trying to seduce 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 S/M 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 professional credibility, career advancement, and prestige threaten the needs of the people we are designed to serve?"

Ruth underscored some of David's concerns by noting that "to some extent, 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 pat ourselves on the back." Indeed, such egotism and chauvinism resulted in the shared feeling of many participants: that they learned more from networking after the workshops than from the presenters/

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 multifaceted 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-time social

passed by the plenary at the conclusion of the conference stressed the need to do more outreach to people of color, as well as to the deaf, the developmentally disadvantaged, and women.

Chris Sandoval, 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 left feeling "renewed, healed, and validated," and that "a real authentic heart space and caring" was created during our four days together, Chris stressed the need for most

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

— Schwartz

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

major AIDS organizations to address the changing face of the epidemic. AIDS, he noted, surfaced first among gay males, 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 Third World was inadequately represented at the conference. As a Mexican-American, Chris felt that he did not receive adequate support from

Continued on page 16

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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 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 face death, you look at totally different issues." Priorities differ now. "What we plan on doing with the Oracle is 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 the gay community — as a collective consciousness — has chosen to experience AIDS first in this country as 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 is getting 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 many of the people who have AIDS or have died of it, we see the 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 ap-

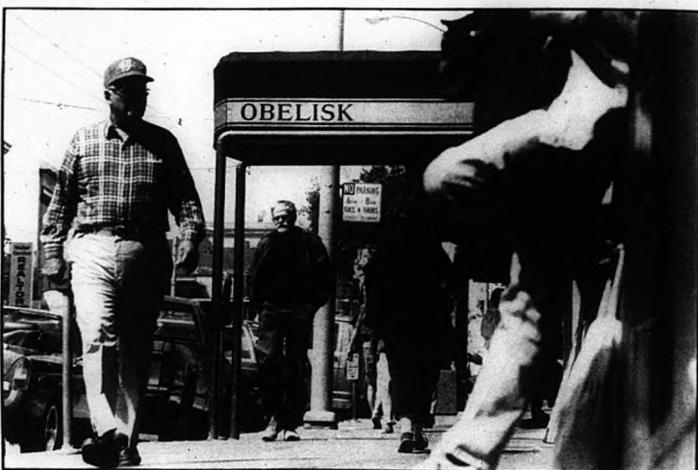
proach to support that process. First, it will offer books, audio and video tapes on spiritual growth subjects, which will embrace occult philosophy, self-help material, and new age concepts. Some of these will be rental items, and there will be plenty of space in the store for people who cannot afford to buy to

and classwork. Upstairs, the Oracle will have space for psychic readers (channels, clairvoyants, tarot interpreters) and healers to work with clients individually. Classes and workshops will also be held from time to time. Mark Cristofer emphasizes that the psychics working with the Oracle will be reputable practitioners who are pre-screened, so that the store can assure their quality. After all, "Anybody can say they're channeling anything, and it's not necessarily the truth."

What does Cristofer say to those who

ness and spiritual healing were demonstrable. "My cancer was there for a specific reason." He healed his cancer through metaphysical means, working on his own self-image and fears. "If I was coming from a place of not knowing what that's like," he replies to would-be detractors, "sure, that would be a real good assessment. But that's not the case. The community needs this [center], wants it, and it should be provided."

While Cristofer and his associates gather the necessary finances to open



simply sit and read. Second, tools for transformation, including an extensive collection of quartz and crystals and gems, both cut and rough, will be available to facilitate concentration, meditation, and healing work. The price range will be just as extensive, so that everyone can afford the tools.

The third component is consulting

the Oracle, he dreams of expansion. "We see ourselves opening up a store in Seattle, and after that in every gay ghetto across the country that's ready for the information. The important thing is that it's happening in San Francisco first. We're the most advanced gay community in the world."

Conference

Continued from page 15

the conference organizers for his insights. He noted a lack of understanding (or concern with understanding) 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 of 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 plenary, "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 men, this major 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 Policy Issues Facing CDC." There was no way to avoid the crucial issue, eloquently addressed by the four women on the panel: the boys in the band 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, if not 120, years.

Keith Barton, MD, stated that, "I would have thought that the attendees and gay 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: hous-

ing, 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 know-how 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."

Suzanne 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 PWAs to go to a doctor with a friend who will make sure they get their need to understand what is happening to them met through communication devoid of technical jargon.

The last speaker, Suzanne Pharr, lesbian 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 abortion rights and protecting women against violence by men on the condition that it have final review authority on all literature and educational outreach. After much debate, her meager-budgeted organization accepted the government's support.

The results were a nightmare. To give just one example, the women were prevented from saying anything about violence against women in the home, because this threatened the lily-white picture of the sacrosanct American

family as painted by the Reagan administration. What was worse, when splits occurred in the organization between heterosexual women and lesbians, the government labeled the lesbians as "political extremists" pushing their own self-concerned agenda, and literally destroyed the organizational solidarity and effective outreach that had taken years to build.

Fortunately, Suzanne Pharr's story did not fall on deaf ears. When a resolution was introduced at the final plenary session of the conference which stated that "The Federal government should monitor the impact and efficiency of AIDS education programs with respect to targeted groups, including minorities," it was defeated on the grounds that it was we who needed to take charge of and monitor AIDS education programs.

The concluding plenary unanimously "urged, requested, and yes, demanded that each and every AIDS service organization use the tape" of the women's plenary session "as a model for educational and consciousness-raising activities with all their staffs, volunteers and clients." It further requested that all AIDS service providers and agencies confront and end the invisibility of and discrimination against women, people of color, the deaf, and the ability-disadvantaged by the time of the 1988 Boston conference.

We are doing a magnificent job of learning to take care of ourselves, heal ourselves, and yes, love ourselves. The issues raised at the conference, if they are addressed in our hearts as well as on paper and tape, will help to ensure that the future of the AIDS care movement will be one that makes the needs of healing people diagnosed with AIDS and ARC our foremost priority.

Jason Serinus is a healer, masseur, and editor of Psychoimmunity and the Healing Process: A Holistic Approach to Immunity & AIDS, ©1987, Jason Serinus (Celestial Arts).

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"I would like to start the war over between ballet and modern. I resent very much anybody who has accused me of trying to combine the two. I never have. I am a modern choreographer. It is what I have chosen. I had a chance to be a ballet dancer. I turned it down. I didn't want it. It's ridiculous. Ridiculous . . .

"And you can quote me."

Paul Taylor slaps an emphatic punctuation mark on his diatribe, tilts back in his lawn chair, and laughs with utter glee. Only moments before he had been settling into the role of decorous host, the soft-spoken southern gentleman. Now, his blue-green eyes gleaming, his lanky body slunk rakishly over the arms of the chair, a different animal makes its appearance, horned and mischievous. This, the visitor says to himself, is why Martha Graham, Taylor's one-time mentor, used to call Taylor her "naughty boy."

At the age of 56, a full 34 years into his choreographic career, Paul Taylor is still playing the rambunctious devil, fighting the battles of his youth and of the generation of modern dancers that came before him.

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 tiptoed out with its stomach full. Taylor's *Sunset* (1985), one of the finest works of his career, is included in the company's eighth 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 growling 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-

PAUL TAYLOR ON DANCING

*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



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 "fondness" 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 firmed 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 made up for the separation from his family by concocting imaginary companions in a rich "inner fantasy world," playmates who were fully as real to him as flesh-and-blood compatriots.

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, for 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 dame 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, "Wup, 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."

Continued on page 29

Paul Taylor's *Sunset*, performed by the choreographer's own company, featured Lila York and Christopher Gillis (1983).

High Bridge

A Story
by
Fenton Johnson

On his workshop bench, Thomas Hardin Masterson lines up the woods he has chosen, his favorites: chocolate brown walnut, ruddy cedar he had cut and cured himself, bleached white cypress, salvaged from the mash tubs at the old distillery and smelling faintly of young whiskey. To these he adds newcomers: gingko, buttery smooth and yellow; wild cherry, deep red, from a tree, he'd planted himself, forty years before.

Rose Ella, his wife, is dead. Before himself — who would have thought it? A year ago she'd helped shovel him into an ambulance, to take him to a Louisville hospital where they'd removed most of his cancerous gut. He'd recovered, to stand half-hollowed out and hear the doctor give him a year to live. Across the next months he and Rose Ella talked very little and thought a great deal about what was to come of her after his death.

Now she has been dead four months, while he stands among the antique tools and stacked woods and power saws of his shop, assembling woods for a lamp for Miss Camilla Perkins, his next-door neighbor and in forty-seven years of marriage the only woman he has kissed besides his wife. "Forty-seven years and one other woman," he says to himself. "And that just a kiss." He is astonished by his own loyalty. If on his wedding day someone had predicted this, he would have laughed out loud.

Since his wife's death, he has kept all but one of his children at bay. They have asked to come; he has managed to hold them to weekend visits, not by words — he avoids talking of his illness — but by his plain refusal to be cared for. They have their own lives, and he is careful to remind them of this; his sons have jobs, his daughters have children.

But now his youngest son Ravenel pushes open the door, carrying two cups of coffee. At thirty-four, Ravenel is not married, has never had so much as a girlfriend. Instead he brings home men from San Francisco, where he lives — a different man every summer. With those visitors, Rose Ella was civil, even flirtatious. Tom Hardin stayed in the shop.

This time Ravenel has come home alone. He has left a job in San Francisco. God knows what. Tom Hardin keeps Ravenel's jobs in mind no more than the names of that stream of summertime men. In Tom Hardin's day jobs were tied to something. He knew who a man was by what he did and what he turned out: furniture, or plumbing, or (in Tom Hardin's case) bourbon. As far as Tom Hardin could tell, Ravenel turned out paper.

"I brought your coffee, Father."
"I can see that," Tom Hardin points with his plane, the old-fashioned kind with the knob and the crossblade, that requires muscle and a good eye. "Set it there."
Ravenel sets the coffee down. "So how are you feeling?"

"Not bad." How good can a dying man feel? Tom Hardin holds his tongue.

"Mind if I look on?"
"No, not at all." 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.



ANNE HAMERSKY

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

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

Tom Hardin puts on his glasses and flips the wood to the window. Ravenel flips on the overhead fluorescent. With

The last time Tom Hardin drank coffee, his stomach seized up in knots, but he has not said a word of this to anyone except Miss Camilla. When he hears the house door slam, he takes the coffee, opens the door and pours it on the ground.

In 1950, when Camilla Perkins was forty years old, the Parish Board asked her to

At thirty-four, Ravenel is not married, has never had so much as a girlfriend. Instead he brings home men from San Francisco, where he lives — a different man every summer.

the board Tom Hardin swats the switch off. "I need the sun to look at this." He turns it back and forth in the window's square of light.

"Well," Ravenel stands and brushes his jeans of wood shavings. "You want your coffee? 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, knew they chose her because they believed her safely into spinsterhood, no temptation for the high school boys or men of the parish.

She was tall, thin, arctic curls of dyed

black hair dangled over her arching forehead, pencilled eyebrows arched over deep-socketed, protruding eyes. In her marriageable years she had been thought 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 her years her blanched skin stretched tight. She came to speak and walk with a forward-moving intensity that commanded attention: she was a teacher.

At 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 his wallet shrink. He felt trapped. When in November friends asked him to go deer hunting in upstate New York, he fled, 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 were not raised to be blunt. Camilla Perkins had not been raised to be blunt, but she was plain and came to understand this early on. "What have I to lose?" she'd say to Tom Hardin.

Rose Ella, who was married and not plain, could not bring herself to voice her anger. She took the two hundred dollars, which Tom Hardin left to buy food and 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 crossed the yard, swollen with Ravenel and wearing her scarlet knee-length fur-collared coat, to beg for money to buy groceries until Tom Hardin returned. Miss Camilla had just bought a new car and was none too well off herself, and so for the next two weeks the five Masterson children ate supper crammed around Miss Camilla's walnut gateleg table, with Patsy K., the youngest, perched on a stack of the complete Shakespeares.

Tom Hardin looks up from his workbench, to see Miss Camilla hobbling across the yard. She has had two heart attacks, she has been told she will not survive the third, and that she may come at any time. Weather permitting, she comes over daily to his shop. On this cold December day, weather most certainly should not be permitting, but she is coming. Tom Hardin likes her for that.

He pulls up stools by the stove, pours them both a finger of whiskey in plastic cups. Miss Camilla raises hers to the rafters. "So the meeting of the Mostly Alive is called to order," she says gaily. He raises his cup. He touches it to his lips and sets it down with a grimace. "Forty years of making this stuff and all of a sudden I can't stand the taste of it."

"I saw Ravenel leave," Miss Camilla says. "I saw you pour out your coffee. You really think it's important to hide that from him. He's a grown man, you know, he left a job to be with you."

"Any job that he can just up and leave can't be much of a job," Tom Hardin says.

Ravenel ran a library in San Francisco. A big library, which you know perfectly

well. A fine job. I might add."

"How do you know what I know," Tom Hardin says, but he grins at her imperiousness.

"Between teaching your children, knowing you for thirty-five years and listening to Rose Ella complain about your faults, I think I have a good idea of what you know. A better idea, I think, than yourself, sometimes."

Tom Hardin takes up his glue bottle and finds it clogged. He tries to squeeze it open by force of strength, but he cannot squeeze it hard enough to clear the spout. He takes out a knife and carves away the dried glue. "Everything is so goddamn slow," he says.

Miss Camilla touches her whiskey to her lips.

Live dangerously; he scrabbles among the litter on the workbench until he finds the prime block of his best walnut. To its four sides he glues thin planks of pale gingko. He clamps this work in a vise, then sits heavily, breathing hard. "You watched through all that. Ravenel would have asked five questions, all of them dumb."

"And he would know more than I do."

"He would know the names of things, but he wouldn't know how to do them. I'll bet you could come back here tomorrow and do what I just did in the same amount of time and do it good."

"Well," Miss Camilla says. "Do it well, and I would do it well. I will be happy to do it well." She stands and picks up her cane. "It was good to talk to you. Try to remember: you work well; you do good work."

Tom Hardin returned from that upstate New York hunting trip with a magnificent eight-point rack. Ravenel was born a week later. In that week, Rose Ella did not speak a word to him. In the evenings she lay in bed, swollen and waiting, while he went to the shop to mount the antlers on a plaque of worm-eaten chestnut he'd saved for a special occasion.

One by one his sons had earned the right to enter his shop. Excepting his oldest friends, the men of the town stood outside unless invited in. On his second night back from New York, Miss Camilla strode in, refusing him so much as a knock. She planted her squat black pumps on the poplar planks. Burned by the heat of her arching gaze, Tom Hardin saw her for the first time as something other than plain. "You have abused your wife," she said. "You must apologize."

"Apologize," he'll. She's got her coat. Fresh from a hunt, an eight-point rack on the bench before him, Tom Hardin was feeling rambunctious. He was sanding the chestnut plaque. He shook it at her, not meaning to threaten, only wanting to make clear who here was boss.

She jerked the wood from his hands and slammed it to the floor. It split along the grain. "I have no desire to lecture you on things you already know. You know what is good and what is evil. One way to know evil is that those who commit it hide from what they have done. You are hiding, here, from what you have done." She left, walking sweaterless into the December night. Standing in the light from the doorway, Tom Hardin watched her cross the yard, her pumps leaving dark circles in the frosted grass.

He was at the distillery when Rose Ella went into labor. She did not call him but drove herself to the hospital. When after work he found the house empty, he called Miss Camilla to drive him over. At the hospital, he had her wait while he bought roses for Rose Ella from the florist in the lobby, the first flowers he'd ever bought. As he left the florist's shop, he held them extravagantly high. December roses! Miss Camilla gave him not so much as a nod.

Ravenel was a difficult birth. Tom Hardin and Miss Camilla waited seven hours together. In the stuffy hospital heat the roses wilted. Late that night the nurse called his name. He took Miss Camilla's hand, pulled her along; he wanted her to witness this gift.

Rose Ella lay spent, black circles under her eyes, hollow-cheeked. Ravenel lay in a crook of her arm, unmoored. The last two or three babies had come so easy. 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 anchor his body to its bed? He eats almost nothing but still every trip to the bathroom is a stinking mess. He keeps these bathroom episodes for nighttime, when Ravenel 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 Hardin saw her for the first time as something other than plain. "You have abused your wife," she said. "You must apologize."

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 (stones he had hoisted and prodded and cursed into place), he is sapped 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 awl, 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

"It's nearly done. The hard part comes next, the turning on the lathe." He hands over the planks of sweet-scented cedar. "You still drive," he says. "I see you take your car out."

Miss Camilla glues each plank in place, and sets and clamps the block. "Just for trips to the store, or to church."

"What say you and me take a little spin some sunny afternoon." From his perch near the stove he tosses her a rag to wipe 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 request," he says. "That's a joke."

"I suppose I owe you something for all this woodworking education," she says. "As long as it's sunny."

By February, things come to the point where Tom Hardin cannot work at 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 doing this to himself — the cancer is a part of himself, after all, that is killing him, and taking its goddamn sweet time in getting



Miss Camilla, one morning after Ravenel has come and gone.

"As if," please, introduces a comparative clause. "It's not as if Ravenel would know the difference." Which is to say you've scared him away from asking questions?

"He hangs around. He's persistent. I'll give him that much."

"What he wants is important. Otherwise he could bring himself to ask." She takes up the glue. "How many more layers are you planning to have me stick on this thing?"

around to it.

He has given over the gluing 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 coffee, but he cuts short his hanging around to imply questions. Instead he crosses the yard to Miss Camilla's, where he 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; it's not as if Ravenel is holding something up. Miss Camilla will work her way across the yard in her own good time.

"What do you do over there anyway?" 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 doesn't get much chance to talk about that kind of thing."

"Do you talk about her heart? How is her heart?"

"She never says. She won't talk about it."

"You talk about me?"

Against the window's glare Tom Hardin sees the outline of his son's chin, identical to his own: cut with a T-square, nicked at its corners. He watches Ravenel study a cardinal in the barren dogwood branches, a bloody tear against the gray-sheeted sky. "Once or twice," Ravenel says.

"You're hogging her time." Tom Hardin speaks sharply, then regrets his words: not their sharpness, but the showing forth.

Ravenel picks up both cups, still full. "I'm here now, dammit. What more do you want." He kicks open the door and dumps the coffee in the snow. He crosses the yard to Miss Camilla's, leaving the shop door open. From his seat, Tom Hardin watches the brown stain, until the falling snow covers it over.

The snow has not completely melted when Miss Camilla next crosses the yard. Tom Hardin opens the door, but she does not come in. "Why can't you acknowledge that he is here?" she asks. "And what he is here for?"

Tom Hardin turns away to pick up the laminated wood, still clamped. His fingers test its seams. "It's trying to warp. That could be a problem."

"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 turns to her then. "Ravenel hasn't said a word to me. If he wants something, let him ask."

"He is too much like you to ask."

"He is not like me," Tom Hardin growls. "Let him get a woman. He's never had a woman. He's never even mentioned a girlfriend. He's not married. He has no family."

Miss Camilla's face tightens, bitter and narrow. "Neither have I, old man." She turns and stumps across the snow-puddled yard.

A month after Ravenel was born, Tom Hardin drove Miss Camilla in her brand-new DeSoto on their first trip to High Bridge. By then Rose Ella was speaking to him, to ask him to chop more wood or to see to the leaky faucet in the outbuilding where they'd rigged up a bathroom. That was all she was saying, no gossip, no jokes, no flirting.

One February day, snow closed the schools, but by noon the sun emerged and the main roads were clear. Tom Hardin left the distillery to visit Miss Camilla.

He asked her to go for a drive, asked if he could drive the brand-new DeSoto. She must have wondered when he drove on and on without turning back but she said nothing. He was on the Parish Board, after all. He had voted to hire her; Rose Ella had seen fit to remind Miss Camilla of as much, across those ten days of feeding the Masterson children.

They reached High Bridge at three, with the sun low in the sky. Built over the Kentucky River gorge, it was Andrew Carnegie's proof that the impossible could be done. At the time he built it, High Bridge was the world's highest bridge, carrying the Illinois Central south from Lexington to the coal mines of Kentucky and Tennessee. Three years later someone built a higher bridge, and someone else built still higher bridges after that.

Tom Hardin and Miss Camilla walked on the pedestrian catwalk to the middle of the bridge. Tom Hardin stole sips from a

continued on next page

half-pint tucked in his coat pocket. Far below, in the long winter shadows, the cornstalk-stubbed bottomland was dusted with white. From a tiny farmhouse a single trail of smoke rose to spread flat, a thin gray tablecloth of haze covering the bottoms.

"Wait," Miss Camilla said, touching his arm. "I can feel the bridge shaking. A train must be coming."

In a moment they heard its whistle, in another moment they saw it round the bend. The engineer blew his horn in short, angry blasts. They were close enough to see him shake his fist. The bridge vibrated and hummed, its webbing of girders swaying in harmony with the train's speeding mass. Miss Camilla's eyes narrowed with alarm. He cupped his hand to her ear. "It's OK!" he shouted. "It's built to do that!"

It seemed natural then to slip his arm around her shoulder and press his mouth against hers. For the long minute of the train's passing he kissed her. She neither resisted nor kissed him back. Then the caboose passed, sucking up the train's roar and leaving behind only the jeering shouts of the brakeman.

She pulled away. They stood until the last echoes tangled themselves in the trees' bare limbs. Then she spoke, still looking out over the valley. "Is this a bribe?" She plunged on, not waiting for his answer. "I know your kind. You think any flat-chested woman should faint in your arms and be grateful for the chance. I've known your kind for years. I've fought them for years. Don't think you're any different, just because you gave me a job." She turned away, to step smartly along the catwalk in her neat black pumps. In shame and anger, Tom Hardin trailed behind.

On an indifferently sunny day in late March, Miss Camilla and Tom Hardin take their last drive, with Miss Camilla peering through the steering wheel of her 1950 DeSoto. Ravenel waves them off. "Have a safe trip," he says. Tom Hardin feels like giving him the finger, but out of deference

"He is too much like you to ask." "He's not like me," Tom Hardin 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 knew you would ask that. That's an hour or more away, and I've seen better roads."

"We'll go slow. What have we got but time?"

"Why do you want to go back there, of all places?"

"You know why I want to go back there." She does not answer, but she turns in the

right direction. Tom Hardin settles back in his seat.

It takes two winding hours. They pass landmarks: Saint Joe's Cathedral, where Dutch Master paintings donated by a grateful Louis Philippe were discovered to be imitations; Perryville Battlefield, where on a hot, drought-ridden September day, 8,000 Union and Confederate soldiers died in a fight for a drink from the only running spring.

They reach High Bridge at noon. Miss Camilla parks in the gravel lot, under the historical marker. Hers is the only car. Tom Hardin climbs the small stoop to the bridge catwalk.

At the top of the steps he stops, wheezing and panting. Under his shirt, his right side hangs heavy, his swollen liver pressing against his belt.

Spring is early. Redbud and white and pink dogwood bloom against the limestone palisades.

Tom Hardin takes Miss Camilla's arm. "I was going to make a lamp from that block of wood." He chooses his words carefully. He does not want to misspeak now.

"I know."

"I was going to give it to you."

"I thought as much."



"I'll 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."

"You're very kind." With her cane she points to the blooming redbud. "It's greener now than it was then," she says. "Really, this is a better time of year to

come."

"Miss Camilla." He is afraid to form the question, his words come out flat and hard. "Can I kiss you?"

She laughs, short and harsh. "May," she says. "May I kiss you. No, no, you may not."

His disappointment 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 find and say the words. "I didn't know how. Things are different, now. I'm older."

"Old enough that even I look good."

"You looked good to me then."

"Anyone would have looked good to you then. Anything 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 arms and be grateful for the chance."

"Who has loved you?"

For a long moment she says nothing. Then, "My students." She pauses again. Her voice falters, uncertain. "My neighbors. Your son."

Tom Hardin drops her elbow. "I should tell that boy to leave." He walks to the car.

and by Miss Camilla's words. The next morning he is in the shop before Ravenel is out of bed. He can do no more than sit, now, but he prefers sitting here, among his tools, to sitting in the house, where Rose Ella reigned.

At ten, Ravenel comes to the shop. He no longer brings coffee but he comes and sits on the stool near the stove. Some mornings he has sat for a half hour, and they have said nothing.

This morning Tom Hardin waves Ravenel away from the stool. "I want you to do me a favor."

"Sir?"

"I want you to take this package over to

your friend next door." He has wrapped the block in brown paper grocery sacks. 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 Master-son men.

He sits for a few minutes, then Ravenel returns. He comes in without knocking, 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 does not want to see it otherwise. She tells me that I am to finish it. You are to teach me how. She says."

"She 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 doorway, staring 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 wood in his hands, turning it over in the window's light, his unthinking fingers testing its strength against the turning on the lathe.

Fenton Johnson, a former Stegner Fellow in Fiction at Stanford University, is currently working on a collection of essays and another book of short fiction. Previously published in the Chicago Tribune, "High Bridge" was awarded "runner-up" status in the Nelson Algren Fiction Competition. Johnson, who currently lives in San Francisco, has lived in the Bay Area for over 15 years.

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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 putting herself in the 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. But long before that she was already successful in the various and separate worlds of performance art, song writing, poetry, graphic art, stage acting, and the writing of books and articles grounded in her education as a sociologist.

Tantalized by the close-up view of filmmaking she got dur-

ing the production of *True Stories*, she is now working on turning one of her own plays into a film. So, add producer and screenwriter to Jo Harvey's list of applicable labels, and you still don't have anything like a clear understanding of who or what she is. The only reliable picture of Jo Harvey Allen has to come from seeing her work, seeing

and she was laughing. Besides Hally Lou, Joe Harvey has a growing world of other characters, most of them solidly rooted in Texas where she grew up. An easy favorite is Ruby Kay, a motor-mouthed truck stop waitress. *As It Is In Texas*, her current solo stage work, adds several new personalities to the album of Texas types: a former

"In a way," she says, "all my characters have something in common with gays: they have to come out of the closet."

ing the production of *True Stories*, she is now working on turning one of her own plays into a film. So, add producer and screenwriter to Jo Harvey's list of applicable labels, and you still don't have anything like a clear understanding of who or what she is. The only reliable picture of Jo Harvey Allen has to come from seeing her work, seeing

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how easily she creates one work of art by mastering and juggling a federation of talents. You might call the result performance-fusion, she refuses to call it anything at all.

As I sat waiting for our breakfast meeting at Mama's, a popular North Beach restaurant, I wondered if I'd recognize Jo Harvey in her "street face." Mama's is small, I told myself, she'll find me.

I glanced again at the two publicity stills I had, realizing the person in these pictures would never be identified as the same person. Then a happy, only slightly twangy voice popped above the hubbub around me. "Are you Joseph? You must be. Tell me again your last name." As I looked at her broad, warm smile, I knew I never would have recognized Jo Harvey Allen. It never occurred to me to wonder how she recognized me.

runner-up in the Miss Texas contest, an aging telephone sausage saleswoman, a hopeless drunk dying of cancer, and a security-crazed, wealthy Houstonian among them.

When I asked where she gets these characters and her comic twists on them, Jo Harvey laughed for a long minute. "We're all hilarious," she said. Then, with a conspiratorial tone in her voice, she added, "I'm going to tell you a story."

Once upon a time, in a far-away land called Texas, it seems that Jo Harvey was selling meat by telephone — so, there really is such a business — and she was working with another woman who raged constantly about "Jews and niggers." One night as her bigoted friend was driving her home, still loudly blaming the ills of the world on her pet hate-objects, Jo Harvey said "I don't know how you can feel that way.

WHO IS JO HARVEY ALLEN AND WHY DOES SHE KEEP MAKING SO MANY PEOPLE LAUGH

?

David Byrne's Lying Woman Tells the Truth about Her New Style of Theatrical Comedy

by Joseph Bean



Why, my husband is black, and I'm Jewish." All the bigot in the driver's seat could say was, "and you're such a sweet girl."

The Texas bigot is a character still cooking in Jo Harvey's repertoire, but she will be done someday. Jo Harvey's characters, like Lily Tomlin's seem to emerge, grow, change, and only eventually stabilize. Unlike Tomlin's people, though, these Texas types are very naturalistic. They are made comic more by setting them in front of a thinking audience than by any manipulation or exaggeration.

"Of all the labels I get stuck with," Jo Harvey said later, "the one that surprises me is 'comedianne' because I don't think of myself that way. What I do is pretty straight out. I don't usually try to be funny."

"Straight out" would seem an understatement to some people who are sobered, even angered, when Jo Harvey does "Hally Lou." The character is based on a real West Texas revivalist. Her husband has always done the preaching, but one night while Hollis is ill, the Lord lays it on Hally Lou's heart to go out and

shout the gospel. Of course, the particular gospel she has to shout involves handling rattle snakes. Hally Lou's crisis in faith is not funny no matter how much people laugh. If she really believes, it shouldn't be hard to pick up those snakes.

Comedy? Who can say, but it's funny when it doesn't hurt. Jo Harvey doesn't poke fun at anyone, she just lets a little light fall on the insincere and fantastic sides of "ordinary" people. "And," she says, laughing, "people laugh. I guess there's

Continued on page 28

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

how this apparent paradox of the self gets transferred into writing. Dodie Bellamy will read her "Letters to Mina Harker" on this occasion.

On April 27th, Gluck will

"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 how the self is "a bunch of parts that get assembled") and the self as a depth (narration, the story of our lives). He will then show

discuss "What's in a Name" with Kevin Killian, the editor of *Mirage* magazine. "Knowing and being known is what community is all about," Gluck says.

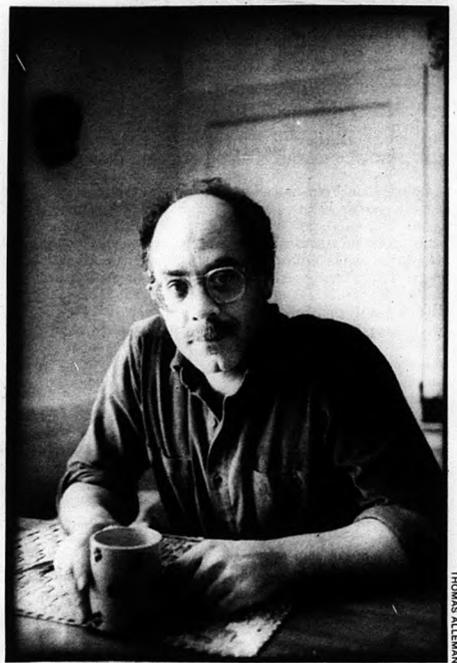
"In primitive communities, you are completely known, inside and out, all your life. But as society develops, these needs are redistributed. Warhol's 'Everybody should be famous for 15 minutes' is but the latest attempt to meet this need. The only problem is that you're only known as a commodity."

One of Gluck's literary innovations (along with New Narrative writers, such as Judy Grahn, Kathy Acker and others) involves how he names himself in his work. Metafictionalists, such as Phillip K. Dick and Paul Auster, also use their own names in their writing, but New Narrative writers do so in such a manner as to invite readers to evaluate how we create our lives and our community. "Names nail the work to the world," as Bruce Boone has said.

"I try to present my friends as they'd present themselves," Gluck continues. "I give them the option of rewriting what I say about them or 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 28th, 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 as it crumbles from the bottom," Gluck says. Bruce Boone will join him to read "Alleluia" from his translation of George Bataille's *Le Coupable*.

I ask Gluck about the response to *Jack the Modernist*, which has



Writer and poet Robert Gluck.

been republished in England.

"The most gratifying surprise," he says, "is that it got so many responses from so many quarters. Porn and gay magazines liked it, as did the *Chronicle* and *San Jose Mercury News*. Specialized literary magazines, like *The Poetics Journal*, reviewed it favorably as well. So I was lucky in getting to do exactly what I wanted to do, to include as much of myself as possible, and to find that one audience didn't cancel out another."

A sometimes controversial, and also innovative aspect of Gluck's writing is his emphasis on sex.

"What we think about sex,

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

what we're able to think about it, is dramatically more limited than our experience of sex," Gluck says. "This relates to everything about the body. Our language about the body is extremely distorted, a limitation rather than an avenue. We've seen this before with the problem of 'nature.' The romantics wanted to 'get back' to nature but their writing indicates the loss of nature. Western civilization turned nature into a museum. It was no longer an unconscious part of oneself but something to manipulate.

"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 impedes 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, then everything works against us. Language describes a world that no longer exists, ideas are happy to continue beyond their lifespan, literary forms want to continue after they're dead to the 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 Intersection residency, 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.

Previously, each generation had a different language than the one that came before. Now all styles are consciously retromode and one can talk on an equal par with someone half one's age. "We seem to be the last generation," Bob jokes. "But I say, good riddance to generations."

Other literary gossip of the week: congratulations to gay poet Michael Mayo who recently won an American Book Award for the *Practicing Angels* anthology he edited, which included the work of some 20 gay and lesbian Bay Area poets. Look for Mayo's own first book, *All Fall Down*, which is due out soon. Congratulations also to gay novelist Steven Simmons, author of *Body Blows*, who has been awarded concurrent residencies at both MacDowell and Yaddo. Steve can't decide if he wants to be away from San Francisco that long. Wish I had that dilemma. Finally, look forward to Lynne Tillman's April 30th reading at New Langton Arts. Her first novel, *Haunted Houses*, has been highly praised by Edmund White and Dennis Cooper. I just finished it and it's terrific. ■

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San Francisco Ballet

**A Poetic, Haunting
'Narcisse' Premieres**

Last week, surrounded by an emotionally schizophrenic 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 dreamily evocative *Nocturnes*, is haunting. It begins in absolute silence: a group of dancers are 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 Narcissus 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 choreographs an effective counterpoint of crossing, sometimes frenzied diagonals for the corps of 14 dancers. Overall, the choreography for *Narcisse* is very difficult, but never obviously so because of Caniparoli's extreme sensitivity to Debussy's impressionistic coloring.

The choreographer has made a dance that both follows and develops a continuous line of movement for Gil and his partner Joanna Berman (she 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 excep-



A new Narcissus: SF Ballet dancer and international star, Jean Charles Gil.

pretation and, similarly, the choreography insists on an alternative to aesthetic beauty in the dancer's twisted, contracted back and through stretched, gestural use of the arms.

Ultimately, *Narcisse* is the story of any dancer — any ballet dancer, that is. This is why the corps in Caniparoli's piece pays such careful — sometimes guarded — attention to Narcissus. He is the best dancer, he is what they aspire to become. He is also, paradoxically, an archetype for the danger of aestheticism: the beauty of balletic line, reflected only in the studio mir-

rors that Smuin-era fans came to adore — do not predominate. We are given a work whose complete meaning is enigmatic, layered and elusive.

Narcisse develops in three movements, paralleling Debussy's *Three Nocturnes* (*Nuages, Fetes, Sirenes*) and, in terms of the work of ballet, follows a progression of class/rehearsal/performance.

In the second movement, we are still in the ballet studio, although Narcissus's connection to this reality seems tenuous and remote. He finally notices Echo — she taunts him, challenges his absolute superiority, invites this self-absorbed youth to dance

prison of the self is broken.

Still, the final image of *Narcisse* is neither union nor transcendence. Instead, Echo disappears and the young man's tortured absorption with his own self returns. He discovers — and quickly enters — a watery mirror of light. The mirror immediately dissolves, leaving Narcissus alone, still, lost. In the ballet's last moments, this young man — this ballet dancer — begins to dance again. He moves slowly, he gestures, reaches and turns. The curtain falls.

Caniparoli has taken us on a long journey, an arch from the literal, the observed, to the private, interior world of the dancer. This is the beauty of *Narcisse*, a layering of myth on the public and private realms of classical dance. This is also the

with arch, witty humor. The entire cast (nearly a full company ensemble) performed with exuberance, clarity, and charmed musicality. Christopher Boatwright's mischievous, pristine interpretation of El Capitán in the Fourth Campaign was fully equal to Evelyn Cisneros's perky, razor-sharp Miss Liberty Bell. Also, Andre Reyes (leading the all-male Third Campaign) dances with an excitement that's positively infectious.

The problem, however, was the contrast of mood that *Stars and Stripes* induces as an aftermath 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

The balletic "tricks" — the acrobatics and theatrical excesses that Smuin-era fans came to adore — do not predominate. We are given a work whose complete meaning is enigmatic, layered and elusive.

mystery of *Narcisse*; the ballet eludes a transcription of narrative from one context to another. And this is why the ballet invokes 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

house in a state of introspective contemplation. Also, the SF Ballet patrons need to learn that a great night at the ballet will not, necessarily, leave them jauntily marching up the aisles.

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

San Francisco Ballet performs *Narcisse*, *Stars and Stripes*, *Eternal Idol* and *Conradanses* on 4/22, 4/25, 4/28 and 5/3 at the War Memorial Opera House, San Francisco. Call 621-3838.

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 lush, deep blue lighting. (The decor, by John Woodall, and the lighting, by Dennis 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. Narcissus finds a tentative, short-lived union with his Echo. The

Narcissus's self-absorption is never one of pure vanity; his seamless movement is always mixed with inner doubt, an insecurity, a sense of terrifying loneliness.

tionally strong and appealing.

The story that *Narcisse* tells, despite the mythological precedent and despite dance historical references (one immediately thinks of Robbins's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*) is unique. As the ballet evolves from the literal to the metaphorically abstract, we recognize that Caniparoli's thematic interest is the profession of ballet dancer.

Narcissus's self-absorption is never, however, one of pure vanity; his seamless movement is always mixed with inner doubt, an insecurity, a sense of terrifying loneliness. Gil conveys this with superior dramatic inter-

ror and never transformed into art.

Narcisse is a meditation on all of these concerns — but never a definitive resolution. And this is one reason for the ballet's profound strength. *Narcisse* is also, however, not the type of work that San Francisco audiences are accustomed to — or particularly comfortable with.

In his new ballet (similar to last year's premiere of *Aubade* by the Oakland Ballet), Caniparoli asks his audience to reflect on both the nature of human relations and the tradition of classicism in dance. The balletic "tricks" — the acrobatics and theatrical ex-

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'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 poison, 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 snapping shut, 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 be. 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 live enough. *Arsenic* is a TV stargazer's paradise. Think of a television series of the past — not long past, but your past. Pick a favorite actor or actress from your memories, and there's a fifty-fifty chance that person is acting in *Arsenic* right now.

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,



Bondage, booze, and murder — and it's all just part of the laughs in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

the vampire Barnabas Collins of "Dark Shadows."

Among the nine actors and actresses in the supporting cast,

two have done some film work, but are primarily theatre people.

Surprisingly, this little screen cast is very good on the big stage.

Television has probably never before so completely invaded the legitimate stage, outside Los Angeles, as it does in this show.

there are five who have had continuing roles in soap operas and two others who have substantial series television careers. The last

In fact, the beautifully integrated ensemble acting, more than anything else, is what overpowers the creeping pace of the production and gives "Arsenic" a bubbly, madcap vitality.

Arsenic and Old Lace, Kesselring's only really successful play, does not depend on weighty questions or deep meaning for its value, but it does seem to toss a couple of questions back and forth, and to rely on the comic skills of the actors to keep those questions from becoming

crime is nowhere to be found.

After all, Abby and Martha (Marion Ross), dear hearts that they are, only killed people who were so unfortunately alone that a sip of poison would be relief from their suffering. Murder this gentle, this genteel, doesn't cry out for punishment. As the ladies' nephew says, "It's just such a bad habit."

The other half of the murders were committed by a wild and crazy guy (in the pre-Steve Martin sense of the words) who will just have to go back to the asylum he escaped from. A civilized society could hardly punish a madman harshly. Soon, though, he'll be back where "there's someone to take care of him."

If murder definitely had to be thought horrible, people would have to think ill of the sweetest ladies in town. Their kindness — overextended till it bores the minister or is carried to the point of mass mercy-killing — must not be despised. And it isn't.

Still, keeping an audience roaring with laughter while dealing in mass murder, congenial insanity, and all the other outrages in *Arsenic* is not easy. Given a director who inches the play along at half speed, it has to be nearly impossible. But only nearly so.

Jean Stapleton and Gary Sandy are the performers of repeated miracles. Just when I was sighing, thinking I should shout out the next line to get things moving, one or the other of them would save the day. Stapleton's magic is in the delicious perfection of her character. On cue — or between cues, as it often seemed — her Abby trills, coos, shivers, or gasps to spark a change of tempo and pop the play back into focus. Sandy, on the other hand, turns out to be a fantastic physical comedian. In tiny mimed gestures, grand pratfalls, and very communicative postures, he erases the wrinkles from one slow moment after another.

The set by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg, costumes by Jeanne Button, and lighting design by Pat Collins are all realistic with

Slowed down to preciousness, the glittering deep-black comedy suffers and half of it dies.

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 dastardly

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 time I hear of someone who has never seen *Arsenic*, I say, "Go, see it."

Arsenic and Old Lace continues at the Curran Theatre, 445 Geary Street, through May 2. Call 673-4400.

Diane Johnson Completes Literary Lecture Series

On Thursday, May 7, Diane Johnson will give the last lecture in the five-part series "Writers on Literature," sponsored by The Threepenny Review in association with City Arts & Lectures and the UC Berkeley English Department.

Ms. Johnson's lecture is entitled "The Readable Victorians: Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Col-

lins, et al." It will draw on her own experience as the writer of a mystery novel and a thriller movie, as well as her academic background as a professor of Victorian literature at UC Davis.

Ms. Johnson's lecture will take place in 155 Dwinelle Hall on the UC Berkeley campus. Tickets cost \$8 (\$5 for students) and are available through the Cal Performances Box Office at 642-9988. Tickets will also be sold at the door.



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Sounding the Depths of Davies Hall

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 Armsby, 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 flatter the symphonic repertory, the city should throw out its plans for a 3,000-plus 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 house would inevitably cause massive acoustical problems.

As things have turned out, the War Memorial's acoustics sound superb at the top of the house, where the music is rich and resonant, but it has a real problem with thin and dry sound on the extensive main floor. This dilemma is obscured when opera or ballet are being presented, because of the balance between stage and pit and because those patrons on the main floor feel close to the drama being enacted on the stage. But when a symphony orchestra plays in the Opera House, all of the sounds waft heavenward, leaving those patrons closest to the musicians

Francisco lost its chance for a 2,000-seat symphony hall.

The voters of this city clearly told the backers of the new project that if they wanted a new home for the San Francisco Symphony they were going to have to come up with the majority of the money from private and not public sources. Once the plan was redirected to the private sector, economics once again demanded a 3,000-plus seat house.

Davies Hall was the eventual result. The acoustics of the once-again-oversized hall were further complicated by an aesthetic decision made in its planning stages. The developers of the project wanted a building in which the orchestra and the audience seemed to be in the same room. The traditional shoe-box design, the one that worked so well for Musikvereinsaal in Vienna and Symphony Hall in Boston, puts the orchestra at one end of a long rectangle and makes it seem as if the musicians are in one room

The auditorium of Davies Hall is a beautiful room which the audience shares equally with the orchestra, but the cost of that democratic illusion is that the design has built into the auditorium an enormous — and empty — space above the stage.

with only the faintest echo of what is going on.

In 1965, the city of San Francisco presented its voters with a bond issue to raise \$29 million for a 2,200 seat Music Hall primarily intended for ballet and orchestral music that would be located across Franklin Street from the Opera House, where the San Francisco Ballet Association building now stands. That plan included a 700-car garage and an overpass that would connect the new buildings to the Opera House thus creating a performing arts center on the model of the Music Center in Los Angeles and Lincoln Center in New York.

But those were the palmy days of the 1960s and a fight erupted between the sponsors of the expanded performing arts center and the representatives of community arts groups who claimed that the new Music Hall was nothing but the "cultural playground of the privileged minority." In the resulting melee, the bond issue was defeated by a two-to-one margin and San

and the audience is in an adjacent one.

The auditorium of Davies Hall is a beautiful room which the audience shares equally with the orchestra, but the cost of that democratic illusion is that the design has built into the auditorium an enormous — and empty — space above the stage. The already overwhelming acoustical problems presented by such a large theater were thus magnified by the addition of this visually-satisfying but musically dead space. Soon after the opening of the hall, conductor Edo de Waart pinpointed the problem when he remarked that "the important thing to remember is that this is a very big hall. It is the biggest in the world in terms of cubic feet with over a million cubic feet."

The central problem thus created is simple: in order to fill Davies Hall with sound, the orchestra must get thousands of extra cubic feet of air vibrating in time to the music. A subsidiary problem is that, since the sound tends to escape into the strato-



The San Francisco Symphony — and the space it needs to fill with sound.

sphere, the musicians on different parts of the stage cannot hear each other. The necessary solution must accomplish two things: it must remove that extra dead space from the vibrating mass of air in the hall and it must reflect as much sound as possible directly back to the musicians.

The first plan to deal with both of these issues involved a cloud of floating discs which would act like a ceiling over the musicians without looking like one. But those discs were acoustically a joke. Too much of the sound escaped between the cracks. The second — though unplanned — attempt to deal with the larger problem came with the building of the mammoth Ruffatti organ on the back wall. The 7,691 pipes of the organ created that many columns of air that held onto the vibrations and thus helped the musicians keep the sound sounding in the hall. But, of course, the organ did nothing to help return the sound to the musicians on stage. Furthermore, the organ locked the symphony into maintaining the height of the ceiling above the orchestra, since that is where the organ resides.

When Herbert Blomstedt arrived on the scene, he let it be known that he thought the acoustics of Davies Hall needed some additional work. During the orchestra's recent trip to Europe, the first tentative acoustical renovations were put into place.

Sensibly enough, the symphony began by creating a more complete ceiling above the stage. Though the new canopy looks

like a temporary experiment, it has distinctly added to the fullness of the sound in the hall. Long ago, I deserted the main floor of Davies Hall for the second tier, so I cannot at this point report on whether or not the new design has managed to reflect more sound onto the audience there, but I would guess that it

fixed and what I call the natural woodsound 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 unwisely in a most vulgar fashion.

I definitely think I can hear a difference, though I admit the

Though the new canopy looks like a temporary experiment, it has distinctly added to the fullness of the sound in the hall.

has. The scuttlebutt from the musicians is that it has helped them, though 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 ampli-

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 the

Continued on page 28

SPECIAL PERFORMANCE APRIL 19

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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 offbeat 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 tables covered with vinyl sheets depicting impossibly vivid fruits against a blue the sky never attains. We wish Cha Cha Cha accepted reservations, but perhaps the mob is the point. All the boozing and shouting con-

tributes to the atmosphere of a theme party ("Honeymoon in Havana") getting slightly out of hand. There is an olympic-sized vat of tepid sangria on the bar, and the sound system crackles with tropical polyrhythms.

You begin your meal with a choice from the by-now-familiar roster of little dishes known as *tapas*. We sampled a *fruit and jalapeno salad* of orange segments, grapes, strips of red onion, chiles and cilantro — swimming in its own juice, the dish was refreshing but lacked focus or harmony. *Eastern mussels in saffron broth* tasted as if they had been shipped via cargo boat through the Panama Canal. The gently aromatic canary-yellow broth was overwhelmed by an odor one more

readily associates with public conveniences than with food.

Much better was the *chicken verde empanada*, 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

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

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.

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

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 listen, because 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, 1805 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.



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The Pleasures of a Crowded House

Rock music fascists are a sad group who operate under the illusion that any modern music attaining 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," an infectious, ethereal love song 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 group attracted — some of which you may have even seen in

these pages).

Crowded House is the reincarnation of another Aussie band, **Split Enz**, with original members Neil Finn (guitar) and Paul Hester (percussion), and the addition of Nick Seymour (bass) whose brother heads up **Hunters and Collectors**. Unofficially joining the tour on keyboard was Mitchell Froom (Elvis Costello, **Del Fuegos**) who also produced the group's album for Capitol. Any similarities to the late Split Enz ends there, however.

Instead, Crowded House de-

These musical fundamentalists expend enormous amounts of energy giving lip-service to their campaign of denial.

livered a distinctive brand of witty, country-western inspired pop-rock, surprisingly less sentimental and more harder edged



Neil Finn (left), Nick Seymour (center) and Paul Hester — the three pleasure boys from Crowded House.

than their blockbuster single might have suggested — nothing like the adolescent new wave of their former persona. In fact, no other

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 ham 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 (now 28) must have 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 *Lennon-esque*. 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 songs with

Continued on page 29

ROCK PREVIEWS

ADAM BLOCK

Showdown at Bobo's

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 leather lesbian 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 over to start off with a theme brunch. The theme is vodka. Interested?"

I figured that Bobo's absence from the *Sentinel* (for one reckless week) was taking its toll. The boy had been sucked into a white trash vortex — skateboarding down Jerry Lee Lewis' slipstream. Bobo was playing pinocle with the Beastmaster and appealing to Memphis Mark's basest altar-boy-boot-slave instincts. Headly stuff.

I offered to join up with Bobo's savage pilgrimage a little later: after I'd cleaned my sheets, 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 Rolo, in the Castro. Memphis

his ass in astonishment and letting out little admiring sighs, while Bobo was stabbing little accessory demon-heads into his black leather jacket. When the Buddhist at the cash-register admitted that they didn't stock designer-vodka, we stumbled out onto the street.

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

Bobo's Gentlemen's Rotary & Swizzle Stick Society ascend-

sanctum. While I fell, stunned, into the black linen draped, Eames Butterfly chair, Memphis Mark measured thimbles of tonic into tumblers of iced vodka, while Bobo lit the Palazzo's Elvis prayer candle, and then commenced spinning obscure wonders from his record and tape collection. There was Age of Chance's industrialized-rant rendition of Prince's, "Kiss." There was a stumbingly silly bootleg tape of R.E.M. crooning, "We Don't Need Another Hero."

The collective was enthralled. Memphis Mark sat slugging

ious tracts. Our host cradeled a disk by a Canadian band that I'd never heard of: No Means No. When he dropped the needle, paint peeled. Awesome.

"When do you think they'll play here?" I asked enthusiastically, flipping through the next day's Pink Section.

Bobo shrugged, threw open a *Melody Maker* and began quoting from an interview with gay singer Andy Bell of Erasure, "I don't know yet whether, if I come out wearing a loud orange dress to sing a serious song, people will be intrigued or just say, 'What a twat.'"

"I love them," Bobo laughed, "and they'll be here in May."

"But who is coming next week?" I muttered, paging through the Pink Section with increasing disbelief.

"Nobody," Bobo grinned — tossing back his vodka.

Don Baird wouldn't be writing about nobody. He didn't have a column due this week. I was beginning to see that there was a twisted method to Bobo's madness. The gimcrack elegance, and roadhouse splendor of Palazzo Bobo suddenly began to look ominous and oppressive. The mood of camaraderie grew stark.

"So!" Bobo chirped in his best, nail-raking Church Lady diction, "and what will you be writing for your column young man?"

I dropped the *Pink Section*, glanced over at Memphis Mark who was searching with demented lasciviousness through yellowing *Watchtowers* for pictures of Jeff Stryker's boner, then glanced up to the bloated face of Elvis, flickering unfor-

Continued on next page



FIREHOSE rates a "must see" from D.B. — Monday, 4/20, at the I-Beam.

Mark was modeling a body-condom-tight pair of black, rubberized levis, gazing back at

ed a stairwell papered in breath-taking black velvet brocade and reverently entered the legendary

down his cocktail while picking through Bobo's unsorted collection of pornography and relig-

ROCK PREVIEWS

Continued from previous page

givingly on the mantelpiece. I saw the numbers 666 floating in the ice cubes in my vodka.

"Well?" shrieked Bobo, his eyebrows shooting up to 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 introduction."

Roomful of Blues, Sunnyland Slim, Little Charlie & The Nightcats

Three second-string blues teams will try to raise the roof. Charlie Criswell is San Jose's young sensation. Slim is a tough, true Chicago vet, who cut great sides with King Curtis and Walter Horton — thirty years ago — and still may ring the roadhouse out of those ivories. The Boston-based headliners throw horns in the brew, and hopefully have improved on their stiff debut LP from 1977, which is their only one I've heard. The club certainly ain't the chicken shack that surpasseth all knowing, but one can be hopeful. (Wolfgang's, 4/17, 9 pm, \$12.50 adv, \$13.50 day).

Blue Movie, American Music Club, Donner Party

The folks from Nightbreak took over this club, and promise this brand of tempting bill. Bobo thinks the openers, having named their band after the cannibal pioneers, ought to justify the price of admission. But there is more! The AMC offer industrialized folk/rock, with a wag's sense of humor. At a recent gig, they offered a hilarious cover version of Chris Isaak's, "Some Kind of Love," then segued into — was it, "Stairway To Heaven." The headliners may not be pretty, but they boast an arresting brand of folk-rock, at least on the song, "Almost, Almost," which has been getting KUSF-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.

their debut LP; *Milking The Masters Vol. 7*, should be out any day. (V.I.S. Club, 4/17, 10 pm, \$4).

Until December, Voice Farm, Group Six, Contraband, Barbara Liu

Glass Haus comes to the Galleria with an Easter theme. The opening acts are "performance artists" and then Voice Farm come on at 11:30 with heady camp and nervy theatrics that are never less than entertaining. At 1 am, Until December make their final appearance as a 5-piece. They plan to return to being a trio, but — after this show — visionary hunk & front-man Adam Sherbourne will exit the group. Ciao, big guy. Be surprised if Sylvester isn't a surprise drop-in to duet with Mr A on, "Free Again," recreating the band's current single. Say hello, wave goodbye. This one is thankfully open to those 18 and up, so you may be able to spot Dave Ford's phone-sex buddies

amongst the Esprit commandos. (Galleria, 16th & Kansas, 4/17, 10 pm, \$12 adv, \$15 door).

Crystal Pistol Club

Billed as, "SF's first non-European dance club, exclusively for flying children, beautiful and holy and ancient bus-drivers, mothers, uncles, beauticians, musicians, plumbers, window shoppers, and dancers." Decor is by Bruce Burris, the Rev. Howard Finnister of the Outer Mission. Music is by the peerless Donna Riego, who has earned her chops playing funk-Mondays at the Stud, and shaking down the Baybrick. Last weekend's crowd was littered with celebrities like Alan Robinson, Bobo Baird, and Sylvester. (Squeals!) Jack your body down at this happening alternative. (CPC, 842 Valencia, 4/17 & 4/18, 9 pm-2 am, \$2).

Tooth & Nail

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

credibility. (Club 9, 4/18, 11 pm, \$4).

Dream Syndicate, Screaming Sirens

Two of LA's worn-out also rans. The Sirens are glam-damage waitresses from hell who should've called their album, "Slow Screws, Crow's Feet, and Max Factor Industrial," instead of "Fiesta." The headliners are of the "Jim Morrison pissed here," school of pompous LA-delics. Last year's LP was *Out of the Grey*. Send them back in. (Berkeley Square, 4/18, 10 pm, \$8).

Miss Kitty & Psycho Souls

An Easter show by SOMA's hardest working songbird on providing girth, guts, gusto, and great guitar: she is risen. (Club 9, 4/19, 10 pm, \$4).

Firehose, Saqqara Dogs, DC3

OK, even Bobo Baird rates this show a *must see*, as anyone who

read his review of Firehose's last SF gig ought to know. When lead singer D. Boon got crushed under his van a little over a year ago, people thought that spelled THE END for The Minutemen: the smartest, most righteous, and loveable band in the whole of hardcoredom. A fanatical fan terrorized the surviving members until they relented, and let him join them. Newly christened Firehose, the trio revive Minutemen classics while building a solid repertoire of their own. Look forward to shattering, bold wonder. The Dogs have parted company with Esmerelda — so it's back to arty ethno-atmospherics: the thinking boho's muzak. DC3 are Firehose's buddies, so expect arty mood music sandwiched between the bracing thrash. (I-Beam, 4/20, 11 pm, \$7 adv, \$8 day).

DOA

"Punk survivors" sounds almost like a contradiction-in-terms, but after Black Flag and the Dead Kennedys have gone down in flames, these Canadian maniacs are back for another round, with mercurial Joey Shithread still at the helm. Wednesday Verbal Abuse, Millions of Dead Cops and some TBAs open the show. Thursday it's Faith No More, Beat Nigs, and more TBAs. This is back at the old Mab, which adds to the time-warp intrigue. I'm thinking of careening down here, if only for rowdy-wild styles, and grisly Mohawk nostalgia, brush cut lust. (Mabuhay, 4/22 & 4/23, 9 pm, \$8.50).

Linda Tillery

The big blues belter (from Olivia to Baybrick's Most-Valued-Player) sets it up at poolside for SOMA's yup-Central "Blue Wednesday" show. Good opportunity for us perverts to retake the old covered wagon; Linda is bold and the only cover will be on the pool. (Oasis, 4/22, 9 pm, FREE).

ROCK

Continued from page 27

an original, equally varied approach. Their arrangements were intelligently built, using elements like the subtle touch of Froom's xylophone accompaniment on "One Step Beyond" or the contrasting sounds of Seymour's funk bass line with a light, piano melody on "That's What I Call."

Overall, the band's fundamental, Memphis-based rock origins provided the bulk of Crowded House's solid, accessible pop sound — comfortably familiar, while at the same time

too commanding to permit passive listening.

Of course, Crowded House did perform the obligatory "Don't Dream It's Over," and everyone sang along and thought it was quite nice, thank you, indeed. But they sandwiched the song without much enthusiasm into the middle of their set — instead of awarding it a more honorable position during the encore — and it was somehow clear that the band, like the musical fascists it scared away, were perhaps just a bit tired of the anthem and the preconceptions it arouses. ■

CLASSICS

Continued from page 25

various halls in which they played. I suspect that we can look forward to some additional changes in Davies.

I would like to see the symphony line the walls of the auditorium in wood that will vibrate and thus warm up the sound. There are still large expanses of wall space that could be thus paneled. Furthermore, the original plans for Davies Hall included a wood floor beneath

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 rip out the seats, I also wish they would redesign the second tier. Those are the cheapest seats, but they are also the smallest and the most tightly packed. Too much has already been sacrificed to economic necessity. Must the symphony wring every last possible penny out of the balcony? ■

Jo Harvey Allen

Continued from page 21

nothing that gives me more satisfaction than when people laugh. I love that. I know I just couldn't survive without it."

A lot of Jo Harvey's work is in the range of what the English call "coterie entertainment." In plain English, it may not be everybody's cup of tea, a type of live performance version of the cult-film aesthetic. Sometimes, she's just too hip for Uncle Albert — there's nothing funny about these people to him, they're his friends and neighbors — but gay audiences love her. This came as something of a surprise to Jo Harvey, a very happy surprise.

"In a way," she says, "all my characters have something in common with gays: they have to come out of the closet." Jo Harvey isn't patient about this at all. As soon as she has clearly defined a character, she evicts the hapless archetype from obscurity and pushes her onto the stage. A truck stop waitress, as long as she stays in her truck stop, is a closeted creature. She is accepted and appreciated in her closed circle, gawked at and mocked by strangers who happen in. When Jo Harvey does

"Counter Angel," waitress Ruby Kay comes out.

Jo Harvey knows about closets from another angle, too. "I have a lot of friends who are gay, close friends I've known for years, and they still can't talk to me about it. When there's something like that, you can't even mention it, it must be causing some pain." Gay friends of Jo Harvey Allen take note: Even though she is a wife and mother, even though she's from Redneck, Texas, even though she lives in Fresno... she loves you. Relax. Give a friend a chance.

When I asked if any of her characters had ever expressed any opinion of queers (the word a Texas archetype might use), Jo Harvey was stumped for a moment. After thinking it through, she said, "No, I don't think so." Then she introduced me to Rose, a recently discovered character who hasn't yet been seen on stage. Rose is a wife whose husband is away. Her neighbor's husband is also absent. The women plan to go to a dance together, where Rose expects to be met by a gentleman friend. If he doesn't show up, they'll have each other, which is exactly what Rose's friend is hoping and planning for. Rose might yet get herself together enough to join the

"cast" of *As It Is In Texas* during its San Francisco run.

Jo Harvey has performed in art galleries, truck stops, honky-tonks, and museums all over North America and Europe. Then newspapers, magazines, and award-giving organizations have called her a performance artist. They give her rave reviews and plaques. She has also performed the same material in theatres and on radio and television. Then, of course, she's an actress. Different critics come, but the reviews are still usually raves, and she gets different plaques and trophies.

Jo Harvey's son Bale, now 19, recently announced that he is going to Australia to start his own investigation of the world outside. So, for the first time in their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Allen will be alone together at home, and they're thinking of moving. I wondered where they might go, suspecting Fresno is hardly the best place for a star whose career is sky-rocketing.

"I don't know about being a star," Jo Harvey said. "I don't think I'm that visible. I feel like I'm just beginning. I noticed there's a poster for *As It Is In Texas* just outside the door (of Mama's). No one who sees that

Continued on next page

WEEKLY ALMANAC: The first Sunday after the first Full Moon of Spring is called Easter in western societies. According to legend, a young man named Jesus D'Nazareth was tortured to death by crucifixion; he then miraculously rose from the grave three days later on Easter morning. The story mimics the great pagan celebration of the Return of the Light as spring begins. On Monday, the Sun enters Taurus, the sign of the Ox, and Venus will enter Aries on Wednesday. Hail the glories of Spring!

♈ ARIES, THE SHEEP (Mar 21-Apr 19): Warm, sensual vibrations embrace your spirit, and you are driven to indulge in the finest the Earth has to offer. Fresh food, clean air, crystal blue water, and the most satisfying love of your life. What more could you ask for? For godsakes don't let trivial commodities like money or work get in the way of your celebration. Honor yourself with glory and pride. Share yourself with your one true love.

♉ TAURUS, THE OX (Apr 20-May 20): You were born during the same time of the year that the baby oxen are born. You couldn't have chosen a better season to reincarnate. The flowers are blossoming, the sky is crystal clear, the land is warm and full of life. Don't let man and his machines tear up your peaceful pastures with worry and work. Take time off to celebrate another year of lovely life. For your 1987 Birthday Almanac, send your birthdate/time/place and \$5 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

♊ GEMINI, THE WOLF (May 21-June 20): Rushes of springtime stir your spirit with fabulous fantasies, visions of travel, and a whole new perspective on life. Yet the cloak of winter will weigh heavy on

ASTROLOGER

ROBERT COLE

April 17-23, 1987

your shoulders with lingering guilt and regret. Cast off the responsibility for making everything right again; let the past die peacefully in the gentleness of spring. It's time to set your sights on glorious new frontiers.

♋ CANCER, THE CRAB (Jun 21-Jul 22): Just when you thought the battle was over, one of your hot-headed girlfriends barges in on the scene with exaggerated apologies. Just exactly what does she want? She wants to make up for the bitterness and hatred she's brought between you and your friends, but you're one step ahead of this little manipulator. Cancel her credibility and drop her name from the mailing list. Honestly your springtime will be much happier without her.

♌ LEO, THE SNAKE (Jul 23-Aug 22): For you the long, hot summer begins a little early this year. Your beautiful love surrounds you with torrid temptations that will make work responsibilities and financial obligations look like sick distortions of a civilization gone mad. In truth you have no priorities except the priority of pleasure. So what are you waiting for? Put jobs and bills aside and let nature take its course.

♍ VIRGO, THE PIG (Aug 23-Sep 22): This is a perfect week for that well-earned vacation you've dreamed about for months. Lock up the house, take the pets over to a neighbor, gas up the car and head off for Shangri-La. The warm beaches and cool waters are just waiting for you

and the one you love. Life seems glorious and love will expand your horizons. Look into each others eyes and promise to be faithful to each other's desires forever and ever.

♎ LIBRA, THE LEOPARD (Sept 23-Oct 22): Unbelievable fantasies come true for you this week! Remember those dreams of true love and romance, visions of being surrounded by lust and luxury. Your closest friend rises to the occasion, sweeps you off your feet, and won't stop kissing you from head to toe. You mustn't show any signs of resistance or the vision will disappear. Just moan with satisfaction and take more than you've ever taken before. It's all yours!

♏ SCORPIO, THE SCORPION (Oct 23-Nov 21): Oops, you've let someone get too close and now you must decide whether to defend yourself or surrender to the possibility of permanent attachment. Before jumping to conclusions take a really long look at your suitor. Look into those beautiful eyes; put your hands in that thick, soft hair; caress those strong shoulders. Pull him/her really close before you decide one way or the other. But, by all means, go slow.

♐ SAGITTARIUS, THE HORSE (Nov 22-Dec 21): Due to a weird set of coincidences, you'll discover a special side of our lover, the soft side. Running on the beach, going on a diet together, doing the weekly shopping — simple cooperation opens the door to a fresh understanding of

what love's all about. The heavy responsibilities disappear in the soothing warmth of springtime. You never believed that it could be so fine. This week's proof positive!

♑ CAPRICORN, THE WHALE (Dec 22-Jan 19): After spending the last month organizing your household, you could get all upset this week when a dominating woman barges into your home and decides that it should be different. But the springtime is too beautiful to waste arguing over petty details. Let this self-appointed mother-figure have her way while you go outside and play. In the end you'll find that her intentions are good and her cooking can't be beat.

♒ AQUARIUS, THE EAGLE (Jan 20-Feb 18): Bottoming-out couldn't happen at a better time of the year. Your reputation is in the pits, your pockets are empty, and your success is definitely jeopardized. But if you'll take your head out of your fantasy world and look at the immediate situation you'll be overcome by the sensual pleasures of springtime. Clear skies, birds singing outside your window, flowers in full color — you don't need anything else, except maybe a good rest.

♓ PISCES, THE SHARK (Feb 19-Mar 20): The sun shines brightly on your garage sale this weekend. All that junk you've collected from traveling salespeople will sell like hotcakes; you could even pawn off a leftover lover onto an unsuspecting passer-by if you really wanted to. Clean out the closets and recycle useless friendships. There's a lot of profit to be made in trash right now. P.S. There is extra good luck for you in the lottery this weekend; play your favorite numbers seven times.

PAUL TAYLOR

Continued from page 17

The exact direction Taylor had in mind was a distinctly modern one, differentiated from Grahams "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 voice. When he did, it was rooted strongly in childhood imagination, in a sense of fantasy and gentleness that hearken back all the way to those imaginary playmates.

It was also during this period that Taylor confronted his homosexuality, a subject seldom discussed during 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 during a Far Eastern tour with Graham when he was 25. Taylor's gayness is only faintly alluded to in his choreography, but is as explicit as it gets in *Sunset*, which begins with a long, tender duet of two men in military uniform.

"*Sunset* is about men, really," says Taylor. "The underlying attitude is not that the men are gay or straight, but that all men are attracted to each other on some level... Many people who are gay will see those as two gay guys. I don't care. Or a woman, who doesn't approve of gayness, could see it just as two army buddies. That's all right with me too. It's opened."

All through the last three decades — during which Taylor took leave of Graham, establish-

ed his own company, toured the world several times over, and survived drug dependency, hepatitis, and stomach ulcers that caused him finally to stop dancing — Taylor's choreographic star has steadily risen. And as his work keeps getting better and better, Taylor's style becomes ever more emphatically his own. Some critics have even suggested that Taylor, after the death of Balanchine, is our greatest living choreographer, a compliment that might well make Taylor cringe.

Which brings us back to the subject of Taylor's antipathy to ballet. What exactly is it that Taylor feels is missing in ballet? Says Taylor, "Dancing," he balks. "Dancing that is not Euro-

pean. Dancing that is not sick with somebody's mannered idea about girly putting their knees across and flipping their wrists, that men are mere shadows toting these goddesses around. Somebody's foolish notion that clunking around on hard point shoes is going to give the illusion of lightness, that going up into the air is more important than coming down.

"I could go on for ten years with my criticisms," Taylor snarls. "And I wouldn't ordinarily do it, except that nobody else seems to be... The war has been over."

His bluster spent, Taylor leans back in his chair once again, takes a relaxing breath of sea air, and continues in the softer drawl that betrays the gentler side of his nature. "Quite often I say 'No' when

a company asks to perform one of my dances, but in this case I'm not concerned.

"Everything always looks different on another cast, especially on a ballet cast. In some ways it may be better, and then in other ways it may be worse. You don't know.

"But I figure, if a dance is good to begin with and gets a professional interpretation by real dancers, whoever they are, that chances are it's going to work. And I trust *Sunset* enough to say, 'OK, so they don't do some of the movements quite like we do.

"That's all right." ■ **San Francisco Ballet premieres Paul Taylor's *Sunset* on Tuesday, April 21 at 8 pm, War Memorial Opera House, SF. The ballet repeats 4/23, 4/25, 4/26, 4/29, 5/1, and 5/2. Call 621-3838.**

Jo Harvey Allen

Continued from previous page

is going to recognize me. After all, I've got my pants down." Asked if she'd move to New York or Hollywood to give herself all the breaks she can get, she looked puzzled. And she laughed. "No," she said, "I want to do more film work, but I think we'd move to a smaller town than Fresno. Maybe even back to Texas."

Even if she and Terry do move back to Texas, Jo Harvey will keep touring and performing. "If I feel like doing my act, I will. I mean, I could do it in the back yard." And, she'll be playing the living room circuit all across the country as videos of *True Stories* reach the rental outlets this month. She'll be back on the silver screen this fall as Madame Olga in Bill Fishman's film, *Tapeheads*. No matter where she is, the one thing Jo Harvey will

definitely be doing is mentally recording hilarious, real-life examples of the female homo sapiens, and playing back those records in the stunningly honest fashion that makes her work so completely irresistible.

Jo Harvey Allen's skewed, comic view of life "as it is in" every place, is always frank and uncontrived. It's not just fun, not even just art. It's a commodity every one of us needs, a dual purpose medicine, curing both the disenchanting-with-the-world blahs and the all-too-serious-about-ourselves blues. Maybe the one label that really does define Jo Harvey Allen is D.H., Doctor of Honest Hilarity. ■

Jo Harvey Allen's solo performance play, As It Is In Texas, is currently running at Life On The Water (Fort Mason Center, Bldg. B). Shows are at 8:30, Wednesday to Sunday, through April 26. Call 776-8999.

"First you lick my boots."

Call 976-RODS

The members of the American Society of Newspaper Editors descended on our little (family) jewel last week, with predictably hilarious results; this media scooper snickered hourly as the dailies backflipped to impress the visiting bigwigs.

We'll get to that anon, but first, the really good stuff.

The Beauty of the Beasties

In re my item last week about The Beastie Boys, the three homophobic New York nerds: my music biz spy 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 Beastie Boys] put out."

I ain't sayin' it's true, but I ain't sayin' it ain't; I report what I hear. Anyway, it kinda figures.

Fashion Pigs

The only figures at the Apr. 8 Rolo fashion show at Club DV8 were slinky ones draped in natty threads.

"I'm so over this club," Max's Diner waiter Chris O'Donnell huffed, as about thirty million of us waited in a line thoughtfully provided by Club Obvi-8's charmingly ineffectual door staff. I eventually managed to slip in under the wire (which was disguised as a velvet rope), as my date pitched attitude like he was shagging flies.

We flew downstairs to Club Procre-8's undulating bowels, where a Club Privee doorman tapped us for the magic word (it was "woof," in honor of my Rolo dog shirt, which I'd bought that very day for this ever-so-special moment). Inside, Free-I-P's like court-holding Kenneth Mondragon, nacht-crawler supreme, fed me lines (for my column) and ginger ale (for my nose). "I have that same shirt!" Rolo princess Randy Brewer shrieked, eyeing my pups; but then he smoothed my wrinkles: "We Sag's have the same taste." Except in our mouths.

Mark from Aardvark (on Haight) waltzed about benignly, proving there is life after twenty-one — even if it's in the gutter. Philip, from Wahumba Swamp on Lower Haight (who's doing a DV8 show in a couple of weeks), staggered about in a four-foot (i.e., nearly life-size) Divine mask, while Rolo co-owner Mark Schultz snickered, "I

don't have to do anything," for the evening's fashion show.

He didn't have to do anyone, either, because they did it themselves: guys and molls lurked and slunk about in eye-spiking "fun clothes" from the Castro St. store, grasping a prop Cyclone fence like caged fashion victims. Two suburban straight boys behind me provided commentary; when one particularly luscious young man lurched out in black vinyl pants, one of the suburbanites said, "Chill on this shit, man!" Reconsidering, he added, "He looks like the dude in *Streets of Fire*." I thought that Pare for the course.

And I thought it time to leave, so my date and I packed it in. We missed the midnight entertainment, but I hear it was just Divine.

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, *Chron*.

Kissin' Your Vacation Goodbye

That same *Chron* front page featured upbeat predictions for summer SF tourism — despite AIDS fears. AIDS reports "made me feel uncomfortable about coming," one man told reporter Steve Massey, perhaps unwittingly tipping his subconscious hand. What the hell are people afraid of? We have the best — and the most reported — underground fix-it labs in the country.

Smoking Pottstown

Finally, reporter Carl Nolte (same day, same paper) fashioned an oh-so-heartwarming pg. 1 exclu on "The Little Band That Could," those cheery Pennsylvania marching-band high schoolers preparing to invade our little burg for the GG Bridge



festivities.

I trust Less Talk readers will make a special effort to help these little hornblowers expand their embouchourial expertise.

Village Voices

If the *Chron* hopped, the *Ex* hopped — up, that is, with its Tues., Apr. 7 cover on the Gay Men's Chorus. Initially, reporter Elizabeth Fernandez's piece, rife with AIDS deaths, loss and tragedy, stank of vicious pandering. Once again, this time for the visiting editors, the gay community was front-paged as catastrophically disabled.

When she called the AIDS-plagued Chorus "a microcosm of the gay community at large," I screamed. . . until I read about "subtle changes": "Chorus [and thereby, presumably, communit-y] members are more tolerant, more supportive of each other." Noting that this was buried in the 42nd graf would only make me sound like a curmudgeon.

Dog Daze

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

But the inimitable *Chron* really stole the week with its pg. 3 in-joke Apr. 9 (Thurs.), headlined: "Shaggy Dog Saves Toddler." Kathy Bodovitz'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 Snider 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 utilities 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, er, energy? Burr's not telling; though "the lack of female students is perhaps the hottest continuing discussion around Deep Springs." Snider 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 attitude about women."

But that's it. No mention of (shhhh!) HOMOSEXUALITY. The same boy says that women might only magnify existing problems: "There are some pretty hefty tensions here." Obviously; we'll just need a more adept reporter than Snider to find out about 'em.

No Caen Do

For its part, the *Chron* couldn't seem to rein in the oft-embarrassing Herb Caen; in his Apr. 9 column Caen wrote: "Biter gays yesterday were claiming that homophobia licked Britt but my feeling is that Harry just missed having Mrs. Pelosi's broad appeal."

"Sokay, Herb: you'd have nabbed the helpless homophobe award anyway, for this item earlier in the same column: "Sadly, [designer] Michael [Taylor], who died of AIDS, had originally willed most everything [in his estate] to his longtime friend, Chuck Husted, who died of AIDS in January." (My emphasis)

Where I come from, darlin', we call 'em "lovers."

Cradling Rob

Meanwhile, the *Ex*'s Rob Morse, Herb's "competition," had the admirable tenacity the same day to take on the visiting pashas themselves. He noted that *Dallas Morning News* editor Burl Osborne cut a half-hour from a Wed. morning "AIDS and the Press" panel so he could run a session on Southern Methodist University's football team.

Wrote Rob: "The AIDS session made up the lost time in the end, so things worked out. But I mean, really. Nobody ever died of SMU."

No, but perhaps people died of boredom listening to Texas hacks rattle on about it.

Raggedy Ann

One man may die of grief, thanks to Ann Landers, the "advice" columnist who recently jumped ship from one Chicago paper to another (I'm not sure which; though I adore certain things about Chicago, the newspapers aren't among them).

"Troubled Mind" wrote Apr. 8 and, after noting he's tested positive for AIDS, asked: "Would it be better for my family if I took my life when the symptoms of the disease begin to be obvious to me? I don't want my loved ones to go through what I know will be inevitable." I felt rattled, reading that, and couldn't imagine how I'd answer.

If I was Ann Landers, however, I'd apparently sidestep. After assuring the man "he may never come down with AIDS" since "only 20-30 percent" of the positives get the disease (a totally bogus and irresponsible figure), she implores the man to "lead a normal life, but please opt for sexual abstinence." She recommends condoms, deplores shared needles, and concludes: "And please tear up your donor card."

And please — don't feel we're tossing you out on the street or anything. We just know how hard it is for you people not to have sex. We honestly don't care if you kill yourselves either, as long as we don't get your organs. Bon voyage!

In and Out

• Huzzahs to Phil Donahue for his PWA show last week; and thanks to VCR-happy Tim Ohmmeiss for preserving it for us lax lads.

• A pox on the *Chron* for running the Apr. 9 story on California Roman Catholic bishops' pastoral letter "urging sympathy, understanding and humane treatment" for PWAs way back on pg. 5. It shoulda been pg. 1, folks.

• Did you see the cover of the April *Vanity Fair*? It's Calvin and Kelly Klein! They're "married"! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!!!

Please send items to Dave Ford, c/o Less Talk, the SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF, 94102. Danke.

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WEEK AT A GLANCE

Edited by Patrick Hoctel



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!

18 APRIL SATURDAY

Bay Area Career Women (BACW) presents *The Golden Girls Ball*. You're 40, 50, 60, and you're fabulous! Dance to live music from the '30s through the '60s. Portion of proceeds donated to The First West Coast Conference and Celebration by and for Old Lesbians (60+). Raffle, door prizes. 8 pm-2 am, the Claremont Gaslight Ballroom, Oakland. \$28 general/\$18 members. Cash only at the door. Charge/info: 495-5593.

The *EastBay FrontRunners* meet at 9:30 am at Lake Merritt at the corner of 14th and Oak Sts. near the Cameron Stanford House. Flat three-mile loop. Info: 526-7592 or 261-3246.

The Whole Life Expo hosts the 20th Summer of Love anniversary celebration at the Moscone Center. Guest artists include John Sebastian, Moby Grape, Maria Muldaur, Country Joe McDonald (sans the Fish), Brewer and Shipley (a reunion of the songsters famous for "One Tuke over the Line"), It's a Beautiful Day ("White Bird"), Fraternity of Man, etc. So break out the patchouli oil and those bellbottom flairs that your old lady did all the stitching on. 2-11 pm. Tickets/info: 454-2941 or 762-BASS.

Code: Blue, the self-described "first European style private nightclub for women in SF," throws a *hat bash* — with prizes for the best chapeau. L.A. Dawna is back spinning the tunes; watch out for the go-go dancers! 9:30 pm-2 am, corner of Lombard and Taylor, SF. \$7 general/\$6 members. Info: 979-5557.

A production of Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw* plays at the Durham Studio Theatre tonight at 8 pm and tomorrow at 2 pm. Expect more of Orton's brilliant, biting dialogue and character delineation in this work that the *NY Times* labeled his "most riotously funny play." Back of Dwinelle Hall, UC Berkeley campus. Info: 642-1677.

19 APRIL SUNDAY

World-famous Bay Area poet **Harold Norse** reads from his *The Love Poems: 1940-1985* and from his work-in-progress, *Memoirs*. 7 pm, Walt Whitman Bookshop, 2319 Market St., SF. Info: 861-3078.

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.

Cyclists **Jim Sutherland** and **Peter Tannen**, who last summer rode in the Cycle for Life, a 4,000-mile, cross-country trip that raised \$50,000+ for AIDS education, address the G 40 Plus Club on their experiences and the plans for the second Cycle for Life slated for this summer. 2-4 pm, First Unitarian Church, 187 Franklin St. (at Geary), SF. Free. Info: 552-1997.

Operation Concern and GLOE 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 30th St., SF. Info: 626-7000.

22 APRIL WEDNESDAY

Local writer **Ron Bluestein**, whose *A Waitress in Bohemia* was the inspiration for the award-winning play *Bohemian Grove*, reads from his work. Poet **Carole Graham** shares the bill. 7:30 pm, Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St., SF. Info: 282-9246.

Author and essayist (*Against Interpretation*, *Styles of Radical Will*, etc.) **Susan Sontag** appears as part of the City Arts and Lectures' ongoing On Arts and Politics series in an onstage conversation with local interviewer Sedge Thomson in a benefit for the Women's Foundation. 8 pm, Herbst Theatre, 401 Van Ness Ave., SF. \$10/\$12.50. Tickets/info: 392-4400.

23 APRIL THURSDAY

Sima Gorzkyaya, Ukrainian-born opera and operetta soprano of international reputation, gives her SF debut concert in a program of songs from Schumann, Brahms, and Mozart among others. Accompanying her is her son, Vladimir Zaitsev, one of today's foremost young pianists. 8 pm, Herbst Theatre, 401 Van Ness Ave. (at McAllister), SF. \$6/\$10. Tickets/info: 392-4400.

EVENT OF THE WEEK

The opening night of Sandro Counts's new walk-through theatre piece *Sideshow* is a benefit for the AIDS Food Bank. Billed as "a three-ring spectacle about hidden identities," *Sideshow* guides the audience through "The Midway," "The Hall of Wonders," and finally to the "Sideshow," itself, where "fantastical beings perform and nothing is quite what it seems." \$10/\$12. Opening night tickets are \$25, which includes a wine and cheese reception following the show at which the audience can meet the performers. Audience members opening night are asked to bring a canned good to contribute to a food drive. Tickets/info: 621-7797.

Michael Smuin directs Nagle Jackson's *Faustus in Hell* in a special ACT 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., SF. \$20, \$30, and \$50. Tickets/info: 673-6440.

Take a geology beach walk with the **SF Hiking Club** from the end of the "L" streetcar line to Fort Funston and beyond (ten 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. Swimsuit/towel optional. Meet at Harvey Milk Plaza at Castro and Market Sts. to catch the 9:15 am Muni train — return around 5 pm. Total cost is \$1.50 or fast pass.

20 APRIL MONDAY

Sinfonia San Francisco concludes its 1987 season with a program of two rarely-heard Beethoven choral works, *Cantata on the Death of Emperor Joseph II* and *Konig Stephan*, *Opus 117*, under the direction of Samuel Christler. 8 pm, Herbst Theatre, 401 Van Ness Ave. (at McAllister), SF. \$14/\$9/\$5 students, seniors, and disabled. Tickets/info: 922-3434.

Jack off and hats off with the **SF Jacks** on their annual Hat Night, featuring Easter bonnets, Stetsons, 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 5th), SF. \$6 donation, but no one will be turned away for lack of funds. Checking of all clothes except shoes is mandatory.

The American premieres of works by two of Japan's most noted composers: Toru Takemitsu's *Rain Spell* and Toshio Hosokawa's *Dan-So* will be showcased on 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 Tadd Waggoner plans to cover basic bidding and play for novices — with an emphasis on duplicate bridge techniques. 7-10 pm every 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. 4/21-5/12 every Tuesday. 7 pm, 346 Ninth St., second floor, SF. \$75 FAF members/\$90 non-members. All materials are included in the fee. Info: 552-8760.

24 APRIL FRIDAY

Merce Cunningham Dance Co. performs tonight and tomorrow night at UC Berkeley's Zellerbach Hall. 8 pm. \$16.50/\$14/\$11.50. \$3 student discount. Tickets/info: 642-9988.

Ft. Mason Artists hold a three-day exhibition and sale (painting, sculpture, mixed media, lithographs, prints, collage, etc.) at the Southern Exposure Gallery at Project Artaud. Today from noon to 11 pm; Saturday and Sunday from noon to 6 pm. 401 Alabama St. (at 17th), SF. Free parking.

Screenwriter **Thomas Schlesinger** repeats his weekend intensive workshop for both beginning and experienced screenwriters and filmmakers from April 24-26. Chicago filmmaker/therapist **Keith Cunningham** joins him. The workshop focuses on the fundamentals of screenplay composition: format, themes, structure, character development, location, and dialogue. Class meets at the Marin Headlands Institute near Sausalito. Participants will arrive on Friday at 7:30 pm and stay until Sunday afternoon. The fee, including room and board, is \$190 for FAF members and \$205 for non-members. Res/info: 552-8760 or 381-8530.

Verbal Tour de Force at The Lab: Susie Hara uses movement, music and narrative to bring to life Raquel, the anti-feminist owner of a lingerie shop; Johnny, the obsessed child molester; and other characters based on true stories from the *SF Chronicle*. With The Avant Geeks, Johnny Mangle and Lex Lonehood. 8:30 pm, tonight and tomorrow night, 1805 Divisadero St., SF. \$5 general/\$4 students and seniors. Info: 346-4063.

The *Sentinel* welcomes submissions of community and arts events for our weekly calendar. The deadline is eight days (Thursday at 4 pm) or more in advance of Friday publication. Send items to: Calendar Editor, *San Francisco Sentinel*, 500 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.



Dancer Amelia Holst performs with the **Lines Dance Company**, Friday and Saturday, April 24 & 25, at 8 pm, The Palace of Fine Arts, Bay and Lyon Streets, San Francisco. Tickets are reasonable (\$10/\$12) and performances by this emerging classical ensemble should not be missed! Call 586-1542. Tickets available through BASS, STBS.

CLASSIFIEDS

STRICTLY PERSONAL

ABBREVIATIONS GUIDE

GBM	GAY BLACK MALE
GOM	GAY ORIENTAL MALE
GWH	GAY WHITE MALE
GJM	GAY JEWISH MALE
BIWM	BISEXUAL MALE
BB	BODYBUILDER
FbAP	FRENCH (ORAL) ACTIVE/PASSIVE
GrAP	GREEK (ANAL) ACTIVE/PASSIVE
J/O	MASTURBATION
L/L	LEVI/LEATHER/SCENES
S/M	SADO-MASOCHISM
B/D	BONDAGE/DISCIPLINE
W/S	WATERSPORTS (URINE SCENES)
FF	FF FRIENDSHIP
V/A	VERBAL ABUSE
C/BT	COCK & BALL TORTURE
VERS	VERSATILE
P/J/O	PHONE JACK OFF
PWA	PERSON WITH AIDS
BJ	BLOW JOBS

50/50 FF ONGOING FRIENDSHIP
Redhead, trim, 35, FF Top & Btm, seeks slender, neat, 25-35, 50/50 FF Btm & Top Expert with gloves. Must be clear that you want close & ongoing FF friendship. Meet first in neutral place. No one-nighters, phone sex, crystal, love-cheaters, voyeurs. Alan 864-2296. (KP-16)

MAN-TO-MAN

Healthy, horny, happy and hot, honest affectionate and loving GWM 30, seeks marriage, l:brown hair, eyes, fairly good looking, moustache, lean, semi-muscular, 145, 6', hairy, hung, cut, financial district professional, artist, writer, smoker, light drinker, s/market expert top, red/blue. Tired of seeking husband #3 in bars, Single 3 years, enjoy staying at home, entertaining, communicating, sharing, fucking, and smoking pot. Have limitless dirty mind/fantasies, want hot one-on-one equal, permanent relationship, open to occasional 3-ways if both agreeable. I hate: fat, beer bellies, love handles, dishonesty, games,nelly acting, high voices, nelly clothes, earrings, shoulder bags/knapsacks, pointed-toe boots, curved heels, nelly body-builders, heavy drugs, weird hair cuts, ponytails, dyed hair, drag, heavy alcohol, dancing, takers, selfishness, loud music, sweat suits, jump suits, sweaters, hats, limp wrists, wide hips, pollitis, religion. I personally feel these items are not conducive to what I want in a man physically, emotionally, psychologically, or spiritually. In short, if any apply to you, forget it. I want the following in a man: Honesty, affection, love, GWM, good looks and humor, creative, stable, professional, giving, bottom. Hairy and moustache a must, as well as being as proud of your ass as I will be to fuck it. Construction worker/leatherman type. Must be serious about marriage/falling in love/living together. I have endless positive energy, affection and love to share, and offer an incredible natural emotional and sexual high. If you fall within the scope of my desires (age no limit, but must be in good shape, balding, glasses, beards OK) write me a detailed letter describing your needs, wants, desires, looks, fantasies, etc., and why you'd want a relationship with me. Picture optional. Must be proud to be a man and treated as such. San Francisco only. Sentinel Box 900. (KP-16)

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GWM late 50's 5'2" 125# More sports than compact model. Love giving occasionally getting good head. Other games negotiable. Interests: Mystic religion writing cooking exploring this city. Would like to meet others similar age interests & inclinations. No fems P/j/o alcohol drugs or negative attitudes Puleez! Ray 474-4512. (KP-17)

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WRESTLER MANIA

GWM, 62", 175#, BRN-GP/BRN, must., smooth, slim body, 40's, handsome seeks big husky wrestler-types for J/O, some oral, cuddling, videos, etc. Enjoy tobacco, alcohol. Overweight fine if UR solid. Hairy and/or uncut plusses but not essential. Size unimportant. Photo reply Sentinel Box 896. (CP-15)

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I like to give regular service to guys with huge cocks. Race, cut or uncut not important. No rubbers and no one under 10 1/2" (measuring from the top only). No \$\$, Sentinel box 902. Satisfaction guaranteed. (P-16)

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the Monday prior to publication.

SEXY, WITH ARC:

Well-preserved 40 y.o. GWM wants love and affection. I'm 5'8", slim and firm, hairy chest, wear glasses, top (condoms), hung thick, doing well, masculine, employed. I'd like a cute, smooth, slim and sincere guy to share movies, walks, music, travel, love. Any race OK. Photo opt. Andy, Sentinel Box 898. (KP-16)

DADDY PADDLES

bubble butts. Under 160, I'm 150, 50's. Have strap, will tan. Turn you on, me too. 863-0342. (KP-16)

Celebrity Bi-Sexuals Over 18.

Call 24 hours
(415) & (213) 976-0069. (P-18)

LATINOS WANTED

by White, 38, clean, safe, attractive, good body with hot mouth that loves to be to Latino Legs. Foreskin especially welcome but not necessary. My place o.k. near Union Square. No reciprocation expected. No \$\$ Don't be shy, write me soon. All letters answered. Other races welcome also. Sentinel Box 897 (KP-16)

BIG FOOT

Big goodlooking feet and big uncut me are pleasures that wet my appetite. I love the way they smell and I love the way they look. If you want to be serviced by a good man who is goodlooking or if you have these "turn ons" in common — let me hear from you. A picture is a plus but not necessary. Write including your phone number to Frank, P.O. Box 11822, San Francisco, CA 94101-7822. (CJP-17)

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We're setting the pace.

BODY SHAPING

"Professional" one-on-one Personal Fitness Trainer. 30 years experience. Have the body you always wanted. Body shaping, Diet and Weight Loss or Wt. Gain. Call "Al" Allen (415) 695-9320 (KP-16)

PHONE IN THE DOPE

ON A DEALER
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Narcotics Hotline
You don't even have to give
your name!

HAVE FUN LEARNING BRIDGE!

10-week beginning bridge course starts April 21 at Metropolitan Community Church, 150 Eureka in Castro District, Tuesdays, 7-10 pm. \$40. Improve your social skills in fun, low-key environment! Students without partners encouraged to attend; women especially welcomed. Sponsored by "Quicktricks" Bridge Club, 626-1049. (P-16)

PLAYMATE OR RELATIONSHIP
GWM, 29, 6', 150 lbs. Brown W-clipped beard, sincere, warm, safe, fun & stable. Interests: cars, boats, bikes, music, homelife, nitelife, ???, does not smoke, no heavy drug use. Conservative by nature, radical by choice. You; 18+ mature, sincere, outwardly straight, no hang-ups, ready to accept what life has to offer, a people person; long hair a plus. Send letter & picture to: Steve, P.O. Box 421983, SF, CA 94142-1983. (KP-16)

Hi. My name is Lisa. I'm young and beautiful. I'd like to talk to you. Give me a call 1-900-410-3800. 50' Toll first minute, 35¢ each additional minute. (P-20)

SEEKING ASIAN PLAYMATE
WM, 34, looking to meet Asian interested in friendship and ongoing sex. Already involved in a relationship; so not interested in finding a lover; just some "outside" fun, friendship and sex. Ageletc. not important. This might be the ideal situation for you. PO. Box 22584, SF., CA 94122 (KP-16)

SINCERE — HONEST FRIENDS
GWM 28, Artist, in love with the unique and unconventional. Diagnosed with KS 2 years ago, but still healthy with positive attitude. Looking for new friends, possible relationship. Looks not important. Let's search for the magic life has to offer. I love conversation, Bill, Sentinel Box 901. (KP-16)

LOOKING FOR SEXUAL PARTNER
Looking for fun in all the wrong places? I'm 36, 6'11" and 165 lbs., looking for a sexual partner to explore your fantasies. Open to all ideas! You, 18 to 36, experienced or novice, lover, no problem, I'm discrete. Rubbers a must. Hot 24 hrs and available days or nights. Photos exchanged. Tom, Sentinel Box 883. (P-16)

SAFER SEX GUIDELINES FOR GAY MEN (& EVERYONE)

safer sex is great sex! It can be fun, exciting — hot, horny — and completely satisfying. It is absolutely possible to continue having great sex!

WHO IS AT RISK OF AIDS?
Guidelines for safer sex should be followed by everyone. Anyone who is sexually active is at risk of exposure to the AIDS virus. The only exception is the couple who has been in an exclusively monogamous sexual relationship since 1978. To date, gay and bisexual men, IV drug users, and their sexual partners, have been most often affected by the disease.

Because many people already carry the AIDS virus (especially in SF, NYC and other major urban areas), reducing the number of different sexual partners does not guarantee safety from exposure. All it takes is one infectious partner for exposure. But even if you have been exposed it is thought to be important to avoid repeated exposure to the virus.

Repeat reduction practices must always be followed in every sexual encounter. **Have all the sex you want — just be sure to always make it safer.**

AIDS IS TRANSMITTED THROUGH THE EXCHANGE OF CERTAIN BODY FLUIDS — YOU CANNOT GET AIDS FROM CASUAL CONTACT (hugging, kissing, sharing bathrooms and kitchens).

The exchange of **sperm** and **pre-cum** should be avoided:

- In oral sex
- ... avoid putting the head of the penis into your mouth.
- ... never allow anyone to ejaculate into the mouth.
- ... use a condom for the greatest freedom in oral sex.
- In anal sex
- ... always use a condom, with water soluble lubricants such as KY[®]. Some experts encourage the use of spermicidal jelly containing Nonyl-9.
- ... withdrawing before ejaculation even with a condom, is safest, since a condom can break.
- ... under no circumstances should you ejaculate semen into the anus. **This may be the highest risk activity for AIDS.** Use a condom.

LIFETIME MAN
High energy, athletic 28 year old man, health conscious and HIV Neg. seeks partner for a loving, affectionate monogamous relationship. I'm outgoing, romantic, loyal and somewhat dominant. You are nurturing and supportive but like me you meet the world in a masculine way. I'm blond, blue eyed and tan 5'8", 150 lbs., and interested in outdoor activities, sports and movies. We're both clean cut, clean shaven, in our twenties, HIV Neg., non-smokers with boyish good looks. If you're a natural one-to-one man who wants a warm, attractive loving life partner please respond with letter and photo ("which I'll return) to Sentinel Box 884. (P-15)

JUST FOR FUN

Big brother, 30, Tall, super-lean & attractive — seeks cute, skinny younger brother for roughhouse play. You a little reluctant — too badly? Prepare to be brutally stripped, tied & molested. Give me any lip and I'll paddle your butt. If you don't like that fantasy tell me yours. Safe activities only. All races ok. I'm Anglo. Photo appreciated. Sentinel Box 895. (KP-15)

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for Sentinel Classifieds is noon
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Hi, I'm Connie and I'm lonely. Please call me. 1-900-410-3600. 50' Toll first minute, 35¢ each additional minute. (P-20)

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24 men with ARC needed for non-drug immune stimulation trial. Immune systems stimulated with low-strength energy fields for 4 hours a day, 5 days a week, for 12 weeks in FDA approved protocol. 1 year experience in preliminary testing in AIDS/ARC without evidence of side effects. Weekly blood tests. Must not be taking antiviral or immune stimulating medication. Starts May 4th. Contact Jean Orsini RN, (415) 969-7853 or write c/o Biosystems Research, Inc., 19925 Stevens Creek Blvd., Cupertino, CA 95014.

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On-Going Group:
Now Accepting New Members
This group is designed to assist you in experiencing how you communicate and relate to other men and support you in your growth toward openness and intimacy — sliding scale. Insurance. Murray D. Levine, Ph.D; Robert Dossett, M.A. — Noe Valley 641-1643 or 285-6991. (KPG-18)

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\$25 - HOT ATHLETE, HUNG NICE. BILL 441-1054. MASSAGE, ETC. (CMA-17)

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► **SEXY BOY** ◀
22, 5'8", 140 lbs, br/br, 9 1/2" cut, and versatile.
► **ANDY** ◀
(415) 931-8257 (CME-16)

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Short, Bearded, Hunk, 8", Safe
\$60 / \$75, 24 Hrs.
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Full Body Massage — Buns and Legs my specialty! Hot man - 6', 160 lbs., Brn/Brn, moustache, Talented Hands!
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Till 2: AM
Out Only \$50
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Let my hands roam over your body and show you what feeling good is.
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Will give great massage. Likes to play on the side. Well-hung. Mark 441-6808. (CMA-17)

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TAOIST EROTIC MASSAGE CLASS.
A hands-on seminar with Joseph Kramer. April 18. 10AM-5PM.

TRANSFORMATIONAL SEX.
A class with Joseph Kramer. Learn Taoist-Reichian techniques for enhancing and prolonging orgasm, healing with erotic energy. April 27, 28, 29, 30 (7-10:30 PM).

GROUP OIL MASSAGE FOR MEN.
Lots of touch and play. Every Sunday, 7PM \$12.

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6527A Telegraph Ave., Oakland 94609, 653-1594.

CALL FOR FREE BROCHURE. (KMA-16)

ALEX, 861-1362
A warm and loving masseur. A slow, deep & sensual massage. In/out. Anytime. You'll love it! (KMA-00)

BORN TO MASSAGE
I started with a natural feel for massage and then added training, certification and experience. Come melt on my table. Right in the Castro and only \$30 for a full 75 minutes. Jim 864-2430. (KMA-16)

◀ **EROTIC MASSAGE** ▶
Hard working - Good looking - Stress reducing - Safe - Perfect for men-on-the-go. 1st class, clean apartment, fireplace, loving hands' to revitalize mind, body, spirit. 5'11" - 160 lbs., brown, green, smooth, uncut. Joe: 346-2921 - 9-5 For Men Only (JMA-18)

• **SENSUAL MASSAGE**
• **HEALTHY**
• **CLEAN CUT**
• **MASCULINE**
RICK 558-8585 (CMA-16)

FEEL GOOD
about yourself, feel righteous about your pleasure, letting it last for awhile. Let yourself be wrapped in intimacy. Relax into a TANTRIC bliss orgasm.
75 min. TANTRA \$30.00
1 hr. SHIATSU \$25.00
Lary 626-7696 (KMA-16)

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Sexy, smooth, very handsome, clean-shaven, 9 u/c — no B.S. Discreet and honest. In/out. Any scene made safe and sensual. Send phone # and best time to call to Box 475, 2261 Market St. SF 94114. (CMA-16)

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF
Enjoy a therapeutic massage by a certified Swedish/Shiatsu body worker. My touch is nurturing and healing, both gentle and deep to release tension, ease pain and balance energy. \$35 for 90 minutes. Castro location. David Blumberg, 552-0473. (CMA-17)

Jack McCallister
Certified Massage
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By appointment only

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Practitioner in the Castro aligns mind, body & spirit. Nonsexual. Only \$25.00 60 minutes. Bob, 282-2419. (MA-17)

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Raunchy videos in VHS & Beta: Piss Pig, Piss Pig 2, Abuse, Chubby Chaser, Shave Pig, Spanking is Safe Sex, Foreskin 1, 2, 3, 4, Enema Pig, Fist Pig, Ass Eater, Cum Chronicles, Peeping Tom, Latino Men, Grandpa Finds A Dildo, \$59.95 each in color! Piss Pig shirt \$5.95 1st postage. SIR Co., P.O. Box 14425, SF, CA 94114: (Kid Billy Please Call SIR). (KFS-16)

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GAY ROCK MUSICIANS
Where are you? Need bass and keyboard players to complete all original rock band. Manager also needed. Professional equipment and attitude a must. Have 12 x recording studio. If your goal is to make it with music, call Gary: 552-5350. (MJO-16)

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We try harder

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El Cerrito personnel firm needs right hand assistant to president. Must be able to supervise, schedule and train staff of telemarketers. Dependable, accurate, detail-oriented, results-driven individual with a service-mindedness. Salary plus production bonuses. Send resume and salary history to P.O. Box 1370, El Cerrito, CA 94530. (RJO-16)

ROOMMATES

POTRERO HILL
Share 2 BD. Potrero Hill view apt. Nonsmoking, health oriented. \$375/mo. + 1/2 util. Gary 821-4531. (MRM-16)

ROOMMATE
PWA 44 recently diagnosed looking for someone who has a 2 bedroom apartment to share. Want a positive living-situation based on friendship & support. I am financially stable — can afford \$350-430. No alcohol, drugs or tobacco.
ROB 776-2807 (RRM-17)

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for *Sentinel* Classifieds is noon the Monday prior to publication.

LEATHER-ORIENTED GWM
Has modern, furnished, upper Folsom, two bedroom condo to share with same, SOMA/FF/leather type, 30+, no pets, drugs. \$350 + 1/2 utilities. 1st, last, \$300 deposit. AEK, DW, Disp., W/D, W/W, drapes, yard. Parking available. On bus, near all. Home atmosphere. Neat, quiet, stable, dependable, employed only. 824-6928. (KRM-16)

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\$650 - Up 1 Bedroom.
\$900 - Up 2 Bedroom, 2 Baths
\$1000 - Up 3 Bedroom, 2 Bath.
New wall to wall carpets, drapes, self-cleaning oven, dishwasher, disposal, underground garage included. Heated pool, saunas, billiards, fireside lounge, exercise rooms, ping-pong. Coin laundry rooms. Keyed entry doors, elevators, easy transportation. Shopping across street. Quiet. Manager on premises 7 days. No pets.

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4 room apt. on good block in convenient Civic Center-Hayes Valley. Beautifully renovated with double parlor, bath, bedroom, eat-in gourmet kitchen with micro/self-clean oven, D/W, greenhouse window, Euro-cabinets, etc. W/W carpet, recessed lighting, levolors, cable. Parking nearby. Clean, quiet, secure building. References. \$760/mo. Available 5/1. 626-9155. (KFR-16)

Continued on next page

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CLASSIFIEDS

Continued from previous page

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Stove, refrigerator, carpets and curtains included. First and last months rent required. No deposits. Must be employed.

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Signature: _____

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