

San Francisco
Sentinel

**Care for
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pg. 14**

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July 17, 1987

TOM WADDELL OLYMPIAN

by George Mendenhall and David M. Lowe



As a young man, Tom Waddell dreamed of becoming a dancer. It was only the fear of being stereotyped as a homosexual that prevented him from realizing that dream. Instead, he chose to pursue careers as an athlete and as a physician. In his efforts he reached heights many athletes only dream of — a decathlon Olympian, competing in the 1968 Mexico City Olympics.

He was a man of deep convictions who achieved eminence and stature by simply being himself. He was an embracer — a person who liked to touch and whose warmth exuded from his personality.

He was a father who shared his love with Sara Lewinstein and conceived a child, Jessica, who was the deepest joy of his life.

He was a pioneer who brought his visions to fruition with the founding of the Gay Olympic Games in 1982.

He was a fighter who challenged the International and United States Olympic Committees all the way to the United States Supreme Court.

Last Saturday, July 11, 1987, in the early morning peace of his own home in San Francisco, Tom Waddell died of AIDS at age 49.

Continued on page 8

A T E A S E



NEW WRITING
BAY AREA WRITERS

Four of the Times My Sister Cried

Fiction by Cooley Windsor

17



**OTHER WORLDS,
OTHER LOVES**

James Tushinski Surveys the Exotic Terrain of Gay/Lesbian Science Fiction and Fantasy

18

AfterImage	28
Dance	21
Film Clips	23
Less Talk	28
Pop	25
Rock Previews	26
Second Glance	24
Theatre	27
Week At A Glance	29

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WE DO IT BETTER

Molinari Bandwagon Loses a Wheel

by Bob Marshall

The one who gets the most votes isn't always the winner.

Despite the widely-held assumption that Supervisor John Molinari was a shoo-in for the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club's endorsement, supporters of Assemblyman Art Agnos' bid for mayor managed to block a first-round Molinari nomination.

Molinari received 270 of the 508 votes cast Monday night, just short of the 305 needed for the endorsement. Agnos was far behind with 206 votes. Twenty members favored no endorsement at all, City Attorney Louise Renne received 11 votes, and former City Chief Executive Roger Boas just one.

Although Molinari emerged from the Monday night meeting with 53 percent of the endorsement votes, a clear majority, Agnos supporters claimed victory in slowing the progress of the Molinari bandwagon.

"I think we clearly have the momentum," said Agnos press secretary Scott Shafer. "As people start to look more clearly at the candidates, both

historically and as they are today, more and more will see Art Agnos as their candidate for mayor. The fight for the club's heart and mind is still open."

Shafer also cited Agnos' warm reception later in the meeting as an indication of a shift in support.

"The people who were just there to vote had already left," said Shafer. "What that tells us is the people who are dedicated to the principles on which the club was founded have an affinity for Art Agnos, and that affinity has been re-kindled."

"Jack [Molinari] was clearly the winner tonight," countered supporter Allen White. "He got 53 percent of the vote, and it only takes a simple majority

to win the election in November," compared to the 60 percent figure required for the Toklas club nomination. "Molinari will also do better than Agnos in the more moderate parts of the city, so I think he'll draw an even larger percentage of the vote in November."

According to club president Roberto Esteves, if one candidate fails to capture 60 percent of the initial vote, a runoff election between the top two vote-getters is "traditionally" held at the next meeting. But after the bitter struggles with the club's upper echelons during the last few weeks, it remains to be seen if the Alice traditions will carry on.

"Alice" is the largest Democratic political club in the state, and with a large, diverse membership, its endorsement vote usually provides a fairly accurate indication of the result of upcoming city elections. Add to that a doubling of the club's membership in the past two months as Molinari and Agnos supporters joined to cast votes for their candidates, whispered (and sometimes shouted) allegations of vote-buying on both sides, and charges of Republicans in Democrats' clothing, and you have a three-ring political circus.

The nomination process has been closely watched throughout the city's mainstream press, who were treated to quite a show Monday night.

Ballot security for the Monday night vote was the tightest in Alice history. "We looked at every possible way

Continued on page 10



Supervisor John Molinari casts his ballot at Monday night's endorsement meeting of the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club.



Assemblyman Art Agnos speaks with workers at the opening of his campaign headquarters last Saturday. A crowd of several hundred gathered at 666 Mission Street to hear from the mayoral candidate and sign up to do volunteer work on his behalf.

Chron's Con on Agnos

by Charles Linebarger

"State Finance Reports Agnos Statements Omitted \$325,000," went the headline in the *San Francisco Chronicle* on Tuesday, July 14. The story following painted a picture of financial non-disclosures to a state watchdog agency that appeared calculated and underhanded. However, an *Examiner* story on the same day seemed to deflate the *Chronicle's* charges considerably. And a call to the watchdog agency itself raised a new question — why the *Chronicle* story had appeared at all.

"Assemblyman Art Agnos has failed to report to the state's political watchdog agency more than \$325,000 in income he earned during the past decade, the *Chronicle* has learned," went the lead in the *Chron's* story by Dave Farrell.

However, in the *Examiner's* story

by John Jacobs and Phillip Matier that appeared on the same day, the two reporters quoted Agnos' attorney Vigo Neilson, Jr., as saying of the purported scandal, "The \$325,000 is grossly misleading and would imply gross misdoings that are absolutely untrue. If anyone understood these laws and

looked at [his] reports, they would have seen what he invested in and what he earned his money on. But a technical expert would see that they were filed on the wrong [disclosure] schedules."

Sandra Michioku of the Fair Political Practices Commission (FPPC) was quoted in the *Chronicle* story. Michioku agreed to talk to the *Sentinel* about Agnos' financial disclosure problems. Said Michioku, "The Commission in mid-June asked the assemblyman to clarify some of his transactions because he appeared not to understand what he needed to disclose."

"In the past," said Michioku, "technical errors such as this have not

Continued on page 11

Littlejohn Fired by Civil Service

by George Mendenhall

Sheriff Mike Hennessey has terminated the employment of a gay deputy, Sgt. Larry Littlejohn, following an unfavorable ruling from a Civil Service hearing officer. The sheriff had sought to end the deputy's ten-year career after Littlejohn was arrested on March 17 and charged him with pandering (assisting a person in the act of prostitution) because of his placing ads for a male model in a gay newspaper. Littlejohn admitted that he had helped place the ads but only as a friendly gesture. He was supported by the model involved, Craig Reichardt.

"We expect high standards from deputies," Hennessey explained, "and we will not tolerate unlawful conduct. We felt it was necessary to turn this matter over to Civil Service for a hearing. I am not happy with this — but I am not happy with Littlejohn's conduct."

Earlier, Hennessey said that he was concerned about Littlejohn being cited during a search of his home with possession of less than an ounce of marijuana. However, the sheriff's attorney said he did not think that charge was serious during the hearing and concentrated on Littlejohn having placed the ads.

Hennessey said he was "more concerned about his assisting a party that was involved in prostitution activity." When told that this charge had never been proved in court, the sheriff said the hearing officer made the ruling. Hearing Officer William Riker wrote that the charges were supported "by a preponderance of evidence." Hennessey stated that Civil Service is not bound by court actions but only by whether there was misconduct under its regulations.

Gay police officer Woody Tenant of the vice squad led the investigation into Littlejohn's placement of the ads. Officers contacted model Reichardt

and met him in a room at the Downtown Ramada Inn used by plainclothes officers. They claimed that the model agreed to an act of prostitution and then implicated Littlejohn.

Within an hour, Littlejohn had his residence searched and less than an ounce of marijuana was found. The deputy was arrested and charged with pandering and cited for possession. However, the model did not appear at a preliminary hearing and charges were dismissed.

Littlejohn had been critical of Hennessey's management of the department and had been known to be part of an effort to find a substantial candidate to oppose the sheriff in his reelection campaign. When questioned about his political motive, Hennessey denied there was any. He said that in his seven years as a sheriff he had dismissed thirty officers for misconduct — including one who was one of his strongest political supporters.

Littlejohn had contended that he told the model he could mutually masturbate with clients — but not touch. Attorney Dick Gayer testified at the hearing as an expert on the gay lifestyle. He said he had observed stage entertainers and audience members masturbating in gay adult theaters.

Continued on page 10

Missouri Sails Towards Supes

by Charles Lineberger

The San Francisco Human Rights Commission took tough action to protect gays and lesbians from discrimination last week. It voted 9-1 to request the Board of Supervisors to amend the city's agreement with the Navy covering the homeporting of the *Missouri* to prohibit discrimination "on the grounds of...sexual orientation or disability including AIDS/AIDS Related Condition in employment."

However, even tougher was the Commission's request that the supervisors amend the agreement to demand the military issue new rules "stating that consensual, non-commercial homosexual activity between adults is not 'sexual misconduct' with which the Department of Defense will concern itself...." The Board of Supervisors acted on July 14 to approve wording presented by Supervisor Harry Britt which would prohibit discrimination in jobs created by homeporting the *Missouri* here but would not demand the military to alter its policies against gays and lesbians around the country.

"That condition was the whole ball game," charged Agnos. "The Navy says they don't discriminate, that they admit they treat gay people unequally, but they don't think that's discrimination. They think it's rational to believe that gay people are likely to become traitors, and therefore they need to be put through a year-long investigation that they don't put heterosexuals through."

Continued Agnos, "Any wording that fails to confront the real homophobia is a sell-out."

Britt aide Dana Van Gorder reacted vitriolically to the Agnos charges. "Why doesn't he [Agnos] get the god-damned legislature of the state of California to do that, and he won't, because he knows the state of Califor-

nia can't do it, either. We cannot tell the Navy what it can do all over the United States in that Memorandum of Understanding."

Ron Smith, head of Supervisor John Molinari's mayoral campaign, spoke for Molinari on the *Missouri* issue. "He [Molinari] will not support the homeporting of the *Missouri*, unless the Memorandum of Understanding is amended to include that there will be no discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation."

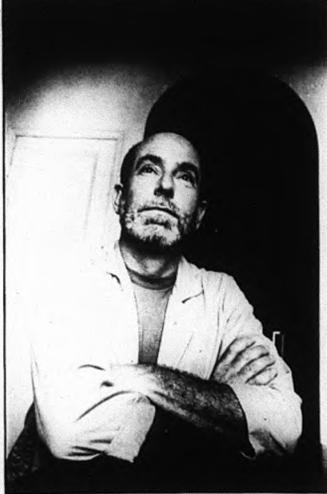
Another campaign aide to Molinari, Dennis Collins, agreed with Van Gorder on the Agnos charges. "Unfortunately, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors doesn't have the authority to tell the United States Navy what its regulations must be."

The Board of Supervisors will again deal with the *Missouri* on July 22 when a joint session of the Finance and Land Use Committees will meet to look at the Memorandum of Understanding between the city and the Navy.

Said Agnos of that meeting, "More evidence will be presented with a demand that the city not give away tax dollars and wink at discrimination. If San Francisco can't stand up for what's right, then it's not going to happen in any city in this country. I think it will be very difficult for any supervisor to defend homophobia." ■



For the first time in its history the Friends of the Human Rights Commission has honored a lesbian and a gay man for their outstanding contributions to the city. The FHRC's 1987 Human Rights Award for Community went to Lenore Chinn (l) for organizing and directing the Women's Blood Drive for AIDS/ARC patients, sponsored by the Harvey Milk Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club. The 1987 Human Rights Award for Business went to Arthur Lazere (r) for successfully challenging discrimination by corporate employers and winning support for lesbian/gay concerns as president of the Golden Gate Business Association.



Gerry Parker Legacy of a 'Thorny' Fighter

by George Mendenhall

"There are many things we would rather not discuss, things we don't want to deal with. He fought to the end to remind us. While he was a thorn in everybody's side, we need thorns. It is the thorns that make us move."

Lesbian activist Priscilla Alexander so reacted this week to the death of an often cantankerous personality who made his impact on the gay liberation

movement — Gerry Parker. The activist died from AIDS, 9:30 Friday night at Kaiser Hospital. Private in his personal life but very public in his political views, Parker was observed crying only once since he contracted AIDS — when he recently could not maneuver off the side of his bed to attend a gay rights demonstration.

Parker was an Episcopalian. A short, simple service was held for him — at his request — at St. Peter's Episcopal Church. The service had 200 in attendance and was conducted by Reverend John Butcher. The only speaker was Supervisor John Molinari, who said that Parker would sometimes

call at 3 am. He added, "If there is a phone booth on a street in heaven, Gerry may be calling the authorities."

The compassionate Parker had become gaunt and soft-spoken in his final weeks, but his bombastic, often uncompromising presence was well known to politicians — gay and non-gay. During the five years of complications from ARC and an additional year of AIDS, Parker's life remained crowded with activity — even in the final weeks when his movement was extremely difficult.

Richard McKirkeby reflected this week on the death of two public figures in the gay community who died from AIDS: "Tom Waddell and Gerry were both visionaries. Tom was a loving, gentle maestro who conjured magic in other people. Gerry was a storm trooper who shocked people into perceptions. He was a Vesuvius of raw, unpredictable energy. We desperately needed both. Gerry was not politically correct, but correctness is conformity. Instead, he was political dynamite."

Hank Wilson, who was closest in attending to Parker's needs in recent months, stated that Parker "was a source of security and strength. When he was there, we knew the tough ques-

Continued on page 12



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Coalition Unites Against Bork

by Corinne Lightweaver

Local and national opposition are mounting rapidly to oppose the nomination of Robert H. Bork to the US Supreme Court. Last week, Jeffrey Levi, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, announced that the Task Force will strenuously fight the nomination as part of a broad-based coalition of civil rights groups. The Feminist Men's Alliance, National Gay Rights Advocates, Lesbian Rights Project, California Abortion Rights Action League, and National Organization for Women are just a few of the groups mobilizing forces in the Bay Area and across the nation to join the fight against Senate confirmation of Bork.

Bork's Senate confirmation hearings are scheduled for September, leaving just a month-and-a-half for those opposing the nomination to make an impact in the Senate.

Jeff Levi announced a five-part NGLTF strategy to work for the defeat of the nomination. "We will lobby the Senate against the nomination in coalition with the Alliance for Justice and the Leadership Conference for Civil Rights. We plan to testify at the confirmation hearings. We will work hard to build constituent pressure against this nomination. We'll be educating the media about the homophobia of Bork's decisions. And perhaps most importantly, we will be strengthening our community organizing efforts at the state level, where many of the legal and legislative battles will be fought."

Organizing a broad-based coalition to oppose the nomination should not be difficult, given the wide-ranging bigotry of Bork's decisions and views opposing gay rights, women's rights, reproductive rights, and civil rights. Bork is an "intentionalist" who believes the Constitution must be strictly interpreted in accordance with what the founders "intended."

Bork was the author of a decision upholding the discharge of a gay naval officer in *Dronenberg v. Zech*. In an opinion that anticipated the Supreme Court's decision in *Bowers v. Hardwick*, Bork ruled that the right to privacy does not include private consensual homosexual conduct.

James Dronenberg had claimed that the Navy violated his right to privacy and right to equal protection when it dismissed him for having engaged in homosexual acts. In the decision, Bork called Dronenberg's claim "frivolous" and argued that although the Supreme Court has ruled that the right to privacy includes activities related to marriage, family relationships, and procreation, "it need hardly be said that none of these covers a right to homosexual conduct."

In addition to Bork's homophobic outlook on civil rights, his views on the First Amendment would drastically change the kind of freedom of speech Americans now enjoy under existing Supreme Court decisions. Specifically, Bork wrote in the *Indiana Law Journal* in 1971 that "the First Amendment, like the rest of the Bill of Rights, appears to have been a hastily drafted



"Bork Buster" T.J. Anthony (r) gathers signatures to stop the nomination of Robert H. Bork to the US Supreme Court.

document upon which little thought was expended."

Bork's record shows he disagrees with the existing test for political speech which protects the people's right to express opinions that are hostile to the government unless there is a "clear and present danger" shown from such speech. In decisions such as *Gillow v. New York* and *Whitney v. California* which denied the free speech rights of political dissenters, Bork believes that such speech "has no political value within a republican system of government."

Further, Bork believes that "constitutional protection should be accorded only to speech that is explicitly political." Thus, Bork would deny First Amendment protection to "scientific,

educational, commercial, or literary expressions as such." As he put it, "a novel may have impact on attitudes that affect politics, but it would not for that reason receive judicial protection."

Last weekend, the Feminist Men's Alliance (FMA) of San Francisco began circulating petitions against the nomination and has already gathered more than 3,000 signatures. The Alliance will present the petitions to the members of the US Senate Judiciary Committee, specifically to the committee's chair, Senator Joseph Biden (D-Delaware), who is a presidential candidate. The petitions will also be presented to California Senators Pete Wilson and Alan Cranston.

T.J. Anthony, a spokesperson for the FMA, a local affinity group of mostly

gay men who work on abortion rights, comparable worth, AIDS and gender-justice issues, says that the lesbian and gay community is nearly unanimous in its opposition and that opposing homophobia in the courts isn't the only reason they are doing so.

"There's been a perception that a number of gay men aren't concerned about abortion rights," notes Anthony, adding that he finds that this is not true. He says approximately 100 gay men have already signed the FMA's Pledge of Resistance, which states that those signing pledge to engage in civil disobedience if Bork is nominated or *Roe v. Wade*, the decision legalizing abortion, is overturned.

"[Bork's confirmation] will cast the

Continued on page 10

Non-Violent Pope Protests

by Charles Lineberger

The Papal Visit Task Force and the Archdiocese of San Francisco have reached an agreement which denounces violence during the September visit of Pope John Paul II. "This does not mean that the gay community is going to roll over and play dead," contends activist attorney John Wahl who heads up the Papal Visit Task Force. "We will still be out there protesting."

"The general public can expect to see no violence from us. We're not a violent community. All this noise about violence has been cooked up by people who don't want us to demonstrate."

"The women's community is deeply involved in this protest," added Ginny Foat, of the California National Organization for Women. "With the pope coming it has brought more in mind the oppression of women by the Church. The pope makes a political statement every time he speaks — women know that — that is why we feel so strongly about his visit."

Foat described herself as a practicing Catholic but added that she believed that religion should not have the right to affect the everyday lives of people without their consent.

"The pope's recent statements on gays and abortion rights affect all of us. With this particular pope and his narrow-mindedness, a lot of people are being hurt. We are in serious jeopardy every time the pope takes a stand."

Foat believes that to this pope religion is the oppression of other people.

Tom Carroll, the regional director of Dignity, stated his local group of over 300 gay Catholics is "very excited about the pope's visit."

Carroll said that the Vatican document which called homosexuality "an intrinsic evil" last October "was aimed at Dignity in the United States. Thirteen Dignity chapters have been ousted from Church property in the United States since that letter was issued," he said.

Dignity plans to conduct a 17-hour prayer vigil while the pope is in San Francisco.

Dignity will protest the pope's visit separately from the Task Force. Carroll thinks some of the events planned by the Task Force are not the kind of thing Dignity would want to be involved in. "Dignity is not confrontational," noted Carroll. ■

THE SHANTI PROJECT: A COMMITMENT TO FRIENDSHIP

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SHANTI PROJECT

American Heroes

Americans love heroes. Much can be learned about our values and our dreams by looking at the men and women we admire, the people that the public places on pedestals.

Marine Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North's performance before the Congressional hearings captivated millions of Americans and made him the media's current folk hero, despite the fact that he has admitted to: 1) falsifying government documents, 2) obstructing the investigation by shredding documents, 3) lying to Congressional committees considering aid to the Contras, and 4) lying to the Iranians. North then had the audacity to try and reclaim his credibility by stating, "Nobody wants to tell the truth more than I do."

Apparently the majority of middle America that views North as a hero cares little that his philosophy is basically that the end justifies any means or that his ideological commitment to fighting Communism in Central America supercedes constitutional law.

In the end, many Americans initially enamored by the Teflon Marine were forced to rethink their support after hearing a number of Congressmen support his ideals but not his methods. "It is possible to still love God and country without supporting the Contras." How sad it is when form and appearance rather than substance and performance determine heroes.

"I was radicalized by my first lover, a Jewish socialist in New York. He was 63 when I was 20, and that's when we met and I fell madly in love with this wonderful man. Most of my life... was involved with all sorts of activist events. I worked for the Panthers; I went to Selma, Alabama, during the marches — things I believed in. All that's my life. It's been wonderful. I wouldn't change anything."

— Tom Waddell, *SF Chronicle*, 7/13/87

Doctor Tom Waddell shines as an authentic hero: a man of strength and gentleness, of courage, honesty, integrity and humility. His life and love were generative. He fathered a beautiful daughter, Jessica, and gave birth to the Gay Olympics. He fought for the human rights of all people, carrying that fight from Selma to San Francisco to the Supreme Court in Washington. He was larger than life, an Olympic athlete, a physician and healer.

The non-gay majority can learn much from Tom Waddell, who managed to destroy stereotypes. Gay people can learn from his life as well. His vision of justice extended beyond the gay ghetto. He intended for the Gay Olympics to address ageism, racism and sexism within our culture. And they did. As a person with AIDS, he continued to speak publicly, hopefully.

There will be a ceremony to honor Tom Waddell at 2 pm Saturday, in the Rotunda of City Hall.

Another great man, an unlikely hero and modern prophet, visited San Francisco last weekend to speak to the Metropolitan Community Church and Dignity. John McNeill founded the New York chapter of Dignity, the group of gay Catholics, in 1973. He is best known as the author of the 1976 book, *The Church and the Homosexual*, a carefully argued theological appraisal of gay and lesbian people in the Catholic faith. Although the book was published with permission of his religious superiors, the Vatican ordered the permission rescinded in 1977 and forbade McNeill to speak out on or publish anything about homosexuality.

ministry, public or private, to gay or lesbian people. His statement in response to the October 1986 letter from the Congregation of the Doctrine of the Faith, which called the homosexual condition "intrinsicly disordered," prompted his dismissal from the Jesuits.

John was chosen to act with Karen Thompson as Grand Marshal of the Gay Pride Parade in New York last month. He has a new book in the works, and continues to forcefully, intelligently, and compassionately address homosexuality and its relationship to psychology and faith. Although his perspective is specific, his vision and his wisdom are universal.

Next week the *Sentinel* will present an exclusive interview with John McNeill, prophet and hero.

Tom Murray
TOM MURRAY

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LETTERS

Kudos for James

To the Editor:

Recently, there was a meeting at MCC on AL 721. The room was completely full. Several people spoke and were applauded. But when John S. James was announced, he stood to a long and heavy applause.

I write because that applause also goes to the *Sentinel*.

Mike Roberts

The 'O' Word

To the Editor:

I have been fuming since the Supreme Court decision last week. I still cannot believe that the highest court of the land says that we, gay men and lesbians, do not have the right to use an English word, that others may call their events "Olympics" but that we are denied that right. We have been made hostage to our own English language. Verbal fences have been erected delineating words that we can and cannot use. My fear is that this trend could continue.

However, since I am a good, law-abiding citizen, I have decided to obey the law of the land as interpreted by the Supreme Court. I do hereby state that I will never use the word "Olympic" again; for me, the word has disappeared from the English language. If we are denied use of the word, I deny its existence. I suggest that we all make this pledge.

Now what good will it do if a bunch of queers stop using one word out of countless words in our language? On the surface not much, but my plan goes much beyond such a cursory boycott of a single word. By denying that the word exists, I also deny and will boycott the use of

the word in all of its forms. When the quadrennial sporting event comes around again in 1988, there will be a rush of companies seeking to have their products endorsed by the governing body of this sporting event. Products and producers of them will become sponsors, with "proceeds going to help our young men and women compete...." I say, boycott those companies and products that support the oppression of gay men and lesbians by supporting our verbal oppressors.

By boycotting those products which choose to identify themselves with the quadrennial sporting event, we can make a strong statement, straight to the heart of the event's organizers — their wallets. Then we will be heard, because it seems that the only voice in this country is the almighty dollar, and we can control how we use our money, if we can't control how we use our language.

Boycott the word and the sponsors of the "straight" quadrennial sporting event.

One last note — up to this decision, I was a strong supporter of this particular sporting event. I am sorry that I can no longer enjoy them as I once did, thanks to the organizing committee and the Supreme Court.

Reid Neider-Westermann

Gay Violence

To the Editor:

I am very pleased to have been informed that there is help for battered men. I just very recently read your article "Gay Men's Domestic Violence Project." It was both informative and encouraging. I am a victim of gay violence, and as a result, I'm facing murder charges.



Meet Merlin, a magical 2-year-old house cat in need of a good home. To add a little magic to your life call PAWS at 552-2925.

My lover inflicted violence upon me many times. We talked and talked; I even moved out, but nothing helped. There was also alcohol and cocaine abuse by both of us. I went to drug counseling but never any type of violence abuse counseling.

Well, it's like this. When my lover would drink, it intensified his violence. I became conditioned to this. After repeatedly being hit on the head and kicked in the face, I moved to another apartment.

We then reconciled, and I moved back. Things went well for about two months. Then one night after being out with a friend, we got into an argument. He became enraged, threw plates, glasses, etc. I at some point grabbed a knife. He approached me, and in defense of myself, I stabbed

him. I am now fighting for my life without him. I wish, like so many in my shoes, that I could have found a group like the one mentioned in your article.

If this letter can help others in some way, you are welcome to print it.

Anonymous
SF County Jail #2

'Gay' Cult?

To the Editor:

In your July 3 issue is an article by David Lowe, "SOMA Murder May Be Tied to Gay Satanic Worship Ceremonies." I would like to comment on your characterization as "gay," the cult that allegedly murdered the unidentified victim. •

First, you state that the *victim* was gay, yet he has not been identified. How can it be known that he was gay if it isn't even known who he was?

The fact that the victim was sexually assaulted may not mean that the murderer was gay. Sexual assault is a crime of violence, not passion, and involves not sexual preference or desire, but rather an urge to control and destroy. Many men who rape other men lead heterosexual lives.

When a woman is raped and murdered, the news reports do not specify that her attacker was heterosexual. To specify the attacker in this case was gay promotes the homophobia of the readers. It is appropriate to write about the cult's activities of sexually assaulting and

Continued on page 12

A Week of Boos, Bandwagons and Bladders

An amazing action took place at the endorsement meeting held by the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club Monday night. San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt was booed following his remarks in favor of supporting Supervisor John Molinari for mayor. It was painfully characteristic of how deep sentiments are running in the contest between Molinari and Assemblyman Art Agnos.

Hopefully, when the wounds of a hard-fought battle heal following the election, the political fallout Britt will experience during the race will not be irreparable. Britt's ability to effectively support progressive issues outside the mayoral contest could be the key to beating back charges that he has sold out.

Bandwagon Stalls

The Molinari camp's inability to nail down the Toklas endorsement prompted Agnos supporter Pat Norman to

comment, "It looks like the Molinari bandwagon has lost a wheel here tonight."

The response from Molinari supporter Dennis Collins: "We've got more spare tires than we need to fix the bandwagon and get it back on the track."

September Endorsement

It looks like the coveted mayoral endorsement from the Toklas club won't be awarded until September. Both the



Alice President Roberto Esteves (c) receiving support for his credential policy.

Molinari and Agnos camps have apparently agreed to use the August general membership meeting to work out the fine details of the endorsement and voting process. The executive committee will meet August 3 to recommend a procedure that will likely be submitted to the members for approval August 10.

Political Fallout

Toklas President Roberto Esteves has replaced executive committee member Mike Denton with Don Masuda who will now serve as Logistics chair and volunteer coordinator. Esteves told the *Sentinel*, "I have no problem with Denton exercising his right to free speech, but he has become a major embarrassment."

Denton, who resigned as a Molinari co-chair over a flap on endorsement

voting procedures, responded, "Sometimes when you stand up for what you believe, you have to suffer the consequences. My integrity is more important to me than an appointment."

Denton probably would have retained his position if he hadn't sent a scathing letter to the membership making charges that bordered on slander.

The political reality is that Denton is not an elected member of the executive committee and serves at the pleasure of the president, Esteves, who apparently feels he can successfully withstand any political fallout over the Denton dismissal.

Republican Rag

The *Chronicle* is at it again, just like during the Britt for Congress campaign when it actively tried to discredit the progressive Democrat by calling him a

gay socialist.

On Tuesday they rushed another Agnos finance story to press just in time to slow the momentum Agnos picked up by blocking the Molinari endorsement.

The *Examiner* and the *Progress* both responded with articles discounting the *Chronicle's* charges. Agnos charged that the *Chronicle* piece was a rehash of previous stories coupled with misinformation about new allegations concerning his financial mismanagement.

"It's a concerted effort to destroy my campaign," Agnos told the *Sentinel*. "You can expect them to continue their efforts because they are against everything I stand for and are becoming concerned with growing support for my progressive positions."

August 18

Get out your calendars and write the words "STOP DOOLITTLE" on Tuesday, August 18, 1987. On that day, the Assembly Health and Public Safety Committees will hold hearings on all the Doolittle bills. This is an opportunity to prevent his legislation from getting to the Assembly floor.

We need to mobilize thousands of lesbians/gays to attend those hearings in Sacramento. Stay tuned for more details on where and how your support can be effective.

Pink Rainbow

Reverend Jesse Jackson has added pink to his rainbow coalition of colors. On Tuesday, Jackson officially endorsed the National March on

Continued on page 8

AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

What To Do If You Get Arrested

Ron Albers has been a lawyer for thirteen years, the last eight served under Public Defender Jeff Brown. In that capacity, and as co-chair of the Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom, he has had plenty of opportunity to see what happens when the police make contact with individual citizens. Some of these contacts are purely social or involve the performance of some civic duty on the part of the officers. Others are more serious, involving the detention and possibly a subsequent arrest.

For individuals unaccustomed to dealing with the police in such situations, the experience can be pretty unnerving. Many people react in ways that are not in their best interests when faced with the need to suddenly cope with an unfamiliar situation. I asked Albers to provide some advice for those who face this experience for the first time. After all, several prominent Bay Area activists found themselves arrested in Washington, DC, recently, and the pope is coming to town. . . .

The best and simplest advice the defense attorney offers is to cooperate

with the police to the extent that you are friendly and not belligerent. In most cases the officer sincerely believes that he or she is doing the right thing, and even if you disagree, in the time to decide the question is afterwards — when you are in a position to seek legal help for your defense. Even if an arrest is unlawful, Albers says, don't escalate the situation. "If you are going to err on any side, err on the side of caution," he states.

Most people who face the police do so under the circumstances of a traffic stop. If the stop is for the suspicion that

you are under the influence, then a belligerent attitude may even be proof that you are in such a state. Albers advises that you cooperate, take the field sobriety tests and also the alcohol tests. You have your choice of a breath test, a blood test or a urine test. A refusal will result in the suspension of your license and there is still the possibility that you will be convicted of driving under the influence.

In a traffic stop, the officer will run your name and license plate to verify the information you give him. If you have any outstanding tickets, or an expired registration, Albers advises that you take care of them now, before a traffic stop occurs. Otherwise, "all it results in doing is creating new problems, such as a search of the car, or taking the person into custody." The courts are more liberal in allowing police to search cars than houses. If the police feel that they have probable cause to find something illegal in your car, they will search it. If you don't agree with them, the time to argue is in court, not on the street.

Many police stops do not result in arrest. They are called detentions. A police officer must have a reasonable suspicion that the person detained is involved in or about to be involved in criminal activity before a lawful detention occurs. But Albers cautions that

the individual does not always know what information the officer has. If you match the description of a crime suspect and are in the same general area of the crime, then the police may have reasonable cause to stop and detain you even if you have nothing to do with the crime.

An arrest follows when the police have probable cause to believe that you are the person who has committed the crime. After a detention, you go your separate way. After an arrest, you either receive a citation ordering you to appear in court, or you are taken into custody. First, you would go to a district station for initial booking. There you would have to identify yourself if you have not already done so. Your property would be taken for safekeeping while you are in custody. Then a trip to the Hall of Justice would introduce you to the deputy sheriffs who run the jail. Your picture would be taken along with your fingerprints. You would be assigned a number that would identify your arrest history.

Should your cooperation with the police involve giving a statement? After all, you do have the right to remain silent. A common misconception, by the way, is that the police have to advise you of your rights. This is only true when they are trying to collect evidence from you, such as a statement. If they just arrest and book you, you likely will not hear your rights read.

Albers agrees that many people can clear up their problems with the police

by simply telling them what they want to know. But he cautions that many an arrest would have fallen by the wayside if the suspect hadn't opened his mouth.

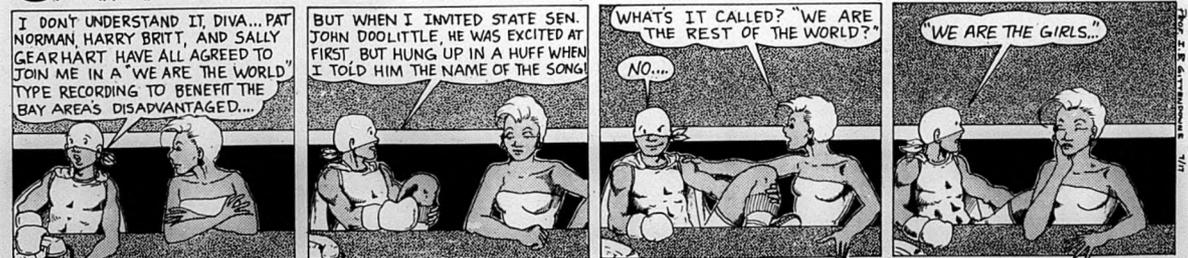
"I advise my clients to give their name, address, and birthdate," he says, "and if the police want a statement, tell them that you'd be happy to give them a full statement after you have a lawyer." Of course, if the lawyer sees that it is not in a person's best interest to talk, then the client can always say that he didn't talk on the advice of his lawyer, rather than because he didn't want to. If you do talk, however, be honest. Discrepancies will come back to haunt you.

Your stay in jail may be short. As many as 40% of those arrested are not prosecuted. Those who can be eligible for release without bail, the others often post bail. While in jail, you can be housed in an area with other gays for your protection if you simply tell the deputies that you are gay. You get two phone calls at processing. If you are looking for a release without bail, you are advised by Albers to have your friends call 552-2202, so that the people in the O.R. Project can interview you and have your friends available to verify the release information you provide. If you get released, don't miss court — you could really screw the friends who helped you get out.

And when you do go to court, be sure to have a lawyer or apply for the public defender. If the charges are serious, you may need a lot more advice than this column can provide. *

CATHARTIC COMICS

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



Olympian

Continued from page 1

"Tom and I were best friends. We were very, very close," Lewinstein told the *Sentinel*. "I'm just happy the pain he suffered is finally gone. Tom touched everyone's heart with a special charisma that few people have. He was a sensitive and wonderful man, and Jessica and I will miss him very much."

Waddell and Lewinstein met during preparations for the Gay Olympics in 1982. "He was an athlete and I was an athlete," said Lewinstein who served as the sports co-chair. "We soon discovered we had so much in common from food to running up to Reno to gamble."

"We fell in love with each other," continued Lewinstein who owns the Artemis Cafe. "It wasn't a sexual love. It didn't affect him with his lovers, and it didn't affect me with my lovers."

Waddell and Lewinstein both loved children and decided to co-parent an offspring of a lesbian and a gay man. "I was looking for the right guy," remembers Lewinstein. "I wanted a father for my child. I didn't want to go through artificial insemination."

Lewinstein recalled asking Waddell if he wanted to have a baby while they were driving across the Bay Bridge. "I asked him if he would like to have a child with me, and he started weeping and right away said yes. We almost had an accident in his little Alfa Romeo."

Jessica is now four years old and will have the opportunity to learn more about her father from the diary he kept for her once he learned he had AIDS. He died with the comfort of knowing that both Sara and Jessica had tested negative on the HIV-antibody test.

Waddell was diagnosed with pneumocystis carinii pneumonia in June 1986, two weeks before the opening of Gay Games II. Two days after leaving the



Tom Waddell's dream of a gay Olympics resulted in thousands of men and women coming together in the true spirit of athletic competition.

hospital, he officiated over the Games' opening at Kezar Stadium. "I was going to be there, even if I had to crawl," said Waddell. He was not only there, but also won a gold medal in the javelin event.

"It was his idea to found the Gay Olympics," remembered Lewinstein. "He thought how great it would be to have something like this for the gay community. How great to have a place for people who might not have competed before in athletics to be able to come together and compete in sports."

Waddell didn't lose many battles in his life, but just weeks before he lost his final bout with AIDS, he also suffered defeat at the hands of the US Supreme Court. In a controversial decision, the Court ruled 5-4 against the San Francisco Arts and Athletics' right to use the word "Olympic."

When the US Olympic Committee placed a restraining order on the first 1982 Games to prohibit the use of the Gay Olympics title, Waddell did not take it upon the gauntlet immediately. He said if the case was eventually won in the US Supreme Court, he would like to then move not to use the term Gay

Olympics because, "We don't want it. It doesn't suit us. It's tarnished. The Olympics are racist and exclusive, they're nationalistic, they pit one group of people against another, and are only



Dr. Tom Waddell.

for the very best athletes. That doesn't describe our games."

Waddell asked that the Games be more than a highly competitive event — emphasizing that anyone be allowed to participate, without any qualification. "Winning's not important, doing your best is important. That's radical, revolutionary and recreational, as opposed to the sports page."

Waddell stressed, "We have a culture. We have a bona fide culture. It exists because the dominant elements in our society have told us that we're different, so we have been exploiting our differences. We are different. We're wonderful. And we're worth knowing." He pleaded that the Games "take a look at racism, ageism and sexism. Let us not use our sexual liberation as an end in and of itself."

The Gay Olympics sprang forth from Waddell's own participation in the 1968 Olympic games in Mexico City, where, at age 31, he placed sixth in the decathlon. During those controversial Olympics, Waddell identified with a group of black athletes protesting racism in the Olympics by raising their clenched fists. Controversy also followed Waddell who refused to go to Vietnam during that war and was reassigned to Walter Reed Medical Center in Washington, DC. Much of that controversy was precipitated by Waddell's deep desire to remain honest about the things he believed in and fought for.

Fighting his final battle with AIDS was probably his most painful battle, but he fought the disease with a sense of humor. "If anyone wants to lose weight and stop smoking, get AIDS," mused Waddell. During his bouts with pneumocystis, tuberculosis, lymphoma and meningitis, he continually assured friends he was okay. "I have no fear of death or dying at all. I've got AIDS. I know what that means. I am given a set of choices. I can freak out, which would not do me any good at all, or I can say 'This is what is.' I think in terms of 'when' and not 'if.' While I can't imagine myself dead, I have no fear of dying. My head is just fine."

During the final months of his life, Waddell fought AIDS by taking the experimental drug AZT. As his health deteriorated, he began having difficulty getting up the 12 steps leading to his large auditorium-like home on Albion Street near 16th and Valencia. He also had to discontinue the political receptions and piano concerts that often filled his home with many friends.

Before his death, however, he was afforded the opportunity of dispelling America's stereotype of gay men and

people with AIDS during a special segment on ABC's *20/20*. On that broadcast Hugh Downs said, "Sometimes when a story is in the news week after week we get numb. We shut our eyes and close our ears. We notice that stories about AIDS victims get those reactions from some people. Maybe because there has not been one with a happy ending. Here is a story filled with peace and courage. A superb athlete and a remarkable man has learned to live with his disease, and that is the latest victory in a life of accomplishment. Here is a man who has considerable nobility about him. There are not many people with that much courage."

Waddell's continued urging to the lesbian/gay community came in one of his final quotes. "We need to put ourselves out there and educate. We are pretty nice people, worth knowing. We are the teachers of the '80s and we are on the move."

There were some things left undone in Waddell's life. He wanted to take Jessica to Europe to show her Venice and Florence. He also wanted to hitchhike across America and sail around the world. Despite his inability to complete those dreams by the hard fact of his life being cut short, Waddell reflected, "I have done so much living. I feel so fortunate. I've had a terrific time. I'd just like people to know what an adventure life can be."

San Francisco and the international community will celebrate his life on Saturday, July 18, with a Tribute to Tom Waddell in the Rotunda of City Hall at 2 pm.

Charles Lineberger also contributed to this story.

Cover illustration by Myrna Chiu.

FROM THE DESK

Continued from page 7

Washington for Lesbian/Gay Rights scheduled for October 11.

Tomorrow Lt. Governor Leo McCarthy, Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi and Assemblyman Art Agnos will endorse the march at a reception for Jeff Levi being held at the Pelosi home, 2640 Broadway, from 5-7 pm. Donations of \$25 will benefit NGLTF and the March on Washington.

Reagan AIDS Commission

Last Monday the Board of Supervisors unanimously passed a resolution by Supervisor Richard Hongisto urging the California Congressional delegation

to enact legislation requiring the president to appoint gays to the commission on AIDS.

Changing Partners

You've probably noticed by now that we've hired one of our co-sister publication's most credible reporters. Charles Lineberger joins our staff after a long association with the *Bay Area Reporter*.

Wendy Matlovich

What do activist Leonard Matlovich and Supervisor Wendy Nelder have in common? They both had their gall bladders removed this week. Doctors for both patients predict a speedy recovery.

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ON THE JOB

ARTHUR LAZERE

Gays and Lesbians in Academia: Jane Gurko

When the class of 1957 at the fabled Bronx High School of Science published its 25th reunion journal of 1982, only two of the 273 classmates included in the book said that they were gay. I was one of those two people and I identified myself, among other things, as an activist in the gay press and in the gay business community. My sole upfront classmate was Jane Gurko, a professor of English at San Francisco State University. Gurko wrote in the journal, "My major political commitments are lesbian-feminist, animal rights, and anti-nuclear work."

"All of my academic life since Bronx Science has been an easy downhill slide," Gurko told me recently, "because nothing since has been as difficult. I got to college and all the other students were complaining about the heavy academic pressure. It felt like summer camp to me!"

Gurko, 46, was brought up in the Jewish intelligentsia on the upper West Side of Manhattan, in what she remembers as an educated, cosmopolitan, liberal atmosphere of genteel academic poverty. Her father, an English professor at Hunter College, did not particularly want his children to follow in his profession. He wanted Jane to be a doctor and she started in a premed program at Smith College.

"While I was at Smith," Gurko recalls, "I was desperately trying to make it as a young, straight woman and desperately failing over and over again. I didn't know how to talk to boys. I didn't know how to make it work. I didn't know how to have the feelings I was supposed to have."

"And I didn't understand then why I was so happy at Smith. At least five days of the week, Monday to Friday, it was just us girls and I loved it. Every once in a while, this little flitting thought would go through me and it was so terrifying that I never entertained it for more than 30 seconds. The word 'lesbian' would go through my head. The word 'homosexual' would go through my head. I would just suppress it out of sheer fright."

"But in one of those 30-second moments, I remember thinking to myself, 'Well, there are 2,000 girls at this institution. By the law of averages, some of them have to be gay.' I looked around and couldn't see anybody who, to my uninitiated eyes, looked gay. It was absolutely taboo. Years later, of course, I discovered that there had been the usual 10%, but they were so closet-

ed that you didn't see it. I suppressed the whole thing and went on, suffering my way socially through college and the first five years of graduate school. Not until I was 26 did I have the good fortune to come out.

"I got out of premed," Gurko says, "because of a few chance comments by a few relatives and teachers, having to do with my femininity. The message was that you would lose your femininity if you became a doctor. I was so sensitive to my gender credentials at the time that that was enough to scare me off. I didn't really know what I wanted to do, but it was understood in my family that we would go to graduate school. Stopping with only a bachelor's degree would have been like dropping out."

She took a double major at Smith, honors in English with a biology major on the side. She thought she might be a biochemist, but after working one summer as a laboratory technician, she felt that "science was not going to satisfy my imagination." Her imagination was stimulated by the stories floating back from Smith friends who had gone on to graduate school at the University of California's Berkeley campus. They were delighted by what they found there.

"Berkeley was like some sort of South Sea island after Manhattan," Gurko says, "I realized after a year there that I'd never go back to Manhattan. I lost all my New York chauvinism and became, in my mind, a Berkeleyite. I was still bitterly unhappy in my sexual life, but I was wonderfully happy in a certain place in my soul."

The professor in charge of her master's degree oral examination conducted a standard interview during which he tried to convince her not to go on for a Ph.D. "Later I realized he was a vicious misogynist, but my feminist consciousness had not been raised at all, and I didn't recognize what he was



Jane Gurko, English professor.

doing," Gurko recalls. "He tried every which way to get me to say that I was just going to get married and have children and that I wasn't seriously interested in the Ph.D. Despite his subtle manipulations, I sailed on into the Ph.D. program."

Her dissertation was an analysis of D. H. Lawrence's narrative technique. "He was one of the great psychologists," Gurko says, "because he knew how to get to this tremendous drama that is raging in all of us just

"I was not yet tenured," she points out. "I was still dressing my femme and not wanting to be identified by the heterosexual world as anything freakish or deviant."

The chair of the English department in those years was a lesbian and she hired a number of gay men. Gurko thinks the department was at least 25% gay at that time. "Most of them colluded with the heterosexuals and never used the word," she says. "They were never really blatant or out. We all colluded in this careful choreography: You know who I am and I know who you are, but I'm being discreet because it'll freak you out if I use the word, and I want to stay in your good graces because you are the majority and, even though there are an awful lot of us here, you still represent the power structure."

"I didn't think about it in those terms then, but I felt it and I acted that way. Until I got my tenure in 1972, I didn't dare ever to say 'lesbian' or 'homosexual' or that I was living with a woman. I kept it all pretty close to the chest until I met Sally Gearhart."

In 1971, Gurko started teaching a course called "Female Characters in Literature." In subsequent semesters she taught "Sexual Identity in Literature" and "Woman as Hero." In 1973, Gurko, Sally Gearhart, and two other women initiated a feminist course called the Women's Studies Bloc. It was, she says, their great feminist awakening. Meanwhile, Gearhart was openly saying in her first class of the semester, "I'm Sally Gearhart and I'm a lesbian."

"Well, there are 2,000 girls at this institution. By the law of averages, some of them have to be gay."

— Jane Gurko

beneath the surface of the most mundane external detail. He is a great master. But I hadn't yet had my feminist awakening, and I didn't say anything about Lawrence's misogyny or his homophobia."

"As soon as I began teaching, the major focus of my Lawrence courses became his tremendous confusion around gender, how he worked out his own sexual identity, and what price he and his literature paid for that." Asked if Lawrence's work reveals his own repressed homosexuality, Gurko responds, "Absolutely. There's no doubt of it."

Gurko joined the faculty at San Francisco State in 1967. She was open about being a lesbian except at school.

"I was just aghast," Gurko says, "but the sky didn't fall in. Sally was my main model for how to come out and survive it. I watched her very carefully for the first semester of the bloc course we taught together. It was a very feminist course. All sorts of personal revelations were taking place... At the very last day, the class was sharing some personal feelings, and I whispered the fact that I was living with another woman. That was the moment when I first came out in public. After that I took heart." She also took Gearhart's heart and they became lovers for nearly a decade.

For a while, Gurko, too, announced at the start of her classes that she was a lesbian. "I felt that it was my duty to let the lesbian students know that I felt fine

about it, and I gave them a role model as I had been given a role model. Afterward, I came back off of that. I wouldn't hide it, but I'd let it be known whenever during the semester it seemed appropriate. It seemed more effective overall, from the point of view of all students, that they get to know me a little bit first as a person and come to respect me in some way. That way, I'd get under their defenses a little bit better."

"The time I was with Sally was a tremendous coming out for me in every way. She was so far out there — in the political world, at school, everywhere. I simply followed along and found myself right there with her. I remember in 1976, when we were courting, we were walking downtown and she wanted to hold my hand in public. I had never done that. She laughed at that. Within a year or two, I was being quite demonstrative in public whenever I damn well felt like it!"

"In academia, the 70s were our palmy days. We were riding a wonderful crest of enthusiasm then. The right wing retreated a bit while the progressive factions had a heyday. So, I taught lesbian literature. Still, many of my students in that class didn't want to sign up for the course under that name. I had to give them independent study credit with a different name, because they didn't want it on their transcript. I was sad about that, but I didn't fight it. I understood that their careers were on the line and that they were right. There were plenty of people out in the world who would punish them for that, and I think that's still true to this day."

"I've always had trouble when I've prepared resumes," Gurko continues. "I have usually not wanted to list my lesbian writings because I felt that they would not understand and discriminate against me or whatever project was involved."

In 1980, Gurko was made Associate Dean of the School of Humanities and she continues in that position today. "Homophobia is still there in the administration," she says, "These things go in cycles... We're in a backlash now."

Of some 1,300 faculty at State, she estimates that 15 to 20 percent are lesbian or gay men. Fewer than 30 are openly gay. The school has a policy of nondiscrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. The City of San Francisco has a law against such discrimination. With those protections, and even when lesbians and gays are tenured, Gurko fears, they fear social ostracism, they fear that their upward mobility will be hurt, and they just plain fear. "I can see it in their eyes," she says. ■

GAY/LESBIAN MARCH ON WASHINGTON

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Alice Vote

Continued from page 3

the election could be compromised," said Esteves. "We finally decided that there would first have to be a lack of trust among club members before any cheating could go on. Instead of more rules, we decided on more trust."

Controversy raged over some of the new members' right to vote in the election. Club bylaws state that all members must be registered Democrats by the end of the monthly meeting prior to an election; those ineligible to register, such as aliens awaiting naturalization and parolees must state that they intend to register as Democrats when they are eligible. An ad-hoc credentials committee, organized by Esteves to deal with any challenges to members' voting rights without publicly embarrassing anyone, was abolished due to procedural errors in its creation and leaks to the press.

Esteves also rejected the notion that the club's political power might be diluted by the influx of new members. The roster swelled to more than 650 voting members by Monday night's vote, an increase of nearly 150 percent since February.

"More members mean more power," said Esteves. "We voted to give \$750 to the Stop Doolittle campaign (a coalition to block ultra-conservative State Senator John Doolittle's AIDS bills) last week, money we didn't have last month."

Nine challenged ballots were placed in sealed envelopes and their validity debated by club members. Executive and elections committee members had voted to allow club members who had paid dues to change their registration to Democrat up to the start of the Monday night meeting.

"Isn't it true that if you weren't a member by the close of business of the last meeting, you can't vote in this meeting? And if you weren't a Democrat at close of business of the last meeting, you weren't a member," challenged one club member.

"The name of Alice B. Toklas may



The general membership rejecting a move by club president Roberto Esteves to allow Republicans who changed their registration to Democrat in the last 30 days to vote at Monday's Alice endorsement meeting.

be for sale," said longtime member Ann Daley, "the name of the Democratic party is not for sale."

"I did not found the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Republican Club," said Jim Foster, who started the organization. "Let's keep this a Democratic party club."

The debate over eligibility raged on for nearly half an hour, becoming so heated and ugly that President Esteves once told members, "This is a debate, and I expect you to show some respect. You can vote any way you want, but I don't want to hear any more hissing."

When the attacks and counter-attacks finally ended, the majority of club members voted to toss out the nine challenged ballots. Most of the challenged voters were Molinari supporters, but even if all nine of the disqualified votes had been cast for him, it would not have given the supervisor the 60 percent of the votes needed for the endorsement.

Appearances by the five candidates, who were limited to two minutes each, came near the end of the voting period, and seemed almost anti-climactic after the eligibility battle. Molinari spoke last

because he had already received the backing of the club's political action committee, and seized the opportunity to turn the tables on Agnos after last month's debate sponsored by the Alice, Stonewall and Harvey Milk Democratic Clubs, and Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights.

Agnos was the final speaker at that debate, and in the closing moments raised the issue of possible Navy discrimination against lesbians and gay men applying for jobs created by the homeporting of the battleship *Missouri* in San Francisco. Whether Agnos' timing was a political ploy, or, as he later claimed, he simply didn't have the opportunity to make his point earlier within the format of the debate, the results were the same: Molinari was left without an opportunity to respond. Monday night, Molinari had the last word.

"Let's not be demagogic about it," said Molinari. "Today, Harry Britt and I introduced an amendment to require that San Francisco's human rights ordinance apply to any Memorandum of Understanding between the Navy and the city of San Francisco."

"Now let me ask you one final question," continued Molinari, setting up Agnos for his final blow. "The State of California has a National Guard, the State of California has contracts with the United States government. I want to ask you, why haven't other candidates stood up and opposed those contracts that require the same kind of language [to protect gay men and lesbians against discrimination]?"

The *Missouri* homeporting has finally become a major issue for the candidates as they woo the gay community. Former City Chief Administrative Officer Roger Boas, who seemed ill at ease at the last debate, has changed his tune on the *Missouri* from complete favor to conditional support.

"I'm in favor of the *Missouri*, [but] I've taken a stand that if hiring is not absolutely fair and square, I won't support it," said Boas, who also vowed to support educational programs to "demystify anything that has to do with homosexuality," work with police and community organizers to stop anti-

gay violence, and appoint qualified gay men, lesbians and bisexuals.

City Attorney Louise Renne was forced to undo damage done by a newspaper report that she had written off the lesbian/gay vote to Agnos and Molinari, and used the opportunity to take a swipe at her opponents.

"I haven't had a lot of time to buy a lot of memberships [in political clubs for supporters], I haven't had time to try and twist your arms, and I haven't even tried to," said Renne. "As the campaign unfolds and the real election takes place in November and December, look over the long haul. Who hasn't switched their party? Who hasn't changed their philosophy? Who's been there with you all the way? Louise Renne for mayor is a candidacy that is going to win, and when it's done and over, we'll walk together."

While Molinari's supporters cast more votes, Agnos' backers were more vocal when their candidate spoke, wildly applauding as the assemblyman worked the audience into a frenzy, claiming an alliance with Toklas members on a number of growth issues, district elections, vacancy control and opposition to the *Missouri*.

"This year, San Francisco's going to have a real race for mayor," said Agnos. "We've been out in front on all of the progressive issues that make a difference as to what kind of city we're going to have, that all of us can live in at a rate that we can afford."

Although many members said that either Molinari, Agnos or Renne would make a good mayor, loyalties within the club were clearly divided. Even Supervisor Harry Britt, who enjoyed near-unanimous support during his recent run for Congress, was booed and called a "sell-out" when he spoke out for Molinari.

With such a hotly contested voting process, it is evident that Alice executives and general members will have to reach a new understanding on rules for the endorsement run-off instead of relying on club traditions. The final vote, which would have been held at the club's next meeting on August 10, could be delayed until the September meeting.

Littlejohn

Continued from page 3

A police officer testified that the conduct was not considered to be prostitution.

The publisher of the *Bay Area Reporter*, Bob Ross, testified for Littlejohn at the hearing. He and gay rights advocate Hal Call said modeling ads

are not prostitution ads. Their testimony was refuted by police officer Bob Davis, who said that models advertising in the *B.A.R.* offered prostitution. He defined "prostitution" as a person getting sexual gratification from the person he is paying — no matter what she paid party is doing.

Littlejohn was president of the Society for Individual Rights in the

1970s and was the founder of the Pride Foundation and the Community Thrift Store, a gay charity. He made headlines in 1984 when he began a petitioning effort to close local gay bathhouses because of the AIDS crisis.

Hennessey has had wide support in the lesbian and gay community. He has hired numerous gay people and advanced some to administrative and staff positions. The sheriff is frequently seen at gay functions and has numerous friends among gay activists. He has also established an AIDS Task

Force within the jail and is distributing condoms to prisoners as they are released.

Littlejohn said he would have no comment until he has read the full report by the hearing officer. He could appeal his termination in Superior Court.

Bork

Continued from page 5

die for the Supreme Court for many years to come," says Roberta Achtenberg of the Lesbian Rights Project. Achtenberg says that although the Reagan Administration is pointing to the broad coalition of people opposing the nomination and accusing them of "politicizing" the issue, it is Reagan who made a political appointment in the first place.

"The most important reason for lesbians and gays to oppose this nomination is that it is purely an ideological nomination," she says. "They shouldn't be fooled. It is absolutely legitimate for us to be concerned. Bork has shown himself to be more homophobic than most judges."

Although Bork's record is bleak, the potential to block his confirmation is not, according to Urvasi Vaid of the NGLTF.

"People cannot just give up on this thing," asserts Vaid. "I think that despite the fact that people feel that the president's nomination is a *fait accompli*, I think there's a real chance that we can block this thing."

Vaid says the vast number and broad coalition of groups opposing the Bork nomination is a potent threat to Senate passage. Additionally, she views Senator Biden's commitment to put off the hearings until September as a good

sign, despite Republican pressure to hold the hearings earlier.

Democratic leaders in the Senate, including Ted Kennedy, have already taken a position opposing Bork. However, California senators have not yet stated their views.

Martha Phan, a spokesperson for Senator Cranston's office, said the senator has not taken a final position, and will not do so until after the hearings.

In a statement made the day Reagan nominated Bork, Cranston said, "The nomination raises a red flag... President Reagan's refusal to answer any questions about the nomination indicates that the president realizes how difficult a time he will have getting this nomination through. If, as I surmise, the president has based his nomination on Judge Bork's ideology, then he has established a criterion that the Senate must also use in evaluating Judge Bork."

Cranston called "particularly disturbing" Judge Bork's position against the *Roe v. Wade* decision, which legalized abortion.

While some activists are confident that Cranston will eventually publicly oppose the nomination, T.J. Anthony says a simple statement of opposition is not enough.

"It's not good enough to oppose the nomination," he stresses. "You must work actively against it."

Many local leaders in the gay community, including Roberta Achtenberg and Leonard Graff of National Gay Rights Advocates, see Senator Wilson's vote as key to strategy. They say that while Wilson has not been strong on gay issues before, he has more recently been actively courting the gay vote.

Continued on next page

CAN WE TALK ?

EXOTIC BIRDS

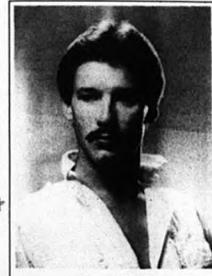
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Denmark Passes Gay Rights Law

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK — Laws prohibiting discrimination on the basis of race, creed, and color were amended to include "sexual orientation" by the Danish Parliament on May 8.

Leftist parties felt the amendment was needed because they believed AIDS hysteria might lead to anti-gay discrimination. The center-right minority government had opposed the bill.

First Congressional Supporter Dies

PHILADELPHIA, PA — The first member of Congress to meet with a member of a gay rights group died of a heart attack on June 22 in a Philadelphia hospital. Former Representative Robert N.C. Nix, Sr. was 88.

Nix was the only member of the entire House of Representatives or the Senate who agreed to meet personally with an official of the Mattachine Society of Washington in 1962, according to Frank Kamenny, who was president of the organization at the time.

AIDS Virus Engineered

Two East German researchers have been circulating a 52-page paper arguing that the AIDS virus could not have evolved naturally. Jacob and Lilli Segal base their position on a comparison of genetic information among the AIDS, HTLV-1 and Visna viruses. They point

out in an article in *Science* (Jan. 11, 1985) in which Matthew Gonda and others demonstrated that only six percent of the genome of the AIDS virus resembles that of HTLV-1 and consequently is far too different from the two members of the HTLV family to belong to that family. The Segals say the AIDS virus more closely resembles the Visna virus, which causes a brain disease in sheep and has an incubation period of one to 14 years.

The researchers charge that the AIDS virus was engineered at the US Army's facility for recombinant DNA research at Fort Detrick, Maryland, and injected into long-term prisoners who had been promised their freedom in exchange for participating in the 1977 experiment. The Segals say that when the prisoners showed no immediate symptoms, they were released. The first cases of AIDS occurred in New York in 1979, two years after the opening of the Army's recombinant DNA research facility.

Mexican Gays/ Lesbians Harassed

MEXICALI, MEXICO — Mexico's gay population has come under attack from an official "Moralizing Campaign" in the form of false accusations, threats, arbitrary arrests, and blackmail.

Grupo Y QUE! of Tijuana is calling on individuals and democratic organizations to write protest letters demand-

ing freedom of passage, meeting, and organizing for gays and lesbians; an end to the repression of the gay/lesbian community in Mexico; respect for their physical and moral integrity as human beings; removal of state officials who have profited from blackmailing homosexuals.

Letters should be addressed to: C. Lic. Xicotencatl Leyva M., Gobernador del Estado de Baja California Centro Civico, Mexicali, B.C., Mexico; C. Lic. Roberto Morales G., Procurador Gral de Justicia en el Estado de B.C., Poder Judicial Centro Civico, Mexicali, B.C., Mexico; and C. Francisco Santana Peralta, Presidente Municipal, Palacio Municipal Centro Civico, Mexicali, B.C., Mexico.

Smeal Steps Down

Ellie Smeal, president of the National Organization for Women (NOW), the country's largest feminist organization, has announced that she will step down when her term ends this month. Smeal says she decided against running for another term because she wants to work more actively to get women elected and involved in the political mainstream.

The two candidates for president are Molly Yard of Ligonier, PA, who is NOW's national political director, and Noreen Connell, president of New York state NOW. Elections are scheduled for the annual convention July 17-19 in Philadelphia.

Items from this week's column are based on reports from the Washington Blade, Philadelphia Gay News, Bravol, Advocate, and GLC Voice.

Bork

Continued from previous page

"People in California should be writing letters to Senator Pete Wilson," urges Graff. "Wilson is viewed by some as a moderate Republican. It's important for everyone to take ten minutes out of their day and write a letter."

"I think it's important not to discount Wilson," says Anthony. "Wilson is running for re-election and he is particularly vulnerable... on issues as fundamental as this."

Kevin Elliot, a spokesperson for Wilson, said Wilson has not yet decided whether to oppose or support the Bork nomination. "At this point Senator Wilson has not taken a position one way or the other.... He wants the opportunity to review all the relevant decisions that [Bork] has made, and those are currently being gathered by the Senate Judiciary Committee."

NGLTF urges California gay and lesbian voters to write to Senators Pete Wilson and Alan Cranston to express their opposition to this nomination. Letters to the senators should be ad-

ressed to: US Senate, Washington, DC 20510. Carbon copies may be sent to NGLTF at 1517 U Street NW, Washington, DC 20009.

To assist the Feminist Men's Alliance in circulating petitions, call 337-2061. ■

Chron Con

Continued from page 3

resulted in enforcement action."

Michioku said that the additional materials requested of Agnos had already been submitted to the Commission. "They will be reviewed and appropriate action taken," she stated.

Michioku added that Commission requests for clarification and amendments to the financial disclosure statements submitted by public officials in the state were "not an unusual occurrence". However, the *Chronicle* felt the Commission's request for clarification and amendments to Agnos' financial disclosure statement was front-page news.

"The *Chronicle* is clearly out to destroy Art's candidacy," charges

Scott Schafer, a staff worker in the Agnos campaign, "because he's an outsider who represents changes in city Hall. Those changes include things like rent control on vacant apartments, opposition to homeporting the *Missouri*, district elections, and limits on downtown growth. The *Chronicle* is on the opposite side of each of those issues and is worried that Art's candidacy is gaining too much momentum."

Added Schafer, "There is nothing in this story that is new. Everything in that story we told them back in April when we met with the *Chronicle*. The largest sum of money, \$275,000 of the \$325,000 they mentioned, was just reported on the wrong page of the statement. The other \$50,000 was reported as income in 1983 but was not reported again in 1984. It was a technical error."

Ron Smith, the campaign manager of the Molinari candidacy, refused comment on the *Chronicle* story. Dave Farrell was unavailable for comment. ■

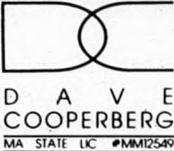
Ron loved to travel and his many trips took him all over the US, Mexico and the Caribbean. Camping in the great outdoors was his favorite pastime. He loved his Setsons, the rodeo, two-stepping to country music, and pinocle.

Ron is survived by his beloved parents Frank and Dorothy, his sisters Linda and Connie and their families. He shared his joy and zest for life with many friends in the Bay Area. He will be sadly missed by Eric, Linda and Jim, as well as many close friends.

Donations in his name may be made to the San Francisco AIDS Foundation or Shanti Project.

A memorial service will be held at Shanti Project, 525 Howard Street, on Monday, July 20, at 7:30 pm.

Ron's gifts of love and laughter created joy and welcome for all he called "friend." He showed us all how people can truly live with AIDS. ■



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TRANSITIONS

Ron Cary

Our friend Ron Cary died peacefully in his sleep on July 9, 1987, after living



with AIDS for 5 1/2 years.

As the longest surviving person with AIDS, Ron was proud of his many contributions to the heightened public awareness of AIDS. The first support group for people with AIDS was held at his home. He was one of the original organizers for the Candlelight March and was instrumental in the development of the People With AIDS Switchboard and the National PWA Network.

Born in Idaho in 1947 and raised in Nevada, Ron moved to San Francisco in 1974. Soon after, he began decorating cakes in his home before opening the Cake Gallery South of Market.

His home was filled with his collection of animal art, and his creativity was manifest in his lush garden and his artwork.

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

murdering young men, but to characterize them as gay is unwarranted and damaging.

Kay Lieberknecht

'Safe' Fellatio

To the Editor:

After attending three "safe-sex" workshops, and talking to numerous people, I've come to a different conclusion than what is commonly reported in the gay and straight press. Most gay men are not practicing "safe-sex" as defined by the SF AIDS Foundation, but "possibly safe" sex or a mixture thereof. Nowhere is this more true than un-grandmotherly-like kissing and in that classic (all-time perennial favorite) homosexual act, fellatio, or fellatio interruptus. But then, a number of people have suggested that oral sex is safe, including a Nobel prize-winning epidemiologist. To quote him in part:

"Oral sex should cause it: We have evidence that the virus is in saliva of infected animals. It has been demonstrated in a few human salivas. But to my know-

ledge there isn't an example of AIDS in those whose only sexual contact with others is fellatio. To play the devil's advocate to the fire-and-brimstone preacher, tell everybody to switch to oral sex and more of it! I state this as a joke, but some gay physicians told us that in advising gays to curtail their promiscuity, we were paying homage to our puritan ancestors rather than following the rational outcome of our investigations." (*D. Carleton Gajdusek, OMNI, March '86*)

The AIDS virus is delicate, they say, and cannot survive the terrors of the human digestive system. One workshop facilitator said he coated the inside of his mouth with a lubricant containing Nonoxonyl-9 and swallowed some before performing oral sex for protection. Unfortunately, these are all H₂O soluble.

But still the doubts linger. Even if you stop before orgasm what about the pre-ejaculate which also possibly contains smaller amounts of the virus? What's a boy to do? What about lesions inside the mouth (from biting your tongue or cheek, flossing, burns from eating hot foods, etc.), thus resulting in the dreaded semen-to-blood contact?

A possible answer from my fertile imagination is to invent a non-toxic mouth coating with Nonoxonyl-9 that is not H₂O soluble. Nonoxonyl-9 has a long history of heterosexuals consuming copious amounts with no ill effects. This coating should be highly alkaline, but act as a protective sealant for open cuts in the oral cavity to prevent infection.

Does something like this exist already and is it used by dentists? Is it possible? I have no idea. To wait for a major pharmaceutical company to come up with a product like this is not realistic at this time.

So, budding entrepreneurs, yuppies, and guppies — there you have it — my idea. It's yours for free. Research it, develop it, market it. Make lots of money. Home-brew it for all I care. When you're done let me know. But don't wait too long.

Mike Kelley

Ladies' Bigotry

The following letter was sent to the editor-in-chief of the Ladies' Home Journal.

To the Editor:

I was shocked at the ignorance and bigotry displayed in the "Your Body, Your Health" survey in the July issue

of Ladies' Home Journal.

Question #50, "What precautions have you taken against AIDS exposure?" included in its choice of answers "Avoid homosexuals." I find it beyond belief that you would dare to print such blatantly irresponsible and false information. Aside from the well-established fact that AIDS is not contracted through casual or social contact with any affected person, the unfortunate experience of too many people from all walks of life has shown that AIDS is not a "gay disease." Since you publish from the "media capital" of the country, and since your partner in conducting this survey is the Center for Health Communication at the Harvard School of Public Health, one would expect you to have the sophistication and access to information that would make you aware of these facts.

Perhaps your use of this response was designed to elicit the attitudes of your readers and to determine any existence of AIDS-related folk mythologies. If so, you would have done better to have just left a blank in which the reader could supply her own response. But your decision instead to imply that "avoiding homosexuals" is a way of avoiding exposure to AIDS is not only

dishonest but dangerous as well.

It is likely that I am not a "typical" *LHJ* reader. I am a 36-year-old lesbian living in a West Coast city with a large population of lesbian, gay, bisexual and single people. But my interest in popular culture leads me to read a range of periodicals from *The New York Times Magazine* and *The New Yorker* to *People* and *TV Guide*. I have been pleased to note that "women's magazines" have been moving away from their stereotypical "babies and recipes" image to provide intelligent discussion of controversial social issues (such as the article on surrogate mothers in that same July issue of *LHJ*). But you have set back your own cause, as well as those of AIDS researchers and gay civil rights groups, with one small line of print — and you have endangered your readers as well. Let these "average women" believe that by remaining in homogeneous communities they are forever safe from AIDS. By lying about gay people, you have not only perpetuated the ugliness of homophobia, but you also have placed your readers in a potentially fatal pool's paradise.

Kate Brandt

Gerry Parker

Continued from page 4

tions would be asked, and even our friends would be held accountable. He kept a high, independent integrity that was important to our community." Wilson was massaging Parker when his breathing stopped.

Jane Murray, Parker's sister, recalled that at 12, her brother showed his first overt interest in politics. He worked to elect the mayor of Nashua, NH, his hometown. She recalled that he had had three radios going on election night, so he would not miss any of the results. By age 16, he was in Washington, DC, serving as a page to Congressman Gerald Ford, and then later he was an aide to Massachusetts Governor John Volpe.

While attending Georgetown University, Parker surprised all with a write-in campaign as he ran and won election to the New Hampshire state legislature. At 21, he was the youngest legislator in that body's history. He served two terms — and graduated from college. Restless after his term expired, Parker moved to Los Angeles where he helped



Activist Gerry Parker seeking support for a labor cause.

form the Stonewall Democratic Club and served on the campaign staff of Wally Albertson for Assembly. Soon he was chair of the gay caucus of the California Democratic Party and was an aide to State Senator Alfred Song.

When the anti-gay Briggs initiative qualified in 1978, Parker moved to San Francisco. He became president of the Stonewall Democratic Club and was intensely involved in numerous gay

causes, such as forming a Deuk-Watch, to harass the governor at his public appearances because of his veto of gay rights and AIDS legislation. He worked for Gore Vidal's effort to be elected to the Senate.

Parker fantasized about San Francisco becoming politically controlled by gay people. Realizing that was highly improbable, he began studying law in the evenings to become an attorney in Provincetown, which he considered to be the most exciting city on the East Coast because of its large gay population. Parker's companion for four years, Billy Amberg, recalled that he did not give parties but spent considerable time on the telephone and organizing his extensive clipping files. Much of his limited income from clerking and janitorial jobs went to pay for telephone bills, expenses for traveling to conferences, and donations to gay causes.

"I loved him," said Amberg. "He was cantankerous and always interesting. We traveled to Europe together in 1982, and Gerry went on his own to see all of Europe on a train pass. When he returned, we had to go to Northern Ireland because he wanted to be part of a political hunger strike there. Gerry was always political — 24 hours a day."

When AIDS began to seriously limit

Parker's activities one year ago, his friend Ben Gardiner gave him a room at his Duboce Triangle residence. Gardiner says, "Gerry resisted getting any help at first, but friends, Shanti, and Kaiser all helped him with the necessities. Friends came to see him on a regular basis and assisted him as he attended gay political marches, rallies, and meetings — with considerable difficulty."

Gardiner recalled meeting Parker in 1978, a few days before Harvey Milk was killed, and related an incident that was typical of Parker. Gardiner and Parker joined with others to attend a national Democratic Party mid-term session in Memphis. He remembered, "We arrived and set out for two gay bars that we found to be closed. There was no gay activism, but within a week, Gerry had a rally for gay people on a cold, icy night in the All-America mall. Fifty people attended — a first for Memphis. We then rented walkie-talkies and went to the conference. Gerry disrupted a staff meeting with his demand for gay rights and was booted. Gay political leaflets were distributed. The FBI was following Gerry everywhere — even into the restroom. We did not get the Harvey Milk Memorial we wanted, but we did get two minutes of silence on the conference floor."

In recent months, Gardiner explained, "Gerry's mind was always going, but while it was ahead with enthusiasm — his body fell back. He felt compelled to go to every gay political event, convinced that his personality had to be there." Most recently, he spoke in Burlingame to a statewide doctor's session discussing the possibility of quarantining people with AIDS. The chair, Dr. Carl Smith, said Parker's talk to a crowded attentive room was impressive, as "some of these doctors had never heard from a person with AIDS before." There were many other meetings Parker attended in between hospital confinements.

There was a lighter side to Parker. Often, after one of his loudest, most serious political speeches, he would turn and impishly grin to a friend. Few people knew that he had been an advance man for Ringling Brothers Circus for one year — arranging ticket sales and hay for the elephants. He recently said that returning as a circus ringmaster would be fun.

Parker is survived by his parents, Barbara and Charles Parker of New Hampshire; his sister, Jane Murray; and his grandmother, Helen Parker. His parents were in attendance at the memorial service here. Parker is to be buried in New Hampshire at his request.

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CC Volunteers

The Contra Costa County AIDS Task Force recently announced the dates for its next training session for new volunteer recruits: September 12, 13, 19, and 20. The four-day training is an all-inclusive tutorial on AIDS and exercises on grief, death and dying, and counseling AIDS patients and their families.

People who are interested in applying to work as a Task Force volunteer should call the Task Force at (415)

372-2525 between the hours of 10 am and 2 pm or write CCCATF, 1111 Ward Street, Room 313, Martinez, CA 94553.

Training of new volunteers is now scheduled for four times a year, a schedule now necessary to meet the demand for peer counselors and for people to serve on resource, legislative and education committees.

Task Force volunteers now number over 100, serving over 50 AIDS patients in Contra Costa County. □

Citizens for Medical Justice

An open community meeting sponsored by Citizens for Medical Justice will be held on Thursday, July 23, at 7:30 pm at the Women's Building at 3543 18th Street at Valencia. A panel of invited speakers will facilitate discussion of the most immediate AIDS-related problems currently facing our community, including discrimination and the Doolittle bills, treatment and funding issues, and "where we stand" in combating both the disease and those forces who are impeding our efforts. A plan of action will be developed, specific protests will be scheduled, and all will be encouraged to participate.

Citizens for Medical Justice is an affinity group that is committed to engaging in all non-violent actions available to us to achieve our common goal: conquering AIDS through scientifically sound, non-politicized efforts, with our dignity, civil rights, and lives intact. Join us in fighting for our lives!

For more information, call 552-8877. □

Gay California '87 Pageant

Contestants are being sought for the state's No. 1 gay titles: the 9th Annual Mr. & Miss Gay California Pageant to be held on Sunday, August 9, in San Diego, at the West Coast Production Company, 1845 Hancock St.

Male (Mr.) contestants will appear first in casual wear, then swim suits, and (Miss) female impersonators will appear first in casual wear, then evening gowns. The winners will be selected by a panel of qualified judges from throughout the state. Mr. and Miss Gay Cal-

ifornia 1987 will receive cash prizes and beautiful huge trophies four feet tall! Entry fee for contestants is \$60, and sponsorship may be a bar, business, organization or individual. All contestants must be at least 21 years of age.

Special Master and Mistress for the August 9 event will be one of America's No. 1 video and magazine stars, Rick Donovan, and the legendary Nicole.

The exciting contest will include outstanding entertainment and dancing with only a \$5 door charge. Doors open at 8 pm and the event begins promptly at 9 pm.

Interested contestants, or sponsors wanting applications or further information should contact Eagle Productions, PO Box 33915, San Diego, CA 92103 — (619) 692-1967. □

Western Women's History

The Coalition for Western Women's History (CWWH) sponsors the first national conference to explore how conditions of race and class have affected Western women's history in "The Women's West: Race, Class, and Social Change," at SF State University's Seven Hills Conference Center, Thursday-Saturday, August 13-15.

The conference features keynote addresses by Dr. Vicki Ruiz, UC Davis History Department (*A History of Mexican Women in the Southwest*) and San Francisco author Ruthanne Lum McCunn (*Thousand Pieces of Gold: Some Personal Histories*) on lives of Chinese-American women. Panel and workshop topics include feminist media in the classroom, working-class women on the frontier, black women in the West, Chicanas in theatre and literature, women of the

California Gold Rush, and women in the Los Angeles labor movement, among others. Receptions, films, and local tours are also offered.

The conference is open to the public; there is an optional \$10 registration fee. A meal and housing package is available. Deadline for reservations is July 25; call Elizabeth Whipple (861-0202) for details. □

Week of Prayer for PWAs

Once again the clergy and the people of Most Holy Redeemer Parish are planning their Third Annual Week of Prayer for persons with AIDS/ARC, their loved ones, families and friends. It is to be held July 26-August 2, 1987.

This year our theme is "Choose Life." We have taken great strides in educating ourselves, our community, and the rest of the country about AIDS/ARC. All of us are challenged by

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death to choose life each day, especially life in abundance.

We ask you to support our theme "Choose Life." We invite all Bay Area residents of all faiths, especially persons with AIDS/ARC, their loved ones, families and friends to join us for this week in celebration of life. A life of the healing spirit, a life of hope, a life of togetherness, a life of wellness, and a life of celebration.

If you need further information, call 863-6259. □

Sha'ar Zahav's Tenth Anniversary

On Saturday, August 8, Congregation Sha'ar Zahav will hold its tenth anniversary celebration. In 1977, the founding members of this unique congregation had an exciting vision. They wanted to create a progressive supportive Jewish congregation with special outreach to lesbians and gay men. In ten short years, that vision has become a reality. Members of Congregation Sha'ar Zahav have built a home. They've written a unique liturgy and published their own nonsexist prayer books. They've created a place of worship for Jews of diverse backgrounds, numbering over 300, which include: young, old, gay, non-gay, Jews by choice, and a growing number of lesbian and gay parents and their children. Sha'ar Zahav is an extended family offering support, community, and a sense of *mishpucha* (family).

In 1983, after a very successful building fund campaign, Congregation Sha'ar Zahav bought its own synagogue, and this unique congregation had a home of its own. Activities of the congregation are characterized by a commitment to community service and social justice. Its many projects assist the Jewish, and gay and lesbian communities. Some of these include:

- Being a major ongoing contributor to the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Food Bank.
- Helping to maintain the vigil for Soviet Jewry.
- Raising thousands of dollars for the American Association for Ethiopian Jews.
- Establishing a Covenant of Sanctuary to shelter refugees from oppressed nations.
- Reaching out to congregants in need as well as to the Jewish elderly throughout San Francisco by bringing food, companionship, and aid through the congregation's Bikur Cholim committee, and
- Maintaining an account at the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank for any member in need through the work of the Women's Havurah.

Congregation Sha'ar Zahav is soon to publish *Out of Our Kitchen Closets: San Francisco Gay Jewish Cooking*, a wonderful new cookbook

that captures the flavor of the Sha'ar Zahav family. (Part of the proceeds from the sale of every cookbook will be donated to the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Food Bank.)



Fanfare

The Dick Kramer Gay Men's Chorus will present "Fanfare The Fifth Anniversary Concert" to commemorate five years of musical excellence in the San Francisco Bay Area.

"I've selected many of our old and new favorites, and I think our audiences are going to really enjoy the musical memorabilia we'll be presenting," said Dick Kramer, musical director and founder of the Chorus. "It's just going to be a fun evening. I'm sure of it!"

Some featured composers in the upcoming anniversary concert are: Benjamin Britten, Gordon Getty, Johannes Brahms, and Charles Ives.

"Throughout the concert, we will be remembering our friends over the years who helped bring us to the community," Kramer said. "Some of these songs are a dedication to those people, some are a memorial to those who are no longer with us."

The July concert series features three locations: in Berkeley, Tuesday, July 21, at 8 pm, First Unitarian Church in Kensington; in San Francisco, Saturday, July 25, at 8 pm, First Unitarian Church at Franklin and Geary; and in Sausalito, Sunday, July 26, at 4 pm, the Sausalito Presbyterian Church.

Tickets for the series will be available mid-July at all Headlines stores and Ticketron outlets. Prices are, in advance, \$8 general, \$6 students/seniors; at the door, \$10 general, \$8 students/seniors. To charge tickets, call 392-7469, or to order by mail, send check or money order to: D.K.G.M.C., 827 Duboce Avenue, San Francisco 94117. □

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PERSONAL BEST

REV. JOHN H. EASTWOOD, JR.

Care for Caregivers

The following article is drawn from a speech the author gave at the Interfaith Conference on AIDS/ARC on March 22 in San Francisco.

I hope that in my remarks you will find some helpful connections that will strengthen you in your own efforts as a caregiver. I feel a sense of love and support towards caregivers because we walk the same ground together — each in our own way. We all have the concern to care for those who are dying, and that caring means providing the best quality of life possible for them. It is also important to remember, I think, that this same ground includes our own dying.

That point struck home with me one time when Bill Barcus and I were administering communion to a brother priest on Ward 5B at General. Before the service started, we talked of the fear of dying, and Bill took the patient's hand and said, "Remember, we're all in this together." Whether we see ourselves as sick or well, we fool ourselves when we deny the dying within us. Our lives are filled with a variety of losses — emotional and physical. As a caregiver,

grief load within and around me, the tears that would surprise me when they flowed, as well as the tears that always seemed to wet my eyes — the depression which I discovered when some days I could barely have the energy to put one foot in front of the other — the anger with myself because I could not produce adequate sermons or say the right words to a patient — the anger with patients because they were so demanding — and the guilt for feeling

despair and burn-out come to us all too quickly. There are experiences of joy amidst death. When you think about it, it is there in a variety of ways.

When a patient moves through the stages of dying and comes to acceptance, and out of a deep spirituality, is able to express concern for others, including myself, I find great encouragement and joy. When in our healing, requiems, or memorial services, we sense a greater intimacy with one another and with those who have gone before, I find that joyful. When I witness in the sick or the well a sense of inner peace, goodness, and compassionate love, I find myself in joy. And this comes out of our community experience. I think that

with a family in the Midwest, for example. So, after some training by Bob Arpin at Catholic Social Services, I drew together a pastoral care team to share with me in this ministry. I needed that help, and the parish needed to have the confidence that this structure could give in the midst of our fears and anxieties. We started a support group for those experiencing loss that would meet for four to six weeks at different intervals during the year. Also, we added the liturgy of healing to our Eucharist on the first Sunday of the month. That, I feel, is a powerfully supportive experience.

How do I care for myself in my own personal context? The best answer I can give is... daily. I have read about stress and all the ways for handling it. My problem is that I don't follow recipes very well. In general, I don't exercise as much as I should, my nutrition is not up

give thanks for whatever their lives gave me. Sometimes I feel they are somehow still with us, and after a while the tears come and I stop to cry — tears of grief, or relief, or joy, sometimes all three together.

Another thing I have learned to do is to admit to myself my own limitations. I pace myself on the frequency of my hospital visits. If I know that I am not in a good space with my grief, then I know that I will be of no use to the patient.

Perhaps the most dramatic example of this is not with a patient, but with our Sunday morning congregation. On a Sunday in January I found myself unable to finish sermon preparation early that morning. I had a lot of notes on paper, but I could not focus myself on the task. I decided that whatever it was, I just could not get it together. I walked upstairs and told Judy, my wife, "I can't preach this morning!" I sat down on the bed next to her and started to cry.

I realized in that moment that the grief of losing a friend and parishioner that week had become like a knot that was choking all my energy. Later, at the service at St. John's, I explained what had happened to me. I invited the congregation just to sit in silence and pray during the sermon time and to close with a favorite hymn. The reaction from people after the service was one of appreciation for my letting them know that I was just as fragile and weak as they. By acknowledging our limitations to ourselves and to others, we set an honest and compassionate atmosphere for caregiving.

I want to close by saying that each time we allow ourselves to be influenced by those we care for, we invite ourselves to risk not knowing how they will affect us. But it is in this common sharing of risk that loneliness is overcome, and that something new is born, something that is healing for both patient and caregiver, that even though there is death, there is also life, and we, in our risking to be involved, become signs of hope in this world.

This article is the first in a bi-weekly series by different writers sharing personal insights into change, healing, spiritual growth and transformation. If you have something to share through this column, contact Van Auhl, Holistics Editor, SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes Street, SF, CA 94102, 864-1362.



John Eastwood is Rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, and created a pastoral care team for his ministry to people with AIDS.

Each time we allow ourselves to be influenced by those we care for, we invite ourselves to risk not knowing how they will affect us.

I find over and over again I need to pay attention — to acknowledge and mourn the deaths within myself so that I can relate with intimacy and care to others. All this is our common ground.

The usual setting for my caregiving is a parish church. I am the Rector of the Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, located in the Mission District, with a congregation of about 130 active people; over half are gay or lesbian. I came to St. John's with my family from Indianapolis in February 1985. At that time I had no direct experience with AIDS. I knew only what I had read in the newspapers.

I could not anticipate all of the burden this ministry would mean to me — all of the turmoil and confusion, the

that way — the anger with God for not stopping this tragedy. (God and I have a pretty good relationship — I view our relationship as a kind of lovers' quarrel when I shake my fist towards the clouds which I have done many nights out on the back porch.) In two years at St. John's, we have seen ten funerals of AIDS patients; in each case, all that I have just described has only been a part of the experience. The other side to the pain is the joy. That, too, I could not have anticipated.

I mention this, the experience of joy, because this is one of the experiences that helps us take care of ourselves. Our society by and large sees death as the ultimate threat, and if we give the death experience that kind of meaning, then

wherever you have community, you will experience joy as we care for patients, friends, and for one another.

Before I leave the community context, I should mention that early in 1985, I realized that I needed support in my AIDS ministry. It seemed that every month or two, someone we knew in our church parish was being diagnosed. Some came to St. John's because they wanted to die in our church community and otherwise would have been alone

to par, some days I don't do any praying, and I will go for a long time before I get to see a show.

What I do, daily, or often, is the following. I walk Cedric, our shaggy dog, twice a day up to the park and look out at the East Bay and just enjoy the view and the feel of the breeze. I give myself permission to withdraw to my study at home, to be quiet, to do some imaging, and to pray. I will spend time remembering those who have died, and

ASTROLOGER

R O B E R T C O L E

July 17-23, 1987

WEEKLY ALMANAC: Mercury and Pluto assume direct motion this week. There are no secrets in the New Age, and especially not in this coming week. Confusion over who knows what is no excuse for keeping the occult argument hidden from the general public. Defense-minded, saber-rattling fools will stand naked and wrinkled with worry. Peace is based on simple facts.

♈ ARIES, THE SHEEP (Mar 21-Apr 19): Family traffic around your otherwise peaceful environment will have you bouncing off the walls this week. Aunt Sarah needs to see a doctor, Cousin Billy keeps making a mess in the bathroom, and Baby Bobbie is crawling everywhere practicing touch 'n' pull. The hysteria drives you to your ultimate limits; you may even become addicted to the adrenalin-rush of constant crisis. But be careful of creating panic where none exists. Find immediate peace in the arms of your true love.

♉ TAURUS, THE OX (Apr 20-May 20): Pressures ease this week as you finally get to take that vacation planned months ago. Step out of the role of mighty wizard and let your elves have control of the castle. You and your sidekick have a chance to ride into a few sunsets together, a chance to whisper

sweet nothings and ponder the deeper meaning of life. Enjoy your trip! P.S. Don't be afraid to stop off at a relative's house if nearby; he/she has forgiven and forgotten your past sins.

♊ GEMINI, THE WOLF (May 21-Jun 20): The accumulation of raw cash is driving you wild. Every bone in your body tingles when you experience real financial security. Money is piling up around you everywhere. There's only one problem you may have to face this week, and it's directly related to your staunch religious upbringing. Don't be overcome by unrestrained generosity. Trying to help the poor is not appropriate right now, not even if you're starving for friendship. Save, save, save!

♋ CANCER, THE CRAB (Jun 21-Jul 22): Oh, you are so cute! You are such a live wire! You have the world dancing in the palm of your hand! But most of all you have the love and admiration of someone very special. The magic is so wonderful that you suddenly find yourself free to make really big dreams come true. Remember, you're a little older now and you may have some difficulty keeping up with the modern style of your lover. Take more time to get used to it. Last chance to mail for your free birth chart from Robert Cole,

P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

♌ LEO, THE SNAKE (Jul 23-Aug 22): Poor baby! Going through so many changes, always changes. Let go of that defensive mood which gives you the right to make things stay the same. Surrender to the opinion of others. Trust in the image of that which is more powerful than yourself. Ultimately realize that your own dreams are the cause of change. And if you think it's traumatic for you, just imagine what it's like for the others in your life. Give yourself a break!

♍ VIRGO, THE PIG (Aug 23-Sep 22): An old possibility you'd almost forgotten suddenly reappears this week. Your heart once again leaps with anticipation. The incredible potential of this connection created such outrageous stress the last time, maybe you should approach the whole idea with a more level head this time. Most importantly, structure your fantasy in long-range terms. Everyone who's involved is ready to make permanent commitments; and you must be the first to admit it.

♎ LIBRA, THE LEOPARD (Sep 23-Oct 22): This is your last week to

guzzle up as much glitz and glamor as your ego can handle. Pull out all the stops and make a pest of yourself. You want everybody in town to recognize your name. You want to be the most popular creature alive. This exuberance coincides with friends' needs to worship a hero, so stand tall as an example of blatant self-righteousness. At the end of the forecast period, an extremely different adventure awaits you.

♏ SCORPIO, THE SCORPION (Oct 23-Nov 21): You stand on the brink of success. Dreams are walking up and kissing you on the face. Reality begins to overwhelm you with satisfaction, so expand every cell in your being to embrace the rewards of your perfect work. Self-satisfaction is crucial if you want to withstand the recognition which is soon to follow. Take this final week of your Harvest Cycle to measure your own worth and set your prices. Next week, Scorpio goes on sale!

♐ SAGITTARIUS, THE HORSE (Nov 22-Dec 21): Your initiation into the occult mysteries is completed this week. Pause in meditation and merge psychically with those who have shared their secrets with you. Join forces with your many lovers and pour your hearts out. Keep personal fantasies hidden deep inside your soul; they are like seeds you can reveal later. Be thankful that present relationships are providing you with a sense of profound intimacy. Be so thankful.

♑ CAPRICORN, THE WHALE (Dec 22-Jan 19): You're as sweet as a big marshmallow this week. What a difference for a brute like you! Whoever's the lucky duck who claims you as his/her possession will surely be flabbergasted by your compassionate tenderness. Cuddle up with your lover. Fondle your fantasies. Drool uncontrollably in fits of lust. After all, you've spent so much time defining and refining the structure of this relationship, isn't it time for the next step?

♒ AQUARIUS, THE EAGLE (Jan 20-Feb 18): Out of a vast organization of working relationships, there suddenly arises a true friend. This week he/she begins to unravel the incredible psychological web you've woven around yourself. This relationship will dominate your life for the next three months as you explore secret pathways together. But, for right now, take care of any final details at work. You can't afford to be bothered with trivialities when you're ready to surrender everything in love.

♓ PISCES, THE SHARK (Feb 19-Mar 20): You'll get a chance to release tremendous, pent-up energy this week in a flurry of partying, dancing, and playing around. Youthful companions will dispel your shyness with bold gestures and daring advances. Plans and schedules can wait for another week. Go ahead, have a helluva good time! P.S. This is your last chance to make a solid impression on several younger people. Show them how to party right.

ON GUARD

JOHN S JAMES

The Washington AIDS Conference Summarizing Some New Treatments (Part III)

This article concludes the discussion of HIV-treatment papers presented at the III International Conference on AIDS, Washington, DC, June 1-5, 1987.

Note that the writeups below only summarize information presented at this particular conference. We have not had time to prepare a full background report on any of these treatments.

For the earlier articles in this series, see *San Francisco Sentinel*, June 19 and July 2. The reference numbers in the text of this article refer to the volume of abstracts of Conference papers; to obtain the abstracts discussed here, see below.

• **Foscarnet** (chemical name trisodium phosphonate hexahydrate), an antiviral developed in Sweden by ASTRA Pharmaceuticals, has shown activity against HIV, CMV, and all the herpes viruses. Side effects are usually small or moderate and they are reversible, although sometimes they are severe enough to require discontinuation of the drug. The main drawback of Foscarnet is that it needs to be administered continuously by intravenous infusion.

The results on CMV pneumonitis (THP 237) may be most important, because of the difficulty of treating this infection by other means. This study by researchers at hospitals in England treated eight CMV pneumonitis patients with Foscarnet for between eight and 26 days. All of the patients improved, and seven left the hospital.

In the CMV retinitis study (session number Th 8.1, reported here from the abstract prepared before the Conference), Foscarnet was given to 10 patients, nine with AIDS and one with severe ARC. In five of the patients, the retinitis resolved completely; in the others, it improved or stabilized. But after the drug was stopped, retinitis returned in six of the eight surviving patients. In three of them, it responded to subsequent use of the drug; the abstract does not say whether the other patients failed to respond to Foscarnet the second time, or whether other treatments were used instead.

Two HIV studies (THP 13 and THP 238), one with eight patients and the other with 14, reported a decrease in the ability to isolate HIV after Foscarnet treatment. One of these

abstracts also reported clinical improvement; the other said nothing about clinical status.

• **Glycosylation inhibitors.** This paper (TP 23) reported a successful laboratory test of an approach to preventing the virus from initially attaching to the cell, by blocking the expression of glycoproteins on the envelope of the virus. The glycosylation inhibitor used in this test was 2-deoxy-D-glucose. The authors, at universities in Philadelphia; Wilmington, DE; and Brussels, Belgium, suggested that glycosylation inhibitors might prove useful in treating AIDS.

• **GM-CSF (Granulocyte-Macrophage Colony Stimulating Factor).** This substance, produced by genetic engineering, increased the white blood count in a test of four different dosage levels on a total of 16 AIDS patients

discontinued. The French study found some success in HIV inhibition, but did not state whether there had been any clinical improvement. The New York study only reported on side effects in the abstract reviewed here.

• **Imreg 1.** Two poster sessions by the same authors (MP 218 and THP 241) reported on this substance, which is extracted from normal human white blood cells. One of the reports summarized the results of 50 patients with AIDS or ARC who have been treated repeatedly with Imreg 1 for over several months.

T-helper cells increased or did not fall in 23 of 48 patients followed for at least three months. Delayed hypersensitivity returned in 60 percent of the patients. Some patients showed clinical improvement, such as weight gain, but the abstract did not report how many benefited. The best results were found in persons starting with T-helper counts of 100 or more. A new study will enroll 150 patients with ARC or recently onset KS.

• **Isoprinosine.** This immune modulator is widely used in dozens of countries, but has long been out of fashion in the US, for reasons unclear. Persons with AIDS and ARC in this country have for several years obtained supplies from Mexico, often for use in combination with ribavirin.

One poster session at the Conference (MP 132) reported a study of

tested, the organism disappeared from the stools.

The treatment consisted of proteins extracted from the milk of cows vaccinated with a preparation of human intestinal bacteria. The milk was specially pasteurized to avoid destroying the antibodies.

The researcher concluded that "While preliminary, the results strongly suggest that a large molecular weight fraction in cow's milk effectively suppresses cryptosporidiosis in patients with AIDS." This study is important because cryptosporidiosis, which causes chronic diarrhea, has resisted treatment with available drugs.

• **Naltrexone.** A poster session at the Conference (WP 227) released more information from the same research project described in our article, "Naltrexone for AIDS/ARC," *Sentinel*, October 24, 1986. Naltrexone, a prescription drug normally used to keep opiate addicts off drugs by blocking opiate receptors so that narcotics will have no effect, is taken in very small doses before bedtime by persons with AIDS or ARC, to stimulate the pituitary to produce more endorphins, the body's "natural opiates." The result seems to enhance the immune system; in fact, the scientist who developed the Naltrexone treatment suspects that endorphins may be the physical basis for the beneficial effects of exercise and good morale.

The abstract presented at the Conference reported a double-blind,

placebo-controlled study with 39 patients, 38 with CDC-defined AIDS and one with ARC. Those getting the naltrexone showed a significant drop in a form of alpha interferon which is usually too high in these patients. After three months, the placebo study was ended, and all patients received the naltrexone.

Of the 39 patients on naltrexone, 23 showed a large decline in alpha interferon over a one-year period; 16 failed to respond. There were far more opportunistic infections and deaths in the non-responder group. As of December 1986, 81 percent of the non-responders had died, compared to 17 percent of the responders.

No side effects were seen.

These results support the earlier impression that naltrexone appears to be helpful to some people, and appears to have no drawbacks.

• **Phosphorothioate analogs of oligodeoxynucleotides.** This laboratory study by researchers at the US National Cancer Institute and Food and Drug Administration tested what may become a new class of antiviral agents (T 4.4). Different chemicals of this class were effective in different degrees against HIV in laboratory tests. At least one worked synergistically with dideoxyadenosine (DDA), an experimental antiviral related to AZT or DDC.

• **Rifabutin (ansamycin)** A study found that this drug, used to treat the opportunistic infection MAI but which

Continued on next page

Note that some of the potential vaccines being developed for AIDS are also treatments; they might work after persons have been infected with the AIDS virus, or even after they have become ill.

(MP 222). The counts returned to near their original levels two to 10 days after the drug was discontinued. The authors suggested that GM-CSF might be useful either alone, or in combination with antivirals.

Note: According to a report published after the Conference, GM-CSF might cause the AIDS virus to replicate. Anyone considering using the treatment should investigate this serious risk. (See "Cytokines Alter AIDS Virus Production," *Science*, June 26, 1987, page 1627.)

• **HPA-23.** Two studies, one in Paris and one in New York, had remarkably little to report (WP 216 and WP 218). Both found moderate side effects, especially decreases in the number of platelets, but these effects were reversible when the treatment was

Isoprinosine by researchers at Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York. The study consisted of complex laboratory tests of blood from ARC and AIDS patients who were using Isoprinosine. The highly technical abstract concluded that Isoprinosine "initiated a cascade of cellular interactions leading to restoration of cell-mediated immune responses. These interferences with the defective helper/suppressor regulatory pathways may have important therapeutic implications."

• **Milk from hyperimmune cows.** This treatment for chronic intestinal cryptosporidiosis was tried on three patients with AIDS, at the St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center in New York (THP 148). All three improved, and in the two who were



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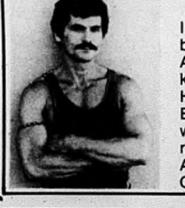
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also can inhibit HIV in larger doses, does cross the blood-brain barrier, thereby fulfilling one requirement of an HIV treatment. The drug had been given orally for several weeks. The Abstract (THP 228) does not state whether any clinical benefits or side effects were found.

A related study (THP 233) — also by researchers at SUNY in Stony Brook, NY; Long Island Jewish Medical Center in New Hyde Park, NY; and the US Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, GA — is giving increasing doses of rifabutin to patients until either antiviral or toxic effects are found. The published abstract, written before the Conference, reported neither effect at 600 mg. New information may have become available later. Incidentally, the researchers chose rifabutin because it inhibits HIV in the laboratory; has low toxicity when used to treat MAI; crosses the blood-brain barrier; and is given orally.

• **Tumor necrosis factor.** This abstract (T 4.5) reported that tumor necrosis factor and alpha interferon worked together to protect cells against HIV in the laboratory.

• **Vaccines.** Vaccine development has become a major area of AIDS research; we cannot summarize it here. Note that some of the potential vaccines being developed for AIDS are also treatments; they might work after persons have been infected with the AIDS virus, or even after they have become ill.

For More Information

For a copy of Conference abstracts on treatments, including all the abstracts referenced in this series of articles, send two dollars to: John S. James, P.O. Box 411256, San Francisco, CA 94141.

This article is number 36 in a series by the author on experimental and alternative treatments for AIDS and ARC. For information about back issues, call the author at (415) 282-0110.

New Healing Group in Castro

A new weekly healing group has been meeting in the Castro every Wednesday night from 7 to 9 pm since July 8. Facilitated by Jason Serinus, editor of *Psychoimmunity and the Healing Process: A Holistic Approach to Immunity and AIDS*, it includes resonant healing tone, guided meditation and other experiences to help foster the healing and alignment process.

The group meets at The Center for Self-Love, Growth and Healing, 552 Castro Street, Suite B, between 18th and 19th Sts. All are welcome, and donations are appreciated. For further information, please call 652-2180.

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**PRACTICE: 1952**

Mommy is dying. There is a lump growing inside her and it takes all the food. Mommy sleeps alone now and grandmother sleeps on a cot next to mommy's bed so she can hear if anything happens or she's needed. Daddy sleeps in my bed and I sleep with Sissy in her bed. Sissy says, "I sure hope there's no fire. The firemen won't know who's who, we're none of us in our right bed," but grandmother tells her please not to talk. Sissy talks all the time.

In the mornings daddy goes to work at the grocery store and grandmother gives mommy a bath. Grandmother puts baking soda in the tub so mommy won't itch. She leaves the door cracked so she can hear Sissy or me or if any company comes. Then grandmother dresses mommy in a good dress and puts her on the couch for practice. Mommy lies there with her eyes closed and grandmother tells her she was the best daughter in the world and how much she loves her. Then Sissy and I say how much we love her and then we begin. We practice things backwards pretty much to how it will really go so that what actually will happen first will be rehearsed last and will be fresh in our mind. We start by being the choir and sing some hymns. Then grandmother welcomes Sissy and me like we're the congregation and she's the preacher. She cries out —

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

Grandmother throws her arms out over the couch and cries, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," and Sissy cries, "Old things are passed away," and I cry, "Behold, all things are become new."

Then there's parts. Grandmother says, "I'll be old lady Whitaker," and then says, "Oh, you are such good children. Mind your poor daddy and be a comfort to him. I pray for you all every day," and we say, "Thank you, Miss Whitaker, God bless you." I say, "I'll be Deacon Parker," so I say, "What a loss for us all. Everyone loved your mother so much. Our thoughts are with you. Please let us know if there's anything we can do for you folks." Grandmother says, "Thank you so much. It's hard but we must bear up to the Lord's will," and Sissy says, "Thank you, Deacon Parker. God bless you." Then Sissy says, "I'll be mommy."

"Sissy," grandmother snaps.

"Mommy's being mommy," I say. Sissy makes me so mad. Let there be one little way to go wrong and Sissy goes straight that way every time. She doesn't even have to think, she just heads straight to it. Grandmother says, "I think that's enough parts."

Next is preparation of the body. We fill mommy's mouth with Q-tips. Grandmother whispers, "Be careful." Once one of the ends broke off and mommy coughed and coughed before she could hawk up the safety swab.

Now we're to the beginning. To death. Grandmother gets out the box of birthday candles, pink and blue and white. She lights one with a match and tells mommy to look at it. Mommy opens her eyes. Q-tips stick out of her mouth. Grandmother holds the candle over mommy for a minute and then blows out the candle. Smoke floats from the hot wick. Sissy is crying behind me and grandmother covers her own face with her hand. My eyes fill with tears and everything is blurry. I can hardly see as mommy lies on the couch, rehearsing how to die.

GETTING READY FOR LATER: 1955

Each night at nine after daddy closes the grocery store, Sissy and I enter through the loading dock doors in the alley. We walk through the back stockroom and push through the swinging doors to the

try to reach under the styrofoam trays wrapped in clear plastic the meat's in without making them move. It's hard. The wrappers stick to me even though I'm greased and the meat wiggles and wants to slide off my back and expose me. I concentrate on being steady because it's so cold and the metal grate my belly presses against is full of holes that blow out refrigerated air. My legs go numb and I'm scared they'll jerk and give me away.

Daddy grabs my hair and jerks my head out of the meat and slaps me as hard as he can. He's crying. He grabs a pack of franks and hits me in the face with them. "If these weenies were bullets your face would be blown off. You'd be a goner because you gave yourself away," and he dumps me back under the pink lunch meats and I get back to work. I slowly feel my way along the perforated grates for the aluminum

tom where we are. They stink and stick to you. All you can think about then is them and the cold and buzz of the cooler and fan. But just when I think I can't go any further I'm at the end. My hand touches the closed deli section and I've made it. Daddy fishes me out and kisses me on the mouth and hugs me while we wait for Sissy to finish. Then we get in our family circle and all cry about how the world is that makes learning such hard lessons necessary.

HURRICANE: 1959

What is my true face I wonder. I've been thinking about that a lot, even now as I cut open cases of Spam with an Exacto knife. A hurricane is coming. They closed school today and most stores in town are already locked and the windows boarded up. Before a hurricane is one of the busiest

FOUR OF THE TIMES MY SISTER CRIED

Fiction by Cooley Windsor

(for Dorothy Foster)

Illustration by Bill Salt



front part where the food is. Our thongs echo in the dark store and daddy calls to us as we pad past the pet supplies, the vegetable stall, and the dairy case. Against the closed venetian blinds there's the outline of the quiet cash registers. When we get to the butcher's counter we stop and take all our clothes off. Daddy pulls out the big can of oleoresin from behind the compressor where he keeps it and we smear ourselves with the thick orange wax. Dad-

ders that hold them up, and use them for a hand hold to pull myself along. I have to be especially careful not to knock over the pyramid of canned hams. With their round edges if one goes they all go and they're heavy and hurt when they hit you.

Finally I get to poultry. The chickens are easy to crawl under because they don't fit together too well. The curved breasts and pointy legs leave big spaces and the birds can be shifted around pretty much with-

It feels funny like at Christmas when you don't really care what you get but you want to look grateful and happy so the people who give you presents won't feel disappointed.

dy says, "I know what it's like in the world and it's hard to believe it's bad as it is. Everything you love can die and then you don't have anything of your own. All you can hope is that you'll be able to get away someplace safe where no one will know where you're at. That's what love does. It teaches you to be invisible." Then daddy kisses our waxy faces and lifts us up and sets us in the meat case.

We start at the cured meat end — bologna, pickle loaf, and salamis. I go first because I'm a boy. I dig under the smoked meats and start crawling the long distance. "Stay down," daddy hollers. "Son, I can see you. Move smoothly. If the meat heaves up and down you're not hidden." I

out it being noticeable on top. You should never jar anything. At most it should look like a gentle wind, a breeze blowing in the meat counter. It must never look like you.

Behind me I hear Sissy yelling, "I can't breathe." She has asthma but daddy says if she got herself killed she really couldn't breathe. What if there was war and she had to crawl under dead bodies to get away? Sissy screams when daddy goes her with a feather duster he uses to tidy up with. She's always been real scared of feathers and so she dives back under the meat and crawls like she's supposed to.

The worst part's beef. There are things that feel like boogers but are long as shoe laces and made out of blood all at the bot-

times at the grocery store so we're still here. Everybody stocks up their emergency supplies and buys bottled water and batteries and canned goods like Vienna sausages and pork and beans and stuff like that that'll keep if there's no electricity and you can eat right out of the can. It's exciting, everybody hurrying around buying everything and getting stuff done, and everyone's excited and off work so it feels like Christmas even though it's almost summer, but I keep thinking about my face. When I look in the mirror it does not look like me. I don't know how to say it. It feels funny like at Christmas when you don't really care what you get but you want to look grateful and happy so the people who give you presents won't feel disappointed. Then you have to talk louder than you would normally because you need to act as happy as your face looks. I don't know, but there's something the matter with the way my face is. And I don't think I'm alone. When I look at pictures of people I know, those aren't their true faces either. All the pictures of my mother have her smiling and her gums show all on top but they never did when she smiled in real life. Last year Uncle Charles took grandmother to the Grand Canyon right before she got too bad to be able to travel. She said that would be her personal favorite place in all the world to go to on a trip. There's a picture of her with the Grand Canyon in the back but it doesn't look real. It doesn't look like

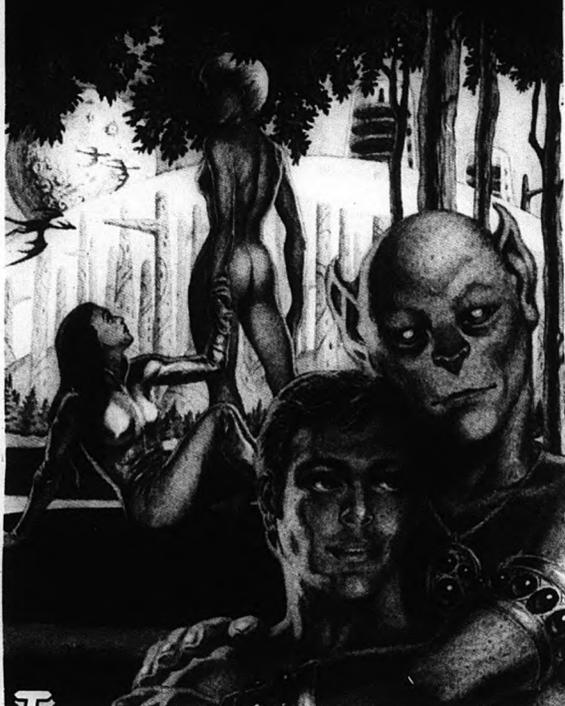
Continued on page 20

OTHER WORLDS.

A Beginner's Guide to Lesbian and Gay Science Fiction & Fantasy

KINDRED SPIRITS

an anthology of gay and lesbian science fiction stories • Jeffrey M. Elliot, editor



To enjoy science fiction and fantasy, you have to be predisposed to speculation and daydreams. You have to love asking the question, "What if...?" What if there were other ways of life, alternative cultures, worlds, lifeforms, planes of existence?

For lesbians and gay men, this kind of speculation seems almost fundamental to our psychological makeup. We have all imagined what life would be like if we were not a minority. We have all postulated a world where social customs, power structures — even biology — were to our advantage. It's all a harmless daydream, a fantasy, another way of coping with our feelings of powerlessness in society at large.

This, I suspect, is why so many lesbians and gay men have been attracted to science fiction/fantasy and why many of the genre's authors have found the subject of homosexuality irresistible. According to bibliographers and anthologists Eric Garber and Lyn Paleo, a short story published in 1953 by Theodore Sturgeon "single-handedly opened the sci-fi field to positive gay images."

"The World Well Lost" dealt with two aliens who land on Earth and immediately become media sensations. Adored by millions, they are dubbed "the lovebirds" and bask for a while in the Earthlings' overwhelming acceptance. Then word arrives from their home planet — "the lovebirds" are, in fact, homosexuals and, as

such, are considered criminals by their own people. With this announcement, public sentiment on Earth quickly turns against these space travelers and it is only with the help of a closeted gay man that they are able to take off in search of another world which might accept them and their love for each other.

In the 35 years since that story was published, lesbian and gay characters began to appear with greater frequency and less negativity. In the '60s, the "anything goes" experiments of the New Wave sci-fi/fantasy writers took the genre by storm and alternative sexuality became a hot topic. Today, it's not unusual to find a gay or lesbian character in even the most commercial sci-fi/fantasy novel. But there is also a growing number of authors who do more than use homosexuality as a token "contemporary" touch; these writers actually re-imagine our lives, providing us with provocative futures and alternate histories.

For the lesbian or gay male reader just entering the realm of spaceships, dwarves, dragons, and black holes — for the dilettante who may not know so much as a title or an author's name — how is it possible to find the genre within the genre? How do you find lesbian/gay identified sci-fi and fantasy? Up until a few years ago, it wasn't easy. Now, however, several signposts exist, some of which are more helpful than others.

The best way to wet your feet is short

fiction. It takes less time to read and allows you to browse among different styles and approaches until you find a few that intrigue you. In 1984, Alyson Publications brought out *Kindred Spirits: An Anthology of Gay and Lesbian Science Fiction Stories*, edited by Jeffrey M. Elliot. Its success quickly spawned a second volume, *Worlds Apart*, edited by Garber, Paleo, and Camilla Decarnin. Because these anthologies were put out by a gay publishing house and were edited by lesbians and gay men, you might think they would be a good place to start your excursion. Not exactly.

Unfortunately, the majority of stories in *Kindred Spirits* are either aggressively mediocre or excruciatingly bad. One finishes the book a bit depressed, wondering, "Is that the best they could find?" Part of the problem comes from including stories which rely too heavily on gimmicks, eschewing believable characterization, or including other narratives which are so badly written it's laughable. Sometimes homosexuality is so peripheral that the story doesn't even seem to belong in an anthology specifically subtitled "lesbian and gay." More than once I put the book down, deciding that the cover art (which has nothing to do with any of the stories)

with sexuality. Conner conjures up a futuristic tale of voyeurism set in a society where boredom is so rampant that artists are reduced to placing tiny, almost invisible hologram transmitters on unsuspecting people. The artists sit, watching until some image strikes their fancy. Then they freeze the frame and begin to electronically enhance it. When Dieter, the protagonist, becomes sexually attracted to his subject, a strapping city worker, he begins to question the ethics of his art form.

Both Joanna Russ' "When It Changed" and Elizabeth A. Lynn's "The Woman Who Loved the Moon" are recognized as classics. My advice for the beginning science fiction/fantasy reader would be to skip *Kindred Spirits* and seek out these two stories, which are readily available in other collections. "When It Changed" takes place on the planet Whileaway, where men are extinct. We don't know this at first because the narrator never explicitly states her sex. She speaks of her wife, of her two daughters and of her wife's daughter, but it isn't until two men from Earth arrive, trying to re-establish contact with Whileaway, that we understand that all the Whileawayians are women. The story is so subtle, so sad and funny at the same time, that it stays with

For the lesbian or gay male reader how is it possible to find the genre within the genre?

was the most interesting part of *Kindred Spirits*.

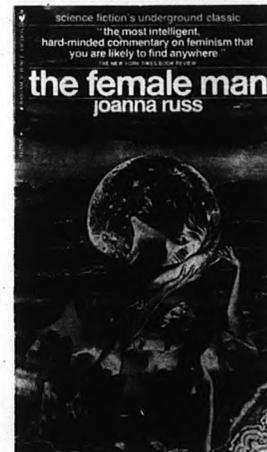
Take, for example, Paul Novitski's "Nuclear Fission," a story which involves an extended, non-traditional family of the future. This is a world where nature is of supreme importance, where sexual prejudices have all but disappeared. The characters have names like Squirrel, Coyote, and Swann. They are interchangeable characters, so bland that after a while I couldn't remember if Sparrow was an old woman or a young boy.

The sameness of the dialogue and the inadequacy of the descriptive passages don't help either. The prose in Novitski's story is the most embarrassing part — clunky and purple: "Sunlight spilled like warm syrup over Sparrow's face." All I could think was, "How will he wash it off?" Or how about: "He... went to the window, the sun electrifying his bush of red hair." A giant red afro buzzing and shooting off sparks is what I saw.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson's "The Prodigal Daughter" has similar problems with blandness but without the unintentional comic relief. This is a sword and sorcery tale, one with castles and knights, set in a non-existent land long, long ago. Since it deals with a strong female knight who loves the mistress of her father's stable, you can see the author is trying to play against clichés. It doesn't succeed. Dame Unise of Morska-on-the-Tarn (bad choice of names) is as staid and forthright as any male knight (and, therefore, just as boring) and the story's dialogue is mired in mock archaic inanities like, "Embrace me, my droll friend." I never got past the seventh page.

I could go on, but don't be frightened away by all this. Science fiction and fantasy have as many examples of bad writing and storytelling as any other genre. Given the editor's overall ineptitude, it's rather amazing he managed to include three excellent stories in *Kindred Spirits*. "Vamp" by Mike Conner bristles

you long after you've finished reading it. The same could be said of "The Woman Who Loved the Moon." But rather than dealing with a futuristic landscape, Lynn's story takes place in a mythic fantasy realm. The language is that of fairy tales or Japanese folk tales, distant and simple, yet never simplistic.

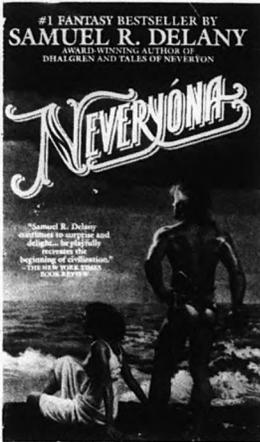


"The Woman Who Loved the Moon" belongs to a feminist tradition which creates a woman-centered mythos where women are strong, brave, and supernatural, where nature is the guiding force in human life.

Interestingly enough, Russ and Lynn are the only authors also represented in Alyson's second anthology, *Worlds Apart*. Here, the editors seemed much more concerned with providing entertaining, intelligent stories. The result is delightful. This is the place to start any sojourn into lesbian/gay sci-fi and fantasy,

OTHER LOVES

Fantasy by James Tushinski



not only because you'll find some of the best here, but also because, in addition to Russ and Lynn, you will be introduced to a group of excellent writers whose longer works are of just as much interest: Marion Zimmer Bradley, James Tiptree, Jr., and Samuel R. Delany.

This does not mean the other authors represented fail to turn in excellent stories. Nicholas Fisk takes a very stereotypical gay male couple and somehow makes them quite real in "Find the Lady." Bleak and grubby, this post-*War of the Worlds* story frequently brings a grim smile to your face as you watch humans try to outwit their alien oppressors. John Varley's "Lollipop and the Tar Baby" combines lesbian clones and a talking black hole into a detailed and entertaining yarn. And while many tales exist of worlds where women live without men, "Full Fathom Five My Father Lies" by Rand B. Lee is the first I've seen which depicts an alien society where women are unknown. Alas, even in this land of total male homosexuality, there still manages to be a forbidden kind of love.

The real stars of *Worlds Apart*, though, are also the luminaries of the sci-fi/fantasy genre as a whole. If you enjoy their stories here, you may want to venture further and try some of their novels. Russ, Lynn, Delany, Tiptree, and Bradley all deal with lesbian and gay characters in other works, usually with a great deal of complexity and insight.

□ **Joanna Russ** is the most aggressively lesbian/feminist of these writers. Her style tends to be less orthodox, more experimental, yet she is eminently readable. She is represented in *Worlds Apart* by "The Mystery of the Young Gentleman," an ingenious story which combines a Victorian "woman-disguised-as-a-man" narrative with an ambiguous extraterrestrial twist. The ending is sure to bring a smile of delight to your face.

The Female Man, Russ's best and most famous novel, concerns four women existing in four alternative universes: one where men are extinct; one where men and women are literally at war with each other; one where World War II never took place and America is still in the midst of the Depression; and one just like our own universe. While the novel examines women's guilt, frustration and rage, it is not without a considerable sense of humor. Parts of *The Female Man* draw on Russ' previously mentioned story, "When It Changed."

□ **Elizabeth A. Lynn**'s "The Gods of Reorth" (again, from *Worlds Apart*)

mixes the feminist/mythic quality of "The Woman Who Loved the Moon" with science fiction, creating a race of gods and goddesses who are actually technologically advanced extraterrestrials. When one goddess falls in love with one of her unknowing subjects, the stage is set for an anti-war, anti-patriarchy conclusion.

Lynn works in both fantasy and science fiction and has produced several novels with strong lesbian and gay characters. She is less strident than Russ and is very comfortable creating male protagonists like Jimson in *A Different Light*. Jimson suffers from an incurable disease which will kill him if he travels into deep space. Regardless of this, he takes off in search of adventure and his ex-lover, Russell, who has disappeared. Also notable for its sensitive portrayals of explicit homosexual love is Lynn's fantasy trilogy *The Chronicles of Tarnor*.

□ **Samuel R. Delany** is recognized by many as the finest science fiction and fantasy writer living. Delany has always been upfront about his own bisexuality and never shies from making gay men his heroes. His massive, labyrinthian novel *Dhalgren*, published in 1975, single-handedly introduced explicit gay male sex into the sci-fi genre. Delany is represented in *Worlds Apart* by his award-winning story "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones," an unusually reserved piece when it comes to the

characters' sexuality but dazzling in its evocation of a massive technological society.

Delany favors writing about slightly kinky sexual relationships between an older man and a younger one. While these characters may be well built, they are seldom particularly good looking, which adds a touch of realism to the fantastic settings. In his *Neveryona* fantasy trilogy, Delany even deals with the AIDS epidemic, though in a highly speculative and not altogether responsible way. His latest novel, *Stars in My Pockets Like Grains of Sand*, traces a gay male love affair across several galaxies. Fond of quoting structuralist literary critics, Delany's style is literate, sometimes academic, but seldom gets in the way of his exciting, highly detailed examinations of imaginary cultures.

□ **Marion Zimmer Bradley** is a phenomenally successful writer, perhaps best known for her Darkover novels and stories (one of which, "To Keep the Oath," appears in *Worlds Apart*). Darkover is an Earth-settled planet which has been out-of-touch for centuries. The colonizers have interbred with the planet's indigenous, telepathic inhabitants and have forgotten their original heritage, even after contact with Earth has been re-established.

Homosexuality is a prominent feature of several Darkover novels, notably *The Heritage of Hastur*, *The Forbidden*

Tower, and *Sharra's Exile*, but Bradley varies occasionally in her attitude toward it, sometimes viewing same-sex love as perfectly all right and sometimes regarding it as an adolescent phase. Bradley's most interesting creations are the Free Amazons of Darkover, a guild of independent women who band together against the societal restrictions forced on Darkovian women. Some of the Amazons are overtly lesbian. When reading Bradley, expect a fast, engrossing, but not terribly challenging read.

□ **James Tiptree, Jr.**'s real name is Alice Sheldon and she is best known for the award-winning story included in *Worlds Apart*, "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" A tale of three macho astronauts who are accidentally sent forward in time where they discover a space program run entirely by women, "Houston" manages to sympathize both with the horribly misplaced astronauts and the strange, futuristic race of women they encounter. Tiptree's other work deals subtly with homosexuality but rarely gives it major emphasis. Her rare excursion into longer fiction, *Up the Walls of the World*, features a pair of telepathic lesbian lovers. Tiptree's stories are carefully crafted and her prose style is superb.

For those of you inclined to do your own browsing, Garber and Paleo have also collaborated on an extensive bibliography entitled *Uranian Worlds: A Reader's Guide to Alternative Sexuality in Science Fiction and Fantasy*. This amazing book provides plot synopses and critical comments for hundreds of novels and short stories arranged by author and annotated to tell you not only what kind of alternative sexuality you'll find, but also how it is presented — are the lesbian/gay characters stereotypical, evil, or peripheral?

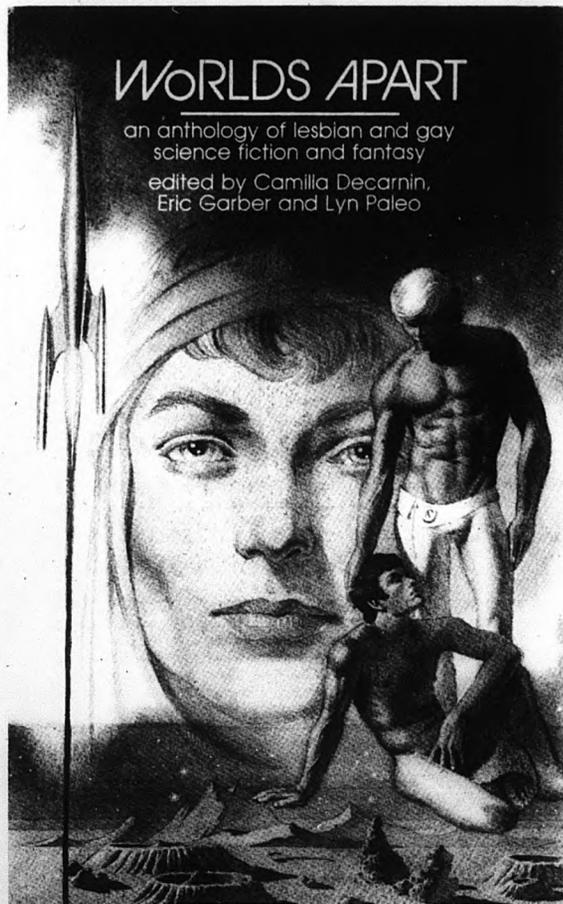
Here you'll find the grim, bleak worlds of Suzy McKee Charnas' *Walk to the End of the World* and Anthony Burgess' *The Wanting Seed*, where "sexual apartheid is the rule and homosexuality the norm." You'll be introduced to Arthur C. Clarke's homage to cloning and gay male love, *Imperial Earth*, and that masterpiece of alien sexuality, Ursula K. Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness*, which depicts the inhabitants of the planet Winter, who are neuter except for several days each month when they can become either male or female.

So go explore. Science fiction and fantasy can be as relevant to lesbians and gays as any other genre of fiction. For many confirmed readers it has opened the doors of our imagination, sending us at the speed of light toward new ways of seeing the potential — and hypocrisy — of modern life. Sci-fi/fantasy can also take your mind off everyday pressures, depositing you in a more accepting time or place. Thus, whatever you're looking for, it's probably out there. And now, with Garber, Paleo, and Decarnin's help, it's a lot easier to find. ■

Kindred Spirits: An Anthology of Gay and Lesbian Science Fiction Stories, edited by Jeffrey M. Eliot, Alyson Publications, \$6.95, paper.

Worlds Apart: An Anthology of Lesbian and Gay Science Fiction and Fantasy, edited by Camilla Decarnin, Eric Garber, and Lyn Paleo, Alyson Publications, \$7.95, paper.

Uranian Worlds: A Reader's Guide to Alternative Sexuality in Science Fiction and Fantasy, compiled by Eric Garber and Lyn Paleo, G.K. Hall & Co., Boston, hardcover.



Continued from page 17

grandmother and the Grand Canyon looks like a lake with a cloud in it. It's not the true face. I'm not sure why this bothers me so much but it sure does.

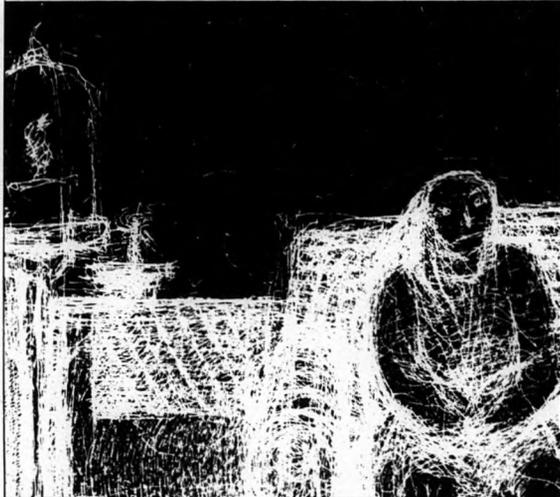
Behind me I hear someone call my name so I turn around to look. It's a lady and she's pushing a grocery cart with a little redheaded baby in the seat. I set down my Exacto knife and stand up so I can smile at her since she knows me. She says my name again so I smile even bigger and go over by where her basket is. She says, "My word, how you've grown," and I say, "Thank you, ma'am." She says, "Don't you recognize me?" and for all the world I don't but I don't want to say so, so I look like I'm thinking for a second and then I beam at her and say, "Oh yes I know you," even though I don't. Now I can't let her know I don't know her since I just said I do, so I think of a good plan and figure if we start talking about her baby I'll get off the hook. So I look at the baby that has bright curly red hair and I open my eyes wide and clap my hands and say, "What a darling precious baby. I must hold that baby this minute," and I reach over to scoop the baby out of the basket. I reach under his arms and give a tug and the strangest thing happens. The baby feels light as a feather as I raise his arms and little sailor shirt out of the basket, and when they pass his hair it snags off too, so I am holding his arms, shirt, and hair up against my chest but the baby is still sitting way over in the basket. I look at the baby that now has no shirt on and it's armless and bald. Then I look in my hands. It's a little leather harness with two bright pink plastic arms hooked to it and the curly red hair is a tiny wig. I don't know what to do. The woman looks at me and I hold out my hands some so she can take back her baby's arms if she wants to but she doesn't make a move. She just looks at me. I wish I could slink off I'm so embarrassed what I've done. She says, "You're very awkward, aren't you?" and I nod. She doesn't do anything or say anything so I just stand there nodding and holding out the little arms. After a while she says, "This little baby was born without any arms." I don't know what to say to that so I keep nodding and try to look thoughtful. She says, "And he has to wear a wig because he doesn't have a lick of hair anywhere on his body." I think for a little and decide maybe the baby has cancer. They give people with cancer medicine that makes their hair fall out, so I try to look sad and say, "Cancer?" She says, "No. This baby was born without a single follicle in his body." I don't know what that means at all. I figure it couldn't be bad as cancer so I make a little smile to show that's good, but that poor baby is in awful shape with no arms and whatever else is wrong, so I squint my eyes to show I'm sorry for the baby and I try to bend one side of my mouth down some to show I'm sympathetic. I want to be polite and friendly like you're supposed to be. And I look down at the shirt and wig and arms in my hands. It looks like a hairy red bird with two bald plastic wings that are starting to droop, like the bird's tired.

I stand there clutching that bird and I don't have any true face.

That night after daddy and Sissy and I get home we have to run around and get our house ready for the hurricane. Daddy fills up our bathtub so we'll have that water to use since pipes always get contaminated if it's a flood. Sissy and I are putting masking tape on the windows so if the wind breaks them the glass won't shatter. I do what looks like spider web patterns like everyone else does because it's the right way to tape windows but Sissy does

groups of crosses. First she does a big cross that's less and then a bunch of little crosses that's thieves. Sissy saw a movie about a nun and wants to be a Catholic and grow up to be a nun that's a nurse in Africa and minister to sick colored people and headhunters. She has glued marbles to an old belt to be prayer beads and she crosses herself like Catholics do whenever she thinks nobody's looking.

We shut our house up good and tight and make pallets for ourselves in the hall. That's the safest place to be in bad storms. Daddy wires a flashlight to the top of Sissy's head and then one to mine so we can be spotted by rescue helicopters if



we're swept away. Then Sissy makes us bow our heads and she prays that God will save our life and daddy turns out the lights and we lay down on our pallets. Daddy plays his good transistor radio so we can hear weather reports from storm headquarters. Sissy grabs the radio and holds it up to her face. She likes to look at the little dial that glows in the dark. Daddy says to put that radio right back where she got it but Sissy doesn't do it. She holds it to her like it was her baby. I drift to sleep listening to the man on the radio talk about precautions. "Be sure to bring your garbage cans and lawn chairs in the house," he says. "They can hurt people, the winds are that bad." Outside I can hear the storm blowing. The hurricane is coming.

I wake up when I hear a squawk and a loud pop. Daddy hollers, "What was that?" I can hear Sissy start crying. She says, "I've wet the bed." Daddy says, "Turn on your flashlight," so Sissy does. She looks like a coal miner with her flashlight shining on her head. Daddy goes over to her. "Look," he yells. "Look what you've done. You've peed all over the radio and made it get a short." Sissy is already crying but she stops for a second when Daddy slaps her the first time. The beam of her flashlight leaps across our hall and then Sissy starts to cry real loud. Daddy says, "I told you to put that radio back."

Outside it is the eye of the hurricane, the secret center where there is nothing there.

The thunder is loud outside and the wind has really picked up. Daddy drags Sissy out from under her wet covers and the circle of light from her flashlight dances on the walls. Then daddy starts slapping Sissy over and over and shaking her he's so mad. "What did I tell you?" he keeps saying. "What did I tell you?" Sissy is crying her eyes out. The circle of light flies all over the hall. It looks like it's everywhere, like a storm of falling stars.

Later it gets very quiet. Our hall is perfectly dark. I hear daddy and Sissy breathing and can tell they are asleep. In this dark place I can tell where everything is. Outside it is the eye of the hurricane, the

secret center where there is nothing there. I pull my covers over my head and I know it's me. I bring my hands to my head, rest them on my face. I am warm and underneath is bone. I know. This is my true face and it feels like nothing in the world.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT HOME: 1966

Every Sunday I watch ABC "Wide World of Sports" at daddy's house in DeRidder where he and Sissy live together. I sit in the recliner in front of TV while Sissy cooks supper and daddy lays on the couch and plays with his parakeet named Blue

Hawaii. Sissy has gotten huge gobby fat and seldom dresses anymore. "I guess I'm just a homebody," she says. "I want it to be nice here and I'm not interested in anything but daddy and our home." Blue Hawaii sings, "Vissi d'arte." "I hate that bird," Sissy says.

The bird was Sissy's idea. She bought it for daddy when she first moved back in. She had lost her job at Service Tire and Supply and got high blood pressure and was way behind paying daddy back the money she'd borrowed for her trailer. She was glad to sit it she said because it was expensive and lonesome and she could help daddy out and now he wouldn't have to be alone.

Sissy said, "What we need is a pet or two."

Daddy said, "I don't want any pets here." But Sissy snuck down to Kress and bought a parakeet. "I don't want a bird," daddy said.

"Sure you do," Sissy said. "Its name is Blue Hawaii and if you poke it with a pencil it'll do the hula."

Daddy taught Blue Hawaii to sing the songs he loves and they listen to Texaco opera on the radio Saturday afternoons and sing arias to each other.

Daddy sings "Nessun dorma" to Blue Hawaii and the parakeet sings "Un bel di"

to daddy. "I love you. Blue Hawaii," daddy says.

"I love you," Blue Hawaii says. "Get a pencil and make him dance." Sissy says but daddy won't let her. Sissy says, "It's just a bird. It wouldn't hurt. They like to dance," but daddy says no.

Sissy called me and said, "You need to drive down and visit every weekend. Your poor daddy's so lonesome he's talking to a bird all the time and you should be ashamed of yourself for it." So I hop in my car every Sunday and drive from Baton Rouge to DeRidder and sit in the living room while Sissy cooks and daddy and Blue Hawaii sing songs to each other.

Daddy sings —
"You are my only pleasure."
and Blue Hawaii sings —
"You are my truest treasure."
Daddy sings —
"If death will ease our sorrow —"
and Blue Hawaii sings —
"Then I am content to die."

In the kitchen Sissy sings "Bringing in the sheaves." Generally she fries chicken patties for our supper and the room fills with blue smoke and the sizzle of fat drowns out TV. Or sometimes she will bake a ham with a dried up pineapple wedge sitting on it like a wrinkled hat on a big pink head. "It's nutritious and tasty," Sissy says but daddy seldom eats anything anymore. "I think you got a disease from that bird, daddy," Sissy says, "and it's affected your appetite. That's how a lot of disease gets transmitted. By birds."

Blue Hawaii sings to daddy —
"How well in thee does heaven at last
Compensate all my sorrows past."
and daddy sings to Blue Hawaii —
"O fairest of ten thousand fair
Yet for thy virtue more admird
Thy words and actions all declare
Thy wisdom by our God inspir'd."

One afternoon I'm sitting watching table tennis broadcast from China while Blue Hawaii sings to daddy —

"To your good spirit alone I owe
Words that sweet as honey flow,"
and daddy sings —

"Were all the world lost to me,
All the world your love would be."
Then Sissy rushes into the room and sings —

"I'm never nervous,
I'm just lovey dovey
And I'm going to make you
Love me. Love me. Love me."

She dances as she sings love me over and over, and she lifts her blue nightie over her hanging stomach so we can see her panties and bra. Her legs are big as clouds and white with green bruises where her thighs collide. "I love you," she sings, "a bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck." She pumps her bare belly against daddy but he is kissing Blue Hawaii and his eyes are closed and he pretends not to notice.

One Sunday I am watching soccer matches in Australia on TV. Daddy and Blue Hawaii are singing to each other on the couch and Sissy is in the kitchen frying salmon croquettes because she is trying to reduce. I say, "Daddy, I may miss some Sundays. I've been seeing somebody lately and probably will spend some Sunday afternoons with her. Of course I'll bring her down some weekend so you can meet her but I wanted to tell you I'll probably miss some Sundays and that's why. But I'll still visit you a lot. I — well — I love you." Daddy just sits humming and brushing his lips against Blue Hawaii's cheek.

Sissy runs into the room and shouts, "What? What?"

I say, "I was explaining that I may miss —"

"Everybody does as they damn well please," Sissy cries. "Nobody thinks of anybody but their own self except me. I try and make this a nice family and a home but nobody understands you got to give things up for love. Nobody ever gives up anything but me. Nobody," and she stomps back into the kitchen but loses one of her blue terrycloth house shoes on the way.

The Australian national team is playing well and scores. The applause is loud as frying salmon. Sissy is crying in the kitchen so hard she gives herself hiccups and gags between sobs. Daddy is humming to his parakeet. And floating over all the sound in our house is Blue Hawaii's slender voice, skinnier than its pink scaly toes wrapped delicately around daddy's finger, pledging its happy heart, its willingness to die for love.

Cooley Windsor grew up in McAlester, Oklahoma and currently lives in San Francisco. He received his BA degree from the University of New Orleans, and his MFA degree from Indiana University/Bloomington. He has been awarded the Hemingway Fellowship, the Stegner Fellowship, and the Ellis Literary Prize for his work in creative writing.

The Joffrey 'Package'

Words about Dance

Last week I watched the Joffrey Ballet perform on three consecutive nights and in the process learned a great deal about the current state of dance in this nation. I also found myself reflecting on — and clarifying — why I have chosen to write words about such an adamantly non-verbal form of art. Still, and despite such welcome revelations, I was discouraged by how little harmony exists between my two sets of observations.

As a critic, I believe my greatest responsibility consists of praising those dances and artists who give me (and, I assume, some others) great pleasure. The pleasures that I derive from dance are those of extraordinary beauty, profound emotional insight, and occasional glimpses into a complete wholeness of being. In addition to praising (and in the process of so doing), I attempt to share my experiences with a reader, possibly confirming or encouraging a similar experience.

I take little, if any, pleasure when condemning a particular artist or performance. There is no joy in turning a clever phrase that dismisses someone's months, possibly years, of hard work. This aspect of criticism is a responsibility that I accept, but it is also a burden. The real work of a critic, I believe, is finding those moments when the personal ego can be left to the side, having recognized something far greater and more satisfying than the individual self.

Those transcendent moments in dance are what a good critic looks and lives for. It's terribly sad then when you discover a bad dance or a group's "off" night. But it's virtually tragic when you encounter an entire company whose artistic management appears dedicated to the commercial exploitation of its artists. It's even more vexsome (a final insult — or so it seemed to me) when you realize that a large portion of the American dance audience is perfectly content and, ostensibly, enjoys the kinetic antics of, say, the Joffrey entertainment machine.

First, let me explain by beginning with the real job of praising: The Joffrey's dancers are surely among the finest in the nation; their technical control and agility often seem unparalleled. The women exhibit great strength, endless extension, and sharp, carefully controlled footwork. Similarly, the men are strong without being macho braggarts and often radiate a calm, good-natured self-assurance.

Given all of these exemplary technical attributes, why is it then that the Joffrey (in the past ten years or so) has not produced any recognizable "stars"? Why is it that on the stage the dancers seem devoid of distinct, individualistic personalities? Why is it that this company appears so crisp, clean-cut and all-American yet lacking expressive subtlety and depth? And why, most importantly, does it appear that Joffrey audiences don't really care?

The answers, although complex and multi-layered, rest

in addition to Joffrey's artistic talents, "... he is also a savvy American businessman and he knows how to package his product."

Such truth in merchandising is, well, refreshing. It also helps to explain why personalities — and truly great dancers — never emerge at the Joffrey. Such an occurrence would threaten (and interfere) with the company's overall marketing (read: financial) objectives. Joffrey and Arpino have managed to perfect a product that provides audiences with lots of high-energy, precision movement performed by a host of very pretty, sexy bodies.

Athletics, acrobatics and theatrical razzle-dazzle are guaranteed with the purchase of every ticket. Of course, there's always a smidgen of historical reference (just to remind audiences this is "great art") and a

endless over-the-head lifts, and many remarkable yet gratuitous gymnastic contortions.

It's hard to know what, exactly, to pick as a representative example, but I suppose the repeat of Arpino's 1971 "Valentine" is the best — and most offensive — choice. The dance is conceived for two people, a man and a woman, although I hesitate to call it a pas de deux, as it violates nearly everything that phrase implies.

"Valentine" opens with a cellist picking (literally) at his instrument (very arty, I suspect, in the early '70s) while two dancers sit, separated by a rather significant diagonal line of space. The dancers (Beatriz Rodriguez and David Palmer) are, initially, attired in boxer's robes. These cover-ups are soon shed, revealing body-hugging sparring outfits made from horizontal

and the historical re-creation of Arthur Saint-Leon's 1847 Romantic gem, "La Vivandiere Pas de Six."

But, what is musicality? It's a concept that's difficult to define but one that I believe is essential to an understanding — and appreciation — of ballet. It's also a quality that most American audiences (and many American choreographers) have little experience with or eagerness to embrace.

Musicality certainly isn't simply a pedantic matching of the movement phrasing to every beat of the composer's score. This would make for dancing that's dull and lifeless. Instead, as the late, eminently humane writer Edwin Denby suggested, musicality is a successful "marriage" of dancing and music, one that reveals the emotion contained within the music, "not mechanically but in spirit."

If one watches a dance carefully, and if the piece is highly "musical," you will recognize both the choreographer's sensitivity to musical phrasing and the dancer's individual interpretation of the choreography in response to the music. Such combinations of phrasing are infinitely varied and, when successful, provide dance with its highest, most poetic expressive possibilities.

(This explanation, I'm sure, is woefully inadequate. But it approaches the very core of my enthusiasm for dance, and it is something I will return to at other times.)

In the dance by bad boy Morris, what we got was a dark, almost sinister version of Balanchine that both pays homage and pokes fun at the late master. The piece is set to C.P.E. Bach's Cello Concerto in A and, in three movements, counterpoints a corps of ten dancers with a female pair (Jennifer Habig and Beatriz Rodriguez), a group of five soloists, and finally against the virile and uncontrived partnering of two men (Jerel Hilding and Tom Mossbrucker).

Overall, the choreography is highly sensitive to Bach's music, producing a series of intimate interchanges between couples that are both formal and courtly in nature. But Morris also upsets our expectations: the men twitter on pointe in the third movement and the ballerinas frequently fall limp and are lowered, face first, to the floor by their partners.

This was one of the few pieces where the Joffrey dancers seemed to be proud of what they were doing; it was also one of the company's few dances that demanded a sense of artistic integrity and expressive nuance.

The re-creation of Saint-Leon's *Pas de Six* was, similarly, an immensely enjoyable piece — almost like a history lesson in what the Romantic ballet may have been like. My only complaint is that it was hard to discern any distinct personality or unique movement characteristics among the four women dancing the famous pas de quatre. But still, the dance was pleasant and interesting — even if an anomaly within the Joffrey machine's regular entertainment package.

The Joffrey Ballet will perform John Cranko's hectic version of Romeo and Juliet (music by Prokofiev) tonight at 8 pm; Saturday, 7/18, at 2 and 8 pm; and Sunday, 7/19, at 8 pm, War Memorial Opera House, SF. Call 431-5400.



Joffrey Ballet dancers Dawn Caccamo and Glenn Edgerton are pictured in Gail Kachadurian's "Altered States."

largely with the company's artistic management and, in particular, with its resident choreographer, Gerald Arpino. The Joffrey's commercial success also has something to do with the American public's very recent (post mid-1960s) discovery that dance can be very entertaining and sexy. Both of which it is — quite gloriously so — but dance, especially ballet, is also an inherently musical art form. And this ensures a whole galaxy of artistic wonders.

By now, I'm sure many Joffrey-goers have read the company's often-repeated tale of near-extinction due to financial troubles (both in 1963 and again in 1979). And twice, the company has risen, guided by the "visionary" instincts of director Robert Joffrey and choreographer Arpino. The company's current program explains that in

dash of contemporary provocation. But these diversions, as last week's performances proved, are merely exceptions to the general glut of eroticized aerobics.

Although I chose to skip the special, "all-Arpino" evening of dance, the three nights I did attend featured four works by Arpino (including two performances of the audience favorite, "Light Rain") along with the San Francisco premiere of Arpino-protégé Mark Haim's "The Gardens of Boboli." Houston Ballet director Ben Stevenson's "Three Preludes," and the local premiere of Gail Kachadurian's "Altered States."

In common, and although representing a diversity of mood, decor and costuming, these seven dances emphasized an aesthetic of clichéd movements,

swatches of black, salmon and day-glow yellow.

The dance that ensues is more of a mimed fight than a choreographic offering, stressing lots of complicated, physically demanding partnering and punctuated by yells and other verbal embellishments. After much ado about nothing, the couple decides to patch it all up with some melodramatic feigned copulation. I was embarrassed for the dancers, but the audience seemed to think it was great.

For me, musicality is the quality that's consistently missing from performances by the Joffrey. It's also the quality that was there (admittedly in a somewhat truncated form) in the only two dances that I liked very much: post-modern, *enfant terrible* Mark Morris' San Francisco premiere of "Esteemed Guests"

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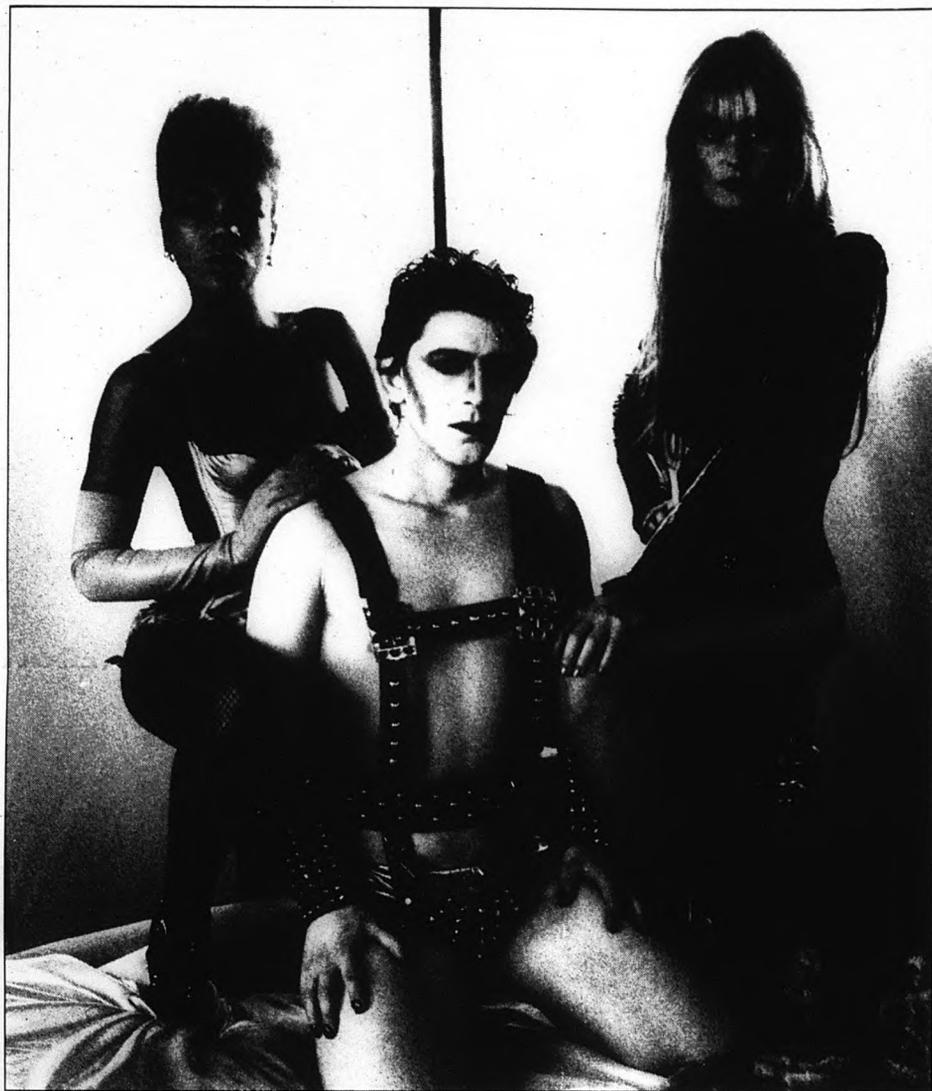
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ANDREW O'HEHIR

La Bamba

Rock'n'roll dreaming fulfilled; just about the best movie this year for those hot Saturday nights on Concord Boulevard. Engaging performances and a dynamic soundtrack, along with all the innocence, dust and chromed Cadillacs of the '50s San Fernando Valley, make this cornball bio-pic about Latino pop hero Ritchie Valens a fun two hours in the dark. This subject is a natural for writer/director Luis Valdez, whose interest in Chicano history was amply displayed in the political musical *Zoot Suit*, but Valdez's failure to go beyond fill-in-the-blanks Hollywood formula here is mysterious and disappointing.

There is a decidedly fabular quality to Valens' meteoric career, and it occurred to me that Valdez might be deliberately treating it as fantasy, as unadulterated teenage dream. Whatever the motivations, Valens — played by well-scrubbed unknown Lou Diamond Phillips — is depicted as a receptacle of illimitable

Chicano family life we do see indicate territory I hope Valdez will explore in the future. Diabolically handsome Esai Morales is superb as Ritchie's drunken wife-abusing biker brother — a tortured mix of machismo and tenderness. He is, or should be, the story's emotional center. Rosanna De Soto handles the stock "working mom" role gracefully.

While Phillips' acting is underwhelming in the lead role, his natural charisma and a great singing voice (if it's really his) enliven the engaging musical numbers. Cameos by Brian Setzer (of Stray Cats) as

Valens apparently dies a virgin in the Buddy Holly-Big Bopper plane crash.

Eddie Cochran and Howard Huntsberry as Jackie Wilson are must-sees for music buffs, and Valens' own music is



Macho madness: Esai Morales (right) stars as Bob, a young Latino who has a hard time dealing with the success of his half-brother, Ritchie Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips) in *La Bamba*.

Christlike virtue as well as unquenchable talent. His love of Mom and his blonde class-room sweetheart (gawkiely cute Danielle von Zerneck, plays the inspiration for the classic ballad "Donna") carries him in eight months from high school hallways to American Bandstand, and he apparently dies a virgin in the Buddy Holly-Big Bopper plane crash.

Issues of racism and even of broader societal context are largely, and bafflingly, absent from *La Bamba*'s script. (A studio decision?) Ritchie's high school is an incredibly harmonious racial blend, and even his name change (from Valenzuela and Donna's dad's dislike for him are divorced from any socioethnic meaning. No one can blame Valdez for wanting a hit movie, and I guess this film's already something of a symbolic breakthrough — how many features can you name about Hispanic success in America? Still, one gets the inevitable feeling that major compromises were made at the production level.

Those truncated glimpses of

Pigeon captures Jean-Paul Belmondo at his most peculiarly powerful, in a fable of crime and loyalty that operates on several levels simultaneously.

Belmondo plays Silien, a police informant whose every action is ambiguous; in fact, the notion of the value and reliability of information itself comes under implicit attack. He may have betrayed his friend Maurice, a murderer and burglar (the even grimmer Serge Reggiani) but also may have rescued him from the cops. Most evidently, *Le Doulos* is an especially well-made homage to American film noir, elaborately lit and photographed in glorious, high-contrast black and white. In such movies, of course, we know how to behave: believe nothing and trust no one.

But Melville's obsession with the icons of Americana — cool jazz, KOOL cigarettes, incongruously huge Chevys and Fords and L.A. style interiors — becomes destabilizing, almost surreal. It's as though his series of filmic in-jokes embodies a critique of the American film language, by this time already world-dominant. Tough guys with cigarettes, big cars on the boulevards, complaisant women: all that these hypnotic signals mask is a society of pointless violence, unfulfilled desire and narcissistic self-regard. At crisis moments in *Le Doulos*, both Belmondo and Reggiani pause to check their impeccable reflections.

Like Melville, then, we end up mistrusting what we see on the screen, without being able to tear ourselves away. We're enraptured by the Wellesian cinematography, we want to learn what happened to the hidden jewels, we want to know which of the beautiful women is a double-crosser. Mostly, though, we want to see Belmondo inhabit the frame with his inscrutable

Melville's obsession with the icons of Americana becomes destabilizing, almost surreal.

languor. (Without giving things away, his expression of vague disgust at the end is priceless.) His gaze seems at once erotic and completely diffident; rather than seducing the camera, he seems to be stalking it, knowing half-smile in place. *Le Doulos* is a pretty effective star vehicle, but the star here is part of a cold, puzzling, fascinating landscape.

Le Doulos plays at the 4 Star, Clement at 23rd Ave. Call 752-2650.

Withnail and I

No, in fact I don't like comedies. Generally, they're despicable. But here we've got a mean-spirited film about a disintegrating friendship between two struggling London actors stuck in a filthy, freezing flat in 1969. If we've got to have comedy, it might as well be depressing, right? *Withnail and I* is a sparklingly literate and merciless thrashing of the ersatz bohemian lifestyle, featuring the

wasted-aristocrat good looks and extravagant histrionics of Richard E. Grant as would-be Shakespearean Withnail.

Grant prowls the duo's fetid digs looking for hair tonic and anti-freeze to drink (they haven't any money, food or clean dishes) and proclaiming, "I'm good looking. Why can't I be on bloody television?" The shy, bespectacled "I" (Paul McGann) is somewhat cowed by his friend's rotting elegance, but the viewer of

This movie's best at skewering the boundless vanity and bogus idealism of socially dysfunctional adults who fancy themselves artists.

course realizes that Withnail is on the way down, and "I," up. Both actors make auspicious film debuts, as does director Bruce Robinson, previously noted as screenwriter of *The Killing Fields*.

This movie's best at skewering the boundless vanity and bogus idealism of the protagonists — socially dysfunctional adults who fancy themselves artists. When Withnail and "I" head off to the Lake District in their rusted Jaguar in an effort to avoid physical and mental collapse (Withnail says, "I fear we are drifting into the arena of the unwell"), Robinson's script settles into some stock English comedy routines. These are diverting but slight — demented country folk, a runaway bull, and the Londoners' ineptitude when faced with rural existence.

More disappointingly, a kneejerk homophobia creeps into the portrayal of Withnail's eccentric Uncle Monty, a mostly delightful character as played by stage veteran Richard Griffiths. Unfortunately, by the film's conclusion the rotund Monty's pursuit of "I" becomes purest hetero paranoia. (Backing "I" into a corner, Monty declaims: "I mean to have you, even if it be burglary!") Ironically, the crumbling intimacy between

Withnail and "I" is handled with remarkable sensitivity and affection. Overall, the sophisticated sting of Robinson's script is sharp enough that such idiotic digressions are annoying rather than serious flaws.

Withnail and I plays at the Bridge, Geary near Masonic. Call 751-3212.

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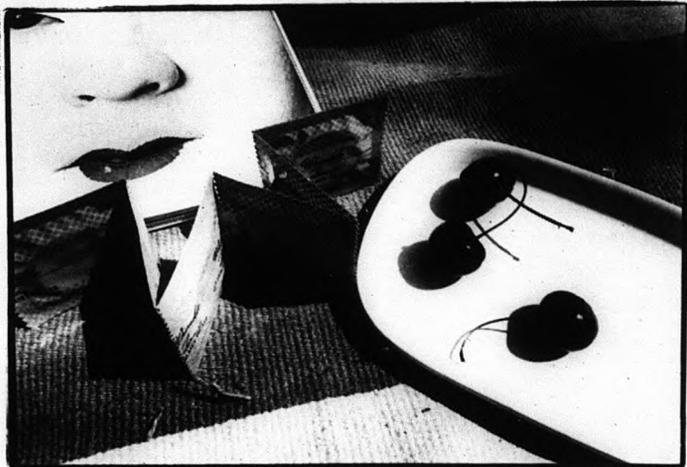
In Kyoto, old women sweep the streets in front of their houses. A cuckoo clock sound lets blind people know when it's safe to cross the street. The man who picks up cardboard announces his arrival with an electronic tune amplified from his truck. Nothing is wasted.

In Nijo Castle (built 1603), the floorboards squeak like nightingales. This warned the Shogun of impending assassins. Outside I am swarmed by a tour of school children. Hirozo, age 15, proudly steps forward to demonstrate his knowledge of English. He speaks with a military bearing and precision. The girls giggle nervously, but later, three ask to trade coins and have their photo taken with me.

The Buddhist temple of Kiyomizu (meaning "pure water") was founded in 780 AD and dedicated to Avalokitesvara Bodhisattva, god of mercy and compassion. All the little stone Buddhas wear linen bibs so they won't spill food on themselves. Monks rubber-stamp the books of pilgrims and write special blessings in calligraphy. Pilgrims also write wishes on slips of paper and tie them to tree twigs. Here, next to a waterfall, I write my first postcard:

In pure water I write this, now trembling in your hands In the middle of Kiyomizu is the Jishu Shrine, dedicated to the Shintoist Cupid. When a rabbit gained what it wanted by deceiving others, it was forced to peel off its skin. Okuninushi heated it and made it mend its ways. Happily, I successfully

ANNE HAMERSKY



walk between the shrine's two love stones with my eyes shut, which means my love will be realized.

But overlapping this old Japan of playful Shinto legend, Buddhist detachment, and Nihonist humanity and practicality is a new Japan. Motorcyclists create pop tunes by rhythmically revving their Hondas. Nissan trucks, Isuzu fire-engines are more brand

names that make one feel at home.

On TV I watch Japanese soaps and cartoons, the Top Ten Japanese Rock Countdown, news and game shows, and two specials: one on AIDS and one on the Italian Mafia. Surrealist, humorous TV commercials favor a smattering of American phrases ("With you" promises the phone company, "I feel Coke," etc.). But don't these slogans betray a lack of feeling, a disintegration of community? An apple commercial shows the naked torso of an adolescent boy holding

Great Mirror of Manly Love (1687), "If only young boys could stay the way they are, it would be truly wonderful. . . . Young boys and potted trees should never grow." But this love was sacrificial, too. The *Hagakure*, an influential treatise on samurai ethics, stated: "Once love (for a boy) has been confessed, it shrinks in stature. True love attains its highest, noblest form when one carries its secret to the grave."

This cult of the *bishonen* (beautiful boys) is the subject of many legends — Benkei's love for Yoshitsune, one of the

formity, too. "If a nail sticks out, hammer it in," as the saying goes. Mishima's flamboyant homosexuality was frowned upon. So there's a tension to gay life here. It must remain somewhat hidden and a concern about AIDS, in this praiseworthy society, is rising. (The Japanese have a great abhorrence of impurity and disease, especially that which might come from foreigners.) So how does one find a gay bar?

I phone a number given me by a friend of a friend. The master (or bar owner) tells me to go to the Hankyu Department Store on the edge of the Gion District, and phone again. (The Gion's the bawdy night world of the geisha quarters. In the 18th century, willow courtesans draped their kimonos languidly over the balconies of this "floating world" so celebrated in woodblock prints.)

I phone again but get misdirected to a garishly lit arcade of Pachinko parlors. A maze of dark side alleys feeds eccentric specimens of the demi-monde into my path — young Trasher punks, New Wave fashion heads, tattooed *yakuza* (gangsters) with curly hair. Totally lost, I phone still again.

"Go back to the Hankyu and I'll come get you," says the master.

"I'm wearing a black shirt and carrying a red notebook," I reply.

Returning to the department store, I see an attractive young man approach. He looks around, and I ask if he's from the bar. No, he says, so I continue waiting as does he. Then he asks if I'm looking for C'est Bon. Ah, yes! He'd been told I was wearing a red shirt and carrying a black notebook.

The bar's upstairs on the corner of an alley next to a canal. Like all Kyoto gay bars, it's extremely tiny — able to hold no more the 15 people comfortably. Above the bar is a TV screen. The master slips in a music video and the patrons sing along to sentimental Japanese songs and laugh and applaud after each stanza. I'm handed a mike and agree to sing the Beatles' "Michelle" which I chose over "When The Saints Go Marching In."

The only American besides myself is a professor from Oregon en route to teach in Tokyo. He leaves, but two English-speaking Frenchmen arrive and a young Japanese high school English teacher.

"I've only been out for about a year," Haruhiho tells me. But the dramas of unrequited love are universal. The master and one of the young Frenchmen crave Haruhiho who's monogamous to a lover from out of town. They see each other once a month. "I don't know if he really loves me," Haruhiho pines.

Then he has some questions for me. What kind of men do I like? Do young guys like older men in America, too? Despite my lack of fluency in Japanese, I find the young man who fetched me from the department store is giving me a lot of attention. With Haruhiho's translation assistance, I learn Toshito would like to spend the night with me.

Body language, happily, is also universal. When we get to Toshito's apartment, he gives me a refresher course in basic conjugations. I'd read 69 was a Japanese favorite, but when

apples over his nipples, and one advertising a popular drink reportedly designed to replace negative ions lost when one perspires could be described as follows:

Beautiful blond flying on huge, fabulous bird

POCARI SWEAT
In this nation of tea drinkers, Pocari Sweat and iced coffee (with or without cream) is sold from vending machines on every corner. *Peace* is a brand of cigarettes.

And what about gay life? Japan has a long tradition of homosexual chivalry. During the height of samurai power in the Kamakura period (1183-1333), only manly love was considered worthy of true warriors. Saikaku wrote in *The*

most famous — and is still reflected in popular comic books, such as *Ribbon on the Clock* about a boy who becomes a gay gigolo. It's also related to the cult of cherry blossoms, which only last about a week in Japan, and to the sacrifice of kamikaze pilots. One 22-year-old pilot wrote on the eve of his departure:

If only we might fall like cherry blossoms in Spring

so pure and radiant. According to a 1981 poll taken by a women's magazine, the two "sexiest stars" of that year were Tamasaburo, a kabuki actor specializing in female roles, and Sawada Kenji, a pop singer who performed in semi-female drag. But Japan has a strong tradition of social con-

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Johnny Mathis at 51 Romance Language

Voices age. Some age like fine red wine that continues to get deeper, richer, and more mellow as the years pass. Others age like a tepid bottle of Thunderbird Chablis, left open on the fire escape of a Tenderloin hotel.

Voices like Frank Sinatra's and Dinah Shore's fall into this latter category. When Shore vocalizes, you wish she'd shut up and talk. With Sinatra, you just wish he'd shut up. But voices that continue to enrich our musical experience, after decades of performing, belong to entertainers like Mel Torme, Ella Fitzgerald, and Johnny Mathis.

At the age of 51, with an incredible 93 albums to his credit and a career that spans over thirty years, Mathis does not need to establish himself. He doesn't have to spend the better part of each year on the road when he could easily kick back and rest on his laurels. But for some reason, he continues to work the international entertainment circuit, produce albums, and perform concerts that are almost flawless in their structure and execution. Last Saturday's concert at the Concord Pavilion was no exception to this rule.

In an outdoor setting vastly superior to Bill Graham's cavernous Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mathis took charge of the evening, supported by complex arrangements and a skilled 29-piece orchestra that includes 11 string instruments and 15 horns. Under clear skies and a brilliant full moon, he arrives in a tuxedo and, unannounced, walks quietly into the spotlight. He opens the show with his classic "Misty," moves on to

"Fly Away," and then segues into "As Time Goes By." There is no chit-chat with the audience, no jokes, and no anecdotes to distract the crowd from what they have come to hear. Mathis knows that his voice is the main attraction, not his personality.

In the beginning of the show, random screams of "Johnny" are shouted out by a few ladies from the audience. But their cries subside as the show progresses and the predominantly white, middle-aged crowd gives Mathis its undivided attention.

He is a quirky performer. Constantly standing with both knees bent, he sings, more often than not, out of one side of his mouth or the other. Occasionally, his pink tongue darts lizard-like from the recesses of his coffee-colored face and then disappears. And on a few occasions, he turns his back to the audience and swings his hips like a former conga dancer trying unsuccessfully to kick the habit. But in spite of his idiosyncracies, Mathis is basically a matinee idol.

Whether it be genetics or a good surgeon, Mathis looks at least fifteen years younger than his stated age. Handsome and trim in his perfectly tailored pinstripe tuxedo, the image he presents is a romantic concept perfectly suited to his repertoire. And just when you think the mood may not sustain itself, he



Johnny Mathis defines romance. In removing his personality and private persona from his act and music, he allows his audiences to bring their own personal experiences to the lyrics.

jumps into a new tempo and you're brought back to that incredible voice of his.

A bluesy rendition of "Come Back Baby" is followed by a romantic ballad from the old Rita Hayworth film, *Cover Girl*. Next, with some magenta lighting effects, the band kicks into a salsa beat, and Mathis swings into a dynamite rendition of "Brazil" that could raise Carmen Miranda from the dead. Never lingering too long in the same place, he then brings out his guitar player and does a couple of numbers with only acoustic guitar accompaniment. This is a "no

bluff" situation, but he never misses a note or loses control. The amount of vibrato he employs on "The Twelfth of Never" is a questionable choice, bringing to mind Katharine Hepburn vocalizing on a vibrating bed, but you quickly forget about that when Mathis launches into his *West Side Story* medley.

His crystal-clear tenor serves up portions of several *West Side Story* classics before he attacks "Somewhere" in its entirety. It is a masterful rendition that draws shouts of "bravo" from the audience and a spontaneous and well-deserved standing ovation

from the house. After taking a few moments to introduce the orchestra and the handful of musicians who travel with him throughout the year, Mathis finishes up with "How Do You Keep the Music Playing" and "Begin the Beguine." Although the subsequent ovation merits an encore, Mathis does not return and the house lights go up, a little over an hour after he made his first appearance on stage.

There is very little in Mathis' performance that is spontaneous. Every note and every song has clearly been rehearsed and performed many times before. And you get the feeling that they were always done with the same precise execution and delivery. His diction is perfect, and you can clearly distinguish every word of every song. In the hands of a lesser talent, this kind of precision could lead to a deadly dull evening. But the masterful way these songs have been arranged and the variety of material keep the audience captivated. Since there have been no digressions from the musical intent of the evening, you don't feel cheated by a concert that is just over an hour in length. But most importantly, there is that voice of his with its incredible range and quality.

Johnny Mathis defines romance. In removing his personality and private persona from his act and music, he allows his audiences to bring their own personal experiences to the lyrics. Mathis' voice is the conduit for the emotion, but the actual experience of his music is intensely personal and intimate. Although I own only one of his albums, I have very specific romantic memories connected with Johnny Mathis that are indelibly etched on my brain and called forth whenever I hear his voice. It is this individual process, repeated by thousands of listeners throughout the world, that has made Mathis a classic for the last thirty years. It's nice to know that there are still some things that improve with age. ■

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Diva Dreaming

"Two divas," a friend declared solemnly, clutching his bare shoulders and gazing upwards. "Back to back." He shivered at the prospect. It sounded to me like a mud wrestling fantasy, but I understood his rapture. This is the week that both Nina Hagen (wicked witch of the East) and Madonna (Glenda of Gotham) descend on the Bay Area.

Getting tickets for either concert will probably be the proverbial bitch. On Tuesday there were only 26 spots left for Nina and there was talk about selling cheaper ducats for DV8's basement where the show would be piped on closed circuit TV. Last Sunday the *Examiner* was already quoting scalper's prices of \$200 for Madonna. Don't despair, though. Next week, free of charge, my friend will offer his savage and poignant account of both. Isn't the *Sentinel* a god-send, though?

Hellhounds

A little happy hour warm-up show by this local Cajun/swamp combo, complete with accordion. If Holy Cow *still* hasn't opened up across the street, I'd recommend leaving lit votive candles in the doorway. (Oasis, 7/17, 4-8 pm, free)

Leonard Pitt

The man who taught David Bowie how to be an *artiste* mounts an all-out alarming vaudeville show. Count it as a delirious example of the road not

taken. (Ft. Mason, Bldg. B, 7/17-8/2, tel: 776-8999)

Zasu Pitts, Danny Williams, Daddy O

This benefit for SF State's AIDS/ARC Update project will entertain an international collection of health workers here for the conference, and benefit the ongoing program. The openers specialize in '50s faves, Zasu pumps out the Big Chill soundtrack with campy gusto, and Mr. Williams is a stand-up homo stand-up. It's a dance. (Wolf-gang's, 7/17, 8 pm, \$15.50)

Oingo Boingo, X

Twenty years ago today the Monkees headlined at Forest Hills. The opening act was the Jimi Hendrix Experience; now this. My *Sentinel* colleague recently praised X's latest, *See How They Are* (Elektra), and let me second that emotion. All their whiplash country glee is due to run up against the headliners, noted only for ditzzy contributions to teen-exploitation flicks. Dodo Danny Elfman and company have a loyal following of

14-year-olds though, so NAMBLA eccentrics may want to stay for the whole show. I want to see X at the Farm. (UC Greek, 7/18, 8 pm, \$16.50)

Bobs, Buttonfiles & The Ears

The a cappella eccentrics celebrate the release of their *My I'm Large* LP at a club that loves their ass so much, the disc will be the first release on their in-house label. (Great American Music Hall, 7/18, 8:30 and 11 pm, \$9)

Fish Stu

A debut concert by a group of Summer of Love alumni who once strode like giants through the canyons of the counter-culture (and these days couldn't get an American Express card). You get Barry "The Fish" Melton, ex-Quicksilver guitar ace John Cippolina, Spencer Dryden of the Jefferson Airplane, Commander Cody's Doug Kilmer, and Stu Blank. Where have all the good times gone? (Chi Chi, 7/18, 9 pm, \$7)

El Grupo Sexo

The LA frat-damage combo arrives behind their debut LP, *Sexaholic*; notorious for their speed-metal version of Focus' "Hocus, Pocus" interrupted with psychotically sincere snatches from, "Tush," "Desperado," and "What Is Hip," while sax-players ride on one another's shoulders into the crowd. Zany guys, real zany. (Nightbreak, 7/18, 11 pm, \$3)

Freaky Executives, Klimosabe

The Farm's all-day thrash-fest last weekend brought out a bumper crop of ripped and haunting boy wonders. This wacko-funk attack oughta attract the World Beat eclectics —

but beer and wine service return, and it is still the *only* barn dance in town. (The Farm, 7/18, 9 pm, \$8)

Nina Hagen, TBA

OK, the woman is a scream! Her Billy Idol imitation is flawless, and as the dark tarot-angel of the Green Party, she makes Red Wedgers look positively dowdy. But it has been two years since her last LP, and all I've seen of late are a duet with Lene Lovich on "Don't Kill the Animals: The Animals Are Free" (which reminds me that Hitler was a vegetarian) and the shot in the latest *Spin* of her crossing tongues with her 18-year-old Mohawked boy-fiance (which made me insanely jealous). This is the artist to test *glasnost*: scary freedom. (DV8, 7/19, 10 pm, \$17.50 adv)

Pray For Rain, Spot 1019, Tooth & Nail, Vox Humana, Ophellas

OK, there's this vet named Steve Weinberg who has this band (kinda like The Cars) called Vox Humana, and started this record label (Medical Records) to put out their LP. Now he has put together a compilation disc of local wanna-bes, called *A View From Here*, and to celebrate its release about half the disc's artists will gather at this terrific corner of a venue to strut their stuff. Kinda like an old Judy Garland film! I hear the Ophellas sound just like Jethro Tull. (Kennel Club, 7/19, 5 pm, \$5)

Voice Farm, Borman 6

The gifted gay commandos in Voice Farm are under the gun — dismissed in some quarters as



Gay commando under pressure: Voice Farm plays Monday, 7/20, at the I-Beam.

"the Tubes of the '80s" and still label-less. The pressure, though, may turn up the creative juices; this would be a cool gig to take some chances with. The Borman 6 are suburban Sacto lads doing rabid techno-hip hop. Let's hear it for the home teams. (I-Beam, 7/20, 10:30 pm, \$6 adv)

Madonna

On the heels of her AIDS-benefit show at Madison Square Garden, the spawn of Manhattan gay bars rolls in to reign over the 'burbs. She'll always be the cheeky waif with the Boy Toy belt-buckle to me. Knock 'em dead girl! (Shoreline, 7/20 and 7/21, 8 pm, \$22.50 res, \$19 lawn)

Asleep at the Wheel

Fifteen years ago these visionary champions of Western swing were honing their licks in these parts as gone-wrong rockers. Long-established in Austin — this return visit ought to be mandatory for any Rawhide 2 irregular. (Great American Music Hall, 7/22, 9 pm, \$9)

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HAYWARD

New Performance Festival

'Coyote' Well Worth the Wait

It's the American (among other things) in me: obsessed with bigness. Despite the modern trend away from the epic narrative/image and toward the exquisite miniature, most of us still drop jaws and critical standards when faced with the truly humungous.

Serious analytical lip service is paid to marathon art objects like *Nicholas Nickleby* and the latest Robert Wilson/Philip Glass extravaganza, but the real reason they get miles of press copy is more basic: great lengths seem to bestow the badge of Lasting Importance on the works themselves and the badge of courage on audience members who can survive the whole thing.

Bells of delicious anticipation and terror went off with the announcement of Murray Mednick's *The Coyote Cycle* as the centerpiece of American Inroads' summer New Performance Festival. Here was the kind of major event San Francisco is rarely privileged to see, the kind of theatrical spectacle whose stagings can be counted on the fingers of one hand because: a) the text is challenging; b) the logistics are nearly impossible; and c) the length is, by your average theatregoer's standards, interminable. Needless to say, I was delirious with expectation.

Comprised of seven plays written over a seven-year period, *The Coyote Cycle* is a complex, multi-layered, freely interpretative pastiche of American Indian rite, myth and history taken from Hopi, Apache, Winnebago and Eskimo sources. It demands enormous flexibility and endurance from its actors, an alarming stretch of technical resources, the use and accommodation of seven different outdoor sites, and "warm clothing, sleeping bags or blankets, and refreshments" (not to mention the patience of Job) from its au-

to 60 minutes in length, comprise an overall journey from comedy through tragedy to a final redemptive miracle, with plenty of transgressions along the way. "Pointing" introduces the central characters in broadly comic terms. Coyote appears as a blustering mixture of athletic bullshitting and heroics; Trickster's cynical counterpart emerges grumpy and dusty from (quite literally) the ground. Spider Woman is stationed at her eternal loom, violently silencing any rude behavior with a flick of her hand. Clown scampers from the woods to huddle at Spider Woman's feet in pure deaught-by-headlights terror.

In "The Shadow Ripens," Trickster and Coyote are at the mercy of Spider Woman's gravi-

fully toward mankind. A climactic confrontation in which Coyote and Trickster's mature and childhood selves attempt to save humanity (and the audience) from being clubbed to death results in forgiveness and a magical final image of rigged natural wonder.

The Coyote Cycle plays with so many levels of meaning (and ambiguity) that no single viewing can result in a clear interpretation — though admittedly repeated viewings are likely to be beyond anyone's physical or mental capacities. Mednick's language is a free-form tossed salad of poetry, scatology, one-liners, heavenly declamation, song-like recitations and very 1980s colloquialisms.

Though the lack of straightforward narrative makes steady

(and the background of water, Golden Gate Bridge, and SF beyond) are deliciously incorporated into a master visual scheme. Cogswell Gearhead's structures are a series of gasp-producing wonders. Constructed of twine, dirt and dangling objects, suggestive of everything from a massive spider's web to the mind's inner landscape, they're a multimedia elaboration on the classic chime and macramé hippie front porch, ingeniously lit by David Welle.

Climaxing with the sublime comedy on the "Spider Planet," these first three plays are experimental theatre at its most richly comic and transcendent. When the subsequent acts move further into cerebral — or just talkier — action, attention flags



A scene from Murray Mednick's epic performance work, *The Coyote Cycle*.

dience. The big question is: does the *Coyote Cycle*, currently taking over East Ft. Baker in Sausalito, justify depleting your life of ten dusk-to-dawn hours (or two consecutive evenings) and 40 bucks?

Called a work of "ceremonial" rather than "dramatic" action by its authors, the seven parts of *The Coyote Cycle* comprise a whole that, despite its vague *Odyssey*-like journey structure, is less a Wagnerian narrative epic than a series of fragments which illuminate each other only as far as the viewer makes his or her own connections. The four actors who form the core cast (with the distracting late addition of two child actors) portray characters whose identities are fairly consistent, but who variously manifest themselves as gods, animals, humans or Greek Chorus.

The individual plays, each 45

ty control, and Coyote's howls of mourning over his lost wife are answered with an Orpheus-and-Eurydice-like visit to the land of the dead. Part 3 finds Coyote and Trickster on the electrified "Planet of the Spider People," where the flexible Coyote turns himself into a woman, has an orgasm via a stone rectangle, marries, has 12 babies, and is abandoned by the Spider King.

In Plays 4 and 5, Coyote and Trickster's spiritual tests take on a Godot-like existential slapstick feel as they journey to "Other Side Camp" and go "Listening to Old Nana," confronting ghosts and troubling memories at both. In the last segments, "The Sacred Dump" and "He Brings the Waterfall," embattled Coyote must align with the now-redeemed Clown Divine to save the earth from Trickster, whose heart has curled venge-

The Coyote Cycle is a major work in scope, with major-scale problems. But it speaks to so many things so well — that its flaws are well worth 10 hours of huddling in the dark and cold on mounds of straw.

text concentration difficult, this is no exercise in pure archaic mythology — Mednick spices his characters and thoughts with references as silly as Lucky Strikes and Milky Way bars, and the wonderful tendency of American Indian myths toward surreal pornography (as when Coyote detaches and rolls up his penis, sends it skipping across a lake, and lands it soundly in an alarmed Chief's daughter) is fully present.

The Magic's staging at East Fort Baker is resourceful as can be with this rich (perhaps over-rich) mire of language and symbolism. Plays 1-3 provide the purest ether of theatrical delight, and are as unusual, beautiful and technically imaginative as anything the Bay Area has seen this year.

Under Mednick and Norbert Weisser's direction, the various natural settings of Fort Baker

and exhaustion inevitably begins to settle in.

Part of Mednick's problem here is that despite the final leap-of-faith triumph, the individual plays don't achieve the kind of momentum that builds suspense toward an end. Increasingly meditative, somewhat disconnected from each other by content and technique, the seven plays do need some sort of mounting tension to feel like a complete work, a true "cycle." The giddiness of the early sections turns willfully sour later on, but this tone shift lacks the emotional strength of real tragedy — as *The Coyote Cycle* goes on it becomes more and more distanced. That it doesn't become tedious is a tribute to the remarkable (and difficult) resourcefulness of this production.

The exhausting demands

Continued on page 30

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A Demonic Ogre

What a fun summer! Why, just look at last week: Ronnie "Latex" Reagan, Jr.'s "graphic" AIDS documentary began making distribution rounds; arch-scumbag Lyndon "Queen Elizabeth Deals Drugs" LaRouche pleaded not guilty before a Boston federal judge on obstruction of justice charges (the yo-yo claims Ollie "I Love My Country" North and the NSC set him up); Arizona Governor Evan "I Love Blacks; Everyone Should Own One" Mecham faced a recall movement led by Phoenix gays (which, sadly, pundits from both parties say will chew dust); and, locally, Governor George "Keep 'Em Stupid — and Dying" Deukmejian slashed millions from education and proposed AIDS funding in the new state budget.

Meanwhile, of course, the nation's fun-seeking illiterates rolled over and played dead at Ollie North's feet, transforming the gap-toothed, demonic ogre — with the media's complicit aid — into some sort of bad-act "folk hero."

He wears a uniform! He flashes basset-hound eyes! He loves the Contras! Ollie, natch, for president!

Club's Doubts

They're only shooting for mayor, not president, but the five local candidates arching for the City Hall room with a view (of Polk) nonetheless soft-shoed madly in an all-out vaudeville blitz in front of the fractious Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club last Monday — and sparks, feathers and gossip flew.

Feeling sleazy, I decided to relinquish my usual highbrow beat to slum in the scummy cess-pool of local politics. It was my first political club meeting ever (in some ways, after all, I'm still a virgin), and I felt right at home: TV lights glared sourly — and so did a thickly packed batch of voting club members, kibbitzers and hangers-on.

DA investigator (and sometimes columnist) Wayne Friday grumbled outside about the "goddamn" picketers clogging

the club entrance, while Mobilization Against AIDS' Paul Boneberg enthused, "Drama! This is real drama!" Inside, a coterie of clipboard wielding petition bearers accosted us; while deep in the bowels the meeting's parliamentary provocation proceeded amidst shouts, raised fists, open weeping and epileptic seizures. While voters voted, others doted on the schmoozing candidates: Jack Molinari appeared, his chest puffed out, at the door, and waited a moment, chin held high; when no one noticed him, he slipped quietly into the room. Art Agnos appeared moments later, groomed to within an inch of decency.

Later, the candidates tossed off three-minute speechettes. Roger Boas, looking like Gilligan's Island's Mr. Howell on Thorazine, jabbered about his AIDS record, and appeared to wish he were elsewhere; runty Caesar "Many of My Friends Are Gay" Ascarrunz mumbled unintelligible gibberish while on-lookers filed their nails; and Louise Renne, crisp and red, said "when" she wins the race, "we will walk together."

For their parts, the front-runners turned in vastly varied performances. Agnos, sounding slick and distant, flashed "V"

AFTERIMAGE

by Rikki Ercoli



Boy Party #2

Sottel's Mail '87

sings and toothy smiles to his stomping, howling supporters. Molinari, dipping on the applause meter, sounded more tense and embattled than I've ever heard him.

The evening's upshot: no candidate received the coveted mayoral endorsement, since none raked in the required 60% of the voters. The evening's running theme, however, was the meeting's bloodbath quality. "These people are acting like there's no tomorrow," one observer sighed.

Biden His Time

One candidate I can heartily endorse is Demo presidential contender Joseph Biden — but only, at this point, for his progeny.

During his July 3 Firing Line candidate's video (I reported on others' vids last week), Biden foolishly appeared alone, cooing coolly into the camera. I couldn't have known, therefore, until I saw a July 11 CNN news story showing some of the candidate's family, that Biden, too, has a handsome teenage son.

I have no stats; for now, suffice it that the boy's in his mid-teens, and will give the Babbit lads a run for their money in the race for the highly-sought First Son office. Young Biden has just

the kind of soft, peach-fuzzy good looks, topped by a shiny blond halo, to what you want gazing out from a First Family portrait — or up at you by the light of a bedside candle.

Beef Stu

For a closer, technicolor look at the Coke-slurping, 16-year-old Stuart North (enshrined here last week), turn to p. 14 of the August LIFE. More keenly, note the smooth-skinned beef-case standing behind and to the right of Oliver "Suburban Dad" North on pps. 14-15; that's photojournalism.

Plane Boy

For those of us who appreciate skinny, dark-haired 15-year-old boys in Jockey shorts hoisting weights (and we are, I think, legion), the same LIFE prepared a special treat on p. 68: a blurry b&w photo shows West German daredevil pilot Mathias Rust four years ago, "training for future heroism" (he flew his Cessna 172 into the thumping heart of Moscow's Red Square last May).

Toy Boy

The July Seventeen features, on

p. 64, a photo of 14-year-old Felix Howard, the self-described "headstrong extrovert" who broke hearts in Madonna's "Open Your Heart" video.

But he's young — so young, reports a breathless Liz Smith (SF Chron, July 10), that British Equity wouldn't let him accompany Madonna's current world tour. So the Ethereal Girl cast about madly for a replacement; she wound up with Christopher Finch, 15. Reports Liz: "So far, Christopher has taken Tokyo and Miami by storm. Soon, Great Britain will fall at his teenage feet."

And so can you, if you can score tickets to Madonna's July 20-21 Shoreline Amphitheatre shows. I'll be there, shrieking, "Chris, me, you fool!"

Joy Boy

The naughty Ms. Smith puts me to shame *qua* gossip: in the same column, she reports that actress Cher has hooked up with a young-young Queens pizza doughboy named Rob Camerletti. Cher shows excellent taste, and I, never one not to repeat a repetition, will tastefully pass on Ms. Smith passing on the perfect punch: "Cher is 41 and I don't

Continued on page 30



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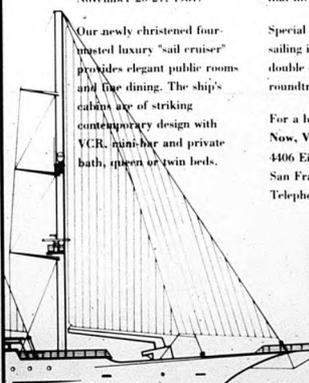
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WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY PATRICK HOCTEL

18 JULY SATURDAY

Bam and **KRQR** present: **The Shanti Project Video Benefit** with Ordinary Hero and Paul Collins Beat. Come dressed as your favorite hero — or just come as yourself and be in two rock videos! The most interesting looking people will be featured in the videos. Plus free food and an art show. 8 pm. Music Hall Theatre, 931 Larkin St., SF. \$15. Tickets: 762-BASS. Must be at least 18 years old.

Hotter than July: a dance for women honoring women in music features Linda Tillery and Her Band, June Millington and Friends, and Vicki Randle. With guest emcee Angela Davis. All proceeds benefit the Institute for the Musical Arts (IMA), a school for women in music. 8 pm-2 am. Giftcenter Pavilion, 888 Brannan St., SF. \$20. Tickets available at the door, all BASS outlets, and at women's bookstores throughout the Bay Area.

American English performs at the Hotel Utah: psycho-cabaret rock by seven life-lovers from various walks of *la vie* (really!). Scantly clad dancers included. Be there! 10 pm. 500 4th St., SF. \$3.

EVENT OF THE WEEK

The SF Gay Men's Chorus teams up with the Bay Area Women's Philharmonic for an **American Musical Celebration**. Celebrating the 200th anniversary of the Constitution, the Chorus and the Philharmonic present a line-up that includes works by American composers, such as Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom," a musical adaptation of Thomas Jefferson's writings on liberty. Also showcased is "Eulogy," written by Seattle composer Scott Warrender as a tribute to those who have died of AIDS. 8 pm. First Congregational Church, Post and Mason Sts., SF. Tickets are available at Headlines and by calling 864-0326.

the centuries-old Philippine "kulintang" tradition to life with highlights including polyrhythms played on an array of knobbed gongs and goblet-shaped drums; the athletic "sagayan" or "sword dance"; and the exacting "singkil" patterns danced between rapidly clicking bamboo poles. Old First Presbyterian Church, Van Ness Ave. at Sacramento. \$7 general/\$5 seniors and students. Info: 474-1608.

Taoist Erotic Massage for gay and bisexual men: hands-on class with Joseph Kramer. 10 am-5 pm. Body Electric School of Massage, 6527-A Telegraph Ave., Oakland. \$50. Info: 653-1594.

The inimitable **Dell Madill**, "a romantic baritone who holds you in the warmth of his hands and makes you feel his songs are for your ears only," performs as part of the ongoing cabaret at the Galleon with special guest, the undeniably warm **Mercy Oria**. 8 pm. 718 14th St. (Church and Market), SF. \$5. Res/info: 431-0253.

David Feldman, Marga Gomez, Rudy Reber, and emcee Don Stevens all appear in **Constitutional Comics** — an evening of topical and political satire which benefits the ACLU of Northern California. "For six years, the Reagan Administration has treated the Constitution like a joke. For four hours, the tables will turn." 7 and 9 pm. LIPPS, 201 9th St. (at Howard), SF. \$6 adv/\$7 at the door. Tickets/info: 641-0889.

20 JULY MONDAY

George Cleve's **Midsummer Mozart Festival** continues with more chamber music. Highlights of tonight's performance include Piano Trio in G, K. 496 and Oboe Quartet in F, K. 370 (368b). With Deborah Henry (oboe), Jorja Fleezanis (violin), and Daniel Kobialka (violin). 8 pm. Herbst Theatre, 401 Van Ness Ave., SF. Tickets/info: 392-4400.



Seven dwarfs in one tiny cottage? In case you always wondered what really was going on, Walt Disney studios have re-released *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* in honor of this mythic masterpiece's 50th anniversary. Discover the origins of many modern archetypes — and maybe your prince will cum, too. Call the Alexandria (752-5100) or the Alhambra (979-8899) theatres for show times.

Evaporating after-shadow is one of them. Flight is another." Wed.-Sat., 8:30 pm; Sun., 7 pm. Plays through 8/2. Palace of Fine Arts Theatre, Lyon and Bay Sts., SF. Tickets/info: 762-BASS or 863-1320.

Bay Area Lawyers for the Arts (BALA) presents a workshop entitled "Immigration Updates for Artists: Amnesty and Visa Regulations." The workshop, led by an attorney actively involved in recent immigration issues with artists, is designed to inform participants on the latest rulings and developments concerning artists and immigration laws. 7-8:30 pm. Fort Mason Center, Bldg. B, Rm. 300. \$10 general/\$5 BALA members. Info: 775-7200.

23 JULY THURSDAY

Pulp and Circumstance, the delightful musical comedy based on lesbian pulp novels of the '50s, has been held over at Theatre Rhino until 8/1. If you haven't seen it, this is a don't-miss item, especially the glorious first half! Thurs.-Sat., 8 pm. 2926 16th St., SF. Tickets/info: 861-5079.

Phoenix Rising, in conjunction with the Phoenix Theatre company, showcases Eugene O'Neill's classic work, **The Emperor Jones**. Plays through 8/22. Thurs.-Sat., 8 pm. The Phoenix Theatre, 3011 8th St., SF. \$8. Tickets/info: 431-6777.

SF Museum of Modern Art offers an adult class (six sessions) in **Seeing with Words: A Poetry Exploration in the Galleries**. This class provides a unique way to enjoy the visual arts while playing with language to create images, explore rhythms, and express emotion. Activities include in-gallery writing guidance and discussion of current museum exhibitions with instructor and poet Janet Wondra. 6:45-9 pm. SFMMA, 401 Van Ness

Ave., SF. \$50 general/\$40 SFMMA members. Reg/info: 863-8800, ext. 218.

24 JULY FRIDAY

Portraits: An Evening of Scenes and Monologues, presented by the Playwrights' Workshop at Theatre Rhino, continues its run at the MCC. These short, mostly comic sketches by nine writers are pieced together into a collage of characters from the lesbian and gay consciousness. Highlights include Jerome Moscovitz's *Surely Shirley*, Debby Davies' *Poor Betty*, Tim Bryant's *The Hayseed*, and Judith White's *Vampire, Lover, Shopper*. Plays through 8/1. 8 pm. 150 Eureka St. (near 18th), SF. \$5.

Old First Concerts presents **Don Neely's Royal Society Jazz Orchestra**. "This eleven-piece sensation recaptures the excitement of a bygone era — performing authentic hot jazz and sweet music of the '20s and '30s." With "petite powerhouse" Carla Normand as featured vocalist. 8 pm. Old First Presbyterian Church, Van Ness Ave. at Sacramento, SF. \$8/\$6/\$4. Tickets available at the door one half-hour before concert. Info: 474-1608.

KKHI radio sponsors the first annual **MUSICARE Concert** to benefit Bay Area AIDS service organizations. Special guests tonight are Evelyn De La Rosa, soprano; Leslie Richards, mezzo soprano; Phillip Skinner; 140 voices from the SF Symphony Chorus; the SF Bach Choir; and many others. 8 pm. St. Ignatius Church, Fulton St. at Parker, SF. Recommended contribution is \$20. Info: 986-2151.

Pianist **Theodora Carras Primes**, an alumna of the SF Conservatory, presents a recital with works by Mozart, Schumann, and Chopin. 8 pm. Hellman Hall, 19th Ave. at Ortega St., SF. Admission is free with a voluntary donation suggested. Info: 564-8086.

A Zed and Two Noughts: Director Peter Greenway's (*The Draughtsman's Contract*, *The Falls*) latest plays tonight and tomorrow night (US premiere) at the Roxie, whose management terms the movie "one of the most spectacularly unusual films in years." Inspired by the Quai brothers, a one-legged ape, and a three-minute, time-lapse film of the decay of the coram mouse, Greenway tells of two brothers' obsession with the woman who accidentally ran over their wives in front of a zoo. 3117 16th St. (at Valencia), SF. Times/info: 863-1087.

The *Sentinel* welcomes submissions of community and arts events for possible inclusion, as space permits, in 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.



All-American Voices: The SF Gay Men's Chorus presents a special concert of works by American composers. See "Event of the Week" on Saturday, 7/18.

Theatre organist, **Gaylord Carter**, who has made a career out of accompanying the silent film greats since the 1920s, makes a rare Bay Area appearance at Oakland's Paramount Theatre. Tonight's program features Carter at the mighty Wuritzer accompanying *The Mark of Zorro*, the 1920 film classic starring Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. 8 pm. 2025 Broadway, Oakland. Tickets/info: 465-6400.

The SF Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps invites you to join them for a pancake breakfast to help send the group to the National March on Washington. Pancakes, bacon, orange juice and coffee are served from 8 am to noon at the Diamond Senior Center Hall, 117 Diamond St., SF. \$4. Info: 621-5619.

The UC Gay and Lesbian Alumni Association hosts a barbecue and dance. They'll provide the condiments, coals, and paper goods; you provide something to barbecue, a dish to share, and something to drink. 6 pm. Dancing begins at 9 pm and ends at midnight. Haas Clubhouse, Strawberry Canyon Recreational Area (above UC stadium). Located via Gayley Road and Stadium Rimway near the Hearst Amphitheatre.

19 JULY SUNDAY

Old First Concerts presents the **Kulintang Arts Ensemble** in an afternoon of Southern Philippine music and dance. The nine-member troupe brings

The SF **Jacks** hosts another "no theme, no clothes" night — "Just dick, desire, and a hundred naked men in a room." (Although not necessarily in that order!) Checking of all clothes except shoes is mandatory. Arrival time is 7:30-8:30 pm. 890 Folsom St. (near 5th), SF. \$6.

21 JULY TUESDAY

Fanfare! 5th Anniversary Concert! The Dick Kramer Gay Men's Chorale appears in concert. Tonight's program features work by Benjamin Britten, Gordon Getty, Johannes Brahms, and Charles Ives. 8 pm. First Unitarian Church in Kensington, Berkeley. \$8 general/\$6 students and seniors. \$2 extra at door. Info: 392-7469.

The **Gay and Lesbian Sierrans** meet tonight to discuss "Protecting California Deserts." Newcomers welcome! 7:30 pm. National Sierra Club, Polk at Ellis Sts., SF. Info: 653-5012.

22 JULY WEDNESDAY

As part of the SF New Performance Festival, American Inroads presents the US premiere of **Actual Shō**, the latest piece from George Coates Performance Works. *Actual Shō* is described as being "theatre of phenomena, a ritual conjuring ceremony that reinvents the choral concert." "Shō" is a Japanese word of many meanings.



Girls Night Out: Linda Tillery (and her band) headline "Hotter Than July," a special concert/dance for women, Saturday, 7/18, 8 pm to 2 am at the Giftcenter Pavilion, SF. June Millington and Vicki Randle also sing; Angela Davis emcees. Call 762-BASS for tickets.

SECOND GLANCE

Continued from page 24

Toshito hands me a condom, I realize he wants me to pursue my studies more deeply. I do so from every angle, plunging into the mysteries of Japanese syntax, yet not forgetting to tutor him in Ciceronian rhetorical flourishes, such as biting, nib-

Suddenly, it dawned on me that the decline of exciting sex in America may be linked to our general decline in intellectual and writing skills.

bling, tonguing, squeezing, pinching and spanking. As in good writing, so in good sex. Parallel structure, striking imagery, varied rhythm, sincere and consistent tone, rhetorical build-up — adroit use of these techniques is essential to any good composition.

When this exhausting, but rewarding, lesson was finished,

Toshito presented me with a nice gift as is the custom. Suddenly, it dawned on me that the decline of exciting sex in America may be linked to our general decline in intellectual and writing skills. But here, as in everything, the Japanese are diligent students.

In Kyoto, electric fans cool

the streetcars. Those who perform any public service wear white gloves. Houses are designed efficiently but with an exquisite and harmonious aesthetic sense. Learning how to properly bow might take a lifetime. A Westerner can never fit in. "Japan is a civilization based upon an inarticulate response to cherry blossoms." ■

THEATER

Continued from page 27

made of the cast are rewarded in spades. As Coyote, Norm Skaggs is sure to make hearts flutter (despite an eventually revealed major gut) with his preening, wildly athletic, Mad Max punk badboy act, complete with leather jacket and studs. Robert A. Behling's scruffy Trickster has the gravel-voiced wino bluff and bark of Sterling Hayden or Lee Marvin — he's that all-American archetype, the hobo sage. Together, Skaggs and Behling make a glorious comic team. h. Teirrah McNair employs a regal carriage and a sly range of vocal impressions as Spider Woman and half the remaining catalog of gods. Robin Karfo's Clown is a tad too winsome, but her graceful mime work is a neat contrast to the other actors' fire and fury.

Of the full-cycle Saturday I saw, the near-impossible technical challenges made of these

collaborators resulted in only two major disasters — a handsome blond audience member was bonked smack in the head by a flying spider-baby (he merged later with a big bandaid and a good-sport grin) and the climactic live waterfall failed to work on schedule. (It did finally work, after final bows, to a chorus of applause. At 6 am, it's easy to forgive the odd fuck-up.)

The *Coyote Cycle* is a major work in scope, with major-scale problems. It needs honing to achieve the cumulative impact its effort and ambition deserve. But it speaks to so many things so

well — our Native American heritage, the history of white man's abuse, the universalism of our physical and spiritual quests — that its flaws are well worth 10 hours of huddling in the dark and cold on mounds of straw. If the New Performance Festival can come up with this sort of theatrical coup once a year, its own commercial longevity and eventual national reputation are assured. ■

The *Coyote Cycle* plays through August 1st at East Fort Baker in Sausalito. For information on tickets and performance times, call 331-2787.

LESS TALK

Continued from page 28

know how old Rob is. But I must quote the *Daily Mail* reporter Baz Bamigboye who pronounces: "First, it was Sonny and Cher, now it's a case of Cher and sonny." ■

News Spots

But it's not all play in the land of flesh; here's this week's AIDS roundup:

- A recent Gallup poll revealed that "most Americans" favor widespread AIDS testing (52 percent favored testing all Americans); in addition, 43 percent avoid associating with people they think have AIDS. (*New York Times*, July 13)
- Liberace did die of AIDS, according to a recently released coroner's report. (*Chron*, July 10)
- The *New York Times* editor-

ialized July 13 against health insurers now refusing to pay AIDS costs: "The cost of AIDS is not so heavy that its victims need be made scapegoats and cast out to bear their burden alone." ■

In and Out

• **Lede Of The Week** award goes to the *Ex*, for this July 10 doozy in an article on tax breaks for discriminatory private clubs: "Fifteen white male Republican legislators voted against a bill outlawing business deductions at exclusive clubs, but the measure passed the Assembly anyway." Hurrahs to reporter Steven A. Capps.

• **Hed of the Week** award also to the *Ex*, for this atop a July 9 article on Ollie North's chest: "Full Medal Jacket."

• **Goodbye, Tom Waddell**; we'll miss your wondrous spirit and thunderous heart. ■

Scene and Herd

"His presidency is just fine."

White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater on his boss's business, *New York Times*, July 8.

"We think it's more important to carry on the business of government than to be watching television."

Fitzwater, again, this time on his boss's dereliction viz. *The Ollie North Show*, *ibid*.

"When you surf, you must learn to relax your body when you get wiped out and you're rolling around like a pair of Jockey shorts in a big Bendix washing machine."

Surfgear mogul Jack O'Neill, 64, on the joys and pitfalls of water sports, *SF Ex*, July 9.

"On drugs, you do not stop much to smell the roses."

Former speed freak Kitty Dukakis, wife of Massachusetts Gov. (and Demo prez candidate) Michael, on the joys and pitfalls of 26 years on the hard stuff, *New York Times*, July 9.

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GWM, 6'4", 180 lbs., 40 years old seeks friendship with person who enjoys travelling off the beaten path. Want to share backpack, cycle, and travel experiences with easygoing, good natured, health conscious friend. Good condition a must for Sierra treks. W:ite 4546 El Camino, B10 #342, Los Altos, CA 94022. (P374) (P20)

STRAIGHT GUYS WELCOMED
Does she have a headache when you want HEAD? Good looking Southern black guy 5'8, 155, 24 years old enjoys giving head to young Asians, white college, guys, body builders, military guys welcome. Absolute discretion assured. Tony 474-7480. Keep trying if busy.

ENDLESS SERVITUDE
Tall, dark-haired uncut master, 35, seeks obedient, loyal, devoted, passive slave boy for permanent live-in relationship. 18-28. Must be service oriented, good at household duties, be healthy, good looking, good body, domestic or imported variety. You must be dedicated to becoming an appendage to myself, find sole satisfaction from pleasing me. If you are what I've described, I can't help but love you. Photo/phone/letter (English, Espanol, Francalise, Portugese) to: Sir, P.O. Box 14425, SF CA 94114. (KP29)

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Rough, raunchy, top, bottom, master, slave, daddy, boy, locker now! Meet your sex-match NOW! 1000's of private, one-on-one, phenomates. No phone bill but ingridst. Call 415/346-8747 NOW! (P-00)

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Professional GWM, 28, 5'10", 145 lbs, brn/grn, very goodlooking, and highly ROMANTIC. I wish to meet other well educated and/or good-looking professional ASIAN men who are into deep meaningful relationships. I am very independent, but enjoy close companionship and will melt in your arms. I am sometimes impulsive and love having fun. I enjoy open honest communication and kind loving support, I enjoy most forms of safe sex, but am not concerned with sexual performance. My interests include: travel, camping, movies, cuddling, ROMANCE, quiet evenings by the fire, candlelight dinners, dancing, concerts, skiing, etc. I am not perfect and am not looking for perfection, just someone I enjoy being with and can care for. Send your reply w/photo to Boxholder, 1111 W. El Camino, Ste. 109-353, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.

EMERGENCY FOOD BOX
For test positive and high risk people who can't use soup kitchens. Help feed the hungry. Auction, first Saturday every month, Watering Hole 4 to 7 pm. Video tapes, clothing, pornography, leather. Bargain prices. Malnutrition is AIDS co-factor. Cash and auctionable items needed. Gay Rescue Mission, POB 6141, SF 94101, 431-2188. (KP31)

BEARDED LOVER
Extremely romantic 5'10", 145 lbs., 35 years, dark hair, blue eyes, hairy, I like camping, hiking, cuddling, movies, dining, travel and eccentric people. You should be similar. Beards only. P.O. Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94189-0647. (KP30)

YOUNG ASIANS WANTED!
I'm a tall, goodlooking white male, 29, average build, with short brown hair and a hairy chest. Seeking Asians and boyish guys with a small and very slender build for JJO sessions. Safe oral sex, etc. Let's rendezvous in downtown San Francisco (if possible) for some hot action. Call 979-3774 anytime. (AP30)

LEAN BOY
Wanted to serve dad's meat, to STRIP AND SHOW OFF hot boyhole. Take dad's thickmeat, son! All the way! Serious, masculine, eager only! Call when you're READY to describe yourself and meet. 24 hours! KEEP TRYING. 548-0842. Call hot dad who will show you how to WORK up a SWEAT! (P29)

I am a musical genius. I need an outlet for my voice. If you would like to share with me, write to: Tommy, Sentinel Box 946. (KP30)

THE SECRET GOSPEL
of Saint Mark. Sexual teachings of Joshua-bar-Joseph, who the Greeks called Jesus Christ. Peace, joy and the brotherhood of man thru mystical sexual communion. Text and proof of authenticity in Phallos Newsletter. Sample copy \$2. Saint Priapus Church, 583 Grove SF 94102. (KP31)

WALK TALK LAUGH OR CRY
Good looking 44 yr old GWM into cooking, country music, metaphysics, carpentry, gardening, animals and health. Looking for shorter, younger, cross-cultural man. If a nite in a hot tub, a steak dinner and a rented movie sounds good, then call. PATRICK (415) 333-8428 (lv msg.) No drunks, smokers, JJO calls or fats. No obligations. (VP29)

NOB HILL NIGHTS
24, attractive, fit and safe. 6'1", 160, WM secure but needing a neighborhood bed buddy and friend. School and work aren't enough. Into: huge hung, good-looking, 25-45, emotional and non-scene men. Arts nature, exploring possibilities. If you have it and want to share with someone... I've been waiting. Sentinel Box 955. (P29)

WANTED: ASIAN/LATIN/BLACK PLAYMATE
WM, 34 looking for Asians/Latins/Blacks interested in becoming friends and forming an ongoing safe sexual relationship. Not looking for a lover, already have one; but for some outside sex and fun. It doesn't matter whether you are single or not; as long as you are friendly and like sex. I love to cuddle and hold, how about you? Give it a try! PO Box 22584, SF, CA 94122.

THE STARS SAY YES!
GWM, Taurus, 28, 5'11", 180 lbs., blonde/blue, bottom, seeks Capricorn or Cancer Latin, top, 30+, moustache, for the one to one, steamy romance we've dreamed of! Into bars and open relations? Don't bother! Send letter, photo and birthdate PO Box 506, Hayward CA 94541. (KP31)

BALL CLUB QUARTERLY
Nationwide newsletter/contact/correspondence club for men who have 'em and men who want 'em. Safe sex encouraged. Send self addressed stamped envelope for free information. BCS, POB 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

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COCK WORSHIPPER
Attractive 36, healthy, oral oriented, GWM seeks a few discrete, healthy, heavy-hung WMs who enjoy having their big, beautiful cocks worshipped by an excellent CS. Looks, age, uncult or cut not important as your loving your thick, hot, juicy cock worshipped. Share: that joy on a regular basis. Sentinel Box 953.

LATIN SEEKS LATIN
5'4", 120 lbs., 38 years, bodybuilder, seeks hot, short, dark men to share some or all: athletic sex, working out, disco, symphony, friendship and to keep me company on frequent business/vacation trips back east and to Europe. Reply, with photo if possible, to: PO Box 42175, San Francisco CA 94142. (KP29)

BLACK MALE
28 seeking friendship with a bright intelligent, young lady that enjoys book reading, movies, walks, kids, R&B music. Must be 23 to 35 years of age. Prefer someone who is working. A 50-50 relationship, someone who enjoys cooking. Prefer non-smoker, non-drinker, no drugs, no gays. Sentinel Box 954.

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ON THE COUCH

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Saying 'No' To Sex

As men in America we have been subjected to very strange propaganda. Watch a little TV, read a magazine. The men who we are supposed to admire are always ready for sex, have an insatiable appetite for it, and wouldn't dream of turning down an attractive partner no matter what the circumstances. For as long as I've been part of our community, I have watched in amazement as my gay brothers try to live up to this standard, and succeed to an astonishing degree. Nonetheless, there are many circumstances where you might want to say no, no matter how hot the man is who's propositioning you.

Why You Might Want To Say No

You're not feeling sexual. You are tired, have had sex recently, are too drunk, too full, in short your body doesn't want to. As you know it's always possible to force a sexual response, but I question the wisdom of that. It usually is a poor idea to go against what your flesh wants.

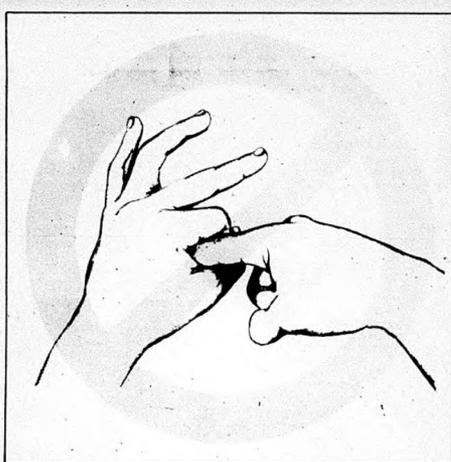
He intimidates you. Some men are too attractive, or come on like gangbusters and overwhelm you. If you find yourself very nervous at the thought of climbing into the sack with a certain guy, maybe it's better to give it a pass.

It's too soon. It is often the case in gay life that we find ourselves just about to have sex with someone within an hour of meeting them. For many gay men this is the ideal sexual encounter, but some of us would rather get to know our partners

at least a little before we have sex. After all, sex is about the most intimate thing you can do with another human being, and it can feel mighty strange to be that intimate with a stranger. You don't know this man well enough to tell him any of your secrets, but you are about to let him crawl all over your naked body. You might end up feeling a little exposed. I suspect that if this type of encounter wasn't such a standard feature of gay life there would be a hell of a lot more gay men saying, "I don't do that on the first date." So if you are the sort that would rather wait to get to know someone before having sex with them, say so.

There's another reason not to have sex on the first date. It's been my experience that all too frequently if you have sex on the first date, there won't be a second. I theorize that this has to do with the intimacy issue. Two strangers have exposed themselves to each other, and there's been no basis for it. They don't know each other, they don't trust each other, and now one or both feels exposed and uncomfortable. And it's just easier never to see that person again. So if you have met someone and sense that he's relationship material, it might be better to wait a while before "doing it." Get to know each other a little, maybe even like and trust each other, build a context for sexual intimacy before having sex.

"But," you say to me semi-hysterically, "I can tell that what he's looking for is a hot lay for tonight. If I don't give him what he wants there won't be a sec-



GRAPHIC BY RUPERT KIMMARD

ond date." A dilemma. It's very true that there are lots of men out there who have a good deal of trouble delaying gratification. They want it now, or they move on. You have to make a differentiation. If you're positive that if you say no he'll just move down the bar, then go home with him, but know that you will, in all probability, be no more than a trick to him no matter how you play it. On the other hand, he may simply be operating from the gay norm that says if two men are attracted, they have sex, and if you turn me down it means either you aren't turned on to me or you are simply weird. In that case do some fast talking. Tell him about this article. Explain that you want more than a one-nighter, and that you are very attracted to him indeed. Persuade him that it will only be better if you wait.

Or the problem might be all in your head. You might be one of those sorts I call "pleasers," people who are afraid that if they aren't eternally gratifying

to other people, that nobody will like them. If that's you, then recognize that you are operating from old fears. That you don't honestly know how he will respond to a no. He might be relieved having suggested sex because he thought you expected him to. It's possible that he, too, would rather wait.

How to Say No

We all worry to some degree or another about rejecting others. That the person we reject won't like us. That we'll hurt their feelings. In the case of a sexual rejection, that we say no for tonight, we'll never get another chance. These fears are real. When you reject someone there's always an inherent risk that one of the above catastrophes may occur. But the following suggestions will make the rejection as easy as possible on the rejectee and thus minimize the risk.

Personalize it. Talk about you, your feelings and state of

mind, not qualities or traits of his. "I'm tired," not "Why did you have to wait until so late?"

Tell the truth. At least partly. If you're both tired and intimidated perhaps you'll choose only to say you're tired. But very few of us are good enough liars to fabricate a story that has the ring of truth so if you launch into some crock of BS, he'll probably sense that the story has a hollow ring and be put off.

Be clear about whether this is a no for now or a flat no. Most men will assume that if you say no tonight, what you really mean is not ever. Keep repeating that you only mean not tonight, give your reasons, and say how wildly attracted to him you are until you sense that he believes you. Unless of course what you really mean is not ever, in which case, say that. Don't string him along to spare his feelings. In the long run that will hurt him worse.

Compliment him. Include positives in the rejection. If you are not interested in him sexually, be sure to mention something about him you do like. A little bit of sugar to help the medicine go down. It really helps, believe me.

As I say, nothing guarantees that these guidelines will work with everybody, but they do work with reasonable people. If after all the careful phrasing and explanations he still stalks off in a huff, perhaps he has a problem, and you are lucky to have discovered it so early. ■ 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. ■

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Continued from previous page

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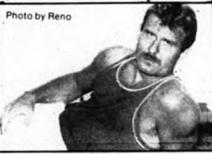


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