

San Francisco
Sentinel

**Julian Baird:
Dancing with
Death
pg. 15**

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WAITING FOR GOOD DOUGH

Once again San Francisco presents a model program by which other cities around the world can pattern their efforts in fighting the AIDS epidemic.

Dave Ford, Marc Geller and Thomas Alleman take you to a gala fundraiser that was star-studded from the stage to the kitchen.

For their report on the half-million dollar fundraiser known as AID & COMFORT turn to page 10.



Cover Photos by Marc Geller



A T E A S E

HITTING THE HIGHLIGHTS

A Special Reader's Guide to the 11th Annual International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival

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AIDS Strikes Prop. 13 Leader

by Caden Gray
at the State Capital

Paul Gann has AIDS.

The famous tax critic who co-authored Proposition 13 in 1978 revealed Monday that he is dying.

Gann said at a press conference inside the Capitol building Tuesday, "My doctor tells me that I have AIDS, that I received it from a contaminated blood transfusion five years ago when I had open heart surgery."

Gann received more than 40 blood transfusions during open heart surgery in 1982.

Asked if he blamed the gay community for his disease Gann said, "I blame whoever gave me that blood, because they sentenced me to death." More than 100 photographers and reporters fell silent as 74-year-old Paul Gann slowly made his way into the press room Tuesday morning. He was accompanied by his family, his personal physician, and Senator John Doolittle, R-Rocklin. He told the assembly, "I'm here to start what may become the last campaign of my life."

It became clear immediately Tuesday morning that Gann's primary concern was not to confirm his heterosexuality. Nor was he preoccupied with sentimental goodbyes. "I'm going to be campaigning for more openness about AIDS, and I'm going to continue campaigning to protect Proposition 4, the state spending limits we enacted back in 1979," he said. "And I intend to do these things as I've always done, by traveling around, speaking to groups, being on radio talk shows and television. I will be doing what I've been doing for years, until the day I can no longer get out of bed and move around and call people."

The press conference was clearly designed to draw attention to and support for Senator Doolittle's AIDS

legislation.

During Gann's speech, Doolittle sat quietly next to Gann, and next to Doolittle someone carefully placed a visual aide outlining "Doolittle's 1987 AIDS program."

While Gann spoke, television cameras soaked up Doolittle's visual aide.

Senator Doolittle has introduced several bills to the state legislature that are at cross-purposes with the politically active and AIDS-conscious gay community. Six of these bills are directly opposed by the Lobby for Individual Freedom and Equality (LIFE), a statewide association of 21 gay and lesbian organizations.

Gann said he supports Doolittle's legislation.

Doolittle's controversial bills as outlined by LIFE include the following:

- Senate Bill 1000 would permit a physician to administer the antibody test without written consent, but would require the physician to inform the patient of the test and his or her right to refuse.
- Senate Bill 1004 would enhance a sentence by three years if a person who is convicted of specific sex crimes does so knowing that he or she has AIDS or is seropositive.
- Senate Bill 1005 would require any person who is sentenced to state prison to submit to a test for HIV and provides



State Senator John Doolittle (R-Rocklin) at Sacramento news conference with Paul Gann.

for the results of that test to be disclosed to the warden of the prison.

- Senate Bill 1006 would require the physician of an involuntarily committed mental patient to test the patient for AIDS without the patient's consent and would permit the Department of Mental Health to adopt regulations for segregating seropositive patients.
- Senate Bill 1007 would require a court to order a test for AIDS antibodies for every person convicted of specified sex crimes, including prostitution, and would require the test results to be forwarded to the Department of Justice. It would change a misdemeanor to a felony if the offender was found to be seropositive on a prior offense.
- Senate Bill 1002: The most noteworthy of Doolittle's bills would make it a felony to donate blood if you know that you are seropositive. If SB1002 becomes law, donating blood that you know contains the HIV virus will be punishable by two to six years in prison.

*I particularly agree with [Doolittle]

on the [bill] that says that anybody that knowingly gives [seropositive] blood will have committed a felony," Gann said. "I'm a little more severe than John is. I think they should be tried for murder because it's a death sentence and if you give it to someone knowingly, you just killed someone. I think the death sentence should be given."

Gann also said he is favor of mandatory testing for AIDS. "I am for testing everyone and telling everything," he said.

"The mandatory testing part was the most disturbing to me," said LIFE lobbyist Rand Martin, after the press conference.

Martin said that he did not think it was insensitive of Doolittle to use Gann's illness as a means to push his own legislation. "He's not insensitive. He sees the political opportunity."

Gann said before the end of the press conference Tuesday, "God's been good to me. I got down to the point where I had lost about 10 pounds in 10 days. I got up and I was so weak that my legs

literally trembled when I was standing up."

But on June 4th Gann said he felt better. "[Last] Thursday morning when I rolled out of bed and to my very shocked and pleasant surprise, there was no weakness in my legs and I put my pants on one leg at a time without having to sit down."

Coincidentally, SB 1002 passed the Senate Thursday. Twenty-six senators voted in favor of the bill. State Senators Diane Watson (D-LA) and Milton Marks (D-SF) opposed the bill.

SB 1002 and other Doolittle bills, if passed by the Senate and Assembly and signed by the governor, will become law on January 1.

"I will be embarrassed probably every day for the rest of my life for what I am doing," Gann said referring to his own admission of having AIDS. "But I don't have the right not to do it. People need to be aware that this is a deadly disease."

International Conference on AIDS Reports Findings High Incidence of Unsafe Sex

by Rick Harding
Special to the SF Sentinel

Although many gay men have sharply reduced the practice of engaging in sexual activity believed to transmit AIDS, as many as 44 percent of gay men in major US cities continue to engage in unsafe sex.

University of Michigan epidemiology professor Jill Joseph, who presented research results last week at the International Conference on AIDS in DC, said that 23 percent of a study group of 435 gay men in Chicago continue to practice unsafe sex.

Joseph said those most likely to continue practicing high risk sex include men who have never known someone with AIDS; those who have little knowledge about AIDS, and those who do not identify with the gay community.

Researchers from San Antonio, Texas, reported that 24.9 percent of a study group of gay men there continue to engage in receptive anal intercourse without condoms — the practice AIDS experts say is most likely to transmit the syndrome. The researchers noted, however, that the number was down sharply from 46.2 percent of the group who practiced receptive anal inter-

course without condoms one year ago.

San Francisco psychologist Thomas Coates said that 28.9 percent of gay men in his study are continuing to have unprotected anal sex. But he added that many of the men still engaging in unsafe sex are in monogamous relationships in which both partners know their AIDS antibody status. Others, he said, have tested positive for the AIDS antibody and are having sex only with others who have tested positive.

Jeff Moulton, a psychologist at the University of California at San Francisco, reported that 44 percent of gay men in his study said they have unprotected anal sex. Moulton said he thinks his numbers are higher than in some other studies because the participants, who were recruited from sexually transmitted disease clinics in San Francisco in April, sought testing relatively late in the AIDS epidemic, in-

dicating that they may have been reached with AIDS education relatively late.

Moulton, who recently completed two studies on gay men's sexual behavior, said the primary reason given for continuing to engage in unsafe sexual practices was "loneliness." Other researchers said denial of the danger of contracting AIDS and the influence of drugs and alcohol are also reasons why some men continue to have unsafe sex.

Several of the researchers said that a percentage of the population will probably always continue to practice unsafe sex. Coates noted that a large portion of the population continues to smoke despite years of warnings from the Surgeon General and numerous studies which show that smoking leads to lung cancer.

The researchers also said they believe that many people still have not been reached with adequate safe-sex information.

Positive Tests Turn Negative

Five of nearly five thousand men in a National Institutes of Health study tested negative for AIDS infection after previously testing positive, according to NIH researcher Dr. Michael Polis.

Polis, who presented his findings at the conference Tuesday, said the five had tested positive on both the ELISA and the more sensitive Western Blot tests. Three of the five men tested negative on both tests six months later, and two others showed progressively fading results on the Western Blot test over the next year. None showed any

Continued on page 12

Woo Wins Grievance Hearing

by Corinne Lightweaver

After a year's delay, UC lecturer Merle Woo finally won a grievance hearing this week on her second firing by the University of California at Berkeley. Fired in 1982 from Asian American Studies because she was outspoken as a socialist feminist lesbian, unionist, and supporter of student democracy, Woo was reinstated in 1984 but fired again in 1986. If the university refuses Woo's request for reinstatement, backpay and no further retaliation, Woo has the option of appealing this decision to outside arbitration.

In the grievance hearing with UC Associate Dean Daniel Melia and her union representative, Roz Spafford of the American Federation of Teachers (AFT), produced witnesses and documentation at the hearing to prove her firing was due to discrimination.

"There has been a pattern of continuing discrimination since the first case," says Woo, "because I'm a lesbian and because I'm a socialist-feminist."

In 1984, Woo won an unprecedented free speech victory against UC. In 1982, in what was ruled as an unfair application of the university's four-year rule for lecturers, Woo was fired from her appointment as lecturer for the Asian American Studies department. Woo took her grievances to AFT, who in turn took it to the Public Employment Relations Board (PERB).

PERB agreed with Woo, stating that

the four-year rule, which gives the university the option to terminate or reappoint lecturers every four years, was unfair because it could be applied discriminatorily to silence unpopular voices. Woo's case was an example of its misuse.

Woo also filed suits in federal and state courts charging violation of her First Amendment rights and discrimination based on race, sex, sexuality and political ideology. Woo and her defense committee organized international support, and she won reinstatement for two years with an opportunity to be considered for reappointment, a settlement sum of \$48,584 and \$25,000 in attorney's fees.

When Woo was reinstated in 1984, she was assigned to field studies in the Graduate School of Education, which lacks student contact. They justified the

Continued on page 12

Omnibus AIDS Bill Moves Toward Assembly Vote

by George Mendenhall

AB 87, the most comprehensive state AIDS bill in the nation is expected to pass the Assembly Ways and Means Committee on June 17 on its way to a questionable fate on the Assembly floor. The bill's major function is the establishment of a new state AIDS commission, which would attempt to solidify areas of concern about AIDS that are now dispersed. This commission would hopefully fill the gap created by the current lack of direction from the governor and his Department of Health Services.

It also begins this process by establishing as California policy the AIDS analysis of US Surgeon General C. Everett Koop and the National Academy of Sciences Institutes of Medicine. AB 87 also establishes some specifics about how the state might intelligently cope with some aspects of the AIDS crisis. Here is an overview of the legislation authored by Assemblyman Art Agnos (D-SF):

State Policy

This Koop and Academy policy includes a statement that antibody tests are for blood screening — they are not designed and licensed for screening individuals for employment or insurance. It states that counseling and supportive services are to be a part of all HIV antibody testing programs, recognizing that people who test positive will have anxiety and depression associated with their fear of illness and dying.

Mandatory HIV testing is called unwarranted, unmanageable and cost

prohibitive. The proposed policy urges that any testing must be confidential. It supports AIDS education that is written in understandable language and in languages other than English, and that there be an outreach to minority communities that would utilize the cooperation of community-based groups. AIDS education would encourage people to adopt safe sex practices and to use clean intravenous drug equipment, and urge the public to "say no to drugs." Those who are high-risk would be urged not to donate blood, organs, tissue or sperm.

AIDS Commission

The newly created California Commission on AIDS would have 24 appointed members and include health professionals, peace officers, AIDS educators and service personnel and life insurers. Its duties would include evaluating the epidemic, encouraging greater state funding and participation, recommending appropriate legislation and AIDS education, and advising on legal and ethical issues. The first year appropriation would be \$450,000.

Health Services

The state Dept. of Health Services would be required to distribute the Surgeon General's report to thousands of citizens, including health officials, peace officers, students, and educators. AB-87 also mandates that the state agency more directly involve itself in the AIDS crisis by training hospital personnel on AIDS, maintaining an information clearing house, evaluating the effectiveness of current AIDS education programs, etc.

Confidentiality

Current law has protections on confidentiality in HIV testing. Agnos reaffirms and adds provisions to the requirement of written approval before antibody test information is released. A guardian or a health care provider could learn of a person's HIV antibody test status unless the subject refused disclosure. If the subject is declared incompetent to give consent, access is allowed. Blood testing results would be permitted for scientific investigations if the identity of the subject is not revealed. Test results are to be kept separate from other records in a medical record to avoid violation of disclosure provisions. A person making illegal disclosures could be fined up to \$5,000 plus court costs — and if a victim of such a disclosure is harmed, the sentence could be as much as \$10,000 and one year in jail.

Quarantining

The bill reads, "Quarantine or isola-

tion has no role in the management of AIDS because AIDS is not spread by casual contact. The use of authority vested in California's local health officers to quarantine or isolate should be reviewed, and appropriate recommendations should be made, to deal with the special circumstances of AIDS transmission where responsibility to prevent its transmission rests with the uninfected as well as the infected."

(Criticism about earlier wording of this section resulted in Agnos omitting this earlier wording from the bill: "The only time that some form of quarantine might be indicated is in a situation where an individual infected with HIV knowingly and willfully continues to expose others through sexual contact or the sharing of drug equipment. These circumstances should be managed on a case-by-case basis by local authorities.")

Disability

AB-87 states that the Fair Employ-

ment and Housing Commission was correct in ruling that AIDS belongs within its jurisdiction as a "handicap" in regard to jobs and housing non-discrimination. It allows state law victim compensation for crime by which AIDS could be transmitted.

Schools

AIDS prevention instruction would be required in grades 9-12 unless the parents object. School districts are prohibited from excluding children with AIDS or ARC unless the child's health condition would be harmful to other pupils.

Hygiene

The state health and social service agencies are charged with requiring that nonmedical facilities have good hygiene in regard to urine, stool, vomit, equipment cleanup and garbage disposal.

Call Your Legislature Today

On a Roll



Supervisor John Molinari prepares to address 1,000 supporters of his bid for mayor at a campaign luncheon last Friday at the Hyatt Regency.

Master of Ceremonies Rev. Cecil Williams, pastor of Glide Memorial Church, told the crowd it was the largest luncheon in support of a political candidate in San Francisco history.

Molinari called for unity among city residents, greater funding for school and road maintenance, and better social services for San Franciscans with AIDS.



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Mental Distress and AIDS

by Lisa M. Keen

Researchers attending the International AIDS Conference last week warned that in many instances the AIDS virus is penetrating the central nervous system and causing a range of disorders from explosive headaches to personality changes. They also report that gay persons with AIDS tend to survive longer if they are psychologically adjusted to their homosexuality. And one report shows that persons who feel guilty about their homosexuality may actually "adopt" the disease to compensate for their feelings of guilt.

Dr. John Sidtis of New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Center said his research has shown that neurological impairments — including an "AIDS dementia complex" (ADC) — are a "frequent complication of HIV infection."

"Poor concentration, apathy, even personality change can accompany this disorder," said Sidtis, whose group developed a series of tests to gauge the severity of HIV-related neurological impairments. According to Sidtis, the severity of the impairment tends to correspond with the severity of the infection. Sidtis said his group found some impairment in 10 percent of asymptomatic persons who tested positive for the AIDS antibody.

A Centers for Disease Control study of gay men in Atlanta found that 46 percent of the 75 antibody-positive men tested — all of whom were experiencing swollen lymph glands — reported a problem with irritability, 39 percent lacked interest in social functions, 36 percent were experiencing depression, and 31 percent were reporting problems with memory.

CDC researcher Dr. Robert Janssen added, however, that "very preliminary" results of asymptomatic men who tested positive in San Francisco during a six-year study show no abnormalities thus far.

Janssen cautioned that it is "normal" for healthy persons to experience problems such as forgetfulness and irritability "every once in a while." He said that

concern that the problem might be associated with HIV infection arises only when the problem "persists and becomes bothersome."

A number of researchers reported that the AIDS virus could be found in the cerebral spinal fluid at any stage of HIV infection and frequently without any signs of impairment. Christine Katlama of Claude-Bernard Hospital in Paris, for instance, said her study of 44 patients in various stages of infection found that 45 percent had the AIDS virus in the spinal fluid.

Impact of Mental Distress

A study of long-term survivors with AIDS showed that physical exercise, the ability to relax, and the tendency to avoid over-exertion "have an impact" on how long a person with AIDS will survive.

Lydia Temoshok of the University of California-San Francisco School of Medicine said her study of 18 people with AIDS who had survived for between one and three years without the use of AZT, a new AIDS drug which has been shown to help prolong survival rates, showed that physical exercise "accounted for the most variance" in long survival rates. She said the study, which is very small and preliminary, also seems to indicate that tension and anxiety have a negative impact on survival rates, and that persons with AIDS who are "taking care of themselves" by not over-exerting tend to survive longer.

In response to a question from a conference participant, Temoshok said the 18 long-term survivors were also all participating in some form of "intervention," such as relaxation, meditation, or jogging.

While Temoshok's findings were not surprising, other researchers reported that some of their research was turning up the unexpected.

Dr. Susan Tross of Sloan-Kettering said her study expected to find that gay men with long-term companions would have fewer psychological disorders. Instead, she said, those men with partners tended to have more psychological distress. Dr. Jill Joseph of the University of Michigan reported that gay men who tend to have what she called a "doom orientation" about AIDS are, surprisingly, less likely to make changes to their sexual behavior toward safe sex.

Those gay men who do worse in terms of making their sexual behavior safe are those who deny the seriousness of the epidemic, who do not know anyone who has AIDS, or who have few associations with the gay community.

A study by Jeff Moulton of the University of California-San Francisco showed that gay men who engage in unsafe sexual practices say they do so because they are "lonely," "lack self-control," use drugs or alcohol, or simply "assume" that neither they nor their sexual partners have been infected.

And the "Worried Well"?

A relatively small study presented by J. David Miller, a senior clinical psychologist at London's Middlesex Hospital Medical School, showed that the AIDS epidemic and media coverage of it has caused "larger numbers of psychologically vulnerable" people to "adopt" the epidemic "as a vehicle for the expression of their sexual guilt. . . ."

Almost all 19 of Miller's subjects — which included 8 homosexuals, 8 heterosexuals, and 3 bisexuals — demonstrated an "unshakable and anxiety-laden conviction" that they had AIDS. Half the subjects were suicidal as a result of their mistaken belief that they had AIDS. None had AIDS or "any disease in the six years prior" to the study.

Miller said most of the subjects had a history of "covert" sexual expression, such as being closeted gays or married persons who had engaged in adultery.

They tended to have "high dependency" in close relationships and "relative social isolation with poor social networking or support." Miller's study also said that the families of the subjects usually had "low or non-existent" awareness of the subject's sexuality. He said that many of the persons also engaged in "bargaining" — the gay persons would attempt to behave as heterosexuals and the heterosexuals would attempt to conform to monogamous relationships.

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LaRouche Officials May Face Indictments

by George Mendenhall

Possible federal indictments for the violation of California election laws, involving fraud, perjury, and conspiracy, are pending in Los Angeles against Prevent AIDS Now Initiative Committee (PANIC) officials. PANIC launched an ill-fated 1986 Prop. 64 initiative effort that sought to quarantine people with AIDS. Prop. 64 was primarily financed by various organizations associated with political extremist Lyndon LaRouche, who is currently living in Europe to avoid federal charges of fraud in this country.

Indictments would seriously damage the new effort by PANIC, announced last week, to re-institute Prop. 64 in a new ballot initiative for the June 1988 ballot. PANIC will need 372,178 voters to qualify. Whether it could garner that many signatures without out-of-state solicitors is questionable. The conclusion has evidently been reached that there is enough hysteria about AIDS to make the try worthwhile.

Secretary of State March Fong Eu warned PANIC in May of last year that

she would file legal charges against it if it continued its "harassment of circulators by your personnel." There were also charges filed in Orange and Los Angeles counties alleging that petitioners were lying to citizens about what was in the initiative, bringing another warning from Eu. The secretary also won a court action which forced reference to AIDS being contracted from insects off the ballot argument.

The new criminal charges include the

Continued on page 12

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Saint Harvey: Living on Hope

"Cardinal Juan Fresno of Chile has said, 'Whoever stands up for human rights stands up for the rights of God.' . . . Despite all the emphasis Christians put on their sexual taboos, Christ's one question at the Last Judgement will deal with concrete acts of love and compassion. . ."

— Robert Lentz

Amidst the ongoing harassment of gay people by many religious denominations, particularly the Church of Rome, prophetic voices continue to respond to blindness, righteousness and bigotry. Robert Lentz, a wise and talented artist, has crafted a message about our martyred brother, Harvey Milk, using the ancient eastern art form of iconography. Icons are highly symbolic portraits of holy people, called saints since biblical times. Many of these saints were martyrs who laid down their lives for their beliefs. Lentz has bypassed the ossified structure of determining who merits sainthood today. He has completed several icons of twentieth century "saints" including Martin Luther King, Mohandas Gandhi, Archbishop Oscar Romero of El Salvador, Stephen Biko and Mother Jones.



"I had heard a little bit about Harvey Milk, the gay politician who was murdered in San Francisco in 1978. That rainy November night in 1982 . . . I had merely gone down to the Castro district to observe the annual candle-light march on the anniversary of his death.

"Many thousands of people had already gathered, holding candles. An awesome silence pervaded this usually boisterous neighborhood. I felt as though I had entered some basilica and was waiting for a liturgical service to begin. As the march moved slowly down Market Street, my sense of liturgy deepened. I, too, took a candle and joined the silent crowd.

"When the people of God remember events of salvation, history is again made present. Each celebration of Passover, Jews relive their deliverance from Egyptian slavery. The chants for every feast in the Orthodox Church are filled with the phrase, 'Today . . . Even in the Latin Rite, sound theology teaches that Christ becomes present in the bread and wine at Mass because the Christian people have gathered in faith to remember his death and resurrection. The people remember in faith, and history stands still.

"As a public official [Harvey Milk] fought consistently for the rights of all those without a voice. These people included blue collar workers, the elderly, racial minorities, and gays. It was defending the basic human rights of gay men and women, however, that placed him in harm's way . . . Harvey Milk violated many sexual taboos, but he laid his life down for countless other human beings, consciously and willingly.

"There are many who deny that God has anything to do with gay people. I was raised in a family with such prejudice. I had also spent 18 years of my life surrounded by solemn monastic liturgies. I went that night to Market Street to observe a political demonstration. Instead I experienced one of the most moving liturgical events of my life. Harvey Milk was there among us, and so was God . . .

"Harvey Milk still lives, as do all the just. Since that November night I have found him where men and women are fighting for human dignity, especially among persons with AIDS. In this icon he wears a black armband with a pink triangle. This was a Nazi symbol for gays and represents all those who have been tortured or killed because of cultural taboos about sex. Their number grows with each passing year, and the compassionate Christ continues to say, 'As long as you did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me.'"

Our efforts to achieve just treatment in society take many forms. Art is a potent vehicle for articulating deep feelings and beliefs. Harvey Milk was our brother, more comfortable in front of a camera than on a pedestal. He knew that reaching beyond the gay ghetto and confronting the system were necessary to transform it. The very unorthodox Harvey may appear to many as an odd choice for an orthodox iconization, yet to many of us he ranks with the great ones. We are grateful to Robert Lentz for translating the vision we share into a universal medium, and gifting us with his art. ■

Frameable, poster-size reproductions of the Robert Lentz icon of Harvey Milk will be distributed nationally by Gay Fathers/San Francisco Bay Area. It will include the following quote from Harvey's Inaugural Address: "The important thing is not that we can live on hope alone . . . but that life is not worth living without it."

The posters will cost \$10 each (plus \$3 for postage and handling if ordered through the mail). Proceeds from the sale of these posters will be distributed annually by a committee of the Gay Fathers Group to necessary operating expenses of the group, the Harvey Milk Foundation, AIDS-related agencies throughout the Bay Area and to support the goals and objectives of the International Coalition of Lesbian and Gay Parents. Discounts will be available on quantity orders. You may place your orders by writing to: Gay Fathers/San Francisco Bay Area, Suite #511, PO Box 410990, San Francisco, CA 94141, or call (415)-841-0306.

Tom Murray
TOM MURRAY

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500 HAYES STREET,
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LETTERS

B.A.R. Publisher Discriminates

To the Editor:

There was an interesting letter published in the Bay Area Reporter June 4 urging guys to stop buying the San Francisco Examiner because, among other things, ". . . none but the most extreme right-wing and/or asinine letters to the editor are published." The implication being that Tim Edwards and I aren't exactly representative gays. This is true.

Letter writer Roy Ledbetter goes on to imply that only the Bay Area Reporter, among the gay papers, ". . . gives an honest and balanced account. . ." of the news. Yawn.

Since my letters, no matter what the topics, are banned at the B.A.R. by order of the publisher, I'm inclined to question the journalistic integrity of a paper which discriminates against even one individual who has chosen to take some unpopular stands, and to question the ethics of that publisher.

For all of William Randolph Hearst II's conservatism, his paper, the Examiner, allows a diverse cross-section of thought from the ultra-liberal Rob Morse to the ultra-conservative Guy Wright. And their letters' policy, like that of the Sentinel, is based upon style, content, and possible reader interest. I doubt that subjective feelings about a particular letter writer has much to do with which letters are published or rejected.

And I would imagine that the policy would be the same at the Bay Area Reporter if the publisher was a professional rather than an amateur.

Tom Youngblood

Praise for Hollistics

To the Editor:

I wish to acknowledge the Sentinel for daring to go beyond the quotidian dramas of inane news reporting by including the many excellent articles concerned with the human potential movement, spiritual health, crystals, gratitude, and so forth. Momentary miracles truly abound when we begin to use our intuitive, psychic abilities and other "tools" to release the tired old ego-programming still so prevalent in the gay (as well as straight) world.

The articles such as those written by Van Ault and others are enlightening, refreshing, and tremendously useful to all of us at this time.

I read in slight disbelief several strangely disjointed criticisms towards the Sentinel's "Healing Resources" section and towards the idea of the Auracle, a gay metaphysical center.

These letters made little or no sense to me. At any rate, those individuals who have trouble dealing with the vast, innate power and beauty they themselves possess might be well advised to look into a mirror and for once tell the truth as to what they see, and how they feel inside. Then they might start releasing those impoverished old fears and begin to tune into their own true essence of joy, far beyond ignorant words and judgments.

Again, thank you, Sentinel staff. Keep it up!
Tom Gochwad

BWMT Racist?

To the Editor:

I was surprised at the racist charge by Black and White Men Together. They objected to the term "inter-racial coupling" in the news article "Last

Bathroom Closing." This was part of a report, and we know a newspaper shouldn't censor stories. Next, you'll be asked to leave fruit salad out of restaurant reviews. There was no mention of any particular race. I thought we were all the human race.

The title "BWMT-SF" sounds racist as hell. It mentions two races, and two opposites stress the differences instead of the likenesses.

Surely, a title could be found to stress sameness and oneness.

Isn't BWMT-SF all about "inter-racial coupling"? If "inter-racial coupling" was going on at the baths, why hurt feelings? Sounds like progress is being made in their goals and aims. They seem to want censorship and said it was implied that one race is less concerned about spreading AIDS — I thought the "coupling" took two to do it.

If the baths had acrobats, or people who wear condoms as skull caps, it's nice to know, and we should know. Just as we should know if "inter-racial coupling" occurred. Why such an issue?

Their letter was signed Steering Committee (whatever that is). Why not steer your aims with a little more love and stop looking for racism everywhere, especially where it seems it doesn't exist.

As far as I can tell, the Sentinel is the least racist publication I've read, and the most fair.
Chuck Kennedy

SF Rip-Offs

To the Editor:

With all the hoopla being raised about rip-off organizations like Burroughs Wellcome and the apathy of Ronald Reagan, I'd like to know why not a word is being said about the con artists that exist in our own community.

For example, Tom O'Connor is now charging huge sums of money to import the AIDS drug AL 721, while others have already demonstrated that it can be made at home, at very little cost.



Wearing a Harvey Milk smile, SF activist Cleve Jones takes a minute to rest and reflect on the power that national lesbian/gay leaders expressed during a major protest staged June 1 in Washington, DC.

And then there's Joseph Durant, who's always involved in various AIDS projects. Durant's projects rarely do anything beyond reminding people what a "great artist" he is, and he is forever soliciting and receiving funds for these projects. Never does he account for a cent of what he receives, shades of Jim and Tammy.

O'Connor and Durant should be stopped.
Timothy P. Clarke

Dumb Doolittle

To the Editor:

In his Sentinel "open letter" [May
Continued on page 12

FROM THE DESK

DAVID M LOWE

Quarantine Weapons Not People!

Tomorrow, June 13, members of the lesbian/gay community will join novelist Alice Walker, Mother Jones publisher Don Hazen and many others at the Concord Naval Weapons Station to participate in a demonstration of non-violent civil disobedience.

The combined lesbian/gay contingent will be wearing masks and gloves to quarantine the war machine and promote health care instead of warfare.

Our community's contingent in support of the action is being sponsored by Citizens for Medical Justice, Lesbians and Gays Against Intervention and the local committee of the National March on Washington for Lesbian/Gay Rights.

Their support of the action designed to protest arms shipments to Central America will focus on the fact that nearly 9.5 billion dollars a year is sent to Central America in the form of government arms shipments. The contingent believes and I agree that we need to stop

the Reagan government from using our tax dollars to destroy life in Central America and instead use those tax dollars to save lives by fighting the AIDS crisis here at home.

When all available political channels have been tried and fail to be true, we must seriously consider the option of political protest.

If you'd like to support or participate in tomorrow's action that will include people going over the fence at the weapons station, you can jump in the carpool leaving from the ARC/AIDS



Paul Boneberg of Mobilization Against AIDS being arrested during DC protest on June 1.

Vigil at 9 am or meet at Clyde Park in Concord at 10:30 am. For more information call 771-4688.

Inside W

Last week's consciousness raising efforts staged by national lesbian/gay leaders have apparently received the attention of the new White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker.

Our sources in DC tell us Baker has instructed White House domestic policy chief Gary Bauer that US Surgeon General C. Everett Koop is the definitive point man for the administration's future actions on AIDS.

Koop, not Bauer, will apparently be charged with the task of recommending appointments to the Reagan advisory commission on AIDS. He is expected to insure lesbians/gays get at least one seat. The odds on favorite is a recommendation by Senator Pete Wilson that the chairman of the governor's AIDS advisory commission Bruce Decker represent our community's concerns before the president.

Alice Allegations

This week rumors of political wrongdoing were being hurled within the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Demo-

cratic Club by Agnos supporters upset with Molinari supporters who had been paying for club memberships in an effort to secure the endorsement for Supervisor John Molinari.

The Molinari camp asserts the funds were personal loans to individuals who expressed an interest in becoming Alice members. Of course, they were Molinari supporters.

I gathered information from both camps and asked for a ruling from the state Fair Political Practices Commission (FPPC). Their reply was that there appears to be no restriction on a member of a political club loaning money to an individual for purposes of purchasing a club membership. However, the loans must be repaid.

In the past 60 days Alice has received applications for 300 new memberships. Both the Agnos and Molinari camps have been buying up these potential endorsement-securing votes like they were precious metals. Both sides are playing the game and would do well to quit crying about the supposed improprieties of the other. If there are substantiated charges of political wrong-doing, the *Sentinel* will only reveal names and numbers after an official complaint is filed with the FPPC.

At last Monday's meeting the general membership voted overwhelmingly to consider making an early endorsement of a mayoral candidate at their July meeting. That meeting could make the Milk club endorsement meeting look like progressive pablum. Sharpen the fangs and file the nails, girls, this will be quite a show.

AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

Airline Passengers Enjoying It Less

An Illinois man recently told a flight attendant on a Northwest Airlines jet that he was having trouble storing his bag in an overhead bin. He "half-jokingly" stated that the reason for the trouble was because the bag contained a bomb. Rather than laugh, even half-heartedly, the stewardess called authorities who evacuated the plane for a thorough search. The flight was delayed considerably.

Hijackings are not so common these days, but flight delays have become problems for an increasing number of passengers. PSA reports that 19.8% of its flights had delays of more than ten minutes in April 1987, an increase of 50% over a year earlier. Overall, PSA's flight delays have risen from 24.3% to 28.1% during 1987. Weather, mechanical delays, and air traffic control problems are cited as the main reasons for the numerous delays.

Recently, a trip to Las Vegas caused me to fly PSA. Since a non-stop flight from there to San Francisco was not offered the evening I flew home, I had to fly to Los Angeles first. As our plane

landed, on time, we were told not to leave the plane since the stop-over would be short. Rather than leaving at 8 pm, however, we were told that a "gate hold" had been placed on the plane, and we would not leave until 8:30, then it was 8:42, then finally about 9:10 when we did leave. However, we then had to go into a holding pattern over Big Sur, so the flight actually arrived around two hours late. The weather in San Francisco was blamed — too windy to use either runway.

Each of you probably can tell a similar story. Continental Airlines has received a lot of criticism lately, but visitors last week arrived only seven

minutes late on that airline.

If it's not a flight delay, complaints arise over lost luggage, canceled flights, rude service (are you listening Pan-Am?), or dirty airplanes.

Staff cutbacks at the airlines have certainly not helped the level of service. The urge to publish schedules acceptable to the public has led airlines to falsely imply that those schedules can be kept. The airlines in turn blame the lack of federal air traffic controllers.

Lower airfares — and less revenues — are often thought to be the culprit in bringing more unpleasant pressures to bear upon the traveling public, yet flight loads have increased from a previous average of 50% to current levels of 65%. So even though the individual is paying less — ninety percent of us fly on some type of discounted fare — the airlines are still collecting those fares from more and more people. Airports have become cattle barns similar to the bus stations of yesteryear.

What can you do to avoid these problems? If possible, avoid "hub cities," those megalopolises where the airlines distribute the majority of their passengers. The theory is that incoming flights are spaced in over a short period of time, then there is a period when no flights go out as everybody makes their

connections, then the passengers continue on with another series of outgoing flights. A storm in one city can play havoc with the entire theory, causing a domino effect on planes arriving and departing for the rest of the day.

Yet it's hard to avoid "hub cities" when taking a trip of any great distance. Experienced travelers have learned to allow extra time for their trip. Some have even taken to arriving at the airport late — only to find that the flight actually left on time. Patience and a good book are the best advice.

The increasing frustration of the air traveler is exacerbated by his limited rights as a consumer. Since the flier's rights are few, you might take note of the following.

Three rights remain after deregulation. They involve overbooking, smoking sections, and baggage liability. As you know, many people don't show up for flights which they have reserved. To counteract this, airlines reserve more seats than they actually have. On those rare moments when too many people show up, they have to follow certain rules to decide who doesn't get seated. They first seek volunteers to take a later flight. They can offer whatever incentives they choose to these volunteers and often there is no need for further action.

If not enough people volunteer, then passengers can be "bumped." If the airline can get you to your destination within one hour of the original flight,

they owe you no compensation if you are bumped. Within one to two hours, they must pay you the equivalent of the airfare, limited to \$200 maximum. If they cannot get you to your destination within two hours, then they pay you up to \$400. On international flights they have four hours to get you there.

The airlines do not guarantee their schedules, so if your flight is canceled altogether, they are not obligated to do anything for you. Most will try to rebook you; some will pay for your meals and other expenses.

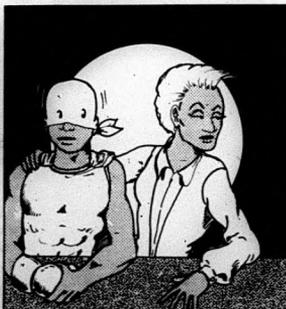
If the airline loses your baggage, then they must pay up to \$1250. I emphasize the "up to." When TWA lost my luggage years ago, they made it very difficult to collect, wanted proof of the luggage contents, and then slashed my valuation in half. By then they had me so worn down that it was easier not to fight it.

Finally, nonsmokers have the remaining right — the right to be a seat away from smokers. If you check in by flight time, the airline must provide you such a seat upon request. Latecomers and standby passengers don't have this right. Your right to a seat in the non-smoking section, however, does not give you the right to choose the seat.

Those of you who've undergone some of the more harrowing flight experiences are welcome to send them to the *Sentinel*. Maybe you can win a prize if nothing else!

CATHARTIC COMICS

Featuring THE BROWN BOMBER and DIVA TOUCHE FLAMBE by I.B. Gittendowne



POINT OF VIEW

LEONARD MATLOVICH

And This . . . Is Nightline

I slept through the flight to Los Angeles. I was too tired to be nervous. My phone had started to ring at 6 am that morning with calls from friends on the East Coast wishing me luck.

It had already been a hell of a week with meetings, trainings, the candlelight vigil during the president's speech, the demonstration at the White House, jail (with Steve Schulte; oh god, I've died and gone to heaven), *Larry King Live*, and media, media, media! On Wednesday, I flew back to San Francisco and began dealing with all the phone calls. (When pictures of you being arrested appear on the front page of the *Washington Post* and are featured in the *New York Times*, your answering machine goes crazy!)

On Thursday, from 11 am to midnight, I went through mock debates and question and answer drills with AIDS activist Ken McPherson, poring through the issues, over and over. My mind felt near the point of short-circuiting with all the details.

When I woke up in Los Angeles, the anxiety began creeping in. I knew this was an incredible responsibility. As the only PWA on the panel, I was supposed to represent the feelings and concerns of all PWAs. I knew that the reason they had asked me to appear on the panel was the interview I had done

for *Good Morning America*, and my public recognition as a result of my challenge to the Air Force during the '70s. In fact, I had suggested other AIDS activists for the panel, but they had replied, "Thanks anyway, we want you."

So there I was, sitting on a panel with the greatest experts on AIDS in the US. And there was a truly hateful and devious William Dannemeyer, sharpening his fangs, in search of blood (tested blood only, please). I had visions of making brilliant statements and slicing Dannemeyer into little ineffectual

pieces. I knew that with four hours, I had plenty of time to express myself clearly.

I heard the words, ". . . and this . . . is *Nightline*."

It was over. Four long hours had been reduced to what seemed like four extremely short minutes. The producers were shaking my hand telling me what a wonderful job I had done. But I felt I had failed miserably. I had failed those who were depending on me. Some of my responses had not been on target. I believed their premises were sound, but I had not made several of my points clearly and succinctly.

I went back to the hotel, and turned on the TV (the West Coast delayed broadcast was still airing) just in time to watch myself being groaned at by members of the audience for answering Koppel's question as to how long I had to live by answering ". . . a year." Great! I cried myself to sleep.

The next day, I went to breakfast with a friend, and joined a few of his friends. Before we had been introduced, one of his friends began commenting on the show, not recognizing me. He said that he thought the show was wonderful, that Jeff Levy had done an excellent job, that Dannemeyer had come across badly, and that "that Matlovich guy seemed like he was right off of Saturn." A sharp knife rammed into my stomach. We then began the introductions, and I introduced myself as "Leonard, right off of Saturn." He turned at least twenty different colors

right before my eyes. He apologized profusely, and I told him not to bother; I agreed with him.

I flew back to San Francisco with visions of my apartment being vandalized, and being run out of town on a rail. And yet, to my utter surprise, when I summoned the courage to walk down Castro Street, people came up to me with big smiles on their faces, congratulating me, telling what a great job I had done. What was this, the *Twilight Zone*?

I have now had several days to put the whole experience into perspective. The show was wonderful. It helped to demonstrate that all of this arguing about testing really has little to do with stopping the spread of the disease. It showed that the medical/research/health-care workers of America are in consensus and oppose the tactics of political opportunists like Gary Bauer and William Dannemeyer. It also makes you feel good to see that the AIDS community has so many friends of the quality of the panelists on the show, and that they, too, are fighting for our lives.

As for my performance, while some of my comments were unclear, a number of them were right on the money. I pointed out the hypocrisy of the manner in which the insurance industry lobbies to stop national health care, and then refuses to provide for the needs of the catastrophically ill. I spoke to the need for an AIDS education program, rather than recrimination and the "just-say-no" hoax that will lead to the deaths of countless Americans. I called for a worldwide effort to defeat AIDS.

At this point, my only regret is in not

having nailed Gary Bauer's ass to the wall. When I said, "The Ollie Norths are running the White House on AIDS," I was referring to Bauer. In the same way that North should not be running US foreign policy, Bauer should not be setting US policy on AIDS. We need a comprehensive federal plan designed by health care professionals in coordination with those who have experience in dealing with the disease. That certainly means inclusion of input from the lesbian/gay community on all government programs.

Did *Nightline* help us achieve this goal? Perhaps more than we realize. I have received word from a highly placed source in the White House that in the past day or two, Howard Baker has disempowered Bauer, and has placed Reagan administration policy in the hands of Surgeon General Koop. If this report is true, we have just had a major victory.

A final note: whether I deserve it or not, whether I like it or not, people are coming to me to speak out on AIDS as a result of the publicity I have received during the past decade. I can either stay home and do nothing but wait to die or I can get out there and fight for the funding and policies we should have foreseen all too many years ago. I have decided to fight. In standing up I run the risk of not being perfect, and occasionally making mistakes. So be it. I am going to devote what time I have to studying the facts, learning the issues, and working with those who feel as I do, that the government has failed in its duty to provide for the health and welfare of its citizens during this epidemic. ■

POINT OF VIEW

RALPH PAYNE

Thoughts from Cell Block 'B'

In a church hall in Washington, DC, it is close to 100 degrees, and the humidity is about the same as I listen to a melodically-voiced gentlewoman. She speaks of Gandhi and suffragettes and Selma, non-violence and social change. And she reassures us that taking the risk of breaking the law to protest an injustice is a meaningful endeavor.

Another voice prepares us for the possible consequences to ourselves personally and frightens us. And yet another voice says, "Don't lose this number. Write it on the upper part of your arm where you won't perspire." Obediently, I follow the instructions and an instantly shocked that I have placed on my arm a black tattoo.

After a couple of hours we are fully-trained freedom fighters, and we leave the church, each one of us holding a flower. Outside we are joined by hundreds of demonstrators and almost as many TV cameras. After participating in so many quiet and somber candlelight memorials, I am startled by the anger and militancy of the crowd as we begin our march to the White House.

I realize that I do not know what the banner I'm holding says. But we begin chanting, "We've got the power to . . . fight back!" and "What do we want?" "Money for AIDS!" "Now!" And we sing, "We shall overcome," . . . and "We are a gently angry people — fighting, fighting for our lives!"

We reach the assembly point in Lafayette Park where there is pandemonium. A media circus out of control. Dan Bradley, the former head of the Legal Services Corporation of the United States — now a person with AIDS, addresses the crowd . . . with anger, and sadness, and grace. He frames the argument well.

The President of the United States is letting us die. He refuses to meet with

us. He refuses to meet with his doctor, the Surgeon General of the United States. He refuses to initiate anywhere near an appropriate response to the threat of the AIDS epidemic.

The nation is losing the war against AIDS. The number of deaths so far is almost half the number in the entire Vietnam War. The foot-soldiers lie dying in massive numbers. There are no general to be found. And still the Commander-in-Chief does nothing.

The speech ends and we take up the banner and a wreath which has "20,000" written across it. And we march again. This time we cross Pennsylvania Avenue shouting louder. We reach the sidewalk in front of the White House, and one by one, we jump over the concrete anti-terrorist barricade that separates the sidewalk from the street. The police move in as we help others over the wall. A person on each side of the next one jumping over. The crowd in the street grows and begins to spontaneously chant, "Join us. Join us. Join us."

In the street, we all face the White House and point our fingers. In unison, we shout, "Shame! Shame! Shame!" and the several hundred demonstrators turn around and join in the chanting.

We sit down, and over the next twenty to thirty minutes, the police issue three warnings telling us to move because we are obstructing traffic. We refuse. Then they say, "You're under arrest." We stand. And they come for us as we sing, "We are not afraid."

They take our women first. And I choke back the rage as I realize that they are taking the gentlest (and those whom they perceive to be the most vulnerable) first. The men watch and sing, "We shall overcome." One-by-one they take the lesbians who have been fighting by our sides in the battle against AIDS since the beginning. The women who are least at risk for the disease. The women who did not have to be there. The women who once again are proving that ours truly is a lesbian and gay community — united in the face of crisis.

They take Bobbi Bennett. They take Jean O'Leary. They take Ginny Apuzzo. And they take all of them. The White House is their backdrop. Helicopters are in the air. Steel-helmeted, jack-booted, rubber-gloved militia surround us. And command-to-type Secret Service agents watch us through binoculars from the White House roof. Stairs are wailing. And the crowd is roaring with approval as our strong, gentle women are loaded onto the bus which the police have reserved for females.

They they start picking off the men from every direction. One by one. Just as I have seen my friends and heroes taken by the disease, now I see them being taken by the police, bravely smiling through their fear and I am strengthened by their presence.

Each of the men who is well has taken responsibility for a person with AIDS. But we realize this system is futile because they are taking us randomly. And we stand helpless as we watch them take our charges. Len Matlovich, Richard Reiter, Glen Coltharp.

And pitifully, we all watch as they take Loren Laureano, a person with AIDS from Houston. We watch him drop to his knees, and then on his face. We watch as the police started pulling him thinking he is resisting arrest. And the crowd begins to lose control. "Shame! Shame! Shame!" they cry. A doctor who has agreed to be arrested steps forward and is pushed back. Those of us remaining try to tell the

police, "He needs a doctor. He has AIDS. Please stop hurting him." The police, who are only doing their job, realize that we might be right, and call for an ambulance. They cut Loren's bonds and load him into the ambulance.

As our numbers diminish, they herd us into an increasingly tighter circle until we are standing back-to-back facing out. The heat and humidity are relentless. We cheer and applaud each person that is taken. David Scondras. Steve Schulte. David Mixner. Duke Comegys. Jim Foster. Tim Wolfred. Randy Klöse.

And there's a young man whose ac-

comes the answer. And so it goes. Humor and pathos all the way.

Paul Boneberg and I are at the front of the bus and the first ones to be off-loaded, booked and jailed. How peculiar it is to see my colleague of many years staring wistfully out from behind the steel bars.

Inside the jail they process each person slowly and methodically. As each person enters the cell there are cheers. Until finally we are told by the guards to pipe down and hold our applause till the end. A woman guard complains that our cuffs should be removed. The male guards disagree. But the woman is persistent and she eventually prevails.

After a couple of hours we are fully-trained freedom fighters, and we leave the church, each one of us holding a flower.

quaintance I have made the night before and whose name I do not know. He holds a defiant flower in the air as he is arrested. And on and on. Then I feel the inevitable tight grip on my arm. And I am led away. Questioned. Cuffed. Photographed. Then, I am loaded onto the men's bus where 40 of our community's leading activists are waiting and cheering.

The mood on the bus is militant and apprehensive, but gay humor is also prevalent. The sweltering heat causes the sweat to roll from my forehead into my eyes, and my contacts sting as the plastic cuffs cut into my wrists behind my back. We yell to the onlooking demonstrators, "What do we want?" "Money for AIDS!" "When do we want it!" "Now!" After one "What do we want?" somebody pipes up, "Air conditioning!" and we all laugh.

The bus pulls away with us singing, "We shall overcome." And the crowd weeps and cheers and yells, "Thank you." And we yell back, "Thank you!" The bus speeds up, cooling the inside somewhat, and a local man from Washington (I think the owner of Lambda Rising bookstore) acts as tour guide. On your left is the Department of Injustice. . . . And seeing a statue, somebody asks, "Who's that on the horse?" "That's Larry Kramer,"

Our bonds are removed, and later we realize that the woman is probably a friend.

Ironically, the total number arrested is 64. An incredible bonding occurs among the inmates. People, who under normal circumstances might refuse to sit in a meeting in the same room with each other, are now sharing a jail cell. David Scondras, who earlier has strengthened us by admitting he is terrified, is now circulating a smuggled pen obtaining everyone's autograph on a scrap of paper to preserve the moment. And the fear rises again as two more people with AIDS become faint and have to be removed to the hospital.

Eventually we are processed, our bail is forfeited as we plead guilty to our offense, and we are released. Paul and I are the first out, and a tired and tense Diane Abitt hugs us and gives us a banana. She has been waiting outside with a purse full of money in case anyone needs bail. She is anxious about her lover Bobbi who is still inside. They have four children at home. . . .

And so, what did we accomplish? For the first time since the Stonewall riots nearly 20 years ago, lesbian and gay representatives from around the nation came together to take a unified action. We consciously broke the law of

Continued on next page

BEYOND THE BAY

CORINNE LIGHTWEAVER

Tennessee Judge Sentences Two Men for Sodomy

JOHNSON CITY, TN — Two men have been convicted of felonies and sentenced to five years each in jail for "crimes against nature" in Tennessee. The men have not yet appeared before the judge for sentencing, but it is expected that they may receive probation at their hearing in August.

The men were arrested for having sex in their car on a deserted parking lot late at night on the East Tennessee State University campus. A campus police officer found them sitting in a car on September 5, 1986. One man did not have pants on.

The prosecutor, vehemently anti-gay District Attorney David Crockett, sought the felony charges. Crockett responded to gay protestors by stating that the men knew they were doing something illegal, and therefore deserved prosecution. In Tennessee, any form of sexual intercourse considered illegal is punishable by five to 15 years in prison.

Swedes Approve Marital Rights for Same-Sex Couples

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN — Parliament approved a bill yesterday giving gay couples the same rights as common law marriages. The bill's passage by acclamation followed a six-year study of gay and lesbian "lifestyles" by a government-appointed commission.

Victory for New York Couple

NEW YORK CITY — In what may be the first such case settled since New York City's sexual orientation law took effect in early 1986, the city's Commission on Human Rights ruled that a gay male couple can purchase a co-op.

Raymond Hoerle and James Main had attempted to buy an apartment in a cooperative building, but maintain they

were rejected because of their sexual orientation and marital status. Although the co-op board would not say why the men were rejected, they denied discrimination.

After Hoerle and Main filed a complaint with the CHR, they reached a settlement with the co-op board which will allow Hoerle to buy a one-bedroom apartment in which Main may live as a member of Hoerle's immediate family.

School Board Protects Gay Students

PHILADELPHIA — The Philadelphia School Board recently passed a resolution condemning discrimination against students by teachers, administrators and other students based on their sexual orientation. While prohibiting harassment based on sexual orientation, the amendment to the student code also allows for sensitivity training for teachers and administrators.

The school board took this action in response to a request by the Philadelphia Lesbian and Gay Task Force, even though there have been no "serious incidents" of discrimination against gay and lesbian students in the city.

Mayor Sends Koop's Report to Every Household

BOSTON — Boston's mayor Raymond Flynn has ordered a copy of Surgeon General Koop's report on AIDS mailed to every household in the city, so that residents may become better informed about the disease. The 36-page document will be mailed to 240,000 households, at a cost of \$60,000.

Supreme Court to Review CIA's Anti-Gay Personnel Policy

WASHINGTON, DC — The Supreme

Court has agreed to decide whether courts can review a decision by the CIA to fire a homosexual. The case, *Webster vs. Doe*, could end the federal intelligence agency's policy of disallowing gay employees.

The case evolved from the firing of a nine-year CIA employee, although the Supreme Court will not directly address that particular dispute in its decision. The employee's name has not been released because of a government policy not to publicly identify CIA employees.

The employee, who is referred to as John Doe in the court proceedings, began working for the CIA as a clerk typist in 1973. In January 1982, after Doe told a CIA security officer that he was gay, he was placed on administrative leave. A polygraph test indicated that he had not disclosed secret information to sexual partners, nor had sexual relations with any foreigners. Nevertheless, Doe was fired in May 1982 on the ground that he was a security risk.

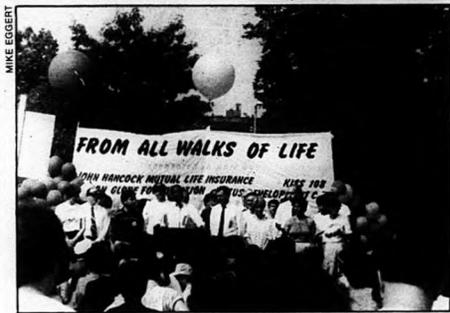
Serial Murder Suspects Arrested

SHREVEPORT, LA — Two men have been arrested by Louisiana police on charges of murdering at least five gay men in Louisiana, Florida, Arizona and New Mexico. Brothers Darrell and Russell Crider are being held in the Caddo Parish Jail for what Shreveport police are calling a string of serial murders by two men who have a "strong dislike for homosexuals."

Morticians Learn About AIDS

CINCINNATI — Donald Douthit of the Cincinnati College of Mortuary Sciences has found a way to respond to the numerous inquiries he has received about the risks to morticians who handle bodies of people with AIDS. After researching the issues, Douthit assembled an 80-slide presentation which he takes with him to funeral directors' conventions.

The presentation advises morticians



A mostly lesbian/gay crowd of nearly 5,000 people raised over \$650,000 for AIDS programs at Boston's 10-kilometer AIDS walkathon held May 31.

that embalming the body of a person with AIDS is no different than if the person had had any other infectious disease, such as hepatitis B or tuberculosis. Douthit also says there is no need for AIDS-infected bodies to be cremated.

In an official AIDS policy adopted two years ago, the National Funeral Directors Association recommended that its members provide all funeral services, including embalming and open caskets, to any individual who has died of AIDS.

Maine's Victory and Defeat

MAINE — Gay rights advocates successfully defeated a bill prohibiting gay men and lesbians from becoming foster parents, but their gay rights bill was defeated again.

The gay rights bill seemed to have stronger support than in past years, judging from a public hearing in which supporters outnumbered opponents four to one. Nevertheless, a joint Judiciary Committee, in a 7 to 6 split, recommended that the bill not be passed. The Senate and House voted overwhelmingly to accept the committee recommendation.

New Hampshire activists were not as

triumphant as their Maine neighbors on the foster care issue, unfortunately. Last month, New Hampshire Governor John Sununu signed a bill into law which prohibits gays and lesbians from becoming foster parents.

McCoy Becomes New Head of NCBLG

Rev. Renee McCoy, formerly Director of Third World Ministries for the Metropolitan Community Church (MCC) and pastor of Harlem MCC Church, has been hired as the new executive director of the National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays.

A founding member of NCBLG, McCoy participated in the delegation of black lesbians and gays that met with the Carter administration in 1979.

NCBLG board member Lou Highes says it was difficult to find a replacement for former executive director Gil Gerard, because he was so dedicated. "When Renee applied, we were thrilled. She has always exhibited tremendous strength as a leader."

In her new position, McCoy hopes to strengthen NCBLG through opening new chapters, improving communication between the chapters, and providing leadership training.

Items from this week's column were compiled from Johnson City Press, Philadelphia Gay News, Associated Press, Another Voice, Out Front, United Press International, Washington Blade, and Chicago Outlines.

Continued from previous page

this land to protest the injustice directed towards our people. We did so non-violently. We spoke to the president and we know that he heard us. We spoke to the nation and we know that it heard us. And we spoke to our community.

And in doing so, we were also hearing our community's cry for action. We heard. For six years our community has stood virtually alone waging the war against this epidemic. We have defined the programs. We have developed the services. Our people have served as the guinea pigs for research. We have raised the money. We have lobbied our elected officials demanding action. We have fought back lunatics wanting to put us into concentration camps. We have conducted the funerals. We have conducted the funerals! And we have exhausted all of the avenues available to us within the system. And still the system watches us die.

So today, June 1, 1987, 64 frightened people took a risk and crossed a line, stepping into a space that has been waiting for us for some time. Our message is that the time has come to take the next gentle step in our liberation. We must let the system know that it is failing us, and that we can no longer stand by and watch our people die. If we have to, we will break the law — non-violently. Filling up the jails is preferable to filling up the hospitals. We are not going to just die.

And I am reminded of the spontaneous chant which broke out as we helped each other over the concrete barricades in that collective coming out in front of the White House... "Join us! Join us! Join us!"

SHOULD YOU TAKE THE AIDS ANTIBODY TEST?

Possible Benefits

- People who get test results usually reduce high risk behavior.
- By taking the test, you find out whether or not you can infect others.
- Regardless of the result, testing often increases a person's commitment to overall good health habits.
- People who test negative feel less anxious after testing.

The San Francisco Department of Public Health offers AIDS Antibody Testing which is **voluntary, free and anonymous**. Counseling and referrals are also available. To make an appointment for testing, call **621-4858**



Possible Disadvantages

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

For more information about AIDS Antibody Testing, call the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Hotline at **863-AIDS**.

Toll-free in Northern CA (800) FOR AIDS
TDD (415) 864-6606

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

GET THE FACTS. CONSIDER YOUR FEELINGS. THEN DECIDE.





MARC GELLER

Hot Shot Chefs Shine for Charity

WAITING FOR GOOD DOUGH

by Dave Ford

When my editor told me I was officially on the press list for Aid and Comfort, a staggering foodist benefit at Fort Mason's Pier 23 last Monday evening, I immediately unfurled my best black jeans for the occasion.

Hey, I know a good party when I see one — and this one was rare: tickets to the mammoth fundraiser, which took a year of planning, ran \$250 each, or \$10,000 per table. And as Grand Sponsors, Heller, Ehrman, White & McAuliffe had chipped in \$50,000, in memory of Steven M. Brock, a law partner who died of AIDS in 1984; five Sponsoring Patrons had tossed in \$10,000 each; three Grand Patrons had forked over \$5,000 each; fifteen Patrons had ponied up one to five thousand bucks each; and a clutch of Donors had coughed up \$500-\$1,000. In addition, American Express had given \$25,000; The Rex Foundation, \$20,000; and Transamerica Corp., \$15,000.

It was a helluva haul — and most of it will go, almost immediately, to five local AIDS charities (AIDS Emergency Fund, Hospice of SF, Project Open Hand, SF AIDS Foundation, and Shanti Project). Sleek, dapper publicity whiz Bill Hayes later told me that each of the groups will get an equal share of half the night's total, with the other half to be distributed on a percentage/need basis (the group with the biggest budget gets the largest chunk of the proceeds).

Hayes refused to name a total figure — not surprising, considering that donations from a Monday night KQED broadcast wouldn't be tallied for a couple of days. But he suggested that, after expenses (about \$120,000), a half-million bucks seemed a pretty reasonable amount; others hinted it was more like a million.

The actual food-prep logistics posed the potential for brain-blistering headaches: fourteen hot-shot restaurants scattered around the hall, bringing 1040 guests eight (or nine, or twelve, depending on your math) luscious courses, all of them whipped up by fourteen high-strung, supernova chefs. Van Wyk Coleman of Van Wyk's Catering had the unenviable task of coordinating the effort.

A worst-case scenario was almost unthinkable: a thousand half-stuffed society mavens shrieking, stomping and clawing the tablecloths, all because the Grilled Salmon with Fresh Herbs had appeared *before*, not *after*, the Tuna Carpaccio with Ginger Cream; or shattering wine-glasses with rank, primal abandon because the Veuve Cliquot Ponsardin was improperly chilled.

But one glance around the cavernous warehouse suggested a scene like that was highly unlikely: at 5:30 Monday afternoon, the airy space hummed with a muted electricity, as hundreds of red-aproned servers scurried purposefully about, putting finishing touches on the 104 tables spread out in front of a large

and mounted the stairs to the press/reception area, where a few special sponsors and press piranhas chow down on caviar and ham. In the far corner, posing against the harsh light of a fog-streaked sunset blazing outside the window, Shirley MacLaine answered questions for an *Entertainment Tonight* crew. I sidled up just in time to hear her spout one of her patented bromides about AIDS being a test to help "elevate the potential of one's being able to heal oneself."

"You've said before you think there's a purpose for AIDS," I cut in. "What is it?"

"I think that out of this plague we'll learn more about consciousness and its



THOMAS ALLEN

The massive task of presenting a world-class meal begins with the hard work of many, many supporters working behind the scenes in the AID & COMFORT kitchen.

stage against the right wall.

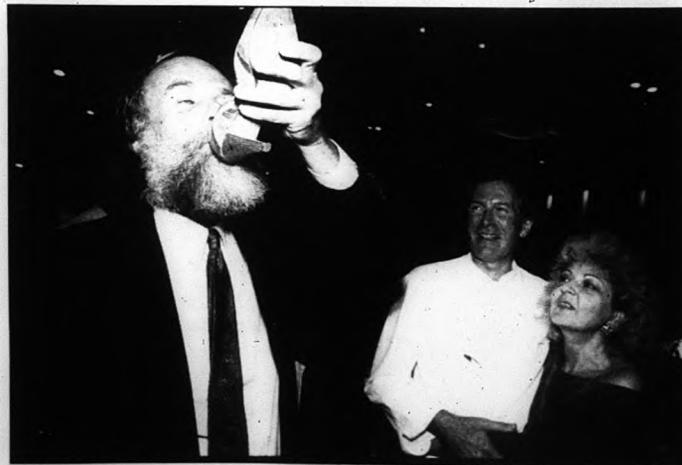
In the "open kitchen," where patrons could watch the chefs assembling the night's dishes, Stars' Jeremiah Tower stood regally, sipping champagne, talking with reporters, and smiling fraternally at Jean-Pierre Mouille of Pierre's at Meridien's.

It was all very...friendly.

I toddled to the far end of the room

relation to the body," she said, fixing me with her curiously sad blue eyes. "When each person is proud of who they are, it affects the body. AIDS is like an internal A-bomb, and it will impact society as much as nuclear war."

Okay, so if this is a matter of pride, how are gays — especially, say, closeted ones in Washington, D.C. and Hollywood — supposed to react to the



MARC GELLER

Drinking fine wine from the slipper of an AID & COMFORT supporter.



MARC GELBER

An especially good looking young man cruises the camera from his perch high atop the festivities.

homophobia that still pervades this country?

"I think attitude is infectious," she said, clutching at the peach wrap she'd flung over her black knit miniskirt. "My friends with AIDS seem to begin to feel a sense of purpose; they seem to press in on the great mystery."

(In her remarks from the stage later in the evening, MacLaine reiterated

Dan Flores, a 21-year-old waiter, said he thought things would run smoothly between the table captains, waiters and wine stewards — though a few no-shows had caused a couple of hassles.

"Instead of being well-organized," he said, "we'll just have to use common sense."

"No one knows what to do now."

Later, from the stage, Shirley MacLaine tossed off the most succinct nod to the evening's culinary excellence: "That was the best meal I've had in 4000 years."

what she'd told me, saying that "AIDS teaches us the necessity for love, understanding, compassion and patience in the moment of touching the Great Truth.")

There was something unsettling, even depressing, about MacLaine's presence, something I never quite put my finger on. Perhaps it was her halting, oddly disjointed voice (which later, onstage, she used to great, tear-jerking effect; she's a great actress, after all); or perhaps the deep lines in her face; or perhaps the sense of detachment with which she approached her interviews....

But I never fully figured it out. The important thing was that she was here at all, donating her time and presence to a unique and important event. I couldn't argue with that. And hey: she might not have been in her body at the time.

I skipped downstairs, where I chatted with a few of the early arrivals.

One, a blond, 16-year-old San Diegan named Mike Edg, said he had come (with his companion, Alison Mahan, 17), "Because my mom really wanted me to. And anyway," he shrugged, "I get to miss a day of school."

Pat Yankee, singer in the late Turk Murphy's ultra-hot trad jazz band, said she'd come "because somebody has to do something about this. I don't know why people waited so long to do something."

Pint-sized evergreen Joel Grey said he was there "because everybody else is doing it. And I've been at the forefront of these benefits for a long, long time."

It was just about this time that I realized I was getting, in publicist Ken Maley's words, "safe interviews."

So I decided instead to harass a few of the four hundred volunteer serving people — partly because, with the chefs, they were the real stars of the show, and partly because every one of 'em, woman and man, was so goddamn good-looking.

laughed Brad Smith, 26, from Zuni. "It's disjointed and harried — but it's a great event."

"Hey, I don't care what happens," chirped one 23-year-old waiter. "As long as my leather jacket doesn't get stolen." (Karma paid him for his arrogance: later in the evening, he



MARC GELBER

Publicity whiz Bill Hayes pleased that AID & COMFORT is an extraordinary success.



THOMAS ALTEMAN

Following dessert, revelers boogie to the Boz.

dropped a dessert tray, spattering dozens of diners with Berry Rolls and White Chocolate and Rum Sauce.)

Bob Darr, 35, said he works at Viccolo's, Zuni Cafe, and other places.

"I guess I'm kind of a restaurant slut," he chuckled, adding that volunteering for the event "was the least I could do." At least with his apron on.

At six-thirty, the experts started whipping hors d'oeuvres around with relaxed abandon, so I decided to take a look around the place. (I'll leave food

criticism to the estimable Steve Silberman and John Birdsall; anyway, they only fed the press hors d'oeuvres, which explains the drool marks on my sweater. *I did* manage to cage a dessert plate from a jubilant server named Karen: the shortcake was too hard and acidic. But hey, what do I know? I dine on stir-fried vegetables and Nestle's Quik.)

The entrance hall featured black walls and mylar mirrors, which reflected votive candles floating on

either side of the walkway. "It is a meditation space," Japanese designer Eiko Ishioka told me. "When the guests come in, they should think about how to support the people with AIDS."

Ms. Ishioka said she chose red as the theme color (for tablecloths and floors) "because it's a symbolic color of life, of passion — and of blood. And AIDS is a blood disease. Guests should enjoy their dinner and the entertainment, but must not forget about the people with AIDS." She also said she suspended parachute material from the forbidding ceiling beams for "the contrast between the soft parachutes and the hi-tech warehouse — I wanted intimacy."

Meanwhile, guests plowed through healthy doses of hors d'oeuvres and starters, and went to work on the above-mentioned Tuna and Salmon, eased into a Stuffed Cucumber Soup, gnawed through Grilled Lamb Chops, and grazed on garden salad. The atmosphere was relaxed and jovial, and one restaurant regular, *Examiner's* Rob Morse, raved religiously: "They're cooking better tonight than when I go to their damn restaurants!"

Eagles chestnut, "Desperado"; a bent run-through of Hendrix's "Purple Haze" by the Kronos Quartet; a show-stopping encapsulation of "The Wizard of Oz" by the beeping, whistling,

A worst-case scenario was almost unthinkable: a thousand half-stuffed society mavens shrieking, stomping and clawing the tablecloths . . .

hooting and growling Bobby McFerrin....

And, at 9:55, following singer Rachel Bitton and dancer Christopher Stowell, funny-bone crunching comedian Paula Poundstone charged the stage: "They just had ballet dancers on,

and now I'm up here. What is this, a joke? 'Hey, we'll do a little ballet — then let's get that cheery nightclub girl up here, eh?'"

Finally, a little after ten, the cheery servers hopped onstage to sing the finale — "Lean On Me" — then, after the TV lights faded, nimbly served up the dessert. And after a short pause, rocker Boz Scaggs took the stage, with his seven-piece band. Predictably, pandemonium ensued: the sated guests danced in the aisles, clapping and howling.

And suddenly, the Aid and Comfort Benefit fully took on the aura of an "Only In San Francisco" event, equally mixing nostalgia, charity, and physical and emotional nourishment. Here was SF's own Scaggs, whose multi-platinum *Silk Degrees* album was the soundtrack for the hedonistic mid-seventies, pumping out "Lido" one mo' time for a loose, upscale — and older & wiser — crowd. Never mind that Scaggs' voice was shot, or that guest star Carlos Santana's guitar playing failed to transcend: there was something undeniably touching about the whole scene — something, in short, reaffirming and heartwarming.

Indeed, the entire evening finally proved engagingly intimate, cozy and honey — and, like the desserts, very, very sweet. As one insistently impish server put it:

"There's a lot of love, a lot of sincerity — and a lot of fucking money — here tonight." ■

(If you want to add to that money, call the Aid and Comfort Hotline: 861-FOOD.)

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

22) State Senator John Doolittle spends almost as much time acknowledging that he is our enemy as he does asking for our support of SF 1008 and SB 1001.

In comparison to actions the legislature should be taking, I find his bills almost frivolous. Likewise, his simplistic, presumptuous tone makes his plea for help a forgettable one.

Doolittle complains of gay paranoia, and mockingly wonders aloud why syphilis is not treated as a civil rights issue. Now think a minute: Doolittle and his disciples have, in effect, created the connection between AIDS the disease (a health issue) and AIDS-based discrimination (a civil rights issue). That he should now complain to us about this link is almost comical.

Anyone with the unfathomable arrogance to ask for help from a group for which he has shown only contempt is simply not smart enough to be paid to write laws.

Peter Almantti

Important Omissions

To the Editor:

The article in the *Examiner* (May 21) entitled "SF General Urges AIDS Precautions" misleads the reader to believe that SFHDS is recommending stricter AIDS precautions. It omits the most important messages that the public and the health care worker need to hear.

(1) AIDS Infection Control policies have been effective in preventing the transmission of AIDS to health care personnel.

In over six years caring for people with AIDS, no SFHG worker has developed AIDS who was not at risk in his/her personal life.

(2) Recently reported cases of non-puncture-related AIDS-virus infections in nurses have been instances where accidents have occurred or where workers have been unable to follow standard practices recommended for exposures to large volumes of any patient's blood. These standards are not new.

(3) The review of Infection Control practices is on-going at SFHG. It has in the past, and will in the future stress that workers use appropriate procedures — with review of all accidents to see if there are better ways to prevent them. (4) The amount of exposure to blood in some areas of acute care hospitals is substantially greater than exposures the general public would have in households or public places. The protection recommended for the public has not changed. Risk reduction guidelines found in brochures produced by the AIDS Foundation still apply.

Grace Lusby, RN, MS
Infection Control Coordinator
San Francisco General Hospital

Chances Are . . .

To the Editor:

For one, find it most interesting that Nancy Pelosi's "first order of business" will be to co-sponsor a gay rights bill. And I have to wonder what she feels might be her chances of success, considering the fact that she couldn't prevent the elimination of the lesbian and gay caucus in the Democratic Party.

Care to respond, Ms. Pelosi?
Alan D. Bigford

attorney general.

Possible indictments will be announced within the next month by Los Angeles District Attorney, Ira Reiner, who conducted his own investigation. Reiner will have interviews and material taken in a state raid of the LA PANIC headquarters on October 6 to use if he prosecutes. In the raid, officers confiscated roto files, cassette tapes, records, mailing lists and bank deposit slips.

Deputy State Attorney General Ellen Peter explained, "We concluded on February 11 that certain people could possibly be prosecuted for a variety of crimes. Since the headquarters of PANIC was in Los Angeles, we decided that the office should proceed. We sent a letter to Ira Reiner naming specific people that could be prosecuted."

Peter could not name those under investigation, but 22 people were named by the attorney general in December of last year as being under investigation, including 14 solicitors. This included Brian Lantz, who co-chaired the Prop. 64 campaign and was a recent congressional candidate in San Francisco. Lantz was named by a former Oakland police officer, Bob Prentice, as the person who assisted the solicitors. Lantz could not be reached at his San Francisco home.

Los Angeles DA Investigator Curt Livesay, told the *Sentinel* that his Special Investigations unit has conducted its own four-month follow-up to the state inquiries. Although he would not comment further, it is assumed that his included discussions with Khushiro Ghandi and Lantz, who co-chaired the 1986 Prop. 64 campaign. Livesay said the decision on whether to proceed would be reached by July 10.

One information source used by the state is Bob Prentice. The former police officer turned private security guard was hired by PANIC to patrol its Northern California headquarters in Livermore. Prentice told state investigators that he came to know nine resident solicitors and 12 employees. He claimed that he heard Lantz tell circulators on more than one occasion to be sure and have regular local staff members sign their petitions before they were submitted with signatures of residents. State law requires that only those who actually solicit may verify petitions.

State investigators also talked with an Oakland resident who said that when he was flying from the East Coast he talked with a passenger, Thomas Klein. He said Klein told him that he lived in Minnesota but was going to California to solicit signatures for the AIDS initiative. It was later learned that a LaRouche group, Caucus Distributors, rented a car for Klein.

In another instance, a Missouri resident who saw an advertisement in a local newspaper asking for solicitors came to California for that purpose. Bennie Weiser, interviewed on CNN Cable News, stated that some solicitors copied names from telephone books to put on their petitions to meet the 150-signature-per-day quota set by PANIC.

State investigators said solicitors also came from Ohio, Virginia, Washington, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, and Washington, DC. Eight petitioners came from Seattle. Most of the solicitors returned to their home states after the petitioning effort. A state investigator said that many had changed their addresses, and this had complicated the out-of-state investigation.

Woo Wins

Continued from page 3

reassignment by her background in English as a Second Language Courses and bilingual education.

Despite the reassignment and pressures from the administration, Woo continued to criticize the university and organize the students. She turned her field studies classes into seminars and training sessions for tutors of English as a Second Language and bilingual education. She sponsored student-organized classes like Violence Against Women; the Relationship of Whites and Third World People in Movements for Social Change; and Multi-Cultural Lesbian and Gay Studies.

As an organizer, Woo spoke at campus anti-apartheid rallies and helped organize AFT lecturers. "I did what my victory affirmed every UC worker could do: I openly exercised my right to free speech."

What administrators did not tell Woo about the reassignment was that the field studies courses were considered low-priority and were to be paid for out of a special self-terminating fund from the vice-chancellor's office. In 1986 when the fund ran out, she was fired again.

Woo and the AFT filed a grievance in July 1986, a process which university guidelines say should be completed in 90 days. Yet in November, they had not yet received an answer and were forced to file again. In February of this year, they received word that the administration had received the grievance, but it was not until last month that Woo was invited to a hearing with the dean. Woo contends that the delay was a strategic step on the part of the university.

"They waited until all the students had left campus," argues Woo.

Woo's hearing is the second step in a 3-part grievance procedure. The first step is to file a grievance with a supervisor, the second to ask for a grievance hearing. If Woo gets no satisfaction with the hearing, her next option is to seek an outside arbitrator.

The Merle Woo Defense Committee has gathered 1300 signatures in a petition campaign to demand Woo's reinstatement. The International Lesbian and Gay People of Color Conference, held in Los Angeles in November 1986, and the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees Council 10, representing 30,000 UC employees throughout the state, have passed resolutions in support of Woo.

Woo has been told she will receive a response to the hearing and a decision from the university next week.

Unsafe Sex

Continued from page 3

signs of AIDS symptoms.

He said the reason for the change on the tests is unclear, but speculated that the men might never have been infected in the first place, that the virus might be "hiding" somewhere in the body besides in the blood, or that the men might have actually shed the infection.

Polis said the significance of such a small number of cases is unclear.

New Virus But No Vaccine

Dr. Robert Gallo, one of the discoverers of the AIDS virus (HIV) which has caused at least 51,000 cases of AIDS worldwide, reported during the first day of the conference that he had discovered a new, related strain of the virus in 10 Nigerian patients.

Gallo stressed that although the discovery of the new virus, which has not been named, and the recent discovery of a West African AIDS virus named HIV-2 are important, the originally isolated AIDS virus (HIV-1) remains the principal cause of the AIDS epidemic. He and other researchers speculated, however, that the new viruses might make the development of an AIDS vaccine more difficult.

Although no researchers at the conference reported any breakthroughs in the search for an AIDS vaccine, French scientist Daniel Zagury reported that early results from his experiments look positive.

Zagury, who several months ago in-

jected an experimental vaccine into himself and several other volunteers, said some of the test subjects appear to be developing antibodies in response to the injections.

Conference Draws Record Numbers

More than 6,300 participants and over 480 reporters attended the week-long Third International Conference on AIDS which winds up today at the Washington Hilton Hotel.

From the first day, conference organizers, who said that they originally planned for only 4,000 participants, apologized to the attendees for the greatly overcrowded conditions. Television monitors were set up throughout the hotel for those who could not fit into packed conference rooms.

US Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, who received a standing ovation from the scientists when he appeared before the conference, pointed to 112 flags set up along the perimeter of the hotel's ballroom saying they represented the countries which had reported cases of AIDS.

Koop said that because of under-reporting, the 51,000 cases of AIDS reported to the World Health Organization is probably only about half of the actual cases in the world.

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Sentinel!

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(Oakland)

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& Communion
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at The Langtry
637 Steiner Street, San Francisco
with hosts Ginny Foat and Kay Tsenin

Thursday, June 18, 1987
6-8 pm

Join us in celebrating the progress of this year's Major Gifts Campaign and in honoring supporters of the Women's Building.

RSVP by calling 431-1180

This reception is complimentary to supporters and friends of the Women's Building.

Electric City

Electric City would like to televise your events for the month of July on our community calendar, at no cost to your organization. Call 861-7131 ASAP, as space is limited. Deadline is June 19 for a June 25 airdate. □

AIDS/ARC Dentistry

The Veterans Administration Medical Center will present a free workshop for health professionals and community members on the Oral Manifestations of AIDS/ARC on Thursday, June 18, 1-3

will be given away. The Grand Prize is a one-week Hawaiian vacation for two, donated by The American Quest, Inc. travel services. Other prizes include champagne from Gloria Ferrer Winery, wine from the vineyards of George Saintsbury, and dinner for two at the popular Eddie Jacks, and other fine San Francisco restaurants.

Admission is a \$25 donation by advance order, or \$30 at the door — if available. Space is limited, so to assure yourself a great evening for a good cause, please call 931-9768 today! Formal attire is requested. □

Health Commission Hearing on Women's Needs

The San Francisco Health Commission will hold a special hearing from 4 to 6:30 pm, June 16, at 101 Grove Street, Room 300 to take public testimony on women's health needs in San Francisco.

The hearing is part of a continuing series of meetings the commission has held in the community to hear ideas and opinions about how the San Francisco Department of Public Health can better serve city residents.

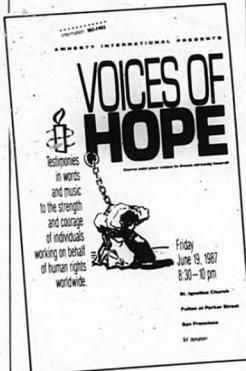
Topics may include why women's health issues deserve special consideration, the demographics of women in San Francisco, incidence of certain illnesses among women and how much money is being spent on services pertaining to women. □

Garage Sale

Get out those old family jewels you've been wanting to donate and dust them off for a garage sale fundraiser for the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights. A garage sale is planned for June 20 from 10 am to 3 pm in Berkeley at 1353 Addison.

Non-clothing items are being solicited with plans being made to gather the merchandise prior to the event.

To donate goods, please contact 486-0269. Please be generous and stop by on the 20th to help make the fundraiser a success! □



Face to Face

Judy Fjell, Berkeley singer, songwriter and recording artist, will be topping the bill on Saturday, June 20 at a benefit concert for Face to Face/The Sonoma County AIDS Network and the Drug Abuse Alternative Center of Sonoma County.

A Midsummer's Night Dream of Women's Music and More will be held at the Commons at Sonoma State University. Entertainment will include Greenfire, Remick and Bohman and the Sebastopol Jazz and Tap Dance Troupe.

The show begins at 8 pm, sliding scale \$7-\$10. For more information call 792-1240. □

Emergency Food Box

The Gay Rescue Mission in a member agency of the Council of Churches Emergency Food Box Program. The

program provides a free box of groceries to those in emergency food situation who can't use the soup kitchens. The program is mainly for those who are disabled or sick and unable to go to soup lines, and those who work during the hours the soup kitchens are open. Many are people who just started working and haven't yet gotten their first paycheck. Others have been work-

ing steadily but don't have food money because they have been the victims of crime, lost checks, etc. Without the program many would have to choose between working and starving, or unemployment and eating, because there just aren't any other food programs for those who work full time.

For further information call the Gay Rescue Mission at 431-2188 □

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For further information call Kay Ellyard at 750-2044. □

AIDS Mass

A Memorial Mass for people who have died of AIDS/ARC is held every 3rd Wednesday of the month at Saint Mary's Cathedral, Geary at Gough Streets, San Francisco.

The Mass for May will be at 7 pm on June 17, in the Cathedral Chapel behind the main altar.

This Mass is sponsored by the Grief Care and Support Programs of Catholic Charities of San Francisco. All are welcome to join us for prayer and fellowship in remembrance of friends and loved ones. □

Black and Blue Ball II

Reserve your tickets now for the party of the summer season! The Black and Blue Ball II, a benefit for the AIDS Emergency Fund. On Midsummer's Eve, Sunday, June 21, at 7:30 pm a select group of ticket holders will ascend to the Starlite Roof of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. There, with the city sparkling below, they will enjoy a gala evening of comedy, champagne, prizes and dancing.

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HEALING RESOURCES

VAN R. AULT

THOMAS ALLERMAN



Dancing with Death Julian Baird Embraces the Other Side of Life

What if the way to really heal a disease was to make friends with it? What if the way to understand life was to face death head on? That's the best approach, according to Julian Baird, metaphysical teacher and counselor. He speaks about heavy duty spiritual subjects with the same kind of down to earth, matter-of-fact candor that a race car driver speaks of his car. Unafraid to contradict mass belief, and willing to bring unconventional wisdom into some of life's most fearful issues, Baird's views on such subjects as healing, AIDS, sexuality and death are sometimes quite eyebrow raising.

Julian Baird can do this because he's been around the metaphysical block a few times. His esoteric adventures have taken him through the study of Buddhism, Judaism, Gnostic Christianity, and Sufism. It culminated in a partnership with Teachings of the Inner Christ twelve years ago, an outfit he describes as "a mystical, new age organization, that teaches people how to be practical mystics, and to live a spiritual life in the world. It brings together the hidden mystical teachings of Christianity but it's more than Christianity, and goes deeper."

The training with TIC went as far as ministerial school, but before being licensed, Baird realized he was "already a minister in consciousness." Opting not to be confined to an organization, he nevertheless still teaches at TIC occasionally, leads a relationship support group on Thursday nights, and works with individuals one-to-one.

What do you think the main spiritual lesson before the gay community is? What kind of healing is needed the most?

The gay community needs to start to love AIDS and quit fighting it. Everywhere you go, in all the media ads, whether for the Walk-A-Thon or the

judging it as evil. You can never know light without knowing darkness.

My process has been embracing grief, allowing myself to grieve for my dear friends and my mother. Not freaking out, but realizing, "Hey, this is just part of what I'm going through right now," allowing it to happen, being with it, asking for support when I need it, going deep within my spiritual self, meditating, praying, being as conscious as I possibly can and opening up to celebrating life.

Are you suggesting that as you give up your resistance to grieving and the death process, you can heal more easily?

Yes. The pain is really the fear of dying. Many people all over the world are so afraid of AIDS because they're afraid of dying. It's because we believe we're separate from life, separate from love. We don't want to be separated from those things and people we love, including ourselves. The belief in separation is the number one thing we need to heal, the belief that we are separate from those things and people we love.

We're so body identified, we think we're only our body, our mind, or our feelings. The whole process of embracing death is realizing we're more than any of that. We're a spiritual being, and this just happens to be the temple we're in right now. It's opening up to the possibility of the soul's limitlessness.

Spiritual mind healing of AIDS isn't just about the mind — the brain or intelligence. It's also about our feeling nature, our emotions, cause we don't know if something is real until we experience it in our gut. Spiritual mind healing is a form of prayer treatment where you totally accept in your own mind, mentally and emotionally on a feeling level, the truth of what is you are desiring. You accept it as your good right now.

Now means whenever it's appropriate for you to receive it. You can do spiritual mind healing for anything. It's a way of aligning yourself with your good, your true desire. Realizing you can have what you want.

I found out by watching my ex-lover die that his healing was going through the death process. His healing was not for the Kaposi's Sarcoma to disappear from the physical body. His healing was to go thru the process of manifesting the AIDS physically, and the death process. That's what he needed to go through spiritually to go into his next expression of who he is.

Healing just means to make whole. Wholeness is about death as it is about life. Death is part of life, not separate from it. We need to expand our concept, and understanding of what life is.

You made double sets of meditation tapes for spiritual mind healing of AIDS. What feedback did you get?

I got very good response. I realized that I went through as much in making the tapes about my own healing as the people who have listened to them. They were about healing my own fear of AIDS so I could learn to embrace and love it, having a better understanding of death.

You declared on the tape that all sexual diseases were caused by guilt. Do you still stand by that?

Love and fear never occupy the same space. Guilt is a manifestation of fear, which comes when we're judging ourselves, saying we're not worthy, not good enough, we don't maybe know why we're here, or we don't feel fulfilled in our life's purpose. Or we never had the lover, job or parents we really wanted. We feel guilty. The guilt is experienced mentally and emotionally. If we hold enough guilt, and it's not dissolved; it can translate into physical disease. I have experienced physical disease, as simple as a cold to very in-

volved illnesses, and that comes from not loving myself, and feeling guilty even about that!

If disease is that mentally based, then can some of the epidemic's spread be attributed simply to fear being whipped up around AIDS by the media and so called medical experts?

I believe what you give your attention to grows and expands. The more we pay attention to something the more it manifests. If you have a positive approach to AIDS, coming from love, wanting to heal your negative attitudes, just by paying attention, a lot of that will dissolve. Possibly even AIDS itself. The media, with all the energy exuded, does create a lot of fear about disease. As leaders in the gay community, we need to heal and educate other people as to right action about the positive — where people are in remission, going through transitions, where people are feeling healed even while dying.

I worked with a man who had PCP. I took him through the death process through deep meditation and channeling, helping him get to a point where he was at conscious choice about death. He was totally okay that he was going to die. He was in a self-love space in the process, not fighting, not angry, freaked out or upset. He was in peace.

My ex-lover died in peace also, and I feel that all we can do is help people with as much information as possible to be more in that space of love, not in fear... fear of what the media's projecting, or the statistics about the increase of deaths that's coming. We might just go

through that, and we have to face that. But face it from a non-fearful space.

Some of the so-called experts are saying that now they believe everybody that's been exposed to the virus is going to die from it. How do you respond?

I don't believe that. You just have to go within. That's why I teach channeling and knowing your own God-self. The more we feed wisdom, knowledge and truth into our process, we don't have to buy into the statistics from the so-called "experts." I could die of AIDS very easily, and I'm embracing that thought. I could probably die in three months if I set my mind to it! (laughter) I know that's not my choice at this time. I'm choosing to open up to life and celebrate.

As hard core as it may sound, we have to get to this point of completely facing death head-on and then saying, "Okay, what do I want? Do I choose life or not?" And then go for it.

Safe sex has been hyped up as something we must do, and if we don't we won't survive. Do you think it's possible to go beyond safe sex? Is it possible to engage in fluid exchange in a way that is healing and leaves no opening in consciousness for disease transmission?

I do believe that's possible. For me, safe sex is not about wearing a condom. We have to go deeper than that, because many women get pregnant

Continued on next page

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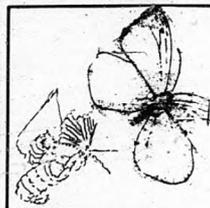
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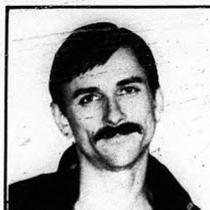


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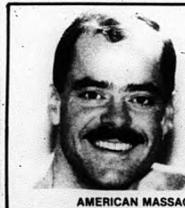
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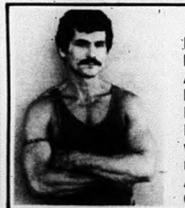
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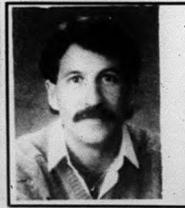
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Continued from page 15
when using contraceptives. Just wearing a condom doesn't mean you're not going to contract the virus. And I recommend using condoms.

But we have to expand our definition of safe. Not just meaning the physical, but it has to be a mental, emotional understanding. If you're not safe in your mind, no matter what you do physically will protect you. We have to have safe, whole and healthy thoughts about ourselves and the person we're having sex with. I do believe we will go beyond safe sex.

The majority of people aren't evolved enough spiritually to give up practicing safe sex. So I recommend safe sex unless someone has the mental, emotional and spiritual discipline. We're all evolving towards becoming the spiritual masters that we are, and as spiritual masters, we don't need condoms.

Channeling, or bringing through messages from spiritual entities, is big stuff these days. It's a technique that you practice and have taught for some time. What are your observations on the channeling phenomenon, as it crests in popularity?

More and more gay people are opening up to channeling, by way of Lazaris, Shirley MacLaine, Ramtha, Terry Cole Whitaker, and Michael.

I don't think channeling is exclusive to special people. We all have that ability, though not everyone is prepared to do it, or has the wisdom or humility to handle it. I also teach people safeguards to channeling. You can channel demons and astral entities that are not of the love vibration, as well as Christ teachers, such as a Jesus or a Buddha. Many people who are just awakening to their spiritual process don't know that. Channeling is about self-love, and being more connected with not only yourself but all life.

What would you say to those who think practitioners of metaphysics are lost in a fantasy land?

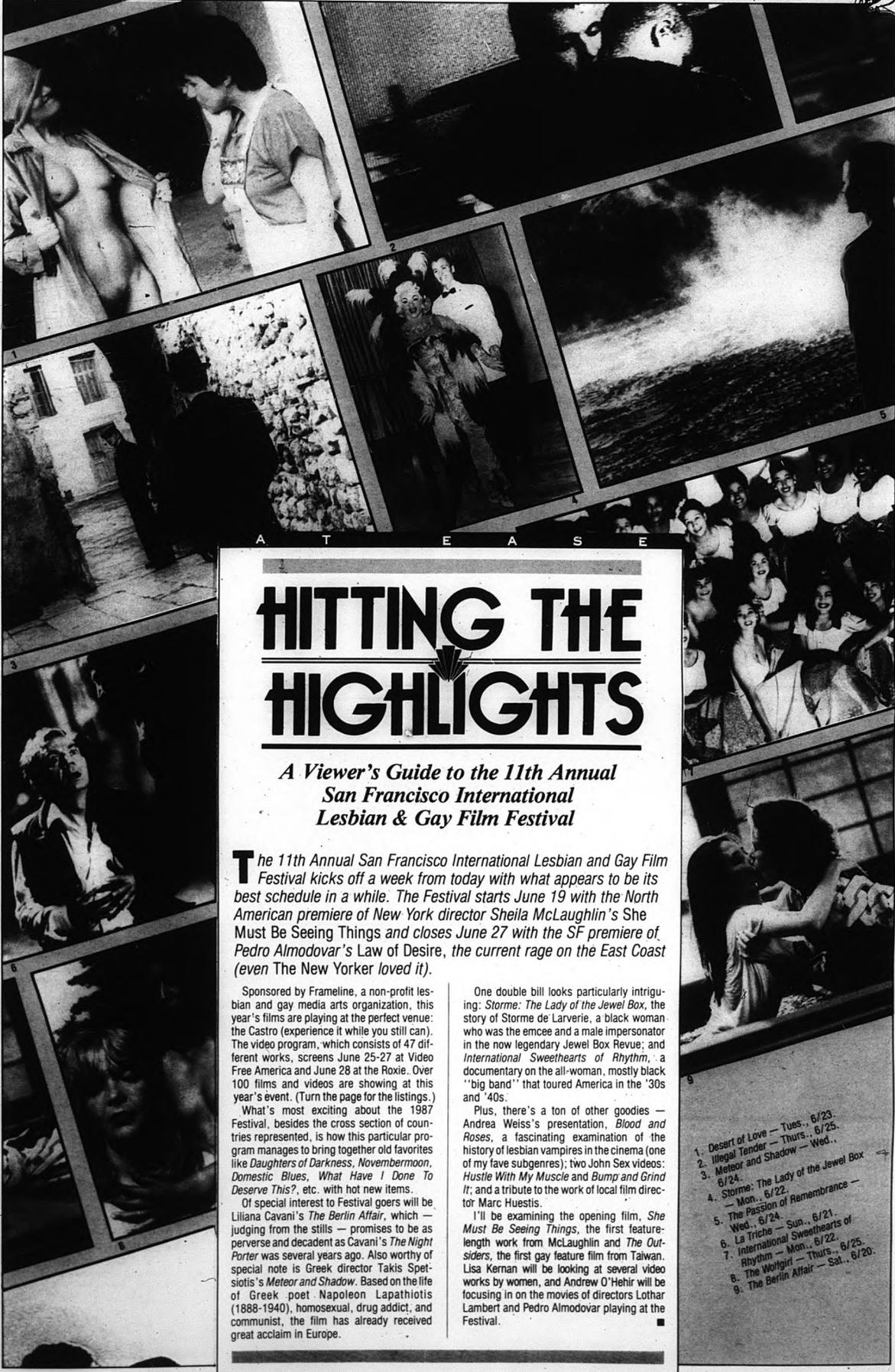
If someone comes to me and is extremely skeptical, even to the point of being negative, I thank them for being where they are and I acknowledge it. I offer them an opportunity to open up to experience and see life in a different way, and know it's totally their choice. If someone's not ready they're not ready. They need to be where they are, because that's their spiritual path and where they're learning. I love them where they are.

Project your imagination five years from now into the future. What do you see yourself and the gay community doing?

I feel I'll be co-facilitating a healing center in this area, serving in every way necessary. Bringing together holistic and traditional healing. Many people — many gay people — are leaving SF right now because of the AIDS epidemic. I see this increasing even more, many people leaving, and new people, new energy coming in. I see the Bay Area — the spiritual center for the planet right now — continually expanding. I see it as a school for spiritual teachers, and many people here now will go to many parts of the world to teach and counsel and bring their healing arts to the whole planet.

I feel there will be tremendous breakthroughs, in terms of deeper consciousness in the gay community through the AIDS epidemic and just through the growth of metaphysics in this area. I'm very happy to be part of it. I feel very blessed.

Teachings of the Inner Christ will present their Inner Sensitivity training course, taught by Julian Baird and Gayla Edwards, beginning June 29th for 12 Monday evenings in San Francisco. For further information, call Julian at 563-2577, or Gayla at 673-5155. Julian's tapes, "Spiritual Mind Healing of AIDS," can be purchased directly from him.



HITTING THE HIGHLIGHTS

A Viewer's Guide to the 11th Annual San Francisco International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival

The 11th Annual San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival kicks off a week from today with what appears to be its best schedule in a while. The Festival starts June 19 with the North American premiere of New York director Sheila McLaughlin's *She Must Be Seeing Things* and closes June 27 with the SF premiere of Pedro Almodovar's *Law of Desire*, the current rage on the East Coast (even *The New Yorker* loved it).

Sponsored by Frameline, a non-profit lesbian and gay media arts organization, this year's films are playing at the perfect venue: the Castro (experience it while you still can). The video program, which consists of 47 different works, screens June 25-27 at Video Free America and June 28 at the Roxie. Over 100 films and videos are showing at this year's event. (Turn the page for the listings.)

What's most exciting about the 1987 Festival, besides the cross section of countries represented, is how this particular program manages to bring together old favorites like *Daughters of Darkness*, *Novembermoon*, *Domestic Blues*, *What Have I Done To Deserve This?*, etc. with hot new items.

Of special interest to Festival goers will be Liliana Cavani's *The Berlin Affair*, which — judging from the stills — promises to be as perverse and decadent as Cavani's *The Night Porter* was several years ago. Also worthy of special note is Greek director Takis Spetsiotis's *Meteor and Shadow*. Based on the life of Greek poet Napoleon Lapathiotis (1888-1940), homosexual, drug addict, and communist, the film has already received great acclaim in Europe.

One double bill looks particularly intriguing: *Storme: The Lady of the Jewel Box*, the story of Storme de Larverie, a black woman who was the emcee and a male impersonator in the now legendary Jewel Box Revue; and *International Sweethearts of Rhythm*, a documentary on the all-woman, mostly black "big band" that toured America in the '30s and '40s.

Plus, there's a ton of other goodies — Andrea Weiss's presentation, *Blood and Roses*, a fascinating examination of the history of lesbian vampires in the cinema (one of my fave subgenres); two John Sex videos: *Hustle With My Muscle and Bump and Grind It*; and a tribute to the work of local film director Marc Huestis.

I'll be examining the opening film, *She Must Be Seeing Things*, the first feature-length work from McLaughlin and *The Outsiders*, the first gay feature film from Taiwan. Lisa Kernan will be looking at several video works by women, and Andrew O'Hehir will be focusing in on the movies of directors Lothar Lambert and Pedro Almodovar playing at the Festival.

1. Desert of Love — Tues., 6/23.
2. Illegal Tender — Thurs., 6/25.
3. Meteor and Shadow — Wed., 6/24.
4. Storme: The Lady of the Jewel Box — Mon., 6/22.
5. The Passion of Remembrance — Wed., 6/24.
6. La Triche — Sun., 6/21.
7. International Sweethearts of Rhythm — Mon., 6/22.
8. The Wolfgirl — Thurs., 6/25.
9. The Berlin Affair — Sat., 6/20.



Jo (Lois Weaver) and Agatha (Sheila Dabney) in premiere film, *She Must Be Seeing Things*.

What She Sees & What She Thinks She Sees

Sheila McLaughlin's latest work is a film within a film, one complementing the other. The main thread of the story concerns the relationship between Agatha (Sheila Dabney), an international lawyer, and Jo (Lois Weaver), a filmmaker, and what happens after Agatha stumbles upon Jo's diaries when cleaning her apartment.

The other film is the one Jo's making about a 17th century nun's (Catalina de Erauso) rebellion and escape into the outer world where she disguises herself as a man. How the themes inherent in both films play off each other is interesting as a kind of subtext, but the tremendous appeal of the two leads and how they bring the audience into what is a vibrant, problem-plagued, but very real relationship make the picture work.

She Must Be Seeing Things, especially in its voyeuristic aspects, is reminiscent of Hitchcock. Along with Agatha, who's the protagonist here, we're treated to excerpts from Jo's diaries, detailing her exploits with men, and we also enter Agatha's thoughts to vicariously experience the various murderous scenarios she invents to "get back" at Jo.

And the film is a success on this level. Agatha's fantasies are vivid and entertaining. (Who hasn't considered the thought — at least momentarily — of machine-gunning a lover?) However, where the film fails is in generating any great degree of suspense. Despite Agatha's jealousy and growing paranoia (she literally imagines Jo humping beneath any handy bush), it's hard to swallow that she would ever be misled into taking any drastic action, that she would do anything to harm Jo. As a

couple, despite their difficulties, the two appear too well-adjusted, too suited to each other, to believe this hurdle, albeit a tough one, won't be overcome.

As a result, the last third (thirty minutes or so) of the picture drags a bit. There's no true suspense to hold you; Dabney's performance is what keeps your eyes on the screen, especially in a wonderful sequence where she gets into some snappy mandrag to tail Jo and a male associate. This is the one instance in the film where you get the sense that Agatha might be losing it — just a little — and Dabney makes her confusion both funny and somewhat scary.

The addition of Eric (John Erdman), the couple's hypochondriacal friend, adds some welcome levity to the last part of the movie. Erdman perks up the proceedings considerably with his gentle whining and complaints.

The climax of the film, which is actually the climax of the film within the film as well, is only partially successful. Agatha watches Catalina watching a straight couple having sex, one of whom is presumably the woman Catalina loves. The stabbing of the lover by the woman's husband (father?) breaks the spell Agatha's been under, as if now that the parallels between her situation and

Catalina's are only too clear, the fog has lifted and she can suddenly trust Jo. The resolution, although it makes thematic sense, is a bit pat, and the women's horseplay at the end is charming but not much in the way of a satisfying finale.

Where *She Must Be Seeing Things* really succeeds is in making Jo and Agatha's relationship a fresh, intriguing one and in raising more subtle questions about the roles of women, how they treat each other, and what faces they show the world and why. In this film, McLaughlin gives us one of

the most authentic, appealing portraits we've had yet of two women in love. Without using graphic scenes (no breasts/no vaginas), although what's here is hot and fun, the director shows us the magnet between the women that draws and keeps them together, in spite of their differences. ■

— Patrick Hoelt

Sheila McLaughlin's *She Must Be Seeing Things* screens at 7:30 pm, 6/19, \$6, at the Castro.

When Beauty's Almost Enough . . .

My program notes on director Yu Kan-Ping's film declare that *The Outsiders* (literally "the bastard children" in Chinese) is the first film with a homosexual theme to be licensed by the government of Taiwan. Based on a popular 1983 novel by Shiang Yeoung, it received a multi-theatre premiere in Taiwan and opened to favorable reviews. "As such, the movie is a welcome addition to gay film lore; however, any praise for it — and it deserves its share — has to be qualified by several major difficulties that obscure what are some very real strengths.

The film, which is beautifully shot throughout, opens with the hero, Ah-ching, being butt-fucked over a lab table (the flasks and beakers shake



Ah-ching and Wang Kei-Lung in love in *The Outsiders*.

rhythmically with each thrust) before being discovered by a guard and then beaten and expelled from his home by his violent, abusive father. All this happens in the movie's first few minutes, and it makes for a taut, disturbing beginning that immediately involves you.

In a tender, touching scene, Ah-ching is picked up in a park in central Taipei by Yang, a gay,

middle-aged photographer, who with his feisty, female landlord (picture a no-nonsense, Taiwanese Eve Arden), Lee Man-Hua, gives gay runaways a place to live. This section of the film, as Ah-ching settles into a kind of gay domesticity, contains many haunting images that stick with you: the mysterious, fog-shrouded park at night with the police suddenly descending on it and its inhabitants; the first meeting/pick-up between Ah-ching and Wang Kei-Lung, which manages to be powerfully erotic, even though — or perhaps because — the camera stays glued to their faces; and the lovely, terrifying dream sequence where Ti-wa, Ah-ching's long-dead little brother, leads him to where their mother is making love with the man she ran away with, while meanwhile bits of burning paper fall gently around them.

Unfortunately, a film can't get by on images alone, no matter how magical, and I'm not sure if it's the fault of the script, the director or what, but about midway through, *The Outsiders* sabotages itself by devolving into a curious and generally unappetizing mixture of soap opera and outrageous melodrama. It's rather like watching Chinese TV on Channel 26 where emotions are so highly pitched that it doesn't matter whether people are laughing or crying; they're hysterical either way.

Perhaps these extremes of emotion, which do more than verge on parody, are just too different for Western tastes (as would seem to be the case judging from the barely suppressed guffaws I heard at the screening). But the truth is that *The Outsiders* falls apart when it comes to a plotline — a believable one that is. Although there are four

Festival Schedule

Dedicated to Curt McDowell

This year's Festival is dedicated to the memory of veteran local filmmaker Curt McDowell, who died last Wednesday (6/3) of AIDS at age 42. McDowell, who was a fixture on the San Francisco film scene for the past 20 years, made movies that featured his special brand of humor coupled with an exploration of his own personal truths — or demons. Some of his better known works are *A Visit to Indiana* (1970), *Ronnie* (1972), McDowell's unforgettable portrait of a "tough" young street hustler; *I Suck Your Flesh* (1974), the feature-length *Thundercrack* (1975), written by McDowell mentor George Kuchar, a wild send-up of the old haunted house films; *Loas*

(1980), a documentary-style work that's compellingly erotic and disturbing; and his last feature-length film, *Sparkle's Tavern* (1984).

McDowell was a searcher, a search he summed up in a 1981 interview with *Chronicle* film critic Calvin Ahlgren. He told Ahlgren that most of his films deal "with my parents' sexuality. I ask myself, 'Why am I predominantly homosexual?' That's what I want to know. It's something that has to come from somewhere, and I'm fascinated by it. It doesn't come from anything I was ever taught, or from my environment — that I'm aware of — but all this time, I've tried to narrow down my fantasies and other people's."

Five Ways to Kill Yourself and My New Friend
USA, Director: Gus van Sant.
A Muffin Called Simon
Canada, Director: John Greyson
Halloweenie
USA, Director: Bill Daughton

1:30 pm, \$3
Aqueles Dois
Brazil, Director: Sergio Amon

An unusual film from Brazil, *Aqueles Dois* is the story of two heterosexual men who develop a close, touching friendship that their lower-middle class colleagues mistake for a gay relationship.

3:30 pm, \$5
A Virus Has No Morals
West Germany, Director: Rosa von Praunheim

Virtually every right-wing paranoid fantasy, crackpot doctor, off-the-wall theory and moralistic rind is lampooned in this black comedy about AIDS.

5:30 pm, \$5
Anne Trister
Canada, Director: Lea Pool

After her father's death, Anne, a 25-year-old Jewess, gives up her past life and moves to Quebec to a girlfriend, Alix Moisan, a forty-year-old psychologist. Anne's obsession for Alix is paralleled by that for her newest art project, an excessive and senseless mural.

8:00 pm, \$5
The Outsiders
Taiwan, Director: Yu Kan-Ping
Ah-ching, thrown out of his house for being gay, takes up with other abandoned gays in Taipei.

10:00 pm, \$5
The Berlin Affair
Italy/West Germany, Director: Lilianna Cavani
Louise, the bored and glamorous wife of a Nazi diplomat, is seduced by Mitsuuko, the mysterious and deceitful daughter of the Japanese ambassador. Of course, the two women can't keep all those steamy love scenes to themselves, and so Mitsuuko's male lover and "Mister Husband," the diplomat, enter the sordid menage.

Sunday, June 21 Castro Theatre

12 noon, Free
Mainstreaming — Lesbian Filmmaking in the '80s

Panel and discussion with: Debra Zimmerman, Women Make Movies; Sheila McLaughlin, Director; Alexandra von Grote, Director; Andrea Weiss, Author and Director; Michelle Parkerson, Director; Frances Reid, Cinematographer; Barbara Hammer, Media Artist

2:00 pm, \$3
Women Make Movies Tributes On Guard
Australia, Director: Susan Lambert

A dazzling, original film about a group of women who become an amateur "Mission Impossible" squad in order to destroy the computer banks of a genetics institute.

Domestic Bliss
Great Britain, Director: Joy Chamberlain

The conflicts in this insightful comedy/drama center around the relationship between Diane, a successful doctor and her lover, Emma, whose life has followed a less formal path.

4:30 pm, \$5 (suggested donation)
La Triche
France, Director: Yannick Bellon

A provocative film by a woman filmmaker who destroys

Friday, June 19 Castro Theatre

5:30 pm, \$25 (includes film at 7:30)

Champagne reception honoring this year's participating film and video artists and celebrating the opening of the 1987 Festival.

7:30 pm, \$6
A Benefit for the Frameline Completion/Subtitling Fund
She Must Be Seeing Things USA, Director: Sheila McLaughlin

New York director Sheila McLaughlin's latest film stars two OBIE award-winning actresses (Sheila Dabney and Lois Weaver) in a knowing, original comedy/drama about love and jealousy. Agatha is a lawyer, Jo a filmmaker. Problems begin when Agatha reads Jo's diaries leading to a spiraling cycle of paranoid jealousy and sexual obsession.

10:00 pm, \$5
Pouvoir intime
Canada, Director: Yves Simoneau

A botched armored car robbery leads an endearing ex-con, his son, their accomplices, a gay armored car driver and his waiter boyfriend into a warehouse full of theatre sets for a harrowing and surreal climax.

The Queen is Dead
Great Britain, Director: Derek Jarman

Three songs by The Smiths

Saturday, June 20 Castro Theatre

12 noon, \$3
Festival Shorts
Der Ohrenwurm
Switzerland, Director: Herbert Fritsch

deaths in the film, much histrionics, violence, etc., things end happily for the living — except that you don't believe it for a second.

When our hero, Ah-ching, finds contentment with Wang Kei-Lung, who murdered his previous lover with seemingly little motive (they were "consuming" each other), and then trots off to visit his father, who's done a miraculous turnaround, no amount of plot or mind stretching can make this finale plausible.

However, *The Outsiders* is often stunningly effective, both visually and dramatically, and some of

its individual scenes are among the most striking I've seen in a while. The gay extended family that Yiang and Lee Man-Hua create with their four "kids" is also a treat until the sentiment gets too cloying. My advice is to see the movie, enjoy the first half, and take an extra large grain of salt during the second.

— Patrick Hodel

Yu Kan-Ping's The Outsiders screens at 8 pm, 6/20, \$5, at the Castro.



Obsessive Antonio (Antonio Banderas) in *Law of Desire*.

Pedro's Desires

A scene is being filmed: an attractive young actor slowly disrobes, as instructed by the director, and begins to kiss and caress his own image in a full-length mirror. "Pretend it's me," says the director, "and you like it." Next the actor kneels on a bed, gradually arouses himself with his hands, starts to masturbate. "Ask me to fuck you," demands the director (who clearly isn't going to). "Tell me to fuck you." At first, the actor resists. He can't say it. "Go ahead," insists the director. "It's only words."

These words — and the moment of hesitation before them — have a symbolic significance for Spanish writer/director Pedro Almodovar that runs much deeper than their personal and even sexual ramifications. He sees his society struggling to recognize and liberate its fears and desires, weighted down by a lengthy legacy of Fascist oppression and Roman Catholic repression. The director and actor in the prologue scene to Almodovar's new film, *Law of Desire*, as described above, are trying to unlock the floodgates of sublimation, to negotiate a willed surrender to the "forbidden" zones of human emotion.

In this light, it may be less surprising that a frankly homoerotic film like *Law of Desire* could become a major commercial hit in Spain: a decade after Franco's death, an entire people is trying to

come out of its collective closet. Almodovar has no illusions that liberation is a simple process, either — the film concludes with two men tenderly making love, and the viewer certain that at least one of them will be killed by the police who ring the building.

This peculiar, metaphor-laden movie is unlikely, for lots of reasons, to enjoy similar success in the American market, but it's a consistently interesting attempt to combine all traditional film genres — perhaps by obliterating them. Both here and in his 1983 release *Sisters of Darkness* (also to be screened in the Festival, as is 1985's *What Have I Done to Deserve This?*), Almodovar seeks to mix seemingly incompatible dosages of morality and hedonism, empathy and mockery, tragedy and farce.

Law of Desire centers on Pablo (Eusebio Poncela), a famous director who makes films with titles like *Paradigm of the Clam*, *Hailitos* and *Ass Face*. He relates, more or less narcissistically, to two male lovers and a sister (who used to be his brother). Pablo thinks he loves the sultry, curly-haired Juan, who is moving away, though really Pablo seems perfectly content doing lots of coke and "ludes and drifting through Gerald Ford-era discos. (A hilarious '70s esthetic operates all through this film.) He doesn't love Antonio, a spoiled rich kid he picks up for kicks one night, but Antonio has other ideas, and his mounting obsession, captured with creepy accuracy in Antonio Banderas's performance, leads the triangle through familiar paces: murder, madness, revenge, you name it.

All the while, though, Carmen Maura's vamped dementia as Tina the transsexual sister steals the show. Of course this is played for laughs — "When I was your age," Tina tells her adopted daughter during a discussion of breast size, "I was flat as a board." — but Tina's religious fervor and search for affection are developed with great compassion. (Well, all right, there is a memorable scene wherein she convinces a street-cleaning worker to hose her down, full throttle.) She creates an ersatz nuclear family, with Pablo as father-figure, by stealing the preteen daughter of her lesbian ex-lover, and the trio *en famille* is charming, the sentiment heartfelt.

Casting an infamous Madrid drag queen as Tina's female ex is a wonderfully inspired turn of the screw, but Almodovar gets surprisingly little mileage from it, as though the idea were enough. In any film this ambitious and suffused with energy, not everything, to be sure, is going to work. As Almodovar focuses more energy on the rather creaky plot, the seriocomic emotional collisions be-

tween his characters correspondingly weaken; it's in these half-controlled explosions, however, that his most trenchant observations on gay freedom and human freedom shoot outward like chips of diamond.

The same goes in spades for *Sisters of Darkness*, a determined Bunuel parody with about twenty great minutes that demonstrates, at least, the godhead status old Luis has attained for avant-gardists in Spain. I can't do this film justice, so I won't try: a sleazy torch singer with a red lamé dress hides from police in a nunnery where the sisters shoot smack, drop acid, play bongos, and (apparently; nothing's terribly clear) get down with the fallen women to whom they're ministering. There are lines like, "We'll have a nun circus! I'll mortify myself — the crowd will love it."

Sounds amazing, right? You don't care how derivative it is, right? Well, me either. No connoisseur of crypto-cinema should miss this one, but bringing a patient friend and be prepared for long-winded nunnery intrigue, tedious Christian symbology up the wazoo, and self-consciously gloomy photography. Cultural differences make things so complicated sometimes — I can't tell whether the cabaret number when she sings "Feelings" is supposed to be funny or not.

— Andrew O'Hehir

Pedro Almodovar's What Have I Done to Deserve This? screens at 10 pm, 6/22, \$5. *Sisters of Darkness* shows at 8 pm, 6/25, \$5. *Law of Desire* (which also opens a commercial run July 3 at the Kabuki), closes the Festival (the movie portion) at 9:30 pm, 6/27, \$5. All showings are at the Castro.

A Delightful 'Blond'

While several films from West Germany's thriving gay arts community will screen at the 1987 Festival, the presence of two films by acclaimed Berlin director Lothar Lambert — *Drama in Blond* and the new *Desert of Love* — is especially noteworthy. Known throughout Europe for underground hits such as *Fucking City* and *Fraulein Berlin*, Lambert has had little U.S. exposure. He can also be seen in the Festival in *The Wolfgirl*, directed by his frequent collaborator Dagmar Beiersdorf.

Drama in Blond, the only one of these movies available for preview, is a thoroughly delightful fable of middle-aged sexual awakening that belies the reputation for guilt-ridden psychodrama surrounding so much German cinema. Lambert himself stars as a rumpled bank clerk who meticulously prepares processed cheese-and-tomato sandwiches, nervously flirts with his plain-Jane neighbor, and hides porn magazines under the sofa cushions so his overbearing sister won't throw them away. His fascination with a flamboyant co-worker (played by the lanky, striking Beiersdorf) lures him slowly into

the demi-monde of transvestite show-bars and gay art films, all depicted with a finely parodic visual sense. As the contradictions between the two spheres of Lambert's life intensify, so do the explosive tensions within his personality.

While the progress of Lambert's simultaneous decay and regeneration is predictable enough, the performances of both principals are outstanding, and the fabulously sly cabaret numbers — featuring Berlin's most illustrious drag performers — are an unmitigated blast. No other movie has really cap-

Continued on next page

myths about women not understanding gay male sexuality. A murder investigation forms the background — one of the lovers is a police detective — but the story centers on his affair with a young musician who works in a nightclub.

My New Friend

USA, Director: Gus van Sant

7:00 pm, \$6 (includes film at 9:30)
Blood and Roses: Under the Spell of the Lesbian Vampire
a presentation with film clips by Andrea Weiss

Dracula, that tall, dark, handsome menace, has been given some stiff competition over the years by an even more attractive female counterpart — the lesbian vampire.

9:30 pm, \$3

Daughters of Darkness
Belgium/France/Germany/Spain, Director: Harry Krumel

This classic lesbian vampire film is among the most stylish of horror films and probably the most perverse.

Monday, June 22 Castro Theatre

6:00 pm, \$5

Vera
Brazil, Director: Sergio Toledo

Vera, an orphan, spends her youth in a boarding school where she begins to develop a masculine personality that she imposes on the other girls.

8:00 pm, \$5
Storm: The Lady of the Jewel Box
USA, Director: Michelle Parkerson

The story of Storme de Larverie, a black woman who was the emcee and a male impersonator in the legendary "Jewel Box Revue."

International Sweethearts of Rhythm

USA, Director: Greta Schiller & Andrea Weiss
This fascinating film documents the all-women, mostly black "big band" that toured America in the 1930s and '40s.

St. Louis Blues

with the legendary Bessie Smith.

10:00 pm, \$5
What Have I Done to Deserve This?

Spain, Director: Pedro Almodovar

A twisted black comedy about a Madrid housewife going over the edge. A delightfully surreal and perverse fable of contemporary life.

Tuesday, June 23 Castro Theatre

6:00 pm, \$5

Simone
France, Director: Christine Ehm
The first feature from 19-year-old Ehm. *Simone* is a stylized affair between the young post-soucialist Francoise and the beautiful middle-aged Simone.

8:00 pm, \$5

Women Make Movies Tribute Lesbian Filmmakers The London Story
Great Britain, Director: Sally Potter

This lively accessibly spy spoof revolves around the unlikely alliance of three eccentric characters and their mission to uncover government foreign policy duplicity.

Damned If You Don't

USA, Director: Su Friedrich
A portrait of a young nun fighting a losing battle against her sexual desires. The film draws on historical documents, among them the testimony from the trial of a 17th century abbess accused of lesbian relations with another nun.

Thriller

Great Britain, Director: Sally Potter
This classic of feminist film is based on Puccini's opera "La Boheme." The first feminist murder mystery. "Ruby Rich, Chicago Reader."

10:00 pm, \$5
Desert of Love
West Germany, Director: Lothar Lambert
A raw, clever look at the failures of human relationships.

Halloweenie
USA, Director: Bill Daughton

Wednesday, June 24 Castro Theatre

6:00 pm, \$5
The Passion of Remembrance
Great Britain, Director: Sankofa Black Workshop

Made by Sankofa, a London collective of black, feminist and gay filmmakers, this film confronts issues of racism, sexism and homophobia from both personal and poetic perspectives.

A Muffie Called Simon
Canada, Director: John Greyson

8:00 pm, \$5
Meteor and Shadow
Greece, Director: Takis Spetsiotsis

This award-winning film documents the rise and tragic fall of Greek poet Napoleon Lapathiotis (1888-1940). A homosexual, drug addict, and communist, he created a scandal in conservative Athens.

10:00 pm, \$5
Tres El Criminal
Spain, Director: Agustin Villaronga
This tale of an ex-concentration camp doctor, retired to Spain and his obsessed male nurse explores relationships between power, masculinity and sexuality. This film will upset the sensitive.

Thursday, June 25 Castro Theatre

6:00 pm, \$5
Olivia
France, Director: Jacqueline Audry
Produced in 1951, and based on the novel by Dorothy Bussy, this film is a lush and sensuous picture of love at a turn-of-the-century girls' school.

8:00 pm, \$5
Sisters of Darkness
Spain, Director: Pedro Almodovar
The outrageous story of a junkie-cabaret singer on the lam after her boyfriend dies of an overdose who checks in with an order of nuns led by a lesbian, drug-addicted mother superior. Don't wanna miss a minute of this one!

10:00 pm, \$5
The Wolfgirl
West Germany, Director: Dagmar Beiersdorf
Unbridled wildness is the theme in this story of Mascha, a middle-aged filmmaker out of ideas and Dennis, a young black rebel, the daughter of a prostitute.

Video Free America

5:30 pm, \$3
P.A.N.I.C.
P.A.N.I.C. in *Griffith Park* is a play about life in the late 1980s had Proposition 64 been passed. Because of the lack of facilities to hold those suspected of being seropositive for the AIDS virus L.A.'s Griffith Park becomes a temporary concentration camp. *Terence Stark: Mythographer* opens the show.

7:00 pm, \$5
Women Make Movies Tribute Women Also Make Videos
Three impressive productions distributed by Women Make Movies. In *Just Because of Who We Are*, lesbians exhibit power and savvy in overcoming violence.

Continued on next page

'Blond'

Continued from previous page



Gerhard (Lothar Lambert), a transvestite bank clerk in *Drama in Blond*.

tured the playfulness and innocence underneath even the nastiest drag show; the point is to explore all the dimensions of sexuality, but not really of sex. Lambert's embarrassment the first time he crosses-dresses (in a hilariously dowdy sweater-shirt ensemble) is priceless — he has all the gawky uncertainty of a boy taking his first summer-camp shower.

Drama in Blond is a modest cinematic experience — the camerawork and so on stay out of the way so we can focus on our gentle Ugly Duckling — but it's that purest of rarities, a comedy with laudable intentions. Lambert's character is looking for ways to live in a society that insists on rigid definitions of male and female, gay and straight. There's an awareness under the surface here that the same social energies trying to imprison us within these stereotyped categories can lead to worse things (e.g., Germany's not-too-distant past), but the general mood is one of celebration and acceptance. We all have to let out the drag queen within — and for that matter the bank clerk too. ■

— Andrew O'Hehir

Lothar Lambert's new film *Desert of Love* screens at 10 pm, 6/23, \$5. *Drama in Blond* shows at 8 pm, 6/26, \$5. *Dagmar Biersdorf's The Wolfgirl* plays at 10 pm, 6/25, \$5. All showings are at the Castro.

Lesbians Make Videos

This year's Film Festival features the most impressive lineup to date of lesbian and gay videotapes at Video Free America. Part of what makes it exciting to check them out is that, like gay and lesbian film and videomaking, the medium of videotape itself is in an experimental, pioneering phase of its development where forms and thematic assumptions have not yet become entrenched.

As a result, we get documentaries which avoid most of the prevalent clichés of documentary films, and fictional tapes which use the medium in an inspiring range of ways. It's a wide-open field, which I hope will draw more of us into using video to communicate our concerns as the means of expression and distribution systems become increasingly available.

I concentrated on the three programs which consist exclusively of lesbian tapes (there are others scattered throughout the week as well). These are "Women Also Make Videos," "Defining Space" and "Lesbian TV Party."

Perhaps my favorite tape was the 11-minute meditation on a passionate, meaningless relationship called *Frankly, Shirley* by Margaret Moores.

Moores demonstrates an understanding of video sound and its at times annoyingly intimate relation to images. She uses this quality to bring her story to life while calling attention to the fact that it's a video. Her poetic narration never hits a false note. And intimate sounds such as the lovers' kisses, a cat eating, and kitchen activities become a kind of music track providing emotional punctuation for the visuals, the narration and the well-placed silences. The imagery also contributes a poetic simplicity that makes the experience linger in one's consciousness like an erotic video haiku.

The film group Women Make Movies contributed several well-executed tapes ("Women Also Make Videos"). Toni Dickerson's *Just Because of Who We Are* used a traditional talking head format to

glance the lives of lesbians who have been harassed in one way or another because of their lesbianism. The tape falls into several sections, such as "in the bars," "at home," and "in the community."

The stories are frightening yet delivered with the courage, humor and hope of which our community proves itself capable over and over. The interviewers are able to elicit natural, thoughtful and profound responses from the participants. This tape reminded me how sheltered I feel in San Francisco from certain kinds of harassment, because of the proliferation of gay environments and because of being one of those who can "pass." It opened my eyes to realities I'd rather not be aware of, and I'm better off for it. The tape gently educated me without hype and without (undue) paranoia.

Christina Sunley (producer/director) and Wicky Funari (producer/cameraperson) contributed *Alternative Conceptions*, another competent and mesmerizing educational documentary. Its theme is that there is nothing "artificial" about alternative insemination — which doesn't mean it's simple.

The tape is riveting in its logical progression from one sticky issue to another, laying out the problems in the same breath as the rewards. Individual couples' solutions are discussed on such issues as how to explain to the kids ("there's the tummy mommy and the non-tummy mommy") and how to deal with a semi-involved father. *Alternative Conceptions* transcends the specificity of its subject matter and delivers a delicately profound essay on aspects of love in complicated times.

A lesbian soap opera called *Two in Twenty* premieres at the Festival. Its first episode is a lot of fun, but I could have done with fewer (or better) commercials. The satirical ads often seem like filler, although they have their moments. The actual soap opera narrative is engaging and clever. The acting is at times good, and when it's not it's okay because it's soap-opera-bad. The tape, directed by Laurel Chiten, Cheryl Qamar and Rachel McCollum, displays a fair amount of graphic sophistication and uses the soap opera format to good effect in exploring some of the clichés and confusions of lesbian relationships. I'll be keeping my dial tuned to "WCLT" for episode two.

There were several other tapes of interest on these programs, such as *Our Lady of LA* about goddess-worship in Los Angeles, and a couple of cute music videos. I hope the Festival audience can tear itself away from the silver screen long enough to check out the tube — TV was never like this. ■

— Lisa Kernan

Toni Dickerson's *Just Because of Who We Are* and Christina Sunley's *Alternative Conceptions* show as part of the **Women Also Make Videos** program, 7 pm, 6/25, \$5, Video Free America. Margaret Moores's *Frankly, Shirley* and Laurel Chiten, Cheryl Qamar and Rachel McCollum's *Two in Twenty* play as part of the **Lesbian TV Party** video program, 9 pm, 6/27, \$5, at Video Free America.



Just Because of Who We Are, a video in "Women Also Make Videos."

Continued from previous page

familial rejection, arrest and hospitalization. *Alternative Conceptions* explores the legal, medical and political implications of artificial insemination for lesbians. *Labor More Than Once* is the story of a lesbian mother fighting to regain parental rights.

9:15 pm, \$5 Abstractions

Eight artists use a variety of formats to explore aspects of homosexual life: *Illegal Tender* is a reverie on homosexual love; *You Taste American* satirizes Canadian police surveillance of gays; *Snow Job* decodes AIDS headlines; Winston Tong stars in *Narcotia and Ecotia*, a meditation on narcissism, and in *The Complete St. Veronica*; *Virtual Cockpits of Tomorrow* analyzes male behavior; A subtly demythologizes AIDS; *La Cage* ponders desire.

Friday, June 26 Castro Theatre

6:00 pm, \$5
1919

Great Britain, Director: Hugh Brady

Two former patients of Freud — Sophie, who defied her father with a lesbian affair and Alexander, who could not equate sex and self-respect — meet in Vienna in 1970.

8:00 pm, \$5
Drama in Blond

West Germany, Director: Lothar Lambert

Gerhard, an inhibited bank clerk in his mid-thirties, discovers the dazzling world of cabaret. He dresses as a woman, practices lip-synching and then bungles his debut at the Travesty Club.

Der Ohrenwurm

Switzerland, Director: Herbert Fritsch

10:00 pm, \$5
Vera

Brazil, Director: Sergio Toledo

see Monday, June 22, 6 pm.

Video Free America

5:00 pm, \$3
AIDS: History and Analysis

Bright Eyes is a highly effective British production that

examines the historical and social factors influencing current reactions to AIDS and homosexuality.

7:00 pm, \$5
Defining Space

Women in Love: Bonding Strategies of Black Lesbians features six black women talking about their public and private lives. *The Women's Building, LA*, produced *Our Lady of LA*, about Earth Goddess worship there. In *Raw Meat*, the artist bones with trainer while recounting incidences of sexual harassment. Program closes with music videos: *Cool Gleam* and *The Fabulous Dyketones Rock Around the Clock*.

9:00 pm, \$5
Camping and Fishing

New Yorker Tom Rubnitz directs *Wigstock: The Movie* and John Sex in *Bump and Grind* and *Hustle With My Teacher*. Manhattan cable homosex impresario Rick X teaches *How To Seduce a Preppy*. Television is the key to *Pleasure*. Dean Decent studies the organic relationship between *Love/Sex*. DO's ditch Nikes for spikes in Rubnitz's *Drag Queen Marathon*.

Saturday, June 27 Castro Theatre

12 noon, \$3
Firewords

Canada, Director: Dorothy Henaut

Three feminist Quebec writers, Louky Bersianik, Jovette Marchessault and Nicole Brossard, relate their struggles and success in creating a distinct women's literature and feminizing an inherently sexist language.

Masturbation: Five Women

USA, Director: Edd Dundas

2:00 pm, \$3
Festival Shorts

Cupid's True Love

USA, Director: Connie Steinman

Keeping the Faith

USA, Director: Nina Koocher

The Mark of Lillith

Great Britain, Directors: Bruna Flonda, Polly Gladwin, Isling Mack-Nataf

Living with AIDS

USA, Director: Tina DiFelicianantonio

4:00 pm, \$5

3 Films by Marc Huestis
Chuck Solomon: Coming of Age

Whatever Happened to Susan Jane? Unity

San Francisco film/video artist Marc Huestis has received international acclaim during the last year with the success of his touching portrait of Chuck Solomon. *Whatever Happened to Susan Jane?* features the talents of some of SF's most notable celebrities: Lulu, Tommy Pace, Coco Vega, The Wasp Women, Gregory Cruikshank, Silvana Nova and Ann Block as the naive suburban housewife, Marcie Clark.

7:00 pm, \$5
Novembermoon

West Germany, Director: Alexandra von Grote

This story of lesbian love in World War II in Europe has become something of a contemporary classic. A moving tale of November, a German Jew and Ferial, a French woman who must hide her from the Nazis.

Time Is Money

West Germany, Director: Alexandra von Grote

9:30 pm, \$5
Law of Desire

Spain, Director: Pedro Almodovar

The plot is simple: Pablo and Tina are brothers. Back when Tina was Tino, she (he) was lovers with their father who eventually took Tina to Morocco to become Tina. Tina is now involved in a lesbian (?) relationship, and Pablo is in love with the extremely attractive Juan.

Five Ways to Kill Yourself

USA, Director: Gus van Sant

Video Free America

11:00 am, \$3

Vantage Points

Homosexuality: What Science Understands refutes the notions of the "pathological" homosexual. *He's Like* reveals what six men understand about the men in their lives. *Lesbian/gay teens* hit London's streets to confront normal views of homosexuality in *Framed Youth: The Revenge of the Teenage Perverts*.

2:00 pm, \$3

Assertions

We Are Family, WGBH's documentary about homosexual parents, explores legal and political implications through the lives of three families. *Rights and Reactions* chronicles the successful New York City gay rights ordinance fight.

4:40 pm, \$3
AIDS: The Real and Unreal

Heroes documents SF AIDS care organizations including Shanti, The Metaphysical Alliance and Project Inform and interviews people who have survived with AIDS for over five years. Former San Franciscan Peter Siegler is the subject of *I'm Still Alive*, which follows him home to Germany, where he reveals to his family that he has AIDS. *A Plague on You* is a sharp and defiant view of the British Establishment's representation of AIDS.

7:00 pm, \$5
The Call to Action

Dancing in Dulais documents the Lesbians and Gays Support the Miners Group's involvement with miners and their families during the 1984/85 South Wales strike. *Across the Rubicon* surveys South African politics via the touring show of female impersonator/caricaturist Pieter-Dirk Uys.

9:00 pm, \$5
Lesbian TV Party

The party begins with the hilarious *Seventeen Rooms*, whose subtitle, "What Do Lesbians Do in Bed?" got it kicked off British TV. Women bare breasts, talk about them in the wonderful *Oh Our Chests*. *The Minders* is a lush fantasy about a celestial utopia ruled by women. *Sick* features nutty ruminations on the origins of illness. *Frankly, Shirley* portrays the odd reunion of ex-lovers. *Lesbian soap Two in Twenty* closes.

Sunday, June 28 Roxie Cinema

5:30 pm, \$5
Gertrude Stein and a Companion

USA, Director: Ira Cirkler

Gertrude and Alice get fine treatment in this literate and stylish portrayal of their lives.

7:30 pm, \$5
Hall the New Puritan

USA, Director: Charles Atlas

A combination fictional/documentary chronicle of a wild day in the life of sexy punk choreographer Michael Clark.

9:30 pm, \$5
Crimes Against Nature

USA, Director: Edd Dundas

The Festival's Film Festival Pull-Out Section was edited by Senior Film Critic Patrick Hodel and designed by Art Director Rupert Kinnard.

Panic Among the Moderns

What, really, is the problem with modern dance? Lincoln Kirstein, a notorious partisan of ballet and one of the nation's most trenchant commentators on dance, puts the blame on Miss Duncan. In a recent article ("The Curse of Isadora," *New York Times*, 11/23/86), Kirstein chips away at the pedestal supporting dance Modernism's patron saint and then proceeds to cast some very dark shadows on the rest of the anti-academic establishment.

Ultimately, I disagree with the severity of Kirstein's conclusions. But this does not deny the fact — made painfully clear in the past month's spate of local studio concerts — that something is terribly wrong with a great deal of modern, post-modern, and post-post-modern dance.

Kirstein's first charge (and possibly his most damning one) is that despite Duncan's momentous act of rebellion — her insistence on a free-flowing, spontaneous form of movement — she left no repertory and no technique. "Her legacy," says Kirstein, "was reputation, not repertory. . . . She invented herself as an icon and gained immortality."

Modern dance will, I suppose, always exist as an act of rebellion: both personal, for the dancer, and collective, as a form of opposition to the academic training and codification of behavior that ballet requires. But, modern dance cannot continue to exist (or at least its significance must be radically devalued), Kirstein suggests, unless some system of movement can be taught, shared and then used to communicate with an audience.

Having personally endured the endless profusion of emotionally-vacant, kinetic abstractions that dominated modern dance in the '60s and '70s, it seems clear the modernist vocabulary is very thin. There really is no technique, just a loose assemblage of walks, slides, turns, hops, runs and other pedestrian gestures. (Martha Graham, of course, has tried to address this problem, but despite

the best of intentions, her Contraction and other subtleties have not produced a comprehensive or detailed movement vocabulary.)

The suggestion has been made (and this is what today's post-post-modernists like Karole Armitage or Mark Morris seem to be doing) that it's time to recognize ballet as the mother art of all theatrical dance. In other words, without subscribing to the whole tradition — its repertory, conventions and unbending morality — it is possible to use balletic steps as a way of telling the body how to move. These steps can then be altered, stretched or revised to fit any bad boy modernist's need for "self" expression.

Thus, the choice — whether to mutate or not — is a critical one that modernists must, I believe, begin to consider. Having spent too, too many nights in small houses with audiences that will barely fill a three-night run, it seems clear that kinetic chaos — the legacy of Isadora and her followers — has had its reign. The world has become too busy and our times are too perilous for dancing that has no recognizable structure or form.

Kirstein's second charge (which is difficult — until very recently — to not agree with) is that dance Modernism has reduced itself to a condition of unrelieved boredom, the emotional equivalent of a catatonic state.

Kirstein argues that minimalism — the prevailing aesthetic of Modernism — has progressively led from an early emphasis (Graham, Mary Wig-



Manly maneuvers: check out the fate of post-modern dance when Twyla Tharp's company visits UC Berkeley's Zellerbach Hall, October 8 through-11.

man) on simplification (as a means of revealing the real or "inner" self) to the negation of content (Merce Cunningham, Twyla Tharp) in the pursuit of purely "formal" dance values. And the result, suggests Kirstein, is dancing that fails to sustain interest, dancing that doesn't really matter.

This conclusion, from my experiences, is largely true. It also explains the general trend (panic, I suspect, would be a better term)

the San Francisco Moving Company, Dimensions Dance Theater, Ellen Bromberg and Dancers, Ballet Harren, the Dance Brigade and Urban Bush Women.

This new experimentation is very exciting, but — unfortunately — it doesn't always work. In fact, Kirstein tends to dismiss the current frenzy of content-infused dancing. He says: "The now self-proclaimed 'trans-categorical-post-post-

most of the recent modern performances I've attended there still seems to be a disheartening lack of distinct (and, therefore, forcefully expressionistic) movement. And as a result, in some of the best new work (Joe Goode for example), dance has repeatedly taken a back seat to drama. The danger of this new approach (content without choreographic substance) is that modern dance may simply disappear as a recognizable art form. If movement can no longer serve as a primary vehicle of expression, then modern dance is dead.

For Kirstein, this conclusion is an inevitable — if not already accomplished — fact. He believes the problem with Modernism is that any art form based in uncontrolled rebellion and aesthetic reductionism must eventually do itself in. And I think he's probably right. But I'm also quite certain of the validity, even the beauty, of the modern dancer's quest for freedom in movement. And I'm not at all comfortable with abandoning such an ambition to the murky waters of performance art.

In order for modern dance to live, it will require great courage (and possibly a large dollop of humility). Modern dancers will have to rethink the philosophy and schooling that underlie their work. But, given a large dose of radical, rejuvenating clarity, Isadora's promise can, indeed, be reborn. ■

The danger of this new approach is that if movement can no longer serve as a primary vehicle of expression, then modern dance is dead.

among contemporary dance moderns who embrace a "new emotionalism" in their work. Suddenly (or at least since the shock waves of Pina Bausch's *Tanz-theater*) there's "content" in modern dance performances. This content reveals itself via narrative, characterization, dialog, multimedia projections, props, costuming and other ingredients of expressionistic art.

Most recently I've seen this "new emotionalism" (or a new theatricality) in the work of Keith Terry, the Joe Goode Performance Group, Duncan Macfarland's DanceArt Company,

modern' pretends that a dash of 'ballet,' a smidgen of voice and/or film, can serve as antibiotic to salvage free-form dance from Isadora's curse. The absolute democratic option has played them false. Possibility of any and everything results in no specific instrument."

Octogenarian Kirstein's evaluation is, I believe, unduly harsh. Modern dance has reached a point of crisis, but I'm not at all sure it's time to initiate last rites.

Technique and content must go hand-in-hand. And this is the very difficult lesson that today's avant-garde needs to learn. In

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**Blomstedt's 'Gurrelieder'
Lost in Performance**

Last Thursday morning, the review of Blomstedt's performance of Schoenberg's breath-takingly beautiful *Gurrelieder* looked very simple: The conductor has a brain, but he has no heart. He knows the score, but not the meaning behind the notes. He stumbles most disastrously whenever the music moves toward sex.

The San Francisco Symphony performance of *Gurrelieder* under Herbert Blomstedt was awesomely controlled and splendidly delineated, but the maestro totally ignored the sensual passion that drenches Schoenberg's early masterpiece. He was not helped in this by a tenor with an ugly tone color and a tendency to sing out-of-tune, nor by a soprano who sang beautifully but chastely. After all, these two singers are supposed to rival Tristan and Isolde in their steaming passions.

Nor, ironically enough, was Blomstedt helped by the surpassingly great performance by Hans Hotter as the Speaker in the concluding melodrama. Hotter, once the most profound of all the Wotans, here showed exactly the commitment to Schoenberg's passion that Blomstedt seemed to miss. Hotter cared about this story of love and loss, and he completely embodied in his spoken words Schoenberg's meaning that love both destroys whatever it touches and makes for the only life worth living.

Blomstedt's glacial performance of *Gurrelieder* seemed identical to his other failures this season. The conductor brutalized Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* beyond compare. He took Mozart's Symphony No. 39 on an incredibly leaden-footed dance. His performance of Elgar's Cello Concerto so entirely missed the point of this great elegy that soloist Yo-yo Ma was left without a leg to stand on. And last fall, to top things off, Blomstedt robbed Stravinsky's *Firebird* of all its sensuous appeal.

When this string of lame and impotent events was joined by the extraordinary depth and musical sincerity that marked Blomstedt's renditions of Bruckner's Sixth Symphony and Haydn's *Mass in Time of War*, I began to wonder if ideology was not at the base of the conductor's problems. Could he really "see" the music only in those works that exist within his narrowly defined world-view? Was the problem that Schoenberg's love of excess in *Gurrelieder* was so foreign to Blomstedt's psyche that in the maestro's hands we heard only the organization and none of the passion of the music?

The San Francisco Symphony performance of Gurrelieder under Herbert Blomstedt was awesomely controlled and splendidly delineated, but the maestro totally ignored the sensual passion that drenches Schoenberg's early masterpiece.

After the live performance, I thought probably the answer was yes.

Then on Thursday morning I sat down with a tape of the San Francisco Symphony's broadcast of *Gurrelieder* and a score. I have now spent three long and rewarding days with those two objects, together with Ozawa's Philips recording and Kubelik's old Deutsche Grammophone performance for comparison, and the picture turns out to be a little more complex than at first it appeared.

Logically it might follow that I would enjoy Blomstedt's correct but uninspired performance most thoroughly when I had the score in front of me. Then I could see how attentive the conductor had been to Schoenberg's every marking, how his knowledge proceeded from a profound reading of the score.

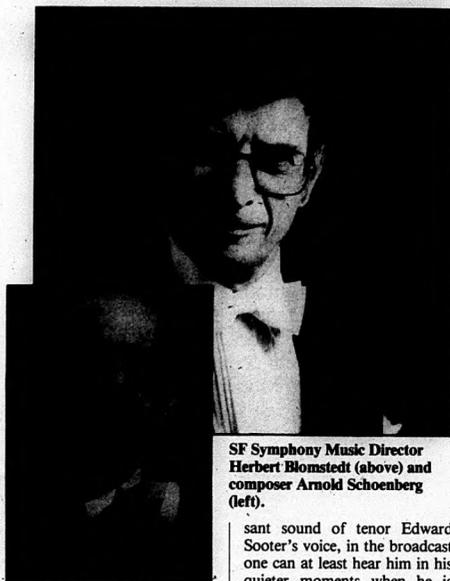
And this is exactly what happened. I thoroughly admired the intricacy of Blomstedt's fidelity to Schoenberg's text, but there was something more. Blomstedt was meticulous in carrying out the composer's every instruction, but that was not all. The conductor was continuously and often enthusiastically making music out of those directions.

Kubelik may be a more idiomatic conductor, that is, he can articulate the details of Schoenberg's music without calling attention to them. He knows that those details are part of a language that can communicate feeling and meaning to the listener. Ozawa may be a more rhapsodic conductor, for he can wring blood from some of Schoenberg's more poignant moments. But the argument that this music makes no sensuous appeal to Blomstedt's imagination cannot hold up against the evidence of the radio broadcast. San Francisco's conductor has an almost solipsistic enjoyment

of Schoenberg's luscious late Romantic melodies.

In fact, the broadcast shows that Blomstedt brings out more of the inner voices in the score than either from Kubelik or Ozawa. Since these voices usually restate kernels of the big melodies, Blomstedt's attention to them reinforces the sumptuousness of Schoenberg's textures and emphasizes the hedonistic delight with which the composer wrought the whole. Though Blomstedt could still make more of those achingly beautiful melodies with which Schoenberg littered this score, he does know where they all are and is not ashamed to bring them to the fore.

As I continued my study of the broadcast tape, the moment



SF Symphony Music Director Herbert Blomstedt (above) and composer Arnold Schoenberg (left).

came when Blomstedt's balance of all the different markings in this mammoth score seemed to justify the extravagant excitement the conductor has elicited here in San Francisco. The score taught me the validity and completeness of Blomstedt's own study of it. Schoenberg may have put more passion in his work than came out in Blomstedt's reading, but it's still just as prosaic of a rendition of what the composer wrote down. The tape showed a conductor constantly filtering and rendering the written text with an eye and ear for its apt musical expression.

The tape also confirmed what the live performance had already established: that at present Blomstedt is strongest in his evocation of the atmosphere that surrounds the declarations of love in Schoenberg's first movement. There he painted not the seething, portentous scene that Kubelik imagines, but an equally appropriate one — an innocent summer evening full of the sounds of dusk.

On the tape soprano Susan Dunn made a much stronger impression than she did in the house. There is still a certain over-generalized approach to her singing — a fault she shared with Jessy Norman for Ozawa but not with Inge Bork for Kubelik. Still, Dunn's work is so clean and so full of tonal beauty that is curlish not to succumb to it.

Though nothing can seem to improve the intrinsically unplea-

sant sound of tenor Edward Sooter's voice, in the broadcast one can at least hear him in his quieter moments when he is more often in tune. In the concert hall, all one could hear from the tenor was an occasional loud, and invariable ill-tuned, stentorian passage.

Of all the singers, mezzo-soprano Janice Taylor brought the most meaning to her music, and her voice too seems fuller on tape than it had in the house. On the tape it is also clear that Blomstedt responded to Taylor's eloquent appeal with his finest music-making.

Only in the third part of the score, when Blomstedt rushed as if he were in an unredeemed nightmare, did the music get actively away from the maestro on the broadcast. In this section, however, David Gordon deserves particular praise for his finely rhythmic portrait of the Jester. The dimensions of Hotter's performance only grow with familiarity.

The chilling thought I have to offer comes from a friend who agreed with me about the marked difference between the impression that Blomstedt's performance made in person and on tape. He wondered if the difference owed more to the acoustical problems of Davis Hall than we have all previously been willing to admit. Blomstedt's may not be finest reading of this score — for me, Kubelik's is more fully realized — but it is a serious reading worth hearing in all its complexity. If Davies Hall is getting in the way of that, fix it.

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The Kathy and Mo Show

Parallel Problems

The *Kathy and Mo Show — Parallel Lives* is not "women's theatre." There are no breast-beating, labia-lauding monologues encouraging the audience to revolt against a misogynous society. Instead, the show contains a series of interesting vignettes, written and performed by two talented entertainers who happen to be women.

Before arriving at San Francisco's Eureka Theatre, Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney opened *Parallel Lives* in New York City and took it on the road to Baltimore. The show's format and content place it somewhere between *Greater Tuna* and Lily Tomlin's *Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe*. As the evening progresses, the audience is introduced to a variety of characters, caught in the act of living out their lives. The actresses create this assembly of personalities on a bare stage with the assistance of a few chairs and minimal accessories for their basic black costumes.

The first act opens with a heterosexual college couple on a date at a gay restaurant. Mo plays the man and Kathy the insecure young woman who creates a minor disturbance. Transcending her insecurities, she chastises a waitress for harassing a transvestite. Kathy's compulsive head-tossing-for-hair-rearrangement-purposes and her quotation of Billy Joel lyrics give the piece some inspired humor. This vignette segues into a hilarious take-off on menstruation.

The women first discuss the topic as females, then present a conversation between two men as they would discuss the same topic if "the curse" had descended upon men, not women. The rest of the first act contains a send-up of feminists, senior

citizens enrolling in an adult education course, high school girls discussing their lives in *West Side Story* terms, and sisters gathering for their grandmother's funeral. Each of these pieces is nicely framed by musical selections from pop standards which complement the script, and appropriate illuminated by Ellen Shireman's minimalist lighting design.

But the real dazzler of the first

Parallel Lives provides good moments, plenty of laughs, and the opportunity to watch two talented performers.

act, if not the entire show, is Mo's silent depiction of a woman bathing and getting dressed. Looking like a poor man's Candace Bergen, Mo brilliantly pantomimes the personal hygiene rituals women perform only in strict privacy. Every moment of this brief interlude rings true, from lip waxing to leg shaving, and on opening night this piece drew howls of laughter from the audience. Unfortunately, the material in the second act, although more ambitious, is less successful.

The second half of the play begins with interwoven mono-

logues by a hooker and a *hausfrau* who both elaborate on the improbable subject of Kenny Roger's wife. These characters and their diametrically opposed viewpoints have great potential, but the actual result falls flat, providing little humor or insight. This scene is followed by a somewhat muddled presentation that takes place in a gay bar. Kathy and Mo play numerous roles as both customers and employees and, for the first time in the evening, I find myself somewhat confused about which character is speaking. The next vignette, with a religious motif, suffers from a similar lack of clarity; children discuss God, two people go to confession (or possibly one person presented in two voices), someone plays a priest (maybe), and some other person talks about some related theme.

By the time the final scene rolls around, set in a Southern country-western bar, I find myself involuntarily glancing at my watch. Over two hours have passed since the play began and I'm still sifting through these parallel lives, searching for some conclusion or thread of continuity. Kathy and Mo seem to have written themselves into a corner

and no *deus ex machina* comes to their rescue.

It's hard to isolate any recurring theme in this play. At the opening, and again at the final curtain, the actresses/authors state that "Anything is possible." This is a self-evident truth I do not question. Exactly what this twice-repeated message has to do with the material that is sandwiched between it escapes me. If this is the theme of the play, it is poorly supported by the script.

Parallel Lives contains a series of scenes depicting the pedestrian dreams and behaviors of average people. They are presented with a keen eye for detail and some solid, versatile acting. But the approach is fundamentally superficial and disjointed, resulting in material that rarely transcends the anecdotal level. As writers, directors, and stars of this play, Kathy and Mo may have bitten off more than they can eschew.

The show cries out for the assistance of an outside director and/or writer who can cut and shape the material into a more meaningful and cohesive piece of theatre. It is difficult, if not impossible, for Kathy and Mo to have this perspective while simultaneously functioning as writers, actresses, and directors. But in spite of its weaknesses, *Parallel Lives* provides good moments, plenty of laughs, and the opportunity to watch two talented performers. Considering the current offerings in Bay Area theatre, you could do worse.

The Kathy and Mo Show — Parallel Lives runs through June 28 at the Eureka Theatre, 2730 16th Street, San Francisco. Performances are Wednesdays through Sundays and tickets may be obtained through STBS or by calling the theatre box office at 558-9898.



Kathy (Najimy) and Mo (Gaffney) do it in their show.

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Brecht at the Berkeley Rep

A 'Good Person' in Search of a Good Idea

Honorable intentions close a slightly substandard Berkeley Rep season this year with Brecht's *The Good Person of Szechuan*. But as any dolt knows, good intentions rarely get you very close to climax.

The resuscitation of ACT has no doubt come as a relief to those who dread having to cross the Bay in order to attend the area's most happening major company, and regrettably the Rep hasn't put up much of a fight. This last season had only one peak (a brilliant circus-of-horrors *Birthday Party*), a couple of serious lows (a dimly misconceived *Night of the Iguana* and an unnecessary detour through Craig Lucas's dimwitted yuppie puffball, *Blue Window*), and lots of indifferent middle ground. *The Good Person of Szechuan* means to close the year on a big note, but it's a muffled one.

Not that Brecht was entirely a bad idea to begin with. Political theatre (even when safely distanced by a parabolic form and Brecht's "classic" status) is necessary to shake the dust off the seats once in a while — particularly at a theatre like the Rep, which has courted its subscription crowd all too well and is now trying to woo younger audiences who may see it as too bourgeois or staid.

And there's a hook — co-directed by Rep artistic director Sharon Ott and hearing-

impaired theatre veteran Timothy Near, the production seeks to incorporate both the languages of spoken English and American Signing into its fabric. This would seem a concept that serves Brecht well, and one generally long overdue for integration into mainstream theatre. Unfortunately, like most things in this *Good Person*, it emerges more as an incompleting half-concept.

The Berkeley Rep's The Good Person of Szechuan manages to turn Brecht into just another example of bourgeois pessimism.

The story is a typically bitter parable of greed, corruption and frequently squelched goodness. Three gods are dispatched from Heaven to find people true enough to redeem mankind's general squalor, and justify the continuance of the human race. Of course, they're lucky to find just one "good" person — Shen Te, a prostitute with the proverbial heart of gold.

Choosing to overlook the slight moral kink of her profes-

sion, the gods slip Shen Te a little dough to raise her social status, and beat a retreat as the vultures descend to take advantage of her new wealth. The central recurrent irony is that Shen Te finds she can only succeed in doing good by periodically siding with the forces of "evil" in the drag guise of a male cousin, Shui Ta, whose capitalistic callousness must be used again and again to

keep Shen Te's exploitative "friends" from picking her bones clean.

The Good Person of Szechuan is staged with all of Berkeley Rep's technical polish and reliable ensemble acting, but its academic professionalism manages to turn Brecht into just another example of bourgeois pessimism — social consciousness in a handsome but somewhat lifeless subscriber's package. Not having seen any of



Laurence Ballard as Shu Fu, the barber, and Freda Norman as the ruthless Mr. Shui Ta plot perfect marriage for the hapless Shen Te in *The Good Person of Szechuan*.

Timothy Near's previous work, it's easier to chart the production's mixed results in terms of Sharon Ott's history.

Ott's Rep work has begun to establish her as an exciting director of, well, semi-avant-garde neo-punk Broadway/classical revisionism — the sort of audience-pleasing, semi-scary, semi-bullshit Big Show that ACT recently tried in its messy but underrated *Faustus in Hell*. She has managed varying degrees of amazement and near-silliness with the Rep's *Twelfth Night*, *The Revenger*, *Tooth of the Crime*, etc. *The Good Person* has fragments of her trademark sensual verve and vivid stylization, but they're pale — held in check by what seems like directorial indecision, and perhaps by a resistance to Brecht's didacticism.

The production's overall aesthetic scheme increases the sense of simultaneous polish and uncertainty. From the industrial clanking of Jeffrey Bihl's score to Carol Oditz's wildly varied costumes and Ralph Funicello's sparsely suggestive set conceits, the show is a handsome hodgepodge of drabness and stylization that never coalesces enough to make a concrete point.

Despite one or two vivid transformations (Molly Mayock's frump-horror of a slum wife

takes the prize), this is Rep production unusually undistinguished by its acting as well. Routine professionalism is the order of the day, with broad yet shallow characterizations from stalwarts like Charles Dean, Tony Amendola, Judith Marx and Jarion Monroe.

As for the centerpiece of Freda Norman and Sharon Omi as Shen Te/Shui Ta — one hesitates to complain at the risk of seeming politically insensitive, but taken as either two separate parts or a whole, this casting novelty never adds up to a unifying, let alone electrifying, element. Well-known Theatre of the Deaf actress Norman's streaming blonde hair and rather detached, ethereal aura achieve little cohesion with Omi's active, common sensical readings of her lines from various visible points on and to the side of the stage.

The doublecasting of hearing and signing actors in one role intrigues, but in this case it goes no further. What's more, the lack of full signing (the Company members sign only when addressing Shen Te/Shui Ta) lends this production an odd, dabbling sensibility — like a foreign film in which only every fifth sequence is subtitled. It's a pity the device comes off as just another performance novelty here.

Continued on next page

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A Fast-Paced but Tasty New 'Mattress' Debuts

Perhaps the most singularly remarkable thing about the new Robert Michael Production (in association with Encore-City Players) of the musical, *Once Upon a Mattress*, is that this inaugurates still another attempt in San Francisco to establish a successful dinner—or in this case, brunch— theatre setting. Considering that this is the city that boasts of having some of America's finest opera, ballet, and professional theatre companies, it seems particularly odd that there are no on-going supper-theatre clubs.

Attempts have been made in the past—such as the large-scale musicals staged in the Sheraton Palace courtyard or the more intimate smaller revues (*Champagne! in a Cardboard Cup* or *By George!*) at the ill-fated Harrison Street Theatre. But one of the major drawbacks of these buffet-theatre offerings is that the food is decidedly secondary. That, however, is not the case with this new production—the brunches are varied and elegant, offering everything from full-bodied ranch fixings to Eggs Benedict—with secondals galore.

As for the current theatre-offering itself, *Once Upon a Mattress* is a truly clever work with music by Mary Rogers and lyrics by Marshall Barer. It's also been some time since local theatre-goers have had an opportunity to catch up with this classic spoof. The composer of the tuneful score is the daughter of Broadway great, Richard Rodgers, and this is her only well-known major work (with the possible exception of the song, "The Boy From _____" with lyrics by Stephen Sondheim.) Marshall Barer's lyrics

have found their way into songs which have become a part of the repertoire of such local favorites as Michael Feinstein and Andrea Marcovici (currently playing the Plush Room of the York Hotel). The original cast recording of *Mattress* has become a collector's item because this was the show that was responsible for Carol Burnett's becoming a star in the role of Princess Winnifred—and it was a natural for the outsized voice and comic talents of Burnett. However, the most delightful thing about this current revival is that it is giving today's audiences (who are quite hip on the latest from Sondheim and Webber) an opportunity to see a show which definitely is—as Roz Russell observed in *Wonderful Town*—"well worth picking up again."

One of the problems facing a reviewer in any major city is that one must take into consideration whether or not the performers involved in a production are considered "professional" or "amateur." Perhaps the best way of defining this difference is presented by actress Uta Hagen in her book, *Respect for Acting*:



George Rowe (the Wizard), Kristina Harris (Winnifred) and Richard Dillenbeck (the Jester) whip up a farcical brew in *Once Upon a Mattress*.

"The word 'amateur' in its origin was a lover or someone pursuing something for love. Now it is synonymous with a dilettante, an unskilled performer, or someone pursuing a hobby or pastime. When I was young and just employed in the theatre, I was an amateur in its original sense. I pursued my work for love. Then, the fact that I was paid was incidental to the love."

In any event, the important thing to consider with this current production of *Once Upon a Mattress* is that although these performers may not be paid, they cannot be considered amateurs. Director Chuck Largent's cast was acquired through open auditions, proving there is an impressive amount of volunteer talent available in the Bay Area.

For example, Michael Temlin (in what we are told is his first "drag" appearance) has a field day with the role of Queen Aggravain. My one personal quibble

here is that director Largent has undercut the impact of Aggravain's one big solo, "Sensitivity," by having the actor race up and down stairs and all over the stage while trying to make sense of a devilishly tricky song. This, incidentally, is a fault in Largent's direction throughout—he has his actors literally racing from one end of the room to the other to utilize the entire acting area (flanked on both sides by platforms with stairs). One doesn't have to look far to see why the performers have so little energy in the last act—they're all exhausted!

The leading role of Princess Winnifred is double-cast and in the opening performance, Clair Matzick delivered a solid, trumpet-voiced characterization with some charming comic touches (Kristina Harris is the alternate). Michael Cronis is ingratiating as Prince Dauntless the Drab who is more-than-eager to get married. There are also strong stage presences from

George Rowe as the Wizard and George E. Willey as King Sextimus the Silent. Nancy Jo Banko and Reinhardt Krakow as the young lovers, Lady Larken and Sir Harry, sing two of the show's romantic ballads ("In a Little While" and "Yesterday I Loved You). Their fine voices soar, but director Largent has not helped either performer with the comic possibilities inherent in the roles.

Also, Richard Dillenbeck as the Jester is pretty much left to his own devices for his one big solo number, "Very Soft Shoes," which should be a show-stopper but isn't because the song demands some creative choreography—something the entire production lacks. The narrator-like role of the Minstrel was performed attractively by T.K. McCann at the opening (with Mark Eichorn alternating at other performances).

The musical accompaniment is by Bob Parks (piano) and Doug Wood (percussion) and, although the acoustics in California Hall are not at all bad, there is a problem of having soloists stationed for an entire number away from the piano. This is especially regrettable with Winnifred's solo, "Happily Ever After," which is a perfect example of Barer's witty and urbane lyrics (singing about the fairy-tale Rapunzel who was "locked in a tower by a wicked old witch/Till one night in despair down/She scrambled by letting her hair down/That's what I call quite a switch").

The musical is full of such clever writing and melodic tunes and the room itself has a nice ambience (despite a decided liability with the lighting). The production has an easy-going charm which is quite infectious; and the superb food make *Once Upon a Mattress* a great "brunch alternative."

Once Upon a Mattress plays every Sunday at 12:30 pm through August 2 at California Hall, 1750 Clay Street, San Francisco—Call 554-8523 for tickets and information call 554-8523.

THEATER

Continued from previous page

another minor thrill of extension for those who can only stand so much challenge per season. While the partial signing may serve Brecht's goal in keeping the audience constantly aware that it is in the theatre, it doesn't necessarily make for good theatre.

The only point at which this *Good Person* snaps to attention is in its closing sequences. A last celestial visitation from the gods giddily parodies *deus ex machina* even as it leaves Shen Te entirely in the lurch, cut adrift in the human swamp. This is immediately followed by a confrontive closing cast recitative that dumps the responsibility for providing a "happy ending" soundly where it belongs—in the lap of the audience. It's a superb finale, with the production's most successful satirical flourish choked off on a last note of questioning sobriety. Beyond these moments, the Rep's staging has only the polite, tentative punch of a show still groping for a concept.

The *Good Person of Szechuan* by Bertolt Brecht plays at Berkeley Repertory Theatre, 2025 Addison, Berkeley. Call 845-4700.

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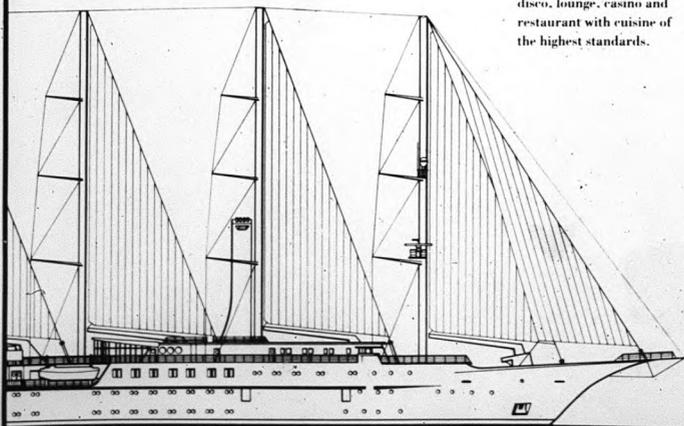
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Between Studs

Returning from three boner-crushing weeks on the road, I've been blessed with a flurry of distraught and perplexed calls asking, "Uhm, so where do you go *now*?" Now, you may have noticed, is that somewhat eerie pause between the closing of The Stud and its re-opening at a new location: a social lacuna that hasn't left me *totally* bereft.

In the past week, I've shared cocktails at the Paradise Lounge with the Stud's owner, Edie, and ace people's dj Alan Robinson (who will be spinning discs at the as-yet-unnamed original Stud location); I've been tackled by the stunning Memphis Mark at a side-splitting comedy show at the Baybrick; admired buffed boys out in force with aficionado Dave Ford at a lame Hoodoo Gurus show at Wolfgang's; stumbled hilariously through a cowboy waltz at the Rawhide 2; and missed a chance to scare the well-heeled at the Alta Plaza with shutter-king Marc Geller — opting for the delights of watching Bobo Baird shun all comers at The End Up. Let exasperation be the mother of exploration. Or you could stay home and save up your money for Bon Jovi tickets.

Star Booty

What do you say to a 6'7" black man from Atlanta who performs as a trash-funk, Amazon secret agent in 6" stiletto, fuck-me heels

at a SOMA "cocktail cabaret" show? Howdy, neighbor. (DNA, 6/12 & 6/13, 10 pm, \$5)

The Leaders

This modestly-monikered sextet brings together some stellar contemporary jazz-hands. Trumpeter Lester Bowie, of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, did brilliant discs with post-Ornette alto sax-ace Arthur Blythe in the late '70s. Chico Freeman's tenor work was never better than with bassist Cecil McBee. Last fall the four called in two stalwarts and released an LP, *Mudfoot*, on the local Landmark label, with a wicked cover of Sam Cooke's "Cupid." Now they've jetted out of New York to jam it, lyrical to avant, live. (Wolfgang's, 6/12, 8 & 11 pm, \$13.50 adv., \$14.50 day)

The Nylons

This interracial a capella, Canadian, homo quartet sport a brand of camp wholesome enough for Great America —



Clash-like savagery mix with melodic invention when Hunters & Collectors play Monday, 6/15 at the I-Beam.

witness their current hit cover of, "Kiss Him Goodbye," — already a novelty when Steam had the hit, and later road-tested by Bananarama. Welcome positive role models. Sheez! (Warfield, 6/12, 8 pm, \$15.50 res.)

Santana, Ruben Blades, Otauka

A nine-piece, Oakland-based, Brazilian samba band open: very El Rio. Blades should hurry up and run for President of Panama and can the music. Santana features a thunderous rhythm section, stinging signature guitar, and the megalomania

that is Buddy Miles on vocals. (UC Greek, 6/13, 5 pm-11 pm, \$17.50 adv.)

Camper Van Beethoven, Mojo Nixon, Skid Roper

The shine has been coming off the neo-hippies in Camper as folks have waited through three iffy LPs for the team to *approximate* the inspired, winsome lunacy of their first hit, "Take the Skinheads Bowling," but to no avail. Likewise, Mojo's frat-boy, John Lee Hooker-on-mescaline routine has paled into boorish rants since the glory moments of, "I Saw Jesus at

MacDonalds." Can you say sophomoric? It's graduation time, all my gifted bozos. (Fillmore, 6/13, 8 pm, \$10)

Yo

It has been eight months since the team put out *Charm World*, and scored college charts with their cover of Cat Stevens' "Hard Headed Woman." It never made a believer of me, but Baird still moans over these one-time critics' faves and he may be proved right yet. The price and place are right; so find out. (Nightbreak, 6/13, 11 pm, \$3)

Charlie Watts Orchestra, Roomful of Blues

Nothing wrong with this 46-year-old drummer from the Rolling Stones indulging in a lifelong fantasy by assembling a 33-piece orchestra of limey hacks to tootle their way through classic swing-era charts. But, asking folks to peel off big bucks to witness the indulgence is a lapse in both judgment and humor. I hope that the *SF Chronicle* sends Caen and Nachman to assess the effort. The promoter is praying that the openers — with an avert cult for their *Live At Lupo's* LP (Rounder) — will help draw better than flies and misguided Stones fanatics. (Galleria, 6/15, 8 pm, \$17.50 adv., four bits day)

Hunters & Collectors, Love Club

The headliners have risen from the opaque thunder of their art

Continued on page 28

Rapping with Schoolly D Risky Business

While other folks usually cringe at the noise from a passing beatbox, I usually just tap to the beat. I've always liked rap music, though probably more for its political realities than its musical appeal.

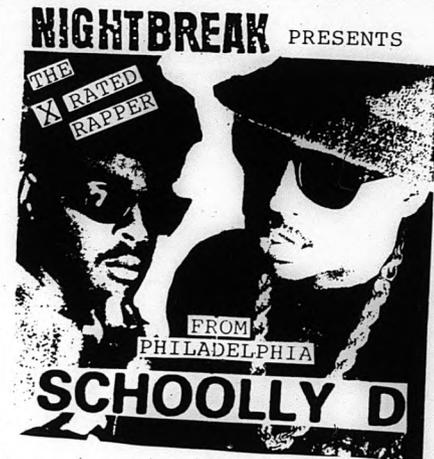
Like punk rock in Britain, rap, hip-hop, scratch and other variations of American urban black music developed from a need to make black pop more accessible outside the streets where it was

born. While punk rock began to open doors for hundreds of amateur garage bands, rap music suggested that just maybe, you didn't have to be Michael Jackson to make black music.

While rap probably came closer than punk in realizing that ambition, neither genre ever completely succeeded. Rap did produce a number of real talents along the way though, Afrika Bambaataa, Force MD's, Rock Steady Crew and Grandmaster Flash, just to name a few. Again, however, just like punk, rap music was all too quickly swallowed up by the commercial music machine and spit back out again as fast-food television jingles or other mutations like Run DMC and the Beastie Boys.

So, the opportunity to see an independent, Philadelphia "street rapper" perform in a San Francisco (white accessible) venue was not only rare, but instantly appealing.

Unfortunately, Schoolly D, "The X-Rated Rapper" who ap-



peared at the Berkeley Square and Nightbreak on Haight Street last week was an unequivocal disappointment — a rude, arrogant Run DMC imitator and a poor one at that.

Schoolly did hardly more than mumble through a handful of unintelligible songs at Nightbreak last Friday. Backed by a second rate scratch disk jockey, Schoolly — dressed in a pair of cliché Raybans and an oversized neck chain — gave more attention to body poses and jive hand gestures than to communicating any lyrical messages.

The rapper's X-rated persona (aside from making great ad copy) amounted to little more than a few overused swear words, an occasional squeeze of his crotch and one or two dirty rhymes: *My name's Schoolly D / And you're in luck / Cause I'll tell ya where to go / And I'll tell ya what to suck.*

That kind of socially redeeming behavior can be found on any city school yard — without the pretense or the cover charge!

It might not have been so disappointing had the audience's expectations not been so high, but the unusually large crowd arrived anxious and enthusiastic and most left unanimously unmoved.

Still, regardless of the outcome, Nightbreak's management should be praised for its unusual, if not risky, booking efforts. Hopefully, Schoolly D's shortcomings won't deter them from experiments like this in the future.

Sadly, most of what passes for urban rap on pop radio stations today is a cheap imitation of a cheap imitation. I just hope while impostors like Schoolly D grow fat on naive white audiences, that back in Philadelphia — on the street where it counts — the real rap continues.

"Boy, are you gonna get it!"



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The Week That Was

Last week was "the biggest week for AIDS in the history of this country," according to **Big Ev Koop**, the fundamentalist Surgeon General with a thing for military uniforms. Indeed it was: to begin with, **Ronald "Well, Erp" Reagan** "came out" in favor of some mandatory — and some routine — AIDS testing, for which he was roundly booed by a fundraising crowd of 850.

The next night, **George "Burning" Bush** effectively ended his presidential campaign when, after being jeered by some of the scientists gathered for the **Third International Conference on AIDS** in Washington, D.C., he polished off his speech, turned to a fellow functionary on the dais and, loud enough for the open mike to pick it up, said, "What — is that some gay group out there?"

No, you silly bitch: it's 6500 serious public health heavies.

With Love From Media To You

The media, predictably, went batshit over the conference: CBS News featured a week-long AIDS series; NBC Nightly News and ABC News featured fairly cogent daily reports; and the local and national print press gobbled whole forests in their efforts to cover the five-day powwow. In addition, ABC's *Nightline* ran both an in-depth report Monday night, and an unprecedented four-hour "national town meeting" Friday night, during which viewers called in with questions — from 11:30 pm till 3:30 am.

Feeling young and ambitious at the beginning of the week, I set out to cover the coverage: I clipped articles from the *New York Times*, the *LA Times*, the *SF Chronicle* and *Examiner*, *USA Today*, and any other snags organs that happened to snag my fancy. I also kept loose tabs on the local six and eleven o'clock news, and scanned the national TV news each evening, topping it all off with CNN's midnight report.

The result: I feel old and withered today. It's Saturday, and I just spent five hours rifling through nine and a half pounds of clippings and notes — and wound up with a headache, and these highlights...

Pass The Stat

First, fun conference fax: a) 10 million people worldwide are already infected with the AIDS virus; b) 1.5 million of those are in the U.S. — that's maybe one in thirty guys between 20 and 50; c) by 1991, AIDS is likely to be the second leading cause of premature death, after accidents, among U.S. men; d) the number of people who have acquired AIDS through heterosexual sex doubles every ten months; e) of heterosexual transmission cases, 48 percent are black, 26 percent Hispanic, 25 percent white, and 1 percent Asian; f) as of June 1, 51,535 AIDS cases had been reported in 113 countries — but 10 to 20 times that number might be infected. (All figures, *SF Examiner*, June 3.)

Jeer What the Dickhead Said?

Reagan, as everyone but infants and New York Times readers by now knows, was

booed during his speech to the May 31 AmFAR fundraiser. Check out where the print press of June 1, all of whom played the story on pg. 1, reported the incident:

- *SF Examiner*: End of paragraph 19: "... Reagan met with both applause and jeering."
- *LA Times*: Top of paragraph 7: "... The President was hissed and booed several times during his speech ..."
- *SF Chronicle*: Middle of paragraph 4: "... His remarks were punctuated by both cheers and hisses ..."

The winner: *USA Today*: Top of the first paragraph: "President Reagan was booed and hissed Sunday night ..."

The loser: *NY Times*: Not a single mention of the booing incident in all of its Monday, June 1 report on Reagan's speech.

Veep on Fucking

The next night — Monday, June 1 — VP George "Free Speech, That's What It's All About" Bush was booed by the assembled scientists and public health workers at the Conference for his comments on testing. The print media — except for the *LA Times* played the story "way back on page seven or eight of their June 2 issues (confirming that Bush is less newsworthy than mass murderers, taxi crack-ups, and dog shivers), and placed the booing thus:

- *SF Chronicle*: Top of paragraph 6: "As his comments were greeted with jeers, Bush noted ..."
- *SF Examiner*: End of paragraph 2: Bush's speech "... was interrupted several times by boos and hisses."
- *LA Times*: Top of paragraph 2 (of a front page story): "Bush was booed and hissed by some in the audience when he discussed the testing proposals ..."
- *NY Times*: (apparently repenting for its execrable showing the day before viz. Reagan): Top of paragraph 2: "His speech ... was met by scattered boos and jeers."

Hill's Sweet News

"I don't think my sex life is relevant to my job, but on the other hand I don't want to leave the impression that I'm embarrassed about my life," Rep. **Barney Frank** (D-Mass.) told the May 31 *NY Times*. Frank, 47, disclosed his homosexuality in the wake of the Hart/Rice

tempest and Rep. **Stewart B. McKinney's** death of AIDS earlier this month. Frank is only the second member of Congress to openly discuss his gayness.

(The other, Rep. **Gerry Studds** (D-Mass.), sounds like a man after my own tastes: he came out a couple of years back after being busted for bonking a teenage page.)

Safety Nursed

These tidbits from the friendly folks at Gannet newspapers:

- "... Poll after poll shows less than a third who are at high risk are doing anything about it. The notable exception is gay men." (*USA Today*, June 1.)
- "[The spread of AIDS] could accelerate as new infections become less prevalent among homosexual men but more prevalent among IV drug users, minority groups and sexually active teens and college students.

The reason: *The gay male population is well-organized and highly educated. Gay men have radically changed their sexual habits. Such behavior changes may not be so easy to effect in other, less homogenous groups.* (*USA Today*, June 1; my emphasis.)

Glove The One You're With

Washington DC cops wore yellow rubber gloves (but, apparently, not matching underwear) when they arrested 64 of the 350 protesters outside the Conference Monday (*Chron*, June 2); a couple of days later, embattled Attorney General Edwin "How Do You Spell 'Relief?' W-E-D-T-E-C-H!" Meese lauded the cops' misguided actions, saying police should take steps to prevent AIDS infection during contact with prostitutes, drug abusers or "sexually promiscuous" people, according to the June 4 *Chronicle*.

Anonymous Choler

The Senate voted 96-0 to require AIDS tests for immigrants on June 2, only two days after Reagan's call for same; the amendment to an already extant spending bill was authored by that loveable lunatic, Sen. Jesse "No One's At The" Helms, R-N.C. (*SF Examiner*, June 3.)

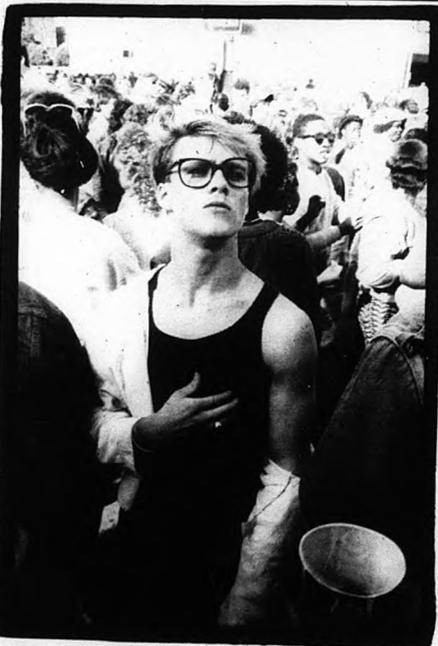
In an apparently unrelated development, the Soviets failed to show at the Conference, despite assurances they'd attend. Perhaps they feel no need to worry: in reports to the World Health Organization, they admitted to exactly 32 cases of AIDS. (*Chron*, June 4.)

Where There's a Will, There's No Gay

The most noxiously gaseous bubble to burp up from the swamp of media commentary oozing from the historical week belonged to syndicated reactionary **George "Where's Uranus?" Will**, known far and wide as an Administration lapdog, who began his June 4 column (run in the *Chronicle* here) with a sentence no self-respecting high-school teacher would let pass:

FULLFRAME

by Marc Geller



Mobile, Alabama 1987

"Earnestly, and with applause from journalists, politicians are saying about AIDS: candor." Okay, so maybe the Valiums kicked in early. But Will blunders on, heedless, warbling madly about a "political agenda" meant to "avoid giving offense to certain factions" (guess who?), then chirps:

"In spite of much talk about the 'breakout' into the general heterosexual population, AIDS still is and probably will remain predominantly a disease of homosexuals and intravenous drug users." George's fact-checker is apparently dipping into the medicine kit too: otherwise, how could he ignore conference figures this week that

said hetero transmission is doubling, and that by 1991, heteros will account for 5 percent of AIDS cases — as opposed to 2.3 percent today?

George concedes that AIDS "will increasingly afflict educated, information-receptive homosexuals," and notes that minorities will increasingly suffer AIDS infection. But then he gets to the nut, if you will, of his argument:

"America's principal public-health problems flow from foolish behavior regarding eating, drinking, smoking, driving — and, with AIDS, abuse of the body, especially the rectum." AHA! The old butthole-grinder

Continued on next page



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STAR DATE

ROBERT COLE

June 12-18, 1987

WEEKLY ALMANAC: The Moon is full and the sun is rising earlier than at any other time in the year. This is the last week of springtime 1987. The magical power of birth gives way to the rambunctious power of growth. In one more week, summertime will officially be here.

♈ ARIES, THE SHEEP (Mar 21 - Apr 19): You're hot to trot this week. A short trip anywhere would lift your spirits and take your mind off that stupid job. Beg your best friend to rescue you from a classic case of boredom; pack up the car and head off for a change of scenery. Travelling down the freeway of love, your companion will spill his/her guts out. Seems the time is right to come out with the whole truth. Luckily you're the first to get the news, but this stuff can't get on the local grapevine. It's just too juicy!

♉ TAURUS, THE OX (Apr 21 - May 20): Have you made the connection between sex and money yet? This week shows you how more sex stimulates more cash flow in your budget. Weird, huh? If you want to be poor, abstain. But if you want to end this week richer, grab onto your favorite sex object and indulge in

the passionate rituals of springtime. There's only one week left; what you have when it's over must last you all year long. Fill yourself up with love!

♊ GEMINI, THE WOLF (May 21 - Jun 20): After weeks of hoping and praying, you are being granted complete freedom. The scandals and gossip are suddenly meaningless as you are proven innocent in the high court of justice. Your accusers, however, were not wrong; they simply did not have enough evidence. If they only knew what's really been going on! For your free birth chart, send birthdate/time/place to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188. Last chance!

♋ CANCER, THE CRAB (Jun 21 - Jul 22): A 30,000-year-old ghost from the last Ice Age wants to channel through you this week. He has the answers to all the world's problems and he wants you to be the saviour of the universe. Is this delusion? Or is it simply a convenient way to tell a few very close friends that you're not getting the attention you deserve? Yes, you may be the divine rescuer without whom their world would collapse, but if you want love ask for it yourself.

year by a country mile. Bonus: Michael Waters is the prettiest trombonist in rock. Openers, Love Club ("SF's answer to Xmal Deutschland") debut a new drummer, Mark Henry, formerly of See P. 2 — promising to live up to their burgeoning rep as the best unsigned band in the city. In Berkeley, Legal Reins open in a farewell gig for that

No cosmic excuses required!

♌ LEO, THE SNAKE (Jul 23 - Aug 22): You are truly one of the most beautiful people on this planet! Your shiny hair, sparkling eyes, and gorgeous smile are enough to knock the socks off the ugly people of the world. So why don't you get out there and show your stuff? You have only one week left to spread your fantasies across the fertile fields of others' imaginations. After that the world news will get so confusing no one will notice you amidst the panic. Make an immediate impression!

♍ VIRGO, THE PIG (Aug 23 - Sep 22): One more week of absolute glory awaits you before serious planning on your next crusade must begin. Oh, how wonderful you are! Let the sun shine on your darling face; let the wind blow through your silken hair; let your admirers kiss your feet. You definitely deserve the very best, so let your ego have total control. Refuse to let new options and anxious friends distract you from indulging in these good times. The future can wait a little while longer.

♎ LIBRA, THE LEOPARD (Sep 23 - Oct 22): You have just one more week of waiting for the great moment of glory. Soon you will be recognized by those far and near for your spectacular achievements. Right now patiently tend to your work and pay extra-special attention to your lover. Relieve spiritual anxiety

with physical therapy. The old huggin'n'kissin' routine combined with a little fresh acceptance can slow you down enough to enjoy the growing anticipation. You both can hardly wait!

♏ SCORPIO, THE SCORPION (Oct 23 - Nov 21): Tarot cards, I Ching coins, and astrology charts can only take you so far in your quest to discover the secrets of life. These tools cannot unlock the true meaning of the universe because it was never locked up in the first place. Listen carefully for cosmic messages this week but promise that you'll call on every single one. The greatest secrets are to be found in your lover's heart!

♐ SAGITTARIUS, THE HORSE (Nov 22 - Dec 21): Golly, gee whizz! The Great Banana in the Sky is pointing you toward a profoundly passionate relationship this week. Comic coincidences keep pushing you toward a sweet innocent thing who has no idea what you're up to. Dab on the strawberry love potion, burn your Status of Liberty memorial candles, and put some peppermint in your underpants. Anything, anything at all to help you take love much less seriously. Get it?

♑ CAPRICORN, THE WHALE (Dec 22 - Jan 19): You have one more week to work your ass off both literally and figuratively. It's a perfect time to go on a crash diet and an intense work-out program; the pounds

will just melt away in the heat and sweat. And you should be able to plow through all the work that's piled up since April. By week's end you'll be in tip-top condition and ready for a summer of love. That's right, one of the hottest summers in your life is just around the corner. Won't it be wonderful!

♒ AQUARIUS, THE EAGLE (Jan 20 - Feb 18): You have the winning hand this week; it's the same one you've been holding onto for the last month. But you'd better put your cards on the table before your playmates wander away in confusion. What's holding you back? Are you afraid of the fact that for every winner there's a loser? Hey, nobody cares! Your pals would love to see you take the jackpot. They know that your generosity will provide them all with a good time. Party hearty, you animal!

♓ PISCES, THE SHARK (Feb 19 - Mar 20): All hail! The ruler of the household is standing in perfect glory! You have proven yourself a great wizard by manipulating the housing situation to get exactly what you want. One of your roommates may still be slightly bruised by your assumption of authority but, face it, without you in control there would be no peace in the tepee. Let the light shine on your domain. Invite neighbors over to celebrate. The war is over!

ROCK PREVIEWS

Continued from page 26
rock roots to emerge as a thrilling hard pop combo: matching Clash-like savagery with the melodic invention of XTC. The three new cuts on their current EP, *Living Daylight*, are the best cuts to come out of Australia this

year by a country mile. Bonus: Michael Waters is the prettiest trombonist in rock. Openers, Love Club ("SF's answer to Xmal Deutschland") debut a new drummer, Mark Henry, formerly of See P. 2 — promising to live up to their burgeoning rep as the best unsigned band in the city. In Berkeley, Legal Reins open in a farewell gig for that

local trio. (I-Beam, 6/15, 11 pm, \$7 adv., \$8 day/Berkeley Square, 6/18, \$8)

Ronnie Lane & The Tremors

Lane quit as the Faces' keyboard player in 1973 to make circus music. In the late '70s he came down with MS and later moved

to Austin, Texas. With the disease in remission, he's recruited the Stones' fave '70s sax-honker, Bobby Keyes, for this tour: none of which justifies the outrageous ticket price. Lad oughta hook up with Charlie Watts. (Wolfgang's, 6/18, 8 pm, \$15.50 adv.)

Tooth & Nail, Capture The Flag

The headliners are anglo-influenced, mood-monsters

featuring a drum machine backing the Beat Nigs regular skin-slammer and a bassist, guitarist, and a lady violinist — for that bleakly classical touch. Heads up for the openers though: Howie Klein introduced them as a hot find on his farewell radio show, and scenesters insist that the DC-transplanted lead singer, Beau, is the #1 boner-inducing boy in any Bay Area band. Howdy, neighbor. (Nightbreak, 6/18, 10:30 pm, \$3)



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LESS TALK

Continued from page 28

argument, eh, George? Yep: "Journalism seems reluctant to clarify that the primary reason for the AIDS epidemic is that the rectum is not suited to sexual uses." Wheee! George cites a study in which "the data suggest that receptive anal intercourse is the major, if not the only, important exposure by which homosexuals acquire the infection."

But wait: heteros don't have anal sex? Huh?

Well one woman's safe from begin butt-fucked by a heterosexual: she's Lally Weymouth, daughter of Washington Post publisher Katherine Graham, with whom, according to Liz Smith (*Chron*, June 4), George Will is now shacking up. The fucking turd moved out on his wife "some time ago" — though he still makes "frequent visits to his young son" — and is involved in a "romance" with Ms. Weymouth.

George Will: man with a mission, in the missionary position.

Scene and Herd

"Real leadership isn't always popular."

White House spokesperson Marlin Fitzwater, on negative reactions to Reagan's May 31 AmFAR speech. (*USA Today*, June 1.)

"The Federal government hasn't quite worked out the details yet."

Gary L. Bauer, Reagan's Chief Advisor of Public Policy, when asked by Ted Koppel — just how the gov't. plans to test all those immigrants, what it will do with the "positives," etc. (*Nightline*, June 5.)

"Any person in America who practices perverse or promiscuous sex, they are at a higher risk."

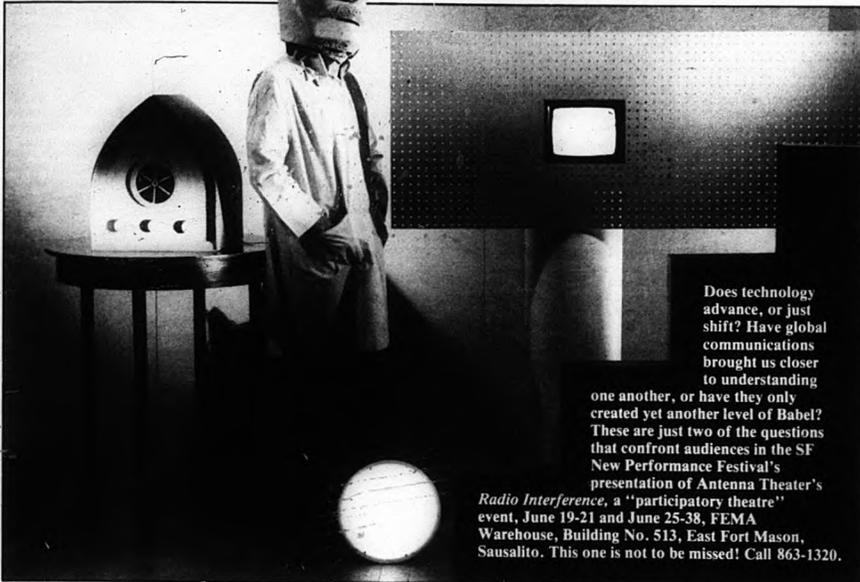
Rep. William Danenmeyer (R-Fullerton), on who gets it and who don't. (*Nightline*, *ibid.*)

"It so angered me that I finally thought to myself, 'Bitch, do something yourself, instead of sitting there just getting angry!'"

The very, very fabulous Elizabeth Taylor, on her decision to become involved in AIDS fundraising. (*USA Today*, June 4.)

WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY PATRICK HOCTEL



Does technology advance, or just shift? Have global communications brought us closer to understanding one another, or have they only created yet another level of Babel? These are just two of the questions that confront audiences in the SF New Performance Festival's presentation of Antenna Theater's *Radio Interference*, a "participatory theatre" event, June 19-21 and June 25-30, FEMA Warehouse, Building No. 513, East Fort Mason, Sausalito. This one is not to be missed! Call 863-1320.

13 JUNE SATURDAY

The SF Bach Choir closes out its Bach Festival with the Passion According to St. John, completed by Bach in 1724. It will be sung in the original German. Soloists are David Stohlmann as Evangelist, Nanette Pou, David Tigner, and James Starkey, 8 pm. St. Paulus Lutheran Church, Gough and Ed-dy Sts., SF. Tickets/info: 931-4529.

The Partners Institute sponsors a Gay Men's Relationship Mixer. If you're ready for a relationship with another man, come to this evening's mixer/social, which provides a comfortable way to meet other high-quality men through small group discussions and interpersonal sharing. Social hour follows. Doors open at 7 pm; mixer begins at 7:30 pm. MCC Social Hall, 150 Eureka (in the Castro), SF. \$5. Info: 343-8541.

As part of their anti-films series, ATA and Film: Offensive present *Confessions of an Opium Eater* (aka *Souls for Sale*). In this Albert Zugsmith adventure, the perpetually melancholic Vincent Price, appropriately attired in black, helps save girls run away from feuding Tong gangs in 19th century SF. The Bay Area's "gnarliest sarod player," Kirk Heydt, provides the musical accompaniment. Midnight, 992 Valencia St., SF. \$3.50. Info: 824-3890.

The JO Buddies throw a Sweat, Dick, and Leather party: a sex-ibition for men who get hot wearing leather and for men who get off being around leather. This soiree features a Photo Zone with Mark Chester for those who want to make the memory immortal. Doors open 9-11 pm. 890 Folsom St., SF. \$10.

14 JUNE SUNDAY

The SF Conservatory's 11th Annual Chamber Music West Festival, "French Impressions in Music," presents the second of two concerts in the South Bay, featuring works by Ravel, Janacek, and Haydn. This "Music in the Garden" outdoor concert on the front terrace of the Villa Montalvo estate will also have complimentary wine at intermission. 4:30 pm. Saratoga. \$12 general/\$10 Villa Montalvo members. Info: (408) 741-3421.

Operation Concern and GLOE sponsor a Men's Brunch and Games for older gay men (60+) and friends. Please bring food to share. Noon to 3 pm. St. Francis of Assisi Community Center, 145 Guerrero St., SF. Info: 626-7000.

EVENT OF THE WEEK

The Stern Grove Midsummer Music Festival celebrates fifty years of free concerts by throwing a giant, five-hour birthday party extravaganza in the Grove. The west meadow adjacent to the concert area will be trans-

formed into a gourmet alley of exotic, inexpensive food stands. Scheduled performers include: Oberlin Dance Collective/SF, the SF Ballet's Joanna Berman and Andre Reyes, the all-male a cappella group Chanticleer, etc. 5 pm. 19th Ave. at Sloat Blvd., SF. Free! Info: 398-6551.

Joseph Beam reads from the works of Essex Hemphill, Assotto Saint, Daniel Garrett, Adrian Stanford, and excerpts from *In the Life: A Black Gay Anthology* of which he is the editor. 7 pm. Walt Whitman Bookshop, 2319 Market St. (near Noe), SF. \$3. Tickets/info: 861-3078.

15 JUNE MONDAY

Supervisor Tom Nolan and the Board of Directors of the Arts Council of San Mateo County invite everyone to the opening/fundraiser/reception for *Faces of AIDS: Sixty Portraits of Persons with AIDS*. The photography is by Jim Wigler with text by Eleanor Hass and design by Peter Young. All proceeds benefit *Ellipse* and the *Faces of AIDS* exhibit. 5:15-7:30 pm. San Mateo Government Center, Redwood City.

The SFMMA and the Goethe Institute of SF are co-sponsoring a three-part lecture series on the development of German art since WWII. Peter Selz, professor of art history at UC Berkeley, appears tonight as the first lecturer in the series. 6-7:30 pm. Goethe Institute, 530 Bush St., SF. Tickets at the door: \$10 general/\$7 SFMMA members.

16 JUNE TUESDAY

American Inroads showcases Kuniko Kisanuki in the West Coast premiere of *Tefu Tefu 6*, which is described as "contemporary dance with a foundation in Japanese Butoh, Western classical ballet, and modern technique." Music by Don Itakura. Plays through 6/20. 8:30 pm. The Palace of Fine Arts Theatre, Lyon and Bay Sts., SF. Tickets/prices/info: 863-1320 or 762-BASS.

Soprano Sharon Daniels appears in recital for the Pocket Opera at the Waterfront Theatre. Daniels, who debuted with the NYC Opera in the title role of Offenbach's *La Belle Helene*, performs selections from Mozart, Handel, Obradors, highlights from Gilbert and Sullivan, and a selection of rarely done Victorian songs. 8 pm. Ghiradelli Square, 900 North Point St., SF. \$10/\$12 — students half-price. Tickets/info: 885-2929.

17 JUNE WEDNESDAY

The Blush Entertainment Group brings you Whip Cream Wrestling at Amelia's. Exquisite body-builders and tons of whipped cream add up to a hilarious, first-time-ever event! 9 pm. 647 Valencia St., SF. \$5.

Modern Times Bookstore holds a book party for *Different Daughters: A Book by Mothers of Lesbians* with editor Louise Rafkin (hilarious and always on-target *Coming Up!* columnist) and contributors. 7:30 pm. 968 Valencia St. (near 21st), SF. Free. Info: 282-9246.

18 JUNE THURSDAY

Franca Rame, legendary Italian actress, director and playwright, marks her West Coast debut at the SF New Vaudeville Festival in a performance of her critically acclaimed work *Female Parts*, written by Rame and playwright Dario Fo (her husband) and directed by Fo. Rame performs three segments of *Parts*: "An Open Couple," the story of a contemporary relationship gone awry; and two astonishing monologues, "Medea" and "The Rape," which express through laughter and bitterness "a portrait of the universal role of woman." Plays through 6/20. Performances will be in Italian with English supertitles, and onstage translator Ron Jenkins will assist in a post-performance discussion. 8 pm. McKenna Theatre, School of Creative Arts, SF State University, 1600 Holloway Ave., SF. \$10 general/\$8.50 limited student and senior tickets. Tickets/info: 469-2467.

Artists for Community Life presents the Second Annual AIDS/ARC Art Event: *Art & Well Being . . . living with the epidemic*. The show has exhibitions at two galleries — New Langton Arts,

1246 Folsom St., SF, where it plays through 6/27; and the Colorbox Gallery, 541 Hayes St., SF, where it plays through 6/30. Proceeds from these events support biweekly art classes for people with AIDS/ARC, which are sponsored and conducted by Artists for Community Life. Exhibition hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 am-5 pm. The openings tonight are from 6-9 pm. Info: 863-8144 or 652-4526.

19 JUNE FRIDAY

Miss . . . or Myth?, an award-winning film which focuses on the controversies surrounding beauty pageants, opens for a weekend run (through 6/21) at the Roxie. The documentary, which features rare archival footage of the Miss America pageant dating back to the 1920s, chronicles the often highly-charged conflict which has surrounded the Miss California Beauty Pageant during the last decade. Directed by Geoffrey Dunn and Mark Schwartz, *Miss . . . Myth?* will show with Les Blank's recently completed short, *Cap-Toothed Women*. 3117 16th St. (at Valencia), SF. Times/info: 863-1087.

Gay and Lesbian Awareness and Development (GLAD) presents Glad Fest '87, which kicks off with a special showing of Kevin White's documentary, *Not All Parents Are Straight*. The director will introduce his film and speak afterwards. Also following will be a wine and cheese party with information tables set up by GLAD, NOW, Diablo Valley MCC, and other organizations. 7:30 pm. Mt. Diablo Unitarian Church, 55 Eckley Lane, Walnut Creek. Free. Info: 827-2960.

Duff and Dibbell: an evening with two young performance artists, sponsored by the Lab. S.K. Duff gives a multi-media performance in his primarily autobiographical *Fish Tails*, which approaches homosexuality on several levels, beginning with childhood and winding up today in the present AIDS crisis. Dominique Dibbell's work is structured around the monologues of the three main characters: Ginger, her lover Bonnie, and Ginger's mom and focuses on Ginger's childhood experience of sexual abuse. Plays tonight and tomorrow night. 8:30 pm. 1805 Divisadero St., SF. \$5 general/\$4 members, students, and seniors. Info: 346-4063.

As part of the SF New Vaudeville Festival, Cultural Odyssey presents *Folies San Francisco*: a jazzy, unique blend of songs, comedy and music from the past and present with Rhoades Jones, Idris Ackamoor, Mechelle LaChaux, and Charles Lester. 10:30 pm. Little Theatre, Creative Arts Bldg., 1600 Holloway Ave., SF. \$7. Tickets/info: 469-2457.

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



Chanticleer Goes Pop . . . in a June concert featuring the Broadway music of Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter and Stephen Sondheim. Herbst Theatre, Van Ness at McAllister, SF at 8 pm. Call 392-4400.

CLASSIFIEDS

STRICTLY PERSONAL

ABBREVIATIONS GUIDE

GBM	GAY BLACK MALE
GOM	GAY ORIENTAL MALE
GWMM	GAY WHITE MALE
GWM	GAY JEWISH MALE
BWM	BISEXUAL W/M
BB	BODYBUILDER
F/AF	FRENCH (ORAL) ACTIVE/PASSIVE
J/O	GREEK (ANAL) ACTIVE/PASSIVE
GL/AP	MASTURBATION
L/L	LEVI/LEATHER/SCENES
S/M	SADO-MASOCHISM
B/D	BONDAGE/DISCIPLINE
W/S	WATERSPORTS (URINE SCENES)
FF	FIST FUCKING
V/A	VERBAL ABUSE
C/BT	COCK & BALL TORTURE
VERS	VERSATILE
P/JA	PHONE JACK OFF
PWA	PERSON WITH AIDS
BJ	BLOW JOBS

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE

Young, goodlooking, guy 155 lbs, 5'11" dark hair, hazel eyes, clean shaven boyish all American boy, educated, need a strong stalwart guy. I'm funny, intelligent, active, but lacking a big brother, a guy who likes providing a shoulder now and then. I'm independent and real supportive too. Sexually enjoy wild top guys who can get animal, but also appreciate a guy who is tender as well. I work out, read alot, enjoy the arts, horses, country life and city living. So write me about yourself. Send a picture. Let's see how far we can go together. please respond to: Occupant, PO Box 42591, SF, CA 94142. (KAP25)

GAY RESCUE MISSION

Wants to rent house, storefront or artist's studio for social services and food programs. Member: SF Food Bank and Emergency Food Box Program. Tax-deductible donations, food, clothing needed for the hungry. Volunteer with car needed to transport food, and volunteer to operate Emergency Shelter Hotline. G.R.M., PO Box 6141, SF 94101 (KP25)

NO CHUCK,

BB means body builder, not beer belly. Bob

JIM TURNER

Please Call Mom & Dad in Marysville, 659-3512. (KP25)

WANTED: TOP BUDDY!

This Scorpio's one very secure, Masc. White, hot bottom: 5'9"/160 lbs/Brn-Grrn/cin shv Mid-30's solid, compact swimmer-lifter seeking an equally secure/Mid-30's/cin shv/rall/lean/athletic/Masc. White initiate Top buddy to share kicked-back good times & uncomplicated man-to-man combat between the sheets. Yes, condoms. So satisfy your curiosity & surprise yourself. P.S. Photo & phone with 1st letter. Otherwise don't even bother! Occupant Box 14096, SF, CA 94114. (KP24)

DISH SESSIONS?

Tired old besee aunts seek same for evenings, of vicious gossip. Must be knowledgeable of voluminous scandalous viscous gossip of personalities in the gay community. If not qualified, don't waste my time. Sentinel Box 936. (PP24)

NAKED SLAVE BOY

Needed weekly, for hard sweaty labor, house cleaning in chains with lash applied to bare back. Forced J/O only and no drugs whatsoever! Photo and phone. Master is WM, 39. 21-35 only! Mariboros and Bud. Apply now. Sentinel Box 928. (KP24)

TRAVELING COMPANION TO JAPAN

Must speak Japanese/English, prefer Japanese or Japanese/American. Slight build essential. In good health. Male only. 35-45 give or take. All travel expenses paid. Month of October, 1987. Letter plus photo to: Sentinel Box 931. All replies answered. I am a WM. (KP24)

READ THE SENTINELS SIZ- ZLING PERSONALS, DELIV- ERING HOT OFF THE PRESS TO:

BERKELEY
CUPERTINO
HAYWARD
OAKLAND
PALO ALTO
REDWOOD CITY
RUSSIAN RIVER
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
SANTA CLARA
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AND NOW 12 HOT SPOTS IN ORANGE COUNTY!

DON'T DO IT ALONE
Join original 24-Hour Sex Link. Uninhibited, Discrete. No bill to phone except ind/dist. One-on-one, man-to-man, low-cost connections. 1,000's of horny guys waiting for calls. (415) 346-8747. (P-00)

FRIENDS & LOVERS

I'm an easy-going, good-natured, 5'9", 150, attractive, Asian-American, 32-year-old boy. Intelligent and stable, yet fun-loving and adventurous. Independent and secure, but warm and affectionate. Lover of all outdoors, travel, and music. Seeking person(s) of same/similar traits (race ignored). I'm taking a chance. Will you? PO Box 966, SF 94101. (KP24)

ASIANS WANTED BADLY

Handsome intelligent black athlete 24, 5'9" 160 lbs. black hair, brown eyes — seeks to meet young Asian guys who really enjoy being serviced orally by good looking black guy. Your wildest fantasies welcome, also college fraternity guys and military. 474-7480 Tony. (CP24)

WANTED ORIENTAL WHIPMASTER FOR EXQUISITE FLAGELLATION.

Interested in high energy sessions of 5 hrs to 3 days. Prefer martial arts buff. All S/M devotions considered with delight. English not necessary. I am a dedicated Whipmaster myself, noted for remarkable stamina & endurance. Cauc. 6'3", 190 pds. Age 54. Bushy brown hair. Bad teeth. Large slender frame. Wide muscular butt. Hugh, powerful, sensitive hands. But I need a remarkable master to satiate my hunger. With love. Brian, c/o Richard. 2215-R Market, #449. SF 94115. (KP25)

WANTED: HOT FRIEND/LOVER

GWMM, 31, 5'10", 150 lbs, brn H/E, smooth, tan, hung is seeking White or Latin man, 20-35 or so. Versatile, no drugs, sincere, romantic. We are into speedos, tight jeans, travel, Europe, music, movies, sun/swim, workouts, hot sex. Photo appreciated, letter and phone nr. required. Reply to: Frank, POB 282702, SF 94128-2702. (KP24)

I'M BORED WITH JACKING OFF
BI WM 39, thin, friendly, sense of humor, intelligent, but passive, low energy, socially and sexually awkward. Seeks similar guy for slow, safe, non-spectacular sexual experimentation. Prefer very young (18 to 30) thin, smooth, white or oriental guy. Not a stud and don't seek one. I'm just seeking someone compatible who, like me, would prefer occasional friendly, low-key, safe sex to being alone and jacking off. Women OK too. PO Box 22201, SF, CA 94122. (KAP 25)

TALL, LIKEABLE GUY
Long and lanky, 6'3" 170 lbs, just turned 39, Caucasian, and ready for a loving friend of any race to share good times together. I'm stable in my computer career and serious about building a playful, safe sex, loving relationship. If you're interested, drop a note (with phone number) to Sentinel Box 924. (KAP25)

IT CAN HAPPEN THIS WEEK IN THE SENTINEL PERSONALS

FACESITTERS W/S & P/O WANTED
Gd/ikg W/M 36 looking for hot men 18-40 to sit on my face. I'm also into watersports. Write me describing yourself and your interests. Possibilities range from regular action to phone jack off. Phone and photo helpful but optional. Write: Bill S #237 2215-R Market St. San Francisco, CA 94114. (K-28)

Thanks to the Sentinel Personals, I found LOVE!
C.R. San Francisco

ASIAN COMPANION WANTED
Educated, professional GWMM, 5'9", 160 lbs, 36, seeks friendship/relationship with Asians under 30. If you value honesty and loyalty, appreciate mature thinking, are discreet, write: John, PO Box 715, Pacifica, CA 94044. Photo appreciated. All letters answered.

SEX MAKES ALL MEN ONE
Peace, joy and the brotherhood of man can be brought into the world through Mystical Gnostic Phallicism. War, crime, violence, unhappiness, many disorders and diseases are caused by sexual unfulfillment. Send \$2 for Phallos newsletter. Saint Priapus Church, 583 Grove St., SF 94102. Recorded Gospel Massage: 431-8748. (KP25)

SLIM ASIAN WANTED
Sincere WM, 37, 6'2", 170 lbs, slim, blue eyes, relationship oriented, seeks warm hearted slim Asian 20-38. Open to many interests; some of mine: music, massage, movies, meditation, swimming, psychology. I don't smoke and don't particularly enjoy bars. Write: Bob, POB 14794, SF 94114 (KP26)

It can happen this week in the Sentinel classifieds

GWM - GOM - Are you a young boy under 23, cute! Under 5'9" slightly chubby, have chubby buns, hung small like to get screwed by daddy type, do you need a lover, or weekend companion. If you're serious call!! Mickey 834-7766. (KP24)

BODY BUILDER
Extremely defined - 9 years of training - 5'7" 145-50 lb A-14½. C44. W 28½. To meet other men with rock hard bodies, no flab or fat for - body contact - erotic sensual bondage, Massage etc. Safe sex a must. Send Pic with your answer if possible to P.O. Box 5401 Oakland 94605. (KP26)

WHATEVER YOUR FANTASY, YOU'LL FIND IT IN THE SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

WHAT'S A HOTLINE? YOUR LINE
Talk to hundreds of hot men or - just one. Make a date for tonight - or forever. Talk love, religion, politics, raunchy sex. Sell your boat, find a roommate, adopt a kitten. Use it as your personal answering machine. All for one low monthly fee. No "per call" charge!! Call 626-9051 Now!! (EP24)

ON THE COUCH

JOHN ARMSTRONG

I Go Limp

Dear John,

I have started dating a guy who I find super attractive. We have a good time together and seem compatible. But I have this problem. I am usually Greek active and would like to be with this fellow. He acts like that's what he wants too. But when it gets down to the moment, I go limp. It's not him. He's everything that turns me on. I don't get it. I've never had this problem before and I can't figure out why it's happening now. I'm worried he'll lose interest in me if I can't give him what he wants. Help!

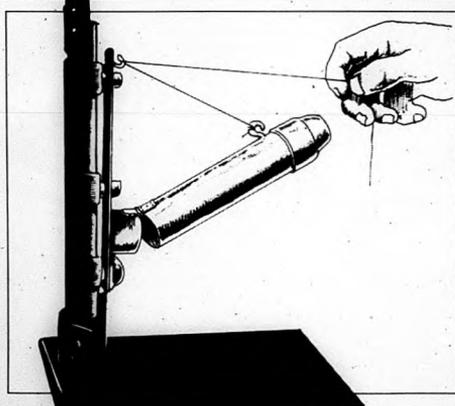
Dear Needs Help,

It certainly is alarming to suddenly find yourself unable to maintain an erection. Especially with a new partner, and especially when you want very badly for everything to be perfect. One feels like a failure of the worst sort. It raises the spectre of not somehow being a "real man." The popular notion is that any and all men are constantly ready to go, just waiting for the right opportunity. The truth, however, is that fully 1/2 of all men in this country have erec-

tile difficulties for some period in their lives. Your situation is just the sort in which many men have problems. You are very taken with this guy, may feel like you don't deserve him, and are trying extra hard to please him. That, added to your sense that the guy would like to get upped, equals pressure. And guess what? Our penises just don't work well under pressure. The trick is to get yourself out from under the pressure, and all will be well, but how to do that?

First, make the assumption that the guy values you for more than your stiff penis. I just can't believe that any reasonable man would dump someone with whom he had a good time in every other way, just because he wasn't getting upped. And say I'm wrong. If the guy only values you as something hard to sit on, then you wouldn't want him anyway, right? So if you lose him because you couldn't get it up, big loss.

Which is not to say that he might not be concerned about the situation. But I'd be willing to bet that if he is concerned, he's worried that it's somehow his fault, typically that you don't



find him attractive enough. If your relationship is at the point where you can talk about such things, discuss the situation. Explain that you do find him attractive, that indeed the problem is that you want to please him because you like him so much. He will most likely say that what bothers him the most is how up-tight you are about it. Which should reassure you further. If you don't feel up to discussing it, then pretend you have. Since he's a reasonable guy, it's safe to assume he would say reasonable things. Second, relax and have a

good time in the sack, regardless of the state of your penis. Remember how attractive you find this man. Look at him, feel that splendid body, enjoy yourself. He will have a better time if you are relaxed and having a good time. And more importantly, you need to get back to having a good time yourself. After all, you're not just having sex to please him, are you? You want something out of this yourself.

Thirdly, let go forever of needing to up this guy. The wanting to is getting in the way. Besides, there are so many

other fun things two men can do sexually that it really doesn't matter. Get some surgical gloves at a pharmacy and play doctor. Find his prostate with your finger: he'll like that a lot. Rub off between his cheeks without penetration. I'm sure if you put your mind to it you'll be able to come up with lots of fun games that don't depend on your erection. Get playful and experimental. Have fun.

After a few weeks of good, relaxed, no pressure sex, on a night when you are feeling especially excited, relaxed, and unconcerned, roll a condom on and try penetration again. If you lose it, (and you will) go on to something else and don't try again that night. Keep giving it a try every now and then. Within a couple of months you will no doubt be succeeding, provided you keep the attitude that it really doesn't matter whether you succeed or not.

John Armstrong is a Marriage, Family and Child Counselor in private practice here in San Francisco. He specializes in individual and couples work with gay men. If you have a question for the column please send it addressed to him c/o the Sentinel, 500 Hayes St. San Francisco, CA 94102. If the question is not used in the column, he will try to answer you personally if you enclose a SASE. If you wish to see him professionally call 552-2974 to arrange an appointment.

CLASSIFIEDS

Continued from previous page

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SELL, TRY A SENTINEL CLASSIFIED AD. \$10. GETS YOU 50 WORDS AND 50,000 INTERESTED READERS.

GWM seeking permanent monogamous relationship with a sincere guy who likes traveling and out of doors. I am 47 yrs young, 6'6" 230 lbs, warm affectionate and loving. Like music, culture and arts. Looking for same type person. No fats, phonies or hustlers. Only sincere reply to LASH, Sentinel Box 923.

WM 158 lbs 5'10" all muscle, healthy, hung 10" plus, thick. Into JO only with other well hung only. PO Box 4299, 2022 Taraval, SF, CA 94116. (KAP25)

► NEW CLASSIFIED DEADLINE ◀ TUESDAY NOON

ARE YOU TIRED OF MISSING DEADLINES? CHECK OUT THE SENTINEL, WE TRY HARDER

NARCISSISTIC EXHIBITIONIST?

Get off on yourself? Show off good and this BB goes wild with worship, appreciation, and talk. Pose, xpose, admire yourself in mirrors, strut in tights, spandex, skimpy shorts, obscene tight pants, costumes, or...? I can't get enough! I'm goodlooking, 6'1", 40, fine body. Phillip (415) 861-6238. (KP24)

SENTINEL PERSONAL CONTEST

Each Friday afternoon there will be a drawing and the lucky winner will be awarded a personal ad (50 words or less) in two subsequent issues of the SF SENTINEL. Fill out the coupon below and RUSH to:

SENTINEL PERSONAL CONTEST
500 HAYES STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

You may enter as frequently as you wish, but only one entry per envelope. Please print.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
PHONE NUMBER _____

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

IT CAN HAPPEN THIS WEEK IN THE SENTINEL PERSONALS

OLDER BLACK MEN
GWM, 36, 6'4, 220, wants to meet BM 55-75 +. Soft uncults preferred, all answered. Am discreet, healthy, generous. Have apt. in S.F. Please send note with where, when, how to meet you to D.M. P.O. #206, 2440 16th St. S.F. 94103. (CP24)

BB?!
Handsome gay Chinese male, mid 20's, trim and defined, seeks an ongoing sexual friendship with mature looking man (pref. over 30) with a muscular and defined build (BB esp.), which includes mutual massage, body/tit play, J/O, fantasies, and whatever appeals to us mutually. Sincere response only with self-descriptive letter, phone no., and pic. if possible. Sentinel Box 930. (KP24)

NEEDS LOVER
Good-looking, clean-cut W/M bottom, 35, 5'11", 185 pounds, brown hair & eyes. New in San Francisco. Seeking tall, good-looking masculine W/M counterpart, over 30. Safe sex please. Jim 441-5141 ext. 207 (CP24)

TWIN BROTHER FANTASY
Seek my match. Aggressive, ambitious, together, well-off personally. Totally flexible, naturally masculine, very smart, with shameless attitude about ultimate, intimate, kinky sex. Anything goes mutually. Natural body and uncult dick like me preferred. Need a man to share deep secrets with. Call me if you can cut it brother. Back to the warm wet place where we met. Chuck. 648-7791. (KP26)

DEEP THROAT SPECIALIST
Seeking king-size (over 9") partner for laid-back root-milking session — age, looks, race unimportant, having huge equipment and needing deep-throat service is — no phone sex, J/O, \$ — only serious male needing serious service call 864-2502.

CHECK OUT THE SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS
We make it happen!

FFIDILDO BOTTOM WITH DEEP THROAT
Is a GWM, 38, 6'4" 225 lbs, balding, from Kansas City. Coming to San Francisco 15 June. Seeks BI and GWM tops, especially BD and SM for encounters. Write D. Brown, 109 Minna St. 208, SF, CA 94105. (KP24)

IF YOU HAVEN'T FULFILLED YOUR FANTASIES THROUGH A SENTINEL PERSONAL AD, YOU'RE MISSING A SURE THING. \$10. GETS YOU 50 WORDS AND 50,000 READERS.

JEWISH DADDY WANTED
to help finance my trip to Israel this July for my kibbutz's 50th anniversary. You're an altruistic, generous soul willing to help this intelligent, unusual, handsome, hard-working (but poor) artist-writer in exchange for blessings at the wall, postcards, a private champagne slide show upon return... call David 626-6210. Shalom! (KP24)

NICE DEAL
Seeking tall/hairy/large (muscular or slightly overweight) men into receiving massage and/or oral servicing by man 6'1", 185, hairy chest, 28, beard, moustache. I am looking for regular, ongoing situation. Letter/phone/photo (optional) to: Box 27, 1263 20th Ave. San Francisco, CA 94122. (PP24)

MAIL BOX AD REPLIES
to
San Francisco SENTINEL
Box # _____
500 Hayes St.
San Francisco, CA 94102

MASSAGE

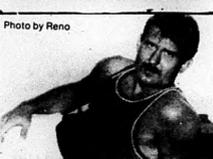


Photo by Reno

FULL MASSAGE
RON \$40 in 775-7057

★ ★ ★ PHILLIP ★ ★ ★
Good natured model-masseur. Handsome, clean-cut and discreet. 864-5566

Jack McCallister
Certified Massage Therapist and Rebirther
(415) 282-3758
By appointment only

MARK HANDSOME HEALTHY CLEAN CUT
558-8585

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF
Enjoy a therapeutic massage by a certified Swedish/Shiatsu bodyworker. My touch is nurturing and healing, both gentle and deep to release tension, ease pain and balance energy. \$35 for 90 minutes. Castro location. **DAVID BLUMBERG 552-0473**

INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL
Relaxing, sensual full body hot-oil massage. Luxurious, non-hurried, nurturing session — \$30. M-F after 6 pm, SA, SU am & pm. Certified massage therapist through Body Electric School of Massage and Rebirthing. **BRUCE 282-6879** IN only, Potrero Hill. (MMA27)

TIME WELL SPENT
A great investment to promote your well being and good health. Involved a caring technique of Swedish/Esalen massage done in a warm and relaxing environment. A gift for yourself or someone you care for. Haight location. Certified. Non-sexual, men/women \$30/75 minutes. **Stephen 668-9318** (KMA24)

DREAM MASSAGE
Hung 9", bisexual, exceptional handsome, muscular, speedo tan, blonde/blu. Are you a yng. Asian or Latin guy, sensitive & nice? I have a special rate for you. **RON 776-0472**

ORIENTAL FULL-BODY MASSAGE
Oriental fullbody massage given by nude smooth goodlooking Asian, 26. Older man welcome. Downtown area. Free parking or easy transportation. 24 hrs. in/out. Bob. 474-4185. (CMA25)

► NEW CLASSIFIED DEADLINE ◀ TUESDAY NOON

Not Too Shy Are You? ASIAN OR LATIN?
Hi! Handsome, aggressive, blond stud, defined physique, clean & healthy, massages in the nude. **EXPERIENCED \$35/in RON 776-0472**

VERY HANDSOME YOUNG MAN
Will give great massage. Likes to play on the side. Well-hung. Mark. 441-6808.

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

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Treat yourself to a total relaxing Swedish massage by warm and caring, mature, certified therapist. In calls by appointment. Available 24 hours a day — 7 days a week. 1-hour special rate \$25. Private, confidential, safe location, experienced! Call Anthony (408) 288-6169. Available now! (KMA24)

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Come to my massage! Full body -buns & legs my specialty! Hot man 6'100# brbr must. Call Russ anytime in/out \$40/50 add \$5.00 for VISA/MC. 647-0944 Try me! (VMA27)

BEST MESSAGE OF YOUR LIFE!
by professional, certified masseur seven years experience, sensitive, caring, very handsome hunk relaxes your body-mind-spirit. Specialize in deep, firm, sensual, hot-oil Swedish. Surprise Birthday massages for friends and lovers available. Castro area, 9 am-9 pm, weekdays and weekends. William 626-6210, PWA's welcomed. (KMA23)

SENSUAL TOUCH FOR INNER PEACE
DEEP RELAXING • NON SEXUAL **MARC • 863-1765** (CMA23)

ORIENTAL FULLBODY MASSAGE
Oriental Fullbody Massage given by nude smooth nice body gdlk. Asian 26. Older men welcome. in/out. 24 hrs. **BOB 628-2051**

SENSUAL PLUS
Stimulate and revitalize your erotic and pleasure centers with a nude, professional, deep muscle, oil massage, by a certified acupressure and reflexology expert. I'm 29, attractive, nurturing and aim to please. \$30. in, 40. out. Call John 861-0843. (CMA25)

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30 min. — \$15
60 min. — \$25
80 min. — \$35
Sliding Scale for Persons With AIDS
David E. Held - Certified 864-3857



OUT TO RELAX?
Want someone professional and friendly? I give a full body massage in the nude. I am a Norwegian man, 28. It, bodybuilder and swimmer. Handsome and clean cut. **Certified 885-6309 \$30 in 24 hrs**

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Hard working • Good looking • Stress reducing • Safe • Perfect for men on the go. 1st class, clean apartment, fireplace, loving hands to revitalize mind, body, spirit. 5'11" - 160 lbs., brown, green, smooth, uncult, Joe: 346-2921 • 9-5 For Men Only (MA24)

Continued on next page

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CLASSIFIEDS
Continued from previous page

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Hot oil massage
1 HR.\$25
Certified

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(MMA24)

FULL BODY MASSAGE
Body Electric Massage student seeking others in profession for exchange and new clients for low fee. Located in Oakland, Call Mark evenings (aft. 4:30 pm) at 261-3319 (KM24)

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SENSUAL MASSAGE
By Hot Man
Out Only

Kyle 824-2312
(CMA25)

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By professional certified masseur, seven years of experience. Sensitive, caring, very handsome hunk relaxes your body-mind-spirit. Specializes in deep, firm, sensual, hot-oil Swedish. Surprise birthday massages for friends and lovers available. Castro area, 9 am-9 pm, weekdays and weekends. William 626-6210, PWAs welcomed. (KMA24)

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Sensual and relaxing massage will waft you away to greater well-being and liberated pleasure while recharging your erotic energy. The massage is slow, deep Esalen-style healing done by a trained expert in a caring, loving way. The experience is quite simply sensational!

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ROOMMATE
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ROB 776-2807

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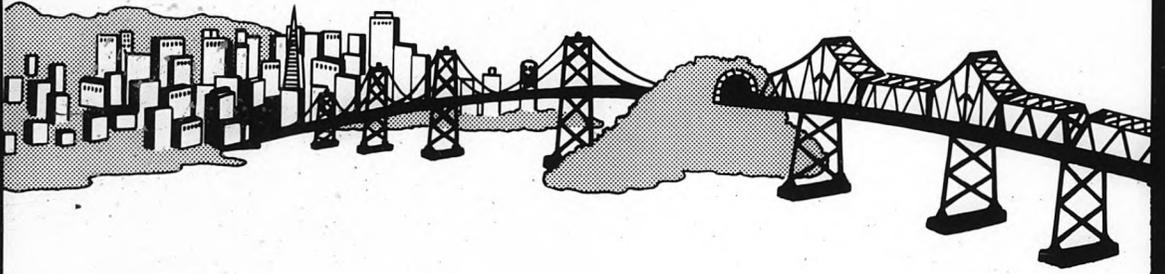
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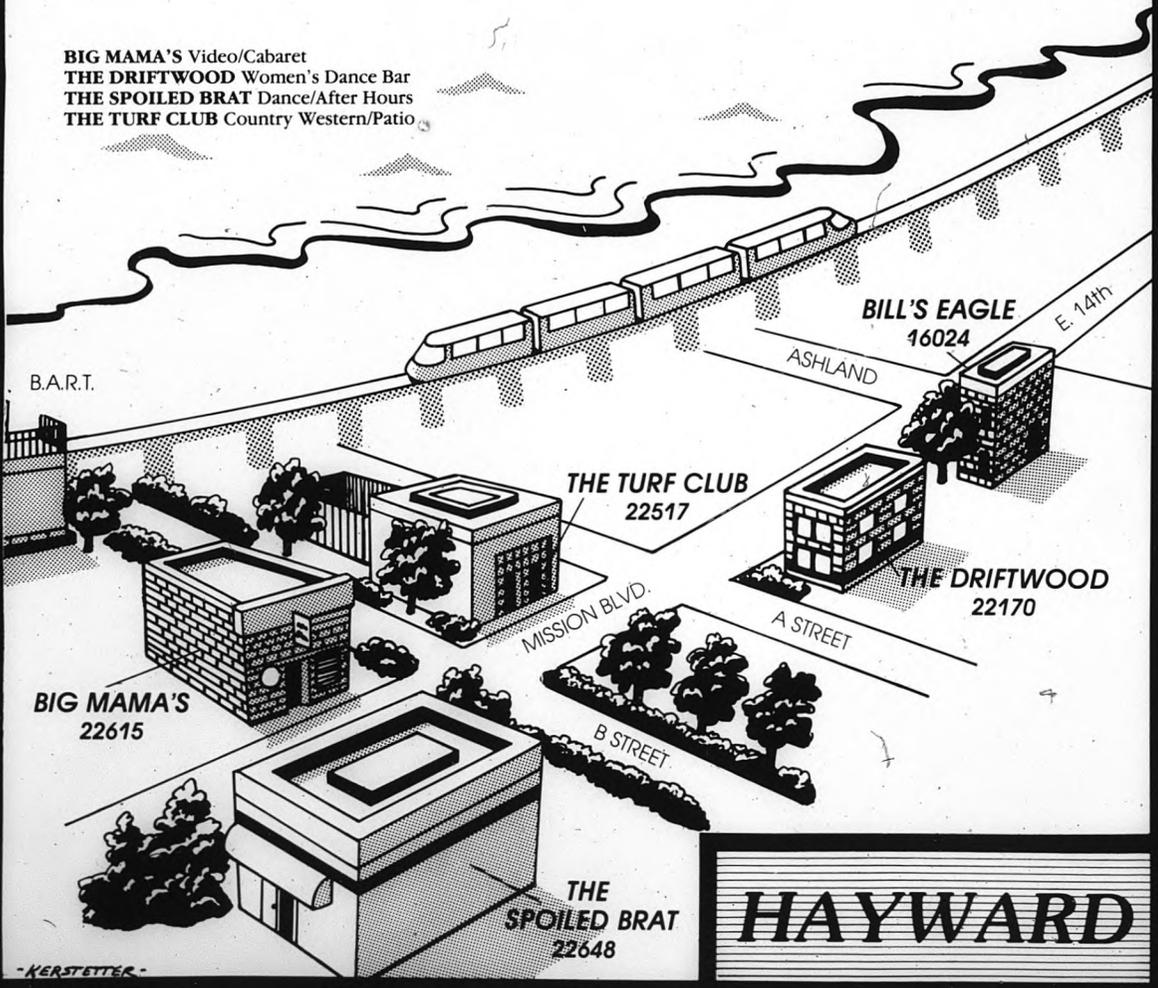
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