"One community, fighting for the lives of those we love."

—Art Agnos
Washington, DC
October 11, 1987
"We have turned around the lesbian and gay movement with this March. This was useful in bringing all of us to some kind of acknowledgement of what is real, what is necessary and what is useful. With the numbers we have here today, I'm finally relieved to know that we are not alone and hope we all recognize that we are in this together. The coalitions we have built with Hispanics, blacks, women and labor are unprecedented. Even gay men are now saying lesbian and gay. I am thrilled to know that there is unity around the real issues that affect our community. This is just the beginning of a new wave of our movement. We must go forward from this place with a commitment of time and energy towards achieving social change."

— Pat Norman, National Co-Chair
1987 March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights

TABLE OF CONTENTS

National Lobby Days .......... 4
300 lesbian/gay activists lobby the Congress on issues of concern to our community.

‘Americans Who Care’ .... 5
National AIDS Network honors seven volunteers for their work with PWAs.

Never Forget
Harvey Milk .......... 6-7
Over 2,000 gather at Congressional Cemetery to dedicate memorial to SF Supervisor Harvey Milk.

The Wedding .......... 8
Nearly 4,000 lesbians and gays marry their same-sex partners in front of the IRS Building.

NAMES Project
AIDS Quilt .............. 9-11
Thousands of individual panels memorializing those who have died from AIDS are stitched together and rolled out on the Capitol Mall.

People of Color Caucus
Pre-March Rally .......... 12
Hundreds of thousands gather and gear up to march on Washington.

The March
on Washington .......... 13-15
Contingents from all 50 states march down Pennsylvania Avenue NW towards a massive rally at the Capitol.

Dave Ford’s
Washington .......... 16-17
Less Talk’s Dave Ford’s irreverent look at the week of activities in Washington, DC.

March on Washington
Rally .......... 18-20
500,000 gather at the Capitol Mall to demand our community’s rights.

National Lesbian & Gay
Rights Congress .......... 21
Planning beyond the March on Washington begins with the formation of our own Congress.

‘Out & Outraged’
Civil Disobedience .... 22-24
Hundreds are arrested during nonviolent civil disobedience at the US Supreme Court.

The Conferences .......... 25
People of Color and lesbian/gay activists.

Editorial ................. 26
Robert M. Golovich, Tom Murray and David M. Lowe express their opinions on the March.

Cathartic Comics .......... 27
The Brown Bomber reports on his trip to Washington.
300 Lesbians/Gays Lobby Legislators
PWA Mothers vs. Reagan Ally
by George Mendenhall

The largest number of lesbians and gay men ever to descend upon Capitol Hill kicked off the March on Washington with two days of intensive lobbying.

The 300 activists came from all across the country to convince legislators to support the demands of the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

Among the people who participated in Lobby Day were two mothers from the Los Angeles area, Mary Jane Edwards and Sue Caves, whose sons died of AIDS; they chose to lobby one of President Reagan's conservative allies, Representative Dan Lungren (R-Long Beach).

Edwards and Caves' day on Capitol Hill began with a well-organized briefing session at the Rayburn Building coordinated by organizers Paul Bunenberg of Mobilization Against AIDS and Jeff Levi, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force.

Assisting with the task of educating the Hill began with a well-organized briefing session at the Rayburn Building coordinated by organizers Paul Bunenberg of Mobilization Against AIDS and Jeff Levi, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force.

At that session all the lobbyists were given extensive written analyses of the issues and of the legislators' voting records. Special emphasis was given to HR 276, which would eliminate the 24-month waiting period for PWA's seeking Medicare; SB 1757, which would require that all HLA testing be confidential and include counseling; and SB 1220, which would greatly expand AIDS education.

"You have traveled thousands of miles to discuss life and death issues," Bunenberg instructed the lobbyists. "The legislators work for you. Do not let them intimidate you. We have people back home who are ill. We have to get our message across because they cannot be here. Be firm — without being obnoxious. If you know people with AIDS, you know more than they do. Have you the experience?"

Caves and Edwards qualified: both of their sons had died of AIDS, and they had gone on to found two Southern California AIDS service groups, Families Who Care and Mothers of AIDS Patients. The women had not been politically active until their sons were diagnosed and they learned how few services and how little information was available. Representative Dan Lungren spent an hour with the newborn activists in his comfortable DC offices and gave them his frank assessment of the AIDS crisis and budgetary restraints involved in fighting the epidemic. While the legislator noted his ground, he told the women pursed him firmly.

Caves was the more active lobbyist in the Lungren session, although Edwards stated, "We do a lot of hugging and holding. There are so many people with AIDS and so great is the need."

Caves began, "We are taking about billions of dollars — that could bankrupt this country — unless we change our approach." Both women detailed some of the services their groups provide: education, counseling, meals-on-wheels and housing. Caves added that without extensive federal help the expanding crisis cannot be met.

"We have to determine what we can do," Lungren responded. "Every member of Congress realizes that we have to meet the AIDS needs, but how can you do it with budget restraints? This has to be looked at in the context of other legislation. We have to ask what Congress will do. We have to work out a plan."

"Unfortunately, I have to report the sad news that the 300 Lesbians/Gays Lobby Legislators were Harry Judd of the National-Gay and Lesbian Task Force.

March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

The Phoenix- designed by artist Leon Marfel. The reverse side carries a brief explanation of the mythology of the Phoenix.

To honor persons with AIDS we have loved... To support AIDS projects helping those we love...
Open Hand Project Receives Award

by David M. Lowe

"Someone described courage as grace under pressure. You've shown that. You've set a magnificent example not just for the kids, but for the grown-ups, too."

— Gary Collins

San Francisco Ruth Brinker, founder of Project Open Hand, was one of seven volunteers honored for their work with PWAs during ceremonies held at the French Embassy in Georgetown.

The fund-raiser, hosted by the National AIDS Network (NAN), was an emotionally moving experience for the hundreds of AIDS volunteers and supporters who came to honor their own. "This is a very special salute to those who represent the best of thousands of volunteers," said Paul Kawata, executive director of NAN. "We are here tonight to salute them for their work, their heroics, laugh about some of their antics and share some of their pain."

The extravaganza got off to an unexpected start when co-hosts Morgan Fairchild and Gary Collins of "Hour Magazine" announced that Surgeon General C. Everett Koop was unable to attend and Assistant Secretary of Health Dr. Robert Windsor would present the awards.

Windsor's appearance was booed and the Secretary was heckled following his opening remarks. "Why doesn't Reagan meet with Koop," challenged the heckler. "Why doesn't Reagan read the Heckler. "Why doesn't Reagan meet with Koop," challenged the heckler. "Why doesn't Reagan read their ownrinformed News"?

Collins tried to stop the heckling by asking, "Why are you here doing this today?"

"Because my friends are dying and the Reagan Administration is doing absolutely nothing," responded the heckler.

Fairchild finally quieted the heckler by asserting, "Tonight is our chance to honor people who are doing something and received a round of applause.

Later in the evening, Massachusetts Congressman Gerry Studds educated the co-hosts on the heckler's concerns when he deplored "inaction" and remarked as a presenter and gave Windsor a message to take to the President.

"The people we are honoring are full-time or more than full-time volunteers. The English word for that is "saint," said Studds, one of two openly gay congressmen. "The reason these men and women have had to go to such extraordinary lengths is because their government has gone to such extraordinary lengths," asserted Studds in a wild round of applause. "I have been to too many residences of people with AIDS where services come from organizations staffed by too many saints, doing too much work, with not one penny of federal, state or local money," continued the emotionally charged representative. "The message you can carry to the president, Dr. Windsor, is, to paraphrase his program on drugs, 'Mr. President, Just Say Something.' ""The round of applause Studds received for his message was tremendous but was even more thunderous when he asserted, 'Mr. President, if you must listen to a general, listen to your surgeon general, not your attorney general.'

Studds then presented an award to real estate broker Harry Collins who has been instrumental in raising over one million dollars for the AIDS Action Committee of Boston since 1984. "It's the courage and determination of people with AIDS that keep us going when we are tired or burned out," said Collins.

"Our clients are disappointed because they are not in the kitchen with a few pots and pans and a wooden spoon I never thought I'd be flying to Washington to receive an award. It's wonderful!" said Mitchell. "We took care of both of our sons in our own home. We now take care of sons whose parents have rejected them. We love them as much as our own. People with AIDS have so much to give and offer. They are important, creative and wonderful people. I love you all very much."

Mitchell and her husband's search for help and information during their son's illness provided invaluable information that led to the formation of the Tidewater AIDS Crisis Taskforce (TACT) in Virginia. Mitchell is now on the board of trustees of TACT and a speaker for the Virginia Methodist Conference.

Project Open Hand founder Ruth Brinker was presented her award by Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi who called her the "ideal volunteer for being willing to come forward single-handedly to fulfill a great need."

Brinker, who now serves meals daily to over 300 PWAs, said she receives an "incredible reward every day that I work."

Brinker told the Sentinel, "Two years ago I was running around in the kitchen with a few pots and pans and a wooden spoon I never thought I'd be flying to Washington to receive an award. It's wonderful!" said Mitchell. "We took care of both of our sons in our own home. We now take care of sons whose parents have rejected them. We love them as much as our own. People with AIDS have so much to give and offer. They are important, creative and wonderful people. I love you all very much."

Mitchell and her husband's search for help and information during their son's illness provided invaluable information that led to the formation of the Tidewater AIDS Crisis Taskforce (TACT) in Virginia. Mitchell is now on the board of trustees of TACT and a speaker for the Virginia Methodist Conference.

Project Open Hand founder Ruth Brinker was presented her award by Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi who called her the "ideal volunteer for being willing to come forward single-handedly to fulfill a great need."

Brinker, who now serves meals daily to over 300 PWAs, said she receives an "incredible reward every day that I work."

Brinker told the Sentinel, "Two years ago I was running around in the kitchen with a few pots and pans and a wooden spoon I never thought I'd be flying to Washington to receive an award. It's wonderful!" said Mitchell. "We took care of both of our sons in our own home. We now take care of sons whose parents have rejected them. We love them as much as our own. People with AIDS have so much to give and offer. They are important, creative and wonderful people. I love you all very much."

Mitchell and her husband's search for help and information during their son's illness provided invaluable information that led to the formation of the Tidewater AIDS Crisis Taskforce (TACT) in Virginia. Mitchell is now on the board of trustees of TACT and a speaker for the Virginia Methodist Conference.

Project Open Hand founder Ruth Brinker was presented her award by Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi who called her the "ideal volunteer for being willing to come forward single-handedly to fulfill a great need."

Brinker, who now serves meals daily to over 300 PWAs, said she receives an "incredible reward every day that I work."

Brinker told the Sentinel, "Two years ago I was running around in the kitchen with a few pots and pans and a wooden spoon I never thought I'd be flying to Washington to receive an award. It's wonderful!" said Mitchell. "We took care of both of our sons in our own home. We now take care of sons whose parents have rejected them. We love them as much as our own. People with AIDS have so much to give and offer. They are important, creative and wonderful people. I love you all very much."

Mitchell and her husband's search for help and information during their son's illness provided invaluable information that led to the formation of the Tidewater AIDS Crisis Taskforce (TACT) in Virginia. Mitchell is now on the board of trustees of TACT and a speaker for the Virginia Methodist Conference.

Project Open Hand founder Ruth Brinker was presented her award by Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi who called her the "ideal volunteer for being willing to come forward single-handedly to fulfill a great need."

Brinker, who now serves meals daily to over 300 PWAs, said she receives an "incredible reward every day that I work."

Brinker told the Sentinel, "Two years ago I was running around in the kitchen with a few pots and pans and a wooden spoon I never thought I'd be flying to Washington to receive an award. It's wonderful!" said Mitchell. "We took care of both of our sons in our own home. We now take care of sons whose parents have rejected them. We love them as much as our own. People with AIDS have so much to give and offer. They are important, creative and wonderful people. I love you all very much."

Mitchell and her husband's search for help and information during their son's illness provided invaluable information that led to the formation of the Tidewater AIDS Crisis Taskforce (TACT) in Virginia. Mitchell is now on the board of trustees of TACT and a speaker for the Virginia Methodist Conference.
Harvey Milk Memorialized at Nation’s Capital

by David M. Lowe

Over 2,000 people gathered at the historic Congressional Cemetery last Saturday to dedicate a memorial to San Francisco’s first openly gay elected official, Supervisor Harvey Milk.

Under a pale, gray sky the often enthusiastic crowd gathered on a gently sloping hillside to celebrate the life of an American hero who was cut down unexpectedly by an assassin’s bullet on November 27, 1978.

Crowded together beneath the trees and amongst the markers that honor many great Americans, our community kicked off a nationwide effort to create monuments to the historical figures of the lesbian/gay rights movement.

“Heroes never die, they live their lives in history and they leave it to you and me to carry on,” said Ken McPher-son, co-chair of Never Forgot, as he repeated the lyrics of a powerful song that opened the ceremonies in Milk’s memory. “We’re here today to begin that process for our community, the lesbian/gay and bisexual community of the United States of America. We are here to say we are a good people. We are a fine people. We are a people to be proud of.”

Leonard Matlovich, co-chair of Never Forgot, told the multitude that the idea was conceived. “I was in a Paris cemetery, and right in front of me could come and say ‘There’s Harvey Milk. There’s a person who suf-fered to make my life better.’”

The idea prompted Matlovich to seek McPher-son’s help in forming Never Forgot. “We need to know our heroes and heroines, the ones who went before us,” asserted Matlovich. “We’re going to leave a history here today so they can pay homage so what we’ve done for them. We need to never forget.”

Many speakers at the ceremony sounded a similar theme as they remembered Harvey Milk. “The assassination of Harvey Milk was one of the most painful experiences of my lifetime,” remembered Morris Kight, founder of Christopher Street West. “We cannot say good-bye to Harvey Milk, for he is forever with us. His spirit is within me and you and in each of us. It is in this Place.

“Death must come to one and all of us. However, in death we can say a proper good-bye and keep the spirit,” observed Kight. “Never again will members of our community die quietly, desperately and alone. We will be there to say good-bye brother, good-bye sister.”

Dr. Frank Kameny, founder of the Mattachine Society, spoke of keeping our history in a community alive. “Our history is a distinguished one, and now people are getting together to record it so we will know where we’ve been, where we’re going and get a perspective on what we are, what we’ve been and most importantly, what we can become as a community.”

March on Washington Co-Chair Pat Norman brought those in attendance to the realization that this was the begin-ning of a whole new era in our com-munity’s history. “This March brings us together to start a whole new begin-n ing. A new society that says we are good, we are fine, we are a loving and righteous people. Today we tell the world that we will never go back and we will hold our heads up high,” asserted a proud and defiant Norman.

“As we go forward, we must understand that we still do have enemies. It was that understanding that enabled Harvey Milk to build coalitions that broadened our base, so that we had protection on many fronts. ... Harvey spoke about the young and the old, the black and the red, women and everyone who involved themselves with the concerns of all people. During this March we remember Harvey Milk and all the other people who agree with and sup-port coalitioon building, and say that we will never forget the contributions of those who have gone before us. “We are everywhere. We do every-thing. We are a part of all of us and we will never, never forget,” declared Nor-man.

The man who inherited the mantle of Harvey Milk paid a long and stringing tribute to the slain leader. “Harvey was my friend. He was a great American, but we are here today to honor him because he was a hero,” said SF Super­visor Harry Britt. “It’s very clear to me that Harvey had been around when AIDS came into our community that he would want all of us here today to acknowledge that in bringing his re-mains to this place we are also honoring today’s heroes — the people who have...
had to deal with the pain and tragedy of the AIDS epidemic. Harvey would want them here with him, too, because their pain, their courage and their in- sistence that life can be powerful and beautiful, despite homophobia and despite AIDS, was the part and parcel of Harvey Milk's dream."

Britt told us of a Harvey Milk who wanted to become a whole part of our society and capture the symbols of America for ourselves. "Harvey wanted the first March on Washington to happen on the Fourth of July, because he wanted us to associate our- selves in a powerful way with the sym- bols of this country," said Britt. "He wanted America to know that whenever they found anything beautiful, anything important and, most of all, anything American, that lesbian and gay men were going to be there. Harvey thought it was dangerous and wrong to define our country in any way without there being a lesbian and gay presence in every part of American life."

"Harvey had a desperate desire that every gay and lesbian feel they were a part of things, to be accepted by people who are important to us and he told it's okay to who we are. Harvey's dream was that that would come about for every single one of us and every single lesbian and gay to come after us. Harvey had a strong qualification to that dream, and that is that we don't do it on their terms, but on our terms."

The final words of the ceremony honoring Harvey Milk's life were writ- ten by his lover, Scott Smith. "Harvey fought to help us become pure in the knowledge that our community was a great community. He gave us pride, compassion and self-esteem. He taught us the joy of being who we really are, even when others thought we were dif- ferent."

"In what seems the ultimate irony, Harvey was taken from us by ignorance that led to jealousy, which led to in­ tolerance, and finally his death."

"Today our community knows more about death than Harvey could have ever imagined. Much of the death is still of the same causes, including irrational fears of homophobia."

"I am incredibly pleased that nearly a decade after Harvey's assassination, more and more people are finding strength in Harvey's life, even in the face of death itself."

"Although no one can ever speak for Harvey again, I believe he would be very proud to be remembered like this."

As tragic as Harvey's death was for all of us, it would be an even greater tragedy for his life to have been in vain. It is his life we must never forget."

After the crowds had departed, the hundreds of flowers were spread across the plot in the shape of a colorful tri­ angle. The final monument to Harvey Milk will be erected on the site sometime next year.

"This is not a time capsule to be opened, but filled with the things that truly capture the essence of Harvey Milk," said McPherson.

Following the formal ceremony, the participants joined hands in groups of five and waited patiently, some for up to an hour, to place a flower on the site where the memorial to Harvey Milk would be erected.

On this day the memorial consisted of a bronze urn containing some re- maining ashes of Harvey Milk, a tape of his Dallas speech, a picture of him har­ ring a good time in SF, a piece of his famous pony tail, a gold-embossed let­ ter from the office of Supervisor Harvey Milk and other memorabilia.

"It is his life we must never forget," said McPherson.

After the crowds had departed, the hundreds of flowers were spread across the plot in the shape of a colorful tri­ angle. The final monument to Harvey Milk will be erected on the site sometime next year.

It takes nine cents and twenty seconds of your time to save a life.

Condoms are inexpensive. Every drug­ store sells them. Headlines sells them for as little as nine cents each. It takes maybe 20 seconds to put one on. You can easily learn to use condoms. Ask someone who has.

Isn't a life—your own, or someone else's, or the life of our community—worth an investment of nine cents of your money and twenty seconds of your time? Condoms can stop the spread of AIDS. Use them.

Call 863-AIDS
San Francisco AIDS Foundation
333 Valencia Street, 4th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94110
Toll-Free Northern California
Hotline 800-FOB-AIDS
720-655-8000

Major funding for the educational programs of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation is provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health.
4,000 Tie the Knot in Washington

by Corinne Lightweaver

More than 2,000 couples and several thousand supporters gathered on Constitution Avenue in front of the Internal Revenue Service Building in Washington, DC, last weekend to celebrate their relationships in a "recommitment ceremony" and to demand legal equality and recognition of their bonding. The theme of the event was: "Love makes a family. Nothing else, nothing less!"

Some dressed in jeans and sweaters, some in tuxedos, some in wedding gowns, some in marching outfits for the event. The controversial event featured a keynote address by Reverend Troy Perry, founder of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches. Comedian and master of ceremonies Robin Tyler led the crowd in a spirited welcoming of the various speakers and in affirming the healthiness and beauty of their love, despite the oppression put upon gays and lesbians by patriarchal society.

"We are not a movement about crock politics; we are not a movement from the waist down; we are not a movement about sexual preference!"

— Robin Tyler

Joyce Hunter, a director of the Institute for the Provincial Lesbian and Gay Youth, the Harvey Milk School, stressed the importance of growing up gay and the importance of including youth in the gay and lesbian community. "Our work at the Harvey Milk Institute is to let these young people know that they can grow up and have a good life, that they can get married if they want to and that they can have children... and families!"

Reverend Troy Perry introduced his lover, Philip, and gave him a, juicy kiss in front of the crowd to demonstrate his point that people should be afforded equality with each other if they feel like it, rather than letting the straight world control them by cautioning them against "flaunting" it.

"I'm rather torn about being here today," stated Thompson. "One part of me is tremendously excited to be part in this public demonstration of our legal right to sanction our relationships; another part of me is devastated to be here alone today without my partner, Sharon Kowalski. "Sharon, a 31-year-old woman, has been condemned to a nursing home because she is a lesbian, and the thing I've left her, that I don't love her anymore... Perhaps Sharon and I were a man and a woman, we could have been married, and this wouldn't have happened."

The Wedding Demands

- That lesbian and gay domestic partners be entitled to the same rights as married heterosexual couples.
- Equal treatment for our relationships and our self-defined family structures.
- Repeal of all laws that make sodomy between consenting adults a crime.
- Repeal of all laws that make being gay a criminal offense.
- The right to marry and to be married by a clergy member of the couple's choosing.
- The right to prenatal care, survivor benefits, foster care, adoption, child custody and visitation rights.
- The extension of family benefits to domestic partners.
- For those currently affiliated with organized support, support for the spiritual growth of individuals in committed relationships, and that religious organizations formally recognize same-sex unions.

The Wedding Commentary

by Corinne Lightweaver

A lot of criticism has been leveled at The Wedding and at its organizers. People have called it a "coup."

They have criticized the "Wedding" name and theme for being homosexual, patriarchal model of marriage, in which both women and men become half slaves, slaves to societal roles, and the woman becomes subjugated to the man.

For my part, I attended The Wedding as a reporter with a lot of reservatons and wariness. I like the idea of publicly celebrating relationships — I have done so myself with my present partner — and I believe strongly in The Wedding's demands, but a lot of aspects of the event were unsettling to me. If this was a "non-denominational" ceremony, why was Rev. Troy Perry the featured speaker? In my experience, "non-denominational" usually translates to "Christian assumption." A few with pagan sympathies, I felt keenly that I would not feel comfortable. If it was truly non-denominational, why didn't the organizers invite a rabbi, a judge (for those who wouldn't choose a religious ceremony), a representative from an Eastern religion, and a witch? As it turned out, I found Perry's remarks to be quite inspirational, practical rather than heavy on religious dogma. It was the metaphysical minister's remarks that determined it to a church ceremony.

What struck a number of people was that the organizers invited so many people to talk about the exclusion of single people, as well as the evident confusion of the organizers over whether they intended the event as a political protest or a spiritual ceremony. The organizers wanted to have it both ways and it would have been more effective had they scheduled two separate but complementary events.

Single people needed an opportunity to express their feelings about wanting recognition of gay and lesbian relationships. For me, as one person suggested, as bridesmaids. Many people through circumstance or choice AIDS — through the death of a partner, have found themselves single, yet for the past year and a half, the gay community wanted to express their hopes for equal rights and recognition of their relationships. Some type of protest in which single people could play a vital role would have made the event more meaningful to many people.
Quilt Unfolds with Somber Dignity

by Corinne Lighteaver

As an orange dawn slowly rose over Capitol Mall, Cleve Jones, executive director of the NAMES Project, began reading the names of 2,000 names of people who were memorialized in the 6,800-pound quilt last weekend in Washington, DC. The mood was somber, yet not despairing. Mourners quietly streamed onto the lawn to surround the quilt, as each square was set into place, to sob for the people they had lost, to comfort their neighbor.

San Francisco resident Bobbi Camp- bell's name appeared in the first quilt opened. For square after square, eight volunteers stood in a circle holding hands around the folded piece of quilt, waiting for the moment to attach the quilt piece to the larger framework.

Inspired by the American folk art traditions of quilting and sewing bees, the NAMES Project is a nationwide campaign to memorialize the tens of thousands of Americans who have been killed by the AIDS epidemic and to provide an expression of personal loss, as well as a dramatic illustration of the impact of AIDS on American society.

The quilt, roughly the size of two football fields, was composed of almost 2,000 individual fabric panels, each bearing the name of a person lost to AIDS. The quilt panels represent about 7% of the people who have died of AIDS or ARC in the United States, according to the NAMES project. Walkways integrated into the quilt at 24-foot intervals allowed people access to walk between the panels and find the names of their loved ones.

More than 50 activists and celebrities took their place at the podium, one by one, to read the names of the dead, reading continuously for more than two hours. NAMES Project volunteers escorted the speakers to the podium and back, assuring that no one would be left unattended in grief.

For square after square, eight unfolders cried the entire time, the experience is one they say they will never forget.

"It's so beautiful and it hurts so much, too," said Lago, tears in his eyes, "and it all happened in one day. At breakfast the day after, for two hours we just tried to talk about impressions and the way we felt and how much we lived each other for what we had gone through." Rod Thena, who sewed the quilt every day for the past four months, said his team of eight unfolders cried the entire way. "It was overwhelming that it's hard to tell people what it was like, because the whole perimeter of the quilt was filled with people staring at us, and we had to be still and calm and quiet for nearly two hours." Vinson, another unfold, said, "I was with my friend, Cindy, and we were hugging on each other the whole time. During the unfoldings I would usually sit for one minute in a while, but once it was all unfolded and I looked and saw the whole thing, that's when I really broke down."

Fourty-eight states and five foreign countries were represented in the quilt. There were 22 anonymous panels. Cleve Jones said he was overwhelmed with the quilt.

"It's so beautiful and it hurts so much, too," he said, tearfully. "I'm so proud of all the people who made it.
"I have never been un-proud to be gay, but I've never been prouder to be gay than I am today."

— Harvey Fierstein

For all those times you wanted to help but couldn't, now is the time!

From Oct. 15th to Dec. 15th our volunteers will be calling you to ask for your help...to go house to house on your block, asking your friends and neighbors for donations.

Persons with AIDS and their loved ones need our continued support. So for all the times you wanted to help...

...the time is now
...to listen with your heart and say YES!

SHANTI
777-CARE

AIDS TESTING
- Confirmed Results
- Expert Counseling
MANXMED LIMITED
415-567-4141
2001 Union St., Suite 395, San Francisco, CA

GET AWAY FROM THE FOG — COME TO SUNNY SACRAMENTO STAY WHERE YOU'RE WELCOME!

CONTINENTAL MOTEL
1432 W. Capitol at Jefferson St, Sacramento, Ca. 95819
(916) 371-3660

• One mile from downtown
• Swimming Pool
• Hot Tub Spa with Jacuzzi
• Color TV with Cable
• Large Units
• Barbecue Area
• Direct Dial Phones
• Guest House for large parties
• One mile from fun spots
(Free map)
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
The NAMES Project plans to take the quilt on a tour through major American cities this spring. Funds raised from the national tour will stay in the communities in which the quilt is displayed to support local organizations providing direct services to people with AIDS and others facing the epidemic. Major corporations and foundations are being approached to underwrite costs of the tour.

“It was one of the most wonderful and horrible experiences of my life.”

— Scott Lago

VICTORIAN PUB
MIXED BAR
EVERYONE WELCOME

Thursday Night Special
NON-SEXIST NIGHT

HAPPY HOUR PRICING

At Haight’s
Victoria Corner

Happy Hours
Mon. - Thurs.
5 pm - 7 pm
Fri. — 3 pm - 5 pm

Mr. Bill Sapatis and his staff wish to congratulate the gay community on its March on Washington!

A special AIDS benefit, with live entertainment, is scheduled for Sunday, Nov. 8th. Watch for details.

1601 Haight Street
San Francisco
CA 94117
626-1800

Serving the Gay Community for 7 years

Hank Irons co.
"SERVING SF SINCE 1963"

ORIGINAL DESIGNS NEED NOT BE COSTLY
Specializing in 14K & 18K GOLD
DIAMONDS - JADE - SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES

JEWELRY & WATCH REPAIRS
MON. - FRI. 10 - 5:30 SAT 11 - 2:30 BY APPT.

209 POST • SUITE 607
986-4576

V&H AUTOSPORTS

COMPLETE AUTOMOTIVE WORK
386-2277
4625 Cabrillo
(47th & Cabrillo)
S.F., CA 94121

Serving the Gay Community for 7 years

IF YOU HAVE ARC . . .
IF YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO HAS ARC . . .

Volunteers with ARC are needed for a major treatment study.

THIS STUDY:

• Is FDA approved
• Involves no drugs
• Is located in San Francisco
• Will run for 12 weeks
• Will cost nothing but time

CALL
(415) 923-1656

Sponsored by:
Biosystems Research, Inc.
Getting Ready to March on DC
by Stacy Jackson

In the beginning, only individuals and small groups came. Then hundreds, and later thousands of people gathered in queues on the grass of the Ellipse behind the White House, awaiting commencement of the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

The pre-March rally, which showed over 20 speakers and performers, was produced by the People of Color Caucus. Speakers included Randy Burns, Morris Knight, Pat Parker, Connie Panzarino, Renee McCoy and Tara Loi. They represented the views of youth, women, the disabled, people of transgender orientation and people of color.

A six-panel painting decorated the rally stage. In its center panel, a Native American man clothed in a full headdress was depicted offering a handshake to a black woman in a lavender-colored business suit.

With the strike of a match, and the rise of smoke from ceremonial sweetgrass, a Native American blessing was given to the throngs of marchers at the rally.

"With this smoke, I ask that we have a good time. I ask the four corners to look upon us in a good way... I ask good things of people with AIDS. My people died of smallpox by the thousands, by the tribe, still my people are here. We will overcome this thing." Randy Burns, co-founder of Gay American Indians and a member of the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation, addressed the crowd after the blessing. He angrily asserted, "They want our Native American Indian participation, yet they ignore our input. When will ignorance end? We will go around them! We will not be silenced. We cannot depend on [your] irresponsible government."

Burns complained of the lack of AIDS education in the Native American community, specifically on reservations across the country. "Forty-one Native Americans have died across the nation without any AIDS information or reservations."

Despite the sacred tone of the rally blessing, a pushing march occurred between marchers and anti-gay/Semetic fanatics who held "Gays are Satanists" and "They have control of the government" signs. The intruders were swarmed by marchers who pulled the defamation down. The marchers were asked to disregard the intruders and maintain a semblance of composure. Immediately, the defamating signs reappeared. The rally continued.

"I am a queer old Yankee!" cried out Buffy Dunker, an 82-year-old lesbian editor and feminist therapist. Dunker addressed the value of senior citizens, specifically in the gay and lesbian movement.

"We have experience, perspective; we know we can make things happen. If we are angry enough," exclaimed Dunker.

Dunker came out at the age of 72 with a younger woman. She joyfully encouraged other people to bring seniors out of their closets. She urged lesbians and gays to "be more factual about justice and liberty and shelter for everyone."

John Bush, professor emeritus at Southeastern University and former co-chair of the National Organization of Black and White Men Together, dedicated his morning remarks to Bayard Rustin.

Rustin, a black gay man who died recently of non-AIDS related complications, organized the infamous 1963 March on Washington, where 250,000 blacks and whites marched for civil rights and heard Martin Luther King Jr., proclaim to the world his dream.

Loren Lauranzo, a PWA of Puerto Rican descent and co-chair of the National Association of People with AIDS, noted bewitching historically is not a new phenomenon in the lives of people of color. He spoke of the "triple jeopardy" of the poor lesbian and gay person of color. "AIDS is every gay ghetto, every barrio and every reservation."

Pat Parker, black lesbian poet and East Bay activist, stated, "There is a planned move to eliminate us. We must say NO to AIDS quarantine, NO to those who are taking children away from lesbian mothers... We must fight the fight!"
Parading Down Pennsylvania Avenue

by David M. Lowe

"Let's march now! Let's march now! Let's march now!" went the chant of the California delegation, as we awaited our turn to march around the White House and parade down Pennsylvania Avenue NW to join the hundreds of thousands already gathering at the Capitol Mall.

There we were, almost 90 minutes into the March, still standing behind the two huge purple banners designating us as "San Francisco" and "East Bay," waiting our turn to move out onto 17th Street NW and begin our three block trek towards the Capitol.

It had been great fun cruising around the Ellipse behind the White House, greeting old friends and meeting new ones, but we were getting restless. Some of us had been there since 9 am, and it was now almost 1:30 pm in the afternoon.

The crush of the crowd in our area was beginning to take its toll on the impatient. If you dared leave your spot to determine what was going on just ahead, you might not make it back. People who tried disappeared for long periods of time and found trying to make it back through the March's longest contingent much like moving through a sardine-packed bar. Over 75,000 had made their way from California to the nation's capital, and we were ready to take our strength to the street.

Finally, I just couldn't take it any more and decided to take on my role as a reporter and find out what was happening up there. Once I began to move through our group that had banners and representatives from virtually every organization in the Bay Area, I realized I had committed myself to a point of no return. As I broke through the final few folks that would make up the front of the contingent, I turned around to see an incredible sight. There we were, thousands of lesbian/gay Californians, all poised to show the Reagan Administration we meant business. Behind the snow-white banner with "California" painted in deep blue was a huge pink sign screaming out the words "Los Angeles." We were going to be an impressive sight. So why weren't we moving? I had to investigate further. Then it hit me: the March was not 90 minutes behind schedule, as I had earlier surmised, it was just so incredibly large that it was going to take all afternoon for everyone to make their way to the rally.

I kept moving, and to my surprise, continued on next page
March

Continued from previous page

ran into an old friend perched upon one of the pillars that dominate Washing-
on's buildings.

I ran over to say hello, gave him a
great big hug, assured him I would see
him later and moved on down 17th
Street NW, not knowing that because of
the huge crowds I wouldn't see him the
rest of the day.

Having now arrived in front of the
White House, I decided to take up
residence in the press area located be-
tween the marchers and the small band
of right-wing, radical, religious pro-
testers perched across the street in
Lafayette Park. A large contingent of
DC police separated us from the pro-
testers, who shouted religious
obscenities into the cool Washington
air. Their barbs included such fun-
damentalist classics as "There's
nothing gay about being a sodom-
itie," "It's Adam and Eve, not Adam
and Steve," "God bless Reagan" and
endless minutes of chanting the word "Faggots" over and over.

Each contingent that passed the pro-
testers, who hoisted huge signs contain-
ing Bible verses into the air, responded
differently. When I first arrived, I
stepped into the middle of a chorus of
"Faggots" from the protesters, which
was met with a large group of marchers
giving them a collective group of about
50 middle fingers to a continuous chant
of "Bigots."

This was starting to get good. I decid­
ed I'd stay in front of the White House
for a while. While I was there, the con-
tingent from New York's Gay Men's
Health Crisis stopped dead in the street
and shouted, "Shame, shame,
shame" at the White House. By now,
a rather large contingent of blue-suited
administration officials could be seen
gathering outside the White House and
musing at the many colorful marchers
as they moved down the street. I suspect
they never imagined we would pull off
such an incredible, impressive March
that contained all of the color of many
Lesbian/Gay Day parades combined in
one place.

Many groups directed choruses of
"Shame" at the religious protesters as
they passed by, with one contingent
singing, "If you're gay and you know it,
clap your hands," to the old Sunday school tune,
"If you're saved and you know it— "

I soon tired of this tit-for-tat and
went back up Pennsylvania Avenue
NW to see if the California contingent
was anywhere in sight. It had been
almost two-and-a-half hours now since
the March began. Then I spotted them.

I ran back down towards the White House to
alert our photographers that the boys
and girls from out West were on their
way.

I stopped to briefly chat with the DC
police captain I had befriended earlier,
and inform him, "You ain't seen
nothing yet. Here comes California."

The man in charge of keeping order in
front of the White House seemed un-
moved by my contentions and went
about his business of moving the March
along. I never did get a chance to ask
him what he thought of all this.

He had to be impressed. There we
were, rounding the corner and heading
for the White House — that pink and
blue Los Angeles sign dwarfing the
California banner flying immediately in
front of the most polished and or-
chestrated contingent in the March.
Well, then, that's what you'd expect
from Southern California. Immediately
behind Los Angeles came Long Beach,
San Diego, Riverside, San Bernardino,
Orange County, Capital City, Sacra-
mento and Santa Cruz. All with color-
ful, festive signs representing the best of
As I looked up from enjoying the Southern California contingent, I spotted those two huge purple banners from Northern California waving in the wind like sails being blown about the Bay. I had a decision to make. Would I stay in the press area and play journalist covering the contingents from 200 cities representing all 50 states or join the San Francisco/East Bay brothers and sisters straddling their pride down the most famous of Washington’s streets?

As they got closer, the urge to participate overwhelmed me, and I jumped right into the fray and decided I was proud enough to march right up front with my publisher, Congresswoman Pelosi, Chive Jones, Holly Smith from the AIDS Foundation and many more who were being led by a San Francisco flag and a single cheerleader that let the world know the Bay Area was on the way.

We chanted “San Francisco” to let them know we were from the city. When we passed the Treasury Department, we broke into a chorus of “Money for AIDS now,” followed on down the street by chants of “What do we want? Gay rights. When do we want them? Now,” and “We’ve got the power to fight back.”

Before we completed our route around the White House, we had no idea how huge the March was and had been. Just as we turned for that final stretch of about 15 blocks down Pennsylvania Avenue, we couldn’t believe our eyes: Shouts of “Look, that’s incredible,” and “Do you believe this?” began to cross our lips as we pointed towards the Capitol. The entire avenue known as Pennsylvania was filled with

lesbians and gay men from all across America. It was then that we started to get our first real sense of just how huge this event had turned out to be.
The Week That Was

I arrived in DC Tuesday. I wanted to get the lay of the land — so after I set my bag on the tattered bedspread of one of the double beds in my room at the Washington Hilton, site of John Hinckley’s 1981 near-miss — I set south on Connecticut Avenue, turned left on Pennsylvania Avenue and slunk up to the north gate of the White House.

Tourists were snapping pictures, while across the street in Lafayette Square, a couple of bag-bundled policemen maintained vigil against various travesties of US foreign policy. My own policy of benign disdain for the current administration disspited somewhat in the face of the presidential mansion. Rather, I forgot about Reagan and his buffoons a blessed moment: no matter how you cut it, the WH cans are a smiling figure. We’ve been blasted for so much wrong, but they cannot rear their heads into the Washington Monument at the Lincoln Memorial. But the obelisk is like lying on your back, tumescent. Down by the reflecting pool, you're confronted first with one face of the presidential mansion. Rather, I forgot about Reagan and his troubled scowl and marble enormity, Lincoln is a ruling Daddy. Reflected the walk-outs of three-year-olds. I wanted to climb up into his lap, smell the tobacco on his breath and muzzle his neck. Call me a slave to security.

I was fixed, though, by my next find: I literally stumbled across the Vietnam Memorial when I left the Lincoln Memorial. After the unrolling virility and maleness of the White House, Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial, this memorial came as a breath of fresh despair. Reading a carved marble script of Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address, I heard the sound of bridles and the hoarse shout of horses. At the Vietnam Memorial, I only heard the shriek of the dying.

A just-larger-than-life statue of three US soldiers sets the tone: they lean on each other, towels around their necks, looking wasted, sad and sick. No glory of war here; you can almost smell the jangle. A little ways away, the memorial itself is buried in a lawn, like an embarrassment afterthought. Walking down the pathway along the black marble beat of the March. I joined forces with photo-editor Marc Geller and floated to a building on 15th Street — where the March offices were on the tenth floor. On the third were the Jesse Jackson for President headquarters. On the sixth and eighth were the George Bush for President headquarters. The wher and buzz of machine politics almost blurred the muted chaos of the March polk.

But not quite. One insider grounded about Jesse Jackson’s hesitance to speak at the March. “It’s been like pulling teeth trying to get him,” the official said, but added that the root of the problem lay with “his people.” The capper: Jackson’s Rainbow Coalition was meeting in Raleigh, NC, over the weekend. His “people” saw that as a potential conflict of interest. We hooked up with March Co-Chair Pat Norman, who floated like Blacula, and talked in halting sentences punctuated by the reminder that “I’m late.” I asked how she was doing. “I’m late,” she snapped, and invited Geller and me to join her at National Public Radio for her interview. Two weeks later, a cab pulled up; we piled in and headed across town — late. “Sorry I’m late,” Pat said to a pretexted police. When they whisked her off to talk, Geller and I made a promise of ourselves in the “All Things Considered” newswoman. We scanned the story board and saw that a couple of Reagan’s AIDS Commission members had quit. We couldn’t find out who, though; no news interrupted the clanging calm of the newswoman.

ATC Producer Art Silverman invited Marc and me to watch the 5 pm ATC broadcast. We trooped into a studio and hugged a wall, while the all-woman tech crew — engineers Liz Bachel and Linda Maca, and engineer Marika Parttridge — ran hosts Robert Siegal and Renee Montagne through their passes. At 5:33 PM radio people appreciate the second hands, Marika looked up from scrolling out orders and scribbling copy changes, and pushed, “I love this show!”

Fat Cats and Thin Lines

And I love the news. So Geller and I hiked back to the Hilton in time for the national news, but we never made it past the hotel basement. Angling toward the terrace elevator, we fell into a rolling stream of teddies, pearls and bourbon. A “Mike Dukakis for President” sign tipped off us, and a couple of young tuxedos nearby filled us in: it was the $5,000-a-head Democratic National Conference. Each of the embattled Demo presidential candidates had a hotel banquet room stuffed with hors d’oeuvres, crudites and wallet-waving fat cats. Geller and I looked at each other, shagged, and joined the old milling stream.

In Albert Gore’s room, the most crowded and the loudest, a cute young Gore staffer with a stubble, um, hip-said he liked the Tennessee senator’s "policies" — then ran away and hid. When the policy-heavy puff plodded into the room, looking fabulously blotted under the bright TV lights, I stuck out my hand and introduced myself as a member of the gay press. His hand froze in mine (“Do you get it from shaving hands?”) I heard him think, his eyes rolled back in his head, and he blabbered that he wouldn’t meet with gay Demo groups at the national conference that weekend because “I’m going to be out of town.” Then he went out of touch, reaching over my left shoulder to shake the right hand.

The Washington Post’s Elizabeth Crosby had cornered Bubblin’ Bruce Bobbitt, so I sniffed out the newsmen, who stood alone and very tall in his empty banquet room. When I said I was from the gay press, he shook hands warmly; when I proposed asking a question or two, he looked over my left shoulder for the right hand and snapped, “One or two.” He repeated the promised bromides about the March and his participation in it, then broke off our in-depth, 30-second chat to shake the right hand of a few Denver oilmen. Jackson did his thing, however, that inasmuch as “the gay community has taken a leadership role” in AIDS care, “we stand in solidarity.” And when I left, he called out, “See you Sunday.”

Down an escalator and around a corner, Senator Paul Simon, the Don Knotts of the Demo presidential race, worked a room. I shook his hand and said I was from the gay press. “Well, good for you!” he exclaimed. I asked if he was meeting with the gay Demo groups Saturday. “No,” he said, “I met with some in San Francisco recently.” Then he met with yet another group, but Congressman Richard Lehman pulled me aside and assured me he and the senator were due in SF October 17 and 18. “We’ll have a gay agenda there,” he said. Hearing that, a non-gay newswoman scowled, “Yeah, I hate that.” We trotted to the Castro, but in Washington, it’s “Don’t let the door hit you on the butt on your way out.”

In the crush of an upstairs ballroom, Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis pressed the flesh. But he didn’t seem to feel like a broken record. I introduced myself as a member of the gay press. He said, “Ah,” and turned away. But his press secretary, Pat O’Brien, showed my arm and reminded me that the Dukakis is lobbyng hard for a Massachusetts gay rights bill. Before I could remind her that the governor had legislatively denied Massachusetts gays foster parent rights, she said, “He’s in your corner.” I missed cornering Richard Cep...
Where It's At
from the heavily preppy spot. I was

When he asked me the name of the

the nearest and fastest path back to

on the Mall site of the

the TV lawn. I had a sense of an

the press room, Geller and I trooped out
to the Mall site. The rest of the weekend — this was

the Quilt Mo. Just a quick sense of a

and participants — all these lent the

set-up. I'll just say that it was the single

laid-back, ordinary way, and the rally

why? Because it

brisk walking, and if you like.

the DJ extended to a 20-minute

garden of the victims' names; the elegant unfurling of the

bizarre sense of a majority rule both

broad-minded and with tears in

beauty. If you have any

bark, I think I'd stay up there.

the DJ became a 45-minute

It was the single most

Loose, French Bliss

to some of the figures.

the DJ extended to a 20-minute

national AIDS Network was

those two images sum up.

and participants — all these lent the

laid-back, ordinary way, and the rally

broad-minded and with tears in

of the victims' names; the elegant unfurling of the

bizarre sense of a majority rule both

broad-minded and with tears in

Cleve Jones carrying the NAMES Quilt.

Good Sport

a sense of rightness. It's hard

sounding, unsettling and inspiring. Gays flooded

in a rather sense of a majority rule both

broad-minded and with tears in

bark, I think I'd stay up there.

the DJ became a 45-minute

national AIDS Network was

those two images sum up.

and participants — all these lent the

laid-back, ordinary way, and the rally

broad-minded and with tears in

Cleve Jones carrying the NAMES Quilt.

Good Sport

a sense of rightness. It's hard

sounding, unsettling and inspiring. Gays flooded

in a rather sense of a majority rule both

broad-minded and with tears in

bark, I think I'd stay up there.

the DJ became a 45-minute

national AIDS Network was

those two images sum up.
Over 500,000 Rally at the Capitol

by David M. Lowe

An emotionally charged crowd of 500,000 lesbians, gay men, bisexuals and supporters of the movement gathered on the Capitol Mall last Sunday to insist this nation accept the demands of the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

The rally, which followed a 20-block march from the Ellipse behind the White House, featured many prominent speakers and lesbian/gay entertainers.

The keynote speaker of the day was presidential candidate Reverend Jesse Jackson, who spent over 15 minutes visiting people with AIDS following a speech that sounded the traditional political themes of his campaign, plus including a special section for presentation at the March rally.

Jackson made especially to the crowd was during his description of his Rainbow Coalition and the quilt that makes up the fabric of American society. "Everybody fits, everybody counts and everybody must have equal protection under the law in the real America," said Jackson.

"There are those who would isolate our differences and desecrate our humanity and then justify their inhumanity, just as the Nazis did with yellow stars and pink triangles," continued the candidate. "It was not right in Nazi Germany, and surely it is not right in America."

Jackson used the words "sexual preference" during the portion of his speech that called for the protection of rights for workers, women, religious freedom and individual privacy.

Jackson, who was the only candidate to accept an invitation to speak at the event, first used the words "lesbian and gay men" when he called for an end to violence against our community by urging "no more violence against lesbians and gay men. No more harassment, beatings and killings. Let's end the violence against everybody."

Jackson also called for an end to the AIDS crisis. "Don't be afraid, let's fight back, let's fight a killer disease. Let's come together all across the world to end AIDS," urged the Southern Democrat.

Jackson's speech to the huge crowd, one that waited until almost 5:30 pm to hear him speak, touched upon the subject of AIDS on several more occasions. "Today we come here in unmistakable numbers. By conservative estimates, there are more than half-a-million people here today. That message cannot be lost. We have come to say today that AIDS is a crisis that affects every American. AIDS is an international medical crisis that cannot be nationalized, localized or moralized. AIDS cannot be the burden of any one group. We must put our minds together to fight the.
Jackson made general proposals on how to effectively fight the epidemic. “We must fight AIDS in every form possible. We must insist on more money for research and treatment,” said Jackson. “We insist on education, understanding and prevention. Above all we insist on commitment by people who care. Commitment to find a cure for AIDS, commitment to civil rights and decent health care for people with AIDS and any other disease.”

Jackson called for a national health care system so people with AIDS who had no insurance would be taken care of adequately.

Following his remarks, Jackson ducked his security as he left the stage and waded into a sea of reporters who surrounded him as he made his way to shake hands and talk with people with AIDS, who were seated in a special section at the front of the rally staging area.

Because of the huge size of the crowd, Jackson’s visit to the PWA area was not widely known, but those who were aware applauded him for his effort that brought tears to the eyes of some PWAs.

Robin Tyler, who organized the stage show, was one of the most poignant speakers of the day. “I want you to hear this, straight America. For centuries we have survived your mental institutions, your penal institutions, your behavior modification, your hurting our loved ones,” she said. “We have even survived closets which you told us stood for privacy, but we found out they stood for prison and we came out. Look at us. We came out because we will not stand by any longer and wait until you murder tens of thousands of us,” asserted Tyler.

“We are here, straight America, and it is you who should now be afraid of us,” taunted Tyler. “You have backed us into a corner and we are ready, willing and able to come out fighting. We’re mad as hell and we’re not going to take it anymore. For love and live, we are not going back.”

Tyler called for a national health care program and demanded that the government start releasing AIDS drugs and stop charging for them now. “We demand that you stop blaming us for your incompetence and your immorality and your inability to deal with the AIDS crisis years ago,” challenged Tyler. “Do you understand, straight America, that 12% of the little boys and girls growing up today are going to be lesbians and gays — and they are not going to be called faggot, dyke, queer or sissy. We are going to save our children. Today we stand here 25 million strong, not asking for acceptance but demanding our civil rights.”

Another warning was issued by former NGLTF executive director Virginia Appuzzo. “Make no mistake about it, our patience has been exhausted. We are discriminated against in jobs, housing and public accommodations. In 12 states the US Supreme Court has declared we have no right to privacy. We are barred from worshiping in some churches, and they are trying to take our children away from us,” observed Appuzzo. “We will come to campaigns, crusades and coalitions of sisterhood and brotherhood. We will sit at the table as equals. We are nobody’s nasty little secret anymore.”

Appuzzo urged the massive crowd to perform acts of nonviolent civil disobedience in their own hometowns and at every state legislature that attempts to legislate bigotry.

Celebrities Robert Blake and Whoopi Goldberg, who were in attendance at a number of March-related events, also made brief appearances at the rally.
Continued from previous page

Blake blasted the Reagan Administration for its funding priorities. "Reagan has been spending money on Star Wars, while we have to go out and raise nickels and dimes to fight a killer disease," said Blake. "I don't know how we're going to get the thousands of dollars, we need-billions," Blake told the cheering throng. "AIDS has to disappear and the federal government needs to make it disappear now!"

Goldberg made a pitch for us to set an example for children with AIDS. "There are children walking around with AIDS," said Goldberg. "People are making it tough on them to enjoy the little life they have. I am appealing to you to show these kids how to live with dignity.

Goldberg then led the hundreds of thousands in a chant of "How Long?" — echoing the question of how long it would be before the Reagan Administration began to effectively fund AIDS-related programs. "How long is it going to take people to get smart? We're not talking about illiterate people, we're talking about senators, congressmen and the fucking president," said Goldberg. She further chided the president for not even offering any support or making a statement in behalf of the three children who were burned out of their Florida home over irrational fears about AIDS in schools.

United Farm Workers of America President Cesar Chavez was the most well-prepared of the non-gay speakers and spoke to the issues to form a position of true understanding.

"Our movement has been supportive of lesbian and gay rights for over 20 years. Our support began in 1965 when our union went on strike against farmers in the Central Valley of California. Growers began to beat up people and the police began jailing our people," related Chavez. "We were hungry and frightened and needed help."

"We stand with you in your demand for a presidential order banning job discrimination in government, including the military, and the right for lesbians and gays to immigrate to this country. We join with you in your demand for increased funding for AIDS research, education and patient care. It can't wait one second more, it has to be right now."

In the true spirit of coalition building, Chavez asked that the lesbian/gay community support his boycott of grapes.

Pat Norman, one of three national March co-chairs, spoke for the steering committee: "Today we meet at a turning point in all our lives. We've begun to feel the reality of what makes our community great. It is now our responsibility to form a new society that actually works."

"We owe it to ourselves to be the very, very best we can be to ourselves, to others and to our community. Our role in this country is to set the tone for caring, for love, for morality. People see in our image what is really true. God is love. God is humanity.

"We will strive for a new vision for our community. That vision is an end to racism, an end to sexism and a new vision of teamwork and one that represents all people in our midst. Pledge to work for equality, for our survival and our victory over oppression and sickness."

"Say that we now go forward together, no turning back. The quality of our lives depends on your commitment."

"We need to stop turning our anger on each other and our fear of one another must stop.

"We must use the sacrifices of our sisters and brothers and know that they have not died in vain."

---

 Introduced by the Caribbean/Yucatan cruise for people who know cruising.

from $835 * incl. free air from SFO

Come celebrate the inaugural sailings of Regency's fabulous Caribbean/Yucatan cruise with these special savings. Depending on cabin category, you can sail on the brand new spacious and gracious M/V REGENT SEA, renowned for her extra large cabins; 95% of which are outside, fine continental cuisine and a great price! We offer convenient Sunday departures from Tampa Nov. '87-Apr. '88.

**Regent Sea Caribbean/Yucatan per cabin savings**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cabins</th>
<th>12/23/87</th>
<th>12/30/87</th>
<th>1/7/88</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6 &amp; up</td>
<td>$600</td>
<td>$600</td>
<td>$500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 &amp; 6</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 &amp; 5</td>
<td>400</td>
<td>400</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 &amp; 4</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cabin savings based on double occupancy. *Note: **12 Cruise Deck Suite Category D also available from Tampa Nov. 26.

Ship's registry: Panama

**Call (415) 957-1808 For Details**

CRUISE HOLIDAYS

333 Third Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

©CRUISE HOLIDAYS is a registered service mark of CRUISE HOLIDAYS International, Inc. "We need to stop turning our anger on each other and our fear of one another must stop."

"We must use the sacrifices of our sisters and brothers and know that they have not died in vain."
National Rights Congress Formed
by Corinne Lightweaver

A grueling seven-hour meeting chaired by Houston activist Ray Hill kicked off the formation of a National Gay and Lesbian Rights Congress. The meeting, held at the First Congregational Church in Washington, DC, last weekend, laid the groundwork for a national organization to work toward accomplishing the March demands and to form a national body representative of the diversity of the communities.

About 200 people attended the meeting — mostly-white, mostly men. Several resolutions formulated by the March Committee were refined, modified and approved by those present (see sidebar). The resolutions were designed to incorporate a more diverse representation than appeared at the March. All decisions will be referred back to the Executive Committee of the March on Washington for approval.

Five cities were nominated as possible sites for the next meeting of the Congress, among them Houston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Denver and New York. Although it was argued that New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles have already dominated the gay movement for too long, and therefore the meeting should be held in middle America, rather than on either coast, Hill says New York will be considered as a site. The meeting is tentatively scheduled for late summer or early fall of 1988.

In the concept of the Congress, Hill suggested that activists take a back seat. "I would encourage us to surrender our positions as delegates to a National Lesbian and Gay Rights Congress to the men and women who need to train and bring up to fill the mission. All decisions will be referred back to the Executive Committee of the March on Washington for approval.

For those who had been shut out before from democratic processes and were very concerned that they might be shut out again, but that was not the case," said Frye.

Frye maintained that the structure of the Congress — electing two people from each congressional district — will give power to the rural areas, which in turn will gradually bring more influence to the community's lobbying influence with US senators, who must represent both urban and rural areas.

Reverend Shannon O'Flah of Oregon was one of many people who stood up to declare that their special interest group be not forgotten or excluded. "When you are sitting in on three representatives from all these different regions, [I ask that] the person of transgender orientation certainly be recognized and certainly allowed to serve among you," said Reverend O'Flah.

Donald Snow, a fundraiser for the March and a member of the Political Action Committee of the Long Beach Lambda Democratic Club, was opposed to the idea of electing two representatives from each congressional district.

"What that does, is say that we are going to close our eyes to reality," asserted Snow. "The reality of this world is that, to a large part, adult gays and lesbians tend to congregate in communities and tend to be concentrated in major areas. While we are throughout the country, to ignore the fact that we have areas in which we have a higher concentration, would be to doom this Congress to failure." Snow predicted the model of the National Jewish Congress or the original call for representatives to the March on Washington, in which representatives from interest groups throughout the country were invited.

Paul Bonser of San Francisco said he disagreed with Snow. "I can't think of a better way to create a representative congress than by population. I don't think there are more gay people in San Francisco necessarily than in rural areas... Obviously they too are much more visible."

Bonser suggested modifying the proposed structure by following the model of the Democratic Party. He proposed that a special committee be empowered to add extra seats — up to 20 percent of the total delegates — to become the initiative. Ten percent would be set aside for underrepresented groups in the gay and lesbian community; the other 10 percent would be set aside for gay and lesbian elected officials and whatever organizations might be appropriate. After much discussion, Bonser's proposal was adopted.

Emir Petruv of Ventura County, California, said gay life is alive and well in Puerto Rico, and his 20 years residence in the US territory led him to hope strongly in favor of the proposed resolution which empowered representatives from Puerto Rico as voters representing the National Lesbian and Gay Rights Congress. Although Puerto Rico has seats in the US Congress, it is not allowed to vote.

Morris Kight, a longtime activist and one of the founders of the gay and lesbian liberation movement, said that although he found some of the debate to be "tortured and painful," he was pleased with the outcome of this meeting, noting that putting together such an organization requires a lot of hard work, intensive analysis and commitment.

I had recognized that the Congress might be the most difficult part of the week," observed Kight, who is also a member of the March on Washington Steering Committee.

Kight cited the National Jewish Congress and the National Organization for Women as models of what he hopes the Congress will achieve, because in these organizations, decisions are not just handed down from the top, but flow upward from local groups to the few people in the governing body, who hand them back down.

"The Congress has the potential of being a powerful way to govern ourselves," Kight contended. His greatest hope for it is "that it would be a place from the people to the few and from the few to the people."

Phyllis Frye, who practiced trial and criminal law for the lesbian, gay and transgender community in Houston, described the meeting as "democracy in action."

There were people who had been shut out before from democratic processes and were very concerned that they might be shut out again, but that was not the case," said Frye.

Frye maintained that the structure of the Congress — electing two people from each congressional district — will give power to the rural areas, which in turn will gradually bring more influence to the community's lobbying influence with US senators, who must represent both urban and rural areas.
A Queer and Present Danger

by Ken Cady

The largest civil disobedience demonstration in the history of the United States Supreme Court occurred Tuesday in an impressive display of gay and lesbian solidarity. Five thousand people gathered before the nation's highest court to protest its homophobic decision in the case of Hardwick v. Bowers, and to demand equal rights for gay and lesbian citizens. Of those present, 625 were arrested when they crossed police lines to bring their message to the doors of the court building.

The spirited demonstration was the culmination of several days of gay partying and protesting. As hundreds of thousands of men and women gathered in Washington at the beginning of the weekend, a sense of excitement filled the air. It was obvious that the March on Washington at the beginning of the week, a sense of excitement filled the air. It was obvious that the March on Washington was going to be a big success. This feeling created a bond between gay and lesbian solidarity among the participants that grew on Sunday morning as 500,000 people gathered to march past the White House to the United States Capitol.

The sense of shared in an historic event became more meaningful as the March participants viewed the NAMES Project quilt on the Capitol Mall. The impact of this display reminded them why they came to Washington, and the urgency of the message they brought. The most determined of this group stayed in Washington for the Supreme Court protest two days later. The spirit of the event was as strong as ever as the crowd chanted their support of the demonstrators facing arrest. Four hundred police could not handle the volume and a waiting game took place, the crowd shouting, "We're here, we're tired, arrest us now, we want to go to lunch!"

Alfred Wong, the marshal of the Supreme Court, had ordered the large plaza in front of the building and the half-dozen steps leading to it closed for the day. Across the street in the Capitol Park a small group of demonstrators had gathered as I arrived at 8 am. The plaza was empty except for a handful of police who had placed wooden sawhorses across the length of the top step. Each barrier was marked "POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS."

As demonstrators arrived, those planning to be arrested registered with the March organizers. Buses, fire trucks and ambulances were lined up along a side street to the court. The sun soon warmed up the day and speakers began to warm up the growing crowd.

The protesters were not the only ones enjoying the day. Japanese-Americans to be interned in World War II and had recently denied our freedom by quarantine or other limitations of civil liberties. After all, this was the court which had decreed in the 1870s that separate accommodations for blacks were constitutionally permissible, the same court that had sat back and allowed over 100,000 Japanese-Americans to be interned in World War II and had recently denied homosexual Americans a right to privacy.

The crowd agreed that "If you're not out, then you're not paying attention!" Sue Hyde, coordinator of the Privacy Project, was quoted in the handbook provided to the protesters that, "The criminalizing of our sexuality, which is our only commonly defined behavior, is the criminalizing of our identities and status."

With such motivation, 625 chose to become criminals on the steps of the court as well. A first group of ten was chosen to break the police barrier. They held hands as they got to the plaza behind the police, formed a circle and sang as they danced in front of the court's wooden doors. Then they sat on the plaza as the crowd reacted in its approval. From across the street the supporters chanted: "Ho, ho, sodomy laws have go to go." Then the crowd sang: "We are gentle." Once the police began to arrest the demonstrators, a roar of "We want justice" could be heard for blocks. The supporters reminded the police that "we are everywhere."

Hundreds of Supreme Court personnel gathered at the windows of the courthouse to watch as the rest of the demonstrators broke through the police line. Little did they know that a San Francisco judge was joining hands with this group as they too, sat on the court plaza.

Donaldson told me earlier that morning, "Every citizen has a right to petition the government to redress grievances. I'm not going to obstruct or impede, but I am going to make a statement because gays don't have the same rights as other citizens. I'm going to get arrested to show my support for my brothers and sisters. It won't be the first time!"

Donaldson, judge of the San Francisc­o Municipal Court for the last six years, was joined in the protest by his courtroom clerk, Gay Deckar, who celebrated his 18th anniversary with his lover on Sunday's march to the Capitol.

I met Gay what he hoped to accomplish by getting arrested. "A good feeling for myself, for pride, I want to make a statement for those who can't be here. . . . There have been too few of us. We've got to get a voice on the line. I'm fortunate to be healthy and able to be here — it's very fine."

Donaldson and Deckar were able to sit with their group on the plaza for several minutes before the police came and took them away. Watching them go to jail in support of the rest of us made me very proud. The pair told me that there were two others from the Hall of Justice planning to be arrested as well.

Each of the persons who wanted to be arrested as a form of protest had undergone training by March organizers. The entire event was well organized as a result. Monitors helped keep the supporters and other protesters away from the actions being taken by the affinity groups; and helped keep a spirit of cooperation in the crowd. The nonviolence training had explained the principles behind nonviolent action,
and how it can be used for social change. The protesters made detailed plans for the day: discussed their fears and concerns about arrest, the legal system and jail. The affinity groups were formed at the training as the best way to keep track of everyone and to facilitate decision making in a large action. Each affinity group included support people who were not risking arrest.

The groups had met in their homes and in Washington to pool information about legal support after the action. The morning of the protest they met in the park and helped each other get "up" for the protest. Speakers, including San Francisco's Pat Norman, a national March co-chair, reminded them why they were there.

As the morning began, the police wore regular gloves against the cold. When it warmed up, many wore no gloves at all. They were, however, very serious. After the second group of demonstrators broke through their ranks, a new line of police officers formed. A group I termed "Robocops." These men wore black jumpsoots, large helmets with protective visors, combat boots and grim faces. They carried tear gas, gas masks, clubs, guns and ammunitions. It seemed as if the police didn't have confidence in their original line of defense.

The waves against the barriers continued, approaching a different area of police barriers. The Lesbians Protest Against Injustice (LIPS) were among the first. They each carried a lipstick kiss prominently on their cheeks. They continued, each approaching a different man. When the protesters reached the plaza, they were met by a very serious William White, the public information officer for the Capital Police. As the huddle, he advised each group that they were in violation of the law forbidding their presence on the plaza, and told them that they were officially under arrest. As one point he went to the steps and told impatient protesters waiting to get through, "Be seated. We'll be with you shortly.

The persons on the plaza were carted away individually, some walking, some being dragged. Each was tied at the hands with strips of plastic. The crowd shouted, "We love you.

As the day wore on, it became apparent that the protest was not only a success, but a very peaceful one. The cops began to relax slightly, and eventually many found themselves talking to the protesters. Stories started to appear when the crowd chanted about the police, "They're cool; they're cool; much better.

As a group of PWAs came onto the steps, one officer made a show of putting on surgical gloves. At first the crowd howled, but soon turned to shouts, "Your gloves don't match your shoes!

This turned into a song to the tune of "Old Mac
donald had a farm,

"Your gloves don't match your shoes,

I asked Lt. K.E. White, supervisor of the police barturcating the public from the buses, if there were any gay cops present with him. "Not to my knowledge," he said, "but I'm sure that we have a percentage of gays in our department. The only openly gay officer we have moved to San Francisco a few years ago."

White was glad that the demonstration was peaceful, saying, "We don't often have one like this. He had not expected violence, although would not have been surprised at a few isolated incidents, if the protesters were crazy in any group." He told me that officers losing their control could be disciplined, depending on what offense was.

I asked him if he was glad that all of the gays were leaving town that day, and he smiled at me. "I don't think they're all leaving." As I walked away, I realized that the lieutenant remarked on the fact that he had had knowledge on the San Francisco force, and I wondered why I had assumed that the lieutenant was straight.

The crowd was well represented by San Franciscans, although I didn't see any of our gay police officers. Bref French and Chuck Harris, both assistant district attorneys, were present shouting their support, but no one from the public defender's office was seen. The Shanti Project, Mobilization Against AIDS, and the Citizens for Medical Justice were all represented. Gay attorney Alan French was there, and another attorney, Andrew Alair, was reportedly among those arrested. Comedian Danny Williams was sometime heard to tell the people that he was there to seek "equal justice under the law. Lesbians and gay don't have it. There's no joke to be made about it, seeing how little we matter to these people," he said, pointing towards the court.

Many in the crowd enjoyed having their picture taken as they kissed in front of the robocops. Tourists took pictures from a safe distance. I asked one elderly lady if she was snapping the court or the protesters. "The court," she said, although there was no way she could have gotten the building at the angle her camera was pointed. The crowd thinned slightly by noon, as many had been arrested and others hurried to catch flights home. No acts of sodomy were committed openly on the court steps, despite the presence of supporters for that activity that were published in several gay papers by a Massachusetts man. In fact, the crowd was very well behaved. No Sisters of Perpetual Llamporten or men in drag were observed.

Although the crowd started to thin, the spirit remained and the additional protesters who arrived were stoned arrested. The hordes of arrestees became very noisy as they filled the buses, if there were any gay cops planning to be brought in. Each carried a large advertisement on the side, proclaiming "Shame on San Francisco, Justice," and "Washington's newest comedy hit.

The buses transported the arrested to one of several jail processing points where they could post $100 bail to be freed. Women, they didn't appear in court. Those not wanting to plead guilty could expect court dates approximately three weeks later.

Although arraignment in court is required within 24 hours, many arrestees were still being processed on Wednesday. Judge Donaldson told me that his courtroom appeared at 5 p.m., and he was one of the first to be taken to jail. The hours spent walking included a shuffle for the judge and another and

Continued on next page
Proud to Be Guilty
by Mark Schools

Standing atop the first tier of steps, our backs to the police only inches behind us, we in the first wave watched as the second wave gathered and began to roll toward us. Encouraged by the swelling cheers of 4,000 supporters and we who had gone before them, they walked and then ran across the street, up the steps and right up to the police barricade. There they stopped. Chanting ensued. Songs were sung. But only a few were allowed past the barricades to be arrested. Just as in the battle against AIDS and the overall struggle for civil rights, the authorities were holding us back.

"Things are going too slowly," Laura said to me after we had watched the third and then the fourth and then the fifth wave roll and break upon the agreed to wait no longer and to force rights, the authorities were holding us back.

"Agreed by the swelling cheers of 4,000 supporters and we who had gone before them, they walked and then ran across the main plaza. Laura, Jim, Jennifer and I pushed our way through. I nodded, and "Let us scare up some excitement."

That's exactly what we did. Our moment of defiance, so expressed and so fitting.

Civil rights are made of such small moments. Flogging and often unnoticed, they nevertheless do die. They drop into the depths of the past, the single moment remaining infinitesimal in its significance but the accumulation growing ever more powerful, until a time comes when the past can no longer contain all those moments, and they roll without breaking through the present into the future.

"Are you all right?" voices asked. Coaching, I nodded and then lowered my shoulder back into knees and jack-boots. An especially strong shove pitched me forward into the crowd. I regained my balance and again sat myself against the hostile knees and boots. Having made a decision — and in its own way a radical decision — there was no going back. Another strong shove by the police, and another grim push with my shoulders. On my left, Jennifer was making headway between two cops, and Jim, head bent to protect his glasses, was somehow also holding his own.

Suddenly, frustrated by our persistence and frightened by the convergence of television cameras, a policeman grabbed hold of my shoulders and pulled me under the barricade onto the main plaza. Laura, Jim, Jennifer and the others in my group soon followed. But we were arrested for "parading and assembling on the grounds of the Supreme Court." At the arraignment 12 hours later, I mantraed my most booming voice and pleaded, "Proud to be guilty!"

But "Proud to be guilty" stubbornly sticks. Sharon Kowalski is in jail. AIDS funding remains inadequate. The Supreme Court justices, hearing oral arguments inside their soundproof chambers, never saw Laura or Jim or anyone force their way past the police. In short, the impression on the face of the Supreme Court — Equal Justice Under the Law — continues to mock us. Our moment of defiance, so exhilarating at the time, dropped away quickly into the past.

But did so many other moments, and they are gathering toward that fullness of time wherein the wave will roll without breaking. There are millions of these moments of defiance, and thousands just from Tuesday: a Radical Faerie skipping down the corridor past his jailing and into his cell, purple t-dye skin flaming and flapping in his wake. A woman from San Francisco fasting throughout her three-day sentence. A person with AIDS, handcuffed, his precious pill falla out of his shirt pocket, bending down to lick it off the floor. Prisoners scattering pink paper triangles on the floor of every room they pass through.

And somewhere near midnight, a handsome young man from New York speaking before receiving his sentence: "Your Honor, I just want to tell you that I'm tired and hungry." For the first time all night, the judge laughs. "Son, so am I," he replies, and begins to read the sentence. But the young man is not finished. With a gesture he can only imagine the judge short and continues: "I'm tired of being beaten on the streets, and I'm hungry for equal justice under the law."

QUEER
Continued from previous page
Absolutely no food. Yet the judge says, "It was such a great beating because of the solidarity. The men chanted to the court. "It was well worthwhile," he said. "We got more out of it than we expected." Under the Law — continues to mock us. Our moment of defiance, so exhilarating at the time, dropped away quickly into the past.

AIDS ANTIBODY TEST?

Possible Benefits

• People who test negative are not at risk of AIDS
• When testing is not strictly confidential or anonymous, some people may risk job and insurance discrimination.
• It's not unreasonable to believe that progress was made in Washington that will be felt across the country.

SHOULD YOU TAKE THE AIDS ANTIBODY TEST?

Possible Benefits

• People who test negative usually transmit few if any risk behaviors
• It's up to you whether or not you can accept the test
• Results of the rapid testing often increase a person's commitment to general good health habits
• People who test negative feel less stigmatized after testing

Possible Disadvantages

• Some people wrongly believe that a negative test result means they are free from infection to AIDS
• People who test positive do not necessarily have AIDS
• When testing is too costly or anonymous, some people may risk job and insurance discrimination.

The San Francisco Department of Public Health offers AIDS Antibody testing at the voluntary, free and anonymous. Counseling and references are also available. To make an appointment for testing call 415-652-4958

Funding for the Rapid Testing Program is provided by the San Francisco AIDS Foundation.

For more information about AIDS, call the San Francisco AIDS Foundation.

San Francisco Sentinel • October 17, 1987
**The Conferences**

### People of Color Make Waves

**by Stacy Jackson**

"T here is work to be done in the closet. Somebody needs to hang up the clothes," quipped Renne McCoy, executive director of the National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays (NCBLG). "Everyone has value. That is the message NCBLG brings."

McCoy presented her message to over 200 lesbian and gay non-whites at an all-day conference sponsored by the People of Color Caucus and NCBLG in Washington, DC, last weekend.

Though billed as a people of color conference, black lesbians and gays were the best represented at the conference.

Workshops included a meeting of lesbian and gay non-whites in support of Jesse Jackson's presidency; a self-hatred exploratory workshop presented by Marjie Hill, PhD; a slide presentation entitled "Asian Lesbianism: Past and Present"; gender caucuses; and a workshop on AIDS in Third World communities. NCBLG affiliates and board members met continuously throughout the day in discussion of the status of its organization across the country.

The pro-Jackson supporters hoped to create a nationwide support base of lesbian and gay non-whites and to "build a home in the Rainbow Coalition." Supporters contended that Jackson identified his target constituencies as farmers, blacks, lesbians and gays. Additionally, supporters saw his most position paper on AIDS as crucial in winning support in the gay community.

Amari Jahari and Elizabeth Waters, both of Portland, OR, expressed their hesitancy about joining Jackson’s Rainbow Coalition. "The Rainbow Coalition is homophobic," complained Waters. "[Homophobia] needs to be addressed, [it needs to be held accountable]."

In the workshop, Self-Hatred in the Black Lesbian and Gay Community, Marjie Hill also made reference to Jackson. "Allen much pressure from party leaders, Jesse Jackson denounced Louis Farrakan."

Hill compiled a list of remarks and situational vignettes which were used as an integral part of a stimulating discussion. "Three black women sat on a bus. One woman was quoting from the New York Post article on the soon-to-be released nude photos of Vanessa Williams. One woman responded, 'Well, she ain't really black anyway... you know we don't do that kind of stuff.' Her companion then said to her, 'Uh maybe, but it just like a nigger to mess us up,'" writes Hill in her position statement. Internalized racism, sexism and homophobia were stated as causes of self-hatred in the black community. Strategies for self-exploration and change were later addressed.

Barbara Smith, black feminist writer and board-member of NCBLG declared that the day’s events signified that “the oldest and only national black lesbian and gay organization in this country is still out there kicking!”

"It is always so important when we as black lesbians and gays come together to determine our own agendas, just to see each other and to feel good about each other," Smith explained. Much of the focus of NCBLG's meetings centered around maintaining financial and emotional fuel for its leaders.

Smith, an active member of NCBLG since 1978, commented that the group struggles to obtain sufficient monies because issues of economic and homophobic oppression continue to affect people of color in this country in a whole.

### Activists Organize Civil Disobedience

**by Stacy Jackson**

O ver 100 people attended an all-day conference called "Agitate, Educate, Organize" at St. Alphonsus' Jesuit Church on Monday, October 12, in Washington, DC. The purpose of the meeting was to gather front-line lesbian and gay activists from across the country to create a national phone tree network and to ratify several proposals designed to unite the gay and lesbian civil disobedience movement.

An "Apartheid Offends God" poster decorated the entrance to the church along with a large black banner in which two pink triangles cushioned the stark white equation, "Silence = Death," in its center. It is the logo of the New York-based AIDS activist group ACT UP.

Activists strategized as a group, as well as in separate contingents, sharing experiences and focusing energies for the future.

Chris Alderson, a member of both ACT UP and the Minority Task Force on AIDS, stood up bodily after lengthy debate over the date of a proposed spring event, his voice filling the church. "Let's not forget what we came here for... Skeleton things can be worked out later."

Alderson's re-focusing speech was met with applause. "I want to see the goals of the day accomplished," remarked Alderson, asserting that "rationalization of the AIDS action pledge, creation of a national network of grass roots organizations, and a calendar of spring events" were the purpose of Monday's meeting.

Activists were asked to sign the AIDS action pledge which stated "I pledge to participate in forms of protest such as education, organizing, lobbying, marching and picketing. I also pledge to engage, as conscience leads me, in nonviolent direct action, including civil disobedience."

AIDS is the present focus of the national movement of existing activist groups, commented Drew Hopkins, member of ACT UP. However, statements of intent submitted by the groups in attendance indicate a broader base of activism brewing.

Some of the concerns submitted by the Revolutionary Workers League and the Lavender Left addressed the dissolution of all state regulations on sexual behavior, a resolution to fight active campaigns against casual sex, a break with the Democratic and Republican parties, passage of a national Lesbian and Gay Equal Rights Amendment and outreach to Third World communities in this country and across the globe.

General protest demonstrations and educational outreach programs were set for the second week in April and will focus on issues such as AIDS in the ghetto, barrio and on the reservation. AIDS in prisons, women and AIDS in Africa and usage of alternative drug therapies.

For more information on the scheduled events and national AIDS phone tree, contact ACT UP, 496A Hudson Street, Suite 4A, New York, NY 10014.\n
---

**Sutter's Mill**

"Congratulations on a successful March on Washington. United we stand and together we celebrate!" — The staff and Management.

Lunch 11:30–3; Dinner 5:30–10
Voices from the Heart

I couldn't accept the love you offered. I knew better now.

Far out among one of the nearly 200 panels assembled by the NAMES Project along the Capitol Mall, these oddly expressed a dream, a goal for last week's March on Washington for Gay Rights. Gay people traveled from all parts of the United States to claim a rightful place in society. We confronted the political and social structures that continue to deny justice. Our dream is that those who couldn't accept the love we will offer better now.

It's difficult to get an accurate count, but between 200,000 and 300,000 people gathered on Sunday. Numbers talk. The event may have been the largest civil rights demonstration in our nation's history. Powerful words echoed across the Mall as speakers shouted their demands from the stage in front of the Capitol. And yet the most powerful messages were uttered in silence, from the heart, on the multi-colored NAMES Project panels, fashioned with love. Indeed, the blaring sound of angry voices from the podium seemed out of place, an intrusion, a violation of countered before.

Our Proudest Moment

It's hard to put into words the overwhelming feelings that I experienced along with hundreds of thousands of other gay men and lesbians last weekend in Washington, DC. It was a true moment of pride.

The facts have been widely reported — both in the national news and in our own community. The thousands of people attending the March on Washington estimated at 250,000, was close to anyone that the number reached, not exposed, at least double that number. Of course, in San Francisco, we were still ring-downing every Gay Freedom Day when the police report our numbers as being mere fractions of the total assembly.

In this special edition of the Sentinel, we believe that we are bringing you the most accurate account of one of the most exciting weeks we've ever seen. In the end, however, the lasting legacy will not be the "Gay March," but the stories we told and the fact that we were in them. Our children will look back on this event and be amazed at the courage and strength of their elders.

Comfort Zone

It was five hours before we got to Cleveland. Armed with those figures we began to look around — and sure enough, as being a mere fraction of the total assembly. Some of the passengers were scheduled to depart at 10:30 a.m., which was close to anyone that the number reached, not exposed, at least double that number. Of course, in San Francisco, we were still ring-downing every Gay Freedom Day when the police report our numbers as being mere fractions of the total assembly.

In this special edition of the Sentinel, we believe that we are bringing you the most accurate account of one of the most exciting weeks we've ever seen. In the end, however, the lasting legacy will not be the "Gay March," but the stories we told and the fact that we were in them. Our children will look back on this event and be amazed at the courage and strength of their elders.

Our Proudest Moment

It's hard to put into words the overwhelming feelings that I experienced along with hundreds of thousands of other gay men and lesbians last weekend in Washington, DC. It was a true moment of pride.

The facts have been widely reported — both in the national news and in our own community. The thousands of people attending the March on Washington estimated at 250,000, was close to anyone that the number reached, not exposed, at least double that number. Of course, in San Francisco, we were still ring-downing every Gay Freedom Day when the police report our numbers as being mere fractions of the total assembly.

In this special edition of the Sentinel, we believe that we are bringing you the most accurate account of one of the most exciting weeks we've ever seen. In the end, however, the lasting legacy will not be the "Gay March," but the stories we told and the fact that we were in them. Our children will look back on this event and be amazed at the courage and strength of their elders.

Comfort Zone

It was five hours before we got to Cleveland. Armed with those figures we began to look around — and sure enough, as being a mere fraction of the total assembly. Some of the passengers were scheduled to depart at 10:30 a.m., which was close to anyone that the number reached, not exposed, at least double that number. Of course, in San Francisco, we were still ring-downing every Gay Freedom Day when the police report our numbers as being mere fractions of the total assembly.

In this special edition of the Sentinel, we believe that we are bringing you the most accurate account of one of the most exciting weeks we've ever seen. In the end, however, the lasting legacy will not be the "Gay March," but the stories we told and the fact that we were in them. Our children will look back on this event and be amazed at the courage and strength of their elders.
I had an awe-inspiring time this last weekend! I experienced everything! I ran into friends from the Bay Area, Chicago, and Portland...

I went to the Lincoln, Jefferson and Barnett's Vietnam Memorial and checked out the underground transportation system. I hung out at Dupont Circle...

I attended a Washington Blade brunch for members of the Lesbian & Gay Press workers and the Unveiling of the Names Project and the Quilt shown by the people of color conference.

I got a chance to see Robocop. But honey, what about the main event?

Surely you didn’t forget.

But honey, what about the March and Rally?

Yeah, what about the March and Rally?

Wear and dated staffers gathered at the Sentinel's celebration at the Cafe Beaux Arts after the March.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SENTINEL AT THE MARCH

CULTIVATE SENSIBILITY AND IMPROVE YOUR MIND... SUBSCRIBE NOW TO THE SF SENTINEL

Name
Address
City/State/Zip

Mail to: 500 Hayes Street, SF, CA 94102

For our fall subscription drive we are offering an incredible deal for a limited time only. Save over 50% off our regular rates (add $25 for 1st class and foreign subscriptions).

6 Months (26 issues) . . . $15.00
1 Year (52 issues) . . . $30.00

Act now to join the fastest growing, highest quality, gay newsweekly in the country!
THE BROADEST COMMUNITY SUPPORT.

John Molinari respects our community's integrity. He seeks our opinion and listens to our concerns. Unlike others, Jack doesn't dictate what he thinks is best for us. He's someone we can work with to accomplish our goals. That's why he has such broad support in our community.

HARRY BREIT
Supervisor

John Molinari has consistently been accessible to all members of our community. He understands the full range of issues that are basic to us if we are to participate fully as citizens of San Francisco. He is committed to our social and political equality and I believe him.

Rikki Strehler
Treasurer, Gay Games III

John Molinari campaigned across the state and raised funds last year to defeat Prop 64, as he did against the Briggs Initiative in 1978. He's given valuable support to the fight against AIDS, mandatory testing and Inotitle. Whenever we've needed him, John Molinari has been there.

Paul Bonfiglio
Director, Mobilization Against AIDS

Supervisor John Molinari doesn't grandstand with our issues. He produces results. He knows how things get done in City Hall and he has delivered for us in time and again. That's the kind of leadership and commitment we need in our next Mayor.

Carole Migden
Chair, San Francisco Democratic Party

John Molinari is the only candidate who has continually supported our community's political candidates, including Harry Britt for Congress. The other major candidates have repeatedly blocked gay empowerment, even opposing Harvey Milk for Assembyman and Supervisor.

Wayne Friday
Patrol Editor, Bay Area Reporter

John Molinari is a rare political friend because he recognizes that lesbians have needs unique to our community. As Mayor he will ensure that health and social services for women are unproved, not slighted.

Carole Migden
Supervisor

if John Molinari hasn't consistently been there for other priorities.

Laurie McBride
Chair, San Francisco Democratic Party

John Molinari believes that lesbians, gay men and other minorities should be fully equal participants at all levels of life in our city. He's committed to opening positions of real responsibility in city government to our community.

Norm Nickens
Staff, Human Rights Commission

John Molinari has always been responsive to all of the diverse parts of our community, not just to one political faction. He and his wife, Louise, are personally involved in the broad range of our community's cultural organizations.

Patrick Tover
Past Chair, Lesbians Gay Freedom Day Committee

Supervisor John Molinari has worked closely with us in the battle against anti-gay violence. His leadership has made the difference in getting city funding for anti-violence programs and other vital gay lesbian social services.

Randy Schell
Anti-Gay Violence Counselor

I'm not gay but I believe all San Franciscans-straight and gay-need a mayor during these difficult times who is compassionate and caring. Because John Molinari cares, he secured a free city van for us to deliver meals to persons with AIDS.

Ruth Brinker
Founder, Open Hand

Endorsed by

Bay Area Reporter
San Francisco Sentinel

Bay Area Non-Partisan Alliance
Stonewall Gay Democratic Club Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights

"Personal endorsements. Organizations listed for identification only.

For over 15 years, Supervisor John Molinari has stood up with lesbian and gay San Franciscans for freedom and justice. No other candidate for Mayor has a long-standing and consistent record of support of our community.

Del Martin
Author
Berlin — a 750-year-old city divided, in exile. Or, as Gyorgy Ligeti said of West Berlin: “A surrealist cage; those inside are free.” But what is freedom? “Berlin-Art: 1961-1987” (at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art through January 3) poses this question with considerable vigor, despite an attempt by our museum’s curators to mute its radical political content. Fifty-five artists from ten countries are represented, though the majority are Berliners.

First, a brief history. German Expressionism and Critical Realism (typified by such painters as Ernst Kirchner, Emile Nolde, Otto Dix and George Grosz) flourished from 1910 to 1930. Outsiders such as Munch, Malevich, Kandinsky and the Bauhaus group further enlivened the Berlin art scene of the time.

But whereas contemporary Paris-based symbolists, expressionists and surrealists (Redon, Van Gogh, Dali, etc.) evoked a mystical, sunny or whimsical disposition, the Germans reached back to the grotesque Gothic darkness of Grunewald’s Crucifixion; Gauguin and Van Gogh’s intense but sensuous eroticism versus Grosz and Nolde’s heavy, piggish, lacerated and socially-doomed victims of militarist obscenity.

Despite Joseph Goebbels’ secret admiration of Nolde, the Nazis soon squelched these “degenerate” expressionists in favor of a...
Hysterical abandon has always been a logical — if not always productive response to institutionalized prudery. Gays working in theatre have often felt the need to push themselves to the brink in order to be heard at all. This week’s spotlight focuses on two widely divergent responses to the gay thespian’s dilemma. Both works, however, share the apparent motive of achieving maximal audience attention by jumping through as many hoops as possible.

Charles Ludlam’s New York City-based Ridiculous Theatrical Company made a solo pilgrimage to SF several years ago. The Don Juan, a highly topical and commercial critical fiasco, prompted Ludlam to swear he’d never cross this city’s path again — a statement usually reserved for those escaping from Manhattan’s Nightmare on the Hudson. Ludlam’s recent death deprives us of his many frequent and probably best inter­preters. But the Music Hall’s current production, Charles Ludlam’s The Mystery of Irma Vep, offers a chance to sample his distinctive silliness without journeying to the not-so-Far East.

Against all logic, San Franci­cisco has a checkered recent past when it comes to supporting ma­ture theatre. But the Music Hall’s cur­rent production, Charles Ludlam’s The Mystery of Irma Vep, offers a chance to sample his distinctive silliness without journeying to the not-so-Far East.

Just your average uppercrust couple: Tom Aulino plays Lord Hillcrest and Anne Trogdon plays his bride. Aylesworth’s multi-layered look at religious insanity. If even a celebrity lunatic like Michael Jackson can event­ually feel the need to distance himself from such weird­ness, then think how much more beyond the pale of direct, critical scrutiny this could be. For those with an interest in the roles, for the breathless, drawing­room Gothics of Lord Hillcrest’s family, there are hardly of a nonsensical order.

The snowdrop’s persistent buoyancy is the doom folk’s multi-layered look at religious insanity. If even a celebrity lunatic like Michael Jackson can eventually feel the need to distance himself from such weird­ness, then think how much more beyond the pale of direct, critical scrutiny this could be. For those with an interest in the roles, for the breathless, drawing­room Gothics of Lord Hillcrest’s family, there are hardly of a nonsensical order.
The seasons are a narrative, a plot unfolding in the myriad events of earth and heaven that give life a sense of continuing journey and promise. To someone accustomed to the relentless summers and brittle winters of the East Coast or the South, the city's modicum of temperature and the inscrutable passages of fog may seem like no seasons at all; but the mind in touch with its surroundings will discern the balsamic scent of wood-smoke on the October chill, plints of rust in the trees beside one's own door and, most importantly, the subtle alterations of spirit brought on by the attenuation of the daylight hours.

The ancient Japanese knew the importance of changes in the domestic routine that mirrored the seasonal order: they called summer "the Season of Cold Food." The succession of produce availability — rather than being a nuisance to be done away with — increases one's appreciation for fully developed tastes. Despite the machinations of supermarket owners and restaurateurs, one would not want to eat pesto in dark December — it belongs to the looniest days and warm nights when one may enjoy its verdant distilled sunshine in the company of tomatoes ripened on the vine. Likewise, the three pies we offer in this article belong naturally to the autumn, when the last fruits of the warmer months can be savored between layers of short, buttery pastry. The lard we buy at the supermarket gives less reliable results, but it is loaded with antioxidants that give it a nearly infinite shelf life. Those of us who wish to render lard at home have to make do with pork back fat, which has a lower ratio of fat to tissue than kidney fat. For reliable rendering instructions, consult The Funny Farmer Baking Book by Marion Cunningham.

Since all flours vary in bulk and moisture content, cup measurements are less reliable than weight measurements. A kitchen scale is invaluable in pastry-making. For a 9-inch, double-crust pie (or one crust and some tart shells), you'll need:

- 9 oz (about 1 1/4 cups) of all-purpose, unbleached flour; a teaspoon of fine salt; 5 oz (10 tablespoons) of chilled unsalted butter and 2 oz (4 tablespoons) of sour cream, or 7 oz (14 tablespoons) of butter only (see above); and 3 or 4 tablespoons of ice water.
- Mix the flour, salt and sugar. Cut the fat into pieces, and rapidly rub it with your fingertips into the dry ingredients. The mixture will attain the consistency of barely damp sand studded with pea-sized pieces of flour-coated fat.
- Turn this mixture out onto a board and sprinkle on the water, a tablespoon at a time. After each addition, fluff and comb the mass with the splayed fingers of both hands, palms up.
- After 3 or 4 spoonfuls, the mixture will feel heavy in your fingers; it will not look or feel wet, but will begin to clump. Now is the time to squeeze the mass together into a mound that will just adhere to itself. If there are any dry areas that fall away from the main body, sprinkle them with water and incorporate them into the dough.
- Flatten the dough slightly, and with the heel of your hand, gently smear it against the board, bit by bit and from the center out. When all the dough has been worked, gather it up with a spatula and repeat.

Divide it into two pieces, one slightly smaller than the other (the larger piece you will use to line the pie dish). Flatten them, press them in plastic, and given the dough an hour's rest in the refrigerator before using it in any of the following recipes.

**Apple Pie with Rose-Scented Sugar and Cloves**

Our notion of a "traditional" apple pie, sugared apple slices flavored with cinnamon and nutmeg or mace and baked between two crusts, is a comparatively recent one. A popular apple pie in the 19th century was one flavored with cloves and rose petals — either in the form of petals scattered over the fruit before the top crust was affixed, or a sprinkling of rose water. We prefer not to encounter cooked rose petals in our pie, and rose water has a flat quality that reminds us of stale perfume. We like to flavor sugar with rose-scented geranium leaves, which yield a fresh, flowery aroma that blends perfectly with apples and cloves.

Unlike ordinary geraniums, rose geraniums sprout lobed leaves smelling powerfully of their namesake over tones of spice. They are very easy to grow from cuttings, and Real Food stores sometimes offer fresh bunches of the fragrant leaves, a boon to gardenless urbanites.

You might find rose geraniums growing in an unlikely place — the planter box outside the rear exit of the Stool, for example. Don't tell them we sent you, and please be considerate of the plant's health.

To make the rose-scented sugar, place a dozen clean rose geranium leaves and 2 or 3 cups of sugar in a covered jar, and let the aroma permeate the sugar for 2 weeks.

To make a 9-inch pie you need:

- The recipe for pie pastry, 3 cups medium-sized baking apples (about 2 1/2 pounds), such as Rhode Island greenings or Newton pippins; 3 tablespoons of flour; 4 tablespoons of maple or brown sugar; a big pinch of freshly ground cinnamon; half a cup each of milk and cream; and 2 tablespoons of butter.
- Heat your oven to 425°.

Peel, quarter and core the apples; slice each quarter into 3 or 4 crescents. Toss them in a mixing bowl with a tablespoon of cream, 1/2 cup of rose-scented sugar and the ground cloves. Taste an apple slice and add more sugar if necessary.

Pack the sugared apples into the dish in compact layers, and press the mass gently to remove any air pockets. Roll the remaining dough into a thin circle, slash it, trim it and fit it on to the dish. Seal the edges and crimp them, or press into a striated pattern with the tines of a fork.

Brush over the top and rim with 2 tablespoons of cream, and bake in the hot oven for 25 minutes. Reduce the temperature to 350° and leave the pie for 25 to 30 minutes more — until the crust is lightly browned and shiny — and the fruit is bubbling.

**Apple Cream Tart**

Apple tarts are even easier to make than double-crust apple pies, and they are very pretty. Our apple cream tart is based on a description given by Fredric Klees in The Pennsylvania Dutch. It is best eaten warm.

For a 9-inch tart you need:

- The recipe for pie pastry (you need only the bottom crust — freeze the rest for another baking day; 4 tart, medium-sized baking apples (about 1 1/2 pounds), such as Rhode Island greanings or Newton pippins; 2 tablespoons of flour; 4 tablespoons of maple or brown sugar; a big pinch of freshly ground cinnamon; half a cup each of milk and cream; and 2 tablespoons of butter.
- Heat your oven to 450°.

Line a pie dish with pastry, and flute the rim. Sprinkle the bottom of the dish with the flour and half the sugar. Peel, halve and core the apples. Place one half in the center of the pie dish, cut side down. Surround it with 6 of the remaining halves, cut sides up. Slice the last half in wedges, and place them in the spaces between the apples.

Sprinkle the fruit with the rest of the sugar and the cinnamon. Fill the cavities ---
Sex and the Ballet

Last week, amid a flurry of live performances, I went to see the new film "Dancers," starring Mikhail Baryshnikov. I was hoping for an evening of relative pleasure — saccharine, relentlessly hetero-and an event that might invite a larger audience of ballet or, for that matter, learning anything about the art to titillate the sexual is extraordinary athletes who 20th century males, ballet men non-restrictive sexuality. Unlike in a world of heightened yet and off the stage the dancers ex- inaccuracy and ultimately offen- Dancers own peculiar tastes. But rather, believe, simply the result of my watching such "suspect" material. My irritation was not, I believe, simply the result of my own peculiar tastes. But rather, Dancers presents a thoroughly inaccurate and ultimately offensive view of the ballet world. Most damagingly, the film con- stricts viewers in a social-sexual-emotional straightjacket (pun in- tended) that prevents us from learning anything about the art of ballet or, for that matter, about the lives of ballet artists. In truth, one of the great virtues of the ballet is that both on and off the stage the dancers ex- ist in a world of heightened yet non-restrictive sexuality. Unlike the majority of ordinary, late 20th century males, ballet men are extraordinary athletes who are also capable of extraordinary feeling. Similarly, ballet women routinely assert their femininity while also demonstrating their own physical and moral prowess. Eros plays freely amid the balletic angels but without rigid, emotion-denying sex role limitations. Unfortunately, the film Dancers can't be bothered with such—or any—subtleties. The movie has all the depth and emo- tional nuance of a Hallmark card. Director Herbert Ross (who also gave us "The Turning Point") has abandoned the ele- ment of plot and instead at- tempts a layering of the ballet Gibelli's narrative with the story of a "real life" jilted romance. The result diminishes the esthetic and expressive significance of Gibelli; it also does nothing for the adolescent romance genre. The worst offender in the whole sticky mess is Baryshnikov a platinum blonde Contessa (Mariangela Melato). It almost sounds madcap but, alas. You see, Baryshnikov doesn't get the film's most inane line when he breaks the ice with his teen conquest by asking: "Could you try to think of me as just a guy?" She falls for it, but we don't. Baryshnikov isn't your average bar frog: anxious for a quick fling in the sack. Overall, the saddest thing about this misguided film is what it reveals about Baryshnikov's sense of artistic integrity. At one point, Tony/Misha declares: "I can do Albrecht in my sleep," and the role had all the nobility and of any great degree of sexual or romantic involvement. Erin Leedom's is danced with notable technical finesse and dramatic tension. but it's a lonely performance, as she never really connects with her Albrecht. Brad Bradley's performance in the principal male role had all the nobility and spiritual depth of a recently un- dressed Marilyn Monroe. It's very difficult to understand why artistic director Ronn Guidi

The danseur as spiritual prince is transformed into your average bar frog: anxious for a quick fling in the sack. The other "Giselle" I saw this weekend was the premiere of Oakland Ballet's much-anticipated, full-length version staged by ballet master Frederic Franklin, a distinguished former principal of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Oakland's production is pleasant, adequate and will probably play very well when the company tours to the provinces. It does, however, suffer from an odd lack of passion. Perhaps the principals will grow into their roles but, in the ballet's present incarnation, I wasn't convinced of any great degree of sexual or romantic involvement.

Unfortunately, the film Dancers is something of a period piece, characterized by elaborate, highly didactic miming, which the dancers execute faithfully but without self-realization. The most impressive (and en- joyable) sequence was an ex- tended "peasant pas de deux" danced by Paris Owen and Mario Alonzo in the first act. Both dancers are remarkably graceful and appear to truly enjoy their dancing. Also, despite a deceptively title, their dance is really an extended classical piece complete with alternating variations. It was, for me, the highlight of the ballet.

I also understand that Oak- land operates under relatively strict budgetary constraints. But there was no excuse for the pedestrian, cartoon-like painted made this casting decision. The ballet is also something of a period piece, characterized by elaborate, highly didactic miming, which the dancers execute faithfully but without self-realization.
laneW-Lanzone Gallery

Blue-Chip Special

Exhibitions in San Francisco’s “blue-chip” galleries often end up a source of disappointment. More often than not, the shows present affordable, lesser-known artists, who are frequently also of lesser interest.

A co-owner of a more adventurous SF gallery recently confided that collectors here are resistant to taking risks, thereby making it more difficult for galleries to experiment with more controversial artists. Nobody wants to take chances. With such conservative attitudes so prevalent, it’s no wonder that the more interesting work is showing in alternative and non-commercial galleries.

The gallery comparison can be a pleasant surprise that the latest addition to the downtown gallery circuit, the Iannetti-Lanzone Gallery, is both successful and inspiring. While it is not wildly adventurous, in contrast with its neighbors, the gallery, in its approach, seems like a breath of fresh air. In its physical design and its ambitious inaugural show, After Pollock: Three Decades of Diversity, the Iannetti-Lanzone Gallery takes aim on firmly establishing its high artistic standards and professionalism. In most ways, it succeeds.

The gallery combines the formidable art experience of gallery owner Pasquale Iannetti and restaurateur and art collector Modesto Lanzone. It is clear that the venture is a labor of love; a good deal of time and money went into its creation.

Physically, the gallery is quite impressive. The airy, 6,500 square-foot space is attractively designed. Although its appearance may not be revolutionary, it is the right lipid ratio, the correct processing, and the correct concentration of O's and P's serving packets. It contains Lecithin Lipo, Phosphatidyl Choline (PC) and Phosphatidyl Ethanolamine (PE) in the measured 7:2:1 ratio.

Rainer Fetting, Philip Guston and Louise Bourgeois. The show is accompanied by a compact, full-color catalog — an opulent, professional gesture on the part of the gallery.

The painting and sculpture in the show have been chosen, according to curator and gallery director Robert Ballard, to cover a “diverse range of styles, media and concepts produced since 1957.” Shows of this type — with one work by each of a large number of artists — are often difficult to pull off thematically.

After Pollock doesn't really make much of a statement, but it does function as an impressive, wide-ranging collection of contemporary works.

Although its appearance may not be revolutionary, it is strictly high quality. This is what a blue-chip gallery is meant to look like.

The show also demonstrates the skill by which a gallery can acquire pieces by major artists from a variety of sources. There is a hint of flashiness behind this show of artistic clout, but there is also a sense of genuine interest and diversity and pull the gallery is capable of. It remains to be seen how the gallery progresses. The owners have expressed interest in covering areas that other galleries are not. Since they have the room, there are plans to schedule conceptual pieces — as well as performance work — an area which has almost been ignored by this type of space. The Iannetti-Lanzone Gallery is full of possibility and well worth investigating.

After Pollock: Three Decades of Diversity continues through November 14 at the Iannetti-Lanzone Gallery, 310 Grant Avenue, San Francisco. Call 956-6646 for gallery hours and information.

Rainer Fetting
Philip Guston
Louise Bourgeois
After Pollock

Blue-Chip Special

Mimmo Paladino: Il Battesimo Del Leoni, 1982, 52" x 79 1/4", oil on paper on canvas.

Operating on the gallery level means to prohibit access to major works. A wall-relief sculpture by Roy Lichtenstein is notably second rate and shows little of the elements that have made the artist meaningful. Ed Ruscha’s “Nowhere” (1982) is more demonstrative of the artist’s work, but is not a particularly compelling piece.

After Pollock, while not an extraordinary show, is, however, a fitting and promising debut, which demonstrates how much

SUN NUTRALS
P.O. Box 2119, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

FREE FACE TAN with the purchase of a body visit

100% Natural

REGULAR TANNING BEDS 21.00 per visit* REGULAR TANNING BEDS 21.00 per visit* NEW HIGH SPEED TANNING BEDS 41.00 per visit* NEW HIGH SPEED TANNING BEDS 41.00 per visit* PRESENTING INFRASLIM Lose Inches and control Cellulite with Infraslim *package prices

SAN FRANCISCO SENTINEL • October 17, 1987 33
Me and My Girl
A Posh Revival

When approaching revivals of antiquarian musicals, it’s usually wise to lower your expectations. In the case of Me and My Girl, mine couldn’t have been any lower. But the current company succeeds with a production that is silly, bright, entertaining and absolutely dazzling in its visual presentation. In the genre of musical comedy, you could hardly ask for more.

Me and My Girl is your basic boy-meets-money, boy-gets-money, boy-gets-girl story. Bill Snibson, a Cockney lad from the lower-class Lambeth section of London, is unexpectedly summoned to stately Hareford Hall. Upon arrival, he is informed that he is the only son and sole heir of the late Lord Hareford. The country manor, its contents, a sizable annuity and the title "Earl of Hareford" are all his with only one minor proviso: he must be deemed "fit and proper" to assume the duties of an English nobleman. This determination is to be made by the two executors of the estate.

Bill thinks this is just the life he and his Cockney girlfriend Sally could become accustomed to. Unfortunately, Lord Hareford’s snobbery is not to be put up with, and his Cockney girlfriend Sally was deemed "fit and proper" for marriage. This determination ring in pursuit of young Snibson, a Cockney lad from the lower-class Lambeth section of London. The musical fomedy, you could hardly ask for more.

For Bill and Sally, the path to acceptance by stuffy upper-class expectations. In the case of Me and My Girl, mine couldn’t have been any lower. But the current company succeeds with a production that is silly, bright, entertaining and absolutely dazzling in its visual presentation. In the genre of musical comedy, you could hardly ask for more.

Extravagance and artistic excellence are not necessarily mutually exclusive and Me and My Girl makes an interesting case for their coexistence.

Smith (from the original London cast) as the Duchess of Dene and Barrie Ingham as Sir John Tre­mayne. As director, Mike Ock­ne and precision choreography keep the audience laughing through the curtain goes up and we see the beautiful set design for Hareford Hall, it reeks of old money. Crystal chandeliers hang overhead, classic Greek columns frame the action, and soft lighting accents the pale pastel décor. After a few numbers, this set gives way to a large country kitchen, filled with bustling se­vants. The meticulous attention to detail continues in the follow­ing drawing room set, the Hare­ford Arms pub and the final scene of the first act which opens with a croquet match on the lawn of the terrace. When the curtain goes down for intermission, the cast has just finished executing the Lambeth Walk, and the company sings the final bars of this song looking out the carefully lit windows of the mansion. It is a magical tableau.

These extraordinary produc­tion values are mirrored by one of the most beautiful costume collections I have ever seen. I can’t help but think that Ann Curtis’ English background is what enables her to combine ex­quisite taste with razzle-dazzle in such a thoroughly stunning fashion. I have found this combination all-too-rare among American costume designers. But all of this effort has been ex­pended for good reason. Me and My Girl is half a cen­tury old. If the producers had at­tempted to present the original musical exactly as it first ap­peared in London, the show would probably have opened and closed the same week. Con­temporary audiences are willing to take a retroactive look at their cultural past, but there must be something in the presen­tation that gives it its own mean­ing. The updated book, excellent cast and precision choreography all help Me and My Girl transcend its origins in social naïveté.

There are plenty of sight gags, lots of puns, and a generous amount of stage business that keeps the audience laughing throughout. The second act’s "Song of Hareford" is a camp classic, complete with talking, singing and tap-dancing ance­stral portraits that include a limp­ing, humpbacked Richard III cavorting in their midst.

You won’t go wrong with Me and My Girl to study the British class system or prepare a treatise on Cockney rhyming slang. And you can’t walk out worrying about the State of the Union or any­thing else. This is entertainment — visually extravagant but thematically simple — and you won’t have a better opportunity to experience this kind of light­hearted frivolity any time this season.

"THE PIANO BAR IN THE PACIFIC HEIGHTS."

"CONGRATULATIONS ON THE MARCH"

DAVID VARNER
CHEVROLET

752-5600
3855 Geary Blvd., S.F., CA 94118

Me and My Girl plays Tuesdays through Sundays at San Francisco's Golden Gate Theatre until December 13. Tickets are available through Ticketron at (415) 343-9001. For group sales, phone (415) 441-0919.
Caballe in Recital

A Diva's Essence

For me the greatest living singer is Caballe. Not only is the instrument superb in quality, but the technique is prodigious. Some criticize her for not having enough temperament, but don't they realize she wouldn't be so astoundingly perfect if she had, too?

This opinion came from the late '70s, and it belonged to the great mezzo-soprano Giulietta Simionato, who was interviewed by Lani Franco Rasponi for his fascinating collection, The Last Prima Donna. Simionato's assessment runs throughout Rasponi's book. The diva assembled were shocked at the deterioration of Rossini's Donizetti's voices, and they looked askance at Mirella Freni's venturing into the heavier dramatic roles, but Caballe gave these ladies the feeling that their breed was not entirely extinct. "Tell me," Renata Tebaldi exclaimed in her interview, "with the exception of Caballe and Domingo, who is there? Montserrat is the last prima donna, capricious at times, but she obtains what she wants because she knows what is right for her."

Now 54 years old, Caballe floated through San Francisco last week for a piano recital at the Opera House. It looked to me like the house held every fagot in the North that the (California) Washington. Would the way Caballe sang in her recital have pleased the ladies of Rasponi's collection? The answer is chancy, because those singers, prima donnas in their own right, were all of them acid critics. Nowadays, Caballe's glory is reduced to her famous high, soft piano. The fact that she can accomplish this hardest of all vocal feats shows that long ago she thoroughly mastered the art of singing. Caballe uses resonating chambers in her head that most singers don't even know exist. The result is that she can still command some of the most beautiful sound on this planet — ruffled in its upper reaches by the birds of the field (and Kathleen Battle) and in its richness only by the greatest of current sopranos.

In the encores Caballe apologized for "Di tanti palpiti," explaining that she thought she had sung it there before, which she had. In fact, Caballe sang much of Friday's program here in 1984 as well. The Caoparina was a report, as were the second Vivalli and the Marcello.

The second selection all night, however, allowed Caballe to dwell the whole time in that special haughty region where she reigns supreme. The second Vivalli aria fits the soprano's current abilities like a glove, and out of it she spun pure gold. The image of the scorned beloved drew from Vivalli long and limpid lines, lying just where Caballe's powers are still secure. The hush that fell over the house was almost as beautiful as the pianissimo that radiated from the stage. Singing like all art is a form of communication, and in this number, the audience knew that it was being treated to five minutes of utter glory.

Throughout every other number Caballe was constantly forced into a hideous forte where she lost the focus of her sound. Such rugged, explosive noises quickly destroyed any sense of phrasing. Words were lost immediately. The legato, too, was sacrificed as she had to move from a seamless piano to a heartless forte.

Caballe is old now, as she was continuously reminding us, and we must put up with the damage time has wreaked on the voice to get the glory that remains. But it gave her no service to pretend that most of what she sang last Friday was within her control. Indulgent as we were Caballe's little speeches about her mother on her death bed, the prayer or the balladry. In the passages like "Do not weep in your bondage, oh unfortunate soul!" from Rossini's Aureliano in Palmira, with which she closed the first half of the program, the soprano sailed smoothly off into the sunset. But whenever she had to rage against adversity or take up the sling and arrows, she was caught in a tempest of her own making. Indeed, temperament is hardly ever an issue any more. The singer is so concerned with the pitfalls of the music that she has little interest left over for the music's emotional import.

She is now simply trying to negotiate around the problem, concentrating on what she can do and apologizing for what she cannot do.

In the coloratura passages, which were once so fleet and light and playful feel to it that the voice is even more halting, as it falls over the house was neither, for it was nearly empty, but what was left was the purest essence of the whole.
A SOMA Rebirth
Die Bossanova Lives

The state of today's rock music community in San Francisco pales in comparison to the strength and vitality that community had during the early part of this decade. It was during the early '80s that a majority of the Bay Area's most successful modern rock bands (Romeo Void, Wire Train, Eye Protection, etc.) were all born.

The local club scene was also at its peak then. Venues like The Back Door, The City and On Broadway were rarely empty, never boring and always there to help support the scores of talented local musicians residing by the Bay.

During those same years, many residents of the gay community were struggling to make the transition (both musically and intellectually) from disco to modern rock, and it was the original Stud Bar (on Folsom Street) that quickly became the place to go for transition counseling, as it were. Back then, the Stud Bar was a beacon in the South-of-Market Corridor, and the bar's new wave jocks and unpretentious outlook attracted a perfectly balanced, intersexual, co-ed clientele who were decidedly urban and unmistakably hip.

The Stud also featured occasional live shows, usually on week nights, and it was there that a local, neo-punk group called the Hostages quickly managed tobuild a steady cult following and became (however unofficially) the Stud's house band.

Not long after that, the Hostages began throwing their now infamous Clara Street warehouse parties where invitees (mostly studs, studettes and their friends) were asked to donate a dollar or two at the door, which, most of the time, bought you all the beer you could swallow, all the glamour you could stand and — the best part — an intimate atmosphere not unlike that of a night club. On Haight Street, headlining at Nightbreak. Facing a club filled with Hostage cult alumni and an atmosphere not unlike that of a...
The Adam Chronicles

The March on Washington last weekend drew several Sentinel staff members, including Adam Block, to the nation's capital. So, here I am once again filling in.

You may have noticed that Mr. Block travels a great deal. Sometimes he's gone for up to three months, a pattern that appears annually, along with many shorter vacations sporadically throughout the year. You never know when he might up and take off! That's why we're printing this show of the week. (10/16, debut album called "Grungy Garage Band", able to drag guitar and singing with a stand-up schtick of their stage garb and sense that keeps me a regular customer on Mondays by Cathy Cohn. From the high-decibel, violent mayhem of "Black Rock" to the commercial pop of "Eurora", Cathy always manages to cover the commercial pop of Erasure, violent mayhem of Big Black to the cultural, musical hybrid. Diamanda Galas. "The heavier harmonies — rich, confident but harmonized. Last time I phoned my mom, she went into a kind of state that made me want to sell my Husker Du records. Of course, Cathy booked them, as she does with most bands that surprise us. (10/21, I-Beam, 10:30 pm, $15.50/$17.50) Miracle Legion, Flying Color, House of Freaks A couple of years back, I started listening to bands that sounded like R.E.M.'s Miracle Legion was one of those bands. Their first EP, "The Backyard", was a warm, plaintive disc with dynamic but not wailing guitars and lots of childhood lyrical imagery. They garnered very good press during their European tour and have a new full LP out. They're a very good band. I don't like Flying Color, and House of Freaks is a stupid name. Arrive late. (10/17, I-Beam, 10:30 pm, free) Beatnik Beach Big things have happened for this happy local outfit. Their first LP is out, and they've been picked up by a major label. If you get past the Best Image schtick of their stage garb and moniker, I hear they write songs that could possibly garner mass appeal. Band leader Kris Karter has been at it for years in SF with a variety of bands. He's obviously found his hot spot. (10/16-17, DNA, 9:30 pm, $5) Fishbone, Primus, Liminaliacs I've never heard of the two openers, but being included on a Fishbone bill practically ensures a certain zaniness or cross-cultural, musical hybrid. Fishbone is a great live band: energetic, funky and with songs just you might hurt yourself dancing. (10/17, Stone, 9 pm, $10/$11.50) The Judds Last time I phoned my mom, she told me that she'd seen the Judds at the fairgrounds in my home-town. It was the first live music she'd heard in years, and she loved it. When I told her I liked them, too, she didn't believe me. The mother/daughter duo captured my attention with their harmonies — rich, confident but slowly twisted — like Dolly Parton meets Kate Bush. I'd love to see them make a record with Sanford Kellman and the entire Beatnik Beatch or blues/rock, but somehow within that structure, SDH applies full torque, creating several near-sonic explosions that always remain within the confines of the song and style. Each number detonates from the inside with a powerful noise that intensifies rather than overrides the song. This noise is not arty. Then, if the Judds don't come off! That's why we're printing this show of the week. (10/16, debut album called "Grungy Garage Band", able to drag guitar and singing with a stand-up.
Afterimage

by Rikki Ercoli

DANCE

Continued from page 32

backdrops (including two crashing and presumably noisy waterfalls in Act Two) or the relatively static, non-atmospheric use of lighting. These elements require romantic sensitivity, and dollars.

The corps, as a whole, was very enjoyable to watch — youthful, effervescent, technically accomplished. Joy Gim, dancing the role of Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis, seemed a bit nervous and springy at first, but also conveyed an icy, regal presence. The live orchestra — a first for Oakland — played magnificently under the experienced hand of Denis de Coteau.

When I left Oakland's Gilliot I felt happy that they had been able to pull off such an ambitious undertaking. But I was also disappointed by the lack of emotional fire. But perhaps this, too, will develop after repeated performances and with a better pairing of principals.
**Fatal Attraction** and **Baby Boom**

**Taming the Monster**

Two films have surfaced recently which give us a very clear view of the mechanisms of some of the subtler forms of media sexism. Both *Fatal Attraction* and *Baby Boom* deal with putting female aggression in its place, either overtly in the narrative, or in the case of *Baby Boom*, in a powerful subtext.

The underplaying of strong women characters with anti-feminist messages is a trend which has picked up speed in recent years as more blatant forms of cinema sexism have become passé. *Black Widow* and *The Color Purple* are examples that come to mind. The ever-present common denominator is the male need to render women objects in some form (as in objects of desire, or as something to be realized upon in our own right).

*Fatal Attraction*, this season's box-office smash, is essentially a monster movie where the monster is a woman. Likable lawyer and family man Michael Douglas succumbs to a weekend fling with a colleague (Glenn Close) while his wife and daughters are out of town. Turns out the colleague is a teeny bit off, and hounds Douglas and family to try to force him to take responsibility for his actions (she is pregnant) and leave his wife for her. The film takes on the structure of a horror film towards the second half, complete with a Friday the 13th-esque ending.

The really frightening thing about this film is the way feminist ideas are placed in the context of insanity. Douglas' casual philandering and passivity are at times effectively critiqued by Close's dialogue ("I won't allow you to treat me like some slut you can bang and throw in the garbage"), yet her position and characterization in the film as the "monster" call her words into question and force even feminist members of the audience to identify with and subscribe to Douglas' stance of helplessness innocence.

We sympathize with Douglas for the things that "happen" to him, and his role as a participant in the drama is minimized. Female protagonists in horror films are often objectified and sexualized in their role as victims of men's aggression. Female protagonists in horror films are often objectified and sexualized in their role as victims of men's aggression.

*Fatal Attraction* is structured so as to place the audience in the optimum posture to resent female aggression. This is often emphasized by using a narrower lens for shots from Douglas' point of view. We are therefore permitted to indulge in a vicarious consummatory charge when Douglas finally does get into violent, vicious action.

The film revolves around the archetypal madonna/whore concept of womanhood — the "good woman," represented by both wife and six-year-old daughter, is unquestioning, undemanding, and exhibits a rather tame sexuality associated to resent female aggression. This is often emphasized by using a narrower lens for shots from Douglas' point of view. We are therefore permitted to indulge in a vicarious consummatory charge when Douglas finally does get into violent, vicious action.

The aggression this film treats in its proper setting acts as the cross held out to ward off the vampires, and the whore gets her comeuppance.

In the final scene (WARN: I am about to give away a little plot here) the bathtub image provides the climactic example of male fear of womanhood. Glenn Close playing possessed underwater is at once a Botticelli Venus and a personification of the two-year-old girl, and the film follows her as the tries to get her life back.

What keeps me from buying this film is the way, again, the woman is seen not as a free agent, or the subject of the film, but as an idea. She is there to signify certain very circumscribed choices of identity that are assumed to be (or designated to be) the only ones women have. We are shown a credit sequence montage of attractive businesswomen bustling down Manhattan streets, which could just as well have been accompanied by

Debra Winger character in *Black Widow*, voracious energies and appetites, and lives in a seamy/seamy downtown New York loft next door to a nazi packing house.

In fact, the whole urban environment becomes emblematic of the female threat (nature gone awry), and we have a guarded relief of relief as Douglas moves his family to the "country" (suburbs) and safety. The ultimate feminine power, the ability to have children, is put safely in its place in the country. When Glenn Close follows Douglas to his new home and spies on a scene of family felicity, she throws up — the nuclear family

**Baby Boom** presents two choices: corporate monster or Mom. By becoming Mom Keaton is ostensibly immune to monsterhood.

Bodice ripper: Michael Douglas stars as a "happily" married man who's seduced by Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*, with nature, hearth and home. Close, the "bad woman," has a man's name (Alex, like the song "I'm a Girl-Watcher."

We are made to generalize these faces into "the corporate type." The aggression this film treats in its proper setting acts as the cross held out to ward off the vampires, and the whore gets her comeuppance.

What keeps me from buying this film is the way, again, the woman is seen not as a free agent, or the subject of the film, but as an idea. She is there to signify certain very circumscribed choices of identity that are assumed to be (or designated to be) the only ones women have. We are shown a credit sequence montage of attractive businesswomen bustling down Manhattan streets, which could just as well have been accompanied by

The aggression this film treats in its proper setting acts as the cross held out to ward off the vampires, and the whore gets her comeuppance.

In the final scene (WARN: I am about to give away a little plot here) the bathtub image provides the climactic example of male fear of womanhood. Glenn Close playing possessed underwater is at once a Botticelli Venus and a personification of the two-year-old girl, and the film follows her as the tries to get her life back.

What keeps me from buying this film is the way, again, the woman is seen not as a free agent, or the subject of the film, but as an idea. She is there to signify certain very circumscribed choices of identity that are assumed to be (or designated to be) the only ones women have. We are shown a credit sequence montage of attractive businesswomen bustling down Manhattan streets, which could just as well have been accompanied by

rejection of this snobbery and are led to hope that bringing a child is bringing her to a transformation of her values. But while the film teases yuppies, Keaton, some senior market research on them and designs a product and a business to serve

Continued on page 42

**EXHILARATING!**

A FILM SO FRESH, SO FUNNY, SO CHARMING IT AMAZES THE HEART.

—Judith Crist, WOR-LD

**FUNNY AND IRRESISTIBLE!**

Sheila McCarthy has faces of Charlie Chaplin and Brooke Adams.

—Stewart Kuo, TV-TIP.

**WONDERFULLY ENTERTAINING!**

—James Berdan, NEW YORK TIMES

**EXHILARATING!**

—Joe Berend, N.Y. POST

**KICKS!**

—Kathleen Carroll, S.F. DAILY NEWS

**‘I’VE HEARD THE MERMAID JINGLING.”**

—Joel Siegel, ABC NEWS

**EXCLUSIVE S.F. ENGAGEMENT**

**MERCURY GROK PRODUCTIONS, INC.**

**4-STAR**

**Maurice**

**Final Score at Clay**

BARG. MATS 52 DROWSY Twins 7, 1 00

DAILY 1 & 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11

CLAY

30 San Francisco Sentinel • October 17, 1987
Continued from page 20

vapid, sentimental realism. Yet even after the war, the Berliners preferred realism to the Abstract Expressionism they felt was foisted upon them by the war's victors and the abstract/realist debate lingered late into the '60s. Although German painters felt doubly betrayed by an internationally connected art scene which ignored them. The spiritual transcendence of Modernism proved to be a sham. The world could not so easily forgive or forget Germany's "guilt."

Then, in 1961, the Berlin Wall went up. Georg Baselitz and Eugen Schonebeck stepped into the artistic void of melancholy, claustrophobia and social tension that had existed since 1930 with powerful, raw images of the human figure. Oscillating between a Nietzschean ecstasy and Lautremont's despair, they defended their new figurative painting in two Pandemonium manifestations:

"Negatia is a gesture of genius, not a withering of responsibility. . . . What our sacrifice is, we are. In happy desperation, with inflamed senses, undiluted love, gilded flesh: vulgar Nature, violence, reality, fruities. . . . I am on the moon as others are on the balcony. Life will go on. All writing is crap."

When President Kennedy came to the wall and said, "I am a Berliner," did he know who he was speaking to? Viewers of "BerlinArt" who admire Baselitz's Two Great Friends as a touching metaphor of East and West Berlin separated won't know, unless they dig into the show's catalog, that Berlin police removed two of Baselitz's paintings from a show on charges of pornography.

In 1964, Rene Block opened a gallery with a Neo-Dadaist/Capitalist Realism show which featured work by the Fluxus artist Joseph Beuys. Although the Fluxus movement never caught on with the Berlin public, and leftist youth attacked it as reactionary, Fluxism opened Berlin to the art world's most radical avant garde (John Cage, Yoko Ono, Nam June Paik, including K.H. Hodicke and his students. Hodicke's Nocturne, showing a gigantic, demonic cat sweeping up a car of people, indicates a return to Expressionism and the rehabilitation of emotionally charged painting that was starting to occur.


One of my favorite artists in "Berlin-

Art" is Gunter Brus. After fleeing arrest in Vienna for his obscene sexual performances, Brus began doing book illustrations and watercolors in Berlin, combining the influence of Hieronymus Bosch with the fin de siecle filigree of the SFMOMA magazine illustrations. Brus, along with Ina Barfus and Martin Rosz, represents the more visionary wing of the Berlin art scene.

Since Berlin residents were exempt from military service, the city became the center of Germany's anti-war radical youth movement in the early '70s. Hodicke's Berlin College of Art class spawned a post-war generation of painters who came to be known as New Wilde (New Young Ones).

"The New Wilde (including Salome, Rainer Fetting, Holmuth Middendorf and Luciano Castilli) settled in the Kreuzberg district near the Berlin Wall. Thirty percent of the neighborhood consisted of Turkish workers. Punks and skinheads squatted in the district's scarred, barely habitable buildings. Middendorf played in a rock band; Salome staged outrageous performances in clubs. Reacting to the bleak, maneuvering imagery of their predecessors, the group burst forth with a new exuberance of excess, believing that a search for meaningful material or method in art should begin with one's own life and personal experience. Although the catalog doesn't mention this, it's obvious that for some in the group, this includes the experience of being openly gay."

Happily, Salome showed up for the critics' preview of the show, which I attended. He's a tall, balding man of 33 with a very pleasant, gentle demeanor. I asked what the Kreuzberg neighborhood is like today."

"The squatters were evicted when Reagan came to Berlin," he said. "Now a lot of homeless people are on the streets, and getting more crowded and violent. It's exciting on the surface, but more desperate underneath."

How politically or artistically active is the gay movement in Berlin?

"A gay museum, the Schauler museum, just opened in September," Salome told me. "They're showing the work of 200 gay artists and things of historical interest as well. I think it's really wonderful."

Fetting and I have pieces in the show, too. Politically? In the '70s, we were fighting for gay rights. Now gay groups are doing fundraising for AIDS. There's also a lefty gay club where there are panel discussions, and where drinks sell for 50 cents instead of the usual $5 as in the commercial clubs."

Salome's most stunning painting in "BerlinArt" is his self-portrait. He stands alone, naked save for black stockings, pink high heels and a red jockstrap (the portrait's only bright color, which matches two dabs of rouge on his cheeks). But the real barb is the barbed wire wrapped around his legs, a reminder of the fate of gays under Nazism. Rather than emphasize Salome's gay politics, catalog essays focus on his more frivolous nighttime scenes (e.g., For Lucien). Likewise, the painting selected for the cover of the SFMOMA calendar features the visually striking, but more politically innocuous, Indians by Luciano Castelli.

Although catalog essays make clear that many Berlin artists reject the illusory utopias of capitalism as well as socialism (and how could they not, locked in a death struggle with real estate speculators as they are), SFMOMA has so arranged "BerlinArt" so as to blunt this message.

The first images one sees upon entering the show are not by a Berliner at all but by the American, Jonathan Borofsky, to whom the Berlin Wall symbolizes the city's main obstacle to freedom. Baselitz's Great Friends, as well as his P.D. Feet series, underscores this message, as well it might, since he himself left East for West Berlin.

But before one can view Berlin's more strident anti-capitalist paintings, one must go through rooms of DADD artists (55 non-German artists, such as David Hockney, Christo, etc., who received grants to do work in Berlin), or down a long hall.
way of Fluxus artists ("not so much a style as a state of mind") says the wallboard. Then political artists are placed next to abstract and visionary painters, giving a smorgasbord effect not unlike that of a serious TV documentary intercut with Clairol commercials.

One whole hallway is dedicated to Larry Rice's trendy Berlin wall photos: Minimal Man (sorry, I saw the graffiti first South of Market in the early '80s), So Look at Yourself/Looking, and All I want to know is which side the fascists (sic) are on so I can be on the other side. (Did the original grafittists get anything out of this? You be the judge.)

In short, freedom in general and artistic freedom in particular is filtered through several layers of certain (rich) people's ideological bias. If "everyone is an artist," as the Fluxus Joseph Beys says, not everyone has equal access to public viewing or the big art money. Those who do have access have very little to say in how their work is presented or officially interpreted (one has to dig deep into the catalog to get even a brief quote from the Pandemonium manifestos.)

So what else is new? Freedom is still valued as wealth and power. But it could be worse. The Hara Museum of Modern Art in Tokyo also has a Berlin art show running. In that show, all of the six painters represented are abstractionists. ■

Political artists are placed next to abstract and visionary painters, giving a smorgasbord effect not unlike that of a serious TV documentary intercut with Clairol commercials.

The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art (SFMMA) presents a series of fictional and documentary films made by independent filmmakers in West Berlin from 1971 to 1986 in conjunction with BERLINART. The films will be screened between 22 October and 19 November in seven separate programs in San Francisco and Berkeley.

The filmmakers represented in the series have responded in a variety of ways to the unique conditions resulting from Berlin's physical and political isolation. Employing a range of unconventional narratives and styles, their films deal with ideological concerns, lifestyles, and social and economic issues characteristic of the city.

All films have English subtitles. Tickets are available at the door.

Thursday, 22 October
Opera Plaza Cinema
7:30 and 9:30 pm:
Bodens einer Trinkerin (Portrait of a Woman Drinker/Ticket of No Return), 1979; written and directed by Ulrike Ottinger with Tabea Blumenschen, and Magdalena Montezuma, 108 minutes. Intent on drinking herself to a pleasurable death, the anonymous woman in this highly theatrical comedy travels from one Berlin bar to another, followed by a trio of disapproving mothers named Social Question, Exact Statistics and Common Sense.
TICKETS: $3 SFMMA members; $4 general.

Thursday, 29 October
Opera Plaza Cinema
7:30 and 9:30 pm:
Eine abseits reduzierte Persönlichkeit — Redupers (The Reduced Personality — Redupers), 1977, written and directed by Heiko Lessing, 98 minutes. This film traces 72 hours in the life of a single mother and freelance photographer whose participation in a women's group bill-board exhibition brings her into conflict with sponsors who seek to promote tourism at the expense of artistic concerns.
TICKETS: $3 SFMMA members; $4 general.

Tuesday, 3 November
Pacific Film Archive
Durant Avenue, Berkeley
7:30 pm:
Super-8mm program: Der Rhein, ein deutsches Marchen (The Rhine, a German Tale), 1983, directed by Michael Brinntrup; 3002, 1979, Christopher Doring; Ein- kriegszeit, 1944, Saber, Das Leben des Sid Vicious (The Life of Sid Vicious), 1986, Die Bull, Bild von unserer Heimat (Pictures from Our Homeland), 1983, Deutsch-Produktion. Entire program, 90 minutes.
9:15 pm:
Berlin-Harlem, 1974; directed by Lothar Lambert and Wolfram Zobus, 100 minutes. The first program consists of five super-8mm works directed by filmmakers, painters and performance artists in West Berlin, one of the few cities where this format is widely exhibited and distributed. Also screened is underground filmmaker Lothar Lambert's 1 Berlin-Harlem, which depicts a black American GI in the months between his discharge and his reluctant return to the United States.
TICKETS: $4.25 for single showings; $3.75 to UAM members and UCSB students; $2.25 and $4.75 for double feature.

Thursday, 5 November
Goethe Institute
530 Bush Street, San Francisco
6:00 pm:
Super-8mm programs: Todliche Doris; Bilder aus unserer Heimstadt (Images of Berlin's City Railway), 1984, Gabo; Das Leben des Sid Vicious, an inner-city area of Berlin whose inhabitants are the poorer working class, immigrants, artists and the unemployed. The first proletarian feature to be made after years of fascism, the documentary, Dear Mother, I Am Well, investigates conflicts between labor and management in a factory where a worker has organized his reluctant colleagues. This film marked the debut of the "Berlin School" and attracted many other filmmakers to West Berlin.
TICKETS: $4.25 for single showings; $3.75 to UAM members and UCSB students; $2.25 and $4.75 for double feature.

Thursday, 12 November
Goethe Institute
6:00 pm:
Die Kummelturkin geht (Melek Leaves), 1985; directed by Jeanine Meerapfel; with Melek Tez, 86 minutes. This documentary focuses on Melek Tez, a nun of a working-class section near the Berlin Wall who, after 20 years of marriage to a worker has organized his reluctant colleagues. This film marked the debut of the "Berlin School" and attracted many other filmmakers to West Berlin.
TICKETS: Admission is free.

Thursday, 19 November
Goethe Institute
6:00 pm:
Vom Kuhmesturkun geht (Melek Leaves), 1985; directed by Jeanine Meerapfel; with Melek Tez, 86 minutes. This documentary focuses on Melek Tez, a 38-year-old manual laborer from Turkey, who after 14 years in Berlin, is offered money to return to her homeland as part of a government program to control rising unemployment.
TICKETS: Admission is free.

The San Francisco Sentinel • October 17, 1987

Luciano Castelli: Indians I (Indianer I), 1982.
Feel Completely Cured For My massage is extremely warm and soothing allowing all my clients to feel that their individual needs were fulfilled.

Certified massage therapist Joe Body Electric in Swedish, Thai, Acupuncture, & Deep tissue massage.

Sessons $40/90 min.

JOE IMMERNER 415-282-6929

New location—off street parking available.

PAST LIFE REGRESSION THERAPY

Explore your inner self to develop your greatest potential. Overcome fears, bad habits, sexual dysfunction and learn self-healing techniques. Improve self-esteem, enhance creativity and psychic ability through hypnotherapy Call 884-4206 for Free Consultation

THOMAS BAUMAN Certified Hypnotherapist

MIND — BODY — SPIRIT

My work is a holistic synthesis of acupressure, massage, reiki, yoga and mindfulness meditation. I have been a certified practitioner for six years. Currently I’m teaching workshops in shiatsu and bodywork for my work is a holistic synthesis of acupressure, reiki, yoga and mindfulness meditation. I have been a certified practitioner for six years. Currently I’m teaching workshops in shiatsu and bodywork for

MASSAGE & STEAM & SAUNA

I have been a certified masseur for over five years and use a variety of techniques suited to your body’s needs. I have two locations to serve you:

at the Body Center 928-3305

1027 Sutter St. 12-4:30 pm

1 hr. & Steam & Sauna $30

AUBREY 321-3888

in the Church and Market area 1 hr. $30

For a relaxing and rejuvenating experience call ERIK!

VAN R. AUL

Psychic Support

Ready for a breakthrough? Psychic Support employs three methods, separately or combined, to nurture you: psychic readings deliver clear information on how to empower yourself; the Radiance Technique uses healing energy to empower and re-charge you; hypnosis re-patterns behavior. Past life regressions a specialty. I’m a certified hypnotist with twelve years experience in the psychic field.

864-1362

HELTERWORK

AN ADVANCED. DYNAMIC SYSTEM OF DEEP TISSUE BODYWORK AND MOVEMENT EDUCATION -APPROACHES BASED UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF ACUPRESSURE AND CONSCIOUSNESS. THIS SYSTEM IS DESIGNED TO REALIZE THE BODY AND RELEASE CHRONIC TENSION AND STRESS.

JIM RANDELOW CERTIFIED HELTERWORK PRACTITIONER 1160-813-0856

INSURANCE COVERAGE AVAILABLE FOR ONE AND ONE-HALF HOUR SESSIONS

American Massage Therapy Association Member.

Gift Certificates Available

864-7066

TRADITIONAL JAPANESE MASSAGE

Reduce stress and tension. Unblock your energy channels and increase productivity. AMMA has a history of over one thousand years based on the scientific principals of Acupressure. AMMA uses no messy oils. To maximize the effect of the massage the depth of pressure is altered based upon the needs of your body. AMMA has a history of over one thousand years. S35/hr.

MICHAEL WEBER 824-1628

CALL TODAY YOU DESERVE IT! Peter Ho,kins 285-6699

I integrate massage, acupuncture and reflexology into a session based upon the needs of your body, mind and spirit to provide for deep relaxation and well being.

Certification

Bill Morong

Call 525-1786

In only $30

Roxie States AIDS Film

I'm Still Alive! A Person with AIDS Tells His Story plays a two-day engagement on Wednesday and Thursday, October 21st and 22nd, at the Roxie Cinema, 3117 16th Street, San Francisco. Directed by Michael Aue and produced by Wendy Braitman and Michael Ehrenweig, the hour-long video plays at 6:30 pm, 8 pm and 9:30 pm both days. A question-and-answer session with Peter Siegel, the subject of the film, follows each screening.

Siegfried Wohlgemuth, who lives in San Francisco, was born in Germany. In 1986, he returned there to reveal to his family that he had AIDS. The trip home helped crystallize his thoughts on AIDS, relationships and the meaning of his life, all of which he shares with director Aue. I'm Still Alive! is an intensely personal testimony to the wisdom and resilience of the human spirit.

The video is in English and German with English subtitles. For more information, please call the Roxie Cinema at (415) 863-1087.
The electric James Brown, "the hardest working man in show business," brings his 12-piece band (also, not the Four Flowns) to the Fairmont (yes, Mr. "Please, Please, Please" in the Venetian Room) for a 10:30 engagement (through 10/25). Reservations are highly recommended for the 12 performances (each night at 9 pm and 11 pm). Dinner is served at 8:30 pm, California St. at Mason, SF. Res: Info: 772-5163.

SF Performances presents Mel Torme, Leslie Uggams and Peter Nero in the Great Germaine Con- cert. A brilliant celebration of the music, jazz and anecdotes of the legendary team of George and Ira Gershwin. 8:30 pm, Davies Symphony Hall, Grove St., Van Ness, SF. 302/720-1816 $12/$8. Tickets/info: 552-3656.


To celebrate its 7th anniversary, the Older Women's League (OWL) holds a special cruise today. 7 pm. Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St., SF. $5 general/$4 members/$3 students, and seniors. Info: 221-7797 for info and tickets.

that is not the Four Flowns) to the Fairmont (yes, Mr. "Please, Please, Please" in the Venetian Room) for a 10:30 engagement (through 10/25). Reservations are highly recommended for the 12 performances (each night at 9 pm and 11 pm). Dinner is served at 8:30 pm, California St. at Mason, SF. Res: Info: 772-5163.

SF Performances presents Mel Torme, Leslie Uggams and Peter Nero in the Great Germaine Con- cert. A brilliant celebration of the music, jazz and anecdotes of the legendary team of George and Ira Gershwin. 8:30 pm, Davies Symphony Hall, Grove St., Van Ness, SF. 302/720-1816 $12/$8. Tickets/info: 552-3656.


To celebrate its 7th anniversary, the Older Women's League (OWL) holds a special cruise today. 7 pm. Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St., SF. $5 general/$4 members/$3 students, and seniors. Info: 221-7797 for info and tickets.
FOR A REVEALING 8" x 10" FUN PAK OF FIVE FABULOUS GUYS Send $10.00 plus 65¢ tax to Ramrod Enterprises P.O. BOX 10, 2801B OCEAN PARK BLVD. SANTA MONICA, CA 90405 or just write to Dick and get AN AUTOGRAFPED PHOTO...FREE!

A service charge of $2.00 will be billed to your telephone. No credit cards necessary. You must be at least 18 years of age to place this call.
OFFICE SPACE FOR RENT
Office space to share in Noe Valley. Available Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Great location with excellent parking and public transportation. Ideal for individual involved in Bodywork or Alternative Healing. $50 per week. Flexible. Call Tom (Tues., Thurs., Sat.) 506-6002

ROOMMATES
BAD BOYS HOME $400/month room & board. Own room in bad boys home. DISCIPLINE optional. Call 863-9275. Don.

SHARE 2 story, 2 bath East Bay home $275, very private. Also 1 bedroom mobile home available. 416-2877.

SHARE 2 story, 2 bath East Bay home $275, very private. Also 1 bedroom mobile home available. 416-2877.

BELMONT-MID PENINSULA GM to share 2 bedroom apartment. Fully furnished — own bedroom furniture required. $375 + utilities + security NS preferred. AL 894-1228. evenings.

GWM to share large 3 bedroom house with one man. Garden, orchard, 2 acres, $300 plus half utilities. Partial rent negotiation/exchange work. No S&M slave or female clones please. Steve 707-844-4623 4 pm to 10 pm.

FLATS TO SHARE GWM with KS looking for GM to share his flat. Private room. Must be responsible, clean, quiet. PAW/ARC in stable health. OK. $350 month — negotiable. Call 863-2079, Don.________.

GET OUT OF THE COLD to peace and quiet in Covereda, 80 miles North of SF/hand of freeway. Share large 3 bedroom house with one man. Garden, orchard, 2 acres, $300 plus half utilities. Partial rent negotiation/exchange work. No S&M slave or female clones please. Steve 707-844-4623 4 pm to 10 pm.

ROOMMATES in FREDONIA/NEWARK I l M Y 111 I in U 213 519 9/DOO U U leave your number and he'll find you 415-289-9853


BELMONT MID PENINSULA GM to share 2 bedroom apartment. Fully furnished — own bedroom furniture required. $375 + utilities + security NS preferred. AL 894-1228. evenings.

GET OUT OF THE COLD to peace and quiet in Covereda, 80 miles North of SF/hand of freeway. Share large 3 bedroom house with one man. Garden, orchard, 2 acres, $300 plus half utilities. Partial rent negotiation/exchange work. No S&M slave or female clones please. Steve 707-844-4623 4 pm to 10 pm.

Phone Talk
MEN WE BRING YOU TOGETHER TO FIND MEN DIAL 1-1 MEN

ANNOUNCEMENTS
AUDITIONS — ALL-MALE STRIPPER REVUE PantomimeLive — Salary $100 AUDITIONS 18 — NOON Butter's Mill, 77 Battery St. FM Chorus, Filipic, Comedy, M.C. For more info call: 345-3971

PHONES Brian and Darrell invite you to enjoy their Deluxe, Private Resort located in San Francisco. Come relax, pay $200 plus toll to record cassette. ADONIS VOQ® with your name on the roll. Your Private Mail Service. Established 1975.

CUSTOMIZED SUBLIMINAL Audio subliminal cassette produced especially for gay men. Many titles plus CUSTOMIZED PRODUCED SEDUCTION CASSETTES. Any message custom recorded to your FAVORITE MUSIC. Very reasonable prices — over 6 years serving the Gay community. FREE catalog. Life-tape recordings, PO Box 1902, Port Hueneme, CA 93041. 415-712-9595

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS
25 DIFFERENT 60-MINUTE VOIDEOTAPES Transferred to tape from private film collection. Dozens of hunky young models, huge equipment, great storytellers every 20 minutes! Good image, good color, soft rock music. All sales and let these videos on your VCR become your favorite home companion! Sorry, no exchanges or refunds! Call Don.________. 707-844-4623 4 pm to 10 pm.

PHONE TALK
MEN WE BRING YOU TOGETHER TO FIND MEN DIAL 1-1 MEN

TRAVEL AND ACCOMMODATIONS
PHONE TALK
PHONES Brian and Darrell invite you to enjoy their Deluxe, Private Resort located in San Francisco. Come relax, pay $200 plus toll to record cassette. ADONIS VOQ® with your name on the roll. Your Private Mail Service. Established 1975.

CUSTOMIZED SUBLIMINAL Audio subliminal cassette produced especially for gay men. Many titles plus CUSTOMIZED PRODUCED SEDUCTION CASSETTES. Any message custom recorded to your FAVORITE MUSIC. Very reasonable prices — over 6 years serving the Gay community. FREE catalog. Life-tape recordings, PO Box 1902, Port Hueneme, CA 93041. 415-712-9595

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS
25 DIFFERENT 60-MINUTE VOIDEOTAPES Transferred to tape from private film collection. Dozens of hunky young models, huge equipment, great storytellers every 20 minutes! Good image, good color, soft rock music. All sales and let these videos on your VCR become your favorite home companion! Sorry, no exchanges or refunds! Call Don.________. 707-844-4623 4 pm to 10 pm.

PHONE TALK
MEN WE BRING YOU TOGETHER TO FIND MEN DIAL 1-1 MEN

TRAVEL AND ACCOMMODATIONS
PHONE TALK
PHONES Brian and Darrell invite you to enjoy their Deluxe, Private Resort located in San Francisco. Come relax, pay $200 plus toll to record cassette. ADONIS VOQ® with your name on the roll. Your Private Mail Service. Established 1975.

CUSTOMIZED SUBLIMINAL Audio subliminal cassette produced especially for gay men. Many titles plus CUSTOMIZED PRODUCED SEDUCTION CASSETTES. Any message custom recorded to your FAVORITE MUSIC. Very reasonable prices — over 6 years serving the Gay community. FREE catalog. Life-tape recordings, PO Box 1902, Port Hueneme, CA 93041. 415-712-9595

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS
25 DIFFERENT 60-MINUTE VOIDEOTAPES Transferred to tape from private film collection. Dozens of hunky young models, huge equipment, great storytellers every 20 minutes! Good image, good color, soft rock music. All sales and let these videos on your VCR become your favorite home companion! Sorry, no exchanges or refunds! Call Don.________. 707-844-4623 4 pm to 10 pm.

PHONE TALK
MEN WE BRING YOU TOGETHER TO FIND MEN DIAL 1-1 MEN

TRAVEL AND ACCOMMODATIONS
PHONE TALK
PHONES Brian and Darrell invite you to enjoy their Deluxe, Private Resort located in San Francisco. Come relax, pay $200 plus toll to record cassette. ADONIS VOQ® with your name on the roll. Your Private Mail Service. Established 1975.

CUSTOMIZED SUBLIMINAL Audio subliminal cassette produced especially for gay men. Many titles plus CUSTOMIZED PRODUCED SEDUCTION CASSETTES. Any message custom recorded to your FAVORITE MUSIC. Very reasonable prices — over 6 years serving the Gay community. FREE catalog. Life-tape recordings, PO Box 1902, Port Hueneme, CA 93041. 415-712-9595

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS
25 DIFFERENT 60-MINUTE VOIDEOTAPES Transferred to tape from private film collection. Dozens of hunky young models, huge equipment, great storytellers every 20 minutes! Good image, good color, soft rock music. All sales and let these videos on your VCR become your favorite home companion! Sorry, no exchanges or refunds! Call Don.________. 707-844-4623 4 pm to 10 pm.

PHONE TALK
MEN WE BRING YOU TOGETHER TO FIND MEN DIAL 1-1 MEN

TRAVEL AND ACCOMMODATIONS
PHONE TALK
PHONES Brian and Darrell invite you to enjoy their Deluxe, Private Resort located in San Francisco. Come relax, pay $200 plus toll to record cassette. ADONIS VOQ® with your name on the roll. Your Private Mail Service. Established 1975.
When one just is not enough!

Three minutes of uncensored conversation with up to six gay men calling at random. Fulfill your fantasies, make connections, talk, listen or romance.

415 976-BODS
213 818
NOT A RECORDED MESSAGE
MUST BE 18 OR OLDER
976-2637

ONLY 95¢
+ TOLL IF ANY
**BALKET CLASSES**

**BASIC BALLET**
Free the captive dancer in you. Basic Ballet — morning and evening small classes in a supportive atmosphere.
Dancers Stage — 40 Brady Street 688-6830

**UPKEEP AND RENOVATIONS**

**CAPET CLEANERS OF SAN FRANCISCO**
Residential and Commercial Accounts
Free Estimates
STEVE 684-0846 CHUCK

**MASSAGE**

**BLONDE CANADIAN**
Photo by Remy

**FULL MASSAGE**
RON $40 In 775-7057

**FEEL GOOD**
For a deeply sensual, non-sexual massage
DAVID ZEBKER
771-0814
First ten callers who mention this ad get a FREE MASSAGE

**FULL BODY MASSAGE**
Enjoy a relaxing, therapeutic massage from a trained, mature professional. I am certified in several types of massage and use a combination for a fantastic feeling. $30. Call Roy, 8 am to 10 pm at 621-1382.

**TRIP TO ECSTASY!**
Come to my massage! Full body — buns & legs my specialty! Hot man & feet of touch through this form of traditional Japanese bodywork. AMMA uses no oils, can be done clothed, and is effective in reducing physical and emotional stress. Treat yourself! Certified. 24 hour, 365 days. $20/hr.

**WOW! WHAT A MASSAGE!**
Full body. Enjoy! SPECIAL
DAVID 981-1362

**SWEDISH MASSAGE**
Aids your muscles, brain, nerves and internal organs. Increases cellular respiration. Promotes nourishment of every part of your body. It makes you feel good. Professional. In only.
Carlos Del Angel
544-0785. $25 hr.

**LIVE ON STAGE**
NUDE MALE SEX SHOWS
SOLO AND MAN-TO-MAN

**MOVING AND HAULING**

**continued from page 47**

BROTHERS HAULERS
One guy or two and a pickup. Dump Trucks, Apartments, Basements, Attics and Yards all cleared. Dirt and Concrete Chunks, Box Deliveries. You name it!!! Furniture and Box Deliveries. Dirt and Cement Chunks, Attics and Yards all cleared. Apartments, Basements, Dump Runs, hauling

**ENVIRONMENTS**

gery brand 421-7621

**FLAMINGO**

**MASSAGE**

**FULL BODY MASSAGE**
Feel great Swedish-Esalen-Shiatsu full body massage Special price 10/hr. add $5.00 for VISA/MC 30 mins. Br/Br, moust. Call Russ anytime 626-1569. MORE SPECIAL

**FULL BODY MASSAGE**
Done by experienced Massage Therapists in Oakland Call after 4:30 pm. Fees: $50/hr., $35/1/2 hrs.
MARK 261-3319

**FILM AND VIDEO SUPERSTARS AND THE CAMPUS THEATRE VARIETY STRIP SQUAD TAKE YOU TO THE LIMIT!**
PLUS
3 NEW VIDEOS WEEKLY ON OUR GIANT SCREEN
SHOW TIMES: 6:73-3384
• 55 DISCOUNT WITH CURRENT COLLEGE OR MILITARY I.D.
• DISCOUNT MATINEE EVERY DAY FROM NOON TO 12:30 PM

**CAMPUS THEATRE**

212 JONES STREET • DOWNTOWN SF • 673-2300
Sam Tue-Thu 11 A.M. • Fri 11 A.M.-7 P.M

**VISIT HEAVEN!**
SENSUAL MASSAGE
For men 21-40 Surrender your body to the erotic seduction of my hands and feet great, Swedish-Esalen-Shiatsu full body massage. Special price 109-9196.
STEVEN 681-6428

**Continued on next page**
OfClass Jack - Lively, liberal, friendly, engaging smile
24 Hours Weekends
Richard of S.F. 821-3457

OAKLAND PHALLIC OIL TREATMENTS
Cum pray with me
Jewel Top, Safe
30, 5', 136, hairy, hung
MARK 444-3204

For your pleasure...
Sexy, cute, cold-system.
Smooth, fit & ton.
19 yrs. blue/brown, 5'11", 104
Young, healthy & safe
DALE 928-4896

MONSTER MEAT
Unbelievable, big, bottom-hanging meat! Not only thick as a beef ear, with full low hangs, but also a massive mushroom head?? Tiptop in my world... Don't be disappointed
Call me (487-2925) (Hank)
... Presumably a little thick

WHILE SEXY ITALIAN
Hot, handsome, rock-hard muscles & athletic legs. Versatile, reliable, very defined, full Marine type.
ANYTIME, NO BS.
Dale 795-5740

HEAVENLY BOYS
MODELS • COMPANIONS • ESCORTS
Fine Young Men Are Just A Phone Call Away.
Call Early For Best Availability
863-9353
Prices Vary With Selections

MARGE 821-1005

EXQUISITE MASSAGE
* Certified
* Experienced
* Professional
I am an Instructor at The Body Electric School of Massage. I DO EXQUISITE MASSAGE! Sensual, relaxing, nurturing. Special discount for regular clients.

SAN JOSE SWEDISH MASSAGE
Be pampered! Treat yourself to a full body massage in privacy by qualified masseur. Reduces fatigue, stress and tension, also feels great! Shower available. Perfect for the man on the go! 24-hour service, $25.00 per hour in call. In the most intimate manner! Same day appointments available. Abdominal massage. GARY 821-1005

GARY 821-1005

COMPLETE FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Achieve optimum relaxation, reduce stress and tension in your body and mind. "Your personal Personal Swedish/Shiatsu bodyworker with an intuitive and nurturing touch. My style combines gentle and deep work in a flowing massage to release tension, ease discomfort and clarify your energy." JOHN 881-0843

ONE OF LIFE'S REWARDS
A healing massage blending strength and sensuality; I am a certified Swedish/Shiatsu bodyworker with an intuitive and nurturing touch. My style combines gentle and deep work in a flowing massage to release tension, ease discomfort and clarify your energy. 90 minutes, $35, Castro location (415) 592-9473

BEST MASSAGE OF YOUR LIFE!
By professional, certified masseur, seven years experience. Sensual, caring, very handsome; reduces your body-mind-spirit. Specializes in deep, firm, sensual hot oil Swedish. Surprises; massages for friends and lovers available. Castro area, 8 a.m.-9 p.m. weekdays and weekends.

WILLIAM 626-3262 - Welcome!

ATHLETIC MALE
Available for a full body Swedish massage. Eves. & Wkends. 431-2830.

DREAM MASSAGE
Hung 9", bi-sexual, exceptional - handsom, muscular, speedo tan, blondiibu. Are you a young Asian or Latin guy, sensitive nice? I have a special rate for you!

TONIGHT
Stretch out nailed on my fur rug. Experience a warm fire, soft music and a therapeutic massage to form both a relaxing and invigorating experience. (I'm HIV negative and well trained.)

SATURDAY SPECIAL
9:00 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.
$40.00

REWARDING GUEST
Transform your body and mind. You will love it.

San Francisco Sentinel • October 17, 1987
THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE...

LIVE 24HR SLEAZE LINE

SHARE SOME SWEAT WITH UP TO 8 OTHER MEN

LEATHER • B&D • DADDYS UNIFORMS • BIKERS MASTERS • SLAVES TRUCKERS

415 976-7500

$2 PLUS TOLL IF ANY.
18+ ONLY.
PHOTO: DRUMMER
THOUSANDS OF REAL MEN from all over the country are on our uninhibited conference lines 24 hours every day and you can . . .

• SHARE HOT TALK
• LISTEN TO THE ACTION
• EXCHANGE NUMBERS
• MAKE DATES
• MAKE NEW FRIENDS

The man of your fantasies may be just a call away!

• LIVE — NO ACTORS
• NO RECORDINGS
• NO CREDIT CARDS
• YOUR ANONYMITY GUARANTEED!

$2 plus toll if any discreetly billed to your phone. 18 and over only.

Illustrations by Randy West.