FIGHTING BACK!

by David M. Lowe

On the heels of a report from the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force showing a dramatic increase in violence against our community nationwide comes even more disturbing news. Anti-gay/lesbian violence is on the rise in San Francisco.

The alarming statistics released this week by Community United Against Violence (CUAV) show a 15% increase in first quarter incidents, normally the lowest reporting quarter of the year. During the first three months of this year, acts of anti-gay violence were perpetrated against 54 people, compared to 46 over the same period last year.

Attacks on lesbians/gays are also becoming more severe with 35% more victims requiring medical attention and 75% more being classified as severe enough to require surgery or hospitalization. 12 people required surgery or hospitalization during the quarter as compared to 3 in the first quarter of 1986.

In addition to this general trend towards increased severity of anti-gay assaults, CUAV also noted a 75% increase in the number of incidents allegedly involving police officers as assailants. There were 8 police related incidents during the quarter compared to 2 assaults during the first quarter last year. This is a continuation of a trend that began in the final quarter of '86 which saw eight police assailant incidents being reported. There were 17 police related incidents during all of last year. If the '87 trend continues, the projected number of police assailants will equal 32, nearly double last year.

The only slightly positive statistic in the report shows the use of weapons by assailants down 22% and comprising only 17% of the incidents.

Honoring Our Own

Supervisor Harry Britt and civil rights attorney Mary Dunlap have been chosen as the Grand Marshals for the 1987 Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration.

Britt and Dunlap were judged most representative of this year’s parade theme, “Proud, Strong, United.”

Britt is being honored for his strong showing during the April 7 special election for Congress and his ability to unify the lesbian/gay community behind that common cause.

Dunlap is being honored for her tireless efforts to protect the civil rights of lesbians/gays which this year led her to the United States Supreme Court on behalf of Gay Games II.

This year’s parade up Market Street begins at 11 am followed by the celebration at Civic Center Plaza at noon on Sunday, June 28.
The first power station in the world was the forerunner of PG&E's electric service. In 1879, it was running carbon arc lights, months before Thomas Edison patented the incandescent light bulb.

Today, PG&E serves hundreds of California communities with dozens of different power plants. By using different sources of electricity, we can combine the most economical to hold down costs.

More importantly, we can continue to give all our customers the same attention we gave the very first ones.

PG&E was providing customers with electricity even before Edison patented his light bulb.
by George Mendenhall

"Judge us by what we do in the future," the Executive Editor of the San Francisco Chronicle said on Monday after meeting with concerned citizens about the newspaper's obituary policy. William German agreed to the meeting organized by Atty, Roberta Achtenberg following a year's correspondence between the newspaper and the city's Human Rights-commission staff. The Chronicle now appears ready to include companions as survivors in its obituaries.

"The Chronicle editors," Achtenberg revealed, "expressed regret for cases in the past where names were omitted from obituary columns. They indicated that in the future the names of surviving partners submitted to the newspaper — that are verifiable according to generally acceptable journalistic practices — will be printed in the obituary columns of newsworthy persons."

The Chronicle would not admit that it was actually changing policy — not that it ever had a policy — but it appears that they are now going to include non-marital companions as survivors, on a regular basis. The issue had become increasingly sensitive with the advent of AIDS and the realization that while the San Francisco Examiner, Oakland Tribune, and San Jose Mercury were including the names of non-marital companions, the Chronicle only did so occasionally.

City Editor Alan Mutter joined German in meeting with the Achtenberg citizens group. The session was chaired by Atty, Jerome Falk and included the Episcopal Rev. Michael Achtenberg, Rabbi Yoell Kahn, Stanford Professor Thomas Grey, and David Linger. Falk was a law partner of Atty. Jay Spears who died of AIDS on December 5, 1986. Spears' obituary omitted the name of his longtime companion, David Linger. There had been extensive communication with the Chronicle over this fact over 18 months. The Spears obituary that was submitted by his friends was printed in six other Bay Area daily newspapers with Linger's name included as his surviving companion.

Achtenberg, who is Directing Attorney of the Lesbian Rights Project, said that in the Spears case, "it would have been better if Linger was the companion. All they had to do was call Atty, Falk or the doctor's mother. It was clear that they did not attempt to verify. However, Chronicle officials are now coming to realize that there are many non-marital families in the Bay Area that should be consistently acknowledged in their obituaries.

The attorney said the attitude of the Chronicle in agreeing to meet with concerned citizens about the newspaper's obituary policy was cordial. "They wanted to hear us out and they learned something. They had not understood the depth of our community's concern about this. They are now better prepared, I suppose not saying that they are totally convinced, their attitudes appear to have changed." Achtenberg has a non-marital family of her own. She and her lover, Municipal Judge Mary Morgan, are "...Continued on page 11..."
Cycling for AIDS

Story and photos by Caden Gray

While the rest of the Castro District slept, the first wave of 250 bicyclists converged on Eureka Valley Playground before dawn Saturday.

An historic battle in the war against AIDS was about to be fought.

Before the end of the day, 1,092 bicyclists from all over the Bay Area would ride distances ranging from 25, to 60, to 100 miles and raise $300,700 in pledges to benefit 11 support services for people who have AIDS.

At 7:30 am, SFPD Metro Division Commander Michael Lennon, who would ride 60 miles himself later in the day, was still in his uniform blue. He stood at the front of a long procession of shivering cyclists and gave the command to close off one block of 19th, two blocks of Castro, and one block of Market Street to all cars.

Tom Walther, Bike-A-Thon organizer and member of Different Spokes, the lesbian/gay bicycle club that sponsored the event, straddled the back of a Leather and Blues motorcycle at the front of the line, megaphone in hand. Behind the Leather and Blues Motorcycle Club, the “fast group” entered on their bicycles, eager to ride.

The “fast group” wore goggles, special shoes, special gloves, and sat on especially fast bicycles. It was more than a Bike-A-Thon for these people. It was a race.

Gene McCutcheon, who was run over by a truck and critically injured last year during the 2nd Annual AIDS Bike-A-Thon, stood among the front line cyclists.

Last year, McCutcheon lost control of his bicycle on Paradise Road just outside of Tiburon. He crossed the center divider and fell into the path of a large van. “I remember the wheels closing around my head. I thought I was dead.”

After ten days of critical care, doctors told Gene he would never fully recover from his head injuries. But they were wrong.

On the front line last Saturday, Gene said, “I have no regrets,” and tightened his toe clips.

Tom Walther gave the signal from the back of a Honda, and the race was on.

The Third Annual AIDS Bike-A-Thon was made possible by 300 volunteers who, instead of bicycling, spent Saturday cutting oranges and pears into bite-sized slices at four rest stops along the route. They held up flags at busy intersections and stopped traffic so that bicycles could pass.

This non-mobile force of volunteers also included pledge processors, logistics coordinators, and bicycle repair troubleshooters.

But the feeling of camaraderie has not disappeared. It was felt by clusters of bicyclists all the way from Castro Street in China Camp in Marin, the turn-around point for the 100 mile riders. By late afternoon the race was over, the Bike-A-Thon finished. Exhausted cyclists littered the Eureka Valley playground.

Three comedians and four dance troupes took turns entertaining the crowd while men and women in colorful spandex shorts waited patiently in line for the buffet — a line which stretched all the way across the playground.

Gene McCutcheon had finished first. He had ridden 100 miles in five hours and forty minutes.

“I felt grateful to be able to complete the race. Of course, it’s good for the ego to come in first,” he said.

The following beneficiaries were pledged the following amounts:

- AIDS Emergency Fund—$44,500
- AIDS Health Project—$4,700
- AIDS Hospice/Coming Home Hospice—$8,700
- AIDS Project of the East Bay—$25,500
- AIDS Network—$11,100
- AIDS Services—$15,200
- AIDS Support Network—$9,000
- AIDS Support Services—$48,000
- AIDS Foundation—$34,300
- The Shanti Project—$5,800

Masseuse Jesse Vargus helps Kim Gonnason recover from his 25-mile ride in the AIDS Bike-A-Thon last Saturday.

The Leather and Blues Motorcycle Club lead the procession of bicycles from their starting point at Eureka Valley Playground to Market Street.

Bike-A-Thon organizer Tom Walther and SFPD Metro Division Commander Mike Lennon discuss the route riders will take out of the Castro District. Lennon would later change clothes and ride 60 miles himself.

Matt O’Grady, who raised $750 in pledges, stops at the Lake Merced rest area to remove bubble gum from his toe clips.
Killing Them Softly: Reagan's Real AIDS Policy

This is part two of James Ridgeway's look at the Reagan administration's policies dealing with the AIDS epidemic. Abstinence Is the Best Policy

Surgeon General C. Everett Koop himself has been subjected to a virulent attack by New Right conservatives who have undercut his stature within the administration.

"It seems to conservatism," New Right publicist Richard Viguerie has said, that Koop's report "is an excuse to promote an anti-gender agenda." Koop, who has issued a clarification of his report "abstinence only" as being "contraception avoidance" rather than abstinence, has accused his critics of "abortion politics." Viguerie has called Koop's report "an excuse to promote a virulent attack by New Right conservatives who have undercut his stature within the administration.

Within the Department of Health and Human Services, efforts have been undertaken to elevate Dr. Robert Windom, the assistant secretary in charge of health policy, while downplaying Koop's role. In Congress Windows is widely viewed as unsympathetic and ill-informed. "He's ineffective," one staff aide who works on the AIDS issue said. "He knows nothing."

Despite these attacks Koop has held his ground, both within the Domestic Policy Council and throughout the government, against mandatory testing. Within the Domestic Policy Council, hardliners lead by Secretary of Education William Bennett and some former aides, Gary Bauer, are putting up a stiff fight. Bennett believes any AIDS education program must be developed within a proper moral setting. He encourages abstinence, and he said, "Young people, young women particularly, need to be encouraged to be modest." Koop reportedly made a successful argument against mandatory testing within the council, where there is discussion of recommending testing for marriage licenses, hospital admission, and other groups. The council is yet to act and may propose creating a special advisory commission to handle the subject.

But while the council debates what to do, the PHS may have lost an argument anyway. A recent Department of Immigration and Naturalization Service report reviewing testing of aliens applying for amnesty, William Zimmer, director of the INS regional processing center in Dallas, said recently he wants federal public health authorities to declare AIDS a "transmissible, contagious and dangerous disease" so that those who apply for legalization could be tested for it and deported if they have it. The Defense Department has also announced new rules that for the first time permit authorities to revoke security clearances and deny access to classified information to military personnel who test positive for the AIDS virus. (The rules do not apply to one million civilian employees.) Under the new police, reservists who test positive also will be restricted in the jobs they can hold and will be denied treatment at military hospitals and clinics. The new rules state that military personnel who test positive for AIDS and who are found "not to have contracted the disease" are to be treated as civilians, subject to disciplinary action, including criminal charges.

New Right activists continue to assail Koop. "I don't think that the federal government has any constitutional right to be in the business of cancer research, AIDS research, or whatever," says Howard Phillips, head of the Conservative Caucus. "It particularly grinds me to see tax dollars spent in the AIDS area because to a great degree the AIDS problem is directly attributable to human behavior. Those taxpayers who do not engage in the kind of human behavior that is to a very great extent responsible for AIDS ought not to be required to subsidize that behavior." Connie Marshner of the Free Congress Education Fund believes all blood donors should be tested, and anyone testing positive who knowingly gives blood should be subject to criminal prosecution. Penalties could include being sent to government sanitariums set up for AIDS victims as they were for those suffering from leprosy. She also believes testing should be mandatory for certain job categories, including for example, commercial pilots. Since, Marshner claims, AIDS can eat away brain cells before other symptoms occur, she wants to be sure nobody flying a plane has AIDS.

New Rightists are particularly incensed over Koop's emphasis on the condom as precaution. "It seems to me that abstinence is the only acceptable practice," says Luli Brown, co-founder of the American Life League and a leader in the pro-life movement. Danneymayer sought 160 votes on an amendment earlier this year to require anyone applying for medical aid under a bill for the homeless to submit to an AIDS test. He supported the LaRouche initiative in California that suggested that anyone suspected of being exposed to the AIDS virus to be tested. He believes the surgeon general and the Public Health Service have shirked traditional procedures for testing and reporting disease under pressure of the gay male community.

"I believe that in those instances where we find a person who knows they have the virus and persists in transferring bodily fluids to another human being, then that person has forfeited the right to move as a free agent in our society," Dannemayer said. "Society is perfectly justified in quarantining that person." Asked whether he would favor abortion for a woman suffering from AIDS, Dannemayer replied, "If we're going to argue that we're going to take the life of an unborn child in the name of preventing someone being born with AIDS, then those who are living with AIDS or the virus are also facing the reality that society is going to ask them the same question. Because it costs the taxpayers roughly $100,000 to take care of every one of the victims of that tragic disease."

The future for any direct AIDS education program as outlined by Koop is questionable. The PHS itself is convinced of the need to move, and it is hammering at the state of the disease. A commission is the tried-and-true mechanism for the Reagan administration to handle controversy, be it the Scowcroft Commission, to decide the fate of the MX missile; the Kissinger Commission, to rubber-stamp U.S. arms deals. In the Reagan administration, these "independent" commissions provide seemingly independent sanction for right-wing ideas. With the president controlling the appointments to any commission studying AIDS, its conclusions will be accepted with the permission of the Village Voice.

YOU'RE INVITED to join in celebrating the Gay and Lesbian Community's MOLINARI FOR MAYOR Campaign Kickoff and Rally featuring entertainment by Sharon McNight and surprise guests.

Supervisor Harry Britt will introduce the co-chairs of GAY & LESBIAN SAN FRANCISCANS FOR MOLINARI at Trocadero Transfer 520 Fourth Street Thursday, May 21 8 to 11 pm FREE ADMISSION Music! Singing! Dancing! Comedy! Speeches! Surprises! Paid for by Millner for Mayor
EDITORIAL

"Have You Ever Committed Adultery?"

Cleaning Hart’s Closet

The spectacle, swift end to Gary Hart’s presidential campaign centered not on political ideologies, but on his bedroom behavior. Hart verbally attacked the media for making him, and not his beliefs, the center of their attention. Apparently he feels that how a public figure behaves in private should not be of concern to voters. The fact that the press boldly opened the door and disclosed John Steven Smith, ushering into the marketplace of crystals, pro . . .

To the Editor:

and wisdom in “The Magic of Rocks, Leonard and Liberace

“Any man he wanted to pursue, no matter to whom they were tied — to strangers, family members or close friends.” — Joan Peyser, Bernstein

Political figures are not the only subjects for increased public scrutiny. AIDS thrust the private lives of Rock Hudson and Liberace into the spotlight after a delicate period of treatment by the press. Hudson reluctantly revealed his homosexuality when trapped in Paris, then agreed to cooperate with a blunt biography. Liberace went to his grave denying a badly kept secret after paying a tidy sum to settle a nasty palimony suit. He felt the public had no right to know about his private world, despite having craved the limelight and his glittery rewards for 30 years. Now one more famous figure is thrust from his closet. Leonard Bernstein’s homosexual habits occupy many pages in the recently published biography by Joan Peyser.

None of the men sought election to public office, yet all feared loss of status and income if their “secrets” became known. They represent only the tip of the iceberg. Even macho Frank Sinatra fought bitterly to keep Kitty Kelley’s biography from being published. There is nothing more threatening, no weapon more powerful, than the truth. And truth is our business as journalists.

We must be continually evaluated is the motivation of the writer, the agenda of the publication, and the humanity of the subject. Truth can be told in many ways, manipulated for good and for evil purposes. Facts can be framed out of context. Public figures and the public itself have a right to monitor and evaluate the sometimes hungry-for-a-headline press. Thus a relationship of shared responsibility exists between the subject, the writer, and the reader. Informing and educating are worthy goals, while exploiting and sensationalizing are not.

We Know the Feeling

As gay people, many of us know what it is like to face the loss of friends, family and career because of sexual behavior. Most of us are not public figures, and we believe that our sexual preference is no one’s business. Yet many people are determined to invalidate our privacy and cover us because we are gay. Often this happens not because we are caught philandering, but simply “caught” being ourselves. We may have lived many years in a monogamous relationship, while our accusers cheat on their wives, protected by a conspiracy of silence.

The evolving change of attitude by the press will ultimately benefit or exploit everyone, for the privileged few are no longer protected from the truth. Many people live in closets, and only a few of them are gay. Every door that is opened brings us a better chance to be treated fairly. Integritiy, not sexual preference, must become the criteria for behavior, and should be no different for a celebrity than a politician. That’s what justice is all about. That’s the justice we seek.

Crystals, Pro . . .

To the Editor:

I am grateful for Van Ault’s wit and wisdom in “The Magic of Crystals.” He illuminated the subject clearly. The article will be available to the readership and their simplicity. I truly was surprised by their ability and their power.

Mr. Ault probes deep metaphysical, spiritual and social layers and it becomes clear that these are not isolated subjects but are part of the same human experience.

To the Editor:

With your kind permission, we wish to commend the Sentinel for its ongoing coverage with respect to the attempts of Mayor Feinstein to close city bathhouses and sex clubs. If the other paper had been as interested in pointing out the devastating effects of bi-phobia and homophobia, it would have been for the privileged few are no longer protected from the truth. Many people live in closets, and only a few of them are gay. Every door that is opened brings us a better chance to be treated fairly. Integritiy, not sexual preference, must become the criteria for behavior, and should be no different for a celebrity than a politician. That’s what justice is all about. That’s the justice we seek.

Olympic Alert

The following letter was sent to:

Robert H. Guggenheim, President, Corporate Development

Merrill Lynch Realty

Dear Mr. Guggenheim:

In response to your solicitation of funds for the U.S. Olympic Committee which I received today, I ask you to consider the wisdom of supporting a project reporting a viciously organized conspiracy that has harrassed the Gay Olympics through the federal courts these past five years. This has not been a civilized dispute about whether the Committee’s right to expose for its exclusive protection of a part of our language, but an ill-considered personal attack on a former Olympic champion who happens to be gay.

I think it important that San Francisco property owners know that Merrill Lynch Realty is supporting the U.S. Olympic Committee.

Douglas Montgomery

Montgomery Realty Brokers

Scott Smith

Responds:

To the Editor:

I would like to clarify quotes reported by me in David Lowe’s “From the Desk” in your May 14 Sentinel. The issue the joke was referring to was Harvey Milk’s and my presuppositions regarding Harvey Milk’s endorsement of Jack Molinaro. I am a Molinaro supporter and have been for several months. For anyone to presuppose after ten years what Harvey might have done is incredibly arrogant.

Harry should know better.

Scott Smith

Executive, Estate of Harvey Milk

Bisexual Resolution

To the Editor:

On behalf of Bi Pol, San Francisco’s independent movement for bisexual rights, we would like to congratulate the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club for the leadership and integrity it showed by passing the following resolutions unanimously at its May 4 meeting:

1) Stonewall recognizes the important contributions of bisexual people to our movement since its inception and pledges itself to oppose and to struggle against bi-phobia in all of its forms.

2) Stonewall will promote the use of language describing “lesbian, gay and bisexual” when describing itself to the community and in promotion of human rights.

3) Stonewall will establish educational programs to inform its own members and others in the community about bisexuality, document the devastating effects of bi-phobia and homophobia.

4) Stonewall will work toward the goal of a united and strong lesbian, gay and bisexual community.

All rights reserved. Those legs belong to Eric Belz. Did you see those shovels on his 40-mile ride that raised $2,900? Only his peddlar knows for sure.

Metta decapartes. This is the legacy, I fear, of the mach-landed New Age. Mona Seneras

Coverage Kudos

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And Con

To the Editor:

The Obelisk has gone out of business and in a few weeks the Oracle will open its doors on Castro St., ushering into the marketplace of modern gayliness the latest find in pot shops, these “remnants of the mineral kingdom” — the esteemed crystals. Our periodic little psychic readings have surely imbued themselves in the human imagination if I can be left to say “take me out and kill me, but just don’t kill me with words.”

Marja Stein

Vice President, Olympic Alert

Merrill Lynch Realty

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This week Art the assemblyman and his camp questioned the actions of Jack the supervisor who answered them all quite amicably. Molinari, given time to think, is very good at fashioning a response that puts the best face on a potentially damaging situation. How he responds off the cuff is yet another story we'll save until another day. Now for just be aware that he and Agnos are both capable of slicing up an adversary with the speed and skill of our most vicious quarks.

Now the point-counterpoint. The Agno camp, specifically the Harvey Milk Gay & Lesbian Democratic Club, is not pleased that Molinari has pulled its full-page advertisement from the program honoring their 10th annual dinner and canceled his table at the affair to honor sex who have contributed to fighting the AIDS epidemic. "I find it kind of silly for them even to complain," Molinari told the Sentinel. "As a member of the Milk club I wasn't even extended the opportunity to speak to the leadership before they endorsed Agnos. My wife and I didn't even receive our GAYVOTE newsletter that month---"

"Borrowing a line Agnos used to justify not supporting Harry Britt for Congress, Molinari continued, "While I may be supportive of the Milk club, I'm not suicidal. Why should I contribute to a money to a club that will use it to back my opponent?"

"It's a joke, I don't think so. I'd call it justifiable retribution... The Milkies are also a bit beside themselves that Molinari has scheduled his gay and lesbian kick-off for the same night as their dinner. Once again you could label this action as revenge until he hear Molinari's impeccably scripted reply. "I think it's a nice mix. People can attend the Milk club dinner and then come to the Townsend where they can give our free dancers and gay citizens should be guaranteed the same respect and dignity accorded to all other people in our city and our nation. A clear signal will be sent by a clear statement that includes lesbians and gay men."

Molinari's response, dated May 13, would be "more than glad to add language to include sexual orientation." The final challenge presented Molinari this week was officiallyscripted on the letterheads of both offices. Molinari's "fair campaign code" presented to all the contestants states, "I shall not use or permit any appeal to negative prejudice based on race, sex, religion, national origin, physical health status or age."

Close inspection of the statement reveals Molinari left out the words "sexual orientation." A potentially damaging oversight for a candidate seeking major support from our community. For the third time this week it looked like Agnos had Molinari by the baseballs. However, once again it was Molinari pulling it out in the bottom of the ninth.

In a letter dated May 8 and presented to the May 11, Agnos wrote, "I cannot consider it [fair campaign code] any further until the statement includes the words "sexual orientation." Agnos further contended "As the nation moves towards another presidential election, I think we would send the wrong signal for San Francisco mayoral candidates to themselves omit the words "sexual orientation." The argument that gay and lesbian shoppers and gay citizens should be guaranteed the same respect and dignity accorded to all other people in our city and our nation. A clear signal will be sent by a clear statement that includes lesbians and gay men."

In San Francisco, few complaints have been received against the Sentinel, according to district attorney investigator Charlie More. However, he is currently investigating several unsolved-oriented camera stores who have allegedly sold used and refurbished equipment by representing it to be new. When the purchaser discovers the fraud, it is often after hundreds or thousands of miles away from San Francisco.

According to LaMorte, who was the mayoral candidate, home advertising natural healing learned a lesson as a personal favor to Molinari. "Molinari'sMemorial Day Barbeque. 

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By G. Stendra

Not a part of any of the closest neighbors had died of AIDS, the case was only $17.00 to the New York charity in 1983. It was later learned that the patient had earned over $14,000. The consumer fraud unit filed criminal charges and obtained a court order requiring payment of the remaining proceeds.

Still pending because of the defendant's flight is the case involving a dog whose license had been revoked in 1977 for gross negligence and incompetence. Known locally as the "Dick Doctor," the suspect advertised in newspapers that he would receive the most criticism. Approxi- ated to the fact that includes lesbians and gay men."

Next week I'll offer more tips on how you can avoid the consumer rip-off. In the meantime, please send $50.00 and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to...!!

In a Bind

Pollster David Binder of the San Francisco Chronicle in his own this week. The independent surveyor is hired as a reporter to the Chronicle for the next legislative session. After coming to the realization that the funding for the poll for any regular candidate might impinge on his credibility when analyzing polling data, Binder told me, "I am officially neutral in this mayor's race. Not only professionally, but also by personal choice." Binder contends he approved use of his name in this instance as a personal favor to Molinari. I think that last assured Binder will never let this happen again. I believe he values his up-and-coming reputation much more than supporting anybody.

One of the Bay Area's largest electronics chains was ordered last week by a Marin county judge to stop billing credit card customers more than once for the same item. The Store, with eight Bay Area outlets, had previously settled a case in Napa county alleging that it reboxed used equipment and sold it as new.

In San Francisco, few complaints have been received against the Sentinel, according to district attorney investigator Charlie More. However, he is currently investigating several unsolved-oriented camera stores who have allegedly sold used and refurbished equipment by representing it to be new. When the purchaser discovers the fraud, it is often after hundreds or thousands of miles away from San Francisco.

According to LaMorte, who was the first openly gay investigator hired by District Attorney Arlo Smith back in 1980, his office receives numerous consumer complaints which often lead to full scale investigation. Most complaints originally by the unit's mediation team to see if a settlement can be reached. More serious cases, or situations involving numerous repeated complaints, are referred to the investigations unit.

In 1986, the consumer fraud unit recovered over one and one-half million dollars in fines, penalties, restitution and costs. Its mediation unit alone obtained $134,000 in settling 2,275 citizen complaints.

LaMorte cares two drivers licenses—one for personal use, and one for her undercover role as an unphilanthropic shopper. If a complaint is made against a restaurant, for example, an investigator will pose as a customer to attempt to obtain independent verification of the restaurant's business practices. Cars which have been pre-screened by the Bureau of Automobile Repair are driven to succes­ sful auto repair shops to see if they are fixed after the repair.

LaMorte also poses as a homeowner in search of reliable services to investigate scams by unlicensed or corrupt repairmen. On a daily basis, he takes in calls from unhappy consumers from around the state, serves warrants, and advises the public on how to avoid the proxy con artists in their own communities.

The gay community has its share of frauds as well as its share of victims. LaMorte states that consumer frauds tend to prey on their own communities. For example, many people bought a record album produced by Magnetone Records after the company promised to send all of the profits to the Gay Men's Health Crisis Center in New York. Even though one of its most popular singers had died of AIDS, the company only $17.00 to the New York charity in 1983. It was later learned that the album had earned over $14,000. The consumer fraud unit filed criminal charges and obtained a court order requiring payment of the remaining proceeds.

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Pollster David Binder of the San Francisco Chronicle in his own this week. The independent surveyor is hired as a reporter to the Chronicle for the next legislative session. After coming to the realization that the funding for the poll for any regular candidate might impinge on his credibility when analyzing polling data, Binder told me, "I am officially neutral in this mayor's race. Not only professionally, but also by personal choice." Binder contends he approved use of his name in this instance as a personal favor to Molinari. I think that last assured Binder will never let this happen again. I believe he values his up-and-coming reputation much more than supporting anybody.

One of the Bay Area's largest electronics chains was ordered last week by a Marin county judge to stop billing credit card customers more than once for the same item. The Store, with eight Bay Area outlets, had previously settled a case in Napa county alleging that it reboxed used equipment and sold it as new.

In San Francisco, few complaints have been received against the Sentinel, according to district attorney investigator Charlie More. However, he is currently investigating several unsolved-oriented camera stores who have allegedly sold used and refurbished equipment by representing it to be new. When the purchaser discovers the fraud, it is often after hundreds or thousands of miles away from San Francisco.

According to LaMorte, who was the first openly gay investigator hired by District Attorney Arlo Smith back in 1980, his office receives numerous consumer complaints which often lead to full scale investigation. Most complaints originally by the unit's mediation team to see if a settlement can be reached. More serious cases, or situations involving numerous repeated complaints, are referred to the investigations unit.

In 1986, the consumer fraud unit recovered over one and one-half million dollars in fines, penalties, restitution and costs. Its mediation unit alone obtained $134,000 in settling 2,275 citizen complaints.

LaMorte cares two drivers licenses—one for personal use, and one for her undercover role as an unphilanthropic shopper. If a complaint is made against a restaurant, for example, an investigator will pose as a customer to attempt to obtain independent verification of the restaurant's business practices. Cars which have been pre-screened by the Bureau of Automobile Repair are driven to succes­ sful auto repair shops to see if they are fixed after the repair.

LaMorte also poses as a homeowner in search of reliable services to investigate scams by unlicensed or corrupt repairmen. On a daily basis, he takes in calls from unhappy consumers from around the state, serves warrants, and advises the public on how to avoid the proxy con artists in their own communities.

The gay community has its share of frauds as well as its share of victims. LaMorte states that consumer frauds tend to prey on their own communities. For example, many people bought a record album produced by Magnetone Records after the company promised to send all of the profits to the Gay Men's Health Crisis Center in New York. Even though one of its most popular singers had died of AIDS, the company only $17.00 to the New York charity in 1983. It was later learned that the album had earned over $14,000. The consumer fraud unit filed criminal charges and obtained a court order requiring payment of the remaining proceeds.

Still pending because of the defendant's flight is the case involving a doctor whose license had been revoked in 1977 for gross negligence and incompetence. Known locally as the "Dick Doctor," the suspect advertised in newspapers that he would receive the most criticism. Approxi- ated to the fact that includes lesbians and gay men."

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An Open Letter to California’s Gay Community

I never leave any doubt where I stand on an issue. If you follow politics then you are aware that I have always strongly opposed efforts to legitimize the homosexual lifestyle. We must act in accordance with the values we hold. I make no apologies to you for this stance. In fairness, however, I want to remind you up front whom you are dealing with here.

But I am not now writing to you to explain my opposition to homosexual practices. I am writing for your assistance.

Our state and nation, perhaps the world, is threatened by a health crisis more far-reaching than any we have faced this century — Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS). You need no reminding that AIDS is always fatal. Death is usually a welcome release from a physically painful, emotionally devastating ordeal which may rob the sufferer of personal dignity and the company of others.

As if AIDS itself were not deadly enough on its own, many groups are spreading disinformation, thereby sapping the ultimate legacy of death this disease will leave behind.

The federal Centers for Disease Control (CDC) have finally stated what many, including myself, have long suspected. Virtually everyone infected with the HIV virus will eventually contract full-blown AIDS. The CDC estimates are that at least three million Americans will die — at least 12 million worldwide. No doubt these numbers will be continually revised upward in the future.

I will not waste your time with statistics. Numbers will not make AIDS plausible. You need no reminding that AIDS is that I want to save lives. And while broad-based education on AIDS must be part of the answer, it will never be the sole or even the primary solution. Those who tell you that are misinformed. We need stronger action.

Education alone has failed to end teen pregnancy, drug abuse, poverty, or war. Knowledge alone never controls human behavior. Too many individuals will still act contrary to their common sense when short-term desires and emotions are too strong.

Last year I sponsored several bills to help stem the spread of AIDS. Despite their extremely moderate approach, most of the measures were killed. Primary opposition came from the homosexual political organizations and the liberal legislators who most frequently support the gay agenda. I have reintroduced a new 10-bill package. The opposition has resumed, too.

Part of the problem is that while the gay community publicly stresses that AIDS is not a gay disease, its actions always say just the opposite. Indeed, the state’s leading gay activists may be the “gay” disease. If AIDS is not a gay disease, then the homosexual community should stop treating AIDS as a civil rights issue. AIDS is a health crisis. No other disease gets such civil rights treatment. Is syphilis a civil rights issue? Is cancer a civil rights issue? The intense political pressure by gays is exactly what elected leaders lack the guts to do anything.

Another aspect is that John Doolittle is authorizing these bills. Around the state there is a common saying, “Good bill, bad author.” This means that a good bill will be sponsored by a legislator who is personally out of favor with a particular special interest group. Sometimes the interest group’s feelings are so strong as to be irrational, and it will oppose a bill which serves its perceived interests just to oppose that legislator. The gay community acts that way with me.

While I have been strongly critical of the gay community, I have a respect for the many good people who are actively working to aid those in need. The support volunteers who are working in hospitals, nursing homes, and community organizations are providing the most needed service.

I have watched in abject horror how many people, including members of the gay community have let their politics overrule compassion. On many occasions I have vowed that if I have the opportunity I will do everything possible to provide care to AIDS patients. The State Senate and Assembly have refused to appropriate funds for state hospitals and mental health facilities. It is an inhumane situation.

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One bill (SB 100) would simply allow anyone, regardless of relationship, to designate a blood donor for a particular recipient. This bill is nothing more than a protection from recipients tainted blood. It protects young and old, black and white, and male, female, heterosexual and homosexual; yet gay groups oppose the measure as “homophobic” and “gay-bashing.”

Another 10 bills have been introduced and reintroduced since the passage of the Civil Rights Act. He was a leading proponent for additional AIDS funding.

I say he may have had a gay side is not to say anything bad about him. He had a private life and there was nothing nasty about it.”

One thing that all these gay people can agree on is that I have no gay votes to lose in my constituency. If I were to support any bill which would go against the liberal legislators who most frequently support the gay agenda, I would lose all my gay votes and my bills may be killed.

I have no gay votes to lose in my constituency. If I were to support any bill which would go against the liberal legislators who most frequently support the gay agenda, I would lose all my gay votes and my bills may be killed.

We want you for what you can give. But it works both ways.

Cooking and cleaning for people with AIDS is what the Practical Support Program is all about. There’s another side too! You will receive as much as you give. Many of the over 100 Practical Support Volunteers, men and women from all walks of life, will become your friends. Come join and receive as much as you give.

Tip the scales.

Be a Shanti Practical Support Volunteer. Call 777-CARE today.

SHANTI PROJECT
Delaware Sodomy Bill Withdrawn

WILMINGTON — Delaware's Sodomy Bill was decriminalized in the state in 1973.

WITNESSES FOR THE DEFENSE

AIDS activists Paul Popham Dies of AIDS

NEW YORK — 45-year-old Paul Graham Popham, founder of the Gay Men's Health Crisis, died May 5 in a New York City hospital. Popham, a decorated Vietnam veteran, was also instrumental in the formation of the AIDS Action Council, a Washington lobbying group of which he was chairman. Popham never achieved his political role while he was a news reporter. He died of AIDS.

Colorado Gay Community Urged To Boycott HIV Testing

DENVER — Colorado's gay community has been urged to boycott state Health Department testing for HIV antibodies. The boycott was called by the Coalition for Political Responsibility (CPR) in response to passage of a state bill that bars the health department from testing people without their consent.

Hampshire High Court Clears Anti-Gay Bill

CONCORD, N.H. — State Supreme Court justices, considering "appropriate role models" a legitimate state concern, said Tuesday a New Hampshire bill that bans homosexuals from foster or adoptive parents would not be unconstitutional.

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John Assevedo, MSW Facilitator

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AIDS quarantine legislation in the state.

CPR spokesman Tom Wite announced that testing sites not affiliated with the Health Department would soon be available to the community, which would ensure anonymity and circumvent provisions of House Bill 1177 calling for quarantine. Community leaders are also asking gay men to consider taking the HIV antibody test not out of state, possibly in New Mexico or Wisconsin.

Bracelet To Remember PWA

LOS ANGELES — The staunch Republican who organized the POW-MIA bracelet campaign during the Vietnam war is helping put together a similar program to memorialize people who have died from AIDS and raise money to fight the disease.

Golphard Accuses Falwell of Spreading Fear

HOUSTON — Rep. Richard Golphard (D-Mo.) has accused the Rev. Jerry Falwell of using the AIDS epidemic to spread a message of "sexual terrorism" aimed at homosexuals.

PWN

While it acknowledged that gay parents do not necessarily raise homosexual children, the court said "sexual orientation is still inadequately understood.

Porn Producers Accused of Securities Fraud

LOS ANGELES — 42-year-old Robert Foti and 34-year-old Robert Siebert are being held without bond in Los Angeles County jail on suspicion of securities fraud in connection with a telephone sales operation in which they marketed oil leases. Authorities are charging the two allegedly used millions of dollars from investors to finance a sex magazine, known as AOH, and sexually explicit videotapes.

Items for this week's column were edited from the Montrose Voice (Houston), Out Front (Denver), Philadelphia Gay News, Los Angeles Times and the New York Times.

McKinney

Continued from previous page

care for gay rights. He supported giving amnesty for draft dodgers, spoke out on women's rights, urged sanctions against South Africa, and housing for the poor. He frequently opposed President Reagan and opposed his tax cut measures.

Since his first election to Congress in 1967, McKinney has numbered illnesses including hepatitis, pneumonia, psoriasis, and a triple- bypass heart operation among his personal health problems. He was in fairly good health up until a few days before his death and was diagnosed with AIDS in April.

Bush said he admired and respected McKinney for his courage in speaking out on social and civil rights issues. He added, "I personally felt that his commitment to people who are vulnerable and disadvantaged came deep from inside because of his own sense of being a vulnerable gay man."

Aetna

Continued from page 3

investigation, if Aetna is found to be in a deliberate violation of the law, they should be fined $50,000 and have their certificate of authority suspended.

NGRA is also asking the Department to forbid insurers to require California applicants to sign laboratory release forms which authorize testing for HIV antibodies. NGRA contends it is common for California insurers to use such release forms despite California's legal prohibition of testing for HIV antibodies.

"Insurance companies must not be allowed to behave as if they are above the law, no matter how powerful they are," said Jean Laynor, NGRA Executive Director. "NGRA has learned of other California applicants who maintain they actually had been tested by Aetna without their knowledge. If Aetna wishes to challenge the law in California, NGRA is fully prepared to take them on."

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San Francisco Sentinel • May 15, 1987 9
What makes a man enter a leather contest and what are the rewards?

For the past eight years those questions and many more have been asked and answered at the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago. This year San Francisco will send two men to the competition that many view as the “Mr. America of Leather.” The competition will be stiff as forty contestants from all over the world gather in the Windy City over Memorial Day weekend.

This year’s Mr. SF Leather is 35-year-old Bill Johnson; winner of the local contest held last month at the SF Eagle. A six-footer, who wears his leather very well, Bill is the first SF title holder in some years who resides outside the City. He admits that big weekend duties with the Air Force Reserve and the fact he lives in Vacaville will limit his chances of fully participating in SF leather events, but has committed to attending as many community functions as physically possible.

Bill believes his 20-year association with the leather community has given him insight into the meaning of the brotherhood of leather and places vast importance on promoting safe sex within the community that has been hardest hit by the AIDS crisis. He is also interested in working with members of the gay community who want to know more about the world of leather.

Like many suburban lesbians/gays Johnson is not completely out of the closet and only feels completely comfortable when playing in SF. To help him survive in Vacaville, Johnson lives with a female friend. “It makes life a bit easier since I work for the government and do not live in SF,” contended Johnson.

However, winning the title of International Mr. Leather has changed in how Johnson deals with his openness about his sexuality. The elevation to an international spokesman for the leather community will markedly increase his exposure. Johnson believes he’s ready to take that step forward and will capitalize on the media attention sure to follow the contest win. “If the winner is a good spokesperson for not only the leather community, but also gays in general then all of us have another way of being heard,” said Johnson. “We only have to look as several of the past winners to see that an active role is local and national issues which affect lesbians and gay men is very important. A good example is our participation in the defeat of the LaRouche initiative in last November’s election.”

Whatever the outcome in Chicago, Johnson plans to work with Ms. SF Leather Shadow Morton holding community events, particularly to promote AIDS testing. “It’s important for lesbian and gay men to work together for our common goals,” said Johnson. Johnson is an ardent admirer of 1985 Mr. International Leather Patrick Toner, but will strive to “carve out his own niche” rather than try and follow in someone else footsteps. “This can only be accomplished with the support of all the men and women in the community,” said Johnson.

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Mr. David Sarathian will represent the California Motorcycle Clubs at the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago.

The third contestant from SF, Lonnie Lee, had to withdraw from the contest after his sponsor backed out. Lee vows to make the trip in 1988.

Vern Stewart will attend the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago. His report will appear in the SF Sentinel the following Friday.
The majority of the incidents occurred in the Castro/Church area and featured the Castro/Church area with no reports from the Polk or South of Market areas. The Western Addition was the location of most attacks outside the Castro/Church area. The victim was usually a lone, teenage male attacking a teen, gay male. While gay men make up 77% of those targeted, violence was up 13% over last year. -Even though only one MUNI-related attack was reported in the first quarter of this year, they have been at least two thus far in the second quarter, including a lesbian law student who had her handbag snatched by a karate kick at the Church Street station. She told the Chronicle: “These people concern and pick on people for no reason. This guy has mumbled my existence. I was in the middle of an exam and I wasn’t able to write this summer because my leg is in a long cast. I’m angry. My leg can’t be fixed for the rest of my life, just because some jerk is abusive.”

CUAV expects the number of anti-gay incidents to increase during the rest of the year. Take for example the case of Branch Hatcher, a San Francisco high school senior who was attacked while returning home from work to the Western Addition. It happened on April 10. “They called me a faggot and said they were going to cure AIDS by getting rid of us. ‘When you got the Pope releasing his statement on homosexuality as being an intrinsic evil and Secretary of State Schultz kidding about getting Kaidy AIDS, what do you expect?’” questioned Vaquer. “These kids hear that and think it’s cool to beat up queers and they believe they can get away with it. People who might otherwise keep their prejudices to themselves are now expressing those feelings because of the attitudes of these people in power.” Vaquer also believes the non-relatives were listed as survivors. Michael Harwood and the continued exclusion of lesbians/gays from immortality is also a contributing factor to these attitudes.

So, with a violent summer on the horizon, CUAV urges you to stay alert and be willing to help a community member in trouble.

### Summer Tips for Safety:

- **Remain alert enough to be aware of your surroundings.**
- **If you’ve been partying and are under the influence, take a cab or go home with a group of friends.**
- **Carry a whistle and use it if you feel you are in danger or see someone else in trouble.**
- **If you hear a whistle being blown, call 911 immediately.**
- **Check out who you’re going home with.**
- **Opportunist crimes — and in extreme instances, homocide — are very real dangers to anyone going home with a stranger. Be careful.**

### Fighting Back

Continued from page 1

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### AIDS WALK San Francisco

AIDS WALK San Francisco is a ten-kilometer (6.2 mile) fundraising walkathon to benefit AIDS service and education providers. Thousands of people are expected to join the massive demonstration of power for people with AIDS and express their public concern over the AIDS epidemic on Sunday, July 19.

Walkathon proceeds will be used to fund the programs provided by the benefiting organizations. These programs include nationally acclaimed AIDS prevention campaigns and comprehensive support services for people with AIDS, their families and loved ones. The funds will also be used to intensify the vital role the community plays in the drive to increase public funds for AIDS medical research, education, and services.

AIDS WALK San Francisco will benefit:

- AIDS Emergency Fund
- AIDS Services
- Black Coalition on AIDS
- Hospice of San Francisco
- Instituto Familiar de la Raza—Latinos AIDS Project
- Mobilization Against AIDS
- San Francisco AIDS Foundation
- STOP AIDS Project
- USF AIDS Project
- Western Addition.

There is no entry fee for the walkathon. The funds are raised through sponsorships which you collect from your friends, family, co-workers and neighbors and local businesses.

AIDS WALK San Francisco will begin at the bandshell in Golden Gate Park with sign-in at 9 am, opening ceremonies at 10:30 am and the walk at 11 am.

Walkathon chairperson for 1987 is SF Mayor Dianne Feinstein.

For further information on how to register or to make a donation call 758-0685.

### Chron Obit

Continued from page 3

raising a child of their own. When she became aware of the Chronicle’s policy she assigned a group of her New College Law School students to document the facts and used documented information compiled by the Human Rights Com­mission (HRC). The Chronicle had consistently avoided requests by the HRC to meet with its staff. Achtenberg said this was probably because “newspapers do not respond well to government agencies who are attempting to change their policies. I called my group a Citizen Delegation. They could deal with that.”

—from Winnow, HRC Lesbian/Gay liaison, said her agency was delayed by the Chronicle’s omission of com­ments. She stressed, “We can be in the clout most of our lives and fighting for gay rights — but we were denied our love and companions after we died.” Winnow and her interns documented the Chronicle obfuscations after receiving complaints. Telephone calls and letters were sometimes answered with technical replies from at­tomies.

In one reply, Attorney Neil Shapiro of Cooper, White & Cooper wrote, “The weight of the body of law recognizing the absolute, unlimited right of life to public information is too strong for us to publish information as it choose and is to be determined by the courts.”

The Chronicle’s policy is to publish only the immediate blood relatives as survivors. This is based on objections by relatives when non-relatives were listed as sur­vivors.

There were recent examples of the newspaper’s reluctance to publish acknowledged condemnations. When Dean Kendrick, a leading gay rights advocate, and Chuck Solomon, a well known gay theater actor and director, died of AIDS this year the Chronicle omitted their companions but that information was included in other Bay Area newspapers.

This week the Chronicle considered it newsworthy when its former City Hall reporter, Reginald Smith, died of lung cancer Los Angeles. It named as sur­vivor, “John Maquire, his longtime companion.”

### Open Hand Imposter Attacks PWA

By David M. Low

A Castro District man was attacked this week by a person posing as a delivery man from the Open Hand Project.

The gay man, who said he remained anonymous, was beaten and unstrangled with a telephone cord after opening the door of his 9th Street apartment for a man who identified himself as an “AIDS service providing food.”

The assailant informed his victim that he was “on a mission from God to kill all people with AIDS.” The person with AIDS was only spared death after offering his attacker money and property.

Dean Hand, a meal-on-wheels delivery service providing two meals daily to PWA’s, has already taken ac­tion to prevent a reoccurrence. “We are putting the warnings in the bag lunches to alert people to this man’s actions and will give our volunteers an Open Hand ID,” said Ruth Brinker, founder of the project.

The alleged attacker is still at large.

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**Pacific Drug**

**Haight St.**
These interviews are not about the homeless. Nor are they about street musicians, the poor, or the old. They are, rather, about choices — why we make them and where they lead us.

The people you are about to meet lead lives that are probably quite different from yours and mine; they have made different choices. But in the time I spent with them, I discovered they share a rather off-beat, but genuine, sense of contentment that transcends what we might call the "marginal" circumstances of their existence.

These people are neighborhood icons; their faces are part of our daily routine. We see them on the street every day as we shop or go to and from work. But despite their continuing presence, we ignore them in our rush to reach some destination or goal held in mind. For those who are willing to pause on these pages, I offer my experience of these most unusual people.

It's a hot night, the kind of evening you expect in Los Angeles, but always comes as a surprise in San Francisco. I'm looking for Lasalle. After hanging out for about an hour on Castro Street, I discover Lasalle in front of Valley Pride super-market, strumming an acoustic guitar and sitting on the sidewalk. I offer some of my Fritos but he declines the invitation with a unique and un­cannily accurate rejoinder, "They smell too much like dirty socks.

As Lasalle turns to me, still smiling, and says, "You see me give it away, don't you? It doesn't matter, it always comes back to me. Free-hearted, that's all." Lasalle has been playing guitar on Castro Street for six years now. Before that, he was playing downtown but he could only make about five dollars a day. Here he can make close to twenty, which is what he needs to meet his expenses and pay rent in a nearby hotel.

"I tell you, I have about a hundred children. There's about ten guys that live in my building and every one of them loves me, and I love them."

Momma

San Francisco. "I don't masquerade as a woman any more. A girl then. But since I've been out in the world I hate being beat me like a dog when I was growing up. I hated them. As we talk, he explains he's a vegetarian who loves me, and I love them.

"A lot of people smile when they walk by and say 'Hi,' but they don't give a shit about me. They just do it to feel good about themselves. I've told a few of them, but they don't want to hear it. You know, people don't like to hear the truth. A lot of the time you just have to shut up and not tell the truth. If you go around telling the truth, somebody's going to drop a hammer on you for it. You see what they do to Jesus . . . Martin Luther King, too. It's all right to know the truth, but if you go around advertising it, blabbing it around, pretty soon somebody will get you for it."

Carol

Why do you think men want to fall in love with men? Nature goofed there, too. The gay is different, sort of a mixture. But yet a lot of gays are masculine . . ."

Momma

The Hayes Valley is referred to by real estate brokers as a "transitional" neighborhood. In this case, the term describes an area that has been predominantly black for decades but is now in the gradual process of white "gentrification." Middle-class Caucasians, unable to afford real estate in more affluent areas, are buying and renting homes adjacent to housing projects. The older residents sometimes resent their new neighbors. And the new home owners, in their haste for change, often fail to respect the established neighborhood social strata. As a result, a precarious balance is struck between the new and the old, with occasional skirmishes arising from time to time. The issue is not race, but economics.

"I had a talk with my subconscious and it told me what it has to say at all.* As yet a lot of gays are masculine . . ."

Carol

..."
basket behind the iron gate that separates the door of her apartment building from the sidewalk. Her pies are larger than a tart, but smaller than a full-sized pie and sell for $1.50 each. There are only two choices, sweet potato or lemon meringue, and everyone including the crust, is made from scratch in Momma's kitchen. After devouring a lemon pie, I join her on the stoop for a brief conversation. I discover that she is 72 years old and has lived in San Francisco since leaving her hometown of Paris, Texas.

"When I came here 43 years ago, I used to sell pies and cakes and things for the church. But I got told by myself. I said, 'I'm giving this to the church, but I've got to have some money for me. I used to sell my pies to restaurants. They used to call me 'pie Momma' because they didn't know my name, but when I started living in this apartment 13 years ago, they just started calling me 'Momma.' I tell you, I have about a hundred children. There's all the people of the neighborhood. Some stop by for the movie. 'Momma's enthusiasm for religion. She is a member of the Emmanuel Church of God in Christ, a Pentecostal church. 'You know the people that clap their hands and dance and testify?"

Carol

"I don't masquerade as a woman any more. A lot of people thought I was a woman. Just recently I had a talk with my subconscious and it told me over and over again, 'Drag queen, drag queen... Whoopi.'"

Lasalle

"One time they took my picture and took me to a restaurant. They asked me what I wanted. I told them a tart and they bought me a tart.

"Channel 7. That was about two years ago. I was sitting on my backpack and it was before I got a room. I was sleeping outside. I did that for 20 years before I got my hotel room; I just lived outside and traveled around."

Carol agrees to the interview without compensation and treats me to another original composition before we proceed. She is pleasant, but on a wavelength I have trouble tuning in. Actually this experience didn't dampen Momma's enthusiasm for religion. She is a member of the Emmanuel Church of God in Christ, a Pentecostal church. "You know the people that clap their hands and dance and testify? That's us."

The one piece of advice she has for everyone is, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy spirit, and thy neighbor as thyself." Momma certainly demonstrates the benefits of this principle since everyone who stops by during our conversation clearly adores her. With her black lace-up straw bonnet with its artificial flower, tear off her dirge that sounds like the soundtrack from Phantom of the Opera. Carol adds a few macabre notes of her own before changing the subject.

"I feel I've truly reached the nether world of life. She sits in front of Walgreen's on Castro Street and plays a selection of totally unrecognizable tunes on her small Casio MT-100 electric keyboard. The keyboard itself has a series of chords and rhythm that can be accessed by the push of a button. They provide the tempo and back beat for her songs and she plays the melody with her right hand. Most of her selections are her own original compositions. She explains, un-necessarily, that she has had no formal musical training.

Her career here on Castro Street began about two years ago and, like Lasalle who critics his guitar a few feet away, Carol lives alone in a hotel. She has no family. According to Carol, she doesn't want any form of welfare and prefers to make her living as a street musician. Her usual daily hours are from two until eight in the evening. As is my custom, I explain that I am a writer and ask her permission to write about her and send her $5.00. "Now some females have the characteristics of men and a lot of men have the characteristics of women. You take a true woman and a true man and you can identify them, you can actually tell them right away. But when there's a mixture like that, when nature goofs, you can actually tell, at least I can.

With the flip of a button the Casio goes into a dirge that sounds like the soundtrack from Phantom of the Opera. Carol adds a few macabre notes of her own before changing the subject.

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Carol switches the buttons of the Casio into a lighter mood and plays me some of her personal favorites.

"I刚 made that up."

At this point, I half expect her to rip off the straw bonnet with its artificial flower, tear off her white-blond hair, and explain to me that she's really Lily Tomlin, here doing research for her next show. Instead she breaks into a few more random chords and explains that it's about time for her to pack up and go home. I place a dollar in the Casio case which is littered with small change, but no bills, and head off for Cala to do my grocery shopping. As I depart, I hear her voice call after me.

"Nice talking to you. Have a nice day."

San Francisco Sentinel • May 15, 1987
**Space Available**

California Extension Center, Room 202, 51 Laguna St., SF.

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**Quit Smoking Clinic**

Are you a smoker who wants to quit? For smokers who are serious about quitting, the San Francisco Department of Public Health will offer and sponsor Quit Smoking Clinics starting on Tuesday, June 9 at 6:30 pm at Health Center #1, located at 3850 17th Street.

The Quit Smoking Clinic will provide you with the knowledge and tools to break your smoking behavior and to quit in a supportive setting. The instructors will provide you with the knowledge and tools to break your smoking behavior and to quit in a supportive setting.

The fee for the clinic is $30 and includes all materials. Advance registration is essential as class size is limited to 15 people. Deadline for registration is Tuesday, June 2. For more information call 515-6344 or 515-2226.

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**AIDS Candlelight Memorial March**

The fourth annual AIDS Candlelight Memorial March and Memorial will take place in San Francisco on Monday, May 25. Anyone who has lived with AIDS is invited to bring a candle and a friend and assemble at 5 pm at Castro and Market Streets. We will walk in the Polk Street steps at City Hall where a short celebration will take place.

All individuals and community groups are encouraged to join us in this Memorial Day observance. We are marching to the drums of voices of the people who are living with AIDS as well as those who have died. Transportation will be available at the front of the assembly for individuals who may need assistance.

Several people with AIDS/ARC will speak about living with AIDS/ARC. This event gives each of us an opportunity to make our own statement about the AIDS epidemic. We are looking forward to sharing this evening of celebration and remembrance with all the citizens of San Francisco.

This year the AIDS Candlelight March and Memorial is being co-organized by People with AIDS/ARC and Mobilization Against AIDS. We have received endorsement from a wide variety of community organizations and individuals. For more information contact Christian Hansen at 431-9504 or Mobilization Against AIDS at 431-4660.

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**DC March**

The National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights will be held on August 28, 1987. The march will be at the Lincoln Memorial, and it is expected to attract over 100,000 people.

All are welcome. Women and people of color are especially needed.

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**You’re Changing We’re Changing**

**The AIDS Health Project**

**Call for more information: 647-6430.**

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

Register Now and Ride in the 1987 AIDS Bike-A-Thon! Let’s stay healthy... together!

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The Expansive Power of Gratitude

Giving Thanks Sounds Trite, But It Allows Us To Find The Sublime Within The Mundane

One of the greatest ways to expand your experience, to be more fully alive, and to reinforce the positive within us, is through the conscious application of gratitude. Through gratitude, we are able to look at the good we have, and enjoy it more vividly. Instead of putting our attention on what we don’t have, we put it into appreciation and affirmation of what we do have.

It’s like the old saying that “your glass is either half full or half empty.” A full will sit around and talk about the half empty portion of wine in the glass, and feel impoverished because of it. A wine one will be grateful for the half full portion, enjoy it immensely, and then feel energized enough to go out and do what is needed to fill it up completely.

A lot of times we may harbor hidden guilt about the good we have. Underneath the opinions that there is, we may be secretly thinking, “Well, I didn’t do anything to deserve this — it’s too good to be true!” And so, we may be a subconscious thought — so quiet and subtle that we don’t realize it’s molding our awareness. But it is, and that sense of unworthiness will turn us away from the good we have, so that we feel empty. We will have tricked ourselves into thinking that we are deprived of good. From the limited thoughts we will be creating other limited thoughts, and a limited moment-to-moment experience. It doesn’t have to be that way.

Another trap is taking things for granted. We may have a very comfortable situation, but if we allow ourselves to become complacent about it, and forget to give thanks for it, the richness is lost. It can feel hard, brittle, and of little real value. This happens because we have become birded within — and then our conscious application of gratitude can lift us into a more relaxed, optimistic state, in which the goodness we have supports and nourishes us more fully.

Of course, there’s always the “I don’t have enough” (fill in the blank) syndrome. There never seems to be enough of anything sometimes, whether it’s money, friends, time, love, etc., and this causes us once again to focus on what we don’t have rather than on what we do. It’s important to note that we live in a culture of comparison consumption and that we are trained by the mass consciousness to think along these lines. This effect is magnified by our tendency to compare our good with that of others.

I have a wonderful rock collection, and for my birthday a very dear friend, who I love so, gave me an exquisite cluster of smoky quartz crystals. It’s a small piece, perhaps five inches in diameter, but the crystals are so delicate, yet strong, and beautifully arranged in a glass case that fits perfectly. I am always so happy when I see it, I associate it with my friend’s love, a wonderful celebratory occasion, and my own appreciation of nature’s magnificence. When I pick up the pieces, hold it, and relax, I find that I feel more at peace, in harmony with who I am and what I do. As I contemplate all of this, I begin to glow, and feel vibrant all over.

Exercises: The Gratitude List

Set aside a quiet time of about 30 to 45 minutes when you can be alone. Sit down, get comfortable, and see what ever relaxation and meditation techniques you are familiar with to fully bring your attention into the moment.

On a piece of paper, write at the top I give thanks for: and then list everything and everything you can think of. Be as comprehensive as you can. You can include in this list anything that is material — your house, car, bank account, investments, objects of art, electrical equipment (such as your TV or stereo), jewelry, clothing, etc.

Then, you might write down names of friends, family members, spouses or lovers, and ask them how you feel grateful. Don’t forget to include things like your health (no matter what state it is in, give thanks for what’s there), good weather, clean air and water, the trees and the earth that give us food, and so forth. Then add the non-material things of life: creativity, generosity, vision, health, etc. It always helps to give thanks for your good qualities and special talents.

When you’ve thought of everything you can, and written them down, review the list. Concentrate on the abundance that is there, the wonderful things that you’ve perhaps taken for granted, forgive yourself, and let the richness of appreciation feed into all in all directions. All is well! So be it.

Keep your list. Add to it you think of new things for which to be grateful. Review it at regular intervals — once per day when you wake up fully, and at least once per week the rest of the time.

Gratitude allows us to really have and enjoy the pleasures of life. It expands our experience on all fronts, heightens our good qualities, energizes us, and pushes us forward with grace.

Exercising the Gratitude Talisman

As a means to help you concentrate and develop the ability to experience gratitude, I recommend having a gratitude talisman. This is an object that represents beauty, grace, generosity, sense of humor, etc. It can be anything: a piece of art, a drawing or momento, a stuffed animal (teddy bear are great), or I like a gemstone or piece of jewelry that you feel very close to and greatly appreciate. This has to be something that makes you feel delight wonder every time you see it or touch it.

Through your association with this object, your gratitude talisman, you will be able to instantly touch that inherent goodness behind your gratitude. Let me give you an example.

One of the greatest ways to expand your experience, to be more fully alive, and to reinforce the positive within us, is through the conscious application of gratitude. Through gratitude, we are able to look at the good we have, and enjoy it more vividly. Instead of putting our attention on what we don’t have, we put it into appreciation and affirmation of what we do have.

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Metaphysical Counseling
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Gratitude
Continued from previous page
fully. A gratitude talisman works something like the worry stone, except we are interested in going far beyond worry into joy.
If you are the creative sort, you might just want to make something that represents and evokes the goodness and abundance you’re talking about. Give it some thought and see what you can come up with. It can be a wonderful exercise in expressive creativity and inner understanding.
There are a number of things you can do with a gratitude talisman, depending upon what it is and what you need to get from it. If it’s jewelry or a piece of clothing, you can wear it on appropriate occasions. If a natural object, place it in your home in a particular location designed to enhance the lightness of the place, such as, your bedstand, or as a centerpiece for the dinner table, hanging over the door where it can function in much the same way that a Christmas wreath broadcasts holiday cheer. Meditation altars are a perfect place. You can even sleep with your gratitude talisman, if it’s possible. Put it under your pillow (and observe your dreams).
Naturally, you don’t need to have just one gratitude talisman — you can have one or many around you. But I recommend starting with a single object, and working with that for some time, so as not to scatter your energy when you need to work with it. Use your imagination.
Enjoy your gratitude talismans as it empowers you to savor, and celebrate, the beauty that is always around you.

The Sublime in the Mundane
Gratitude brings us into the present moment, out of the dead past, and away from the imagined future. In gift is to elevate our awareness into a sense of personal power and fulfillment. Ironically, once we actually get into the practice of gratitude, we find we had this power and fulfillment all along; we just hadn’t paid enough attention to it before.
As many spiritual teachers emphasize, the divine is right here around us all the time. The sacred ground is where we are standing right now. The gods and goddesses are the people that you’re looking at. With the expansive power of gratitude, our vision changes, and we behold the sublime within the mundane.

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When you want an alternative news source
My sister Krista, who’s older than me, but not by much, and her best friend Chantal walked in front of me down the steep path to the beach. We were in a gully, the path worn down into the cliff, and the dirt and rock around us were blasted into weird shapes by the wind off the ocean. My Mom made Krista take me along. I didn’t want to go but I also didn’t feel like arguing with her. I wasn’t feeling like doing much of anything. Chantal rolled her eyes and wasn’t feeling like doing much of anything. I didn’t want to go but I also didn’t feel like arguing with her. I wasn’t feeling like doing much of anything. Chantal rolled her eyes and wasn’t feeling like doing much of anything.

Chantal couldn’t really complain or anything. Not that I would have cared. I slowed down on purpose so it wouldn’t seem like I was walking down the path with them. "I do it all the time," Chantal said. "She’s almost seventeen and skinny. She looks like a model. I guess, though I’d never tell her that. Otherwise I’d get fat or something." I just could picture Krista’s face, sort of shocked and excited at the same time.

"Are you serious?" she said. Chantal adjusted the top of her strapless bathing suit.

"I know I’m not," Chantal said. "But I really am. I just don’t want to be in a wheelchair the rest of my life."

I was wearing a new pair of swim trunks that my Mom had bought me and carrying a towel and the cooler. Mom knew I liked the trunks and thought they might make me want to get out and show them off. I didn’t feel that way. I was looking at the ground, trying to avoid any pieces of glass and any poop tops, and I could see the place on my leg that would never really heal. It was too low down to be covered by the trunks, so even though I tried not to notice it, I tried to look at the path and to listen to the stuff I knew the girls didn’t want me to hear every time I took a step, the long, shiny, white scar was there, then gone, there, then gone. I hated it.

"You should be thankful," Mom said. "All that’s left is a little scar. You could have lost your leg." She lowered her voice. "Or your privates."

But I didn’t. And the scar’s not so little. Every time I see it, I’m reminded how stupid I was. Not just about the accident, but about Paul, too—thinking that he thought of me as different from the other guys. I thought about him all the time, even after he moved. I guess I moped around a lot. And I wasn’t exactly sure why. I just couldn’t seem to get myself back on the right track.

"Look," Chantal said, "you can’t eat everything you’re supposed to without getting fat. My parents are always after me to eat. So I do. If I didn’t they’d be total bastards. But no matter how much they make me eat, I’ll never get fat. They’d hate me if I got fat. I got it all worked out." We finally reached the end of the path and had to jump down about two feet to get to the sand. That’s one of the reasons this beach is so cool. It’s real hard to get to. Even so, I saw that we should have gotten here earlier. It was starting to fill up.

"I’m going farther down this way," I said.

Neither of them said anything to me. Chantal rolled her eyes but I started walking away. They followed behind me, real careful to keep a safe distance.

"I wish I tanned faster," Krista said. "You have to eat more carrots," Chantal told her. I moved the cooler in front of me. It bumped against my knee with every step but at least I couldn’t see the scar so much. It had been a whole month since Paul moved away, almost two since that stupid accident, and he said he would write to everybody. He didn’t think. He told me he was sorry about the way things went, too—me being the one that got caught so close to the cherry bomb, getting hurt just like my Mom always warned me about. I really hated that part. It was just an accident, but to my Mom it was a punishment for doing what she told me not to.

"If I ever catch you playing with fire works..." she had said so many times.

Of course Paul wanted to, so how could I refuse? He was like that. I said "was" like he’s dead. That’s stupid, too. He just moved away. And he didn’t write. So anyway, he got a mess of guys together and thought it would be cool to set off cherry bombs behind the high school. He even made the stuff himself. I always did whatever he wanted to do. He was on the track team, so I joined the track team. He was on cross country, so I was on cross country. But he’s faster than me. I got through a bunch of runs just by concentrating on the movement of his legs in front of me, sometimes way in front of me, but I always knew it was him because of his bright yellow running shorts. Everything about him was blond. I mean, his legs, his arms, his face. All blond.

My Mom called Paul a ringleader. But I swore to her up and down Paul wasn’t even there when the bomb went off. Otherwise, who knows, she might have made me quit hanging around him. Not that it made any difference. He moved anyway. The bomb went off too fast. I was practical right next to it. How dumb. One of the guys called the ambulance. I like to think it was Paul, even though he never said it was him.

"Hey, Ace," he said when I was out of the hospital and getting around on crutches. He acted real nice for a while. even though he never came to visit me in the hospital. That was OK, I guess. When I got out he smiled a lot. That made me feel good. I was making him smile. The other guys paid a lot of attention to me, too. I was the survivor. I didn’t rat. But Paul was the

continued on page 20
In the performing arts, once the show goes on, the barriers between artist and audience crumble. In a live performance there is no chance to re-shoot the scene, re-do that note or re-turn that pirouette. No refining process intercedes between the act and the enjoyment of the art: just the merciless glare of the footlights and the insatiable appetite of the audience.

This unobstructed communication between artist and spectator that, on the one hand, creates the thrill of live theater also condemns it to quick oblivion. When the curtain descends, the show is over, the evidence of its glory gone. But not, however, without a trace. In fact preserving a memory of that magic is exactly what San Francisco's Archives for the Performing Arts does.

Tucked away in the back of the War Memorial Opera House, the Archives is dedicated to creating a library of original San Francisco's Archives for the Performing Arts is a Gold Mine of Historical Fact and Passionate Conviction

by Bill Huck

San Francisco's Archives for the Performing Arts is a Gold Mine of Historical Fact and Passionate Conviction

by Bill Huck
and secondary source material that will document the astonishing diversity of the performing arts in the Bay Area. The Archives' already vast collection features more than one million programs, historic photographs and newspaper clippings, as well as a core collection of costumes, fine art, artifacts, sheet music, periodicals and books, including one of the largest dance libraries on the West Coast.

It all began through the passion and dedication of one man, Russell Hartley. Hartley was married to his passion. It first sent him, a native of the Bay Area, to the San Francisco Ballet, where in 1942 he became a dancer at the age of twenty. Soon Hartley's performing career was overshadowed by his work as a designer. In time Hartley's designs would create the costumes for over twenty SFB ballets, including William Christensen's 1944 Nutcracker, America's first full-length production of the ballet. With the hundreds of yards of red velvet curtains from which Hartley constructed these costumes, Christensen and SFB transformed what happens on stages across the USA every December.

But soon Hartley's passion took him beyond the immediate concerns of the next performance and he became especially curious about the history of dance in San Francisco. As a result he found himself haunting dusty second-hand bookstores and dimly lit auctions, searching for anything that would tell him exactly "who had danced what and when." Gradually the collector amassed such an extensive library that in 1947 he formally established the San Francisco Dance Archives. But, just as he was becoming known as a premier authority in this one field, the inevitable happened: dance, though it would forever remain the center of Hartley's enthusiasm, failed to contain the collector's voracious appetite for acquiring, arranging and cataloging. So Hartley began the multi-sided collection that in time would form the basis of today's Archives for the Performing Arts.

In the process he created an institution that would not only preserve and enlarge his collection, but maintain the sense of passion with which he built it. In the 1970s the San Francisco Public Library, under Kevin Starr, sought out Hartley's collection, but as the Library's space problems grew, they callously threw this pearl, so irreplaceable, back to Hartley in the early '80s. Those were dark days for this great collection, for Hartley's health was beginning to fail and his lifetime's work had no permanent home.

Then in 1983, the Board of Directors of the War Memorial Complex recognized that Lincoln Center's famous Library for the Performing Arts had its origins in a private collection much like Hartley's. San Francisco, they thought, has had a great history in the performing arts and Hartley's invaluable work could form the basis of an archives celebrating that history.

Thus with space in the Opera House previously set aside for the San Francisco Ballet, the Archives for the Performing Arts was established as a non-profit corporation with a volunteer Board of Trustees that included
Continued from page 17

one who mattered. He made the scar seem almost cool for a while. 

"Right here." Chantal said. I turned around, and saw her and Krista spreading out their towels. I walked back to them.

"Not so close to that gross smelling seaweed, though," Krista said; with a back to them. 

"I didn't want to go anywhere or do anything. Just lay there and feel sorry for myself."

"Mom said for you to put on some lotion," I heard Krista say. 

"So?" I asked. 

"So burn them," she said, real snot-

"Chantal and Chantal were quiet for a while, probably because some guys walked past and they laid there posting for them. Then Chantal started talking again."

"I'll bet they thought I was too fat." Krista said, with a back to them. 

"No," I said, my face buried in the sand and little stones burned thy feet. I flipped myself. It's like a false sense of want.

"I thought I was standing there, almost invisible. I was standing there, with my body had been flushed out. My eyes.

"He seemed bigger than he should, and creeping up onto his face, and a few deep wrinkles around his eyes. He seemed bigger than he should. I could tell he really wasn't much like Paul. There was something weird about him. He had some patches of red skin on his back and chest and some on his face, like he had gotten a sunburn there, only in those places. But when he looked at me, he smiled. I liked that. It reminded me of Paul. I could see this guy was blond and slim and had an ice smile. I got even more tense than ever想到的男人还有他提到的女人。

He kept on walking and I kept following. I still couldn't see him real good. I had no obvious way of knowing how to slow down, like he was waiting for me to catch up. I didn't know what I didn't want to do. I didn't know what I should do. I didn't know what I should do. I knew it seemed weird. He turned and walked away, and I saw the red patches a little more clearly. 

I didn't want to seem like I was looking at him or anything. So I turned to look at the beach and the cliffs. There weren't many people here and farther up the beach I couldn't see anybody. The cliffs looked different here, too, like they were more ragged with lots of little canyons running back into them. twisting and turning into the rocks.

The man was walking away from the water's edge now, heading for the cliffs. He dropped his boogie board at the high water mark, where there was a three-foot wall of sand he had to climb up before he reached the entrance of one of those canyons. 

I walked a little past the place by the water where he had started inland. then stopped and sort of pretended to look back at the cliffs. I wasn't sure why I was doing this, but it felt exciting. My stomach was tingling and my heart was beating fast. Then I looked right at where he was, standing there by the opening in the cliff wall. He saw me looking. The distance and the sun still wouldn't let me see him real clearly, but he looked less and less like Paul. This guy was older, maybe twenty, and there was red skin, those pieces of red skin, like, I don't know - like stains. That didn't matter and neither did his not looking like Paul. Paul was gone. The man nodded at me and disappeared into the canyon mouth. For a minute I still didn't know what to do. I looked down at my feet, at all the broken pieces of shells scattered around my toes, and out of the corner of my eye I saw that stupid scar.

I don't do it on purpose - watch him, I mean. It's like he can't help himself. It's like I want something but I don't know what I want."

"If any strange men try to talk to you," my mom would say, "you just walk away and ignore them." 

"I just get up from the table and pretend I've got rid of everything," Chantal would say. 

"I'll write," Paul said. "I thought. and started to follow up the way."

The sound of the waves stopped sud-

ally, as I tumbled and got slowed down, too. I knew I should quit following him. It seemed weird. He turned and walked away, and I saw the red patches a little more clearly. 

I didn't want to seem like I was looking at him or anything, so I turned to look at the beach and the cliffs. There weren't many people here and farther up the beach I couldn't see anybody. The cliffs looked different here, too, like they were more ragged with lots of little canyons running back into them, twisting and turning into the rocks. 

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Bette Davis Autobiography

Her Own Keeper

Hollywood’s legendary firebrand, Miss Bette Davis, displays her durability, intensity, and honesty in a new memoir that brings her latter day ups and downs into focus. It’s not the gossipy book that its chatty title might lead you to assume. Without sacrificing her outspokenness, Davis communicates quite calmly and reasonably. Primarily, this n’ That is a patchwork of viewpoints, memories and anecdotes imperfectly sewn together with puffs of cigarette smoke, blunt humor, and some soul searching poignancy.

This n’ That picks up where the living legend’s 1986 autobiography, The Lonely Life, leaves off. Hitting the highs and lows of the last twenty years, it details Bette Davis’s fight for recovery after a mastectomy and stroke in 1983, and provides a look at the harsh realities she confronted at that time.

“Over and over, lying there, I asked, will I ever be able to work Davis’s return to the screen after a two year absence was probably one of her most dramatic personal and professional triumphs.

It was also, she suggests, one of the most nervous moments in her life when she began filming Agatha Christie’s Murder With Mirrors, co-starring Helen Hayes.

The other movies Bette Davis made in the last twenty years are briefly covered. It’s apparent that the star’s longevity came from being flexible enough to thrive in another medium: television.

There’s a story in the book of a young actress who asked Davis, “Back in your era, what was it like in Hollywood?” Davis is surprisingly direct in her answer. “It was consistent,” writes Davis. “In her vanity, she always punctual, always knew her lines. I will always thank her for giving me the opportunity to play the part of ‘Baby Jane’ Hudson.”

Davis’s personal life is given forwardly as she sees it. “As part of her wardrobe, Miss Crawford owned three sizes of bosoms. In the famous scene in which she lay on the beach, Joan wore the largest one. Let’s face it, when a woman lies on her back, I don’t care how well endowed she is, her bosoms do not stand straight up. And Blanche had supposedly wasted away for twenty years. The scene called for me to fall on top of her. I had the breath almost knocked out of me. It was like falling on two footballs!”

But working with the temperamental Crawford was not always easy. “In her vanity, she was consistent,” writes Davis.

She speaks lovingly of them all, even B.D. Hyman, who later emerged with a scathing, sanctimonious portrayal of life with her mother called My Mother’s Keeper. But this n’ That was written long before Hyman’s book appeared. After Davis read it, she revised the ending, concluding with a letter to her daughter that ought to put Hyman firmly in her place. It’s especially admirable because Davis responds honestly and angrily to her daughter’s betrayal, but refuses to sink to the level of mudslinging.

“I have much to quarrel about in your book. I choose to ignore most of it,” she writes. “There is no doubt you have a great potential as a writer of fiction. You have always been a great storyteller. I have often said to you, ‘B.D., that is not the way it was. You are imagining things.’” The letter to her daughter ends bluntly: “I hope someday I will understand this n’ That’s title: Her Own Keeper. If it refers to money, if my memory serves me right, I’ve been your keeper all these many years. I am continuing to do so, as my name has made your book about me a success.” Touché, Bette! When everyone has forgotten B.D. Hyman’s ungrateful remarks, Bette Davis’s reputation will still be intact.

This extraordinary memoir of special moments you barely remember has been able to count on Miss Davis to deliver the goods on screen. This remarkable woman has become a legend by speaking her mind, fighting for quality, insisting on professionalism, and demanding a certain honesty from herself and associates.

This n’ That proves once again that Bette Davis can always be depended on to tell it as straight forwardly as she sees it.

“This n’ That by Bette Davis (with Michael Herskowitz) is published by P. S. Putnam’s Sons, New York, 207 pp., hardcover, $17.95.

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San Francisco Sentinel • May 15, 1987 21
Extreme Prejudice
Andrew O'Hehir

Lurid and brutal, with a frequently lewd script and jumbled, arid action elements, Extreme Prejudice is nonetheless an engaging, visceral example of the modern action-thriller. Director Walter Hill's evocation of hot and desperate linen is evocative of vintage Peckinpah (and not entirely arid). Hotheaded Texas Ranger (played by Rutger Hauer) is as tough as nails, but his tender feelings for his wife and son — Hopkins plots vicarious revenge by bullying his friend Roger (amiably portrayed by Jim Broadbent) into a painful court battle for custody of Roger's son. Interconnecting all Hopkins' activities during the cold winter nights and petty sadism is his character's continual incoherence and puzzlement. Hopkins has realized, in the cinematic ad- ministration to his youngish girlfriend that he feels only murderous hatred for his own child is well acted, for example, but insufficiently known by the audience. 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Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra
Making Music With a Meaning

The recent two-concert appearance of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra at Davis Symphony Hall proved, as though human fallibility needed proving, that even a great orchestra is not a flawless ensemble. What made for greatness was the warmth of its sound, the solidity of its pitch, the integration of its sections and the stunning finesse of a few of its players. Davis Hall itself has never sounded better.

What tarnished the orchestra’s image was a fairly large array of the usual brass mistakes, including flubbed entries, pinched high notes and the inability to mirror each other, as well as a distressingly blatant clash of tempos. This was undisciplined by the upper strings to thin out their sound. What tipped the scales conclusively in favor of the Gewandhaus was the way in which they frequently responded to their open-hearted and extraordinarily musical conductor, Kurt Masur.

The Sunday night performance began with Schubert’s Unfinished Symphony. It is an open-hearted piece which itself opens with a long and somber melody for the cello and basses. At first this listener did marvel of Romantic agony. The long turbulent fight to serenity in the final page was all there but so was the quiet sadness that shadows even those concluding moments.

Kurt Masur is a batonless conductor. This unusual manner opens out his style, almost roughens it up and makes of this conductor a less formal autocrat. The style suits Masur the man who is apparently a jovial fellow with an appetite for life. Yet never is the maestro’s beat ever so fast that it can be easily missed in his wires or, from the perspective of the audience, at the center of his back where his two shoulders meet. Masur’s grace is larger than just fluidity. He seems to embody the yearning strength of their interpretation that won the prize.

In the Unfinished’s opening eight bars, Schubert seems to have distilled the essence of Romantic yearning and appropriately the orchestra gave forth a question, not a series of notes, demanding both thought and response. Thus, the Leipzigers immediately announced they were ready to give a performance in which the meaning of the music would be the subject under consideration. But simultaneously, the orchestra also declared its instrumentalists would not fail to show off their skill whenever appropriate.

It’s a tricky balance to maintain — virtuosity and meaning — but Masur and his orchestra were ready and willing for the challenge. When the oboe and clarinet answered the cellos and basses with their own tale of woe, the ensemble’s greatness was confirmed. The oboist, who led the clarinet whenever the two players together, has a haunting ability to phrase the music. He guided us all skillfully through ever rolling contours of Schubert’s thoughts.

Throughout this performance, the Unfinished once again established itself as a man prediciaments. During the Adagio there came to me a series of dying faces of men I had loved. For a moment, a deeply artistic and musical moment, the Barber let me feel those losses once again.

Kurt Masur is a batonless conductor. This unusual manner opens out his style, almost roughens it up and makes of this conductor a less formal autocrat. The San Francisco Symphony’s timpanist Barry Jekowsky is another excellent musician, though nowhere near as flashy as his German counterpart. It would provide a very good look at Jekowsky’s talent, as well as a very different look at this conductor, if the SF Symphony would program it for him.

Dvorak’s New World brought the Leipzig’s visit to a rousing conclusion. This was the first music I ever heard Masur conduct, when he made his San Francisco Symphony debut in Opera House in 1980. Then he showed his special delight in its round and sonorous oratory.

Now he seems to care more for showing off its open-hearted glories. As a result, the orchestra was encouraged to take risks the players often could not sustain. The ensemble was sometimes chaotic and the brass frequently went awry. Yet these imperfections could not dull the joie de vivre with which Masur embodied this masterpiece. All in all, the Dvorak was a rocky but thoroughly engaging good time.

During the Adagio there came to me a series of dying faces of men I had loved. For a moment, a deeply artistic and musical moment, the Barber let me feel those losses once again.
Rude awakenings in the Global Ghetto

Hope can become a religion for people whose lives, looked at by outsiders, seem hopeless. Tomorrow becomes a god to which every new today is almost gladly sacrificed. Errol John's classic Moon on a Rainbow Shawl — a 30-year-old play having its West Coast premiere right now — is about an enclave of this worldwide cult of dreamers.

When the play first appeared in 1957, I was living its cramped story. My "Rainbow Shawl" setting was very much like the rundown courtyard in the play. My extended family (eleven of us) lived in two, two-room basement level apartments. Our yard was the space enclosed by a horseshoe-shaped tenement and the remains of a low brick wall in a white trash ghetto in Kansas City, Missouri. Our dream was Golden State, the five adults investing themselves in their five different imagined escapes. Their location is a cramped ghetto in Port of Spain, Trinidad. A young trolley car driver, movingly played by Michael D. Johnson, is secretly saving money to get out of Trinidad altogether. He's going to England, if he can get away. You and I and Errol John know things are not going to be different for him in Manchester. He's a black Trinidadian and the chances of even the lowest rungs of the social ladder in England are not going to welcome him with open arms.

Just as my family invested everything in dreams of The Golden State, the five adults featured in Rainbow Shawl are pregnant by him, and really believes that her freedom lies in marrying him. Of course, she has no idea that he plans to leave. Rosa is played rather weakly and looosly by Anamaka Walden. Still, the character's desperation and vulnerability come through clearly enough to make her bold, alternate plan of escape shocking.

An apparently fun-loving and free-spirited whore, Mavis, has her sights set on marriage, too. Maybe one of her Yankee sailor tricks will whisk her away, or maybe it will be her steady boyfriend. Eloise Chitmon plays Mavis with a nerve-wracking and manic energy that, only eventually, seems to be a realistic possibility for the character. At first, it just seems uncontrolled, which has to be a directorial problem.

The last shack on the yard is the home of a family of four, the Adams. The family is run by mother. Father's life went off-track years ago, when, by an inexplicable move, he lost his thriving career as a cricket player. Their daughter is still young enough to be mostly oblivious to the meanness of her life, but old enough to rage against it in odd, sometimes outbursts, too. The fourth member of the family is an infant. Mrs. Adams's only hope seems to be work and more work, boosted by a bit of faith. Mr. Adams sees no hope until he commits a crime he thinks can fix everything. Margarette Robinson and Brian Cutillo, as Charlie and Sophia Adams, are obviously capable actors, but their characters suffer more than the rest from the director's mistakes.

Of course, if this were a musical comedy, everyone would be disabled of his idle dream. Maybe the characters years for the show to get its first West Coast stagings, don't even exist, waiting for a better presentation. Go now.

Moon on a Rainbow Shawl continues at the Potrero Neighborhood House — Moon on a Rainbow Shawl is an acceptable production of a wonderful play. Given the fact that it took 30 years for the show to get its first West Coast stagings, don't even exist, waiting for a better presentation. Go now.
In the half light, hoary sculptures magnify the monster ideal. All black and white and shadowy, a huge cyclops lurks upstairs, while a slit-eyed two-eyed lizard is poised closer by. Something in the middle suggessts a turtle, which, owing to the mood of the performance, I imagine to be particularly toothy and mean. Portentous harmonies about those minutes in which the monsters are thrust into harsh white light, one by one, looking hoary and sinister with each repetition.

Was the promise of this primordial maelstrom of sound and visual imagery, two immobile human bodies are revealed. But they are not, cannot be human. They too are creatures, perhaps beetles, antennae dilated with awful slowness to probe through hair, fingers undulating like拘留.

"Was the promise of Duncan Macfarland's Systems of Judgment squandered in an introduction that said it all?"

Of its own, the increasingly lurid and taped sound score threatens to overwhelm it. (Rosenboom produces a range of processed sounds at the keyboard and another with electronic manipulation of live violin.)

"Stop stop stop," I scrawl in my notebook. "My brain is being scorched." Why brush out a delicate choreographic calligraphy with such wide strokes? Rosenboom's score lacks qualities of permeability and transparency, and so fights with the choreography's attempts to project itself.

To take up another point, how does one politely suggest to Macfarland and Whistler that they perform Systems of Judgment perhaps too well? But it's true. Their unions are perfect, symmetries flawless, canons superb, dynamic tension inhumanly equalized. They are so completely fused as a couple that I wonder if they are one body/one mind, instead of two.

As for the movement quality, the hips are gloriously supple and articulate, the feet mettlesome, pointed, arms released and free, and every landing from every hop or jump elegant. The leap cushioned softly, as though through deep layers of gauze. Beautiful, neat and clean . . . but deathly monotonous. Simply, the fizi is all gone.

"How can strangers be the closest friends after four hours?"

That's what it can be like at a Stop AIDS meeting . . . a place to share your hopes and fears, or just listen. And that's why you'll find me along with 200 other volunteers asking you to attend a meeting. Look for us on Castro and Polk, and in other parts of the city."

— Bill Chastain

Stop AIDS Project

It's about change. And isn't it about time?
The Stranglers

British Chameleons

Jolt the Jaded

Believe it or not, the work of a rock critic is not always as romantic or exciting as some would imagine. Besides all the late nights, the low pay and the constant risk of a permanent hearing loss, there's also the threat of boredom to contend with. That's because more often than not, what the writer expects is usually exactly what the writer gets, and when that happens boredom is always close behind. Once in a while however, a genuine surprise comes along, shattering those expectations and jolting the jaded reviewer with a dose of real excitement.

Those British chameleons, The Stranglers, delivered just such a jolt to this critic as well as to the crowd of fans who packed the Fox Warfield last weekend, exploding expectations left and right. The Stranglers have traveled a dynamic evolutionary path during the course of their career, leading them from their early punk-rock beginnings to a matured, modern Stranglers sound. However, judging from another version of The Stranglers the Warfield audience expected to see, they got something else.

The band climbed on stage to the pre-recorded sound of an orchestra fanfare and dove directly into the classic, "No More Heroes," the first of twenty songs that night, chosen from a score of recordings they've produced over their 12 years of metamorphosis. With ample assistance from a high-energy horn section (sax, trombone, trumpet) which joined the quartet for most of the set, they proceeded to unleash and maintain a manically fervent pace throughout the evening — the final show of a three-month US tour. Everyone walked head-on into a 90-minute barrage of hard, loud, relentless rock, scattered throughout with more than a few older songs and just about as far from ethereal as one could get. As a result, the audience remained the spokesman for the group throughout their many incarnations. Much of the chemistry responsible for the Stranglers' distinctive sound derives from Greenfield's keyboards. Even on the bravest of songs, his subtle harpsichord melodies and continental touches surface unscathed. In performance, Greenfield bears an uncanny resemblance to the Phantom of the Opera. But then, The Stranglers have never been known for their good looks.

This critic first encountered the band by accident one night in New York City at the Ritz nightclub. Without the slightest initial interest, the band swiftly managed to preempt all the wild goings-on around me and completely garnered my attention for the rest of the night. That show was the first in this country after the release of Feline, the album that debuted the post-punk, new Stranglers sound, and it was that sound that so quickly won me over.

Unfortunately, nothing from Feline found its way into the show last week and, in fact, with the exception of the current single, "Always, the Sun," the band sounded nothing like the "new" Stranglers of their last two albums. Indeed, they were nothing like the Stranglers I came expecting to hear. Perhaps the new, new Stranglers would be a more precise label, but whatever the case, one thing remains certain — no matter which Stranglers the Warfield audience expected to see, they got something else.

The band's classic, "Men in Black," capped a three-part encore, effectively closing both the show and the tour. It would have been, yet another version of The Stranglers. However, judging from the crowd who remained on their feet for most of the performance, it would be safe to assume that these last goings-on around me and completely garnered my attention for the rest of the night. That show was the first in this country after the release of Feline, the album that debuted the post-punk, new Stranglers sound, and it was that sound that so quickly won me over. Unfortunately, nothing from Feline found its way into the show last week and, in fact, with the exception of the current single, "Always, the Sun," the band sounded nothing like the "new" Stranglers of their last two albums. Indeed, they were nothing like the Stranglers I came expecting to hear. Perhaps the new, new Stranglers would be a more precise label, but whatever the case, one thing remains certain — no matter which Stranglers the Warfield audience expected to see, they got something else.

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By the time you read this, the ever traveling Adam Block and his angel-faced sidekick Memphis Mark will be in Mark's Tennessee hometown for the "15th Annual Memphis BBQ Challenge," among other official judges, picking one of three divisions — ribs, should-der, or whole pig — in which to apply their Wild Turkey-tainted palettes.

During this greasy-chinned escapade of roasting pigs and riding pigs, Mark will undoubtedly stop at the Elvis Mall to pick up a gross of Graceland out- pads for me, not to mention a pair of Elvis house slippers and hopefully a sample of the winning sauce. Adam will buy him- self storming the gates of Graceland, demanding to see Elvis's dirty underwear and old prescription bottles or trying to find a bottle of Always Elvis wine to buy off of one of Mark's unsuspecting friends. I'll reside over my typewriter and wonder if I'll ever have a photo of myself beside the King's grave.

Tooth and Nail

This dark and rhythmic outfit boasts the drummer of the highly interesting local group, The Beacons. They're a highly infectious percussion matched with an electric violin, bass and guitar creates a surprisingly English sound. This could make for a great Friday night at a very nice price. (Nightbreak, 5/15, 10 pm, $4)

Carmiag DeForest, Flying Color, Denver Mexicans

The first time I saw Carmiag he played solo with a ukulele. For his first album, I Shall Be Re-leaved (Good Foot), he's thrown together a four-piece band including one ex-member of Pell Mell, a great band from Port- land. I heard good reports about their opening spot with The Mckons at the 1-Beam a few weeks ago. Flying Color play basic rock and the Denver Mexi- cans feature an ex-member of Dream Syndicate. Anyone hav- ing the smarts enough to leave that tired band is okay by me. (VIS, 5/15, 10 pm, $4)

Shy Hands

I've heard a lot about Shy Hands, and right when I finally have a chance to see them, they've changed their line-up. Their former frontman has been replaced by a female vocalist but a fun and frenzied dance and funk-oriented sound reportedly remains intact. (Nightbreak, 5/16, 11 pm, $3)

Scrissrinn. J. Hawkins

Just down the street on the same night, Scrissrinn. J. will deliver his madman rant backed up by the Chicken Hawks. I'd weren't for the scene in the film Stranger Than Paranoia when I "Put a Spell On You" blares out of a small cassette player, we might have never had a chance to see this R&B wildman, cape on his shoulder and skull in his hand. (Full Moon Saloon, 5/16, 9:30 pm, $8)

Buck Naked and The Baro Bottom Boys

What more can I possibly say about Buck and The Boys? They possess one of the most impor- tant qualities a rock band needs in this city — a great sense of humor. See them. (The Chatter- box, 5/16, 10:30 pm, $3)

Psychedelic Furs, Dramarama

Think back a few years, maybe about four or five, when there was a pale, skinny band from England who burst onto the scene from beneath the gloom to match. Too bad plaguing the independent charts. Their searing guitars and proclamations of genius that possessed one of the most impor- tant qualities a rock band needs in this city — a great sense of humor. They play guitars with a ven- geance that I miss a lot when I wasn't near as close to rock and roll to inserting yams up the bum is close enough to rock and roll to bear listing in this column, not to mention a safe sexual practice. Karen will be doing her bear listing in this column, not to mention a safe sexual practice. Karen will be doing her thing at the soon-to-close Club Nine. I hope Ricky Ringold brings up his proposed Karen Finley eggplant challenge. I think she should put Henry Rollins and Lydia Lunch up there, too. This could be fun. (Nine, 5/20, 10:30 pm, $7)

Karen Finley

Inserting yams up the bum is close enough to rock and roll to bear listing in this column, not to mention a safe sexual practice (providing you don't share your yam). Karen will be doing her thing at the soon-to-close Club Nine. I hope Ricky Ringold brings up his proposed Karen Finley eggplant challenge. I think she should put Henry Rollins and Lydia Lunch up there, too. This could be fun. (Nine, 5/20, 10:30 pm, $7)

IT'S LIV E!

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AIDS/ARC

A drug or alcohol problem doesn't magically go away when a person is diagnosed with AIDS or ARC. Living clean and sober can stabilize health and improve the quality of life.

We provide out-patient counseling to gay men with AIDS and ARC who have drug and alcohol problems. Our sliding scale fees mean no one is turned away. Insurance payments are accepted.

Our staff is gay. We understand your lifestyle and concerns. We can help. Call us.

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The Godfathers: Proving that a snotty attitude is no barrier to success, Monday, May 18 at the 1-Beam.

The Godfathers

one rates highest on my personal excitement meter. Redd Kross are touring in support of their latest and best LP, Neurotica (Big Time). This foursome from LA are very showy, slightly campy, extremely humorous and play hard rock a la the glitter '70s. Blood, guts, guitars and platform shoe — I can't wait. Openers, The Godfathers, are unsung rock-revival heroes from England, whose LP Hit By Hit and acoustic pickings. Long live the power chord! (1-Beam, 5/18, 10:30 pm, $6)

The Mission, Balaam and The Angel

The Mission sprang forth from and ashes of Sisters of Mercy, a band that did more for black clothing than the Bauwag Raja- nesh did for red. The Mission is

one of the most popular acts in England, has its own huge legion of groupies/followers called Eskimos, and is notorious for putting away the boozec. They just about ready to break big on this continent, that if it people won't forgive them for their life- less cover of Neil Young's "Like a Hurricane." Balaam and The Angel sound like The Mission and Sisters of Mercy, just wim- pier. (Wolfang's 5/18, 9 pm, $13.50-14.50)

Miss Kitty and The Psycho Souls

God love 'em! Miss Kitty and her handsome charmers just keep on it all the time. South of Market's hardest working band is improv- ing steadily, and this time they're playing for free. See them. (Oasis, 5/20, 10 pm, Free)

The Downsiders, Vomit Launch, Bait

All three of these bands are from Chico, a college town boasting a scene much like the one I de- scribed in my last article about Eugene, Oregon. I've heard a record by Vomit Launch that somewhat impressed me. They sound far better than their name implies, making use of a violin, droning psychedelia, and female vocals. I also hear they're just about the nicest people you'd ever want to meet. Go see them and support a young, struggling group of bands from a very small scene. (VIS, 5/20, 9 pm, $3)

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(San Francisco Sentinel)
Fat and Cheesy

What a week: harmonica player Paul Butterfield died of a drug overdose, ex-chickens-of-the-aircase died of a "brain tumor," Rep. Stewart B. McKinney (R-Conn.) died of AIDS, and New York's downtown scene died of boredom. Gary Hart's licentious license expired, an Irangate witness called Ollie North a liar, and, from all reports, the west was on fire. And New York is like the death of fresh air.

Brooklyn Dodgers

Scene stalwart Sally Randall shocked the New York downtown-ite this week with her admission that, in the facade of sky-rocketing rents, she's moved to — yes, Brooklyn.

But to a visitor, that hardly seems an imprisoning fate: my cousin and her lover own a brownstone in Park Slope, a one-time Brooklyn lesbian commune now gentrifying gaily; a couple, professional gays fleeing the city (and AIDS) are joining the yup couples in suburban heaven.

The scenes, however, move to Brooklyn "slums" much like the Soho clouts, heavily industrial combat zones. And a quick swing outside of Park Slope proper reveals a Brooklyn feisty but less than bucolic; marble teeks lurk on the streets, and the bumper cars drive down crusty sidewalks, their gains quick and their faces pinched.

Where All the Lights Aren't Quite

But Brooklyn's positively vibrant compared to the New York club scene with recent Wednesday bounce 'round town.

We started at Tunnel, a former train station now decked for dancing, with chandeliers, long bars, and a roof where original train tracks lie by laters. Downstairs, sax adviser Dr. Ruth Wiesheimer, the only person I know who can give head without getting her knees dirty, threw her third party in as many weeks — for herself. This one celebrated her birthday. A Yup cup gouged a fat little cake and a cheesy battery, while the sex doc refused to answer my questions about AIDS: "I don't respond to zees questions at zee party," she squealed. "Zees ees for fun!" Then she swooped in for the plug. "But I just won an award from Zee Fund for Human Dignity (for contributions to the lives of gays and lesbians)," one first-ever Educator of Zee Year Award. But I don't answer zees questions," she added, educationally.

(The May 11 New York Times reported that in a recent syndicated column, Wiesheimer advised a bisexual man who has a girlfriend that "though you have an interest in both sexes, you really prefer this girl." She also said he should "certainly not go to bed with a man for sex.")

After scoping the polyestered shelf of beef hovering protective over the chest-high sex docs, his eyes shaded by Elvis wraps around with holes in the steel stems, I turned white — and decided discretion was the better part of valor.

Fringe Toast

Outside, ageless scenarist Sylvia Miles staggered about in a fringed leopard jacket, stuttering, "I found the material at a flea market in Woodstock." Going from hippie to hip, she clutched at the sleeve of Tunnel owner Rudolf (who shank with a covered blond woman), shrieking, "You're my winner! I was here!" That made one of us. My companion, Andy Anderson, and I hopped a cab to Pain'ted Desert, a month-old high-ceilinged eaterie on West Broadway between Canal. Inside, a covey of boney models smiled grinning for fat, sweaty guys with cameras, and waiters billed cooing couples under plaid lights. Informed of the impending fashionshows, a Jersey fat rat, dressed for last season's Miami Vice, belched, "Hey, I gotta take a view before that starts!"

"I kind of thing used to be called a 'filler event,'" Andy sighed. "Now I look forward to this shit!"

Sub Rosa

Around the corner, a hearty few (very) crowded the bar at the newly Madam Rosé, where a fashion designer Benjamin Lai cackled about bicoastal access.

We all hopped another cab, but only bi-cozily, and disgorged at Tunnel once again.

Downstairs this time, New York Nightlife columnist Michangelo Sigirino shrieked when I mentioned his recent famous particle piece a Paris trip where he repeatedly stumped French-American drag queens with claims of apparently hunky natties. "Oh, how did it make me look?" he blurted, breathless. "Like a slut," I said.

"Oh," he breathed airily, waving his hand. "That's okay.

Upstairs, wall-mounted photos documented the scene's decadent days of decades past. In one, a man dressed as the Pope tongue a bare-breasted woman, who runs away; in another, David Bowie, fatigued beyond a hope, leans childlike in a corner, his arms clutched around his knees. Late in another cab, Andy said, "Did you see those pictures? What a scene! What a scene! What happened?"

"AIDS," Michangelo said simply.

Beating a Dead Corpse

Next, we tried Private Eyes, a yuppo disco on W. 21st which goes from inside students and young professionals stood around groolishly, perhaps confused by the secondary drink prices, or perhaps numbed by thirty video screens set in the stark white walls. It looked like a hospital for the illiterate.

Around the corner, about nine couples carved up the cavernous dance floor at Limelight, a fading of the scene. The upstairs VIP room, once a central rock and roll party, was deserted except for a handful of members of Shrekshock, who'd just finished an American tour.

"Ah, you should have seen Studio 54," sighed movie publicist Regina Smith. "Sod on the dance floor one night, a million orchids the next. It was hot!"

"With a view?" I asked hopefully. "We're due for a change."

"With a view?" he stopped in a cab for a change, and for a change headed home.

Chat Pack

But a trip to New York is never quite over, specifically that construction workers across the street will point and laugh; the writer likes humiliation.

Or about how the famous young comedian, an upfront homophobe, who offered a transvestite money to defecate on a glass table while he watched from below? When he refused (she has principles), he paid to watch her play with herself. On another occasion, he banned a famous pro-transsexual just to appear at her appearance door. "You're so beautiful," he drooled.

And what about the status-obsessed pro-family political whose son and daughter are gay? Or the noted gay novelist who plays a towl between himself and the boy hustlers with whom he does? Or the homophobic young music star's noted father who currently lives with another man?

I see, you're gearing up to cover the presidential campaign.

Hart On

Speaking of which, Gary's Hart-stopping "Tailgate" debacle was curious and hilarious, degrading and revealing. The media's judgmental assumptions appeared scallent at least; at the same time, Hart's behavior revealed an odd self-destructive streak I wouldn't want quivering near The Button.

And gee, I just can't stand the idea of an older man sleeping with a younger partner.

Actors of Congress

Interesting too, that a good in the sur face, finally, that Republican Representative Stewell-Allen, McKinley's friends, as the Timesheadlined it May 9, "Say [He] Did Homosexual Acts." The Times reported that McKinley associates feared that seeing Stew died of blood transfusions, and not gay sex, "could misled the right people who have had or may be in need of transfu-

"There seems to be a subtle homophobia underlying all the publicity," Gay and Lesbian Task Force director Jeff Levy told the Times. Actually, it seems pretty overt to me.

WARREN PLEACE

"Now that he's 50, Warren Beat-

ty is turning vain," reports the May 8 New York Post. While I defer to the paper's unimpeachable record for fair and accurate journalism, I humbly suggest that, as Cathy "You're her Van-

Simmon knew long ago, Beat-
ty's always been vain.

It's just his face now, since his face is crumbling, Beaty is doing his best to hide the damage: he finds himself in such movies, that all Ishtar publicity is shot on film, not videotape. The latter, you see, his lines. Ishtar is a comedy; I assume that, teamed with Warren Beat-

ty, co-star Dustin Hoffman plays straight man.

Peeing Order

Filmmakers avoiding Beaty's overwrought ego might try the desultory Campus Man. Ac-

cording to Times film-crit Walter Goodman (May 4), its star, John Dye, "is in-

distinguishable from the other cutely coiffed young fellows who grace an increasing number of such movies. Steve Lyon [they all sound like porn stars], at the least, has plenty of opportunity to show of his biceps and pecs. Except for a few diving scenes, Ron Casden's direction offers no distractions.

Youngsters just starting out, take note: "Campus Man is rated PG owing to some rude language and a shower-room glimpse of male buttocks."

In and Out

• Cheers to James Ridgeway and the ever-fabulous Ann Goddard Fetter for their May 12 Village Voice piece on, respect-

tively, Reagan's sham AIDS policies and Koop's hanky-panky. A bloody curse, however, on Lisa Kennedy; in the same week five disco, Ron Casden's direction offers no distractions:

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• Next week: Chicago.
Feling stressful? You decide to meditate. You sample various approaches, groups, gurus, "churches," etc., but are put off by their idealist, missionary language. You're about to give up when you read an Advocate article by Ron Bluestein about the "gay zendo" at 57 Hartford Street. You decide to check it out.

You put open a wrought iron gate and walk down eight cement steps to the zendo located in the basement of a nondescript frame house. A large shrub next to a Gutenberg stand has proclaimed June 8 AID & COMFORT day.

"It was very nice," he says. "I got up at 3:25 am every day to sit zazen. The schedule is very simple and never varies except on the 4th and 9th days when you have time to do laundry, write letters, exercise or take a hot sulfur bath."

"You don't try to stop your breathing. A wind chime tinkles and you hear someone speaking French in a nearby backyard. "Let's try to stop your thoughts, you just don't invite them in for tea." You recall reading this in Suzuki Roshi's Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind. You picture your thoughts as a string, you count your exhalations to the number ten. You do this repeatedly for 40 minutes. If you lose count, you start over again.

He loves me, he loves me not. Will I be lonely when I go to Kyoto? My back hurts. Someone coughs and you return to your silent room. You smell a whiff of incense. You hold your hands in a little black pillow. Five others are sitting on mats facing the wall. At bottom, we're just creatures that breathe. A peaceful silence reigns here that's deeper than mind, deeper than emotion, deeper even than pain or ego. Once I felt like I was sitting at the bottom of a very, very deep lake. Other times I'm bored or start to fall asleep. When your head was suspended by a delicate piece of gold leaf. Sitting with your spine straight, as if holding a delicate piece of gold leaf. Sitting with your spine straight, as if holding a delicate piece of gold leaf.

Zen teachers like to tell little stories. A friend tells of a student who once asked Issan Dorsey, Hartford Street's resident Zen monk, about the bodhisatta vow to save all sentient beings. "What are we saving them for?" the student asked. "We're saving them for later," Issan replied. On Tuesday nights Issan teaches a class. Today he's talking about the point that there's all kinds of ways to cut a ham. It's both sides," Jerome began. "That's the way you taught me to do it," his wife replied. The man then asked his mother-in-law and got the same answer. Finally, he asked his wife's grandmother. "Cut it out that way because that's the only way it would fit into my oven,'" she told him."

The point of Jerome's story isn't clear. Is he suggesting that it's wise or silly to follow your teachers without question? Or is the point that there's all kinds of ways to give a talk (or become enlightened) just as there's all kinds of ways to cut a ham? (It'sZen monk Issan Dorsey.

Zen monks are expected to at­
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ment at San Francisco's Fort Mason, FORT, a sit-down dinner and entertain­
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AID & COMFORT: Restaurants and Entertainers Fighting AIDS

On June 8, fourteen top Bay Area restaurants will present AID & COMFORT, a fun-dining and entertainment event at San Francisco's Fort Mason, Pier 3. Tickets will begin at $250 and over 1,000 people are expected to at­tend. All proceeds will go to support services of people with AIDS.

At a press conference Thursday, May 7, producer Bill Graham an­nounced the all-star cast of entertainers.

"It was very nice," he says. "I got up at 3:25 am every day to sit zazen. The schedule is very simple and never varies except on the 4th and 9th days when you have time to do laundry, write letters, exercise or take a hot sulfur bath."

The simplicity of this schedule freed his mind of worldly con­flict, Jerome said. "It's very nice to not have to carry house keys or change for the bus." I thought about the two years I spent in a Benedictine Monastery in Missouri. I was 20 years old and worked in a rare book room with two old monks from Switzer­land. Bert tells of reading the Tibetan Book of the Dead to someone who's just died. "When you
THE ARIES, THE SHEEP (Mar 21 - Apr 20): You're fast approaching a little lethargy this week. Realize that work is superficial and unnecessary; you can survive without an intense commitment to productivity. In fact, if you put your ambitions aside for a while everyone else around you can relax! Recall those long-lost dreams of lounging on the beach with your lover. Never forget that love, not money, makes the world go round.

TAURUS, THE OX (Apr 20 - May 20): Your strapping muscular nature attracts attention, but your permanent impression on others is limited. Realize that your new-found friends over the last three months have been as interested in their lives with superior motives as if you were the saviour of the world. Put pleasure before pursuit.

May 15-21, 1987

WEEKLY ALMANAC: Venus enters Gemini May 15, Mars enters Cancer on Wednesday. A definite shift in sexual expression will occur. Bay Area Tantric practitioners project strong sensuality and men allow themselves to enjoy their own sexual recreation. The warmth of springtime embraces naked bodies as humanity joins in the revelry of spring. Touch each other where you've never touched before.

SCORPIO, THE SCORPION (Oct 23 - Nov 21): Modest success has always pumped up your imagination with delusions of super-stardom. And you know what happens when complicated hopes overshadow simple realities; you end up on center-stage after the audience has already gone home. Play it cool this time by satisfying yourself with a secure position on the sidelines. Later, at the end of the summer, the time will be right for you to grab the glory you deserve.

GEMINI, THE WOLF (May 21 - Jun 20): Just like all the pleasure you've turned down lately in a vain attempt to prove your sophistication and deeply concerned about your career. This week physical desires will finally overcome social status. You can justify a temporary distance for work by simply admitting that you've done enough of it. Head off for a day with your lover and catch up on all that tender lover you've been missing. Enjoy the sweet taste of success.

CANCER, THE CRAB (Jun 21 - Jul 22): Why do you keep coming back for more? (Jun 21 - Jul 22): Why do you keep coming back for more? You seem to have stumbled into the same old conversation with a weird hope that someday that special someone will finally understand your secret motives. Well, don't be surprised if your very best friend reaches behind your flimsy defenses this week and pushes your love button just the way you always wanted. Stay loose and enjoy this rare occasion to be fully understood.

LEO, THE SNAKE (Jul 23 - Aug 22): WOULD you just love to run your fingers through his/her thick curly hair and put your lips on his/her lips? How much longer can you wait? You already have tacit permission to take the risk of whipping your fantasies. If your Teddy doesn't respond like you imagined, pay no attention. To be honest, you're not interested in satisfying his/her needs or in realizing your own.

VIRGO, THE VIRGIN (Aug 23 - Sep 22): Later, at the end of the summer, you may finally have the composure to look back on the time you've just spent with your lover and realize your own. Later, at the end of the summer, you may finally have the composure to look back on the time you've just spent with your lover and realize your own.

LIBRA, THE SCALES (Sep 23 - Oct 22): The weather's almost as hot as you are this week. Your body blushes with springtime embraces as you realize your own. Your body blushes with springtime embraces as you realize your own.

CAPRICORN, THE GOAT (Dec 22 - Jan 19): Why do you keep coming back for more? (Dec 22 - Jan 19): Why do you keep coming back for more? Your curiosity could jump on the work you can't handle before you make the big move? It's time that admit that you're ready for the ultimate thrill and then let your lover have complete control. By week's end you'll be quivering with satisfaction.

SAGITTARIUS, THE HORSE (Nov 22 - Dec 21): Due to circumstances beyond your control, it will be important to revamp your work schedule this week. You must spend extra overtime satisfying your customers. Success may stir up more competition than you expected; rather than shunning your competitors you should turn them on for a wish of fulfilling your fantasies. By the way, you've been ignoring a friend from the past because of false assumptions. Patch up this old friendship with a new attitude.

ARIES, THE RAM (Mar 21 - Apr 20): Put pleasure before pursuit! Simple admitting that you've done enough of it. Head off for a day with your lover and catch up on the private fantasies of your lover. How much longer are you going to wait?

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The Boys in Black present The Hope Show, billed as "a tribute to humanity's unflagging spirit," at Studio Xenon, Project Artaud, 401 Alabama Street, SF, May 16, 16, 22, 28 & 29. Check this one out — it could be happening. Call 621-8979 for info & reservations. Tickets are unbelievably cheap ($7).

COLUMNIST AND TRANSLATOR NANETTE GELLER will give a talk entitled Behind the Scenes at the Kabuki Theater. Focusing on actors' training and her own personal observations of rehearsals at the Kabuki Theater in Tokyo and the National Theater of Japan. Reception to follow. Reservations required. 7 pm-9 pm. 4818 25th St., SF. Free. Info: 473-0249 (please only) or 824-2016.

MULTI-TALENTED ORCHESTRATORS required. 7 pm-9 pm. 4818 25th St., SF. Info: 673-0249 (evenings only) or 824-2016.

Glimmer, "the hottest and possibly most controversial opera of the de-

Our film series continues with The Healing and Empowerment Series meets weekly on Fridays to address the healing of body, mind and spirit. Anyone interested in booster booth information should attend. 7 pm. 3142 21st St., SF. Info: 673-2731.

At least two Jewish mothers set out to find a couple of nice Jewish girls for their two gay sons! A match that their mothers never expected to see come true and lots of laughs in Michael Zimmerman's play What's a Mother to Do? A setting that is both humorous and serious. A Little Lambbold will never be the same. 8 pm. 9261 16th St., SF. $9.91. Info: 861-8379.

For an evening of quiet conviviality try The Par-

20 MAY WEDNESDAY

Women's Writers Workshop for Older Lesbians (60 +) and friends meets every Wednesday. Come and share your work with us. Sponsored by Operation Concern - Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders (GLOSE). 6 pm-8 pm. 1835 Market St., SF. Info: 626-7000.

"Forbidden Landscapes," new photographs by Stephen Savage, will be on display at CentroSpace, May 17 to June 30. The public is invited to a special champagne reception for the artist on Sunday, May 17, from 5 to 7 pm. CentroSpace is located at 2840 Mariposa Street (between 17th and 18th and Bryant and Harrison Streets), SF. Call 861-5097.

You're not a real San Franciscan until you've run the Bay to Breakers with the SF Front­

Glimmer’s 25th birthday! Meet at Howard and Beale Streets for this 7½ mile run/walk/crawl and prepare to party afterwards at Lindley Meadows with other Front­

The SF Frontrunners are sponsoring a weekly Fron­

The SF Frontrunners are holding its general mem­

The Healing and Empowerment Series meets weekly on Fridays to address the healing of body, mind and spirit. Anyone interested in booster booth information should attend. 7 pm. 3142 21st St., SF. Info: 673-2731.

Another meeting of the SF Lesbian/Gay Free­

theater of Japan. Reception to follow. Reser­

"AIDS/ARC meets every Tuesday evening. 7 pm-9

The SF Macrobiotics Network holds its weekly

Another meeting of the SF Lesbian/Gay Free­

You're not a real San Franciscan until you've run the Bay to Breakers with the SF Front­

The SF Healing Center’s Open House is being held at the Healing and Empowerment Center, 1313 Valencia St., SF, $5. Info: 861-5733.

The SF Frontrunners are sponsoring a weekly Fron­

The SF FrontRunners will feature poets Ping Lee will lead a Zen Shiatsu Workshop to­

Everyone is welcome, but space is limited. So call in those reservations ASAP! Info: Martie at 387-8435.

Ping Lee will lead a Zen Shiatsu Workshop to­

The Reaganistas and others are also scheduled to

Tour of Cuba will feature poets

Healing and Empowerment Series meets weekly on Fridays to address the healing of body, mind and spirit. Anyone interested in booster booth information should attend. 7 pm. 3142 21st St., SF. Info: 673-2731.

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Hopeless Love?

Dear John,

A few weeks ago I volunteered to run errands and clean houses for a man with AIDS. We have everything in common and are compatible in every way. Yesterday, while we were talking, I made an eye contact with him. Nothing needed to be said. We both knew we were falling in love. We are obviously physically attracted to each other. Last night I could not sleep, realizing the possibility of the situation. We are both level headed, and even if I had a weak moment, I know I would be able to resist. He called me this morning, and we admitted he felt the same way, but also felt hopeless about it. What should I do? Should I stop seeing him before my love develops into something hopeless and incurable? Sincerely, Hopeless

Dear Hopeless,

You certainly have my compassion. Finding yourself falling in love with someone who has a terminal illness is a painful situation. But you two seem to be compatible in every way. You all, sooner or later, will have to think of what you have now will continue, enjoy and relish what you have before it is completely gone. In the next 20 years, you and he have a comfortable life. You are sharing your love in the most beautiful way.

And I see no reason why the feelings of the two of you for each other cannot be physically. In the Safe Sex guidelines, there are some things that are not beled Entirely Safe. What that means is that any two people can engage in those practices with no fear of transmitting the virus. Clearly there are certain acts that do not have a future. Love is sharing your love in the most beautiful way.

John Armstrong

John Armstrong is a Marriage, Family, and Child Counselor, and private practice here in San Francisco. He specializes in individual and couples work. If you have a question for the column please send an addressed, expeditio to The Sentinel 505 Hayes St., San Francisco, CA 94114. If the question is not used in the column, he will try to answer your personally. He can be reached at 885-7947 or to see him professionally call 885-7947 to arrange an appoint.
A sure instinct about pleasure and pain. One who understands the 'rules' of love and

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