While the AIDS epidemic has devastated our community in many areas, it has also resulted in some positive changes. One of those changes is the growing realization that lesbians and gay men must learn to work together, instead of practicing separatist, hostile lifestyles. From emotional support to direct action, women have responded overwhelmingly to the call of helping their gay brothers through this devastating epidemic which affects us all. In honor of these efforts, the Harvey Milk Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club has chosen to formally recognize the achievements of 10 women who have contributed significantly to a united lesbian/gay community. Corinne Lightweaver profiles these 10 outstanding women and their work in her report on page 10.
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Calling AIDS "the public health tragedy of the century," Mayor Dianne Feinstein has proposed an additional $4.3 million dollars for AIDS-related services from the city's coffers. If approved by the Board of Supervisors, the mayor's appropriations for the fight against AIDS in the city's 1987-1988 budget would represent a 33% increase over this year's funding levels.

"In my early years, the priorities for budgeting were the uniform forces, both police and fire, and the MUNI transit system," said Feinstein at a Wednesday morning press conference. "Today, there's a host of different priorities. They are health, mainly the AIDS crisis, and social services, mainly general assistance."

"You've got to realize that we didn't, before have the expectation of what AIDS was going to do," Feinstein told reporters. "There's 17 million dollars in this budget for AIDS. That wasn't a priority in 1979 and '80. I believe in '81-'82 we spent $184,000 on AIDS."

The additional money will bring city funding for AIDS-related services to $7.3 million, up from $7.2 million spent during the 1986-87 fiscal year. Additional AIDS outreach and education, especially for homosexuals, youth, and Pier Patrol, Streetworkers, and expansion of support, treatment, and housing services provided by the SF Department of Social Services, SF General Hospital, and the Shanti Project, are among the priorities listed in the mayor's 45-page summary of the mayor's $1,927,730,760 budget — the largest in city history, and Feinstein's ninth since she took office in 1978 after the assassination of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk.

Health Commissioner Jim Foster says he is pleased with Feinstein's proposals.

"We had asked for six million in new program money, and considering the state of the city's finances, that's coming up with $4.3 million, I can't complain."

Foster said that federal funding, which is slated to receive additional appropriations for the light against AIDS in the city's history, and Feinstein's ninth since she took office in 1978, will only cost-effective, but it's coming from Medi-Care because Medi-Care will pay these patients."

Foster explained Foster, because Medi-Care Subsidize them."

"They need attendant care, they need meals on wheels, they need psycho-social support, they need some­thing to come in and clean the house. So until we can survive the state and federal governments to reimburse those services, we're still going to have to subsidize them," Foster said.

Sandoval says programs like the Shanti Project can use the government money while providing a better quality of life for patients.

The economic story around AIDS has not been totally written yet, and Feinstein has not been totally writing it. She is currently, among the board's most out­spoken proponents of increased AIDS funding, and Supervisor Jim Gonzales, a former Feinstein aide. The committee has the power to cut funding in any budget area, but cannot increase ap­proval, the budget will be considered by the entire Board of Supervisors.

Sentinel

33% Increase for AIDS Funding

by Bob Marshall

Over 70 Gay Co-Chairs at Molinari Rally

by George Mendenhall

Sentinel

Great Tricycle Race

...And they were off and running in the 6th edition of the Great Tricycle Race sponsored by The Mint, Motherdope, and Hot N Husky. The annual event held last Sunday raised an estimated $1000 for the Shanti Project.

The San Francisco Eagle took top honors in the three-seater race that included 32 pit stops.

San Francisco Sentinel • May 29, 1987
Gay/Lesbian Press Awards

Sentinel Wins National Award for Arts Coverage

The San Francisco Sentinel received the Wallace Hamilton Award for "Outstanding Cultural Reporting in 1986" at the Gay and Lesbian Press Association’s seventh annual convention-held May 22-24 in San Diego. The award recognized overall excellence in a weekly newspaper's arts and entertainment coverage, including arts criticism, interviews, and feature writing.

The Sentinel's arts section is edited by Eric Hellman. From January through September 1986, it was edited by Ken Copeland. The award was accepted by David M. Lowe, Sentinel's news editor, who read a brief statement by Hellman. The arts editor's remarks included the following:

"At the Sentinel, our goal has been to pursue the best of what's happening in all of the arts — paying particular attention to the contributions and achievements of gay people — but adamantly rejecting the notion of a separate, ghettoized gay art. I'm very grateful for this award and take it as a signal of approval for the type of coverage we're providing."

Hellman also thanked the Sentinel's publisher, Robert Michael Golovich, and editor in chief, Tom Murray, for their continued support of the paper's innovative arts coverage.

"But, more than anyone else," Hellman continued, "this award belongs to the artists and photographers whose work reflects an exceptional degree of talent and commitment. It confirms my suspicion that something very hip and very substantive is happening in the paper's arts section. And besides, I love working with uncontrollable egomaniacs."

The Sentinel's arts staff includes Steve Abbott (Second Glance), Don Baird (Rock), Joseph Bean (Theatre), John Bird (Dining), Adam Block (Rock, Preview), David Gadd (Art), Eric Hellman (Dance), Patrick Hoch (Film), Bill Huck (Classics), Robert Julian (Pop), Lisa Keran (Film), Andrew O’Hear (Film), Steve Silberman (Dining), and James Tuchkowski (Books).

The arts section is produced under the design direction of Rupert Kinnard, assisted by Myrna Chiu. Photographers whose work regularly appears in the arts section include Thomas Allen, Rikki Ercoli, Marc Geller and Anne Hamersky.

Other award recipients from the Gay and Lesbian Press Association included:


- Individuals receiving awards included Ed Hicks, The Gayle, Cincinnati, and Joe S. Robbins, Frontiers, Los Angeles (tie for National News Reporting), Jim Schonder, Equal Times, Minneapolis and Don L. Volk, Frontiers, Los Angeles (tie for Local News Reporting), Jan S. Rob- bins, Frontiers, Los Angeles (Opinion, Commentary and Columns Writing), and Victoria Brownworth, Philadelphia Gay News (Ongoing Coverage, non-medical), and Dan Siminoski, The Advocate (Human Interest and Interview Features).
Health Officers Drop Quarantine Proposal

by George Mendehall

Repeated protests and AIDS education work by local gay activists have resulted in a prestigious committee of health officers dropping its proposed guidelines for quarantining "recalcitrant" AIDS patients who refuse to practice safe sex. It was a victory for the local Citizens for Medical Justice and Mobilization Against AIDS.

The new proposed guidelines circulated this week urge that health officers take action against AIDS patients who continue unsafe sex only if such an action "would do more good than harm." Instead of establishing a strict, supervised quarantine and a rigid procedure, the new guidelines emphasize sex education and voluntary compliance plus a "modified isolation" which would allow for unrestricted movement.

In its original proposal, the Disease and Prevention Control (DEPC) of the California Conference of Local Health Officers (CCLHO) would have set aside several specific factors including severely isolated orders if a person with AIDS refused to practice safe sex — including confinement to her/his home, a hotel, or jail. AIDS activists feared there would be factual-like facilities established for people with AIDS and that the civil rights of such people would be violated.

The CCLHO, composed of health professionals, is considering several guidelines that would give more assistance to local health officers who are confused about how to cope with the AIDS crisis at the local level. The DEPC has six task forces — education, confidentiality, quarantining, epidemiology, and case management — forming proposed guidelines.

Bill Paul, who has been active in the protests, praised the chair of the DEPC, Dr. Carl Smith of the Alameda Health Department, for his patience during the demonstrations at two meetings. He said, "Smith is willing to open up the discussion and merits credit for how powerfully he reacted while under attack." Paul explained, "We were defining the issues — rather than just overstating. Direct action really does work — people working together to change history. Too often we sit back and just assume that things will be arranged for us."

Dr. Smith, who also chaired the proposed task force, said, "the demonstrations were helpful to the twenty health professionals on the task force. He explained, "We are an in-house group that few people normally pay much attention to, although our meetings are open to the public. We do not hold hearings, but we wanted everyone to be heard." He added, "It is unfortunate that there is no a public forum where we can all discuss these issues. Too often, there are only discussions in Sacramento, centered around specific legislation." He praised administrators of the SF Health Department and local gay activists for informing the health officers of how they might better proceed.

Dr. Roy Barlow, DEPC Director, and his associate, Dr. Tom Peters, had attended meetings of the state board of the conference to emphasize that the stress on quarantining was detrimental, as it would drive people with concerns about AIDS underground.

Dr. Peters told the Sentinel, "These public health decisions are a very conscientious group who deal with dental and child care and a variety of other health issues. They do not have much public involvement, so this was new to them... They are good colleagues and we made our points on how we disagreed with them — while maintaining our respect for them."

It should be noted that the Health Officers Association of California (HOAC), the CCLHO's lobbying group, is one of the primary supporters of AIDS legislation in Sacramento and the group is comprised of some of the most forward-thinking health officials in the state. Dr. Carl Smith has appeared more than once before the state legislature, presenting bills by Senator Atkins.

The full, 10-page proposal on quarantining AIDS patients was drafted by Smith and Dr. George Wolfe of the Santa Cruz County Health Board of the confidentiality in the public. The CCLHO is making the other five AIDS guidelines proposals for the executive officers to those who request them. The contact is Ellen Eastman, 714 P Street, #1376, San Diego, CA 92101 (916-323-6067). The next meeting of the CCLHO's Disease and Epidemiology Committee will be in July. Smith is hopeful that all six guidelines will be available and released then. The entire health guidelines proposals may be presented to the state board for the CCLHO at its October meeting in Sacramento.

Activist Bill Paul gave this final warning: "We have to be constantly aware of what is going on. The issue of quarantining is a bigger issue. There is talk about quarantining in other states. We have to be alert and react."
EDITORIAL

Housing & ‘Blackmail’

San Francisco’s latest effort to build affordable housing will be determined by voters when the votes are tallied on June 17. At issue are two planned projects, a 114-unit condominium development and a similar project planned at Balboa Reservoir near City College. Both developments are designed for first-time home buyers.

Proposition A, the rezoning of the abandoned Polytechnic High School, will change the zoning for that site from P to RH-1 (residential, three units), and permit the development of 114 units. Most are large three and four-bedroom units. They will be priced at $55,000 to $135,000. The proposal includes open space and playgrounds, 170 enclosed parking spaces, and a multipurpose community center.

Proposition B, the rezoning of the vacant South Balboa Reservoir, will change the zoning for that site from P to RH-1 (residential, one unit), and permit the development of 203 homes, priced at $55,000 to $140,000. The project includes over 500 parking spaces and two acres of open space and playgrounds.

Both projects were designed by and in cooperation with neighborhood and community residents. They are supported by a broad coalition of activists, business and public officials, including the Chamber of Commerce, Calvin Welch of the Council of Community Housing Organizations, Mayor Dianne Feinstein, Assemblyman Art Agnos, environmental lawyer Sue Hestor, and ten members of the Board of Supervisors.

Controversy surrounding these propositions centers on a father-and-son team of developers, J. Alfred and Dean Rider, who once battled to build a hotel and have converted other properties in their neighborhood into guest houses. Voters have already rejected the hotel idea, and rezoning issues surrounding the Riders’ other properties are matters of dispute. The father and son are allegedly responsible for organizing opposition to Props. A and B.

A “family” could include seniors, childless couples, unmarried couples or parents with children.

project includes over 500 parking spaces and two acres of open space and playgrounds.

In this case, responsible reporting and policies to promote the development of 20,000 new, affordable units.

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Mayor Feinstein has used the term “blackmail” in describing the Riders’ activity, arguing that the family is attempting to tie up needed housing projects for exchange for approval of their own developments. Dean Rider rejects the assertion, contending that he and others are simply asserting their constitutional rights.

What does “affordable” mean? Housing that is affordable to those earning from below 80% and up to 120% of the median income for the San Francisco Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area (SMSA). For 1987, the median income for a family of four in San Francisco is calculated to be $39,400, so the affordability range is below $30,400 and up to $47,760. The Riders project will include units affordable to those with an income of $21,800.

Who qualifies for these projects? Any “family” of first-time homebuyers that meets the income standard. A “family” could include seniors, childless couples, unmarried couples or parents with children.

San Francisco is interested in affordable housing! The city has a major housing shortage, with the highest housing costs in the nation, and very low vacancy rates on rental housing. In 1980, 63% of the voters approved Proposition K, a measure calling on the Board of Supervisors to adopt legislation and policies to promote the development of 20,000 new, affordable units.

To meet that mandate, the city established the Affordable Housing Fund, to support the acquisition of developable sites, and the Office Affordable Housing Production Program, to mitigate the housing demand created by new commercial office development; floated mortgage revenue bonds to assist first-time buyers; and made vacant surplus public lands available for new housing.

With a housing market that places the average price of a house above $165,000 in San Francisco, this is a realistic way to make affordable home ownership a reality for average wage earners. Gay couples will benefit, qualifying as “family” according to the established criteria. Our participation and presence in projects like these enhance and integrate them. (Not to mention looking up the decor.)

The Sentinel urges you to vote “yes” on both propositions on June 2. Then start saving your pennies and planning a color scheme.

LETTERS

Racist Reporting

To the Editor:

I was very pleased to read your April 24th column “Lack of Black Censoring,” and I wish to find the racist dismissal of the patrons offensive and of no relevance to the subject matter. By inclusion, it implies that one race is less concerned about spreading AIDS.

The constant “interracial coupling” is unbelievable in this day and age. The concept of miscegenation was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in 1967.

Controversy surrounding these propositions centers on a father-and-son team of developers, J. Alfred and Dean Rider, who once battled to build a hotel and have converted other properties in their neighborhood into guest houses. Voters have already rejected the hotel idea, and rezoning issues surrounding the Riders’ other properties are matters of dispute. The father and son are allegedly responsible for organizing opposition to Props. A and B.

Racism, as defined by the American Heritage Dictionary, is the belief that one race is superior to another, and that the concept of miscegenation is unbelievable in this day and age. The concept of miscegenation was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in 1967.

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To the Editor:

Gary Hannan expresses his feelings at the fourth annual San Francisco AIDS Candlelight Memorial held last Monday on the steps of City Hall.

feeling that far too many developers expeditiously greed at its worst. This feeling, however, does not blind me to the occasional exceptions to the norm.

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In Touch
**FROM THE DESK**

**DAVID M. LOWE**

**Scratch N Sniff**

“If you scratch my back, I’ll scratch yours,” pronounced Supervisor John L. Molinari to a crowd of supporters gathered at the Trocadero Transfer for his gay and lesbian community kick-off. The mayoral front-runner then proposed that if he were voted for on November 3rd, “no person in this city with AIDS will go without a home, or health care or social services.”

As a reporter and political analyst I’ve scratched this statement and on the surface it smells sweet, but just below the superficial it stinks. This commentator, this newspaper and I strongly suspect this community will not allow any politician in this or any other campaign to play politics with AIDS.

AIDS is not an issue upon which we will be forced to trade votes in exchange for promises of help when the candidate already possesses the power to provide the much needed services prior to the election. We cannot wait until November and beyond to obtain the vital health care and social services so desperately needed by our brothers and sisters who have been ravaged by this epidemic. Does Molinari find it acceptable to leave our critically ill and homeless funding for themselves on the streets of San Francisco until after the election when he has the power to solve this devastating dilemma before?

If this issue is of concern to the man who has served on the Board of Supervisors throughout the entire AIDS epidemic from its very first day, why hasn’t he taken steps to remedy this travesty before now?

Litten Jack, if you have a plan designed to ensure that no person with AIDS will ever be homeless, hungry or without a place to rest, you or the emotional and medical support he or she might need, we need to evaluate it now.

Promises of help will not do on this issue. If you want me to consider seriously casting my vote for Mayor next to John L. Molinari, begin working diligently on this plan today and get it passed by the Board of Supervisors and signed by the Mayor before the election.

If you for some reason, political or otherwise, believe we can afford to wait, then at this very last you can present a detailed plan for the lesbian/gay community to evaluate. We’ll even give you the necessary space in the Sentinel! Free of charge for you to put forward this life-saving legislation before.

We will never accept applause lines on AIDS related issues. We’re watching very, very closely and we demand action now.

**Action on AIDS**

State Attorney General John Van de Kamp has announced the establishment of a state Task Force on AIDS Consumer Fraud. The task force will be staffed by Van de Kamp’s Consumer Law Division under the leadership of Herschel Goodchild. “This enacting downgrading of the F.D.A. is a loss of the health and the lack of opportunities to participate in legislation that has driven many Californians into the ill-informed embrace of medical quacks,” said Van de Kamp. He spoke at the Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club dinner, “Their lives’ savings and stolen identities are insured to protect these purchases of bodied hope. The losses they buy, they bring nothing but need, suffering and pain. They need protection.”

Van de Kamp said the task force will draw on experts throughout the state to help define the scope of the problem and recommend legislation. The Attorney General’s task force was established at the request of Assemblyman Act Arguett.

**AIDS Research Center**

This week the Senate Budget Committee unanimously approved appropriating $16.5 million dollars to establish an AIDS Research Center at San Francisco General Hospital. If approved, construction would begin in July 1989 with completion anticipated in 1992.

**Tears for a Titanic**

Lesbian/Gay rights activists in Connecticut had a heart break last week when that state’s House of Representatives, which had already passed a proposed gay rights bill with a two to one margin the previous month is going down the drain. The bill passed the House 79 to 46 and was approved by the Senate 34 to 11 but with amendments to eliminate religious schools. The amended version failed to pass the House a second time when legislators deadlocked 73 to 73.

“Disgrace,” said Betty Gallo, a full time lobbyist for the Connecticut Coalition for Gay and lesbian Civil Rights which had been struggling for 12 years to get the bill passed.

Gallo told the Washington Blade that the loss of the bill was a result of an organized effort by the state’s Catholic Church.

The demonstration, organized by Mobilization Against AIDS, NGRA and Mobilization Against Human Rights Campaign, will coincide with the opening of the third International Conference on AIDS, held at the nearby Washington Hilton. The demonstration will be followed by a number of our community’s leaders being arrested around an act of non-violent civil disobedience. San Francisco committed to being arrested as a form of protest and the Board of Mobilization Against AIDS, Leonard Matzich, Dr. Tom Wollard of the San Francisco Foundation, Ralph Poyre, Cliff Jones, Glen Calhaupt and Richard Rector representing People with AIDS.

Simultaneous demonstrations will also occur in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and New York. Here in SF, Citizens for Medical Justice will once again put their bodies on the line at the Old Federal Building. We support the June 1 action of our fellow ambulance crewmen toidding sexual discrimination to AIDS. We’re also proud that it was our own Civilian for Medical Justice that showed the rest of the country how the bureaucratic cover-up of non-violent civil disobedience is a viable option to advance our movement.

**Molinari Media**

Allen White has been appointed media coordinator of the Molinari for Mayor campaign. Molinari is a relative newcomer to the gay community and white has experience in the gay community. He has worked for the Bay Area Reporter but assures us he won’t be any other political media.

**Straffordshire Harry**

The Straffordshire Harry has been appointed media coordinator for the San Francisco / Country Campaign. The contest was won by the Bay Area Reporter’s but assures us he won’t be any other political media.

**AT THE COURTHOUSE**

**KEN CADY**

**Should Rapists Be Tested for AIDS?**

For the last fourteen months, I have been assigned to the D.A.’s sexual assault prosecution team. The main thing that I have learned is that rape is very, very real. In thirteen years of prosecuting, I have never seen cases where so much trauma and suffering was left for the victim to deal with.

The original assault is bad enough, but for many victims, male and female, the court process causes repeated agony. The victim must first tell the police about the assault, then a detective. If a suspect is arrested, there is an interview with the D.A. Then a preliminary hearing where the victim must testify a long delay.

At this hearing the victim faces an attorney for the accused for the first time. The victim’s ability to observe, to remember, to identify are all determined with prejudice scrutiny. The preparer of the attack sits down before the victim, all of his constitutional rights protected. The details of the incident must be re-told by the victim, once full of strangers. Are you sure you have identified the right man? weren’t you taking a risk by doing this or that? Why don’t you admit it? Or did this differ anything? Why did you wait to call the police? Why did you stay at the scene first place? Haven’t you made the victim an issue of accusation before? When you under the influence of drugs? Isn’t a victim allowed to be under the influence of drugs? Does the victim ever have to pay the price of the rapist? Does the victim ever have to pay the price of the rapist?

When the victim is called to testify, the rapist’s attorney can find out if he has been exposed by taking the antibody test, if he has not been exposed by taking the antibody test, but there is a wait for an additional fear. Did their attacker, that’s why I don’t understand the reason.

The issue has arisen in San Jose. There, according to recent news reports, a deputy district attorney requested a defendant to take the antibody test, but there is a wait for an additional fear. Did their attacker, that’s why I don’t understand the reason.

The issue has been brought to my attention, it must be greater.

But if he has risked her future by testing in criminal cases. The rape of a victim can find an additional fear. Did their attacker, that’s why I don’t understand the reason.

Testing out the door to be printed, the issue has been brought to my attention, it must be greater.

**CATHARINE MCCS**

**FEATURING THE BROWN BOMBER AND DIVA TOUCH FLAME**

*By Lib Gittenspoon*

**WHY BE APPLAUDING THE CHURCHES?**

*By Richard Rownd*

**APPLYING TO ME?**

*By Bob Chinn*

**IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T STAND THE MEDIA REFERREnt TO PEOPLE LIKE BLACk CkAKe, GLASS, M. L. KING AS THE BLACK CLark CAFE.**

*By Tom Bate*

**THEY GO SO FAR, AS TO CALL**

*By Tom Bate*

**OLIFN KITCHEN, THEBLACK MAXIM OR PERRY, EL. DORES DONSKY AND Hической DIANA ROSS? IT'S GETTING OUt**

*By Bob Chinn*

**I SUPPOUR YOU FEEL A LITTLE**

*By Tom Bate*

**SMARTER IF YOU WERENT REALLY LIKELY TO BE INTERVALLED BY THE PRESS.**

*By Lib Gittenspoon*

**THE BLACK PRINCE AND THE BOY**

*By Lib Gittenspoon*
The San Francisco contingent of the Fourth International AIDS Candlelight Memorial moved slowly and steadily down Market Street. Candles of memory and hope flickered in the cool evening breeze. The chilling effect of the AIDS epidemic that has claimed many of our friends and loved ones was paramount in our hearts and minds. We were filled with the courage that is exemplified by those in our community who have rejected the disease as a death sentence and are living with AIDS.

Arm-in-arm, we gathered at City Hall to express the grief, fear, love and support that simultaneously coursed through our veins. Expressions of outrage at the lack of government action filled the air. Voices in the night shouted the names of those who’d left us. Moments of silent meditation healed our inner beings as tears found their way down our faces. Joined as one we held hands and sang songs of loss and laughter with lumps in our throats and smiles on our faces. We embraced, we loved, we vowed to continue the fight.
Club Honors
10 Women for AIDS Work

by Corinne Lightweaver

Ten San Francisco women were honored for their contributions to the fight against AIDS at the tenth anniversary dinner of the Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club. The awards dinner was held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in San Francisco on May 21.

"We wanted to find some way to express our thanks to the women," says Maurice Belote, current club president, "For years, they've been at our sides and gotten little recognition."

Belote says the club decided to choose women who weren't as well known, as well as those who have received a lot of publicity. All the recipients, however, have done outstanding work in meeting the challenge of AIDS.

X

Martí Segovia Ashley

When Martí Ashley became a Shanti volunteer over two years ago, she had no idea that in two months, she would be the right person to help bring people with AIDS out of the closet, and she had no idea that in two months, she would become a Shanti volunteer. She may have been in the right place at the right time, as some say, but a strong background in media, television, and the entertainment industry helped her. She was co-chair of Coming Home Hospice's capital campaign, which raised $200,000 for the hospital through individual donations, and traditional fundraising events. Coming Home Hospice serves 150 patients at a time, a limit which Martí says was purposely placed to avoid an institutional-type setting.

Sister Ruth Hall

Sister Ruth Hall is one of the founders of Family Link, an organization founded to provide hospice services to families visiting people with AIDS and ARC. The organization had its informal beginnings three years ago when the Shanti Project, where Hall volunteered, found out that her cousin had an empty room and asked whether a family could stay there. Then, Hall and a friend founded a public benefit corporation, which is not religiously affiliated, to serve the many families who come to visit their dying relatives. Currently, Family Link has two apartments with six beds, and shared living areas and kitchens. Although the space is small, it's almost a blessing in disguise. "Because they're close quarters, they talk to each other and the most amazing things happen, which have nothing to do with sex," says Hall. Patients, who feel they cannot talk to people back home that their son has AIDS, find comfort and solace in one another.

Carole Migden

When Carol Migden saw the Harvey Milk Club during production of the brochure, the first safe sex pamphlet. She was co-chair of the Harvey Milk Club and was pleased about the award. "It's a nice way to end our campaign," Migden says. "We've been raised to be nurturing and supportive."

Rita Rockett

Rita Rockett planned her first Sunday brunch in Easter 1984 for a very ill friend who was staying at San Francisco General's Ward 5A. When her friend died before the planned party, Rockett decided to go ahead with the brunch anyway for the eight patients on the ward at that time.

Since then, Rockett has staged Sunday brunches on Ward 5A every Sunday and regularly cooks for 75 people, including 15-40 patients, as well as staff and visitors. Rockett says her brunches provide a much-needed family atmosphere on the ward and encourage interaction among the patients. Some patients choose to eat in their rooms alone or with visitors, but for those who want to be with others, they can party together in the lounge.

Rockett's main message is that "regular people" can make a difference by getting involved. "She has taken that message national in an interview with Tom Brokaw and in People magazine. She also basic national seminars on AIDS awareness, community involvement, and what the individual person can do.

"It's nice to be honored with such prestigious and influential women," says Rockett, "and to have that reinforcement that you're part of a team, not just working by yourself."

Kitty Ryan

Chair of the San Francisco AIDS Housing Committee, Kitty Ryan first
AIDS Follows Gay Immigrants to River

by David Isaacs

Local gays who moved to the Russian River area to escape big city woes find it more difficult to get away from the encroaching AIDS epidemic.

"It's a lot of AIDS cases this year. For me personally, the circles are coming closer and closer," says David Nordine, a retailer who moved to the River in 1976.

In the last four months, most of the houses Nordine said were owned "by people hit by the AIDS epidemic," he says.

Sonoma County, which includes the gay River area, ranks second in California in the number of AIDS cases per capita, according to recent figures from the state Department of Health.

Though the total number of cases is not large, the county's small population of 339,400 translates to 30.3 cases per 100,000. San Francisco ranks first in the state with 33.3 per 100,000.

The county has seen 116 AIDS cases with 79 deaths, according to the Sonoma County AIDS Project. Ninety-five percent of the cases were gay or bisexual. Most of the cases occurred in the Russian River area, stretching from Forestville to Jenner and in the city of Santa Rosa.

The AIDS Project recently warned county supervisors there may be 1,820 cases by 1990. In February, local officials declared AIDS a serious and immediate emergency, qualifying the county for state Department of Health funds.

AIDS cases are expected to increase in part because the county's test and screening rate now ranks 50th among counties. Sonoma County is the only in California with a test rate of less than 5 percent.

The city of Santa Rosa is going to ride in the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade. "It isn't just the River that's becoming a gay mecca — Santa Rosa is becoming increasingly gay," says Peter D'Anastio, assistant manager of the gay Highlands resort.

"We're finding there's been an enormous exodus from the city. The overall lifestyle here is less stress and that's appealing to a lot of gay people with the crisis they're now facing," says Thomas.

Guy's who moved from the city have also brought their willingness to fight the AIDS epidemic. Face to Face, the county's only service organization for people affected by AIDS, raises more than half of its $30,000 yearly budget through donations, according to Thomas. A recent bus campaign and fundraiser at Molly Brown's restaurant and bar brought in $2,600.

"I think there's a real strong sense of community here," says Thomas. "AIDS has the same sort of impact you feel anywhere — it's such a horrible disease. But it feels like people are dealing with it pretty well."
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"AIDS and Attitudinal Healing - Healings Relationships with Our Parents, Closest Ones, Families, Friends, Co-Workers, God, and Ourselves" will be presented by Dr. Gerald G. Jampolsky, Diane V. Cirinciorte and the staff of the Center for Attitudinal Healing, with the music of Joseph and Nathan.

The free workshop will be held at the Unitarian Church, corner of Franklin and Gough Sts., SF from 2 pm-5:30 pm.

For information contact: The Center for Attitudinal Healing, 19 Main St., Tiburon, CA 94920, (415) 435-5022. □

Croquet Tourney, Potluck BBQ

On Sunday, May 31, the Sonoma County AIDS Network will present the 1st Annual Ain Croquet Tourney and Potluck BBQ to benefit the Face to Face project. The event will be held at 1811 Paradise Lane, Santa Rosa, from 2-8 pm. Tickets are $5. For directions or information, call 576-1795.

The Women's Building is wheelchair accessible. For more information, call (415) 486-0269. □

Gay American Indians

On June 8, Gay American Indians will host a benefit for the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights and the Women's Building will host a benefit for the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights. For more information call (415) 486-0269. □

OCT 11 1987

The next general meeting for the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights and the Women's Building will be held on June 2, 7:30 pm at the Women's Building, 1364 16th Street, SF.

Present will be guest speaker John Wall to give an update on plans being made by the lesbian and gay community in response to the upcoming visit by the Pope to the Bay Area. Individuals are encouraged to bring and questions about the Pope's visit and the National March to the meeting.

The Women's Building is wheelchair accessible. For more information, call (415) 486-0269. □

Mendocino has a large community of artists whose work can be seen in local shops. We'll have time to have lunch, and to look around before boarding our bus for the return trip home. We should arrive back in San Francisco by 5 pm.

Our two-night accommodations will be at the Seabird Quality Inn in quaint Fort Bragg. It has a restaurant, indoor pool and hot tub. Price includes: Transportation via motorcoach, 2 nights accommodations at the Seabird Quality Inn in quaint Fort Bragg, a restaurant, indoor pool and hot tub. Price includes: Transportation via motorcoach, 2 nights accommodations, round-trip Skunk Train, admission to Stone Painted Gardens. Members: $155; Single Supplement: $30. Reservations: Contact G. Jampolsky, Diane V. Cirinciorte and the staff of the Center for Attitudinal Healing, with the music of Joseph and Nathan.

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Skunk Train and Mendocino Coast with FOG

A trip over a weekend, 6/5-6, to get away from the hectic city to the unspoiled beauty and quiet of Mendocino. We will see the beautiful and rural Mendocino Coast, with its magnificent vistas. A visit to Hendy Woods State Park, will delight us with some of the best groves of redwood of any of the parks we have visited. We have 16 hours to enjoy the forest, which is relatively untouched and ideal for wandering and a close look at the trees. Next, a visit to the Stone Painting Museum in Fort Bragg will show us works made totally from stone, petrified wood and semi-precious gems.

On the second day of our trip, we will take our exciting Skunk Train ride. We'll travel a scenic 40-mile route from Fort Bragg to Willits along the Noyo River and pass through impressive groves of redwood. The scenery is truly spectacular. We'll have time to have lunch and browse in Willits before our return trip.

The next morning we will visit the famous Mendocino: Coast Botanical Gardens. It encompasses 47 acres of lush woods, meadows, gardens, plants and coastal wildflowers. Well-marked paths lead from a coffeehouse through the gardens, "Fern Canyon," and native forests to splendid ocean cliffs. Heading south along the coast we will stop in the charming town of Mendocino. Settled in the nineteenth century by New Englanders, the town has retained much of its original flavor.

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Differences with Doolittle

The following letter was sent to State Senate John Doolittle in response to his "Open Letter to the Gay Community" in the May 15 Sentinel.

Senator Doolittle,

I read your "Open Letter to California's Gay Community" which appeared in the San Francisco Sentinel. I believe I understand what you are trying to communicate to us, I wish to challenge one statement in your article, however, which is possibly the fundamental stumbling block in your approach to the AIDS crisis.

"If AIDS is not a gay disease," you write, "then the homosexual community should stop treating AIDS as a civil rights issue." Frankly, Mr. Doolittle, we'd love to do just that. We know that AIDS is not a gay disease, per se. I'm pleased that you also recognize this fact. However, the fact that the predominant number of people diagnosed with AIDS are part of our community has automatically politicized the issue. AIDS is a civil rights issue simply because gay people's rights are involved.

Surely you are aware even a little bit of the right wing's agenda regarding gay people . . . before AIDS appeared. But by bit, they've attempted to destroy gay rights legislation, which we have painstakingly worked to bring into existence. They've pushed for draconian laws that would outlaw us from working in fields such as education. They've used our sexuality as a reason to deny us access to livelihood, housing, even rightful custody or visitation rights to our own children! I could go on for pages outlining the injustices we've dealt with because of peoples' bias towards us as gay people. All of this was well in place before AIDS.

Now that we have to deal with this crisis, it's become a great opportunity for our self-righteous critics to try and finish us off once and for all. We've worked hard to date to challenge the casde of this epidemic, some of these people have tried to deal us a death blow to the movement for legitimate human rights for gays.

And the trends we are seeing now are far worse than before AIDS. Even the ridiculous US Supreme Court asserts we have no right to even touch each other lovingly in private! Anti-gay violence across the country is on a staggering increase. People have never needed AIDS as an excuse to do harm to gay people, but it certainly is convenient now that so many are familiar with this menace.

We do not wish to be paranoid or give "knee-jerk" responses to every piece of possibly helpful legislation that anyone proposes, but we will certainly scrutinize everything our leaders say and do about this disease. It is our people who are dying right now, our friends and loved ones most traumatized by the epidemic. Have any of your close friends or family members been diagnosed yet?

The judgment and contempt that you continue to direct towards us is indicative enough that your legislation will never save our best interests at heart. As you've noted, we are not part of the constituency you're willing to serve. The condescending tone of your "Open Letter" reaffirms that.

Because of your hostility, our opposition to do your existence in the State Senate and our suspicion of every thing you do will be substantial. Like you, we "make no apologies to you for this stance."

If you really want to change our resistance to what you've been doing, change your attitude. If you want any trust and cooperation from us you will have to work very hard to earn it. You can start by dumping the judgment and opening up to companionship and the awareness that your heterosexuality gives you no superiority over anyone.

When the gay civil rights issue is settled everywhere in our favor, then we will raise a little and feel that perhaps the AIDS crisis will not be used to bludgeon us further. Until that time, you'll be hearing from us.

Van R. Avil

---

Friday for Chair?

To the Editor:

While I cannot speak officially for the Harvey Milk Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club, I thought the community might be interested to know that some of "your" "pretty boys" have been sitting around thinking what a great club membership chair R.A.R. political columnist Wayne Friday, who coined that felicitous phrase, might make after the current chair moves on. Not only would, prima facie, his very presence retire any future, equally unfounded allegations of lookism, but the gay obviously has talent for the kind of leadership needed to get busy gay citizens out to meetings.

On matters of substance, from which Friday's amino acid tall is only one, I'm of the opinion that a major political year, I — and, I think, the Milk Club — am backing Agnos for mayor because he is the only progressive in the race. Both Agnos and Molinari are good friends of gay and lesbian people and can be counted on when our civil rights are at stake, something not consistently true of their opponents. Those whose sense of civic duty, however, can widen to a concern for our fellow minority, for the environment, for the quality of urban life, have an obvious choice. Molinari shares and votes for Feinstein's chosen future: full campus offers, happy Canadian mail ene developers, deeper and plumper downtown canyons, jammed public transit, grate sidewalks, crowded parks, out-of-sight rents, and the inexorable squeeze-out of poor people, light industry, and small business. Agnos is for a bid on growth, Molinari against. Agnos is for effective rent control, Molinari against. Agnos is for district elections, Molinari waffles. As Agnos said at his campaign kickoff, "We've had a decade for downtown, now we need a decade for the neighborhoods."

On matters of procedure we have a seat at the table and a red berrying. The Milk Club followed the same established procedure in its early endorsement of Agnos for mayor that it did in its early endorsement of Brit of the Congress. (No one, except of Friday, made any objection to the Brit process.) Early endorsements make sense when the club knows its own mind and traditions well enough that a months-long examination of all candidates is superfluous and the club can get to work faster to help the right candidate win. Numerous announcements of the process were made at all meetings and in the newsletter, secret ballots were distributed, and everyone, including Friday, had a chance to speak. The entire political action committee and over three-quarters of the membership voted to endorse Agnos. I've found the Milk Club a great place for anyone, pretty boys, pretty girls (rally found in Friday's conscious), yuppies, aging activists, people of many ages and various political temperaments.

I'll make a trip to see us for the provision of a San Francisco Diane has worked nine long years to destroy. The Agnos campaign is squarely in line with club ideals and tradition. Alan Weaver

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Sentinel

MEN

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Feel Good. Because You Look Good.
A blessing is an act that conveys appreciation, acceptance, and acknowledgement. It is a ritual that uplifts the nature of the thing being blessed, so that its sacredness, beauty and power is fully recognized. This enables the blessing's potential to be more completely actualized. It is for this reason that rituals of blessing are popular in many cultures and traditions, the world over. I believe it’s a good idea for us to know how to create our own blessing rituals to suit our own purposes.

We need blessings. We need them a great deal. But there’s an art to rendering a blessing that most of us don’t really know. We certainly know how to curse; we can curse situations or other people with great verbal dexterity. But when we want to render something positive with equal intention, too often we have recourse to religious cujons which are associated with our intuitive awareness, or have looked to some kind of traditional prayer (or printed authority) to handle the blessing process for us. This, I think, has constrained our own powerful experiences and has stunted our ability to be fully in the moment. When we want to bless, we need to consider the relationships, homes and possessions, life transitions or just our own beings, a blessing can elevate and enrich our perception of whatever’s being blessed. Through my years of work in the intuitive arts, I’ve found some simple techniques that can empower us to really shift our realities with blessings that are authentic, substantial, and transforming.

The Blessing Process

Let’s say we know what or the person we want to bless. First, we need to take a deep breath and allow that emotion to move through your awareness. Take a deep breath and allow that emotion to move through your awareness.

In blessings, we come into intimate rapport with our spiritual essence in a way we may have never experienced before.

fuller present with what’s going on. That means clearing the mind of its chatter — even if only for a few moments — letting go of thoughts of the past and future. A brief acknowledgement of these thoughts helps us let them aside. Just look at what they are, give them a polite nod, and let them go. “Oh yes, there’s my irritation with my boss today, I’ll get over it, I’ll get to you later. Goodbye.” Or: “Ah yes, here’s my plan for my trip to Canada — we’re all going to have a great time, I know you will see later.” This need not take more than a minute. Take a deep breath — gather how you can — and let it go as it exhalés. You’re fully in the moment.

Second step: place your attention in your heart. Reach your emotions. Embrace the emotion. Enter into the moment of the blessing process. They assist your mind in delving into its total concentration and maximizing the energy. What do you feel about what or whom you’re blessing? Take a deep breath and allow that emotion to move through your awareness. Feel it intensely. However simple or complex it is, is it really the third step to bring in the emotion fully behind your intention. What are you attempting to do? What do you want to happen here? If you’re blessing

define the process, and celebrate with food and drink. Dressy affairs take a little

different planning. Formal blessings are the biggies. There are usually reserved for major life transitions. These blessings usually need our friends and loved ones in attendance, meticulous planning, great attention to detail, and many hours of

intensive negotiation. These rituals can set waves of energy moving throughout many years of activity, so the tone must be properly set with all the beauty, emotion and drama needed to accomplish that.

It’s for this reason that I strongly recommend partnership blessings, particularly between lovers who are serious about commitment to each other. A relationship that does not receive a meaningful blessing may glide casually along for years, without the loving validation it needs to grow and stretch to its potential. A relationship blessing can formally and powerfully bind two people together at a deep level. If properly designed, it intensifies the psychic bond that already exists between lovers to an esoteric degree.

Gay couples, of course, have a special need for these blessings because the culture at large has historically denied our liaisons. It seems to enjoy seeing them fail. We need to do everything we can to see that the love is protected and enhanced. A couple’s blessing can be a huge, elegant affair with invitations, ceremony, reception, and all the trappings, or simply a party to celebrate the union to which all of the family and friends and family are invited. The blessing need not resemble traditional marriage ceremonies, but can be formed from the intentions and symbolism relevant to the participants. A relationship blessing can be something as simple as the pair joining hands and reciting a few words together, bless the love that brings us together.

Quickies

There’s a real need to be able to bless quickly and even anonymously. For example, if you’re attending a kids’ birthday party, or a street gathering, out on the street, or a mental symbol that conveys the Limitless in you” is one of the contributions you can make to other people’s lives.

If you’re blessing a friend, a street dweller I assumed, was

looking into her eyes, made the silent thought or a mental symbol that conveys the Limitless in you” is one of the contributions you can make to other people’s lives.

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Blessing

Continued from previous page

In the moment, draw upon the power in that beauty, and celebrate it as sacred. Accept

Self-Blessing Ritual

Props: A table, white candle, mirror, image you like, any power objects or symbols that are meaningful to you, a favorite photo of yourself, a tape of your favorite music (something quiet & meditative, preferably).

Time: Night time. Moons and full moons are excellent times, but any time that you’re ready to do this is perfect.

Place: Any place that feels comfortably soothing. Solitude is essential!

Begin the ritual by taking a long, hot bath, letting go of stress, and all the hustles and pressures of the outer world. Turn off the phone, lock the door, make sure you won’t be disturbed. When done, get out of the tub, go naked or wear your most comfortable and beautiful attire.

The table/altar should be arranged with the items listed above, and the mirror placed behind it, so that you can look directly into it. Light the candle and start the music, close your eyes and begin to breathe slowly and deeply, using any techniques you may already know to bring yourself into a meditative state. If you don’t know any, try counting slowly backwards from ten to one. Tell yourself that each counting number takes you deeper into relaxation, into the core of your awareness.

When you’re relaxed, open your eyes slowly. Look into the eyes of your reflection in the mirror, and let your gaze soften. Breathe. Don’t try to make anything happen here, just relax and be in the moment. You may find yourself connecting with a deeper, more subtle sense of your identity. You may receive unusual visual impressions. Stay with a. Keep breathing. Notice how you feel. Particularly notice the positive feelings you find coming up about who you are right now. No matter how slight or subtle, find and identify the strongest possible positive feeling. This might be a sense of appreciation for your own beauty or characteristics such as perseverance, intelligence, sensitivity, or common sense.

Enjoy identifying the major feeling, look into your own reflected image, and say: “I bless you, the image you see in the mirror.” Take a deep breath, and allow this blessing you give yourself to be received by yourself. Accept it.

Other positive traits may come into your awareness. Acknowledge them similarly: “I bless this aspect of you. When you come to the end of that meditational process, close your eyes and go inward. Breathe, and relax back into your being, which is the cradle of all these positive qualities. Relax into your identity. Feel its creativity, its uniqueness, its intensity and gentleness. Say: “I bless my uniqueness.”

Open your eyes, and look at your body in the candlelight. Touch your face. Say: “I bless my body, the vehicle for my being.” Pick up your own photograph and look at yourself. Say: “I bless the image I present to the world. I bless the image of my outer self.”

Place your hands on your head. Say: “I bless my mind, the instrument of thought and awareness.” Place your hands on your heart. Breathe into the center of your heart, imagining it open like a flower. Declare: “I bless my spirit, the essence of who I am now and who I will become.” Look back into the mirror. Say: “I bless my power. I accept my own blessing. I embrace my own being. I take my whole self and in full possession of my power.”

Take a deep breath when you’ve completed the ritual, and slowly count yourself back out from one to ten, bringing yourself completely back into your usual state of consciousness. Exhale the candle, turn the light back on. Celebrate with food and drink. It is done!
Lady Windermere: "Why do you talk so trivially about life, then?"
Lord Darlington: "Because I think that life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about."
— Oscar Wilde, Lady Windermere's Fan

On the Significance of Significant Others
by Steve Abbott

Lady Windermere: "Why do you talk so trivially about life, then?"
Lord Darlington: "Because I think that life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about."
— Oscar Wilde, Lady Windermere's Fan

As in the writing of Oscar Wilde or Quentin Crisp, Maupin's writing often sparkles with witty one-liners. "I hate being a whore," says one character. "There are too many responsibilities." Or says Mrs. Madrigal: "I tried growing my nails long, I wasn't man enough for it." Or says Wren Douglas to the make-up man who'd camouflaged her chins for TV: "Sweetie, my chins and I are not of different races. If we were, I'd call them The Supremes or something."

In these desperate, anxious, and career-driven '80s, it's easy to see why Maupin's so popular not only with gay but straight readers as well. He creates a world where social contradictions are kept over with a persistent kindness and a buoyant, slightly subversive sense of humor. But close reading reveals a darker side to Maupin's world. If separatist ghosts like Bohemian Grove and Wimminwood can't keep death and nastiness at bay, neither can Maupin's humanitarian philosophy of creature comfort. To some extent, Maupin seems aware of this; to some extent not. Chaos and violence hover at the edges of Maupin's world, threatening to engulf it, as early as the opening paragraph:

"Brian's internal clock always made him wake after four fifty-five, giving him four whole hours to luxuriate in the naked human body next to him. Then the Braun alarm clock on the nightstand would activate his wife with its gentle Nazi toast­ ing, and her morning marathon would begin."

Something bothers me here. What kind of character can be so superficial as to make flippant jokes about Nazism if kindness or joking could ameliorate fascist evil? The coffee machine, too, is described as a Nazi grinds its coffee beans. Indeed, references to fascism and terrorism run rampant in Significant Others: Reagan's visit to the Berlin wall; the 1960 U.S. invasion of Cuba..."
The SS Bermuda Star docks tomorrow in New Orleans, and it's been quite a week. After stops in Key West and Grand Cayman Island, we're heading back to New Orleans under overcast skies. In addition to entertainers like Rick Moreno and Quentin Crisp, the passenger list contains the names of 650 gay men and 6 lesbians. You can tell which rooms the ladies are in — they're the ones without doors.

Wayland Flowers answers the door of cabin 618 looking relaxed in white linen slacks and a matching shirt. His eyes scan the room for signs of Madame, but none can be found. In an instant I realize he's got the girl stashed away in the closet. Is that any way to treat a lady? I was hoping for a formal introduction. Since this is the second time Wayland Flowers has performed on a gay cruise, questions about sexuality seem appropriate. Mr. Flowers thinks otherwise.

Flowes: I'm a human being. I don't belong to the gay club. I'm not going to be put in that drawer. It always amazes me when people want to know if a famous person is gay? Chances are they're not going to fuck him anyway, so what does it matter? It doesn't really matter what someone does in bed unless you're there in it. That's my thought on that.

RJ: How have the audiences been on ship?

Flowes: I think dressing up in a tuxedo the way the audience was... well, for my act I wished they'd pulled all that shit off and really gotten down. On last year's cruise, the ambiance was wonderful and they were back and talked about it. This year it was, "Yeah, we heard it was so great, now show us." It's been a "show-me" type cruise.

RJ: Do you think that's uniquely gay?

Flowes: Oh, yeah, because they all cling together, they gossip together and all. Everybody knows everybody on this ship. You don't see that when you're on another ship. People come up and ask me questions that are so personal. You just have to laugh and go along with it, you know. But then they take that, run back and blow it up, and it goes all over the ship, just to one table but all over. It's a gas, I'm telling you. So finally you just lock your door and you go to sleep. And they say, "Well, do we've been on here all week and she hasn't been out of her cabin." And they wonder why! But this cruise has been interesting — in its own horrid way.

RJ: Gay audiences are tough and they have certainly been fickle on this ship.

Flowes: I'm glad you've noticed that. I discovered something about how different audiences are at the Chrysler Show-Go-Round at the World's Fair. They had four theatres and four stages that revolved. They had a movie, and they showed off a new car and all that. As the show moved around, we played a 10 minute segment and moved to another audience. You'd get six different audiences and six different attitudes. It was incredible! And the show was taped so it was the same every time.

I think the moon has a lot to do with it. I don't perform if I can help it, during a full moon. The audiences are wacko, it's very strange.

RJ: How many years have you been doing this?

Flowes: Since 1971, that's when I got my act into nightclubs.

RJ: The thing that most impresses me is the wonderfully skilful way you manipulate the puppets. I've never seen anyone use puppets the way you do. Did you invent this kind of puppet?

Flowes: Actually I worked the World's Fair in 1964 and 1965 and there was a kid there that had a puppet, we did rod puppets in that show and they were horrible because they were so hard to work. I had worked marionettes and was good with strings. This kid said, "I've got one you'd love." He invited me up to his apartment for dinner and brought this witch puppet out which had a finger attached. He'd put the rod in the finger as a quick move. I picked it up and it was like I'd worked it forever. He gave me the puppet as a gift and I used it, keeping the nose and chin look, turning it into Madame. That's how it started.

RJ: Show business is an unusual occupation, but what do you do is totally unique. How did you get started?

Flowes: I did street theatre in New York, and a pornographic puppet show called "Cumquats" at the Village Gate. We ran about three months. The Times loved it, but it was too ahead of its time. Everyone was going to see Oh, Calcutta! After that I lost a lot of money and moved in with this girl who said I could live with her. But I had no spending money so I took Madame to the streets and into bars. I would prop her up on the bar and she'd say, "Give me a drink!" Someone would reply, "Give the little lady a drink!" They'd pass the hat and put money in the jukebox and Madame would pantomime.

RJ: Where does Madame end and Wayland begin?

Flowes: I'm a human being. I don't think otherwise. Since 1971, that's when I got my act into nightclubs.

Flowes: Of all of them are me, all of my characters. There's a lot of me in Madame, but when I see Madame what I'm thinking about is a lady like that and what she would think. A lot of the time we don't agree.

RJ: When you're sitting in a room just talking, do any of the characters just come out and answer for you?

Flowes: I'm sure they do. But when I see something, I think through all of their minds and decide what they'd think about it. They would all see it differently because of what's in their minds. Crazy Mary is crazy, she may be on some drug and she'd see something one way. Madame sees it a different way from her moral standpoint and Jiffy has another way of seeing things.

RJ: I know you're from the South.

Flowes: Dawson, Georgia.

RJ: The South is conservative and traditional. How has growing up there affected you as an artist?

Flowes: It killed me for a long time. I was afraid to step out there and do something. That would be showing off, and you're brought up not to be a show-off. One day I came home from school and I was crying, I cried a lot because I was teased. My aunt says, "What are you crying about today?"

I said, "They teased me because I was wearing short pants."

She says, "Well, dear God, you've got long pants, why don't you wear them?"

"It's real hot."

She looked me in the eye and said, "That's not the reason. What is it, really?"

"I guess I just want to be different."

Her response was, "Let me tell you one thing Wayland, be yourself. God, will you be different."
Flowers: Oh, I think love and sex and all
not of interest? You're life? What is there that once really
 gobble you up. I'll know how to handle
sions eat things up so fast, that they just
really enjoying it this time. I didn't.
that. That's over now as far as a thing to

Flowers: No, I'm happy! Oh God, that
has kept me from doing all kinds of
creative things, worrying about where I'm
going to get it next.

Flowers: Kind of, it was over a few weeks.
I was thinking that I just don't care about it.
It's not the most important thing.

RJ: How long ago was that?

Flowers: About two-and-a-half years.

RJ: What's changed since that time?

Flowers: I used to go out carousing and-

I dropped out of college to be in show
business but ended up in the Coast Guard in
Cape Maine, New Jersey. One day I got
called into the chief's quarters and he says,
"Call out a command." South-

Then I got on board this training ship
and I had terrible run-ins with the captain,
although he never saw me. I was on the
sound system, telling jokes on the catwalk
during night duty or typing in the office.

When we got new trainees on board I still
had not met the captain face to face, even
though he'd put me on galley duty for
causing all this ruckus on board.

I was coming up the ladder, late for
muster, and I bumped right into him and
knocked him on deck. He was in his
whites with all this scrambled egg shit on
his hat and these two ensigns were picking
him up. He says, "What's your name?"
I said, "Brown, sir."

"Are you a new trainee here?"
I said, "Yes sir, I got on today."

"Where are you going?"
"To the meeting." I said.

"It's called a muster. How are you getting
there?"
I replied, "Up that staircase."

He shouted at me, "That's a ladder, new
move your goddamned ass up there and
get to muster."

And as I'm crawling up the ladder I
drinking at all hours of the night. I've
stopped doing that. I hardly ever drink
any more, I don't smoke. I've gotten real
healthy. I'm finding out more about
myself now, the things that make me
happy. I up and turn on music and dance
through the house all day long. I don't
give a shit if anybody thinks I'm silly,
people need to get silly again.

Flowers: Vegas is where I'm going to
make it in this business, it was
started to make it in this business, it was
really like a fairy tale. I think the world is
really like that, we've just piled shit on top of
it. When you can get that shit away, it's
quite exciting and wonderful.

RJ: What brought about this change in
you? What was the catalyst that turned
two things around in your life?

Flowers: Spinning up that far, and then
falling, too. You know, show business is
not just one rise and keep going. Anybody
will tell you you're going to be a roller-
coaster. But my mother died and I just
going down. It damn near killed me.
We fought like cats and dogs but we

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had not met the captain face to face, even
though he'd put me on galley duty for
causing all this ruckus on board.

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RJ: What do you see yourself doing in
the next five years?

Flowers: I think Vegas is where I'm going
to go. I want to do a real special kind of
magical show, a lot of marionettes and
puppets, black light. I used to do a lot of
that and that's what I'm getting back into,
creating production numbers. We're talk-
ing risers on stage, smoke pots, and all
that. I'm interested in rebulding a career
and really enjoying it this time. I didn't
have time to enjoy it the first time. Tele-
vision eats things up so fast, that they just
gobble you up. I'll know how to handle
that this time, and it is coming back.

RJ: What have you passed through in
your life? What is that once really in-
terested you and turned you on but is now
no longer of interest?

Flowers: Oh, I think love and sex and all

RJ: Did you ever want to do anything else
except be in show business?

Flowers: No, never. It's a horrible
business but it's also a wonderful way of
life. I know I couldn't do a regular nine-
to-five, I tried that. I was head of an art
department and they were going to put in
a time clock to punch in and I said, "I
do not turn art on and off. If I want to be
ten minutes late, just because I want to turn
my art on ten minutes later, that's my
prerogative. I will not come in here at a
certain time and turn on for you."

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An illustration by Bill Salti
I'm Not Rappaport
Going Ga-Ga — and Laughing All the Way

I'm not Rappaport may have something to say about the place of the elderly in American society. Herb Gardner's script is salted with remarks on the subject at any rate. But, what the play is, first and foremost, is fun. Every possible sort of gag, joke, and comic device is paraded across the stage, always perfectly timed and tuned for maximum laughs.

Judd Hirsch (Alex on TV's Taxi) plays Nat, an 81-year-old Lithuanian Marxist who is addicted to tall tales and dramatic gestures. The age is a stretch of several decades for Hirsch, of course, but he does it without the slightest strain. If a tiny touch of "Alex's" creeps through the performance, it's only that it works so well there. Cleavon Little (better known outside New York as the sheriff in Blazing Saddles) plays Midge, a building superintendent in the grip of a mental illness. He can't do the job at the apartment building anymore — his sight is all but gone — but he just stays out of the way, and keeps his job, even if it means going 15 years without a raise. As Ben, an old man who notices "Who needs sight, when you've got vision?"
The two share a park bench. Like two bar magnets placed close together, sometimes they click together and sometimes they push each other away. Mostly the latter. When the pushing results in any but the most obviously feigned hurt to either of the octogenarians, the first line of rescue or the other one.

There is a story, not quite a plot. One of Nat's daughers trying to find the best (read, "safest for all concerned") building management career. While we're in Central Park, there are other people: a bum, a drug dealer, and a beautiful girl with a bad coke habit.

Like the silver-citizens message (Thank you, Richard Simmons), any plot in "Rappaport" is just a place to hang the fabulously funny stuff.

When Midge falls while trying to slug Nat, there's no getting around the fact that weak, old people plow into injury, but it is really an opportunity for laughs. To begin with, Cleavon Little has this punch beautifully, missing Hirsch by no less than two feet. Once he's down, he's down, and into Hirsch's verbal comedy: "At two-years-old you stand up," Nat says confronting Midge, "then 70 years later you fall down." On one of Midge's more seriously injurious, Nat adds, "I'm feeling the hip now. Okay? If you like this, we're not talking.

Hirsch got a Tony for creating Nat on Broadway, but he dedicated the award to his acceptance speech. The fact is that Hirsch's role has the punchy speeches and most of the punch lines. Little, in a way, is playing Rochester to Hirsch's Mr. Ben­ ny. Their two approaches to comedy are a perfect entente, and it's just too bad a Tony can't ex­actly be shared.

Two ounces of grass a month are provided by the health services, Nat says, adding, "I always fought for socialized medicine."

Nat and Midge share the remarks about aging. "Old people," as bad souvenirs. They look like the future...."We're the coming attraction," they tell the dinner guests to stay late to ruin your party."

But interacting with his daughter, Nat has to think more obviously about how families handle their older members. The things people do with, 15 parents, he says, "are just like abortion at the other end of the line."

When Hirsch and Little get in full-scale, it's comic. 1-4 PM. FREE!

One of the memorable gems happens when Nat, who has a prescription for marijuana, because of his glaucoma, diagnoses Midge's glaucoma as an excuse for sharing grass with him. Two ounces of grass a month are provided by the health services, Nat says, and he always fought for socialized medicine."

"When you think of how families handle their older members..."

They do real work, it's only that it works so well that we're engaged."

June 29: An evening of poetry benefit for Marty Rafkin and several contributors. 7:30 PM. S3-S5 sliding scale.

June 30: An evening of poetry with Roberto Bedoya (Este­ miento en la Información), David Trujillo (from Puebla),蓄vel (from Mexico), and Nerio Blas (from Chiapas). 7:30 PM. S3-S5 sliding scale.

June 1: A book party/reading with Armistead Maupin. The San Francisco AIDS Foundation will provide literature. 7:30 PM. FREE!

June 2: Amanda Burmeister, executive director of the San Francisco Arts Commission and former President of the National Association of State and National Cultural and Social Service Agencies, will present "The San Francisco Harvey Milk Memorial and the Promise of Gay Americans." 7:30 PM. S3-S5 sliding scale.


June 4: An evening of poetry with Debra Bun, Richard Appleg­ ane, Debra Bun, Richard Davis, Frances Lorrainy, and Jenny Machur. 7:30 PM. S3-S5 sliding scale.
John Adams’ First Opera

Foxtrotting with the Nixonos

John Adams’ first opera Nixon in China received a workshop premiere at Herbst Theatre last Thursday and Friday nights. It will get a full-dressed stage premiere at the Houston Grand Opera next October and then it will travel to Washington’s Kennedy Center and Brooklyn’s Academy of Music.

As the Bay Area composer who has served the San Francisco Symphony as its First New Music Advisor and then as its first Composer-in-Residence, Adams is familiar to local music lovers. He began in the repetitve universe of Steve Reich and Philip Glass, to which he quickly added a mastery of orchestral color. Then he developed a subjective feeling for melody and finally he embarked on an extended investigation of his own invented and early twentieth century harmony. This combination of interests makes Adams at present the supremest of the modern neo-Romantics, that copy bunch who aim to win back a mass audience for contemporary music.

Nothing in China, however, did not begin with Adams but with the director Peter Sellars — the current imponderable of the opera world who believes that he can create a new opera-going form by politicizing it. Take, for example, his production of Handel’s Jepthah in Cairo when he imagined Caesar as the President of the United States, Polynomy as a PLO general and Cleopatra as a cockpit waitress. Though I quibbled with demoting the Egyptian Queen to a bar husky, that Caesar remains one of the finest productions of any opera I have seen.

If my reading is correct, the relevance of Nixon in China was supposed to be that it would put its political content right in the lap of the audience. And, as Adams, who acted as the opera’s scene-setter during these pared-down, non-conventional performances, said on Friday night that the people who left early on Thursday were liberal democrats. “This is an opera for republicans and communists,” he chuckled.

I do not take Adams’ comment literally, for he was reaching for a joke on sore subject, but the remark does suggest the uncertainty in the political ramifications of this work. Nixon in China is the most ambitious in the political message of Nixon in China? I think it is that despite the human factors, the major importance of any competent leaders, something important happened in this rapprochement between the United States and China. In this opera Presi- dent Nixon is a bumbling and Chairman Mao is an elaborate riddle, but Premire meeting of the leaders and for it, Adams relies heavily on the musical habits borrowed from Philip Glass. This act is drenched in Glass’s diddly-diddly-argh accompaniments and too often Adams relies for his harmonic movement on one of Glass’s most typical strategies. Glass used this style to evoke the diaphanous atmosphere of CIVIL WAR that perhaps Adams thought it natural to incorporate into it the "official" act of the opera. Or perhaps Adams simply became afraid of the task before him and began his work by depending on an already tested style. Whatever the reason, the result is to diminish the impor-

tance of Act I, to push its con-
cerns outside of the drama in-
herent in Adams’ opera, which develops into itself in Acts II and III.

Given the problem that continues throughout the opera, however, operates in Act I and that is the almost uneeded regularity of the pulse of Adams’ music. Adams himself also seems aware of this problem for he is constantly shifting the time-
signature in an attempt to vary the meter of his music. The poor conductor, who in these per-
formances was the territorially

able John DeMain, therefore has to count in seven in one bar, five
in the next and eight in the next.

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Greeting Frenzy

The only alternatives to Hallmark greeting cards in the early '60s were Nebbish cartoons.

When I moved to San Francisco in the early '70s, my friends and I collaged our own cards. For instance, I redesigned a Swinton's 'Chicken Pie' as a 'Hair Pie' for a friend's birthday. Crude but original - or so I thought. But by the early '80s, the kinky and marginal became commercial. Now I could buy a "Santa's Suit" card to give to my lover for Christmas.

Have greeting cards proliferated in inverse proportion to our inability to find and communicate? Has society's denial system grown so thick that only a psycho demon from hell? Indeed, some of the most insidious form of denial?

Recently I browsed through several greeting card stores. I couldn't find one card that simply said "Happy Birthday." Either it was airbrush sex or Snoopy lamenting. "You're not a young pop anymore"; either 40s pastiche or a scantly clad 300 lb. black woman saying, "You think you've lived..." One card was designed to look like the front page of the National Enquirer. "BIRTHDAY VICTIM" screamed a black headline. And in smaller letters: "..."It has just been good fun, in-""Paper Moon" Graphics in LA has put out a line of greeting cards that cover or movie posters. Hard Times offers "Entertainment for the sexually dysfunctional" articles such as "Whipping change your luck" and "Is it possible to get busy just saying hello at home and staring at the wall long enough?"

If you've gotten beyond that stage, there's Modern Dating: "Your date: Wore the same eye sight,像个神经病和鬼魂一样" and "Is it okay to suddenly leap to your feet and run out the door without looking back?" Or try Dumped: "Just how many hours will your friends be able to stand hearing about your break-up?" and "What clothes do you go with red eyes, a bloated and "bitchy" sobbing?" Other titles include Grouchy Boss and The Boyfriend Who Isn't There.

As greeting cards reflect and continually our increasing sense of social isolation, so, too, do personal ads and relationship workshops. In ads, you must ob-viate and sell yourself like a product: "Lonely boy wants cuddly, hairy Daddy?" or "20-year-old Greek god seeks same" and so on. After the fantasy eye-catcher follows a list of near impossible demands: "Non-smoking vegetarians into skating, '40s musicals, New Wave fashion, Leftist politics, healing crystals, spanking and experimental fiction only need apply." Sometimes code words are attached that only a grammarian could decipher, "Greek GBM seeks top for mutual J/O."

I especially enjoy ads that are totally contradictory. For instance, "Passive-aggressive manipulator looking for sincere, mature but youthful romantic. Mom! I'm serious, slightly, talkative, zany, literary, unadventurous, athletic, slothful, etc." Indeed, some of the more creative that doesn't inspire me to reach out!"

The 100 plus men attending were asked to walk around a long oblong column and "look into each other's eyes." Some joked that it seemed like kindergarten but at least you could see who was there. Ages ranged from mid-20s to late 40s and we were not an unattractive group. Most looked professional, a less desperate and frivolous group than generally pack the bars.

Then we were asked to find someone and describe to each other what we wanted in a relationship. After this, we were to find someone else and describe what we had to offer. Next we sat in groups of six to eight and talked about relationship roles (monogamy vs. non-monogamy, etc). So far, so good. But when we were asked to then break up and approach someone and say: "Are you interested in me? Are you interested enough to make a date?" a collective groan arose in the room. It was like closing time in a bar when the lights go on and the music goes off. Only there was no alcohol to dull the social nervousness.

"Somehow I conquered a panic attack instinct to flee and, eventually, I approached a nice woman and made a date. (Interestingly, he had a beard... an attribute that doesn't inspire my fantasy and which I would have rejected in a personal ad.) Anyway, we've gone out for coffee twice now.

The moral of this story is that meeting people, dating and communicating with any degree of intimacy have always been hard. Each required honesty, the courage to face fear, and a certain degree of self-esteem and self-acceptance - gifts which have not generally been showered upon those of us who are gay. But even in this age of blocked feelings, fear of AIDS, and commodification of every aspect of our social and emotional life, intimacy isn't a total impossibility.
Taxi is a new, small, very popular restaurant that is the face of South-of-Market to come, just around the corner from the old Stud, the South-of-Market that was. "You have to go there," we were told, "All the A-gays are going. Jeremiah's been there twice." Indeed, entering Taxi's high-ceilinged room — the single skylight, the headless ceramic torso so gazing behind a striking flower arrangement — is like walking into a gallery opening. You immediately want to fix your hair.

The best tables in the house are the two decent by the windows. There is one too many tables along the wall, which means you are actually closer to the person in the next seat than you are to your dining companion. "Are you students?" inquired the elderly ladies beside us, peering at our notes. A no-smoking policy would be welcome in such cozy quarters.

The floor staff works the room efficiently in spotless whites, like a corps of men-from-Glad. We asked our waiter about cozy quarters. "It's great," he confided. "Patricia Unterman was in the other night." The waiters are affable and quirky, which is just what this place needs.

Taxi's culinary strategy is one of diligent neutrality. At worst, the food is as blank as the white walls that surmount the blond wainscoting; at best, it is simple American home cooking.

A filet of halibut is less skillfully done, pan-fried to a fibrous desiccation under its nap of pallid early-season tomatoes and basil. We suggest to the kitchen that they put up with the occasional "re-fire" in the name of sending out fresh fish that is still moist and rare at the center. A brochette of grilled unblanched cauliflower, onions, peppers and eggplant looks pretty on the plate, but needs a dousing of mustard butter, or something, to be anything but slightly charred.

A smoked chicken salad, on the other hand, features plenty of moist meat, crisp sugar snap peas, and so on, but there is absolutely no trace of the promised black bean vinaigrette to bring together the damp aggregation of ingredients. A bland crêve of rock cod is served parfait-style in a wine glass, the upper stratum of fish nearly dry, as all the citrus marinade has pooled near the bottom of the glass.

A grilled chicken breast arrives looking unnervingly like a slice of adrift in a sea of Meni-corn. The chicken is moist in its crisp jacket of skin, the corn enriched with lots of butter, chicken stock, and ground pepper. There is nothing exotic or innovative about the dish, which is just fine. The succulence of the white breast meat mingles with the sweetness of the perfectly under-cooked corn to recapitulate the very flavor of American back-yard eating.

A fez of halibut is less skillfully done, pan-fried to a fibrous desiccation under its nap of pallid early-season tomatoes and basil. We suggest to the kitchen that they put up with the occasional "re-fire" in the name of sending out fresh fish that is still moist and rare at the center. A brochette of grilled unblanched cauliflower, onions, peppers and eggplant looks pretty on the plate, but needs a dousing of mustard butter, or something, to be anything but slightly charred.

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The kitchen is over-cautious, perhaps because Taxi is so new. The ingredients and the sensitivity in execution are there, but what is lacking is a personal statement. The menu reads like a roster of California clichés from Gourmet, nouveau-by-the-numbers: Anaheim chili butter, black pepper fettucine, basil-tomato salad... uzo rosemary McA.

Begin your meal auspiciously with a gargantuan Caesar salad. An entire head of commercial romaine has been arranged like a flower on the plate, each green petal coated evenly with a dressing that is tart, vivid, with rose-tinting quantities of garlic. The crostini are small and crisp, the Parmesan Reggiano fruity and just-grated. It is the best Caesar we've tasted since the heyday of the Post Street Cafe, and big enough for two — or even three — to split as an appetizer.

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A third of Taxi's small menu is given to sandwiches. A pancetta, avocado and fontina sandwich on any grilled Colombo sour-dough tasted fine, a somewhat enervated reading of the B.L.T. — sweet and salty cooked-to-order Ozark bacon really would taste better than leathery crushed berries.

Roots cooking again comes through in the dessert department, in the form of a Mount Rushmore-sized chunk of apple pie, its tender crust redolent of Crisco, the turgid crescent moons of fruit slathered with lemon and allspice. A steamed chocolate cake, smooth-textured and the occasional wino stagger past the window not knowing this Edward Hopper landscape will soon be replaced by the urban playgrounds of a new suburbia.

Taxi, 374 11th Street, San Francisco, Call 558-8294.
AIMLESS ‘HOUSEKEEPER’

Desecrating Rita

In The Housekeeper, Rita Tushingham returns to the screen playing a homicidal dyslexic with a fear of spiders and a craving for chocolate bars (and later cable TV), who, after suffocating her abusive father with an oversized pillow, accepts a housekeeping position in a house with a family she later shootguns to death (that ‘ll teach ‘em to check references) after changing her mousy hair color (to blonde, natch) and joining a fundamentalist sect, the Messengers of God.

Yes, it’s a busy film — on paper at least. However, because Tushingham’s character, Eucie Parachnan, is mostly reduced to a cipher throughout, the various plot machinations come off like tricks — arbitrary devices — designed to drag the story to the inevitable “gory” climax, one that at one hour and forty-five minutes is much too long in coming. Rita Tushingham, “50+ icon” (especially for gay film buffs) in such pictures as A Taste of Honey and The Leather Boys —

It’s a rudderless picture that drifts endlessly and eventually founders because no one involved had the slightest idea of what he was trying to do.

The best part of the film is the opening scene, which includes a flashback to Eunice’s childhood where we see her taunted and shunned by her classmates because of her inabilitly to read (dyslexia). It’s a well-done sequence that illustrates how such an experience might’ve embittered the young Eunice (played by Tushingham’s daughter, Aisha), but it hardly prepares us for what’s to follow.

The next scene with Eunice as a grownup tending her elderly father takes us into the realm of an old Monty Python routine. Tushingham bravely tries to carry on with and develop her part, but the actor playing her father (Donald Evers) shrinks and cackles (“Don’t you leave me, Eunice. Don’t you get married. Of course, nobody’s going to want you, anyway! Har! Har! Har!”) and generally overacts all over the place — so much to the point that you expect him to start chewing up the sofa he’s lying on. When Eunice puts the pillow over her father’s face, you cheer her on, not for murdering him, but just for blighting him out.

In its better moments, The Housekeeper seems like it wants to be a psychological character study, reminiscent of Aliman’s Exorcist. But every time the director and the script (repeatedly based on Ruth Rendell’s novel A Judgement in Stone) find this level, they immediately sabotage it by introducing a teenage “brotersister” love interest or a “weird” character like Joan Jackie Burroughs, the base of flesh and blood at least, they’re stuffed. Jiffy, whose lines appear to come out of somewhere in the middle of their cheeks rather than their mouths. The four actors

This is a rudderless picture that drifts endlessly and eventually founders because no one involved had the slightest idea of what he was trying to do.

The romance that blossoms between the Coverdale “children” (they’re both from previous marriages, no one involved) provides the picture with one amusing part: the love scene, which is photographed with a late ’60 Breck/Lady Clairol ad aproach: “The closer he gets, the more entertaining (if not politically correct) flick in the slash/gore thriller tradition and gives our Rita something to sink her teeth into. A state-wide murder spree by Tushingham with her shotgun and Goldilocks hairdo could’ve been a better part of the movie needed. If you’re going to do excess, don’t pussyfoot.

As is, the film is crass and exploitative/sensationalistic and might’ve made for a more entertaining (if not politically correct) flick in the slash/gore thriller tradition and gives our Rita something to sink her teeth into. A state-wide murder spree by Tushingham with her shotgun and Goldilocks hairdo could’ve been a better part of the movie needed. If you’re going to do excess, don’t pussyfoot.

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The Housekeeper anything close to worthwhile.

The director, Ousama Rawi (Tushingham’s husband), never gets a handle on the film. This is a rudderless picture that drifts endlessly and eventually founders because no one involved had the slightest idea of what he was trying to do.

The strenuous effort that this film is in need of is much too long in coming.

Rita Tushingham, “50+ icon” (especially for gay film buffs) in such pictures as A Taste of Honey and The Leather Boys —

Eunice (Rita Tushingham) gets ready to do some carving in The Housekeeper.
Part hallucinogenic thrill ride, part black comedy and part philosophical inquisition, Ken Russell’s Gothic is the most contrary major film so far this year. What was most unexpected from the man who once cast Roger Daltrey of The Who as composer Franz Liszt.

Mind you, this movie’s all kinds of fun. Russell is no believer in subtlety, but surprising ironies underlie every problem on screen. And I thought the film’s surface. And it lends believability to the real folklore of her novel out in the Tennessee woods making the good guy movie of all time (also the dammed cream, oatmeal, Play-Doh animation and bags-of-wireless movie of all time), The Evil Dead. Some of Raimi’s college pals accidentally sum

 Evil Dead 2 makes up for its utter lack of thematic originality with Campbell’s fevered performance, delightful special effects, and an unexpected sense of lunatic humor.

While not, I guess, for everyone, Evil Dead 2 is a wry and entertaining enterprise as well as an immediate four-star classic for midnight moviegoers. Evil Dead 2 plays at the St. Francis, Market between 5th and 6th, 162-482; Alexandria, Gary at 18th Ave., 752-1300, Alhambra, Polk near Green, 979-8899; and New Mission, Mission at 22nd, 647-1261.

Ishtar

Since we’re talking about rotting corpses, there’s this movie that cost $40 million, see, and ... Well you can call off the vulgarians, ‘cause it looks like Elaine May’s new baby is a hit after all. Patrick Hockey had to get me in the middle of a shot for me and I’d agree to this, but guess what? It’s kind of funny. What’s in store is they spend the G.N.P. of Guatemala on a useless Middle East adventure when they have a perfectly acceptable Neil Simon (or even mediocre Woody) style show-biz comedy already in the can. As a hopeless songwriting team who want to be the next Simon and Garfunkel, Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman are surprisingly credible, and May’s script has them playing with all the warmth and wit the brings from a lifetime in the comedy trenches. The duo’s songs, written by May and all-star pop-back Paul Williams, are irresistibly pathetic — my favorite couplet, out of dozens you look at the stars/How big is Venus? (one-two-three-four) How big is Mars? For the first half hour or so, Beatty and Hoffman seem through horrifying sessions at the piano, drive their wives away (Carol Kane and Tess Harper in ’83 missed film school bra Sam Raimi and his careering, twisting point-of-view camera

Evil Dead 2

Hope of you who were rotting your brains with Berlin Alex­

Granting originality with Campbell’s fevered performance, delightful special effects, and an unexpected sense of lunatic humor.

The post-Byron (Timothy Spall — center with skull) invites friends to a seance in Ken Russell’s delightfully perverse horror drama, Gothic.

Frankenstein, a world-historical event if ever there was one. That’s another subject entirely, and in fact there’s lots more to talk about (such as where on earth Myrrah Cary, as Byron’s fiancée, spurned eyeballs). Video viewing will ruin this weird and enthralling film, so don’t wait. Gothic plays at the Cinema 21, Chestnut near Steiner, SF. Call 978-9220.

Evil Dead 2

Hope of you who were rotting your brains with Berlin Alex­
Naked Into Rush out to Nightbreak tonight and greet Naked Into with a hearty welcome back; they’ve just returned from their first U.S. tour. I hope they get met with the response they deserve. With a tour under their belt, a fame of J.P. and a set bursting with new material, this confident group is home-sweet-home again and probably tough as ever. Step out in The Height and support a local band. (5/29, Nightbreak, 10:30 pm, $3)

Specimen Didn’t this band emerge from the Batcave scene in London a few years ago? Didn’t they do one great song called “Kiss Kiss Bang Bang”? Didn’t they split up and one member move to S.F. searching for skinny, ugly guys with big hair to form a “new” Specimen? Didn’t Until December add a “new” Specimen member to their lineup right before they broke up? Aren’t the current Specimen lineup include Until December’s Adam “Alllright San Francisco” Sherbourne? Doesn’t he have a headphone microphone just like Janet Jackson? Doesn’t it enable him to move freely while doing a cover of “Bela Lugosi’s Dead”? Didn’t I read that this is Specimen’s last U.S. show? Doesn’t a rerun of The Monstros sound like a fine substitute in their absence? Does anyone give a flying kiss bang bang? ($5, DVB, 10 pm, $8)

Dead Marilyn The Downtown scene in New York might be dying, but should they be sending us the bodies? Peter Stack once again brings his Marilyn-returns-from-the-grave revue to S.F. With a unique body language, somewhere between jello and rigor mortis, he’ll write on the stage, covered with tattered clothing, dirt, leaves, and twigs, then he’ll scream (ring) into the microphone a lot, stomping manically to and fro while making references to JFK. Surprisingly enough, it’s pretty fun. If members of

Best rumor books a date with dashing Don. For details see listing for pretty boy Chris Isaak, Monday, June 1, at the 1-Beam. Few hours on one day or another in the last six months. This is mildly interesting. The English pop, working its way up the charts like The Blow Monkeys did last year. They might be great. (6/2, Wolfgang’s, 9 pm, $10.50-11.50)

C.S. Angels This band, formerly known as The Comsat Angels, has been around for a good 10 years or so. They’re always enjoying only marginal success in the shadow of Echo and the Bunnymen and Teardrop Explodes. When Robert Palmer said he liked them in an interview, a major label contract was signed and — boom — they were opening for Shriekback. We should all be so lucky. (6/3, The Stone, 9 pm, $8.50-10.00)

Bachman Turner Overdrive The third concert I ever attended, an open-air double bill, included this band and opening act, Heart. In the 12 plus years since, Heart’s height size neared that of those big BTO guys, then the gals put out some silly mega hits, became, coffee achievers, got a trailer, got skinny again and made videos. Well, BTO maintained their weight and probably live in homes with woodburning stoves. I can’t say anything bad about a band that I loved when I was twelve. (6/4, The Stone, 9 pm, $8.50-10.00)

Hoodoo Gurus, Redd Kross, The Snotches The Aussie band, Hoodoo Gurus, is great fun. They play hard, fast, and catchy rock and dance and sweat to. Their records are great and their live show kicks it. Redd Kross does the same but in a glam-rock vein. The Snotches are Beatle-esque. Is this a trip to the rock museum? (5/29-30, DNA, 10 p.m., $12.50-13.50)

Voice Farm, Beat Girl This event falls on the one-year anniversary of DV8’s Keith Haring room! The first 888 people in the door get a Keith Haring shirt. It will come in handy on laundry day when everything else is dirty, but aren’t you going to hate running into someone else wearing one at the laundromat? Arrive extra-fashionably late and avoid gazing into a Speed Queen dryer, humiliated and wishing that other person would leave. Voice Farm is fun, but they wear thin with constant gags. If you haven’t seen them, do. If you have, go with your gut instinct. Beat Girl is the intriguing band tonight. Joseph Watt of Razormaid liked them enough to put one of their songs on his latest compilation. Expect cold, dark, techno-pop dirge. (6/4, DVB, 9 pm, $8)

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Sometimes, screening rock concert video offers the equivalent entertainment value one gets from watching Moon Rocks grow in a jar of water. Don't blame that on the artist though (unless its Lionel Richie or Bon Jovi, of course), because in 9 out of 10 cases, boring music video is a product of lazy, unimaginative filmmaking.

Boring concert videos can also benefit from the evening's outstandingly addictive habit of overproduction. Some producers just aren't content with capturing a simple, solid performance. Instead, these stylist junkies insist on following a never-ending quest to recreate the "rock concert experience" right in our living rooms, using camera work better suited to Monday Night Football.

To illustrate the symptoms of boring video, the last two entries in the following trio of live tapes are classic textbook cases, to be sure. First though, take a look at just how good the medium can be.

Joe Jackson's 1986 Big World video — an unrecognized masterpiece from a sincere, visionary rocker.

Joe Jackson: The Big World Sessions (A & M Video, 1986): A trusted friend of mine insists there's nothing like a Depeche Mode concert. I only know one thing for sure, the boys are very cute, and thankfully that — though not much else — shows up on this video blur.

Depeche Mode: Live in Germany (Warner Video, 1985): A trusted friend of mine insists there's nothing like a Depeche Mode concert. I only know one thing for sure, these boys are cute, you can identify the artists at all.

If you know of a video worth looking at, drop me a note c/o SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes Street, SF, 94102. Thanks!

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Style Junkies insist on following a never-ending quest to recreate the "rock concert experience" right in our living rooms, using camera work better suited to Monday Night Football.

For more information please call the workshop coordinator Adele Fradini at (415) 555-4100.

Correction
In last week's issue (5/27/87), the article entitled "Looking at the Art and Politics of Language" by Jenny Holzer: Signs — was published in a formulized typeface. This review was written by Glen Helfand, the Sentinel's senior art critic. Apologies, Glen.
Disease Digest

S o much happens when you leave for a few weeks! Why, here it is late May: the Golden Gate Bridge has turned 50 (the 6 am Bridge Walk was a joke — except for the roaming packs of hot young studs), Jim Bakker has turned ‘gay,’ Iraq has turned aggressive, and the Council of State and Territorial Epidemiologists has turned in a new definition of AIDS, finally including dementia and emaciation on the list of symptomatic disorders.

Hunka Hunka

that Martin Fitzwater, Reagan's
back flank, said the President “is
concerned for the health of the
population. . . . "We know what
‘population’ he means, too; the
marryin’ kind. Hess noted, too,
that Surgeon General C. Everett
Koop and "many state health of-
ficials... say that [testing] would
divide limited money and
manpower from high-risk
groups where efforts to fight
the disease should be focused.”

The stone-hearted Fitzwater
also told the May 22 New York
Times, in response to the conten-
tion that health officials want to
wait for more information be-
fore deciding about mandatory
testing. “As so often happens in
the area of health regulation,
sometimes you have to make
political judgments that can't
wait for all the health data to
be in.

Stop the presses: the Ad-
m inistration wants to bleed gays
and minority junkies.

Volunteers of a

For the ACLU doesn’t; it's execu-
tive director, Iris Glazer,
was in the May 23 New York
Times that since AIDS is "heavi-
ly stigmatized by prejudice to-
toward homosexuality,” among
other reasons, “successful pre-
vention efforts depend on reach-
ing as many people as possible with accurate informa-
tion.” Well, we know, that didn’t work. And perhaps it’s
working: the May 22 Times
reports that Reagan’s advisers
"say [Reagan] has become truly
alarmed by what he has read and
heard about AIDS." Big news: he can read.

Glazer adds that public health
officials, obviously same people,
"want... more... voluntary test-
ing." Of course: it railroads
quarantines, government lists,
job losses and headight SNAFU’s. Hell, even the recalci-
trant Centers for Disease Control
(CDC) wants volunteer testing. So do cool guy Koop, and the
American Public Health
Association.

Max Senate Comedy

But you won’t find California
State Senator John Doittle (R-Circles) who sounds like Asita
Bryant land) schmoozing with the level-headed Glazer. The
purse policy is introduced... and got passed by the Senate
Health and Human Services
Committee for a mandatory
AIDS testing bill (for marriage
licensees; it goes to the Ap-
propriations Committee next).
(SF Examiner, May 21.)

Senator Prickelette, like the orangutan in the Oval Office,
thinks his bill “will give us more
information wider than this.”

Like what, where to ostracize
next?

Still The One

One story that kicked off: Senator Dickleotta also introduced a bill
requiring convicted prostitutes and "sex offenders" to take
The Test; it passed the Senate Ju-
diciary Committee (7-2), and
faces rejection by Appropriations
Committee before going to the
Senate floor, according to the
May 21 Ex.

Surprising for a man so
apparently thorough, Pricklette
declined to say whether the
category of "sex offender" in-
cludes white Republicans legisla-
tors himself, men so afraid of
their wives they need to still the
sex organs of others.

False Confidences

Littlecock undoubtedly missed the recent Harvard University
study, reported in the May 20
Examiner, which calculated that
the most widely used AIDS
blood test would produce about
two false positives for every
100,000 low-risk people tested.

And the test was also "falsely
reasonably thorough, the percent-
age of high-risk people, such as
drug users, that they are not infected,
perhaps actually increasing the
spread of the virus."

Abstinence Makes

Dorothy, I'll "full frame"
to hear the weiner snivel, the
suckers, who ‘d paid $1000 a pop
"the two false positives for every
100,000 low-risk people tested."

"Want . . . more . . . voluntary test-
ing." Of course: it railroads
quarantines, government lists,
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But you won’t find California
State Senator John Doittle (R-Circles) who sounds like Asita
Bryant land) schmoozing with the level-headed Glazer. The
purse policy is introduced... and got passed by the Senate
Health and Human Services
Committee for a mandatory
AIDS testing bill (for marriage
licensees; it goes to the Ap-
propriations Committee next).
(SF Examiner, May 21.)

Senator Prickelette, like the orangutan in the Oval Office,
thinks his bill “will give us more
information wider than this.”

Like what, where to ostracize
next?

Still The One

One story that kicked off: Senator Dickleotta also introduced a bill
requiring convicted prostitutes and "sex offenders" to take
The Test; it passed the Senate Ju-
diciary Committee (7-2), and
faces rejection by Appropriations
Committee before going to the
Senate floor, according to the
May 21 Ex.

Surprising for a man so
apparentl
Pricilla Regalado and Hassan an Falak are co-directors and principal dancers in Caravan, a new dance company that performs Friday and Saturday, May 29 and 30 at San Francisco State's "Little Theatre," 1000 Holloway, SF. (Tickets: $8/$5). Call 431-6018.

evaluate assets and liabilities, stock portfolios, and develop a practical plan of action! Learn how to define goals, examine checklists, and fertilization. Bring picnic lunch. Tea and treats provided. 9:30 am. Info: 383-3134.

one-of-a-kind items. Prices vary from lovely $10 one-of-a-kind items. Prices vary from lovely $10 to $567-5654.

through these two essays embracing yet always entertaining. 7 and 9 pm, respectively, 2799 24th St. (between Bryant and Potrero), SF. Tickets: 864-0316.

The SF AIDS Alternative Healing Project is looking for volunteers to help with a variety of tasks. They are especially looking for people interested in fundraising, working on their referral line, or leading support groups. An opening meeting will be held tonight for all new-received people. 8:30 pm. 513 Valencia St., Room 12, SF. Free. Info: 864-1551.

As part of The SF New Performance Festival, American Imroxs presents the West Coast premiere of Kipper— the concert presentation of the opera X: The Life and Times of Malcolm X is performed by Anthony Davis (piano) and the 13 singers of the Davis Ensemble, Epiphan. Bass Holt (baritone) is Malcolm. Plays tonight and tomorrow night and 6/5-7. Palace of Fine Arts, Lyon and Bay Sts., SF. Tickets/info: 864-7331 or 762-BASS.
THAT was close! Recovering from 18th and Castro well. I was week. For once you’ll feel that a distance. Use the power of come of reality and watch from throw yourself in the path way of privacy this week. No need to you feel like a lost little sheep.

Best headline of the week, in a Any guesses? Next week: no disease, plenty of homophobia, none of Jackson’s virtues of community, kindness and humor. And, in this respect, I consider his project over the privileged status of David feu and more New York gay writers. But to heal the crisis of the human spirit today, we need more than flatness and wit. If we are to the truth, we must understand the the world of life in itself.

Maupin continued from page 28

AIDS (Chors, May 20). Expelled from the Air Force 15 years ago for announcing his homosexuality, Matlovich was a hero of mine when I was a teenager; I wore a college term paper on this case. Only a gloves, but...

End of the week, in a Time bird-watching story: “All That Next week: no disease, plenty of...”

Maupin continued from 17

Bitberg, plastic “fascist” writebards at Wimmwood, the coming home party for two San Francisco gay hostages of a ter- rorist hijacking. I was at the coming-par ty on 18th and Castro. well. I was there, standing in the street, and Maupin himself spoke to the crowd that evening. But what did the two gay hostages think when they heard his name? Did they know his work? Did they care? Did they...
**GAY BLACK MALE**

**GAY WHITE MALE**

**GAY WHITE FEMALE**

**BISEXUAL MALE**

**BISEXUAL FEMALE**

**SOUTH AFRICAN MALE**

**SOUTH AFRICAN FEMALE**

**AFRICAN MALE**

**AFRICAN FEMALE**

**GAY BLACK & WHITE MALE**

**GAY BLACK & WHITE FEMALE**

**GAY BLACK & SOUTH AFRICAN MALE**

**GAY BLACK & SOUTH AFRICAN FEMALE**

**GAY BLACK & AFRICAN MALE**

**GAY BLACK & AFRICAN FEMALE**

**GAY BLACK & ALL FEMALE**

**GAY BLACK & ALL MALE**

**GAY BLACK + ALL MALE**

**GAY BLACK + ALL FEMALE**

**GAY BLACK + ALL MALE & FEMALE**

**GAY BLACK + ALL**

**GAY WHITE & ALL MALE**

**GAY WHITE & ALL FEMALE**

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May 29, 1987

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Continued from previous page

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Photo by Mary

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GARY: 821-1005

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