Bayard Rustin, a longtime civil rights leader and more recently a dedicated gay rights activist, died this week at the age of 77 at a New York hospital. Rustin suffered a cardiac arrest after surgery for a perforated appendix.

A man who called for gays — especially black gays — to come out of the closet for the world to acknowledge, Rustin would hardly be pleased that the San Francisco Chronicle, Oakland Tribune and other major newspapers across the country completely omitted from their obituaries any mention of his sexual orientation, his activism on behalf of gay rights or his longtime lover.

Black lesbian and gay activists locally and around the country expressed sorrow over his death and anger and disappointment at the news media's homophobic reporting. Those who had never met him regretted the lost opportunity to do so and noted the influence his leadership had had on their lives.

"I'm extremely sad that we have lost such a..."
Sunday, August 30, 1987
5:00 p.m.

$7.00 advance
$10.00 at the door
Donations go to the
Coming Home Hospice

Hors-d’oeuvres
Special auction
Celebrity hosts
A black tie affair

280 7th Street
San Francisco, California
(415) 621-1197
Papal Visit Heats Up
by Charles Linebarger
Gay nuns will be riding bicycle relays between Mission Dolores and Coming Home Hospice next month when the pope comes to town to make certain that he doesn't get away with a sneak visit to the Castro.

And that was just one of the tidbits offered to the press at a well-attended news conference held on August 20 in the shadow of St. Mary's Cathedral. Meanwhile, on the other side of town, a different group of gays broke off negotiations with the archdiocese aimed at ensuring peaceful protests in September. The gays were changing the Church with bad faith.

"If the pope does visit Coming Home Hospice," said Sister Dana Vanlquity, "our bicycle relays will ensure that thousands of gays will be there demonstrating." Papal Impassus The First announced that the sisters were going to hold a major noontime rally at Union Square on September 17, the day of the pope's arrival in San Francisco. The rally, according to Impassus, will be a massive protest and will feature the canonsation of slain gay supervisor, Harvey Milk.

"We have been abused twice by the archdiocese because of our good faith in negotiating with them," said an angry Wali. "We had agreed on a statement with language that we all could live with, that we would all defend our first amendment rights to free speech and protest and that we all condemned violence. We agreed not to go public with this until we had gone to the various organizations in our communities to get approval. Just days after this language was worked out, it was leaked by the other side." After stories appeared in the San

American Express Denies Requiring Test
by John Wetzi
California's Department of Insurance is looking into complaints against the underwriting practices of an American Express Company subsidiary accused of improperly requesting AIDS tests for a life insurance plan marketed to American Express cardholders. Use of the test for underwriting in AIDS tests for a life insurance plan marketed to American express cardholders. Use of the test for underwriting in

Coors Boycott Continues
by George Mendehall
Gay, black, women and Latino activists were caught off guard this week when they read newspaper reports that the AFL-CIO's ten-year boycott of Coors beer had ended.

The agreement calls for Coors to permit a unionizing effort at its factory and to hire only union workers in future construction projects. However, for some activists, the boycott continues.

Howard Wallace, Lesbian/Gay Alliance official and Coors Boycott director for this area, vowed to continue boycott efforts. Gay Boston City Councilor David Sondras, visiting the Bay Area, also announced that boycotting and picketing against Coors will continue as the company begins sales on the East Coast.

The Tavern Guild of San Francisco (TGF), a gay association of 250 bar owners and employees, has had a long-time boycott of Coors. TGCF President Chuck Morrow said he knew of no discussions underway to change that policy and was unaware of any guild bar that sells Coors. The Mexican American Political Association, in concert at Fresno, voted unanimously to continue the boycott last weekend. Will gay people now begin to drink Coors? An informal Sentinel survey revealed that bar owners and managers are hesitant, taking a "wait-and-see" approach. Baird stressed, "Coors has done considerable damage by being anti-human rights. I want proof that they have changed. Gay people should wait and watch before drinking it again."

There was anger in Wallman's voice as he explained, "The boycott has had a tremendous impact on negatively affecting Coors sales. Coors was on their knees begging when they reached this agreement. They had spent $150 million a year in advertising and attempted to buy off minority leaders and minority publications, but their sales continued to drop. They went from 43% to 14% in the California market. It was Coors that contacted the AFL-CIO out of desperation. "What bothers me most is that the AFL-CIO did not consult with the

Continued on page 6

Continued on page 10
**Milk Mural Moves Forward**

by David Israels

The designer of the Harvey Milk Memorial Mural expects to begin work on the wall painting soon, following a unanimous Arts Commission Committee vote approving the mural design.

Mural artist Johanna Poethig said she could start painting the mural in late September and hopes to complete her design by late November.

"I'm just relieved. I've been working on this for so long," Poethig said.

Poethig's design has created the kind of controversy that is typical of mural projects. Opponents of the mural have accused it of anti-gay bias. Mural opponents hotly debated the project's aesthetic values.

"I'm just concerned with the artistic merit of the proposal to her mural design. "I just through the I'/: hours of debate during the committee hearing, said after the committee's vote, "I'm just relieved. I've been working on this for so long," Poethig said.

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A Different Light Shines

While one gay bookstore struggles, another opens in the Bay Area. A Different Light Bookstore, which has branches in Los Angeles and New York, has its grand opening at 489 Castro, formerly the location of the Obelisk, in November.

The store carries about 8,000 titles by, for, and about lesbians and gay men. Its focus, which is not solely on lesbian and gay titles, enables the store to offer a selection of virtually every gay-interest title in print in the US as well as imported titles from England, France, Germany, Spain, Mexico, Japan and other countries.

"This will be — to some extent — our flagship store," says co-owner Norman Laurila proudly. "It's a much grander space. Jo work within that we've had before. We're going to have lots of room to have a really comfortable atmosphere.

The store is owned by Laurila and George Leigh of Toronto. While privately run, the store still maintained an interest in community involvement. All the stores distribute free flyers and papers, provide a community bulletin board and sell at no extra charge all non-profit tickets for theatres and raffles.

"We pride ourselves on doing as much as we can to be involved — as well as being professional book-sellers," says Laurila. He says that focus requires maintaining a balance between providing free resources and maintaining a professionally run store.

The store's entire inventory system is computerized. Although A Different Light is not a specialty shop, they will order any book in print in the US if the customer requests it.

"We don't think of ourselves as a chain because we operate independently," says Richard Labonte, a clerk at the Southern California store, which he helped found in 1979. Labonte says LA shop tries to stay in touch with the New York branch and share information on locally published books, but otherwise the stores are independently managed and do their buying separately.

is treatable.

Excessive use of alcohol or drugs is most often the cause of Unsafe Sex, according to two recent research studies (and the personal experience of most gay men).

If you're still having Unsafe Sex because of alcohol or drugs, you can do something about it. Don't be embarrassed to ask for help. Lots of men are doing it. Call the AIDS Hotline and talk it over.

Safe Sex is a lot more enjoyable when you're sober.

Call 863-AIDS
San Francisco AIDS Foundation
333 Valencia Street, 4th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94103
Toll Free Number:
Hotline 800 FOR AIDS
TDD 615 904-6600

Major funding for the educational programs of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation is provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health.
Bork: A Real and Present Danger

Gay editors are accustomed to swirling warnings, and gay readers are accustomed to hearing them. Perhaps all too accustomed. For years, anything thin with repetition. The language of danger begins to sound hackneyed. But the danger which now faces us poses the greatest threat to the civil rights of gays, and of all Americans, since the McCarthy era.

President Reagan has nominated Robert Bork to the Supreme Court, and if confirmed by the Senate, Bork will provide the swing vote to the conservative bloc. Honestly, it is difficult to find words to express just how dangerous Bork and what he stands for. Anything we write sounds like just another warning — which this definitely is not.

Robert Bork makes decisions based on a twisted view of the U.S. Constitution. On the most basic level, he does not believe that people are endowed with certain inalienable rights, and indeed speaks derisively of the very idea that “rights... inhere in humans.” This cynical view is, to put mildly, hard to reconcile with his frequent rhetoric about adhering to “original intent” of the Constitution’s framers. But this cynical view does explain why Bork op- posed the bill which would become Title II of the 1964 Civil Rights Act prohibiting discrimination on the basis of race in public accommodation. He called the bill the work of a “mob” and “battling other private individuals.” This opinion is not only bad law; it is bad history; the “mob” was not the blacks but the whites, and the “coercing” Bork worries about so righteously was certainly not perpetrated by Rosa Parks or Martin Luther King.

Ten years after the Civil Rights Act passed, Bork “changed his mind” on this stance. But his mind has not changed on many other civil rights issues, perhaps because Bork is egregiously insensitive to anything outside his own narrow experience. Being white, desegregation represents “a loss in a vital area of personal liberty.” Not being poor, poll taxes seem “very small and trifling” to Bork.

Bork views sexual harassment as fiction: “Sexual dalliance, however voluntarily engaged in, becomes harassment whenever an employee sees fit, after the fact, to so characterize it.” But Bork local decisions do not stop at mere insensitivity. His views are, as we said before, twisted. The First Amendment reads, “Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of Speech.” Bork, again contradicting the majority, has chosen to use space in your newspaper to suggest that this event was “retribution for Northwest's refusal to allow Leonard Matlovich, a PWA, and onto a train. As a nation we are grieving over the tragic Northwest crash Sun­day night. I am saddened even more that your columnist, Dave Ford, has chosen to use space in your newspaper to suggest that this event was “retribution for Northwest’s refusal to allow Leonard Matlovich, a PWA, to board a plane on Friday.”

Once again, much thanks to your fine writers, and to you.

Chris Nunes
Coordinator
Lesbian/Gay Speakers Bureau

Six Supes Sell Out
To the Editor:

The gay/lesbian community of San Francisco has been betrayed by six members of the Board of Supervisors. They are Mallovich, Nelder, Maler, Hirt, Gonzales and Kennedy. They all voted for homophobia the Massachusetts in spite of the extremely discriminatory policy of the Navy toward gays and lesbians. Apparently, these supervisors believe that it’s all right to let gay civil liberties take a back seat to economic issues. I cannot imagine that they would have even considered the homophoric request if the Navy had not been involved in a racial bias.

Think twice before voting for any of these people again and vote for Art Agnos for Mayor. He won’t sell us out!

Richard Jordan

Take the ‘A’-Train
To the Editor:

Why would Leonard Mallovich want to fly Northwest Orient in view of their problems with air safety? Why go to the bother of having a complete physical? Why would he send dozens of reporters and photographers along for the show?

If Leonard wants to reduce stress and tension, he should avoid all that stimulation and take the train. As a chamber member of the American As­sociation of Rail Passengers, I invite Leonard, other Supervisor County justices, and all Americans to take a short walk of the US Supreme Court and the Capitol Building.

So come on Mr. Mallovich, enjoy life while you can with a minimum amount of stress. Enjoy life while you are able to do so. Northwest Orient is an aversion policy. They’ll be around for a long time. Don’t let them get you down unless it’s out of the air and onto a train.

Andrew J. Betancourt

Art is Enough
To the Editor:

Don’t you think enough is enough? For months now I’ve heard Agnos lambast Mallovich on the issue of the Mission (someone he has never had to vote on himself). Agnos has suc­cessfully manipulated constituency against constituency to his own end. Well, this is one lesbian who’s not falling for a red herring which is pit­ting gays and lesbians against blacks and others. The panic of division, negative campaigning has no place in this city!

Marilyn Flynn

Inquiring Minds
To the Editor:

Is Robert J. Inland in training for a position on The National Enquirer? After reading this interview with Sherry Agnost (Sentinel, Aug. 14), I’m of the opinion that he might well meet their journalistic standards.

Some of his off-the-wall questions can be understood if he couldn’t think...
**FROM THE PUBLISHER**

ROBERT M. GOLOVICH

**Keeping Experience Where It Counts**

We all breathed a sigh of relief last week when Senator John Doolittle's AIDS bills were killed in committee before they had a chance to do any damage. No one, however, believes that we've heard the last of such homophobic and irrational proposals. We all realize that powerful and ignorant bigots are determined to keep fighting until their dreams (and our nightmares) come true.

As with most state legislation, a substantial amount of behind-the-scenes maneuvering helped cause the death of these particular bills. Sacramento is a laboratory of duplicity and intrigue, of buy-ins and sell-outs, and of votes which appear to favor one position while in fact supporting another. This process is all the more inscrutable because of Sacramento's physical distance from the majority of the state's voters.

As the saying goes, with laws (and sausages) you don't know what gets into making them. This saying is especially true when applied to what's ground out of Sacramento.

Governor San Fran, of course, is no less complex; indeed, in many ways it is considerably more complicated. The mayor doesn't have the luxury of keeping a safe distance from his or her constituents, allowing every virtue and every wart to be seen in close-up.

Nor can the mayor become just a specialist in one area of legislation. In San Francisco, the mayor must be someone who knows the whole city and all its players: who has a community standing and who doesn't, who gets the job done and who is full of hot air.

**AT THE COURTHOUSE**

KEN CADY

**The Champ and the Chump**

US District Court Judge Thelton Henderson ruled last week that the Defense Department violates constitutional rights of gays when it conducts more extensive investigations of gays seeking security clearances than those conducted for heterosexuals. Henderson found no substantial or rational relationship between the government's interests and the policies and procedures being followed to investigate gay applicants.

Consequently, the government will now have to devise new procedures for the determination of eligibility for security clearances that do not single out gays for more extensive background checks.

Henderson's opinion was worth the sixteen-month wait that it took for him to decide the case. He criticized the Defense Department for harboring "irrational prejudice and outmoded stereo­types and notions about homosexuals and gay men." The ruling was a victory for a group known as High Tech Cays and their attorney, Richard Gayer.

The ruling brought praise from the San Francisco Chronicle in an editorial last Saturday. The Chronicle opined: "We think that the judgment is ap­propriate, suitable to the times and well reasoned." The editorial pointed out that an out-of-the-closet gay cannot be blackmailed over the sexuality issue and further reminded the reader that many of the latest spy scandals have involved heterosexual hugely-panky.

Recently, we were talking to a member of the gay community who ex­pressed a somewhat unusual perspective on the current mayor's race. "The gay community has to be selfish for once," he said. "Right now we have to keep our leaders where they can do the most good for us. Art Agnos is experienced in the state legislature and knows how to work the machine up there to stop people like Doolittle. Jack Molinaro knows San Francisco inside and out. He has the experience and knowledge that will put gay people in the best posi­tion to advance their standing throughout the city."

We agree. Art Agnos has spent his entire career as an elected official in the State Assembly after defeating Harvey Milk for the seat in 1977. He and his family have lived principally in Sacramento ever since then. That is the city (and the state legislature) that Agnos knows best. Not only is John Molinaro the best person to serve as mayor of San Fran­cisco, but we cannot afford to break in some newcomer from Sacramento — especially not at a time when fears at the state level threaten to roll back our every political gain. After all, in our system it is the voters — not the politicians — who decide how and where public officials will best serve them.

For once we have the chance for a win-win situation. Those who would divide us will surely pay on any elec­tion which replaces the experienced with the inexperienced. Electing John.

Four days later, Hartley was arrested at the victim's house where he had returned to complain that the check had bounced. Hartley told police that he had seen the victim struggling to get a plate of food off his steps and went to assist the man. After entering the apartment, he said that the victim performed oral sex on him then voluntarily allowed Hartley to sodomy him. Then the victim told him that he had AIDS and Hartley became angry, accepting $300 in settlement. When the check bounced, Hartley returned to inquire as to why.

Assistant district attorney Tom Manning was faced with a dilemma at the time of trial when the victim was in a coma and unable to attend the trial. Rather than take the easy way out, he procured to have the victim's testimony at a preliminary examination read to the jury. After considerable deliberation, the guilty verdict was returned.

Hartley now faces revocation of his probation in Alameda County, where he was convicted in 1985 of first degree burglary after he entered the residence of a Berkeley woman on the pretense of playing a practical joke.

Hartley's economic status is far below what is considered to be middle-class. He has been employed in various capacities, including construction work and janitorial positions.

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**FROM THE DESK**

**Quentin’s Getting Close**

Will Quentin Kopp run for mayor of San Francisco in 1987? The answer to the hottest political question of the summer should be forthcoming early next week.

This weekend Kopp will meet with his closest advisors and supporters to discuss the possibility of his becoming a mayoral candidate this year.

Kopp has also indicated that he will not make a final decision until he has had an opportunity to discuss the race with his son, Seth, who has been out of the country traveling in Europe and Asia since mid-February.

On Wednesday, the San Francisco Independent reported that Kopp would announce his decision yesterday. The announcement was in fact just the hope of Kopp’s chief-of-staff, Jack Davis, that the state senator would reach a decision extremely busy with his legislative duties.

Hundreds of calls to Kopp’s office were told that the state senator was extremely busy and would not consider announcing his decision yesterday. The answer to the hottest political question of the summer Will Quentin Kopp run for mayor of San Francisco in 1987?

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**Posting Rollin’ s Results**

Earlier this week, KRON-TV’s political analyst Rollin’ Post, released the results of a Renne campaign poll that showed Kopp the front-runner in the mayor’s race.

In a multiple candidate race Kopp polls 31%, Mollinari 16%, and Agnos 15%. In a head-to-head race Kopp leads Mollinari 40-37, and when pitted against Agnos leads 45-37. Renne campaign manager Clint Rollin’ is not pleased that the poll results were released, and is still trying to figure out how Post obtained the numbers.

**Haight Ashbury War**

The Haight Ashbury Preservation Society is contending that the SF Planning Commission has declared war on the community.

Community activities in the Haight are upset with the Planning Commission’s decision to permit a 6400-square foot Thirsty Thrill Jr. destroyer at Haight and Cole Streets.

You can expect this week’s heated discussions to continue with an appeal of the action to the Board of Supervisors.

**Downtown Ballpark**

The Board of Supervisors Downtown Ballpark Task Force headed up by gay attorney Tom Horn recently endorsed the support and adoption of Proposition W as a necessary step to preserve major league baseball in San Francisco.

The grassroots campaign also took off again this week as the Giants moved into sole possession of first place with a 21-game lead over second-place Houston at the end of play Wednesday. Hummm Baby.

**Milk Toast**

During a recent point of view in the Milk Club newsletter GAYMILK, political action chair Jim Lansdowne criticized the local gay press for failing to report the news accurately and without bias and fulfill the role of community watchdog.

Lansdowne also questioned story selection, failure to follow up rumors circulating in the community and what he perceives as our refusal to, at this point, pursue a story concerning the club and the US Postal Service.

Unfortunately, Lansdowne never bothered to contact anyone at the Sentinel about his concerns before publishing his comments. A basic rule of journalism is to contact the parties involved before reaching a conclusion based on his own individual assumptions. Shame on you.

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**Coors Boycott**

Continued from page 3

Minority communities that had been boycott Coors all of these years as the boycotter. It was done behind closed doors. On one hand, the AFI-CIO has become pro-gay rights. It opposed the Briggs Initiative to ban gay teachers and the LaRouche Initiative, and has spoken out for more AIDS funding — but it did not consult us on Coors.

The local gay boycott, which has resulted in few gay bars carrying the product, began in 1973 when President Alan Baird approached Supervisor Harvey Milk about becoming involved. Milk actively campaigned against Coors by going directly to bars and talking with patrons and bar owners. "When the word got out," Baird recalled, "that Harvey was behind it, the boycott spread through word-of-mouth and the bars started refusing deliveries." This caused Baird difficulty with the beer drivers, and he was eventually removed as a boycotter organizer.

Wallace became involved as a gay union activist in 1977. He remembered, "If we had left it to the bar owners, we would never have been able to have a boycott. It was customer reaction that caused the bars to take Coors out. Some bar owners may now say that the boycott is over and begin to stock it, but the boycott is not over."

**Hart Stopper**

Why would Gary Hart decide to attempt another run at the presidency? The greatest answer I’ve heard so far came from David Letterman Wednesday night. “It’s been a couple of months now and Hart’s probably getting horny again.” Well, Gary?

---

**Catch the Excitement!**

**HONDA — SUZUKI — YAMAHA**

**YAMAHA**

- '87 VIRAGO 700
  - $3099

- '87 MAGNA 700
  - $3299

**SUZUKI**

- '87 SAVAGE 650
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HUGE SELECTION OF ACCESSORIES, LEATHERS & HELMETS

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GOLDEN GATE CYCLES LTD.
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771-4535
799 VAN NESS AVENUE, S.F., CA
Gay Softball World Series
Sports and Soirees Spell Fun
by Duke Joyce

Regardless of the Giants' efforts, it will be a World Series in San Francisco. About 1,500 gay men and women will venture to the city this weekend to participate in the 1987 Gay Softball World Series.

Two thousand men and women's teams, from cities across the nation and Canada, will compete in the 11th annual Gay Softball World Series, the derivation of which started at the beginning of the 80s. The men's event was held in San Francisco after competing competitive bids from several other candidates.

Two years of planning, policing, begging and plain hard work over, seasoned by Rick Brattin (aka "Rita"), has prepared our softballers to host and entertain as never before. The city was named to finance the envisioned extravaganza marking the emergence of the GSL (Gay Softball League) as the first series champs.

As for competition, there'll be plenty. It'll be intense, sporting, high caliber and clean. And of course, in usual, there'll be the sports, the heartbreaks and the surprises. The consensus has San Francisco as the pre-series favorite, but given enough support, our Superstars could end up champion.

History of Gay World Series by DougMessing

In 1977, a simple telephone conversation evolved into a softball series that has endured ten years. Fred Howell of New York City and Everett Hedrick of San Francisco, both gay softball enthusiasts, decided it might be fun for a group from NYC to play in SF. On Halloween weekend of 1977, Everett, then owner of The Village bar, sponsored what was subsequently dubbed, "The Gay Softball World Series."

Duke Joyce, The Village's manager at the time, was promptly designated events organizer. And with the exception of the weather (rain), the inaugural series went as planned. The SF Bulldogs defeated the NY Eagle's Nest to reign as the first series champs. This success prompted a repeat, same time next year in New York. It didn't take long for other leagues to catch onto the concept (making it now a truly gay organization), consensus was reached, and a national governing body NAGAAA (North American Gay Amateur Athletic Alliance) was formed to organize gay softball on a more expansive level.

By the spring of 1979, NYC, Toronto, LA and Milwaukee comprised the GSL. NAGAAA II was held in NYC in the fall, with Los Angeles' Griffin's edge NYC's Eagle's Nest. San Francisco (CSL) was eliminated on a rules infraction, and LA began a string of four consecutive series titles.

In 1981 when the softballers crossed the border to Toronto for Series V, the Windy City Softball League of Chicago played host to the '83 series. Their generosity was limited, however; they enlivened our SF opponents and kept the championship for themselves, as Sideracks defeated Atlanta.

In 1985, the Women's Division was established as a separate event, and San Diego defeated Boston to inaugurate that series. Meanwhile, host city Milwaukee found itself on the short end of a hard-fought series against "M's runner-up Houston. Fans are still buzzing about series VII, considered by many the finest production yet.

Now it's 1986, and it was a smashing success if you were the LA Slammers; they smashed or demolished every team they played. Now it's San Francisco and once again new friends and more memories await.

Doug Messing was commissioner of the Los Angeles gay softball league GLASA in 1980 and 1985.

San Francisco's Teams

End Up

With timely power-hitting and outstanding defensive play, the End Up softball club captured the 1987 GSL Championship at the expense of the perennially strong Pendulum Pirates. San Zander and Andre Lalias provided the power, while Steve Serrafino and Brian Wilkens stepped up to bat as well. Overall, End Up ended the season as a three-time champ marking the emergence of the GSL as a major league.

In a fine show of camaraderie, Rikki Brattin (aka "Rita"), has prepared our softballers to host and entertain as never before. The city was named to finance the envisioned extravaganza marking the emergence of the GSL as the first series champs.

Video

Whether on Beta or VHS, Superstar Video is best in the 1987 women's softball series.

Two-time titians Amelia's could not stop the hitting barrage reeled off by the "Vix Kids." By a lopsided count of 11-5, the Superstars kept everything in frame and boxed to record their victory, gaining a spot in the Women's Division of the Gay Softball World Series '87 in San Francisco.

With the score knotted 1-1 after three innings, the Superstars batted around the lineup in the fourth to register eight runs. Amelia's was unable to overcome the deficit; Jeremy Bowley's consistent pitching spelled championship.

In a first show of camaraderie, Rikki Stecher picked up a case of champagne, and the teams repaired to Muir's for post-game festivities, where it was announced that Patti Flynn of Amdia's and Donna Gecewia of Cafe San Mar-

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In a fine show of camaraderie, Rikki Brattin (aka "Rita"), has prepared our softballers to host and entertain as never before. The city was named to finance the envisioned extravaganza marking the emergence of the GSL as the first series champs.

Video

Whether on Beta or VHS, Superstar Video is best in the 1987 women's softball series.

Two-time titians Amelia's could not stop the hitting barrage reeled off by the "Vix Kids." By a lopsided count of 11-5, the Superstars kept everything in frame and boxed to record their victory, gaining a spot in the Women's Division of the Gay Softball World Series '87 in San Francisco.

With the score knotted 1-1 after three innings, the Superstars batted around the lineup in the fourth to register eight runs. Amelia's was unable to overcome the deficit; Jeremy Bowley's consistent pitching spelled championship.

In a first show of camaraderie, Rikki Stecher picked up a case of champagne, and the teams repaired to Muir's for post-game festivities, where it was announced that Patti Flynn of Amdia's and Donna Gecewia of Cafe San Mar-
Black Separatists Threaten Gays

NEW YORK, NY - A national representative of the black fundamentalist group, Nation of Islam, attacked blacks and gay men last month at a rally, alarming gay and lesbian leaders.

"If you're a lesbian or black gay or a homosissy, you're getting out. I'm here to clean up the community," threatened Minister Kobs Abu Khuss.

According to the Drew Hopkins, a reporter for Out in the Eighties, a New York cable television program which is investigating the group, Khuss' remarks are "a very serious threat on the lives of gay and lesbian blacks.... Nation of Islam is exactly the equivalent of the Ku Klux Klan in the black community."

Hopkins says that the group uses integration as a source of evil in the black community and considers homosexuality to be a result of integration.

"They say there is no naturally occurring homosexuality in the black community," he stated.

The New York Lesbian and Gay Anti-Violence Project, Gay Officers Action League, Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gay Men of African Descent and other groups are working together to inform the black gay community of the threat and to urge progressive black leaders to denounced the Nation of Islam minister.

Study of AIDS and Blacks

LOS ANGELES - The National Institute of Mental Health has awarded funding to researchers Vickie M. Mayes and Susan D. Coochman to conduct a national study of "knowledge, attitudes and behaviors of black gay men or black males who have ever been sexually active with another man."

For more information or to participate in the study, contact Mays at the Department of Psychology, University of California at Los Angeles, 1283 Franz Hall, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1563, (213) 825-9858.

University Honors Two Gays

NEW YORK, NY - Two gay men received honorary awards from the City University of New York Law School recently as the audience cheered.

The faculty presented an honorary degree to attorney Don Bradley in recognition of his legal services as president of the Legal Services Corporation during the early years of the Reagan Administration and his gay activism in "standing for higher principles," while providing "inspiration to thousands of gay and lesbian law students and lawyers."

The students chose Michael Hardwick, "the world's most famous homosexual," as their other honoree.

Cannibals May Get AIDS

BORNEO - A cannibal tribe on this small island in the Indonesian Archipelago may have contracted the AIDS virus from a Swiss botanist they allegedly ate after capturing him while he was on a plant study project in their territory.

According to The News, Ian Brindon, a Borneo health official, said that the botanist, Gerald Voisard, had ARC at the time he began his study and that entries in his journal indicated that the disease had progressed to AIDS. Brandon is trying to determine through an intermediate whether tribe members have contracted AIDS.

Grant Source Deadline Approaches

NEW YORK, NY - The Funding Exchange/National Community Funds is accepting applications for the General Fund. The deadline for the upcoming fall cycle is September 15. The General Fund seeks organizing work that has been chronically under-funded by the philanthropic community and given priority consideration to projects led by and based in Third World and Native American communities in this country. Included in the NCF guidelines is a call for projects which work for a society without discrimination on the basis of sexual preference.

The Funding Exchange, a national network of 14 progressive community funds, established the General Fund in 1983 as part of its grantmaking program.

Items for this week's column were compiled from Seattle Gay News, Gay Community News, Alternates News, Rites, Out Front, WIndy City Times, The News and New York Native.
Montaigne Darcy: "I'm glad you're going to St. Regis's, because it's a gentlemen's school and democracy won't hit you so early. You'll find plenty of that in college."

"I want to go to Princeton," said Amory. "I don't know why, but I think of all Harvard men as sissies, like I used to be. . . . I think of Princeton as being lazy and good-looking and aristocratic. . . ."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise (1920)

Establishment institutions are slow to change. Princeton is co-educational now, and its most celebrated student in recent years was Brooke Shields, an arriviste whom Fitzgerald would have delighted in shredding with a few choice words. Despite the extension of collegiate democracy to the admission of women, nearly 70 years later the school maintains its reputation for the highly stratified social structure that Fitzgerald described in his novel...
LETTERS

Continued from page 8

d of questions, but when he made the absurdly tasteless inquiries about her possible reactions if her husband were to die in office, or had been having an affair with her secretary, Julian certainly went off somewhere beyond the fringe.

I have never met Mr. Agnos, but I would certainly like to. Anyone can be as gracious as she obviously was, in the face of such ainine interview, must be someone worth knowing.

It is readily apparent why Mr. Julian finds himself being ushered out with alacrity by people whom he in­terviews. Perhaps if he would mental­ly monitor his "stream of con­sciousness" system of interviewing he could improve it.

Paul R. Tarrant

Trouble at the Troc

To the Editor:

Sunday, August 9, the San Fran­cisco AIDS Foundation hosted a thank-you party for participants in the AIDS Walk. The event took place at the Trocadero Transfer.

The confusion at the end of the otherwise successful event was due to an unfortunate misunderstanding between the Foundation and the Trocadero regarding the hours of the party.

Both the Foundation and the Trocadero deeply regret the unfortunate occurrence at the end of the event when a number of accusations and threats were made against the Troe­cadero.

The fact that this incident occurred during a recognition event for the par­ticipants in one of the most successful AIDS fundraisers of the decade makes it doubly regrettable. It was clearly the intention of the Trocadero to have this party reinforce the spectacular achievement of the participants of the AIDS Walk.

It is especially important during these difficult times to maintain sup­port for our mutual and individual ef­forts to fight AIDS and save the community. Thus the San Francisco AIDS Foundation and Trocadero Transfer remain united in this endeavor.

Timothy W. R. and Executive Director San Francisco AIDS Foundation

Eric Nielsen Sr.

Dick Callner, Jr.

Owner

Trocadero Transfer

Harry Goes Soft

To the Editor:

Contrast Harry Brit's efforts with Diane Feinstein's to woo the forever­waffling John Molinari on the US­Cotus Missouri vote. The mayor let Molinari know in no uncertain terms that she would remain his expected endorsement of him for mayor if he did not vote for the Missouri­despite Brit's concerns about discrimination against lesbians, gay men and people with AIDS.

Brit told his buddy Jack, however, that his endorsement of Molinari was solid regardless of how Molinari voted. Suppose Harry is going to have to take a few lessons in playing political hardball if he's going to win this other difficult battle in defend­ing lesbian and gay rights.

Simeon White

Member

Democratic County Central Committee

Make Your Move

Now

The following is an open letter to Supervisor Harry Brit.

Dear Supervisor Brit:

I respectfully urge you to give serious consideration to repudiating your endorsement of Molinari and in­stead to support Art Agnos for mayor.

I am arguing for this step as a matter of principle. The recent Missouri­gay rights episode gave us a bitter foretaste of what you (and we) can expect with John Molinari as mayor. Consider that:

• three months before the elec­tion
• at the first available oppor­tunity
• the moment he got alone with Feinstein...

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Sisters

Continued from page 3

Francisco Examiner and San Jose Mercury News. Wahl broke off nego­tiation with the archdiocese.

"Then," added Wahl, "they told me the press that the gays had broke the peace pact and we were planning something violent.

"Wahl told the Sentinel that there never had been any peace pact with the archdiocese, and added Wahl, "They are appalling and disgusting in the way they pretend to be such moral arbiters and yet they pull this misinformation campaign worthy of the KGB.

"George Westok, the director of the archdiocese's Justice and Peace Office, defended the archdiocese's actions. "The talks had fallen apart," said Weldon, "One party has just pulled out."

"Wesok said the press leak had been inappropriately used to try and hurt Molini­s Dolores in an interview with a reporter. Said Wesok, "We're going ahead with our Press of Up­port for the papal visit."

"Wesok said the San Francisco chapter of Dignity was still working with the archdiocese on the visit. According to Wesok, both Dignity and the archdiocese were gathering signatures for the document that had been worked out by the three groups before the Papal Visit Task Force walked out.

"Wahl, however, said his group was going ahead with protest plans for next month and added that Supervisor Harry Brit would be among those speaking to demonstrators at St. Mary's at the early morning protest on September 18.

Women's Bookstore

Continued from page 3

and one is still struggling, Carol Seajay, editor of the ten-year-old Feminist Bookstore News, says the failure of the three bookstores does not signify a trend. Having just returned from visiting 13 feminist bookstores around the country, she says, "Many reports that stores in the rest of the country are thriving. While general independent bookstores are having trouble, specialty shops — such as women's and gay bookstores — are doing exceedingly well. At the recent convention of the American Booksellers Association, 20 bookstores participated in the meeting for feminist bookstores. There are cur­rently 100 women's bookstores in the US and Canada."

"The energy was very high, and people from long-term stores were saying that their sales were unexpectedly good."

Snajly, noting that some women reported sales were up as much as 20%, an uncommonly high figure for any bookstore. "This is not a gloomy time for women's bookstores."

"In the problem in all three cases was management," she says. She also believes that major personnel shifts in all three stores contributed to their problems. Much more than a commit­ment to feminism and a love of books is required; the people who came in after staff upheavals simply didn't have the expertise in bookkeeping and management, she claims.

Seajay denies that the poverty among women and declining literate rates have much effect on sales. "It's only a small percent of the population that

[Phone number and address information]

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(Continued from page 3)

One of the reasons stores — such as women's and gay bookstores — are doing exceedingly well, according to the American Booksellers Association, is that the demand for feminist books has increased. A Different Light has prided itself on providing an atmosphere where both women and men feel comfortable shop­ping.

"We're kind of proud of the fact that our staff has been half men and half women, and our customers reflect that," says Labonte. "Our ratio is 50 percent men and 50 percent women." Labonte notes that A Different Light provides a lot of referrals to women's bookshops and carries contro­versial titles such as Coming to Power, a book about lesbian sadomasochism, and Coming Out, a lesbian sex magazine, which the feminist bookstores carry.

A Different Light has invested itself in providing an atmosphere where both women and men feel comfortable shop­ping.

"We also need a certain amount of courage on your part in this matter. We will be some honest dissent in the community when you re-focus, but I know that the loudest yelps will come from those who are the most dou­bled by the idea of supporting lesbians and gay rights."

Bill Folk, MFCC
Lesbians and Gays for Art Agnos cordially invites you to join us in an afternoon of entertainment.

August 30, 1987
3:00 to 6:00 p.m.

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ART AGNOS

From continued page 1

dynamic leader in the civil rights and human rights movements. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and Ralph Neeman, a national co-chair of the March on Washington, which had in­vited Rustin to help organize the March of the People of Color Rally. "The fact that he was an outwardly gay man at that time is significant and should be acknowledged by this community.

"There's a great deal of omission in the obituaries," declared Gil Gerald, secretary for the Fellowship of Reconcile, a group founded in 1981 by the National Black Clergy Council to participate in anti-nuclear activities. Michael Smith, founder of BWMT as a multiracial group, that "the organization represented something very important, but very new in the world.

"Rustin is survived by his lover of 12 years, Barbara Gates, his sisters, and an aunt. ■

Rustin's commitment throughout his life. Black leaders were uncomfortable with his homosexuality and warned him to hide it, and some blacks criticized him for forming coalitions with other groups rather than focusing solely on black issues. He also drew criticism for his political acumen, an aspect of his life being omitted robs us of the opportunity for another role.

"We'd like to show all three branches of government the way to take care of all these issues, says Rustin. Rustin is survived by his lover of 12 years, Barbara Gates, his sisters, and an aunt.

BOWLING BENEFIT

Born out of Gay Games II comes the "Scratch" bowling tournament. The legacy that has been left to us by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and Ralph Neeman, a national co-chair of the March on Washington, which had invited Rustin to help organize the March of the People of Color Rally. "The fact that he was an outwardly gay man at that time is significant and should be acknowledged by this community.

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"Rustin is survived by his lover of 12 years, Barbara Gates, his sisters, and an aunt. ■
BODYSMART

Body Center Revitalized

Before 1978, San Franciscans had a handful of gymnasia and health establishments to choose from in their quest for the perfect body. Most facilities consisted of weight machines (mostly Nautilus) and far fewer drains and turkey's in the Mon. - Wed. - Fri. exerciser. Even then, many city dwellers flopped to these gyms to work towards their physical ideal.

Now, ten years later, with the increased awareness in health and appearance and the general fitness boom, many more city dwellers are taking the plunge into the world of gyms. Also, many people's goals have changed, and women are finally taking a major part in the weight training industry.

Consequently, many more facilities to work out in have appeared in our community. This article, first in a series, will attempt to shed some light on the different exercise establishments available and what can be expected from them.

Last Sunday, I decided to check off the Body Center located at 1222 Sutter Street in San Francisco. According to their brochure, this gym offered free weights, Nautilus, saunas, Jacuzzis, showers, steam/ sauna, massage, nutrition, state of the art equipment, and training development. This description was a far cry from the Body Center of a few years back. Even now, it would possibly be the same gym I worked out in 1981, where the Nautilus machines were in such a bad state that you dared not touch them in fear of body in just any one part.

However, I walked into the new Body Center and was pleasantly shocked. First, the gym had moved down the street into a significantly larger space, which utilizes three levels of exercise space with each level devoted to a separate entity of fitness endeavor.

Immediately upon entering the gym, I found myself in a well-lit section where members could warm up, stretch or do abdominal work before their respective workouts. Stair climbers, bike, Nautilus, arc, treadmills, and a reception area. In fact, the entire entrance to the gym boasted a well-lit, clean, modern, and comfortable atmosphere. The Nautilus area was surrounded by thick curtains and the locker rooms were nearly 20 Nautilus machines and was in such a bad state that you dared not touch them in fear of injury in just any one part.

One was also informed that there was a resident trainer who could be found in the Nautilus area from 6 am to 10 pm on weekdays, from 9 am 4 pm on Saturdays, and from 9 am-6 pm on Sundays. As with most gyms, the Body Center is busiest during the hours of 5-7:30 pm on weekdays. Mornings are surprisingly quiet, and weekends are generally not busy either.

As a resident trainer, I was also told that the Body Center provided a fantastic home gym where the Nautilus machines are utilized three times a day with a new regime of exercises and development. This description was a far cry from the Body Center of a few years back. Even now, it would possibly be the same gym I worked out in 1981, where the Nautilus machines were in such a bad state that you dared not touch them in fear of injury in just any one part.

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**ON GUARD**

**PRELIMINARY REPORT***

**AL 721 SURVEY RESULTS**

Last month this writer mailed a questionnaire on AL 721 and other treatments to almost 900 subscribers to AIDS Treatment News, a newsletter which publishes the same material as appears in the Sentinel in this biweekly column. We asked people who have used any form of AL 721 to report on their personal experiences with it, as well as with any other AIDSARC treatments which were important to them.

We received 147 completed questionnaires with information not only on AL 721 but also on AZT, vitamins C, homeopathic treatments, Chinese herbs, ivyine, DNCB, zinc, diet, spiritual practices and many other treatment approaches. We are now analyzing the information; this article is the first published report.

We believe that this study will add important new knowledge about the effectiveness of AL 721 — as well as some other "alternative" treatments, many of which have never received formal clinical investigation.

**GOALS AND DESIGN OF THE STUDY**

We started with several questions. First, how many of the people who are using AL 721, etc. are getting good results? Are some of the versions proving better than others? What other treatments are people combining with it? Which patients are most likely to think the treatment is helpful?

We believe this study will add important new knowledge about the effectiveness of AL 721 — as well as some other "alternative" treatments, many of which have never received formal clinical investigation.

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- Whiplash
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**ANALYSIS OF THE QUESTIONNAIRES**

The following results are from the 147 completed questionnaires. We analyzed the data as best we could, but some results are quite subjective, and we have included an explanation for each one.

**Early Results**

Exhibit II summarizes the results so far.

- **How does the version matter?**
- **How much success are people having with AL 721?**

Exhibit II: The primary study questions as of late August 1988.
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Lecture on Radiance Technique at Quan Yin

On Thursday, September 17, at 7:30 pm, Michael O’Leary will present a free lecture and demonstration on the Radiance Technique in San Francisco. As a licensed therapist and teacher certified in the fourth degree of the technique by the American International Reiki Association, Mr. O’Leary will discuss this ancient and precise science of universal life force energy, which anyone can quickly learn to direct to themselves or others. Anyone wishing to experience this energy during this free introductory evening, the energy of the Radiance Technique works on all levels—physical, emotional, mental and spiritual—and can be safely used any time or anywhere without concentration or effort. It can combine easily with and enhance other therapies.

The lecture and demonstration will be held at the Quan Yin Acupuncture Center, 513 Valencia Street. The first-degree training in the Radiance Technique will be held there also Saturday and Sunday, September 26 and 27. Upon completion of this ten-hour workshop, participants will receive a copy of the official Reiki Handbook and a certificate from the AIRA. For details, call 383-4306.
As mini media events go, the July premiere of British writer/director Peter Greenaway's new film *A Zed and Two Noughts* at the Roxie was pretty micro, but any of you who made it saw not only an extraordinary movie, but a tiny episode in cinema history. But will anyone else ever get to see it?

Here's where the history part comes in. While the house was packed for both days of *Zed*'s screenings, chances are that this weird but remarkable work will never see the light of day in commercial release.

Disappointed with reviews and claiming "wildly mixed" audience survey results, Skouras Pictures, the film's American distributor, is likely to shelve *Zed*, and wouldn't discuss the film with me for the record. One Skouras official said privately that an ad campaign would run as much as $40,000 a week, and he doubted the picture could ever make that back.

Perhaps, given the swelling home video market, *Zed* will eventually get some exposure in coming years, but the question left in the air by its current disappearance is troubling: When we go to the movies, why do we see what we see? And what about the movies we don't see?

Marketing and distribution, more than any other aspects of that immense criminal conspiracy known as the film industry, remind one that for all their artistic pretension and remarkable communicative power, movies remain first and foremost commodities. And the case of *A Zed and Two Noughts* is really just an illustration of a much bigger problem by which to judge a project is the promise of immense profit. Challenging or unusual work, unless it encounters the mixed blessing of becoming fashionable (hello, David Lynch), gets haphazardly distributed or just dumped.

Foreign films have of course developed a market in America — embossed with a designer label like Fellini or Kurosawa, and endorsed in hush tones by Janet Maslin or Andrew Sarris, they can do pretty well. The '60s art-house vogue that made experimental films like *Persona* and *Last Year at Marienbad* successful created a distribution network that over the years has brought us films from Japan, India, Australia and Eastern Europe, as well as less exotic shores.

Gay and lesbian films have of course developed a market in America — embossed with a designer label like Fellini or Kurosawa, and endorsed in hush tones by Janet Maslin or Andrew Sarris, they can do pretty well. The '60s art-house vogue that made experimental films like *Persona* and *Last Year at Marienbad* successful created a distribution network that over the years has brought us films from Japan, India, Australia and Eastern Europe, as well as less exotic shores. Without this history, an openly gay film like Pedro Almodovar's current high-spirited hit *Law of Desire* would never have found a general audience; neither would independent American black features like Spike Lee's *She's Gotta Have It!* or Robert Townsend's *Hollywood Shuffle*.

As events like the recent SF International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival should remind us, successes like those remain the exception. *Law of Desire* is being distributed, and Agustin Villaronga's troubling *Tras El Cristal* apparently will be, but where are other Festival highlights like *She Must Be Seeing Things*, *Vera*, *The Outsiders* and *The Wolf Girl*? Along with other kinds of "difficult" filmmaking, gay and lesbian films have to get lucky — and be better than the competition — just for a chance at the art market.

There are all kinds of reasons why worthwhile films disappear; everyone in the business has their favorite case histories. In some ways it's an enormous subject — the American film industry's obsessive pursuit of unreasonable profit goes back to the very genesis of the studio...
by Eric Hellman

It's the biggest — and in many ways the best — annual series of local dance performances. And it's definitely worth several trips to the East Bay!

The 1987 Bay Area Dance Series begins an eleven-week run on Tuesday, September 1, at Oakland's Laney College Theater, when more than 20 dance groups participate in "Dance for Life," a gala benefit previewing the amazing diversity of modern, jazz, classical and ethnic dance that distinguishes the event. Besides offering a broad overview of what's to come in the next two-and-a-half months, all proceeds from the gala will go to the AIDS Project of the East Bay.

The regular Series opens on Friday, September 11, when the critically acclaimed Joe Goode Performance Group explores the many tensions animating contemporary human relations. Goode's work is exceptionally compelling, highly theatrical and mixes wit with serious drama. He's been called, perhaps aptly so, the Sam Shepard of modern dance.

Besides Goode, other Series "must sees" include the Oakland Ballet (9/20), presenting a new work by modern choreographer Brenda Way (with set designs by painter Wayne Thiebaud); dance outlaws Contraband joining forces with the fiery, all-women ensemble The Dance Brigade (9/25 & 26); the sublime movement patterns of Kulintang (9/27), performing traditional Filipino dance: the recently reinvigorated San Francisco Moving Company (10/3 & 4), dancing new work by Della Davidson; Gamelan Sekar Java (11/1), presenting the hypnotic music and dance of Bali; the remarkably expressive Ellen Bromberg and Dancers (11/6), repeating last spring's sensational "The Black Dress"; and the venerable Lucas Hoving (11/14 & 15), performing his dramatic, biographical piece, "Growing Up in Public."

The complete schedule follows. I'd strongly recommend buying one of the subscription Series passes. If you do, you'll tend to push yourself to see more — and they cost so much less.
1987 BAY AREA DANCE SERIES SCHEDULE OF PERFORMANCES
An Annotated Guide to the Best in Local Dance

SEPTEMBER

Tues.,
9/1, 8 pm
“Dance for Life”: A Gala Benefit for the AIDS Project of the East Bay previews works by more than 20 groups included in the Series. Dance styles range from the avant garde to traditional folk. A champagne reception at the Oakland Museum follows. $15 tax deductible.

Fri. & Sat.,
9/1-2,
8:30 pm
Opening night presents the Joe Goode Performance Group in two new works. One piece, a sequel to last year’s “Speaker for Me,” will take a dark look at gender and sexuality in the ’60s. Highly recommended.

Sun.,
9/3,
3 pm
Fox Die Congo brings the rich culture of Central Africa to life under the direction of master Malonga Casquelourd.

Fri.,
9/7,
8:30 pm
Jazz choreographer Leen Jackson performs his own works along with dances by Evelyn Thomas and Linda Johnson.

Sat.,
9/8,
8:30 pm
The Brynar Mahal Dance Company performs the premiere “Trumpeter and Gymnastics” plus “Numbers,” a dance event combining portions of works from their modern repertory.

Sun.,
9/9,
5:30 pm
The Oakland Ballet performs a world premiere by modern choreographer Brenda Way, plus works by Eugene Loring and Rodger Hamilton. A full-length performance for Series subscribers only. Highly recommended.

Fri. & Sat.,
9/14-15,
8:30 pm
Contraband and The Dance Company share the stage, performing works of social and personal concern. Recommended for the politically correct.

Sun.,
9/16,
3 pm
Kailislingt performs in traditional Filipino style, setting deliberately patterned movements against a pulsing wave of percussive sounds. Highly recommended.

OCTOBER

Fri.,
10/2,
8:30 pm
Christopher Beck and Company explore myth and the psyche in the tradition of German dance theater. Be prepared for a heavy dose of expressionist angst.

Sat.,
10/3,
8:30 pm
The San Francisco Moving Company presents a premiere by director Delta Davidson plus works from the repertory. Recommended.

Fri. & Sat.,
10/6-7,
8:30 pm
Dimensions Dance Theater mixes live music with a fusion of modern and African dance idioms.

Sun.,
10/7,
3 pm

Fri.,
10/13,
8:30 pm
Unbound Spirit, the resident dance company of the Asian American Dance Collective, presents Tosa Nakata’s “Within the Spiral.” Recommended.

Sat.,
10/14,
8:30 pm
Jive Watanabe Dance Company combines dance with video, exploring the modern world and its ancient roots.

Sun.,
10/15,
7:30 pm
Margaret Wiegrove and Dancers of San Jose present dramatic works about love, betrayal and loss.

Sat.,
10/24,
8:30 pm
Caravan, with Priscilla Regalado and Hassan al Falak, presents a program of dance that spans Afro, Latin and modern movements.

Sun.,
10/28-29,
7:30 pm
Kodaka Dances for Kids juggles the funny bone of kids and grown-ups alike in a spot­

ancing morning of movement and humor. Highly recommended.

Fri. & Sat.,
11/1-2,
8:30 pm

NOVEMBER

Sun.,
11/1,
8 pm
Javanese Sekar Jawa presents the hypnotic music and dance of Bali using gongs, metallophones, drums and flutes and a complex vocabulary of movement and gesture. Highly recommended.

Fri.,
11/4,
6:30 pm

Sat.,
11/7,
8:30 pm
Offcentre Dance Theatre performs a rich blend of jazz, modern, classical and Afro­
dance in a program of new and repertory works.

Fri.,
11/12,
8:30 pm
Torque Motel named after one of the residential wings of the artist's warehouse Project Ar­
taut, premieres a new work created by James Tyler and Freddie Long in collaboration with Alex DeGrasso and video­

graphers Robert Pacelli and Dementia Macias. Recommended for the persistently curious.

Sat.,
11/14,
8:30 pm
The Lucas Moving Per­
formance Group will perform a new work and other dances.

Sun.,
11/15,
3 pm
Having will stage the dramatic biographical piece “Growing Up in Public,” created for him by choreographer and writer Remy Charlip. Recommended.

Sun.,
11/18,
11 am
Kodaka returns for a final repeat of the 10/25 program.

Please note:
All performances will be held at Laney College Theater, an especially pleasant space with excellent sightlines for dance. Located at 900 Fallan Street, Oakland and directly across the street from the 19th Street/Lake Merrit BART station. Single tickets for all performances are $10. Three-concert subscription tickets are $21. Five-concert subscription tickets are $30. Tickets for the Opening Matinee are $5. Tickets may be purchased at the Laney Theater Box Office or at all BASS outlets. To charge by phone, call 464-2142. For more information, call 464-3543.
A film's esthetic value, real or imagined, is supremely irrelevant — the only standard by which to judge a project is the promise of immense profit.

As one film publicist told me, Cannon "can turn anything into shit." In one of the immortal marketing travesties of its time, they took Neil Jordan's psychological fantasy The Company of Wolves, one of the best films in the 1985 SF International Festival, and sold it as a werewolf movie in sleazeplex like the St. Francis and Travelin' — a sort of overnight celebrity in the Bay Area. The publicity didn't help, however, when it came to getting Wild Rose distributed, although it did play the 1984 SF International Festival. Its newest work, Heat and Sunlight, a video-to-film transfer made for under $500,000, will be on view at the Mill Valley festival in October.

If you get the impression we're only scratching the surface of this daunting history of futility, you're right. Maybe the worst part is that Lumpkin's remark about the market for serious films — films based on ideas, not attitudes — being work in America is so telling. There simply isn't much interest. For whatever reasons, the populace seems content with the technological hyperactivity and emotionless formalism of Hollywood. I suppose we all grow up believing that's what entertainment is.

We are always told that home video offers an avenue for films that can't sustain theater engagements, and indeed this new medium holds out the promise of democratizing the cultural marketplace. As with television, much of that promise of multifaceted choice and vision is already real. But there seems already undermined. Alternative tapes of any meaningful sort are limited and hard to find; most are snowed under in Top Gun and Beverly Hills Cop.

Probably I shouldn't sound so sour — San Francisco has a large and loyal filmgoing public who will support a really diverse as Signal 7 and Law of Desire and still pack the house for Robocop. But the disappearance of A Zed and Two Noughts (the title, by the way, refers to the word "nose," and perhaps to the three main characters — you were wondering), arbitrary and insignificant as it seems, reflects the whole question of cultural literacy and ownership. When a society can't support challenging and even threatening art, whatever the reasons, it's mortgaging its cultural future.

I seem to have stumbled back to where I began. Zed is not a film everyone will enjoy, but many people will experience it profoundly, as I and others have, and should be given the chance. Two zoologist brothers whose wives die in a bizarre traffic accident become obsessed with morbidity and decay. They make time-lapse films of roting animal corpses (everything soon grows to resemble, and insist on watching a pommous eight-part documentary on evolution, which threatens at times to overpower the extraordinary plot. As the brothers slowly seem to merge into one unit, they become sexually involved with Alba, a woman who has witnessed their wives' accident at the cost of one leg and finally both. Want more? Okay, there's a beautiful prostitute named Venus di Milo who tells erotic animal stories, the most live snails ever employed in any motion picture, and an overpowering fascination — both visual and thematic — with the paintings of Vermeer.

This film is a hilarious fantasy that continually calls to mind the real, far more disturbing levels of artifice. Yet it's also a movie about human consciousness trying to apprehend itself and the world, a critique of the technology of Hollywood. I suppose it can't represent us do it justice. Of course it can't represent all the other movies the distribution system has swallowed, but it does give us an idea of the scale of the issue for the first time. And Greenaway's twisted, obscurantist vision strikes me as specially salubrious in dark times like ours. Everybody loves a crusade, and here is mine.

If you'd like to see A Zed and Two Noughts released, contact Jeff Lipsky at Skoow Pictures, 1404 N. La Palma Ave., Houston, TX 77008. His phone number is (213) 467-3000.

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Liza Minnelli at Concord

Doctor's Report

Patient: Minnelli, Liza; Age: 41; Occupation: Vocalist/Actress; Diagnosis: Sameness, Potentially Terminal.

History: The history is obtained from the patient and various third-party reports. The patient is a good historian and able to relate pertinent data. She comes from a family that is addicted to all sorts of vices. The objects received which are the most attention were paid awards: an Oscar and a Tony. A discussion of her awards was followed by a medley of Kander and Ebb songs that included numbers from Flora the Red Menace and Cabaret.

The patient’s performance in this area clearly indicates that she is in fine voice. There was power and clarity in her presentation that confirms vocal maturity. Her rendition of “Ring Them Bells” was enthusiastic, and she delivered “Some People” from Gypsy in a fashion that may someday make her a serious candidate for the role of Mama Rose.

Mental Status: The patient was alert and oriented to person, place, and time. She seemed to be aware that this is 1987, although that could not be conclusively established by her musical selections which were predominantly from the 1970s. Her opening number, “I Can See Clearly Now,” had no distinguishing characteristics. It seemed to be offered in reference to her recent recovery from chronic substance abuse. In a similar fashion, one of the lyrics from “Cabaret” was changed to “When I go, I’m not going like Elsie.” The Elsie in question, whose awards was followed by a medley of Kander and Ebb songs that included numbers from Flora the Red Menace and Cabaret.

Cranial Nerves: The pupils were round and reactive to light. Uvula and tongue were midline and clearly visible during her entire closing number, “New York, New York.” However, her cloying rendition of “Maybe This Time” may indicate some wild flailing of the arms and hyperextension of the hands and fingers was repeatedly observed. The condition seems to be exacerbated by the presence of a spotlight. It is obvious that this is a longstanding idiosyncrasy which she is unable, or unwilling, to change. The problem is much more controlled than in previous years, but still tends to detract from her credibility.

Impression: The patient is a woman approaching middle age who has enjoyed considerable artistic and financial success for the last two decades. A difficult childhood and the demands of her profession continue to present her with personal challenges. Some signs of maturity are present but there is an obvious tendency to “play it safe” by presenting the same old material in an almost ritualized fashion.

Prognosis: Guarded. Barring some unforeseen change in circumstances, it is likely that the patient’s condition will remain the same. At worst, personal or professional success could result in a recurrence of past problems. At best, her advancing years could bring continuing maturity and growth.

The patient’s first feature film in six years will soon be released. Its success is certainly desirable for the patient’s sense of self-esteem. However, the presence of one Burt Reynolds does not auger well for this endeavor.

Uvula and tongue were midline and clearly visible during the entire closing number, “New York, New York.”

Not an uvula in sight: The effervescence, irrepressible Miss Minnelli.

Physical Examination: The patient is a well-developed, well-nourished, obviously affluent female in no acute distress. Upon initial examination, she wore a silver sequined mini-dress with matching jacket, a white scarf draped over her shoulders, and white and silver pumps. During the middle of the examination, she left the room and returned in a gray sequined pant suit. A waistline was conspicuously absent from the design of both outfits but there was no observable evidence of obesity.

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Footnote

presents

“Bobby”

a prose work of fiction by Robert Goldstein adapted for the stage by Kelly Hill and Robert Chesley performed by Tom Redalia

Sundays, August 23, 30, and September 6
8:30 p.m., $6 admission at door
public parking on 21st Street and Bartlett

Footnote Studios
3221 22nd Street • San Francisco
(22nd at Mission) • 824-5044
Claude Berri's 'Jean de Florette'
Country Living

Claude (The Two of Us) Berri's Jean de Florette comprises the first half of what promises to be a masterful adaptation of Marcel Pagnol's two-volume novel, L'Eau des Collines (The Water of the Hills). Manon of the Spring, the second half, which was shot simultaneously with Jean, is due out shortly.

Here, however, Berri captures the spirit of the author with sharply defined portraits of country life and an underlying strain of black comedy that keeps the dramatic goings-on in the spirit of the author with much attention to details, much recounting of the history of the town (Les Bastides Blanches) and its inhabitants, and involved conversations between the characters. Up against the streamlined, seamlessly edited wonders of the '80s, Jean appears old-fashioned, the pace a bit leisurely, slow. But what keeps the movie back, the city mouse turned country, is a great vehicle for his natural talents as an actor. Jean's sudden bursts of enthusiasm, his romantic views on his new surroundings ("I drink to Mother Nature...to these fragrant hills...I drink to the blue sky"), and his vigorous espousing of all things "modern" require an energy make his own judgements about the two characters and the actors playing them.

As the outcome of the movie (at least this part) would indicate, the picture belongs to Montand. His Cesar Soubeyran casts a shadow over the entire film and the rest of its participants — Depardieu and Auteuil not excepted. Even when he's off the screen as the part is a benchmark in, if not the cap to, a long career.

Jean de Florette

Jean Montand delivers a benchmark performance in a distinguished career, portraying Cesar Soubeyran, an impertious village elder in Jean de Florette.

Jean's story unfolds, you're always aware of his presence and longing for him to return. Montand is so locked into his portrayal that it's impossible to tell where the actor leaves off and the character begins. It's a performance without one false step.

In Montand's hands, Soubeyran is so immensely human that, even though he's more or less responsible for the deaths of Jean and his uncle, he's never despicable. The actor fleshes him out in such detail — and with such elan and humor — that you can't help but see all his complexities and understand and even respect him. For Montand, actor, singer, writer, the epitome of the suave Frenchman in the '60s, aspiring politician, this wily fox of a part is a benchmark in, if not the cap to, a long career.

The opening scenes where Soubezan and his nephew concoct the plot that will eventually destroy Jean are the film's most memorable. The uncle is like some great cat, patiently setting his trap and then relishing each event leading up to his pounce. The most striking, disturbing, hilarious sequence in this section starts with the death of Jean's Uncle Marius, Soubezan's neighbor, and ends with Jean's arrival.

After the old man hits his head on a rock during a fight with Soubezan, the uncle and the nephew stand off to one side, trying to decide what to do about the body and their situation. They're more embarrassed than afraid and prop the man up against a tree as if he'd fallen asleep. Soubezan, who's always one to find the silver lining when it benefits him, is quick to realize that Marius' "accident" just might make the two's fortune.

The various shenanigans that Soubezan goes through to finagle the old man's land for his own, including a funeral procession where the uncle and the nephew both fear retribution from the coffin, are suffused with a rousing black humor that points up the evil inherent here while making it terribly amusing at the same time. You feel guilty for laughing, but of course, that's exactly how the director makes this character so appealing and draws you deeper into his world and the film. My main — and basically only — objection to Jean de Florette is Bruno Nuytten's cinematography; it's so beautiful, the outdoor shots and the interiors rendered in too- lovely golden hues, that the movie often has the appearance of a travelogue.

When the camera does a pan of vineyard workers in a field, you may be perverse to criticize Jean for being too beautiful, but its postcard prettiness is incongruous with the action.

It may be perverse to criticize Jean for being too beautiful, but its postcard prettiness is incongruous with the action.
'Good Morning, Babylon'

Brotherly Love

It's been a while since I've seen a film that made me smile afterwards every time I thought about it. 'Good Morning, Babylon' has its problems. But the proliferation of competent mediocrity that clutters our screens and VCRs these days seems almost to belong to another more generous era even after the brilliance of even a flawed Tavianis film. This is filmmaking.

Paolo and Vittorio Tavianis are Italian brothers who direct by taking the most obvious lessons from the masters, such as The Night of the Shooting Stars and Padre Padrone mixed Brechtian theory, the influence of Neo-Realism and a musical approach to film structure. In this, their first English language film, they tell the story of two other brothers who collaborate as artisans.

Andrea and Nicola Bonanno come from a family of Tuscan artisans whose cathedral restoration business has just failed. They leave for America and fortuitously end up joining a group of Italians who construct the Italian Pavilion at the 1933 San Francisco Exposition. Enter D.W. Griffith, who admires the pavilion, in search of a look for his new film Intolerance. Andrea and Nicola pursue and eventually catch Griffith's attention, becoming set designers for the film's Babylon sequences.

The Night of the Shooting Stars is promoted as "An American Fable." It is not a faithful representation of key characters and themes from the film history, nor an epic drama in the usual sense, but a personal tale which toys with both epic and historical film conventions in order to take itself less seriously and to simplify its message.

Andrea and Nicola, who scared off and broke their way through their quest for creative fulfillment with youthful intensities as a distance from Italy. In good Brechtian fashion, we do not identify with their emotions in the usual dramatic narrative way. Instead, we observe their actions passively, through the amused "older brothers'" detachment displayed by the Tavianis in a laconic point of view.

Although epic in scope, moving from Italy to Hollywood to World War I, the film makes a point of avoiding the grandiose. Everything is seen on a simple, human scale, from soldiers bayoneting each other to gigantic movie sets. It is as if the Hollywood of the 1930s is an idealized, clean cut of the visual baggage of the DeMille's, the David Leans, the Puckeypants — just by going back in time narratively.

Above all, Babylon celebrates filmmaking. Running through the film, both in the narrative and via the luminous photography (by Giuseppe Lanci) is the idea of filmmaking as a love affair with light. The Bonanno brothers' love notes to their scene stealers — the women who worshipful of light as of the objects of their affections. In a dazzling scene, they woo the women by catching fireflies. Episodes of waiting for the sun in order to shoot are endowed with intense romantic anticipation and spectators' delight. Madcap scenes of spontaneous dancing on the Intolerance moments. We watch gleaming red trolleys on their tracks, Griffith directing from a wooden "crane" on wheels, and spanning new buildings spaced widely on grassy lots, all through languorous tracking shots that shimmer almost with the magic of time travel itself. While not strictly identifying with the Bonannos, we are most evocatively there.

Even the beginning of today's melodramatic popular memory, where commercialism has greater public recognition value than major historical figures, is seen in an affectionate light. One of the brothers' love poems becomes a popular phrase and is quickly appropriated as the name of a dessert. Instead of being about to erupt into a fistfight, the artisan family assemblies and moves through space in felicitous groupings that carefully evoke a sense of brotherhood.

Brotherhood is called into question and ultimately refashioned by this film, both literally and in terms of the "brotherhood" of filmmakers. Andrea and Nicola are instilled by their patriarchal father with the importance of equality. As long as they are equal in all things, they are able to function as a creative team. When tragedy hinders love and the other, they split up, asking "what does brother mean?" War intervenes and provides a catharsis which enables them to come back together and give each other cinematic inspiration.

Tavianis' script (in collaboration with Lloyd Fonvielle) by the ubiquitous producer Edward R. Pressman (Badlands, Das Boot, True Stories, the forthcoming Walker) Script problems and sexism aside, its inspiration choice. Hollywood seen through Italian eyes is hardly a novel idea (spaghetti westerns alone revitalized an entire American genre). The Tavianis, however, bring much more than Italianess to this film. They impart a spirit and lightness to their "epic fable" that gives it, and the Hollywood it rhapsodizes, a luminance than the tongues long after the movie's over.

Instead of "the masses" taking over and ruining Art, the emphasis is on the new medium's power to enhance the sharing of artistic experience.

For me, the connecting of brotherhood with the democracy of film was the weakest aspect of the film, primarily because their notion of brotherhood does not appear to include sisterhood. Art history for the Tavianis seems to be timeless links of intergenerational male bonding.

The worst acting and dialogue belongs to the three young women in the film. The Bonannos' wives (Greta Scacchi and Desiree Foss) are never chosen for their breasts — but since they are playing raving for other roles (notably James Ivory's Heat and Dust), I suspect it is more a problem of direction. The roles themselves are unappealing — we are supposed to like two gold-diggers who only hook up with our boys when it becomes apparent that they have struck pay dirt. Both these two and Griffith's wife rarely function except to look pretty and reflect the idea of their men. Perhaps we're supposed to ex-cuse this sexism as another Italian tradition?

Vincent Spano as Nicola gives another in a series of expert, frills performances (Baby, It's You, Over the Edge, Rumble Fish). Joaquim De Almeida provides the requisite chemistry as Andrea in a solid, if less noteworthy performance. Charles Dance's D.W. Griffith has an effectively unsettling quality of heroic eeriness. Larger than life, he is yet somehow ossified — like a Disneyland Abe Lincoln — leaving us with just a hint that perhaps things are not quite as democratic as they seem.

The Tavianis were approached for this project from a treatment by Lloyd Fonvielle for the ubiquitous producer Edward R. Pressman (Badlands, Das Boot, True Stories, the forthcoming Walker). Script problems and sexism aside, it is an inspired choice. Hollywood seen through Italian eyes is hardly a novel idea (spaghetti westerns alone revitalized an entire American genre). The Tavianis, however, bring much more than Italianess to this film. They impart a spirit and lightness to their "epic fable" that gives it, and the Hollywood it rhapsodizes, a luminance that the tongues long after the movie's over.

Good Morning, Babylon is play-ing at the Vogue. Call 221-8183.
‘Ladies’ Lambast the Right Women at Work

Broad satire is the easiest thing to gravitate toward, and the hardest to bring off. While most of us have more-than-sufficient depths of sarcasm to expunge, re: the state of things, a healthy bad attitude is rarely enough to sustain prolonged satirical attacks.

The Plutonium Players have provided such a wealth of easy targets that bad satire proliferates; when the subject already is a joke, liberal disbelief at conservative ninc infertility can easily turn shrill and useless. A show like Amlin Gray’s *Unchained* last year at the Eureka illustrates the problem. Gray found so many things to be legitimately outraged over that, in attacking them all, he sank his own ship in frantic satirical overkill. The best satire stays just makes its own ship in frantic satirical overkill. The best satire stays overkill. The best satire stays just makes its own ship in frantic satirical overkill. The best satire stays just makes its own ship in frantic satirical overkill. The best satire stays just makes its

The Plutonium Players have been staging their “highly contaminated humor” for nearly 10 years now (with an anniversary celebration planned this Sunday), and have taken their various shows around the country, usually as a fundraising tool for their grassroots social action group. Probably their most popular creation has been the unsubtly-named Ladies Against Women. They’ve graced innumerable years now (with an anniversary pack of new and old stories) since their first show at Berkeley’s Julia Morgan Theatre and continues through this Sunday at the Victoria Theatre in the Mission.

Ladies Against Women is a one-note joke, but it’s a great one, and one that at present rings truer than ever. Dressed in matronly Marian the Librarian garb, all frills and polyester and dead animal skins, with matching fright wigs, the Ladies do their dainty (but stoely) best to convince us that “Ladies should be ladies, and no one should be ‘women’—especially men.”

Clearly the audience at the Julia Morgan Theatre last Friday, composed largely of short-haired women of questionable sexual habits, pontyheaded fathers and other stereotypical representatives of Berkeley’s notorious liberalanism, was a needy case for this kind of mental foggling job.

Mrs. Theodore William Banks (Selma Spector), a well-upholstered dowager with the facial expressions of a bulldog and rather more bite, read the audience of we uppity audience consciousness of the Sauna Theatre in the Mission.

The men’s parts are somewhat processed American anti-health food, and the sacred traditional mixture of black-out skits) from every high and dead spot. The evening’s eventual share of laughs.

Bambi Fillet (Sharon Har­lington), the Ladies outline their organizational manifesto. Ten­ents of this include: “Abolish the environment!”; “It is unladylike to accept money for work”; “It is unladylike to accept money for work”;

The group’s cause celebre, however, is that horbed of con­trovery: the rights of the un­conceived. None are truly blameless in this loss of billions of potential adorables tykes.

Ladies Against Women is essentially a colossal in-joke for those who consider right-wing Americana something that’s already a self-parody.

Ladies with a mission: Plutonium Players Virginia Cholesterol (Gail Ann Williams) and Mrs. T. “Bill” Banks (Selma Spector). (accompanying chant — “Who me?/I’m no queer/I have a baby/every year!”)

The group’s cause celebre, however, is that horbed of controversy: the rights of the unconceived. None are truly blameless in this loss of billions of potential adorables tykes.

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The current version of Gounod's Romeo and Juliet, with Alfred Kraus and Catherine Malfitano on Angel, fairly represents the problem facing modern French opera. Kraus is, of course, a tasteful and distinguished advocate of this repertoire. Indeed, he is closest of all contemporary singers to possessing both a sensibility and a vocal technique that can do justice to it.

The essence of French style begins with the words. The French have always been proud of their language, and if their opera composers seem less melodically free than their Italian brethren, it is partly because they preferred to bring the words into greater prominence. Unless a singer delights in the words, just as a great actor or actress would, you are not hearing the music or the drama as the composer intended it.

In addition, the nasality of the French language ought to dominate the vocal technique of French performers. French singers tend to enter their head-voice lower than Italian singers, and once there, they tend to keep a good bit of the sound forward so that the sinus cavities of the nose are always used as resonating chambers.

Once brought together and refined, these two characteristics allow the French singers to produce a sound that is seamless in the upper third of its compass, and one which, especially for tenors, seems to become purer the higher it goes. One of the reasons for Kraus' incredible sound is also a fairly common one which his legato seamlessly blends the voice without a thought for the register break in mid-phrase. Modern singers simply don't do this anymore, partly because too often they have to cross a register break in mid-melody.

The currently available recording of The Tales of Hoffmann — with Joan Sutherland, Placido Domingo and Gabriel Bacquier conducted by Richard Bonynge — commits the unnecessary sin of giving all four of the soprano roles to one singer, when Offenbach clearly imagined contrasting vocal timbres in his music. As might be predicted, Sutherland is most comfortable as Olympia, where her coloratura brilliance and her free upper register can show her off most effectively. However, she throws Giulietta's music away, and she sings through Antonia's voice goes a long way to seducing any listener. By 1972, when this recording was made, Bonynge had found his conducting niche, and he leads this performance with a light hand that points up Offenbach's turns of thought nicely. Among the older recordings, you can pass over Andre Chytan's second reading with Schwarzkopf (uncharacteristically tenor) and Guedda (innocent but also characteristically forced and dry of tone). Beverly Sills, like Sutherland, intended on singing all the heroines. Her Olympia surpasses even Sutherland's because for once Sills' harder-edged voice flatters the music better, but this quality robs Antonia of all her pathos. Sills' Hoffman, Stuart Burrows, is sweet-voiced, but as yet undevolved. However, Noreen Treible is a fiercely interesting, if vocally limited, villain.

During the era of 78s, Hoffman seems to have belonged to the Germans. In 1928, Richard Tauber flirted the hero's ballad effortlessly, as did Julius Pataz nearly 20 years later. In 1916, Joseph Schweitzer, a much underrated baritone, sang Daperiauto's air with a smooth and rounded tone that has not been equalled since. In 1931, Lotte Lehmann brought her compelling, extravagant, insight to Antonia's plight. Among the currently available recording of Tchaikovsky's Queen of Spades — with Tamara Milashkina and Vladimir Atlantov on CBS — offers only a blueprint of this great opera. At fault here are Mark Ermler's frankly dull conducting and Atlantov's bisaery Her- mann. Ermler misses the mystery in the all-important bedroom scene as well as the openhanded delight that Tchaikovsky wrote into his Mozart-imitation. At­ tention to this passage available for any part of this opera comes from Moshe-Boris Khaikin. Then her Slavic dilemma and is effective only when the hero is in a frenzy. Milashkina is a fine and com­ mitted, but she has little better eight years earlier, when she re­ corded the role with conductor Boris Khaykin. Then her Slavic tendency to wobble was under a little better control. Khaykin's hero, Boris Andropu­ dev, has all the stentorian power of Anatolov, but he sings more cleanly, uses his brilliant top and a darkly beautiful mid-range. Where Khaykin's performance gains most in strength is in the secondary roles. Yuri Mazurkov provided a handsomely sung and aptly phrased rendition of Prince Yeleus's aria. Valentina Levko, a very Russian contralto, darkly limns the Countes' mid-night song. The best conducted complete performance, however, comes from Misulis Rostropovich, though by 1976 when this record­ing was made, his Lisa, Galina Vishnevskaya, was long past her prime. There are still com­
Boundless Enthusiasm

Sunday evening as I settled down to write Rock Previews, with a fresh pack of Camels and an ice-cold Jolt Cola at my side, a certain warm enthusiasm swept over me. Perhaps it was just how loud they were. I've written Rock Previews, a veritable game of survival of the fittest. Bon ap­\_

ture to begin this column? Was it nicotine or maybe all the sugar and "twice the caffeine" of Jolt Cola? Perhaps. But then it dawned on me, the true reason envisioned by my enthusiasm: Adam Block is out of town for two whole weeks!

Sister Double Happiness bounded forward in a big way towards the title of one of my favorite locals; Frightwig was ir­\_

errently brilliant, loud, and hilarious, tossing out a slogan for the '80s, "If you can't do it right, do it wrong!"; and some of us found ourselves standing be­\_

tween a punk with a Mohawk and a scary hippie with a knife. It was caricature night at The Farm — the remote location, great music, diverse crowd, a scat­\_
	tering of violence and lots of beer. We sacrificed three Farm-vir­\_

gins. They'll probably return.

Was it the Farm show that elevated my mood about zipping barge­\_

ning for the Muskrats, a lawn maintenance), opens 8/31 at the I-Beam.

Jane's Addiction, Spanish Elvis

This LA-based band has an in­\_

teresting debut album out and proved at the I-Beam a few months back just how loud they are. The vocalist is a wiry, energetic urban aborigine who sounds a bit like Robert Plant and wrote a very engaging diary­

like story of his trek to LA from Ohio in Continents magazine. Hard knocks, red dreadlocks and heavy metal. Locals, Spanish Elvis, warm up with a highly danceable sound. I don't know if they still have big hair. (8/28, Kenned Club, 10 pm, $7)

The Catheads, The Muskrats

Another in the ongoing series of "Let's-play-food-chain" gigs. Tonight you'll find out which band devours the other. I'm gun­\_

ning for the Muskrats, a highly acoustic duo who, unlike the Catheads, move on land and in water. The best thing about the decapitated group is they boast one member of The Donner Party, a new dimension in survival of the fittest. Bon ap­\_

pet! (8/28, Firehouse 7, 9:30 pm, $4)

Jerry Shefer

Shefer has recently garnered the acclaim of Adam Block and the support of Chris Isaak's former manager. If he's a truly deserv­\_

ing talent, perhaps the Bonnie Hayes Syndrome won't set in like it has with Mr. Isaak. Adam Shefer as the new Elvis. Man-about-town Bruce Carolan thinks Miss Kitty is the true suc­\_

cessor. Judge for yourself. (8/28, The Paradise Lounge, 9 and 11 pm, free)

Psychedelic Furs, The Call

Weren't they just here? Well, now they've back once again for one of their go-go dancers) set at the Ringold Alley Street Fair. Quite adept at playing the great outdoors, American English will bring their amalgam of styles, moods and attitudes to the Golden Gate Bandshell with a host of other performers, body painters, new wave, colors, lights, artwork, the sun, the air, the earth, etc. Bring your love beads. Flowers At Night, a three-piece band, all brothers, opens the show. American English goes on at 2 pm. The price is right; the headliners you'll hear about. Be there. (8/29, Golden Gate Band­\_

shell, 12 pm, free)

The Dead Jacksons

Isn't that a nice name? As far as I know, no members of every­\_

one's face Jehovah family are dead, but it has been a long, long time since we've heard about anyone besides Janet and Michael. Expect your basic punk/hardcore sound from this outfit and the opening group, He Ru Ra Ha, are a three-piece band, all brothers, opens the show. American English goes on at 2 pm. The price is right; the headliners you'll hear about. Be there. (8/29, Golden Gate Bandshell, 12 pm, free)

Writing Class Begins Sept. 8

Openings are available in Steve Abbott's "Gay and Lesbian Writing Class" starting Tues­\_

day, September 8, at 8 and 10 pm. Abbott, who has published 4 books and participated in inter­\_

ational poetry festivals in Europe and Canada, is also well known as a Poetry Flash editor and for his columns and reviews in the Sentinel, the Advocate and elsewhere.

Open to beginning and ad­\_

vance students, the class will focus primarily on poetry and fiction. "Writing's a path to self-discovery," Abbott says. "You can make it a spiritual practice or do it for fun. We'll occasionally look at the work of famous writers but the emphasis will be on what those in the class write. I'll give tips on overcoming writer's block and how to break into publication."

Abbott has taught writing in various universities and, last summer, was Writer-in-Resi­\_

dence for the James White School in Minneapolis. Class size will be limited to ten on a first come, first served basis. Cost is $50 for 5 sessions on an ongoing basis. For further infor­\_

mation contact Steve Abbott at 626-5224.
Bar Buzz

"Oh, Jimmy," I moan. "Gimme some column ideas." I explain how my editor has demanded more "umph," but lately I've been meditating so much that my old whacky self seems to have fallen through the cracks.

"Write about the secrets of San Francisco," Jimmy replies cheerfully as he scans the latest arrivals on the Stud's dance floor. "Like what?" I ask. "Like Bill," Jimmy says. "Now, there's a subject. "If Bill was the president," continues Jimmy, "I'd send a letter to Senator Sam to urge him to examine Bill." I say, "Well, what's the problem with that?" Jimmy says, "That way none of his tricks are articulated enough to rat on him."

"Secret Number One: It used to be that a young gay man could latch on to a 'mother' to guide him through the ups and downs of coming out. But our friend Bill has collected five or six mothers so far, and their conflicting advice has made him sick with confusion.

"I'll bet Bill's mothers are feeling pretty anxious, too," Jimmy laughs. "It's sort of a reversal of the story of the old woman who lived in a shoe."

"Thank God I'm a grandpa," says with a tone of dejection that I pretend to hear. "I've been watching, for a thirty minutes, Dan."

"You know that downtown office I've been working in?" I ask. "The one downtown of offices?"

"Well, yesterday my friend Roger looked up the word 'perimetreum' in the dictionary. Wanna new seduction line? Try this: 'May I onomatopoeias your perimetreum?'"

"Sounds like a drag," says Jimmy, and I continued talking about how whacky our lives have been lately. And the reason, I think, is because we have so much stress tugging at us from every direction: friends, roommates, sex partners, AIDS, jobs or the lack of them, conflict ideologies. People and events have so much stress tugging at us. "I'm mumbled something virtually inaudible and the man was embarrassed to correct him. I mean, this is wrong."

"But we were talking about work. So I told my friends about how someone at a party last spring asked how much I got paid for writing for the Sentinel."

"I'm talking about the secrets of San Francisco," I added. "In the '70s you could use that for the sub-ject of not getting laid enough."

"Secret Number Two: It used to be reserved for the sub-ject of not getting laid enough. This reminded me of a story, "The Heart itself," I've been reading by Ro Huston, a 28-year- old writer who's just moved here from New York. It's about a junkie named Lucas who tries to go to the country to clean up and everyone he meets in this rural town is even weirder than he is."

"And Gracie does and she finds out. "She was a feminist, spiritu-alist poet in San Francisco in the 1860s," I begin. 'Called 'The Prophetess,' because she claimed her purple-clad muse appeared to her on Telegraph Hill and gave her a golden harp. She wrote a poem entitled 'Kissing the Pope's Toe' which prompted experiencing this thirty minutes, so why must I now make some-thing out of it? Why write it down? I feel pressured to attach meaning, and then defend it, structure it, and finally refer to the pope of that time to cancel his visit to our fair city. Here's a few lines:"

A wonderful toe doth the Pope possess! Kiss it ye valiant and then confess! Unbomb your secrets to bigotry and knaves."

"We should do Eliza Pitting- singer drag when this new pope comes, Jimmy says."

"Tell us more about Tom," Jimmy interrupts. "Well, Tom is an artist, a painter, and he seemed im-pressed when I told him I was a writer. Work! Now, there's a subject," I added. "In the '70s we just partied, but in the '80s everyone wants to know what kind of work you do."

"That's the one," I reply. "'Perinoteum' in the dictionary."

"Sorry." I say, "But we were talking about work."

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AFTERIMAGE
by Rikki Ercoli

Continued from page 26

Ladies Against Women is essentially a form of pandering to the already convinced, a colossal in-joke for those who consider right-wing America some sort of dangerous, but already a self-parody.

One would think that satire this broad couldn't be lost on anybody. But never underestimate the power of ignorance; the real Phyllis Schlafly, commenting on a L.A.W. appearance outside one of her own "STOP ERA" appearances, was quoted as saying, "They dressed foolishly and made idiots of themselves. If they had a point, no one got it.

"Proving once again that a sense of irony is acquired, never inherited."

In some ways the best part of An Evening of Consciousness Lowering was a slide show of L.A.W. offshoot-chapter members confounding the great unrepentant public-at-large over the years—turning up to "protest" a women's bookstore in Toronto (reading being something best left to the menfolk, anyway), and belting a "Bake Sale for the Deficit" (1 Ho-Ho $17 billion) outside the 1984 Republican National Convention in Dallas. The recorded reactions of female convention-goers is priceless, the impenetrable silliness of the Ladies Fearless. This is real guerrilla theatre—getting out on the streets and facing the enemy with a cartoon of themselves. Even if the enemy rarely gets the joke.

Ladies Against Women: An Evening of Consciousness Lowering continues tonight and Saturday at 8:30 pm, and Sunday at 3 pm, at the Victoria Theatre.

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Less Talk on Holiday

Less Talk readers will undoubtedly experience severe disorientation during the next two weeks due to inimitable Dave Ford's absence. Dave is on vacation in sunny San Diego, collecting press clippings, ultraviolet rays and nubile punk surfers. He promises to return rested and ready to tackle the anticipated news/social debacle of the fall season. We marvel at his optimism.
29 AUGUST SATURDAY

Nemeton, the radical fairie sanctuary project, presents an evening of readings, ritual and dance in celebration of Gay Pride: Myth and Meaning, a book release party by Mark Thompson. A reception kicks off the festivities at 6 p.m., followed by selections from contributors (Davies Broughton, Harry Hoy, Judy Gruber, Aaron Stiles, Malcolm Boyd, etc.) at 7 p.m, and a ritual followed by dancing until 2 a.m. Capt. St. Theatre, 342 Capt. St. (between 18th and 19th), SF. $5, but no one turned away for lack of funds.

Celebrate the release of Renata Becht's debut I.P., At the Zulu Pool, at the DNA Lounge. This is also the last weekend of Becht's cocktail cabinet engagement. Doors open at 9 p.m.; show starts at 9:30 p.m. 375 11th St., SF. $5.

The SF Shakespeare Festival begins its fifth season of free theatre in Golden Gate Park and other locations with previews from today through 9/8. The festival has its official opening 9/7 and continues until 9/27. This season's offering is Much Ado About Nothing, directed by Albert Zakrzewski. 1:30 p.m. in the meadow to the east of the Flower Conservatory, Golden Gate Park near FR Drive and Arguello St., SF.

"From Handel to Copland:" Hilda Jonas, internationally known harpsichordist, pianist and flautist, is featured, is featured on piano and her daughter, Linda Jonas Schreiber, on flute in what promises to be an unusual evening of classical and contemporary music by this unique mother-daughter duo. 5 p.m. Havelin Martin Art Gallery, 41 Powell St., SF. Info: 392-1015.

How to Form and Manage a Non-Profit Organization, an all-day seminar from Bay Area Lawyers for the Arts (BALA) focuses on the procedures of forming a non-profit corporation as well as issues of management and fundraising. 9:30 a.m. Hastings College, 200 McAllister St., SF. $50 general/$40 BALA members. Fee includes participants' packets. Info: 775-7260.

Em Ward of the Guelster holds a piercing clinic at Mt. S. Leathers. Proper hygiene and orgies. Open to men and women — jewelry available. Noon-5 p.m. 227 7th St., SF. App/Info: 863-7764.

30 AUGUST SUNDAY

Lesbian and Gay for Agnos invites everyone to join for an afternoon of outstanding entertainment with special guests: Cindy Herron, Jim Ward of the Gauntlet holds a piercing clinic at Mt. S. Leathers, proper hygiene and orgies. Open to men and women — jewelry available. Noon-5 p.m. 227 7th St., SF. App/Info: 863-7764.

8/30, at the Achenbach Foundation's Recent Acquisitions exhibit, Palace of the Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park, SF. Call 750-3614.

Kitty, outrageous lounge performer. 3-4 p.m. Holy Cow, 1531 Folsom St., SF. Free.

The March on Washington's Secret Benefit: This 2½-hour erotic show turns the spotlight on adult film star Jim Bentley, Camp Spot’s trendy Squirt Squared Cabaret. Van Patten, other top drag performers and a special sneak preview of Bentley's latest release, All of the Way. All proceeds go to the March on Washington. 12:30 p.m. Cam pus Theatre, 220 Jones St., SF. $20.

Cesar's Latin Palace is the venue for a birthday bash for the Phenomenon Players, a celebration of ten years of street and stage appearances with appearances by Paddy Morrissey, Will Dar, the SF Mime Troupe Band and more. 7 p.m. $110 general/$65 door/$1 discount students and seniors. Tickets/info: 763-4163 or 762-BASS.

Douglas Simonson autographs copies of his book of paintings and drawings of men of Hawaii. His work will be exhibited during the month of Octo ber at Walt Whitman, 3:50 p.m 2319 Market near Noe. SF. Info: 866-3079.


Four SF mayoral candidates (Agnos, Rene, Acosta and McDonald) hold a forum and two of the "world's worst" softball teams in history are on tap for the First Annual Musical Softball Game, a benefit for the SF Band Foundation and the SF Gay Men's Chorus. Referees (yes, beer) will be available. 1 p.m. Lang Field #1, Gough and Turk Sts., SF. Info: 566-1013.

A Queen's decree: Eat, drink and be merry commands Elizabeth I to all her subjects who attend the 21st annual Renaissance Faire, a costumed re-creation of a 16th-century English countryside, every weekend, now through 9/27. Black Forest, Marin. Admission is $10.50. Wenchcakes and rakes don't disturb, day 620-0433.

September Wednesday

Fred Reisman, painter, instructor in drawing and painting at UC Extension, gives an introduction to Italian Master Drawings from the British Royal Collection. The introduction is followed by docent tours of the exhibition. 10:15 a.m. Rodin Gallery, Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park, SF.

Operation Concern's Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders sponsors a Women's Writers Workshop for Older Lesbians (6+) and friends every Wednesday, 6:45 p.m. 1833 Market St., SF. Info: 826-1969.

Carlos, Twotones, Mexican novelists, playwrights and diplomat, makes a rare US ap pearance as part of the City Arts and Lectures series in a benefit for the Women's Foundation. Fuentes' travel in the US has been restricted, so this talk marks what may be a unique opportunity to see him. Fuentes plans to speak on "The Tradition of Latin American Literature." Tuesday, 6 p.m. 1901 Van Ness Ave., SF. $12.50/10. Tickets/info: 792-4400 or 762-BASS.

September Thursday

Everyone's invited to a Loving Relationships Support Group, which meets every Thursday evening and is facilitated by Julian Baird. Various focuses include "Loving Our Self," "Healing Our Relationships," "Sex and Intimacy," etc. Meet other spirituality-minded men and women. 7:30-10 p.m. 2982 Sacramento St. at Scotts St., SF. $10.

Climate Theatre plays host to a new play, Our Town Trensewrenk, by John Angel Grant and Elizabeth Murphy and directed by Gemma Whelan. This comedy takes "an amusing look at a group of artists trying to address political and ethnic problems caused by the new science of genetics," according to the ad. Go to the March on Washington, 12:30 p.m. Cameron苑, 300 Van Ness Ave., SF. Free.

September Friday

Against His Story, a continuation of the Living Theatre's Legacy of Cain Cycle, which was performed by Tribal Warning Theatre, plays at the Women's Bigl. tonight and tomorrow night. 8:30 p.m. 390 Ellis St., SF. Info: 245-0866.

Roof Requiem Theatre presents two one-act comedies by Christopher Durang, Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You and The Actor's Nightmare. Tonight's the opener, and the comedies continue Thurs.-Sat. thru 9/26. 9 p.m. Jenner Playhouse (behind gas station and store), on the corner of Hwy. 1, 20 minutes west of Guerneville via 116. Tickets may be purchased in advance or at the door. Tickets/info: (707) 865-2050.

Equity, a multi-media performance by Paul Kwan and Cesar's Latin Palace features the comic, slide show, masked performers, and John Di Stefano's innovative musical score to express the message that desire has nothing to do with ideal beauty (no small order!). Tonight's preview is a benefit for Artists for Community Life. Plays Weds.-Sat. thru 9/26 at 8 p.m. 766 Valencia St. (between 18th and 19th). SF. ALC benefit: $15 general/$5 students, seniors and artists. Tickets/info: 762-3711.

A tribute to the late Geraldine Page at the Castro: The Tony Award-winning actress (and winner of the Oscar) 's Europalian performance as Carrie Watts shiner in Peter Master son's slightly sicky film — screenplay by Horton Foote and directed by Bird's Nest's Princess Alexandra De Larg is still the essential one — with Paul Newman in his salad days). 7:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Castro near Market, SF. Info: 763-6420.

The Sentinel welcomes submissions of community and arts events for possible inclusion, as space permits, in our weekly calendar. The deadline is eight days (Thursday at 4 p.m.) in advance of Friday publication. Send items to: Calendar Editor, San Francisco Sentinel, 500 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.
I Hate Being Gay

Dear John,

I have considered giving up my profession to go into celibate spiritual retreat, although at this point I would rather throw in the towel (of the body) and become heterosexual. Would you have the desire for me to become your make-your-own-creation version of wanting something which you would very much like to see happen? I very much want a relationship with than a man. At least I am interested in having relationships with men which I had never been interested in having relationships with before. Tell them you are, too. That it's not used in the column, he will not acknowledge your powerless- ness. Tell them you are, too. That it's not used in the column, he will not acknowledge your powerless- ness.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

I Hate Being Gay

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JOHN ARMSTRONG
MOVED AND HAULING

Continued from previous page

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