While US Attorney General Edwin Meese addressed American Bar Association conference participants in the Fairmont Hotel's Grand Ballroom, a dozen well-dressed protesters, led by civil rights lawyer Mary Dunlap, stood outside holding up neon-orange bumper-stickers reading “Just say NO to Bork!” and shouting “We want justice, not Bork!” before network television crews in San Francisco this week. The demonstrators were members of the recently formed Northern California Coalition Against Bork (NCCAB) of which Dunlap is temporary co-chair. The NCCAB, a broad-based coalition of individuals and groups concerned with the preservation of civil rights, opposes President Reagan’s nomination of Robert H. Bork to the US Supreme Court because of his firm record against civil rights, minorities, women, gays and lesbians, reproductive rights and the First Amendment.

Some of the groups that have endorsed the efforts of the NCCAB are the Bay Area Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild, CARAL, Community Health Coalition, Davis Citizens for Human Rights, Feminist Men’s Alliance, Jewish Women Against Bork, Legal Advocates for Women, Lesbian/Gay Labor Alliance, Mexican American Legal Defense Fund, National Gay Rights Advocates, National March on Washington for Les-

ABA National Convention First

Family Law Forum Sets Precedent for Lesbians & Gays

Attorneys from across the country were treated to a panel discussion by five family law experts, including Roberta Achtenberg of the Lesbian Rights Project and Leonard Graff from National Gay Rights Advocates. These panelists discussed the legal status of lesbian and gay couples and gave advice regarding legal representation of families headed by lesbians and gays.

According to panelist C. Rick Chamberlin, a family law specialist in San Francisco, “About half the homosexual population of the United States live in longterm, coupled relationships. Today’s program reflects the need, desire and right of these people to protect themselves, their children, their partners and to ensure the viability of their relationships.”

The program covered a variety of legal family law issues, including contracts between partners, inheritance rights, titles and property rights, partner protection issues and support rights. The
AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS
FROM THE ALICE B. TOKLAS LESBIAN/GAY DEMOCRATIC CLUB

We've been friends and allies over the years — and we have successfully worked together on numerous issues that affect both our community and the city as a whole.

On Monday, August 17 you will be voting on an issue that is of extreme significance to our community — the USS Missouri Memorandum of Understanding. Since the passage of the City’s Human Rights Ordinance, the Board of Supervisors has systematically upheld our rights not to be victimized by anti-gay employment practices. But now you are being asked to support the Navy’s discriminatory hiring practices and to spend our tax dollars to reinforce our federal laws as second-class citizens.

This is probably the first time you have ever been asked to place a price tag on justice and dignity. Proponents of the Missouri suggest that the alleged new jobs the project will bring to the City are more important than gay rights and that the Navy can’t change its policies. We reject this black-and-white analysis — because the Navy can and should change its discriminatory hiring policies before the Board of Supervisors agrees to spend one nickel of our community’s tax dollars.

The Navy’s claim that it doesn’t discriminate against lesbians and gay seeking civilian jobs is a lie: their current policy is to approve heterosexuals for security clearances without investigating their sex lives but to deny us security clearances until we "prove" our sex lives meet their approval. For the record, the Department of Defense’s Manual of Personnel Security Investigations contains the following list of questions the Navy is permitted to ask lesbians and gay seeking civilian jobs:

1. What period in your life have you engaged in deviant activities?
2. How often do you engage in deviant activities?
3. When was the most recent time you engaged in deviant activity?
4. What type of individual do you choose to participate in deviant activity?
5. Are you and your co-participants in deviant activity open or secretive regarding your deviant activity?
6. What is the age group of your co-participants in deviant activity?
7. Do you maintain a single or a small number of lasting relationships?
8. Do you have numerous transient and temporary liaisons with a variety of individuals through chance meetings in bars or other public places?
9. In what types of places do you meet deviant partners?
10. Where do you engage in deviant activities?
11. Are your family, friends and professional associates aware of your deviant activity?
12. Do you know if your partners have disclosed their deviant activities to friends, family, associates and the like?

We trust we do not have to convince you that asking such questions constitutes discriminatory employment practices inconsistent with the City’s Human Rights Ordinance. We want you to know that we care about your vote on this issue, and that we will remember them.

Sincerely,
The 400 members of the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club

CALL Members of the Board of Supervisors and let them know how you feel about using our tax dollars to underwrite the Navy’s discriminatory hiring policies. Urge them to vote against the Memorandum of Understanding (MOU) unless the Navy is willing to comply with the fair employment practices specified in the City’s Human Rights Ordinance.

For the Missouri MOU or Undecided

Please contact:

Molinari ........................................ 554-5555
Kennedy ........................................... 554-5734
Maher .............................................. 554-5401
Hsiieh .............................................. 554-5015
Gonzales ......................................... 554-5338
Nelder ............................................. 554-5497

Against the Missouri MOU

Thank them for their support:

Britt .............................................. 554-5145
Silver ............................................. 554-5254
Ward .............................................. 554-5867
Walker ............................................ 554-5943
Hongisto ......................................... 554-5664

Or Write the Supervisors!
San Francisco City Hall, Room 235
San Francisco, CA 94102

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I am registered Democrat and I want my voice to be heard!
☐ $100 Sponsoring ☐ $25 Regular
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☐ I am not a registered Democrat, but would like to receive Alice Reports for $15.00

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Address _____________________________________________________________
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Telephone (Day) ______________________ (Eve) ______________________

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ALICE B. TOKLAS LESBIAN/GAY DEMOCRATIC CLUB
P.O. Box 11316
San Francisco, CA 94101

Roberto Esteves, President 415/621-3296

* $10 special needs rate available upon written application.
** AVAILABLE THRU SEPTEMBER 1, 1987
Missouri Hits Rough Waters

by Charles Linebarger

The plan to provide city tax dollars to help the Navy bring the battleship Missouri and its ten-ship support fleet to San Francisco is due for another vote on Monday, August 17. However, the board appears unable to agree on wording that will protect equal access for lesbians and gay men to the jobs that homeporting will bring.

At least four amendments have been offered to protect gay employment rights: the resolution offered by the city's Human Rights Commission, the amendment Supervisor Harry Britt stood up forcefully for at the last board meeting, a newer proposal that is being offered by Supervisor Bill Maher and the amendment that Supervisor John Molinari offered on behalf of the mayor and the Navy at the last board meeting.

Britt has gone on record as saying that he will stand by his amendment that requires the Navy to agree to obey the city's human rights ordinance. The Maher amendment, offered at mid-week, calls for the Navy simply to agree not to discriminate and, according to Britt's office, is simply unacceptable to the city's Human Rights Commission.

The amendment that Molinari introduced at the last board meeting with the approval of the mayor and the Navy was abandoned by Molinari himself after Britt's vehement attack on it. The Molinari amendment would have called on the Navy to obey federal laws pertaining to discrimination based on sexual orientation.

The first amendment to protect gay rights, however — and still commonly agreed to be the strongest and furthest reaching — is the one that was passed on a 6-5 vote by the San Francisco Human Rights Commission on July 9. This 23-year-old city agency is chartered to implement the city's nondiscrimination policy, according to Jack Caufield, the commission's contract compliance officer.

"We are obligated legally and morally to implement the non-discrimination ordinance, chapter 12B of the city administrative code," said Caufield.

"This forbids discrimination by con­tractors and lessors and anyone doing business with the city."

The amendment, proposed as a reso­lution by the Human Rights Commis­sion, is two-pronged. It calls for amend­ing the city's Memorandum of Under­standing with the Navy "to prohibit discrimination on the grounds of: sexual orientation or disability, including AIDS/AIDS Related Conditi­on in employment," and secondly and broader-reaching, it demands that the US Department of Defense "issue regulations stating that consensual, non-commercial, heterosexual sexual activity between adults is not 'sexual mi­sconduct' with which the Department of Defense will concern itself, and that homosexuals and heterosexuals will be treated by identical standards."

Britt told the Sentinel several weeks ago that he did not include the second part of the Human Rights Commis­sion's resolution in his amendment because "the Department of Defense is not a party to the Memorandum of Understanding" and he added, "We wrote the language as we did because it was the strongest we could get to go into the MOU."

Gay rights attorney Richard Gayer said he felt that Britt's amendment to the MOU should have included the sec­ond part of the Human Rights Commis­sion's resolution. Said Gayer, "Securi­ty clearances and employment discrimi­nation are two different things. The Navy can say they don't discriminate in employment but still discriminate in security clearances. As a result the gay person would not be eligible for certain jobs."

Gayer said he felt the second part of the commission's resolution would have covered the issue of lesbians and gay men trying to get federal security clearances.

Phyllis Lyon, the chair of the Les­bian and Gay Advisory Committee to the Human Rights Commission, told the Sentinel, "That resolution was the strongest way we could think of to put the issue out to the Board of Super­"

House Votes for Own AIDS Commission

by George Mendenhall

The US House of Representatives voted last week (355-68) to establish its own broadbased AIDS commission. The vote expressed a lack of confidence in President Reagan's 13-member panel that excludes anyone directly involved with AIDS research. It appears that the Senate will now pass the measure in fiscal 1988.

The House legislation requires that six of the 13 "must be appointed from among experts in the scientific and medical communities and on legal and ethical issues who are specifically qualified to serve — by reason of their education, training, or experience."

The new 15-member "National Commission on AIDS" would be ap­pointed by five sources — the president limited to selecting only three of its members. Two of the 15 would be the secretary of Health and Human Ser­vices and the administrator of Veterans Affairs. Other members would be selected by congressional leaders — three by the House Speaker and two by the House minority leader, three from the Senate majority leader and two from the Senate minority leader.

The direction of the president's Continued on page 10

Supes Tackle KQED and Doolittle

by Charles Linebarger

The San Francisco Board of Supervisors took on two heavies at its August 10 board meeting: KQED and State Senator John Doolittle. Supervisor Richard Hongisto sponsored the action on KQED and led the fight against the Doolittle AIDS bills in Sacramento. Hongisto ignored a last-minute plea from the management of KQED and in­stead offered a resolution calling on city Chief Administrative Officer Rudy Nothenburg to cut off city funding for the public broadcaster.

The resolution introduced by Hongisto read, "Resolved, That it is

the policy of the City and County of San Francisco not to tolerate any form of discrimination, and in so doing, urge the Chief Administrative Officer to discontinue, not fund, or participate in supporting any organization or pro­gram that is directly or indirectly dis­ Continued on page 10

OUR BOYS NEED BLOOD

Women's Day Blood Drive, August 22.

Lesbians: Help solve an urgent crisis in our community.

People with AIDS need blood, and gay men generally are excluded as blood donors. Our blood is the least likely to be contaminated by the AIDS virus. Our blood is urgently needed to build a reserve of blood and blood by-products for the ever-increasing number of AIDS patients.

Stand with our brothers in fighting the AIDS epidemic.

On Saturday, August 22 from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM, a mobile blood donation unit will visit the Castro to serve women participating in the Women's Day Blood Drive. For your convenience, and to-save time, we ask you to call now to schedule a specific appointment and receive additional information.

Fight AIDS. Give blood.

Call 863-6761.

A project of the Lesbian Caucus of the Harvey Milk Lesbian & Gay Democratic Club, in conjunction with the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank of San Francisco and Most Holy Redeemer Catholic Church.
State Board Hears from Activists

Keep Gays In

by George Mendenhall

The State Board of Education heard local activists on Tuesday explain why gay people should be included in gay curriculum guidelines on “Human Rights and Genocide.” They explained that the earlier guidelines announced in July that mentioned “Jews and others” as being victims of the Nazi holocaust should also include a specific mention of gays. An explanation was given of the pink triangles that gay people were before they were executed in concentration camps.

Chris Nunez, Community United Against Violence, and Blak Wilson, Gay/Lesbian Youth Advocacy Council, flew to Ontario in southern Florida to present their case. They were heard by 7 others who spoke for specific mention of lesbians and gay men throughout the 65-page proposal—a guideline mandated by the state legislature for courses in the public schools. There were 54 speakers in the five-hour hearing with a voice of the board, after another revision, expected in Sacramento on September 3.

“There are 24 million gay and lesbians,” Nunez told the 11 board members, “and we constantly worry about threats against our lives as well as the continuing threat to our legal and civil rights. We are worried that our rights can be taken away without legal recourse.” Nunez places speakers on the gay rights issue in public schools here in Family Life Education classes. Activists were successful earlier this year in adding gay people to the state guidelines for those classes.

Wilson, who has led the fight to include gay people in state education guidelines, knew that the board members were all appointees of Governor George Deukmejian. He said that during the 1978 battle over the Briggs Initiative in the Catholic Church, George Deukmejian and Ronald Reagan had opposed barring gay people as teachers.

He said that with that support, “We were able to turn the polls around and defeat that prejudice. It was then that we, as a minority, realized that we needed those outside of our community to help do this. Now we have a doubling of attacks against gay and lesbians because of AIDS, and there is an epidemic of anti-gay violence.”

Gay activists, Mr. Wilson, had met earlier with State School Superintendent Bill Hong, who was unaware of anti-gay violence and the pink triangle. Hong played a role in restoring the deleted wording about gay people and placing the names of gay organizations and gay history books into the guidelines. Wilson and Nunez attended the Ontario meeting to assure that the wording was still there for gay people—and that it would be retained.

Most of the speakers during the lengthy hearing were people of Polish and Turkish descent and the disabled. They were asking to be included in specific mentions. A letter was read from Henry Derr, Chinese for Affirmative Action in San Francisco, urging that Chinese be not be left out, and Board Member Angie Papadakis, of Greek ancestry, talked of the violation of human rights toward Greeks through history. Papadakis’s would be included presents a problem for the full length of the hearing.

The Coors race director, Michael Aisner, said he was surprised at the cold reception he had received in San Francisco. His attempts to form a local committee to sponsor the race here failed and no city officials showed up to greet the bicyclers—who have been holding similar Coors promotional races in other cities. Aisner said, “We’ve all become a tough city for us. San Francisco is the single largest headache in the running of the races.”

Continued on page 10

Coors Gets Cold Shoulder

Bike Race Sparks Protest

by George Mendenhall

Sixty gay and labor activists marched at the Presidio on Sunday to protest the International Bicycle Classic, a race sponsored by Coors Brewery. The demonstration was part of a 10-year boycott of the company by gay, labor, minority, and feminist groups over the support that Coors has shown for extreme Right political candidates and organizations that oppose human rights issues. The activists were restricted to an area outside of a Presidio gate, although the federal government opened the facility to the bikers and permitted the corporation to hold ceremonies on its ground.

The Coors race director, Michael Aisner, said he was surprised at the cold reception he had received in San Francisco. His attempts to form a local committee to sponsor the race here failed and no city officials showed up to greet the bicyclers—who have been holding similar Coors promotional races in other cities. Aisner said, “We’ve all become a tough city for us. San Francisco is the single largest headache in the running of the races.”

“Bicycling is a great sport,” Coors boycott organizer Howard Wallace explained, “but the bikers might do well to find a better sponsor.” Wallace, who founded the local Lesbian and Gay Labor Alliance, had requested a permit to demonstrate on the grounds of the large military base, but Colonel Joseph Rafferty, commander of the Presidio, denied the request.

“Your demonstration would threaten the good order and discipline of our soldiers and the health, safety, and welfare of all persons on the installation during the race,” Wall wrote Wallace. “Rafferty threatened criminal prosecution if we entered the base.” His response was humorous and absurd. He advised his own soldiers by suggesting they be so dedicated as to be irreparable when quizzing little kids at the sign of a “Buyer’s Coors” banner. The demonstration will continue as long as Coors continues to support anti-gay and anti-labor political candidates and organizations. The company is now attempting to expand into the East Coast market, and gay bars in cities like New York City are not carrying Coors.

The local boycott of Coors began in 1977 by Wallace and Supervisor Harvey Milk. Since the effort began the company’s sales have dropped from 43% of the market here to 14%. Only a few of the 100 Bay Area gay bars carry the product.

Leather Fights Feds

by George Mendenhall

Jean Kovach, the lesbian investigator for the federal government, has been granted a full trial after numerous courtroom hearings. She has sought an immediate summary by the judge to avoid a trial. The previously closed Kovach “came out” in 1986 and soon found herself demoted in rank.

Federal Hearing Judge Charles Lage has set a trial for December 7 in which the US Department of Defense shall be required to explain why her performance became officially “dismal” after her declaration about her sexual orientation. After 13 years as an investigator for the Department of Defense officials “lacked confidence and trust” in her ability to be a chief investigator. She is still at the Presidio military base but works in a minor position.

Kovach became controversial in the lesbian and gay community when it was revealed that part of her duties included supervising investigations into the sexual orientation of people in government service. Then she herself became the subject of an investigation. She has been embittered by the gay press’s treatment of her case, insisting that she was only doing what her job required.

A case that is significant because it has been expanded by her attorney, Dick Guyer, into a class action suit. Guyer says his client is defending herself “to protect all gay employees from the discriminatory policy that the director of the Department of Defense Investigative Service, Thomas O’Brien, desires to enforce.” The government has failed in its motion to dismiss the entire lawsuit, claiming that since Kovach has been retained in a lesser capacity, her claim to discrimination is moot. Kovach seeks to re-hire in her former position.

In a second lesbian rights case involving the federal government, the Central Intelligence Agency claims that the courts cannot review its denial of a security clearance to Julie Dubbs. The agency claims its records are secret. Dubbs, who is also represent by Guyer, is an openly gay employee of SRI International in Menlo Park, which has a CIA contract. By being denied security, Dubbs is denied advancement and higher paying positions.

The CIA states that Dubbs’s “persistently homosexual activities” are the reason for denial, although all of the acts are with consenting adults in her private life. The agency claims that Dubbs, as a gay person, is subject to anti-gay blackmail by foreign agents.

Protesters outside the Presidio calling attention to Coors’ support for extreme Right political candidates and organizations.
**Mission of a Priest with AIDS**

Healing the Church

by John DiGregorio

Nobody expected to see a Roman Catholic priest in his collar marching down Market Street during San Francisco's Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade this past summer — let alone see him carrying the banner for People with AIDS contingent.

"I would try to catch people's eyes, and often I watched their faces change," he recalls. "They would look in on people with AIDS and applauded in sort of a solidarity, and they would see me, and you could almost read it on their faces. 'Well, isn't that nice, there's a priest there to support them.' And then as they kept looking I would see their expressions change to this look of shock or awe when they made the connection: 'Oh, my God. He's one of them.'"

Father Bob Arpin, 40, until July a grief counselor for Catholic Charities in the Archdiocese of San Francisco, was diagnosed with AIDS on April 30. He is also one of the nearly 100 people with AIDS who, along with hundreds of elderly, are invited to see Pope John Paul II when he visits San Francisco on September 17.

"The event, the pope's official welcome to this city, could be the most controversial point on his entire US itinerary next month. Well-organized gay groups have been planning for months to protest outside the papal meeting with AIDS patients.

Some say Arpin, who will be inside, will be just as much an embarrassment to the Church. A priest vowed to celibacy, he has contracted a disease widely associated with sexual activity — and more commonly homosexual activity, which the Vatican last October condemned as an 'intrinsically evil.'"

Many dioceses outside California to ban Dignity because of its disagreement with Church teaching on homosexuality. Arpin foresees ministering not only to people with AIDS or to others with AIDS but to the entire Church, which anguished over many of gay members with last October's letter, "On the Pastoral Care of Homosexual Persons." The letter called the mere indication toward homosexuality an "obscene disorder." and prompted many dioceses outside California to ban Dignity from Church grounds because of its disagreement with Church teaching on homosexuality. Arpin will celebrate a Mass for Dignity immediately after he sees the pope at Mission Dolores.

"I stand in the middle," Arpin says. "And isn't that what the priest is? He's one who stands in the middle and brings together the different parts of reality." Especially now with AIDS, "My sickness is providing the Church with an opportunity to love me," Arpin says. "There is all in us of the positive and negative," he says, "and I think what makes us holy is not that we try to get rid of all the bad and bolster all the good. What makes us holy people is that we reach a balance in our lives in which we are integrated in wholeness and holiness."

**Towards Healing the Church**

Arpin hopes to foster on a social level the same type of balance he has

Continued on page 12

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**It takes two to have unsafe sex,**

only one to prevent it.

If you are with someone who hasn't learned to stick to safe sex, or who is too loaded to care, or who just doesn't know any better — you can make sure both of you are safe by simply saying "no" to anything between you that's Unsafe.

Transmission of the AIDS virus can't happen without the cooperation of two people. Don't be one of them.

Call 863-AIDS

San Francisco AIDS Foundation

333 Valencia Street, 4th Floor

San Francisco, CA 94103

Tell Free Northern California Hotline: they know

TDD 615-864-6606

Major funding for the educational program of the Harvey Milk AIDS Foundation is provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health.
AGNOS: COME CLEAN

In last week's editorial entitled "Alice: Come Clean," the Sentinel proposed that the Alice B. Toklas Club adopt a rule that would allow only those persons who were members of the club as of January 1, 1987 to be able to vote for an endorsement in the mayor's race. In making our proposal, we believed that this solution would put an end to the destructive battle over the Alice endorsement which is making the club the political laughing stock of the city and which threatens to poison the entire gay community. We also believed that we would learn a great deal about the candidates and their interest in the welfare of the community by the way they responded to this challenge.

We were right.

John Molinari, to his credit, issued a letter to the membership of the club accepting our challenge. In his letter he said, "I strongly urge not one but all members of the club to support this proposal. I have always believed that politics should enhance a community, not divide it. I believe that this compromise will benefit us all — no matter who wins the endorsement — and that it will put a stop to a battle that could have lasting scars."

And what about Art Agnos? Agnos did not bother to prepare a response to the proposal for the members. A spokesman from his campaign, however, said at the meeting that Agnos will not support the compromise.

There is no excuse for Art's unwillingness to agree to this idea. It was Agnos' forces, after all, who first accused the Molinari camp of stacking the club membership. One such Agnos follower even sent out a letter entitled "The Rape of Alice" which accused the Molinari forces of all manner of violations on the body of the Alice membership. This hot piece — which Agnos took not the least step to distance himself from — was without doubt the lowest piece of garbage produced thus far in the campaign.

If Art Agnos is sincere in his accusations that Molinari has packed the club, then one would expect him to welcome this proposal. But by turning down the Sentinel's compromise, Agnos has shown that he believes that another month of voter recruitment can bring in enough members either to block an endorsement for Molinari or to win it for himself outright.

This old "politics" tactic should make all members of the community question Agnos projected image as an open, fair, and above-board candidate. His response reinforces a picture of Agnos that keeps reappearing — that of a politician on the one hand who consistently proclaims high values and standards in public, and on the other hand who opposes those ideals in private when it is to his advantage.

The case of Art's quiet enrichment by Sacramento developer Angelo Tiskopoulos while he was at the same time raging against developers comes most quickly to mind.

In the heat of a campaign, it is sometimes more instructive to watch how a politician reacts to the smaller issues that arise rather than what he or she says about carefully prepared and strategically positioned big "issues." In the scheme of things, the Alice endorsement may not be the important ingredient in the mayor's race. It has become, however, a crucial turning point in the health of the club and of the community.

There is still time for Agnos to accept this compromise. The issue was referred to the Alice bylaws committee for consideration and will be voted on at the September meeting. A two-thirds vote will be necessary, so it will take the cooperation of both candidates to pass it. Agnos: come clean. Accept the Sentinel compromise and prove to all of us that you put the good of the community ahead of your short-term political advantage.

ROBERT GOLOVICH

LETTERS

SF MYSTERIES

To the Editor:

San Francisco politics are certainly fascinating if not mystifying.

Enter John Molinari, Republican and supporter of Deukmejian turned Democrat to ensure election. He evidently admitted lying to one San Francisco paper to get his endorsement. Will he do it again?

Enter Sala Burton, congresswoman and supporter in the Burton machine. She actively campaigned against Molinari for the above reasons, but she names as her successor Nancy Pelosi. Pelosi, it seems, is a female Molinari in that she both tries to ride the wind and has the "big boys" of the Party blowing, wherever it goes.

Enter Harry Britt, progressive Democrat and supporter of grassroots issues. Britt expected (evidently with good reason) to get the nod from Burton. Apparently feeling he needed strong support, Britt agreed to support Molinari in a major contest.

The Missouri issue alone demonstrates how ridiculous this all is. For: Molinari, Pelosi (she doesn't say she is for it but supports Feinstein's position). Against: Britt, Burton (D), Agnos.

Enter Art Agnos, progressive Democrat and supporter of grassroots issues. Agnos supported neither Pelosi nor Britt in the congressional election but supports the ideals and issues that Britt upholds.

Question: Is Brit demonstrating the estimation of him made by Kim Corson? How can Brit be a politically astute and support a man whose politics so completely contravert his own?

Question: Do we in San Francisco support a candidate because of the political he says he supports? Molinari's support of Brit can have nothing to do with Brit's policies. Britt's support of Molinari can have nothing to do with Molinari's program. Is this another version of Pelosi's "of the Party, for the Party, and by the Party?"

Question: Do we in San Francisco support a candidate because of his stand on issues and demonstrated performance? Don't Agnos really support Britt and the people of San Francisco, including the gay community, much more so than Molinari?

Question: Do the issues and ideals of Harry Britt mean nothing? Is Brit's only value that he is gay? Gay support of Molinari seems to say that.

BILLY ASHBY-DOLLIN

UNEXPECTED OPPRESSION

To the Editor:

I recently attended a meeting of a downtown "big names" in the gay community representing themselves in the Papal Visit Task Force. Their stated purpose is to "write to many different segments of our community as possible in opposition to the religious opposition symbolized by Pope John Paul II." After hearing of this, I thought this was the perfect vehicle for expressing myself and many others like me.

I am a member of the Bay Area Council of Pagan Circles and Solitaries. BACOPS has but two goals: to form a supportive network with other pagans and to reach out and inform the general public about who and what we are. As a gay man and follower of the "Old Religion," I feel that the time was ripe to come out and help others to come out of their "充分体现".

Unfortunately, when I tried expressing this at the meeting, among people that I thought would understand, all I got was a condescending "Isn't that nice." Apparently the Papal Visit Task Force has this protest planned by and for gay Christians, such as MCC and Dignity. I was told that we could not have a speaker because then they would have to let everyone speak. As I left the meeting, there was talk of maybe including a speaker from the Jewish community.

I do not write to the papers but feel compelled to do so now. If any group has a reason to speak out against religious oppression, we pagan do. We are the "kooks" in "crazy cults" that many people, and most of the media, would portray us as. We are doctors, nurses, teachers, executives, professionals, and people from all walks of life. Our speaker's could have given an enlightening talk on religious oppression, if allowed. Religious oppression affects everyone, especially gays, and we must unite in standing against it.

WAYNE A. SHERWOOD

FESTIVAL REVIEWS

To the Editor:

I feel embarrassed and offended by Robert Julian's article entitled "Bayesianism" in the July 31 Sentinel that I felt compelled to write because this is the kind of catty, arrogant, bitchy, drag-down that stereo-typifies what all of the individual can resent is a barrage of insults and stupid comments about whether or not "my dooryard holds up through aerobics class."

Evidently, Mr. Julian perceives himself as the sacred celebrity figure whose interview is really good to read and sent via satellite to our global village, having direct influence on whether or not Donovon's celebrity continuance on Mr. Julian's opinion, is going to "guy" anywhere. I feel strongly that we in the gay community are suffering through diff...
Sink the Missouri!

We oppose the Reagan Administration's homeporting plan that would result in the basing of the USS Missouri in San Francisco Bay. We are not satisfied with the Navy and the Environmental Protection Agency's assurances that the environmental impact on the bay will be minimal. We also reject claims that San Francisco's economy will be vigorously stimulated; instead, they will result in a net job loss for San Franciscans. The bay will be minimally impacted. We urge him to do so. This will also afford the lesbian/gay community an opportunity to see that each individual supervisor stands on uncompro mised lesbian/gay rights. If any community has the power to force the US Navy to change its policy, it's San Francisco, and it is our responsibility to do so for the lesbian/gay community worldwide. If the Navy cannot accept the strongest language possible, then we do not want the Missouri.

The eyes of the gay community were focused on her office as she asked the jury to deliberate on the issue. Although there is talk of appealing, the case is over now, they may not necessarily be as good as it seemed to them. The jury reached a verdict that the firing was not due to anti-gay discrimination. The 9-3 vote ended a long and controversial legal battle that saw two previous juries deadlock on the issue.

In a conversation last week, Renee repeated her support for the gay rights ordinance and her commitment to gay rights. She currently is looking for an experienced civil attorney who also has experience in workers compensation claims. As the mayoral campaign goes down a comparison of the Renee record of involvement in the gay and lesbian community to that of Art Agnos and John Molinari is going to show Louis coming in a distant third. Those of us who have always liked her had much greater expectations as to how she would relate to us when named city attorney.

At the same time that a jury was ruling against Raines on gay discrimination, a Hall of Justice jury was convicting a defendant of forcibly sodomizing and robbing a gay man who had voluntarily performed fellatio on the defendant. Not only did this jury add any issues of prejudice, they were able to overlook the sexual nature of the initial encounter and convict in what was essentially the case of the victim's word against the suspect's. I give a lot of credit to the victim for his courage in pursuing the case, and I give a lot of credit to the jury for focusing on the crime and not the situation.

And thanks to Assistant District Attorney Bill Fazio for calling my attention to the August issue of GQ magazine. The cover boy is Corbin Bernsen, who plays divorce lawyer Ar- nold Becker on the popular series L.A. Law. Bernsen's comments are definitely not those of San Francisco. His name last "I'm just glad I'm not gay," as he tells the writer of his preference for masturbation over casual sex. Bernsen thinks that women's lib, homosexuality, AIDS and global devastation are somehow interconnected. He also criticizes his brother's hair — it's "too faggy." "Gosh, I hope gay men aren't the reason for the success of GQ magazine". Fazio, incidentally, represented the San Francisco District Attorney at the American Bar Association convention panel on violence against lesbians and gays as victims of crime. Last year Bill convicted three Valteño men of second-degree murder when one of their gaybashing victims died while being attacked by the group at Polk and Califor nia.

CATHARTIC COMICS

NO I CAN'T HELP YOU COUSINNEAU IT SEEMS THE 'STRAIGHT COMMUNITY SHIP' YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE PROMISED TO BE DAY AND THE GAY BOYS RETEST YOU AS BEING A TAD TOO Tired to drink and lack for their tastes!

For the WORST BOMBER and DIVA TOUCHÉ FLAMÉE

BY Prof. 13. Gistendowne

HELLO? ARE YOU STILL THERE?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I AM THE ONLY ONE ON THE TEAM WHO HAS BEEN CALLED OUTedish NAMES.
Bork Battle

Continued from page 1

bian and Gay Rights and San Francisco Chapter of the National Organization for Women.

NCABB representatives said they called the demonstration to publicize the need for the Senate to disavow Judge Bork's judicial decisions to stand united in their opposition to the nomination. At the demonstration, a number of representatives of NCABB member groups spoke out against Bork.

"We are fighting very hard to see that his confirmation not go through on the grounds that we believe strongly in the civil rights and civil liberties that are so fragile being maintained at this point," said Eva Uyehara, president of the San Francisco Women Lawyers' Alliance. "The idea that we may have none of them in the next fifty years is terrifying to all of us, and we are strongly committed to seeing Judge Bork not be confirmed."


"Bork is a judicial extremist," said Luke, "and it would be a disaster... for women and families and for the issue of privacy. He not only strongly opposes Roe v. Wade [the Supreme Court decision which legalized abortion] but also the individual's right to choose contraception. We believe that it's important for a woman to be able to choose to terminate her pregnancy in conjunction with her doctor. He also makes it very clear that he would interfere with a couple's right to use contraceptives, even in the privacy of their own home, even if they are married."

Uyehara said Bork has indicated through his comments about sexual harassment cases that he doesn't believe sexual harassment is a form of sex discrimination and therefore does not see it as a violation of federal law.

"This man has made it very clear that he is against a whole class of individuals — they happen to be individuals who are not women, who are not disadvantaged, who are not minorities, it doesn't matter — and in a caring person in addition to being a lawyer, I find it totally shocking," Uyehara exclaimed. "It would be a misuse of the whole notion of justice to have someone like him sitting and deciding cases that are going to bind all of us for many years."

Robert L. Harris, former president of the National Bar Association, the nation's oldest and largest association of black lawyers and judges, denounced Bork's recent views denying civil rights to people of color.

"We are strongly opposed to Bork," said Harris, "and as a matter of fact, our president will be in Washington testifying against his confirmation because of his record on affirmative action, especially his background. His writings have demonstrated clearly that he does not believe in equality under the law."

"Here is a man who argued during the civil rights movement that blacks could legally be segregated from whites and that whites had a constitutional right to dissociate themselves from blacks by forcing them to "wage segregated" facilities, by forcing them to ride in the back of the bus. Any person who exposes — anytime in his life — such a belief does not deserve to be serving on the United States Supreme Court. It is an affront to the American people.

Ron Klak, the president-elect of the American Immigration Lawyers Association, a group of approximately 2,500 lawyers from around the country, said his group opposes Bork because of his record against aliens and the disadvantages.

"Our organization has voted strongly against the confirmation of judge Bork. His decisions show that in cases involving aliens, he would not be able to decide on a case-by-case basis. Our analysis has shown that if your name ends in "lee," you have a chance for fair justice; if your name does not, you do not."

Danup said she was very happy about the turnout for the demonstration and even more pleased with the diversity of the growing coalition. She outlined a strategy for the next stage of coalition building.

"Now we need to do outreach to the middle, and what I mean by that is small businesses, the little people who are going to be run over by Bork and don't know it."

Danup declared, "We're here—we have the advantage of knowing he's going to run us over. There are a lot of little people out there who are like us, but they don't know that he is going to run us over."

"They don't know that he is going to do the same thing and pop grocery store and the little guy out exactly what their worst nightmares are. He's going to run over that part of America and then he's going to incorporate it. I mean the man is business, business, business all the way. But not little business. Megalos—multimobilization-type business."

All his decisions show that. They show, among other things, a pattern of decisions in favor of whoever the bigger guy is. It's like a comic joke. Whoever has power, money and prestige wins in front of Robert Bork.

"We are fighting very hard to see Judge Bork not be confirmed."

The press conference and demonstration were part of a coalition meeting last week at the Women's Building, where representatives from organized labor groups, feminist organizations, lawyers and legal groups, gay/lesbian activists and a number of other groups and individuals gathered to learn about Bork's record and to discuss a plan of action for organizing opposition to his nomination.

At the meeting, facilitated by activist Pat Norman, panelists T.J. Anthony of Planned Parenthood, Lisa Kramer of California Abortion Rights Action League and Mary Danup of National Women's Abortion Rights were present. Danup's torrent of comments on civil rights.

Danup handed out "Just Say NO to Bork!" bumper stickers, which she said disintegrated quickly in bad weather. "I hope that Bork's candidacy lasts as long as they do," she quoted.

"My career is over if Robert Bork is on the Supreme Court," said Danup, who recently lost the "Gay Olympics" case before the Court. "I commit all my resources to his defeat."

In response to the Reagan Administration's espousal that Congress should not be involved in ideological debates regarding Supreme Court nominees, Danup called the argument "baloney" and said there has never been a more controversial nominee.

Continued on page 12

Local attorneys and civil rights activists stage protest at the Fairmont Grand Ballroom urging the rejection of Robert H. Bork as a member of the US Supreme Court.

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SHANTI PROJECT

Harmonic Convergence on the Horizon

by Van R. Ault

Fasten your seat belts — the Harmonic Convergence is at hand. Participants are gearing up for what promises to be the most intensively coordinated consciousness activity in modern times and perhaps in planetary history. Hundreds of thousands of people will be meditating together on Sunday and Monday, August 16 and 17, to usher in a new global era of peace, cooperation and harmony.

The Harmonic Convergence comes at the Aztec and Mayan calendars, earth signs, a period of profound purification and spiritual regeneration. Astrologically, the Sun, Mercury, Venus and Mars come together in Leo, creating a grand trine with Jupiter and Uranus. This configuration supposedly facilitates new breakthroughs and beginnings.

This moment is seen as prophetic by New Age people, who are gathering at the earth's power spots. In California, Mt. Shasta and Mt. Tamalpais are considered places where natural earth energies converge through ley lines — or acupuncture meridians — on the planet. Meditators will be uniting in groups and by themselves to tap into the higher frequency energies particularly available at this time, and direct them into the earth and towards visions of human evolution.

It isn't necessary to visit one of these areas to participate, as organizers point out. In fact, most of the power spots will be overcrowded with people who would be participating. You can go anywhere on earth and create your own form of participation, however it pleases you.

In the gay community, response to the Harmonic Convergence has been strong. Groups and individuals will be gathering at dawn on the 16th to visualize.

Continued on page 13
No Doris Day
A Woman of Substance
by Robert Julian

I'm ten minutes early. When I ring the bell of the Potroco Hill duplex owned by Art Agnos, Sherry Agnos comes down the terrazzo steps and opens the gate. Her blonde hair is cut in a casual style, and she wears a turquoise jumpsuit, studded with tiny cut-glass bijouterie, and silver pumps. When we climb the steps to the second floor, I find the staff photographer is already there, setting up for a portrait of Sherry. She is a bit nervous.

The Agnos residence is small, even by San Francisco standards, but it is a sec­ond home for the family since Art's job in the legislature requires that they spend the bulk of the year in Sacramen­to. It is a modern building, built on the reverse plan, with a view of the Bay. Rose and grey tones, accented with black lacquer and Levelor blinds, give the room a neat, elegant ambiance, and I posi­tion myself on a stool, waiting for the photographer to finish. It is 2 pm, and today's Examiner and Chronicle are both on a table in the living room. Sherry has poured a Diet Pepsi for me, and I read the newspaper while she and the photographer work.

From their bedrooms in the front of the house come the sounds of children playing. Her two sons are quietly amus­ing themselves with some neighborhood friends, and they occasionally emerge, asking if they may go outside or play games. They attend public schools, are polite, well groomed, and seem in­telligent. I didn't think they made kids like this anymore.

When the photographer leaves, Sherry and I sit out in the car and talk about her life: past, present and future. She tells me she met Art in the early 1970s when he was Leo McCarthy's ad­ministrative assistant in San Francisco, and she was working on McCarthy's Sacramento staff. It was "an office romance" that was conducted quietly, behind the scenes. A major turning point in their relationship occurred in 1975 when they were dating. Art was shot three times in the chest, at point­blank range, with a 32-caliber pistol.

"I was taking a course on death and dying at Sacramento State as part of my master's curriculum. The course was all about letting people you cared about know how you feel about their death. When Art was in the operating room, I realized that I thought about what I was learning. And I really didn't want to die. It was a time to get down to basics and find out what really mat­tered in life. Shortly after that we were married, actually in 1975, and Art ran for office in 1976, against Harvey Milk.

We laugh. Some of her warmth is coming through now that the portrait session is over and she is beginning to relax. There is something solid about her. She is controlled, without being stiff and, despite the exquisite Doris Day look, I feel I am talking to a woman of substance. Unflustered by my own observations, I proceed as usual with my stream-of-consciousness approach and almost before I realize what I'm saying, the question pops out.

"Do you have any Ding Dongs in the kitchen?"

The quizzical expression on Sherry's face tells me the answer, but she volunteers, "No, I don't even know what they are."

Don't ask me why I asked; I just had to. I'd have to think who a woman could be the mayor's wife might feed career. I worked in the legislature for 20 years, mostly recently working three days a week for the Little Hoover Com­mission. I've enjoyed the pleasure and satisfaction I've gotten out of my own career, but I marvel at Art's ability to be on 24 hours a day. I don't have that much energy..."

"Do you think that's what really required of the job?"

"You generally if you're representing San Francisco, San Francisco's needs are diverse and so great that you can't just be some politician kicked in a room someplace. People in San Francisco want to feel and trust their politicians. That's why Milton Marks is so successful, because he's everywhere."

As a potential mayor's wife, Sherry has just begun to formulate her idea about what she could accomplish in that capacity. She is proud of her legis­lative efforts on the Little Hoover Com­mission that brought about statewide reforms in nursing home care, but she is unsure as to exactly what role she will assume if Art is elected mayor.

"I would want to be involved in issues in which I can help get things done. I know the legislative process very well, I know how to take an idea, form a consensus, and what bridges need to be crossed to make things happen."

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Continued on next page
The inaugural board of directors of the new San Francisco AIDS Action Coalition announced its first meeting last week. The coalition, with a budget of $150,000 annually for the next two years, was established to focus the city's public and private resources on AIDS-related issues.

The coalition was formed by the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, the San Francisco AIDS Resources Center, the San Francisco Department of Public Health, and the San Francisco AIDS Legal Project. These organizations have been working together to develop a comprehensive AIDS policy for the city.

The coalition's first meeting was held at the San Francisco AIDS Foundation headquarters on Market Street. The meeting was attended by representatives from all four organizations, as well as by community leaders and AIDS activists.

The coalition's goals are to:

1. Increase the availability of AIDS education and prevention programs.
2. Expand the availability of AIDS treatment and counseling services.
3. Increase the availability of AIDS research and education programs.
4. Increase the availability of AIDS treatment and counseling services.
5. Increase the availability of AIDS research and education programs.

The coalition is expected to meet monthly, with the next meeting scheduled for the first week of October.

The coalition is open to new members and welcomes the participation of anyone interested in AIDS-related issues.

The coalition's website is located at www.sanfranciscoaids.org. For more information, contact the coalition at (415) 626-3169.
You engaged in deviant sexual activities? co-participants in deviant sexual activities?

Missouri
Contended from previous page
do that because it is believed that gay people are more likely to be blackmailed into ... that the city's commitment to equality and entirely within the power of the MOU and the Defense Department. It's time for the Navy policy to shape up or ship out.

According to Agnos, US Congress- man Dan Edwards (D-San Jose), who chairs the Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, wrote on August 10 specifically rejecting the claim by the Navy that its hands are tied without a new act of Congress. "As you inspected," Edward wrote, "there is no need for Congress to act before the Defense Department can clarify the treatment of homosexuals under its personnel security regulations. The ... renovation will be expanded to dissolved specific questions of which cases, its in- fluence on the subject's habits and behavior and the identity of co-conspirators."

On Monday, August 17, the Board of Supervisors will have an opportunity to vote on how best to protect the city's gay and lesbian citizens from the kind of intrusive and discriminatory investiga- tions now conducted on gay applicants for security clearance. While Brit- tain called the mayor and the Navy's... than as good as the language in the Human Rights Commission's resolution.

MARCH ON WASHINGTON
OCT. 9th thru 13th
Start planning now to be in Washington, D.C. for October's historic event. Squire Travel and other Bay Area Agencies are working with the national committee to coordinate travel arrangements. There will be a limited number of airline seats and hotel rooms, so book early for the best rates and selection.

BEYOND THE BAY
CORINNE LIGHTWEAVER

Ireland Elects Gay Senator
DUBLIN — David Norris, an openly gay man, has been elected to the Irish Senate despite the fact that homosexual activity is illegal in Ireland. Norris, a lecturer at Trinity College, is founder of the National Gay Federation and the International Lesbian and Gay Assoc- iation. He plans to challenge the legality of the law against homosexuality by claiming that it violates the European Convention on Human Rights.

AIDS Care
Magazine
New publisher Mary Ann Lichten et al. has taken over the publication Patient Care: A Magazine for Health Professionals last month. The publica- tion will appear six times a year with a basic ad rate of $950 for a black-and- white page. The company produces 59 other titles, two of which also deal with AIDS.

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner
A recent survey in People magazine found that 51 percent of the respon- dents invited at least one person with AIDS to their home for dinner. Of the 1,000 respondents, 38 percent said they engaged in deviant sexual ac-

AIDS-phobic Docs and Dentists
A recent survey of hospital residents and interns found that 25 percent believed it would be ethical to turn away AIDS patients if given the option and a shocking 59 percent believed there should be a choice. On an even darker note, an informal survey of the 4,200 members of the Chicago Dental Society found that only three dentists would accept new patients with AIDS. The survey results have prompted the society to in- vestigate the possibility of establishing a dental clinic in Chicago for PWAs. It apparently has not prompted them to initiate a massive AIDS education pro-

Two Cities
Okay Rights
LONG BEACH, CA — To the amuse- ment of local gay/bisexual activists, Long Beach's City Council passed a gay/bisexual rights bill prohibiting employment discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation by an astounding 8-1 majority. In a similar action, Cathedral City (located near Palm Springs) became the first city in River- side County to ban discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation or the presence of a non-job-related handicap.

The new law, which passed 5-0, bans discrimination in employment, hous-
ing, city contracts, educational services, and all banking practices.

AIDS and the Insurance Industry
BOSTON — The Harvard Law Review has published an article by Benjamin Schatz, director of the AIDS Civil Rights Project of National Gay Rights Advocates. Entitled "The AIDS Insur- ance Crisis: Underwriting or Over- reaching," the article provides a legal and ethical analysis of two approaches commonly used by insurers to avoid AIDS-related expenses: sex orientation discrimination and HIV- antibody testing.

The article takes a critical look at the economic and legal justifications put forth by insurers in support of these practices and examines relevant histor- ical and legal precedents. It concludes that both practices endanger the public health while increasing discrimination against groups which are already outra-
ced. Reprints of the article can be ob-
tained by sending $5 to NCRA, 548 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

National Gay Federation and the
AIDS press statement denounced bogus "sex safe" pamphlets which were distributed last month in Prince George's County. The pamphlets, which listed the phone numbers of the two organizations and of a Whitney- Walker volunteer, contained a sexually- explicit photograph of two women having sex and were entitled "You Don't Have to Get AIDS to Have Good Sex.

The press statement said the organizations viewed the leaflets as harassment and as indication of the "fear and hostility around AIDS and minority sex people, particular- ly lesbians."
Welcome to the world of the unknown, a place where the invisible and the unexplainable coexist. Where the real and the surreal blend into a reality that is both fascinating and frightening. This is the world of the unknown, where the boundaries of science and imagination meet.

As we delve deeper into this world, we uncover the secrets that have been hidden for centuries. From the mysterious现象 of the unknown to the enigmatic forces that govern our reality, we explore the unknown and unlock its secrets.

Welcome to the world of the unknown, where the impossible becomes possible.
AIDS Quilt Week
Organizers of the NAMES Project are seeking the assistance of local ac-
tivists and organizations in building the national "AIDS Quilt" memorial. Fabric panels bearing the names of peo-
ple lost to the AIDS epidemic are being sewn into a massive quilt for display in Washington, DC, for the October 11 display.

"We hope to include panels from every part of the country and every type of organizations," said Executive Direc-
tor Cleve Jones. "We have received many requests and are trying to provide information on travel agencies that
will cost nothing but time and effort to
help with transportation and housing accom-
modations for those going to DC."

"We need 20,000 names for the quilts," said Diversity Director Mike Smith. "We are working with many organizations to create memorial panels." For more information, please contact the NAMES Project at 415-863-0767.

Plan now for March
Transportation and housing accommoda-
tions for the National March on Washing-
ton are: Escapes Travel, Stow-
away Travel and Squire Travel. These agencies have agreed to give special rates to attendees of the San Francisco Bay Area. For more information, call (415) 330-5106.

Harmonic Convergence
Continued from page 4
Harmonic Convergence continued its journey this year, with a focus on Asia. The event brought together thousands of people from around the world to celebrate the spiritual and cultural diversity of the region. Participants engaged in a variety of activities, including meditation, yoga, and traditional music and dance.

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Sponsored by: Biosystems Research, Inc.
Several people have asked this writer to suggest where they could contribute to AIDS research to do the most good. The answer depends on your perspective and what you want to do.

This article outlines some options by giving examples which the writer recommends. The options are extremely diverse — as you will see. And no such listing could be comprehensive; many important possibilities are not here.

Who test to make anonymous contributions can do so by using postal money orders.

**The AIDS-Research Problem**

Already the federal government spends hundreds of millions of dollars on medical research relevant to AIDS. Most of this funding does go to worthwhile projects, but the money gets dispersed so that it results in almost infinite amount of research rather than in one significant result. This is the problem, it is the one that is worth working on.

Some of the many possibilities which exist are:

- To conduct research on the AIDS virus itself.
- To study the human body so that one day a cure can be found.
- To learn more about the psychology of AIDS patients.
- To study the effects of AIDS on the brain.

The potential of these and other possibilities is enormous. It is not the lack of money which is hindering progress, but the lack of direction. The government has not been giving the necessary guidance.

**The AIDS-Research Solution**

A new organization, the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR), is being formed. AmFAR will be a logical, centralized, well-organized research group. AmFAR has the potential to be a major influence in the fight against AIDS.

AmFAR will spend its money wisely. It will not try to solve all the problems, but will focus on the most important ones. It will try to bring together the best scientists in the world, and will try to make sure that they work together. AmFAR will try to make sure that the best ideas are used, and that the best methods are used.

AmFAR will be a leader in the fight against AIDS. It will be a force for good, and will try to make sure that the government and the public work together to solve the problem.

**AmFAR's Funding Cycle**

AmFAR will hold its twice-yearly funding cycle in New York. At each cycle, AmFAR will invite the best scientists in the world to apply for grants. The scientists will be asked to suggest research projects which they believe will be most helpful in fighting AIDS. AmFAR will then review the proposals and decide which projects to fund.

AmFAR will make sure that the money is spent wisely. It will not try to solve all the problems, but will focus on the most important ones. It will try to bring together the best scientists in the world, and will try to make sure that they work together. AmFAR will try to make sure that the best ideas are used, and that the best methods are used.

AmFAR will be a leader in the fight against AIDS. It will be a force for good, and will try to make sure that the government and the public work together to solve the problem.

**AmFAR's Budget**

AmFAR's budget is set at 5% of its annual revenue. This is a very moderate budget, and it is perfect for an organization that is just getting started. AmFAR will use this budget to make sure that the money is spent wisely. It will not try to solve all the problems, but will focus on the most important ones. It will try to bring together the best scientists in the world, and will try to make sure that they work together. AmFAR will try to make sure that the best ideas are used, and that the best methods are used.

AmFAR will be a leader in the fight against AIDS. It will be a force for good, and will try to make sure that the government and the public work together to solve the problem.

**AmFAR's First Grants**

AmFAR has already received some very interesting proposals. The following projects will be funded in AmFAR's first cycle:

1. A project to study the AIDS virus itself.
2. A project to study the human body so that one day a cure can be found.
3. A project to study the effects of AIDS on the brain.
4. A project to study the psychology of AIDS patients.

**AmFAR's Second Cycle**

AmFAR's second cycle will be held in New York in the spring of 1987. At this cycle, AmFAR will invite the best scientists in the world to apply for grants. The scientists will be asked to suggest research projects which they believe will be most helpful in fighting AIDS. AmFAR will then review the proposals and decide which projects to fund.

AmFAR will use this cycle to make sure that the money is spent wisely. It will not try to solve all the problems, but will focus on the most important ones. It will try to bring together the best scientists in the world, and will try to make sure that they work together. AmFAR will try to make sure that the best ideas are used, and that the best methods are used.

AmFAR will be a leader in the fight against AIDS. It will be a force for good, and will try to make sure that the government and the public work together to solve the problem.

**AmFAR's Third Cycle**

AmFAR's third cycle will be held in New York in the autumn of 1987. At this cycle, AmFAR will invite the best scientists in the world to apply for grants. The scientists will be asked to suggest research projects which they believe will be most helpful in fighting AIDS. AmFAR will then review the proposals and decide which projects to fund.

AmFAR will use this cycle to make sure that the money is spent wisely. It will not try to solve all the problems, but will focus on the most important ones. It will try to bring together the best scientists in the world, and will try to make sure that they work together. AmFAR will try to make sure that the best ideas are used, and that the best methods are used.

AmFAR will be a leader in the fight against AIDS. It will be a force for good, and will try to make sure that the government and the public work together to solve the problem.

**AmFAR's Plan for the Future**

AmFAR's plan for the future is simple. It will continue to hold its funding cycles, and it will continue to fund the best research projects. AmFAR will try to make sure that the money is spent wisely. It will not try to solve all the problems, but will focus on the most important ones. It will try to bring together the best scientists in the world, and will try to make sure that they work together. AmFAR will try to make sure that the best ideas are used, and that the best methods are used.

AmFAR will be a leader in the fight against AIDS. It will be a force for good, and will try to make sure that the government and the public work together to solve the problem.
CRI to Conduct Treatment Trials

The Community Research Initiative (CRI) organization originates from the AIDS community and has obtained legal status as an Institutional Review Board (IRB) to conduct rapid, low-cost clinical trials of promising AIDS/ARC treatments in cooperation with private physicians and patients. The CRI is a subsidiary of the People With AIDS Coalition, Inc., in New York.

Most IRBs exist in hospital research centers. Unfortunately, it costs too much to do anything in that setting that little can happen without the initiative of a major pharmaceutical company. If a drug is unpatentable or otherwise doesn't fit into corporate business plans, it is unlikely to ever get tested, regardless of its medical promise.

The Community Research Initiative, with its IRB and associated Scientific Advisory Committee, can organize testing through private physicians at far less than the usual cost. Therefore, it can raise enough money in the community to do trials that should be done—evel for treatments that are potentially attractive. It will also work with pharmaceutical companies to test their products.

The CRI is already setting a healthy example by designing trials without placebo, trials not arranged to sacrifice one group of patients to prove that the drug desired by the others is effective. One example of such a trial is a design to test aerosol pentamidine in two different doses, both equally reasonably accordin to all current knowledge, to see which dose works best.

The scientific committee, which decides which tests to do, includes Dr. Bernard Bharti, developer of the nontoxic treatment for ARCAIDS; Michael Lange, of Columbia Universi,
currently conducting trials of AL 721 at St. Luke’s-Roosevelt Hospital Center; Dr. Donald Armstrong, Chief of Infectious Diseases at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center; and 12 other physicians.

The CRI itself, which functions primarily to assure the welfare of pa­

tients in the trials, has 16 members in­
cluding Dr. Bharti; Michael Callen, a
founding member of the National Association of People With AIDS and ARC; Dr. Madhula Kirti, of Afzafar; Carol Levine of The Hastings Center;
Dr. Mathilde Krim, of AmFar; Dr. Nathaniel Pier, who has a
prominent perspective from the point of view of thorus; Dr. Karen Blin, interdisciplinary; Dr. John S. James;
Dr. Joseph Sonnabend, and has long urged proper testing of

critics; and Dr. Joseph Sonnabend,
and has long urged proper testing of

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94114, (415) 863-3624. This public-interest law firm specializes in litigation which can have a broad impact on public policy. It has been highly effective in opposing insurance discrimination, quarantine, and other civil-liberties violations.

In June of this year, NGRA filed a class action lawsuit against the US Department of Health and Human Services, the Food and Drug Administration, and the National Institutes of Health, concerning the distribution of antiviral drugs for AIDS patients and the related issue of the federal government's refusal to regulate the sale of such drugs. The lawsuit seeks to enjoin the defendants from withholding these drugs and to require them to make available for sale any drugs that have been approved by the FDA.

NGRA has also filed a number of amicus briefs in support of the plaintiffs in other cases involving the same issues. These briefs have been filed in both federal and state courts. In one case, NGRA was successful in convincing the court to issue a temporary restraining order against the defendant, the Department of Health and Human Services, which had refused to issue a license to sell the drug AZT.

In another case, NGRA was successful in getting the court to issue a permanent injunction against the defendant, the National Institutes of Health, which had refused to accept applications for the sale of AZT.

NGRA has also been active in assisting organizations that are involved in the distribution of antiviral drugs for AIDS patients. These organizations include the AIDS Foundation of New York, the AIDS Task Force of San Francisco, and the AIDS Project of Los Angeles.

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When the sounds of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars first hit the streets of New Jersey back in 1972, I was still wearing flannel shirts with workboots and listening to the Allman Brothers Band. The growing popularity of David Bowie's orange-haired, glitter-clad androgynous persona threatened the stern image of masculinity that my high school pals and I so desperately clung to. But, even more importantly, Bowie's camp, mellodic, theatrically challenged the very essence of rock music as we knew it.

Many of my pals fought the threat tooth and nail (and do, but few of us dove into it, head first. We who joined the enemy that summer quickly discovered that his world was, in fact, no less valid than the one we had left behind and a hell of a lot more glamorous. It also taught me that in life (and in pop music?), change is the path of least resistance.

I saw that version of myself everywhere in the faces of hundreds of teenagers arriving at Spartan Stadium in San Jose last Friday to witness Bowie's catalytic energy first hand — many, perhaps, poised for the same leap I made fifteen years ago.

Strangely, the vast majority of these kids looked nothing like the Bowie fans I remember (though come to think of it, neither do I). Dressed in casual shorts and Hawaiian shirts, they hardly appeared rebels at all, and maybe I missed them, but I couldn't spot one single face painted with a lightning bolt. Either the real rebels decided to stay home in San Francisco or maybe, like Bowie, they've all found new roles to play.

Bowie is, of course, synonomous with change (I promise not to say "rock chameleon" even once during this article), and his current incarnation is no exception. However, the "Glass Spider Tour," aside from all its dazzlingly kinetic production values, just may be the most palatable and powerful performance with the exactingly icon of everything from dramatic ability for most of those who saw the show, leaving him free to concentrate on 24 near-perfect songs, almost back to back, during some two and-a-half hours of rock and roll theater.

The reason why this show was booked into a dozen or so U.S. venues quickly became apparent.

The stage — cradled beneath a proscenium arch formed by the endless neon legs of an immense spider who towered protectively over the production — was constantly active with the exactly choreographed antics of a dance troupe whose gymnastic feats summed visual images of everything from dramatic violence to blatant sexuality.

Led and choreographed by Toni Basil, the troupe swung, scampered and scurried across tons of web-like, white scaffolding, protruding comoer morceau on the stage, and occasional vocals to yield a kind of live music video (port of Bob Fosse meets MTV) for one of Bowie's songs.

The first of Bowie's occasional roles in these antics came with the opening of the show; his descent to the stage on a chair from the spider's belly above, announced with a curiously mumbled "Up the Hill Backward," and chanted to the chords of "Purple Haze" on electric fiddle. That tiny remnant of Jimi Hendrix was seemingly used to foreshadow the intensely dominant role given to guitarists throughout the production.

Carlos Alomar's guitar, a permanent fixture in Bowie's band since Young Americans, is always aggressive and im-

mediately detectable. Alomar's progressive force, coupled with the more traditionally stylized sound of Peter Frampton's lead guitar was formidable enough, but when pitted against each other, as they were on songs like "Gene Gentile," the results were devastating. Frampton (actually a long-time friend of Bowie's), showed surprising musical maturity and, aside from an occasional guitar solo and backup vocals, he played no larger a role (thankfully) than anyone else in the band.

The best of those moments where Bowie actively participated in the theatrical choreography occurred during "Never Let Me Down." On his knees center stage, Bowie assumed the role of a creature caught in the gripped dear while being gently tanned with quick breaths from a life-giving oxygen mask by a nymph-like Toni Basil, who danced around him carrying the oxygen tanks on her back. Another more characteristic skin

find Bowie, fresh from his only costume change, floating above the stage on a self-controlled pulley system for "87 and Cry."

Unlike the deliberately abridged play-list of the 1983 "Serious Moonlight Tour," the tone around Bowie made a respectable effort to accommodate the breadth of his catalog. Most of the songs from his latest Never Let Me Down release (an album many critics — including this one — found a bit disappointing) were safely tucked between offerings culled from over 18 years of Bowie renunciation. Some of those like "Let's Dance" and "Modern Love" were fully anticipated. Others, like "Loving the Alien." "Absolute Beginners," "Sons of the Silent Age" and even Lou Reed's "White Light/White Heat" came as pleasant surprises. Absent only were those early, acoustic tunes from Hunky Dory and Space Oddity that just would not have survived in the midst of such a high-energy set.

Never has Bowie's persona been so self-assured or his vocals so confident. The rapid-fire set left little room for conversa-

tion with the audience but it was evident from the duel, mondo video screen close-ups of Bowie, that his control — over himself and the audience — was absolute.

One of the most emotionally stirring songs of the evening was an extended funk version of "Fame," the 1975 duet recorded with John Lennon that remains (along with Michael Jackson and Eddie Van Halen's "Beat It") one of the most perfectly matched partnerships in modern pop music — and judging by the intensity of his delivery, also held special meaning for Bowie.

Acceptance by his peers never came easily for Bowie, especially from more traditionally-oriented American rockers, who found anything from post-Beatles England just a wee bit suspect.

Continued on page 28
I arrived in Santa Cruz just past two. Geller pushed the sputtering Qammobile up Pacific Avenue, a narrow, tree-shaded main drag bordered by trendy boutiques, beachwear shops, shoe sellers, and chop suey houses. A gaggle of dingy, anachronistic mohawk cases eyed the Qammobile with suspicion, which gave way to dim recognition, which gave way to hilarity. Ignoring them, Geller screeched into a parking space in front of the St. George: a massive, decaying, ninety-year-old dive. Inside the high-ceilinged, air-conditioned lobby, potted palms stood sentry duty over tom leather couches and low tables. In one corner of the majestically decadent chamber, a wheezing caretaker leaned his gut on the front desk. The whole place reeked of Casablanca by way of the Tenderloin: our cramped suite held a lumpy double bed, a frayed lamp, a knife-marked bureau, and a single sitting chair angled into one corner, its springs showing. Frayed curtains billowed in the draft from the air shaft outside our window. Like apparitions, men skulked in the hallways, their eyes blank and uncurious. "This place is perfect," I said. "Let's leave." A little after three, armed only with a scrap of paper with illegibly scrawled directions, we set out to seek out the gay beach. The Clammobile lumbered past muffin shops and surf stores, malls and cafes; pedestrians whirled to watch it pass. Our first stop, at the Bonny Dune turnoff a half-dozen miles north of town, proved a bust. We clambered up over a short dune, across a set of train tracks, and then down into a vast bowl of a beach. We stared at the wind-blown, post-apocalyptic vista of half-buried Corona bottles, Skoal cans and a plastic green strawberry baskets. Leaning into the wind, the sand slashing our shins, we traipsed to the far end. There, sheltered by thirty-foot geological outcroppings, about fifty men, women and children lay made on blankets...
The beach promenade.

and towels. A few in this lost tribe of meta-
noma victims looked gay, but this was no gay beach.

"Nice place," I whispered to Geller, "if
you want to spend ten hours on mescaline,
listening to the ocean's boom and trip-
ping on the Mad Max futurismo vibe. Me,
I wanna see gay boys."

"Let's split," he snapped. We
sprinted back to the car, sand flooding
our shoes, and headed south on Highway
1. We pulled off a few minutes later at
Laguna Street; the small dirt lot was
stuffed with cars. As we parked, a blond
man in a convertible looked at us once,
twice — and smiled. I looked at Geller.

"Homo heaven," he smiled.

We walked across the highway and the
train tracks to descend a dirt path which
quickly dipped into a cool, shady forest. We
passed an aluminum shed anointed
with welcoming graffiti: "Dept, of Fish
and Game Sucks Unwanted Faggots [sic]
with welcoming graffiti: "Dept, of Fish
and Game Sucks Unwanted Faggots [sic]"

And with a couple of hours to kill
before bartime, we decided to sink
into the true mismasa of America's kitch

on robust summer parade: The Board-
walk. We stashed the Clammobile in a
handy parking slot and sloshed the
length of the beach promenade. Couples
of all ages doddered past, some staring
with ill-concealed horror at Geller's
T-shirt.

On the beach, California leisure
mutants paddled volleyball across stiff
nets, their pecs flexing, their bare feet im-
perious to the scorching sand. I ventured
onto the beach, hoping to inspect the
sportsmen at closer range. I lasted about
two minutes — just long enough to lose
in layers of foot flesh. I quickly retreated,
gracefully shrieking, hopping and clutch-
ing my soles.

We shouldered through a set of glass
doors and onto the Boardwalk proper.
Shirtless teenage hellions gripped shoot-
ing gallery rifles in a dazed frenzy, their
eyes gleaming, while halter-topped
Farrah-wannabes sucked ice cream cones,
pink tongues darting in and out. Moms
paddled screeching kids. Dads checked
watches. Up ahead, shrills shattered the
stagnant evening air.

"Maybe it's a ritual torture chamber," I
said hopefully. Geller ignored me; he
was busy surreptitiously snapping family
pictures.

The screams, it turned out, came from
Mighty Mouse riders, suffering stomach-
sucking dips and mind-bending, high-
speed, 180-degree curves on the Bat-from-

where young video zombies pounded
beeping, clanging machines. Giggling
teenage girls crowded into old-fashioned,
four-for-a-quarter black-and-white
photo booths. Families pressed up against
glass cases in the sweets shop. The place
was a chaos of echoing buzzes, dings,
clunks and roars; little teenage missiles
rocketed from one glowing attraction to
another. Horribly enough, the whole
scene was pervaded by the nauseatingly
sugar smell of cotton candy, caramel ap-
les and the other tooth-decaying
wonders of American leisure eats.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," I
hissed in Geller's ear, "before I have a
diabetic reaction."

The place was a chaos of echoing
buzzes, dings, clunks and roars; little
teenage missiles rocketed from one
glowing attraction to another.

Continued on next page
braved the cool night air to sit in steel chairs on the outside patio or to crowd around a brick barbecue lit for warmth. Of the seventy-five revelers, about a quarter were women. One, a lithe, blonde young lesbian, said bars there are basically mixed. I asked her to characterize the Santa Cruz gay scene.

"It's slow," she said.

"Laid back?" I asked, trying to help.

"Hey," she shrugged, "it's Santa Cruz!"

Geller and I stayed the length of a drink, chatting with Chico lesbians and soaking in the honey, low-key vibe. When Geller dashed the last of his suds, we piled into the Clambmobile and sped back into town, whipping to a halt in a parking lot on Maple. We crossed the street to the Blue Lagoon, the town's happenin' gay nightspot. It happened to be fairly full a little before one, with another markedly mixed crowd. Some clustered around low tables, eyeing TV monitors above the long bar; others sat on stools at the bar, chatting and smoking. And the aerobics crowd shook it on a mirror-flanked dance floor in back. The vibe was nominally cruisy, the crowd studenty, the dancers primarily lesbian.

We didn't stay long; nothing in either bar encouraged maximum interest or intrigue. Each felt comfortable and sweet, if somehow subdued under a cloud of benign resignation.

But then, bars provide only a minor measure of a town's gay scene. "This place is kind of closeted," a young man had told me that day on the beach. "Lots of people get together in their homes or go to restaurants or movies." "It's just, kind of..." he paused a moment, searching.

"Laid back?" I said, trying to help.

"Yeah," he smiled. "Laid back."

The next morning after breakfast Geller and I explored a couple of beaches south of town. They're big and basically uninteresting. We tried the Boardwalk again — and again nearly toppled under the weight of the kitsch sink.

Finally, defeated and resigned, burned by the sun and numbed by what we'd learned, we looked at each other — and nodded. "Fuck it," we said in unison. "Let's leave."

Where To Play, What To Do

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The In Touch, 1535 Commercial Way (off Soquel). Mixed crowd, patio, pool table okay tunes, friendly natives. Tel. (408) 462-1611.

The Blue Lagoon, 923 Pacific Avenue. Centrally located; youngish, mixed crowd; Watch yourself dance; watch others watch themselves dance. Tel. (408) 427-7117.

Zachary's, 819 Pacific Avenue. Great Sunday brunch; fabulous cottage fries. Homey, warm, festive — and crowded Sunday mornings. Tel. (408) 427-0646.
Bolshoi in Excelsis

O f course, the Russians were in town last week and, given all the media hype mixed with self-serving chatter from critics at the city's two major dailies, it was quite possible not to recognize what really was going on. Possible, that is, if you were not one of the lucky 28,000 or so who filled the Opera House to maximum capacity for the Bolshoi Ballet's eight performances.

If you were indeed one of the fortunate masses, what you saw was a company of artists of the first rank, with strength, technical brilliance, physical beauty, dramatic expressivity and individual pride of the Bolshoi dancers are, at least in my experience of the ballet, unequalled.

Similarly, the company is led by an artistic director whose rethinking (and re-choreographing) of the full-length classics appears to have heralded a new era for classical dance: one that offers continuous yet clearly defined moments of movement, in what can best be described as a cinematic-graphic realization.

Yuri Grigorovich's art is, essentially, a collective vision. As such, it never approaches the peculiar wonder of Balanchine's choreographic phrasing, but it does clearly establish a viability, a currency for the contemporary Russian classical style. And apart from the sheer awe that Bolshoi dancers inspire, this revelation — for me — was the most astonishing aspect of the company's long-anticipated visit.

It seems strange then that the Russians have been met with such a pernicious critical response. Arlene Croce, dean of American critics and an unrelenting partisan of Balanchine's neo-classical canon, complained in the New Yorker that "...the real problem with the Bolshoi is that its dance regimen doesn't engender the dancers in the way the old mime regimen did, because it doesn't maintain a continuous expression; it's a choreographer's medium, with meaning and emotion reduced to a minimum."

Similarly, our city's leading critic, writing in the Examiner, lamented "...the fashion of balletic light and shadow..."...foolishness for mass movement and his suspicion of the details of story telling..." This writer described the company's Giselle as emotionally flat and "...dreadful." And for the Sydney Morning Herald, "...Giselle is a soporific..."

Grigorovich believes his choreography attempts to produce new heroes "...whose spiritual make-up and inner world are in sympathy with modern man..." to use his own words. For me, the Bolshoi's Romeo was a company of artists of the first rank, with strength, technical brilliance, physical beauty, dramatic expressivity and individual pride of the Bolshoi dancers are, at least in my experience of the ballet, unequalled.

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George Coates' 'Actual Sho' Mechanical Wonders

I grew up with a close, almost daily familiarity with performance art. My know-nothing Midwestern town had one major claim to fame: "The World's Largest Musical Fountain." And if it wasn't exactly art, it was definitely some sort of performance.

During the summer tourist season, this Chamber of Commerce creation of techno-wizardry was located across a small bay, under the romantic evening stars, with easy viewing from manicured lawns or parked cars on the other side. Sort of a sprinkler system crossed with a Christmas tree, the Fountain played gallons upon gallons of water in decorative fan or geyser patterns to the pulse of Muzak, assisted by lots of colored floodlights.

The sincerity was unmistakable; the spectacle confounding; the result a minor tourist attraction and a major local joke. I allow the fountain the assumption of unpretentiousness, a benefit, however, that I can't extend to the equally silly spectacles of George Coates. Coates currently reaps the benefits of post-modern ambiguity (i.e., he says virtually nothing, and, thanks to his persuasive Markus, we can still suspect he may be swimming in profundity). He also benefits from enormously talented collaborators, an ever-expanding backlog of dazed critical admiration, and substantial funding that fuels his vacant incantations.

In the uncharted world of performance art, he is at the very least a regional kingpin. He works may not be as financially intriguing, or intelligently demanding as those of Robert Wilson, but they're similar — at least in their layering of multimedia images, requiring the desperation of a master's candidate to decode. The latest objet d'Coates, Actual Sho, premiered as the closing event of the admirable New Performance Festival and has been extended at the Palace of Fine Arts through August 16. It's the most vacantly pretty thing you'll ever see, a seamless bog of brilliant technique uncorrupted by a single coherent thought.

Technical progress aside, what really distinguishes this effort from many more serious as a schoolkid's shoebox diorama or Viewmaster slides or Madame Tussaud's' Gee, I dunno. (Except those things had ideas, or sometimes even stories to tell.) And I fear the "dumner" state of intellect-suspending mystification is precisely Coates' goal and his central shielding device.

Just what is Actual Sho? Well, let's try the rough August 16 description: "A ritual — conjuring ceremony that renews the choral concert... Music, surrealistic imagery, and stage-set dynamics combine to create metaphors that reflect the multi-ethnic fluctuating culture we experience daily in the Bay Area." Still spinning your paddles in the efflores? Let me try again: The specific "action" of Actual Sho can be charted fairly simply, if not comprehensively. A twelve-member-voice ensembler materializes atop a gigantic disc-surfaced, rolling inverted pyramid that is obviously the show's primary raison d'etre. Struggling gracefully to maintain balance, the singers look like uptight, interplanetary visitors having the merely handsome to the exotic (and sometimes even stories to tell.)

When the actor seems to save the mime from an endless fall into chaos, in what looks like a close-cropped image of the performer's preoccupation — or something. Unfortunately, Actual Sho continues rambling for several minutes after this apparent point of closure.

Struggling gracefully to maintain balance, the singers look like uptight, interplanetary visitors straddling a '50s sci-fi flying saucer. When the actor seems to save the mime from an endless fall into chaos, in what looks like a close-cropped image of the performer's preoccupation — or something. Unfortunately, Actual Sho continues rambling for several minutes after this apparent point of closure.

The music is pan-biuous. Pan-Universal Western Schnook, occasionally opening mouth to spill something approaching climax, when the actor seems to save the mime from an endless fall into chaos, in what looks like a close-cropped image of the performer's preoccupation — or something. Unfortunately, Actual Sho continues rambling for several minutes after this apparent point of closure.

his performers are ethnically diverse, but this is a whole, slides are projected onto an ever-changing series of scrims and proszenium arches, suggesting images ranging from great architectural structures to organic groupings, or making cute optical-illusion jokes (such as when the Big Disc suddenly turns into a seaweed menace).

The performer's passively walk, slide, and crawl around the visual psychedelics. Three supposed "actors" emerge from time to time: young American Indian tenor White Eagle, Japanese mime Hitomi Ikuma, and actor Sean Kilcoyne, serving as a sort of idiotic declaratory Greek chorus.

Basic ideas, just keeping changing, images ranging from Propelling (though hardly direct) all of Coates' visual spectacle is a score by Marc Ream (performed by on-stage musicians) that is wildly diverse in influence and rhythmically propulsive. I wouldn't, however, particularly care if I ever heard it again.

Coates' leanings toward shapeless eclecticism flatten out the undeniable interest of his visual imagination. He pretends to celebrate the individual, to revel in what results from free-form collaborations, but somehow all the contributing personalities get buried in the process.

Struggling gracefully to maintain balance, the singers look like uptight, interplanetary visitor straddling a '50s sci-fi flying saucer. When the actor seems to save the mime from an endless fall into chaos, in what looks like a close-cropped image of the performer's preoccupation — or something. Unfortunately, Actual Sho continues rambling for several minutes after this apparent point of closure.

The performers are ethnically diverse, but this is a whole, slides are projected onto an ever-changing series of scrims and proszenium arches, suggesting images ranging from great architectural structures to organic groupings, or making cute optical-illusion jokes (such as when the Big Disc suddenly turns into a seaweed menace).

The performer's passively walk, slide, and crawl around the visual psychedelics. Three supposed "actors" emerge from time to time: young American Indian tenor White Eagle, Japanese mime Hitomi Ikuma, and actor Sean Kilcoyne, serving as a sort of idiotic declaratory Greek chorus.

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San Francisco Opera

The Fall Season on Records, Part I

The fall schedule opens with Rossini's bubbling masterpiece, The Barber of Seville. With his crickets in the grass at night saying that it is time to start preparing for fall opera, the composer was twenty-four. Particularly enough, this opera alone, available in performance, has not had an enchanting recorded history. The records too often have that airless jazziness of flat champagne.

My own favorite is the 1956 account with Maria Callas, Luigi Alva and Tito Gobbi, conducted by Alex Galliera on Angel (CDA 6070). Callas was quite the hellcat to imagine as Rosina, but the natural purity of her rhythm and the keen attention to dramatic detail contribute to a most impressive portrait of the pert vivix. Alva, who could be heard as the Count on so many complete Mo­to­rio Gui conducting, however, is Baltsa's Rosina, for the other hand, going lax.

The central problem here, of course, is that this opera is about sex. The bombs may have been falling, but that is not the impression one is left with. The music is not only adequate, but Caballe's voice, but back in 1977 when this recording was made, she was still in her innocent youth. The interest is already there, but there are freshness and ease as well.

Joe van Dam sings John the Baptist like a God. Karajan's may be my first choice, but who could want to forsake the limpid purity of Mont­ri­o­rio Gobbi singing Salome in 1968 (RCA/LeNinor) is a bit too dry, and the rest of the cast is only adequate, but Caballe's performance is soaring truth. The magic of Wotan's words alone in the fact that the means by which she produced her voice were so controlled, but her expression was spontaneous.

Then, in 1972, Angel/EMI discovered a tape of the radio broadcast of Wotan's first appearance on record. This still remains one of the most satisfying sets, for Beecham put a bounce into the heart, search high and low for a copy of this incredible performance (Sergithon 6020), or hope that EMI will soon figure out that this disc ought to be its next historical CD re-issue.

The history of the complete recordings of Mozart's Magic Flute begins with Thomas Beecham's Berlin sessions in 1937 (Turnabout). This still remains one of the most satisfying sets, for Beecham put a bounce into every tempo and a smile in every song. Helge Roswaenge does some stylish singing as Tamino, Erna Berger is a feet and fiery Queen of the Night, and Wilhelm Stroez is a dark and impressive Sarastro. Tiana

For many years, Wotan's 1948 recording with Fritz Reiner conducting (Colum­bia/CBS) was the one performance to transcend the difficulties of the singing so completely that we seemed to hear in it an unabashed cry of love. The magic of Wotan's words alone in the fact that the means by which she produced her voice were so controlled, but her expression was spontaneous.

Caruso's was complete without emphasizing Lyuba Welitsch's contribution. For many years, Wotan's 1948 recording of the final scene with Mont­ri­o­rio Savoia conducting was the one performance to transcend the difficulties of the singing so completely that we seemed to hear in it an unabashed cry of love. The magic of Wotan's words alone in the fact that the means by which she produced her voice were so controlled, but her expression was spontaneous.

The 1960s, however, provided no discography of Salome is complete without emphasizing Lyuba Welitsch's contribution. For many years, Wotan's 1948 recording of the final scene with Mont­ri­o­rio Savoia conducting was the one performance to transcend the difficulties of the singing so completely that we seemed to hear in it an unabashed cry of love. The magic of Wotan's words alone in the fact that the means by which she produced her voice were so controlled, but her expression was spontaneous.

Lemmink, however, was already 40 in 1937 and her Pamina is not the tender, seamless thing that by all rights it should have been. Still, she reaches triumphant heights in the second act finale. In 1960s, however, produced two recordings that still vie for top honors in the Magic Flute contest: Karl Böhm's account with Fritz Wunderlich and Evelyn Lear for Deutsche Grammaphone and Otto Klemperer's with Gundula Janowitz and Nicolai Gedda for Angel (neither is on CD yet). For my ears, Wunderlich was the First Mozart tenor of modern times. His honeyed sound and instinctive phrasing are surpassing marvels; his encounter with the Speaker, performed by Hans Hotter, is awesome. Lear as Pamina and Roberta Peters as the Queen of the Night is even a bit squeaky, but Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's Papageno is a pert pumpkin.

Böhm's tenors are faster than Klemperer's, with which this music makes them more natural sounding, but Klemperer's style is the more visionary. He makes you certain that this music means even more than it says. Janowitz's singing is all sumptuous purity, but though Nicolai Gedda is intelligent, he is too rough beside Wunderlich. Lucia Popp is the fleshy flesh of beauty, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig and Marga Høifgen. Klemperer's recording, however, omit the dialogue, which mars the pacing of the music. Due to this, Böhm's recording walks off with the prize.

If you must have only one modern recording, Solti's unidiscographical account for London boasts the soprano-stirred Stuart Burrows as the Prince, while Christina Deutekoon's yodeling of the Queen's arias needs to be heard to be believed. Colin Davis' stylish conducting, on the other hand, is hampered by a cast that should have been better (Phillips, 1972). The Peter Schreier does himself proud, though even his singing is thinner voiced than one would wish. Margaret Price had become a Verdi soprano by the time she accepted the role, while Luciana Serra's Queen is hair-raising.

This is the first part of a three- part article.

San Francisco Sentinel • August 14, 1987 23

San Francisco Opera's lineup, there is still a great deal of listening to be done that is both enjoyable in itself and immeasurably valuable for one's experience of the work in the house. Who would think to ask Gwyneth Jones to sing Salome without first rehearsing it? For even the audience, a rehearsed concentration is always deeper than a naive one.
Yma Sumac in Concert
Adventures in the Peruvian Twilight Zone

When Yma Sumac floats regally onto the stage in a cloud of orange organza, the first things you notice are her breasts. They are the Incan Van Doren variety: round, hard torpedos, cantilevered out over the empire waistline of her floor-length gown. With her hair pulled back in a serious Imelda Marcos bun, Sumac launches into her opening number, "Earthquake," and my jaw drops to my chest.

Is she serious? I immediately start getting nervous at the prospect of describing, for the uninitiated, the music and stage persona of Ms. Sumac. Her image was initially created in the '50s when Sumac was discovered by Capitol Records in Hollywood and hyped as an Incan princess. She acted in two films and recorded four albums for Capitol Records, including her 1951 "hit," "Voice of the Xtabay," which remained on the bestseller list for two years. A considerable cult following has developed over the years, aided by the mystery which surrounds her alleged Peruvian heritage, and her . . . well . . . unusual voice.

Journalists have tried to debunk the Incan myth by explaining her name as Amy Camus spelled backwards and alleging that she is actually from Brooklyn. But the Peruvian heritage seems believable when you hear the thick accent that colors her English. It is, however, Sumac's musical presentation that supports her recent comeback after a thirteen-year absence from performing.

You might say that Sumac's voice is operatic. Certainly her reputed five-octave range would justify that kind of comparison. But a serious opera buff would no doubt feel that Sumac is to opera what Yoko Ono is to rock. Any comparisons to an aging Carmen Miranda are doomed to failure by Sumac's dignified approach to her audience and the eerie, birdlike tones emanating from her throat. If anything, she comes across like a Latin Norma Desmond, trilling her way to center stage, waiting patiently in position for Mr. Demille to get that close-up.

But with Sumac comparisons are futile for she is that rarest of the rare among performers: a true original. The six-piece band that opens the show includes a piano, synthesizer, bass, guitar, and two percussionists. As the overture begins, the audience is treated to a slide show presenting larger-than-life projections of Sumac's album covers. They show her in a variety of campy poses, wearing costumes that Hollywood no doubt felt appropriate for "the legendary sun virgin." These alone are worth the price of admission.

Sumac soon emerges with zirrile, her eyelids and dangling rhinestone earrings, observing that it has been a long time since she was in the "diamond light of show business." Several songs into her act, I realize she sings in three different languages: English, Spanish, and Quechua—"the Incan tongue. And although I speak two of the three, I can't make out a single word she's saying. My compa­
nion and I are speechless as she leaves the stage for an instrumental interlude and returns in a black satin gown. Its plunging neckline is surrounded by white lace and more rhinestones. She waltzes her way through something called "La Pampa y La Puna," and a fly skirt dangerously close to her open mouth. With a brush of her hand, she banishes it from the spotlight and continues, Midway into "Suray Surita," her rhinestone earring gets caught in the lace of her collar, but it is effortlessly disengaged without missing a beat. Nothing disturbs the high melodrama of her presentation except for the way she keeps gesticulating at her con­
ductor and various members of the band.

In each number, there seems to be a place where the band is not playing up to Sumac's standards. She waves her hand, ask­
ing them to take down the vol­ume or pick up the pace, and occ­asionally hisses "Shhhhh. . ." in the direction of the conductor. Her obvious impatience with the treatment of the band and the ex­tensive barrage of histrionics, it is extraordinarily moving, and I can't understand a word she's saying, and her voice con­
tinues to reverberate with a superhuman blend of animal sound and fasleto warbling, but it's beginning to take on a strange, haunting beauty. Her penultimate number, "Jungla," is extraordinarily moving, and I finally realize that this lady is serious. She is honestly putting a great deal of emotion into her music, and when you can get past the overdose of histrionics, it often succeeds.

At the end of the show, after a long ovation, Sumac returns and says good night in her native In­can language. She interprets the words for the audience as, "Thank you very much, from my heart." Despite her coarse treatment of the band and the ex­tensive barrage of histrionics, it is a certain amount of sincer­i­ety emerges. But the questions re­main: just who is this woman and what is she doing? I have honestly never spent an evening in the theatre that even remotely resembled my evening with Yma Sumac. It was a bi­zarre mixture of art and artifice that has no precedent in my ex­perience. For this reason, I feel somewhat at a loss for words. I'm sure many people who have seen her show will feel that I have been too scathing; others will find me too generous. But the devout and the rank­inevic, the Incan princess, sacrificing herself on the altar of entertainment kitsch.

I have visions of the oldest living Incan princess, sacrificing herself on the altar of entertainment kitsch.

---

I'm sure many people who have seen her show will feel that I have been too scathing; others will find me too generous. But there is no doubt in my mind that this will be remembered as one of the most interesting entertainment experiences of the year, and personally, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Yma Sumac in Concert continues through the summer, 450 Post Street, through August 23. Tickets and information may be obtained by calling the box of­fice at 433-9500.
Bad boys with a taste for blood: The crowd from The Lost Boys.

The Living Daylights

Never mind about Timothy Dalton; I know the question hovering on your ruby lips, gentle reader. "How bad is the opening credit sequence?" Ever since Live and Let Die, with its Paul McCartney goes Mantovani theme song, successive Bond films have plumbed the reaches of low-camp expressionism with their pseudo-surreal opening montages. Each movie's starlet has frolicked through lava under all that orange goo, stricking wonderfully vague Isadora Duncan poses that are supposed to be, somehow, seductive. How much have you seen of Tanya Roberts (A View to a Kill) lately? Or Caroline Munro (The Man with the Golden Gun)? Maryam d'Abo's character less a bimbo than usual (she is quite charming), but I can't get all excited about milquetoast gestures at political acceptability from mermaids like these. Anyway, don't believe all the hype: this is just more compli­cated stunts and TV-commercial cinematography.

One of the most important aspects of the Bond films, which though nominally British are all shamelessly calculated to play in Peoria, is their wholly bogus vi­sion of jet-set affluence. The tax-exempt, Lager-packing, canasta-playing and Scotch-drinking Bond is an icon before which the American male is powerless. But the supremely gruesome mid-air smack trade and defeat the Russians in Afghanistan. The cinematic mid-air fight between Afghan armies in Afghanistan. The climactic mid-air fight between Afghan armies in Afghanistan. The ideological tedium of this series (didn't get elected to the Senate or something?).

The Living Daylights plays at the Cinema 2, Chastain at Steiner, 921-8720, and the Empire, West Portal at Vicente, 661-2359.

Mr. Bond, we presume? Timothy Dalton plays the latest 007 incarnation and Maryam d'Abo co-stars in The Living Daylights.

The Lost Boys

It's neat how many movies conclude by completely ignoring our hero's reflection. I suppose, of how rarely that happens in life. Dianne Wiest gets her house ripped up by vampire bikers who plan to watch MTV and nosh on surfers for 2000 years or so. I'm sure she got paid and all, but her talent is really ill-served by a heinous Mom­hardt and a weak and wisty role. This summer's parade of tongue-in-cheek special effects banzans continues to grow: The Lost Boys embodies horror, teen comedy, male boner ritual, and, as they say, a fable of contemporary urban decimation.

Diane's oldest son (Jason Patric), owner of one of the six meticulously West LA haircuts in this film, gets in­volved with "bad" kids at a beachfront amusement park and takes to eating maggots, drink­ing blood, and sleeping all day. Sounds like a boner ritual to me, but nothing else, the agreeably fast pace should keep you awake long enough to see the gory pyrotech­nics at the end. While Patric is lured into his evil ways by pretty, raven-haired Lisa (it's the blond and magnetic leader of the biker gang), Kiefer Sutherland (The blond and magnetic leader of the biker gang) who really wants to possess the bathtub full of holy water the Sheena Easton song was the nadir of all this — not kidding with that name?) writhes amongst the bubbles, all right, but the tune by tendi haircut band a-ha (talk about silly personas) is decidedly second-rate. Dalton does make an attrac­tive, athletic Bond, and the plot is back-to-basics espionage and doublecross, which means no spacecraft, underwater cities, or
A Dog Hound Howls

"D"o you realize that Sunday is the Har­monic Convergence, the 10th anniversary of Elvis' death, and three days before my birthday?" my Sentinel colleague asked darkly. "Truly an unsettling cosmic trine," I answered — thunderstruck at the calendar coincidences. My friend was hoping we could create some public nuisance to appropriately celebrate all three momentous occasions. Local gigs for that night don't look up to the task: I mean Arlo Guthrie!

I explained that I already had an engagement scheduled for that afternoon: a cutthroat political meeting with mayoral candidate Warren Hinckle. This paper's publisher and arts editor have also thrown their sup­port to Smlin 'Jack' Molinari, and our news editor is champion­ing Poet/广电 fanatic Art Ag­nos, but Rock Previews, reflect­ing its trademark independence of mind, plans to cut a bedroom deal with the man with the hound dog.

My esteemed co-writer under­stood. He could see that in a righteous world Warren would be mayor of San Francisco and Sunday night would see a show with Charlie Davis (sex-god & vocal qual­ities) and his band. Residents would be going pithy in the East Bay. (Berkeley Square, 8/15, 10 pm, $5)

Bryan Adams, The Hooters

Vancouver's answer to John Cougar Mellencamp, and the Philly pop-stompers who backed up Cyndi Lauper are also-rans who put their heart into it. Score points for suburban bov­ers watching. (Concord Pavilion, 8/17, 8 pm, $17.50 res, $16.50 lawn)

New Model Army, Poison 13

NMA are tough, rowdy politics out of the UK. Astute, ferocious punks, like my friend Andy Naipel, swear they're the toughest band of the past decade. (Kennel Club, 8/17, 10 pm, $5)

Jerry Shelley

The true heir to the King — a white boy from Alabama who owns the stage with nothing but an acoustic guitar. The fact that Chris Isaac's manager has dropped Chris for Jerry is prob­ably evidence that he has been reading this column. Pick of the week. (Steg, 8/17, 10 pm, $5 adv., $7 day)

Big Bones & Friends

The mad-dog street musician is joined by members of John Lee Hooker's band for a regular Blue Monday Night at the new venue (formerly V's). (Kennel Club, 8/17, 10 pm, $2)

Liza Minnelli, Marvin Hamilch

The David Crosby Detox tour yields to the Liza Detox Special. She's cutting a new record, and is joined by members of John Lee Hooker's band for a regular Blue Monday Night at the new venue (formerly V's). (Kennel Club, 8/17, 10 pm, $5)

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The King remembered: Sunday marks the 10th anniversary of Elvis' death and the culmination of the Harmonic Convergence. May the force be with you.

Aeromith rave-ups thrashing in the wake of their stage moves. (Kennel Club, 8/14, 10 pm, $5)

World's Cutest Killers, Distant Cry, Outcasts

The headliners arrive ex­ous group purgatory (aka LA) — specifically find Kary Valentine of Go-Go and Kelly Johnson out of Girls School, looking to flag down their careers. (Stone, 8/14, 10 pm, $7 adv., $8 day)

Jon Sugar

Gaudly, comic, rapper, and man of many pounds: the unmistak­able Mr. Sugar continues his bid for slowest-breaking-act-in­show biz with one of his over­staring and increasingly rare live appearances. True to form, he is booked — inexplicably — at a drag haunted in the middle of the afternoon. A gay icon. (The Gal­leon, 7/11 140 — at Church, 8/14, 4 pm, free)
Foot Ballers

S o you heard about Tom Cousineau, the 49er who called a press conference last week to reveal to a breathless sports world his "heterosexuality"? I thought about excoriating him here, then decided not to waste the space; another non-gay columnist, C. W. Nevius, of the San Francisco Examiner and Lowell Cohn (of the Chronicle) pretty well took care of the guy.

But that's not to encourage silence; I urge you, right now, to write Supervisor John Ritter Walsh, or press spokesman Rod- derick Moore, and tell them how you feel about a San Francisco foot- baller who calls homosexuality "repulsive" and says he doesn't "want to be associated with "that group of people." I'll print ex- cepts from your letters.

The address: SF 49ers, 711 Nevada St., Redwood City 94061; phone 365-3420. Make some noise.

Chron Amok

The only noise emanating from the Chron's editorial page is a sickly, sloppy, surging sound, the utulation of philosophical flannel. The latest editorial on Aug. 10, headlined "Missouri Foss Smokescreen," employs an almost admirable Moebius flip of logic: it claims the gay commu- nity is being "used" by "fanatical" and "desperate" so- called "anti-military" groups to block homeporting of the Missouri. Right: Harry Brit's, championship speech last week "proving" that the Chron feels the "fanatical" and "anti-military" groups are blowhards, are "cherry-picked" stories detailing Agnos' alleged financial misdeeds all over page one. Maybe he was just a bit too much for the Chron to headline Agnos' potential block of a Mo- lissani endorsement. (Molissani, remember, drafted the contro- versial "gay rights" Missouri amendment the Chron feels ought to assassu us.)

No Good Ped

This is really a case for the irreverent Reverend Boyd Mc- Donald, but I'll take a whack at it anyway; Aug. 10 LA TIMES story (run on p. 21 of that day's Chron) about a recently murdered chicken-hawk proves a nightmare of "straight" editorializing.

Times reporter J. Michael Kennedy writes that Jimmie Etheridge, a 38-year-old insurance salesman shot in the head last month by a 16-year-old boy who lived with him, was a "pleasant, burly man who seemed to have a passion for children." That's as mild understatement, consider- ing Etheridge's vast computer file of boys he seduced, both in his small Texas town and in neighboring states.

Kennedy writes that Etheridge "proven to be on young boys from the town's black or Mexican-American community," and that he "kept track [of them] on his computer file in repugnant detail." (My emphasis.) An ob- vious joking. Kennedy misses the news nut of the story: he refuses to reveal the details he finds repu- gnant. For example, were the boys cut or uncircumcised? Did they have pubic hair, or not? If not, had they shaved? And what kind of underwear did the boys wear? Kennedy's too "straight" to care.

(One note: Marlin, Texas, police showed "straight"-arrow fortitude in following Ed "Fats" Meese's Justice Department recommendations; when they found Etheridge's kiddie porn mags and photos, "the police- men began wearing rubber gloves to examine items in the house.

Clothes in the Closet

"Teenage males are becoming extremely fashion-conscious," says Peter Zollo, executive vice president of Teenage Research Unlimited (TRI) in Lake Forest, Illi- nois. "This edifying datum appeared in an exhaustive July 30 Wall Street Journal report on shop- ping, sent by Less Talk corres- pondent John Michael Mar- riner. It confirms my happiest suspicion: boys are lightening up. Can disco dancing, weight- lifting, interior decorating, Fire Island vacations and/or robust rounds of male-to-male sex be far behind? (Or TRI, Mr. Marinner wrote: "Oh, now they're into research. So do I; but I call it "research firm.")

Different Strokes

Hollywood gossip columnist Frank Swietoslaw wrote in the Aug. 8 Chron that Different Strokes star Gary Coleman, out of work for two years, has been "relaxing and vacationing with a male friend in Hawaii...." The Chron tells us there is no romance in Coleman's life right now although, he reminds us, "He's one of Hollywood's most desirable bachelors.""

Mommy Fearst


"Grieving"? What died? Their dog? Their ross? Their family car? No, no: just their dreams for their 18-year-old son, who "has just told us that he is gay. This doesn't seem possible" — what, that he's gay, or that he told his parents? "He's an honor student [and] excelled in ath- letics. But then, so, in a way, is Charles Nelson Reilly."

Get Ritter the Jerk

TV pig Steven Bochco at it again; it's not bad enough he

hasses gays on LA Law and Hill St. Blues (to be fair, the lat- ter passed from Bochco's grimy paws a few seasons back; he died this year) — he's winding up to take another crack at us on Hooperman, a new show star- ring John Ritter as an SF cop. As outlined in Chron TV crit John Carman's excellent Aug. 4, column, the show features a "running" gag: a woman in the squad room bits on a gay man who personally refuses her hugs. Yikes. Christ. Bochco promised the gag will eventually "depen our characters." He declined to say whether he meant their per-

Continued on next page

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Cable Capers

Electric City is a half-hour gay TV show, which airs the last Thursday each month on cable channel 6 at 9 pm in San Francisco and the first Sunday each month on cable channel 35 at 10 pm in Oakland. Since I don't have cable, I'd never seen it. But when associate producer David Nahmod called me about interviewing the collective that produces the show, I agreed. Sande Mack, Electric City's director, greeted me at the door of his Collingwood Street apartment and ushered me into a large kitchen where several collective members were gathered.

First obvious question: "How did you get started?"

"Lou Maletta owned a gay cable format which he started early in 1984," Sande said. "He exchanged videos with someone in New York City. Mostly the format was talk, news, and drag queens. But with one person in ochester, others couldn't get things on the air. So in December of '86, Sande and others started their own collective and aired their first show in January of this year.

Electric City features a magazine format with three- to four-minute segments. One segment features Dan Carlisle, a KKCY DJ, who does person-on-the-street interviews. Others include comedy, AIDS reports, and interviews with gay groups or mainstream performers. On the April show, for instance, Nahmod interviewed Jon Frig who played Barnabas on the Dark Shadows series. Other segments featured the Eagle bar's Mr. Leather Contest, the Lily Street Fair and an interview with Steve Conard, a person with AIDS whose condition has dramatically improved with AZT and DDC 13T treatments. Andy Einkauf, a new collective member, has just come here from Texas, said, "The need for a gay video show is especially clear to me having been out of the Bay Area for a year. The AIDS picture is dismal in Texas. They just closed Houston's only AIDS hospital for lack of funds. The gay community is under attack in the South and shows like Electric City are really needed."

Nahmod described the collective as a school. "We're learning as we go along," he said. "We're friends who socialize together a lot, and I think that spirit comes across in the air."

Other collective members include Debbie Rieck, who's in charge of women-oriented issues; Mark Wang, a producer; and Drew Stephens, an editor/writer. Actors and comedians, like Susan Kay, also work with the collective, and Sande Mack does most of the camera work at present.

Dan Carlisle said he was particularly inspired by the show featuring someone with AIDS getting better after alternative treatments. Sande added that 20/20 picked up one of Electric City's AIDS segments hosted by Richard Locke.

Some of the mainstream celebrities who have appeared on the show include Wayne Shanon and the director of the San Francisco Film Festival. "We want to show people things they don't normally see," Sande said. "For instance, we want to get backstage at the San Francisco Ballet. We're also writing a soap opera and developing a satirical sketch on the mayor's race."

Electric City has also been asked to document the March on Washington for October 11. They intend to start filming a planning meeting soon and follow a group of people to Washington where they'll go to..."
The Flipps at Lipps! See the fabulous Flipps, an evening of biting satire plus a stellar lineup of nightly acts. All ages are welcome. 300 Last St., SF. Info: 261-3246.

The Theater Rhino's Studio Theater, 16th near Mission St., SF. $5. Info: 485-0797.

Run the Sequoia-Byway Trail with the EastBay Firefighters. Take Hwy. 13 to Joaquin Miller Road/Lincoln Ave. end. Follow signs to Joaquin Miller Road; go east to Joaquin Miller Rd. 1.2 miles. Turn left on Skyline Blvd. and continue 4.6 miles to the trail head (on the left). Three mile loop, flat, 9:30 am. Info: 281-9446.

Enjoy your Husband Hunt Hangouts! The Partners Institute is sponsoring a 4-hour workshop of counseling and small-group sharing for gay men seeking a life partner. It wouldn't hurt ya know. $15. Info: David Kin on 431-841.

Are you ready for an evening of camaraderie in the best South-of-Market tradition? Then join the Phallic Fellowship for sexy movies, refreshments and a "midnight snack." 7:30 pm-1 am. Middlebury vs. 18 th. More info: 821-1877.

The Flips at Lipp! See the fabulous Flips, an off-the-wall cabaret revue, playing every Saturday night at Lipp's, a comedy nightclub. All ages are welcome, so bring Mom, Dad, and all the kids. 8:30 pm. 901 Howard, SF. $7. Info: 552-3466.


Kamaal, Mr. America Belly Dance 1986, demonstrates his dit-to-dit-for hip thrusts at next weekend's Fourth Annual Belly Dance Festival. The evil looks and thrusting saber are, of course, extra added attractions. See listing for Friday, 8/21.


Nathan Droitz, Sky Masterson, Adelaide, and Sarah Siara are back to entertain you once again as Guys and Dolls plays its closing performance tonight. Frank Loesser's joyous and gappy score contains such classics as "If I Were a Bell," "Adelaide's Lament," "A Bushel and a Peck," "Take Back Your Mind," and the showstopper "Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat!" Broadway razmattaz at its very best. 7 pm. Festival Theater. Football College, Los Altos Hills. $6.50-$8.50. Info: 948-4444.

Shaindo Kamin's timeless horror classic, Oshibana (The Blood), continues through Thursday, 7/28. In Japan during the mysterious and horrifying civil wars of the sixteenth century, the film concerns a woman and her daughter-in-law whose livelihood depends on stripping dead samurai. When a strange soldier wearing a grotesque mask shows up on the scene, the stage is set for first-class Grand Guignol. One of the most beautifully shot films in recent cinema! Roxie Theater, 16th near Valencia, SF. Info: 863-1087.

No theme, so no clothes shot at the SF Jaks — just dicks, desire and a hundred naked men in a room. (Doing what?) Mandatory clothes check (except for shoes). Please arrive between 7:30 and 8:30 pm. Suggested donation is $6. 890 Folsom near 5th St., SF.

Gay International Folkdancing, a social group for lesbians and gay men meets Tuesday, Beginners welcome. Dances are taught from 7:30-8:30; dancing itself goes from 8-30 pm. Come out and join us! Collingwood Community Center, Collingwood near 18th (behind Cals Foods). SF. $2.50. Info: Jim at 535-9794 or Sima at 285-5634.

If you are being abused by your partner or have been in the past, call the Gay Men's Domestic Violence Project and find out about the Gay Group for Battered Gay Men. This eight-week support group meets Tuesday nights and is led by a licensed psychologist. 405 Arguello Blvd., San Francisco. Info: 804-7800.

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Now here's something a little different! Anah-K, a program of rare film clips featuring Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, and many others, will be presented by jazz film archivist David Cherikoff. Machito, A Latin Jazz Legacy documents the career of the Latin Jazz great whose combo, formed in 1940, preceded dizzy Gillespie's Latin jazz experiments by four years. A live concert of Afro-Cuban music will precede the film, led by noted Bay Area percussionist John Santos. SF. Joes Pub Theater, 20th Street and Valencia (16th St. Mission), SF. Info: 864-5449.

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friends. Usually though, there's
special needs (having them him­
self) and you could no doubt find men
living a gay lifestyle who, havingantasies about "straight men," would be
able to sneak around the block for a
while while gay-

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who was also living a straight lifestyle
who could not provide your special needs (having him
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fantasies about "straight men," would be
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