

S A N F R A N C I S C O

# Sentinel

COMMEMORATIVE EDITION

# MARCH ON WASHINGTON

THOMAS ALLEMAN



October 17, 1987

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*“One community,  
fighting for the lives  
of those we love.”*



— Art Agnos  
Washington, DC  
October 11, 1987

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# MARCH ON WASHINGTON FOR LESBIAN & GAY RIGHTS

Washington, D.C. • October 8-13

MARCEL MIRANDA III



**“W**e 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



THOMAS ALLEMAN

San Francisco  
**Sentinel**

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# NATIONAL LOBBY DAYS

Capitol Hill • October 8-9

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 Boneberg of Mobilization Against AIDS and Jeff Levi, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. Assisting with the task of educating the new lobbyists were Harry Judd of the Human Rights Campaign Fund and Maggie Donohue from the AIDS Action Council.

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 1575, which would require that all HTLV 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," Boneberg 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. You have 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



Sue Caves lobbies Representative Dan Lungren (R-Long Beach).

comfortable DC offices and gave them his frank assessment of the AIDS crisis and budgetary restraints involved in fighting the epidemic. While the legislator stood his ground, the women pursued 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 talking 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 is affordable." He spoke amidst photos of himself shaking hands with the president. The women did not know that Lungren's father is the president's personal doctor in Southern California.

Caves told Lungren she could have cared for her son at home if she had been informed at the time. She pleaded for immediate psychological counseling after a person is diagnosed, legal help and extensive medical care. She asked that medical care be "nationally standardized" by a federal program so people with AIDS can return home if they choose.

Lungren returned to budgetary concerns. "We are now imposing AIDS care on top of the current Medicare system — which is itself in need of review." Referring to a request that people without medical credentials be

allowed some financial help if they work with AIDS patients, Lungren called the idea impossible. "If you allow for less than registered nurses' care, then you open the door to a whole new population that we have not dealt with before. That would break the system. While we ought to strive for home care, frankly, I do not see how we can achieve that."

"Government costs are up for grabs, and there is legislation to cut back on domestic programs. Congress is not trying to hide. We are committed to this need. But we have to also ask what the states and the private sector can do," Lungren countered.

Caves persisted, "We need Adult AIDS Care Centers. We need money to pay \$10 an hour to caretakers that the insurance companies will not pay. There should be help for those who must quit their jobs to care for companions. There is a need for more hospices, home-care programs, subsidized housing."

Lungren thanked the two mothers for coming into his office. "Obviously, you have lived with this and have a more personal contact with it than those of us in Congress," said Lungren. "We are trying. We are in the midst of seeing what we can do and what we can afford. I appreciated hearing from you. I cannot say what Congress will do."

In addition to the individual lobbying efforts, a group of activists also met with California Senators Pete Wilson and Alan Cranston. Cranston was generally well received by the group — while Wilson spent an embattled session with the lobbyist who continually questioned his stands on lesbian/gay rights issues and AIDS-related legislation.

One SF AIDS activist, who requested anonymity, informed Wilson after the session, "I voted for you the last time you ran for the Senate. It was the biggest mistake I ever made. I won't vote for you in '88."

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The Phoenix, designed by Kenneth Reseigh Waters reflects the indomitable spirit and hope which has sustained so many persons with AIDS and those who love them. The reverse side carries a brief explanation of the mythology of the Phoenix.

A contemplative young male, representing the human race, reflecting on the loss of loved ones and the dangerous magnitude of the disease is designed by artist Leon Marfel. The reverse side reads "For life, for love, for the human race" and provides space for engraving.

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# "AMERICANS WHO CARE"

French Embassy • October 9

## 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 Franciscan 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 Windom would present the awards.

Windom'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 what Koop writes."

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

"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 departed from his prepared remarks as a presenter and gave Windom 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 to 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. Windom, 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 keeps us going when we are tired or burned out," said Collins. "We have demonstrated we are a real, caring and compassionate community."

Also honored for his fund-raising activities was the president of the board of New York City's Gay Men's Health Crisis, Nathan Kolodner. His many fund-raising activities, including an art auction at Sotheby's, have raised millions of dollars to combat AIDS. "I have a certain sense of awkwardness in accepting this award personally, so I accept it in behalf of all of you," said Kolodner. "Volunteers have been the core group in the battle against AIDS in this country, and I want to thank the National AIDS Network for providing us with such an event to honor these volunteers."

The founder of People with AIDS, New York, David Paul Summers was honored posthumously for being one of the first to reject the label "victim" and show America you can live with AIDS. A cabaret singer by profession, he appeared on many talk shows including "Donahue" and was the subject of and performer in a one-hour PBS documentary, "Hero of My Own Life."

In honoring Summers, presenter Harvey Fierstein remembered, "Most men leave nothing behind but a grave. There is no hole where David stood; there is a platform where we can all stand taller and prouder."

Margaret Gallimore of Dallas was honored for providing 24-hour care to PWAs whom she allows to live at her home. She receives no monetary compensation for her care that includes up to seven PWAs at a time. Gallimore's message to the crowd was, "You should live every day like it was your last."

Two especially touching experiences occurred when the families of PWAs were honored. First, the entire family of Washington, DC, activist Frederick Garnett showed up to accept his award. Garnett, who was chosen for his work in educating the black community about AIDS, was too ill to attend the ceremonies. His family, who had flown in from Chicago, received loud and loving applause for standing up and supporting their son.

Whoopi Goldberg presented the award to the Garnetts with a message to President Reagan. "If you're so concerned about the nuclear family, Mr. President, then try spending a little time saving it." Goldberg, who works with children with AIDS, urged those in attendance to reach out to those children. "These kids are looking for a way to get through this," said Goldberg. "You need to reach out and provide them with strength. You need to set an example for the young guys who don't



Award winner Ruth Brinker.

understand what's going on."

An elderly Methodist couple from Norfolk, Virginia, received an especially warm reception when it was revealed they had cared for two sons who died of AIDS and now traveled around the state speaking out for AIDS education and research before church groups.

"You don't have to be afraid of this disease," said Kay 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 sons' 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 when I was rattling around in the kitchen with a few pots and pans and a wooden spoon I never thought I'd be flown to Washington to receive an award. It's wonderful to get all this attention, because it will point out the need to start programs like Open Hand all across the country. It's such a basic and obvious need, I hope programs like ours will now begin springing up all over the country."

Brinker started Open Hand after watching a friend die of AIDS and seeing how difficult it was for him to get food every day, even though he had many friends committed to helping him through his health crisis. ■

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# NEVER FORGET HARVEY MILK

Congressional Cemetery • October 10

## 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

nothing similar in America, where that young kid from Altoona, Pennsylvania, could come and say "There's Harvey Milk. There's a person who suffered to make my life better."

The idea prompted Matlovich to seek McPherson's help in forming Never Forget. "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 to 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 as 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 beginning of a whole new era in our community's history. "This March brings us together to start a whole new beginning. 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 support coalition building, and say that we will never forget the contributions of those who have gone before us.

"We are everywhere. We do everything. We are a part of all of us and we will never, never forget," declared Norman.

The man who inherited the mantle of Harvey Milk paid a long and stirring

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 if 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 remains to this place we are also honoring today's heroes — the people who have

THOMAS ALLEMAN



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 McPherson, co-chair of Never Forget, 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 Forget, told the multitude how the idea was conceived. "I was in a Paris cemetery, and right in front of me were the graves of Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude Stein," remembered Matlovich. "It was so powerful and moving for me to see two individuals who did so much for us by leading the way that it gave me chills. Then I realized we had

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# NEVER FORGET HARVEY MILK

Congressional Cemetery • October 10

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 insistence 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 ourselves in a powerful way with the symbols of this country," said Britt. "He wanted America to know that wherever 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 be told it's okay to be 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 written 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 different.

"In what seems the ultimate irony, Harvey was taken from us by ignorance that led to jealousy, which led to intolerance, 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."

Following the formal ceremony, the participants joined hands in groups of five and waited patiently, some for up



Flowers for Harvey: Participants left flowers at the site of the Harvey Milk memorial.

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 remaining ashes of Harvey Milk, a tape of his Dallas speech, a picture of him having a good time in SF, a piece of his famous pony tail, a gold-embossed letter from the office of Supervisor Harvey Milk and other memorabilia.

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

After the crowds had departed, the hundreds of flowers were spread across the plot in the shape of a colorful triangle.

The final monument to Harvey Milk will be erected on the site sometime next year. The Never Forget Foundation is requesting members of the community to submit designs for a concept that best memorializes Harvey Milk.

If you have an idea, send your design for the Harvey Milk Memorial to Never Forget, 584 Castro Street, Suite 346, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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# THE WEDDING

IRS Building • October 10

## 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 matching 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

the producers of the event, said they had encountered many obstacles, including the March Steering Committee, which had told them there wouldn't be enough interest in the gay community for such an event.

Another featured speaker was Karen Thompson, who has struggled to be reunited with her disabled lover, Sharon Kowalski, whom she has not seen since 1985. After Kowalski was disabled by a car accident in 1983, Thompson shared guardianship with

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

— Robin Tyler

and lesbians by patriarchal society.

"This is not an unequal bonding of unequal people whose inequality is sanctified and legalized by the Church and state, because that is sick!" exclaimed Tyler. "We are not talking about owning each other as property based on the religious and legal domination of one group of people, men, the privileged, over women, the class which is supposed to submit and thus serve, because that is sick!"

"We are not a movement about crotch politics; we are not a movement from the waist down; we are not a movement about sexual preference!" declared Tyler. "If I never had sex again, I would still be a lesbian!"

Carey Duncan and Walter Wheeler,

Kowalski's father until two years ago, when he forbade her to see Sharon anymore.

"I'm rather torn about being here today," stated Thompson. "One part of me is tremendously excited to be taking 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 she thinks I've left her, that I don't love her anymore. . . . If Sharon and I were a man and a woman, we could have been married, and this wouldn't have happened."



Joyce Hunter, a director of the Institute for the Protection of Lesbian and Gay Youth, the Harvey Milk School, stressed the isolation 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, Phillip, and gave him a juicy kiss in front of the crowd to demonstrate his point that people should be affectionate with each other if they feel like it, rather than letting the straight world control them by cautioning them against "flaunting" it.

"I hope that every one of you, when you leave the March on Washington, if you're a couple, when you get on board the plane, reach over and put your arms around each other and sit there the rest of the trip," said Perry. "You know why? Once they take off, they can't put

you off that plane!"

Perry's speech was well-received, particularly his discussion of the difficulty of being affectionate and of maintaining relationships without the familial support taken for granted by many heterosexual couples.

"It's still very hard to be a gay couple in America," said Perry. "You know, if I'm involved in a heterosexual couple, and I call my parents and I tell them, 'Mom, Judy and I are having problems,' Mom and Dad would always say, 'Come home. We'll help you and Judy without any problems whatsoever.' But if I called and said, 'Mom, Phillip and I are having problems,' normally the response for most gay people is the parents saying, 'Oh, thank God! Judy's still available next door! Come home!'"

Lack of support and recognition from in-laws also takes its toll. Perry's former lover died in another country while they were separated.

"I know what it's like to have the body cremated before you can even ar-

rive to have anything to do with the process," exclaimed Perry. "I know what it's like to sit and listen to relatives discuss what they're going to do with the ashes, at first not saying anything to me, as though they didn't understand my feelings."

"Finally, when they did, I let them know that had we been a heterosexual couple, my lover would have been buried in Los Angeles where he lived with me. Thank God, his parents, who I'd never met before, permitted that to happen, and since his death we have become the best of friends."

"Couples, today I say to you, don't give up! Don't let society rob you of your job! This weekend, Washington, DC, is ours! This is the gay capital of the world today!"

Dina Bachelor, a metaphysical minister, led a "non-sectarian" ceremony, beginning with a guided visualization. She asked the couples to come into the center, and their supporters around the perimeter to join hands to form a ring around them.

"We are here today in a historic city of government to make a historic statement," declared Bachelor. "Our statement is that it matters not who we love, but that we love."

Bachelor's ceremony progressed into a lengthy philosophical discussion of the nature of love, causing couples in the audience to eventually mumble, "Enough, enough!" When several people tried to cut the sermon short by throwing rice into the air, she admonished the crowd, saying she wasn't done yet. Nevertheless, by the time the ceremony was over, many couples and spectators were moved to tears.

At the close of the ceremony, couples threw rice and confetti and released balloons.

### The Wedding Demands

- That lesbian and gay domestic partners be entitled to the same rights as married heterosexual couples.
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- Repeal of all laws that make sodomy between consenting adults a crime.
- The elimination of discrimination against same-sex couples, with particular attention to taxes, insurance, medical care, survivor benefits, foster care, adoption, child custody and visitation rights.
- The extension of family benefits to domestic partners.
- For those couples affiliated with organized religions, support for the spiritual growth of individuals in committed relationships, and that religious organizations formally recognize same-sex unions.

## Wedding Commentary

by Corinne Lightweaver

A lot of criticism has been leveled at The Wedding and at its organizers. People have called it "couplist." They have criticized the "Wedding" name and theme for aping the heterosexual, patriarchal model of marriage, in which both women and men become half people, 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 reservations and wariness. I like the idea of ritually celebrating relationships — I have done so myself with my present partner — and I believed 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." As a Jew 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 deteriorated into a dull church sermon.

What struck a number of people I talked with was 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 tried to roll both events into one; I think it would have been more effective had they scheduled two separate but complementary events.

Single people needed an opportunity

to actively express their feelings about wanting recognition of gay and lesbian relationships, not as supporters or, as one person suggested, as bridesmaids. Many people through circumstance or since AIDS — through the death of a partner, have found themselves single, yet for the past or the future may want 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.

Overall though, despite my objections, I found the experience to be extremely moving and exciting. To be surrounded by thousands of people publicly declaring and celebrating their love for one another was exhilarating and profound, and an experience I'll never forget.

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# NAMES PROJECT AIDS QUILT

Capitol Mall • October 11

MARC GELLER



## Quilt Unfolds with Somber Dignity

by Corinne Lightweaver

As an orange dawn slowly rose over Capitol Mall, Cleve Jones, executive director of the NAMES Project, began reading the first 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 Campbell'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 from 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.

Readers included Judge Mary Morgan, Pat Christen of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, actor Robert Blake, Ruth Brinker of Project Open Hand, Representatives Gerry Studds and Barney Frank of Massachusetts, Louise Hay, Virginia Apuzzo and Harvey Fierstein. Also reading were officers from AIDS groups around the country representing Hawaii, New York, Rhode Island, Atlanta, Arizona, Texas and more.

In the press area, playwright Harvey Fierstein wept as he presented two

Cris Williamson, a recording artist and one of three people from the Oakland-based Olivia Records who read names, said the experience was a great honor for her.

"You know, most people can't grasp numbers more than ten, so when people say so many thousands of people have died from AIDS, for me I know it's at least two times the size of the town I was raised in," said Williamson. "That's one way I can evaluate it."

"And when I read the names here and I see this quilt, it tells me we've all got to pull together. This disease is crossing all boundaries, all borders, and it has struck this gay community incredibly deeply. Because for every name that's read, there are lives attached to it: mothers, fathers, children,

of people who have died of AIDS, even if they don't have a quilt. And it only continues. It's not even like — not to make any comparisons — the Viet Nam Memorial which is at least finite."

Representative Art Agnos was also present to read names and pay respects to the memory of his friend, Doug de Young, for whom he had made a panel.

Rob Marks, an emotional support counselor for the AIDS Project of the East Bay, came to see the panel his support group had made for one of its member's clients.

"It was a great experience," recalls Marks, of creating the panel, "because we talked about him for about 20 minutes to get to understand who he was, and then we started throwing out ideas about how to represent his life.

The group now counsels 300 mothers, as well as visiting and counseling people with AIDS, especially those deserted by their families, for which group members serve as "surrogate mothers."

"This is all about unconditional love for our sons, our children," observed Edwards. "I'm here for my son. The love that he gave me and that we shared, I have to pass on to somebody else. I have to be here for somebody. This is in my son's name that I'm here and for all the young men, women and children that have gone before us. I just need to be a part of it."

For the volunteers who worked from 2 am to 8 pm to prepare the event, monitor the crowds and put the quilt away, the experience is one they say they will never forget.

"It was one of the most wonderful and horrible experiences of my life," said Scott Lago of San Francisco. Lago helped unfold the quilt panels and worked during the day as a team captain in charge of 45 volunteer monitors.

"I really think that all of our lives have changed so much," 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 loved each other for what we had gone through."

Rod Shelmut, who sewed the quilt every day for the past four months, said his team of eight unfolders cried the entire way. "It was so 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."

Jim Vinson, another unfolder, said, "I was with my friend, Cindy, and we were leaning on each other the whole time. During the unfolding I would sniffle every once in a while, but once it was all unfolded and I looked and saw the whole thing, that's when I really broke down."

Forty-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

Continued on page 11

panels, which he had made too late to be included, to Cleve Jones. One panel was for his lover of three years, Court Miller. The other was for Christopher Stryker, 26, who had died last week and who had played his son in *Torch Song Trilogy*.

"I don't think that anybody who's here today is ever going to forget the im-



ages of just putting our loss together like this, weaving our losses together," stated Fierstein. "I just wonder how much bigger we have to make this stupid thing before people are going to realize that it's not in testing, it's not in quarantining, and it's not in looking to see who brought the disease into the country on what airplane. That it's taking care of each other right now. I have never been un-proud to be gay, but I've never been prouder to be gay than I am today."

family, lovers... and somehow they are living, and by reading these names we can remind ourselves that this is a living movement."

For US Representative Nancy Pelosi, the quilt and name-reading was a valuable graphic demonstration for the American public of the toll AIDS has taken.

"There's a lot of frustration because we should be able to do something about this," said Pelosi. "We could stand here for days and read the names

Then we drew it out and stitched it together. It's a cliché, but there's a lot of work and a lot of love going into the quilt. I'm expecting to look at the quilt and feel that coming back."

Mary Jane Edwards, president of the Los Angeles-based Mothers of AIDS Patients, was one of several mothers who read her own son's name at the podium. She wore a pink T-shirt with "Greg, 1949-1984" on the back. Edwards started the mothers' support group with Barbara Cleaver two years

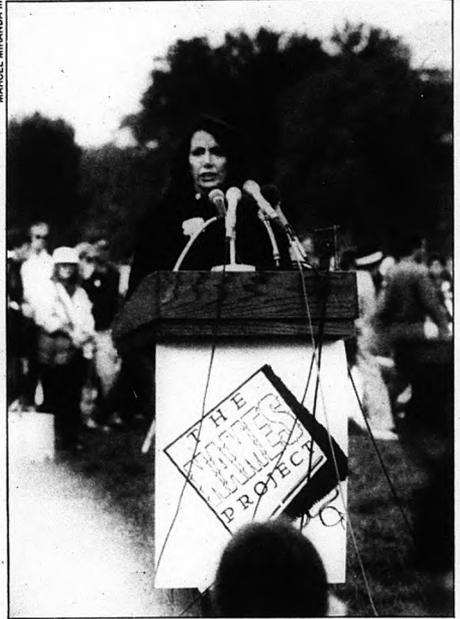
# NAMES PROJECT AIDS QUILT

Capitol Mall • October 11

MARC GELLER



MARCEL MIRANDA III



MARC GELLER



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but I've never been prouder to be gay  
than I am today."  
— Harvey Fierstein*

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# NAMES PROJECT AIDS QUILT

Capitol Mall • October 11

MARCEL MIRANDA II



## NAMES

Continued from page 9

happen, all the people who made those panels. They made them in their homes, and then they wrapped them up and sent them to somebody they'd never

heard of... I think it's going to help us remember people without being eaten up by it. My own experience has been that I lost so many friends that I started to kind of numb it out. I don't want to forget those people, but how do you remember them when it hurts so much?

I hope that this will help all of us get through this and be strong and keep fighting."

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.

MARCEL MIRANDA II



*"It was one of the most wonderful and horrible experiences of my life."*

— Scott Lago



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# PEOPLE OF COLOR CAUCUS PRE-MARCH RALLY

The Ellipse • October 11



THOMAS ALLEMAN

reservations across the country. "Forty-one Native Americans have died across the nation without any AIDS information to reservations."

Despite the sacred tone of the rally blessing, a pushing match occurred between marchers and anti-gay/anti-Semitic fanatics who held "Gays are Sodomites" and "Stop secret Jewish 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 nonviolence. Immediately, the defaming 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 jokingly encouraged other people to bring seniors out of their closets.

She urged lesbians and gays to "be more fanatical 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 Laureano, a PWA of Puerto Rican descent and co-chair of the National Association of People with AIDS, noted hardship 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 in every 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!"

## 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 showcased over 20 speakers and performers, was produced by the People of Color Caucus. Speakers included Randy Burns, Morris Kight, Pat Parker, Connie Panzarino, Renee McCoy and Tana Loi. They represented the views of youth, seniors, the disabled, people of transgender orientation and people of color.

A six-panel painting decorated the rally stage. In its center panels, 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 sweatgrass, 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 their roadblocks. We will not be silenced. We cannot depend on [our] irresponsible government."

Burns complained of the lack of AIDS education in the Native American community, specifically on

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# MARCH ON WASHINGTON

Pennsylvania Avenue NW • October 11

JUDY ROJICE



## 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 around 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-

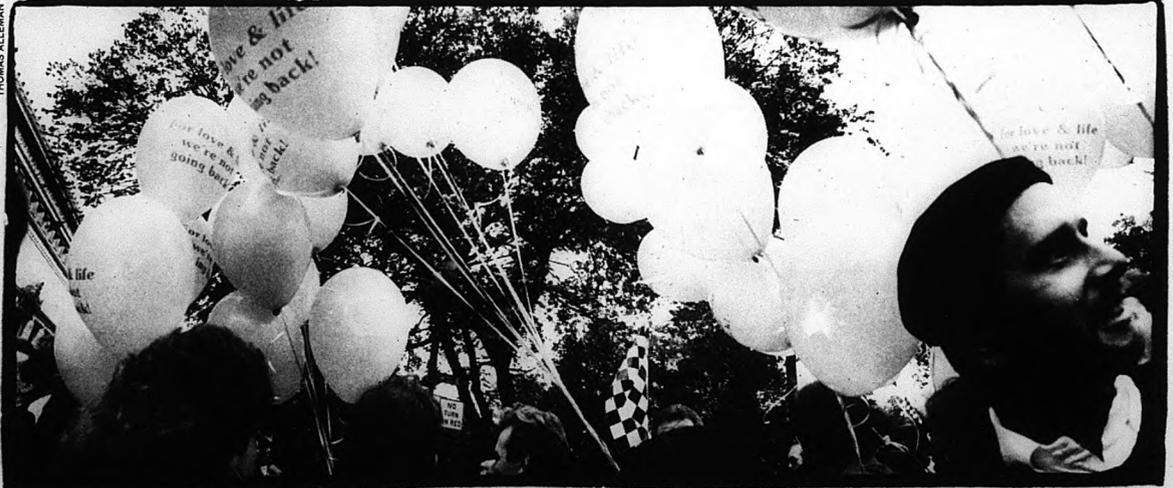
more and decided to take on my role as a reporter and find out what was happening up there. Once I began to move through our group that had banners and representatives from virtually every organization in the Bay Area, I realized I had committed myself to a point of no return. As I broke through the 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*

THOMAS ALLEMAN



# MARCH ON WASHINGTON

Pennsylvania Avenue NW • October 11



THOMAS ALLEMAN

THOMAS ALLEMAN

## March

Continued from previous page

ran into an old friend perched upon one of the pillars that dominate Washington'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 between the marchers and the small band of right-wing, radical, religious protesters perched across the street in Lafayette Park. A large contingent of DC police separated us from the protesters, who shouted religious obscenities into the cool Washington air. Their barbs included such fundamentalist classics as "There's nothing gay about being a sodomite," "It's Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve," "God bless Reagan" and unending minutes of chanting the word "Faggots" over and over.

Each contingent that passed the protesters, who hoisted huge signs containing 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 decided I'd stay in front of the White House for a while. While I was there, the contingent 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 shouting, "What makes you think your preachers are straight?" However, the best response was when Integrity of Seattle came marching by, 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. We were about to let the spectators, the administration and the whole world

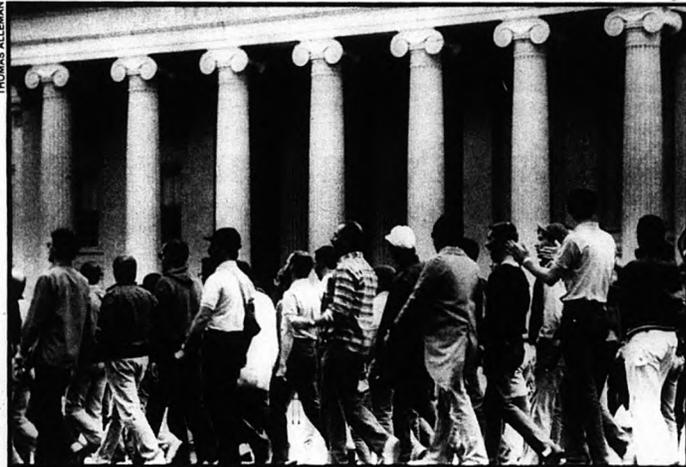
know that California was well represented at this historic event. I ran back down towards the White House to alert our photographers that the boys and girls from out West were on their way.

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 unmoved 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 orchestrated 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, Sacramento and Santa Cruz. All with colorful, festive signs representing the best of



THOMAS ALLEMAN



MARC GELLER

THOMAS ALLEMAN

# MARCH ON WASHINGTON

Pennsylvania Avenue NW • October 11



THOMAS ALLEMAN

those parts of the state.

As I looked up from enjoying the Southern California contingent, I spotted those two huge purple banners from Northern California weaving 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 strutting 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, Cleve 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



MARCEL MIRANDA III



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. ■



THOMAS ALLEMAN

# DAVE FORD'S WASHINGTON

Dave Ford's Washington

## 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 two 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 protesters maintained vigils against various travesties of US foreign policy. My own policy of benign disdain for the current administration dissipated 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 cuts an imposing figure. We've been blasted for so long by this seemingly endless administration that it's hard to remember that the monuments transcend the politics. It's a pretty place.

I slithered down to the Washington Monument and discovered that ogling the obelisk is like lying on your back and looking up at Rick Donovan, tumescent. Down by the reflecting pool, the Lincoln Memorial is a legato lesson in sculptural Daddyism. The sitting Abe appears to breathe; a thumb lifted from an armrest suggests imminent action. With his troubled scowl and marble enormity, Lincoln is a ruling Daddy. Feeling the scale-size of a three-year-old, I wanted to climb up into his lap, smell the tobacco on his breath and nuzzle his neck. Call me a slave to security.

I was freed, though, by my next find: I literally stumbled across the Vietnam Memorial when I left the Lincoln Memorial. After the unremitting 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'd heard the clink of bridles and the hoarse shout of soldiers. 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 jungle. A little ways away, the memorial itself is buried in a lawn, like an embarrassed afterthought. Walking down the pathway along the black marble

wall, you're confronted first with one name. As the walkway sinks, more names appear, until the panels at the middle "V" are covered with lists of the dead.

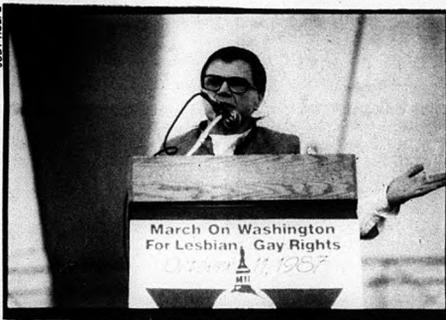
The monument's metaphor is brilliant: you see yourself in the black marble, suggesting each of the names might be your and that you are culpable, as a voting citizen, for these deaths. Its boomerang shape suggests that the same kind of war could come back to haunt us any time (as the names contained in the panel continue to haunt us).

No pigeons shit on the Vietnam Memorial.

### March Pair

Butressed with these cheery observations, I set out Wednesday to feel the

JUDY ROBLE



Robert Blake.

heat of the March. I joined forces with photo-cadet 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 whirr and buzz of machine politics almost blurred the muted chaos of the March politico.



The South lines up to march.

But not quite. One insider grouched 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

whisked her off to talk, Geller and I made nuisances of ourselves in the "All Things Considered" newsroom. 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 newsroom.

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 Buchal and Linda Mack, and engineer Marika Partridge — ran hosts Robert Siegal and Renne Montaigne through their paces. At 5:33.30 pm (radio people appreciate the second hand), Marika looked up from snapping out orders and scribbling copy changes, and gushed, "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 roiling stream of tuxedos, pearls and bourbon. A "Mike Dukakis for President" sign tipped us off, and a couple of young tuxedos nearby filled us in: it was the \$1,500-a-head Democratic National Conference. Each of the embattled Demo presidential candidates had a hotel banquet room stuffed with bars, crudities and wallet-watching fat cats. Geller and I looked at each other, shrugged, and joined the old milling stream.

In Albert Gore's room, the most crowded and the loudest, a cute young Gore staffer with a sizable, um, lip said he liked the Tennessee senator's

"policies" — then ran away and hid. When the policy-heavy pluff shuffled into the room, looking fabulously bloated 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 shaking hands?" I heard him think), his eyes rolled back in his head, and he babbled 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 Castor had cornered Babblin' Bruce Babbitt, so I sniffed out Jesse Jackson, 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 spouted the expected bromides about the March and his participation in it, then broke off our in-depth, 30-second chat to shake the right hands of a few Denver oilmen. Jackson did mention, 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 enthused. I asked if he was meeting with the gay Demo groups Saturday. "No," he said, "but I met with some in San Francisco recently." Then he met with yet another tuxedo, 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 later, a non-gay newsman scowled, "Yeah, they'll kiss and hug you in 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. Beginning 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, clawed my arm and reminded me that the Duke is lobbying 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 Gep-

MARC GELLER



Jesse Jackson.

# DAVE FORD'S WASHINGTON

hardt, but in the press room, Geller and I ran across Joan Shaffer, a reporter for the *McLenden News Service*. "Do people still discriminate against gays?" she asked, incredulous. Fortytish, with cascading red hair and sad blue eyes, she said she had worked out her version of sexual preference: "They either prefer me or they don't." Then she handed me her card, saying, "If you ever change your Kinsey rating, call."

## Where It's Frat

Geller and I changed our clothes and headed for P Street in the nearby, very gay DuPont Circle area. We stumbled into the Fraternity House, a two-floor bar with wood floors, a moose head on the wall and a glass-front bookcase lining the dance floor — with real books in it. Get it? Just like a frat house. The collegiate crowd looked loose. "It's like a preppy Stud," SF lawyer Bruce Carolan said later.

I preferred the upstairs lounge, a dingy, low-ceilinged room with a bar. A Grateful Dead video played on two small TVs flanking the bar. In an off-

twisted to modern music, munched free popcorn and tanked up at the bar. Outside, an even younger crowd undulated on a patio dance floor (DC 18-year-olds can legally drink beer and wine but not hard booze), while clusters of high schoolers giggled and gossiped on wooden bleachers at either end of a well-raked volleyball court. When the bar shut down at two (Tracks is open till four or so), the health nuts took over: Geller and I helmed a five-man volleyball team to repeated victory, winding up the final match at 3 am. Geller lost his voice, but the other team lost the games. Ha, ha.

## No Names

The next morning, the laryngitic Geller and I staggered to the nearby Textile Museum where the NAMES Project was holding a press conference. Actor Robert Blake slumped in a corner, nodded mysteriously under an LAPD baseball cap stuck with a feather (call it macaroni). Technical Director Ron Cordova said he will head to Mexico when it's all over and that he expects

justing electricity. "This is the most crowded I've seen this place," said Kenan, who's worked the White House for the past three years.

At 3 pm on the dot, Bork waddled in — and you know the rest. Afterwards, we trotted out to the White House lawn press enclave to watch Reagan, Nancy and doggie Rex board the copter. (Reagan looks in reality as he does on TV: like a Disneyland robo-prez.) After they clattered off, Kenan and I hustled into a nearby corridor where a platoon of cameras pointed at an open door; they hoped to snag Howard Baker or at least press spokesperson Marlin Fitzwater. I found myself huddled next to NBC's Chris Wallace and a short distance from ABC's Sam Donaldson and CBS's Bill Plante. They are all kind of tall. Donaldson's eyes are an amazing blue. This conversation ensued.

Wallace: "It's been a long day."  
Donaldson: "It's not over yet."

Frank Cesno (CNN): "You still think Bork might pull out?"

Donaldson: "No, but I've lost so much money on him today, I just may beat him to death."

Wallace called Bork's remarks "one of the great speeches," and added, in reference to the justice's quavery tone, that Bork "might win the Pat Schroeder award." Donaldson said he's "not into biting men." Bill Plante just stood mute, his thumb hooked in his belt, his hand cupping his groin. "What are you doing, Bill?" Wallace asked, mock-incredulously. Plante only grinned. "Well," Wallace said, "everyone has his way of dealing with tension," at which point Donaldson narrowed his snake-like eyes and stroked his microphone extension.

## French Bliss

That evening, Geller and I, rapidly approaching our physical Kennedy-esque ideal, trudged past the cutesy streets of downtown Georgetown and far out into the rural areas. We finally, finally found the French Embassy where the National AIDS Network was throwing a wingding honoring seven volunteers instrumental in the AIDS fight. Arriving fifteen minutes early for the press conference, we had time to wonder if Morgan Fairchild was for real, TV host Gary Collins was for sale and if Whoopi Goldberg would really show up. (She did. She only overslept for her appearance at the NAMES Project quilt unveiling Sunday morning. Darn.)

The party was *tres bien* if you like loud homos, free drinks, vegetable *hors d'oeuvres* and lots of unrecognizable celebrities. I asked raspy playwright Harvey Fierstein how *Safe Sex*, his

latest, had fared on Broadway. "It came and went," he said, his voice grating like sandpaper on truck axles. Explain, *s'il vous plait*? "It closed after a week," he croaked, fixing me with the evil eye. I promised to read reviews in the future and excused myself to leap off the balcony.

MARCEL MIRANDA III



Harvey Fierstein.

## Street Beat

I looked before I leapt, however, and wound up, boyfriend Patrick by my side, on P Street at the Georgetown border. Unlike the sedate nights earlier in the week, the place seethed with yammering gay lust as thousands of happy homos tripped and treaded in and out of flooded bars.

But the real action was on the street. At 3 am, gays had their mill, chatting each other up and down the sidewalk. It really reeked — in the best sense — of the Castro's (and SF's) gay heyday, when piles of bodies piled their trade, flaunting and flirting as though bonded by aberrant atoms.

The rest of the weekend — this was Friday night, remember — took on the bizarre sense of a majority rule both unsettling and inspiring. Gays flooded my hotel and the streets outside of it. Gays crowded the Lambda Rising bookstore on Connecticut Avenue and flocked to local restaurants and shops. Suddenly, and for a brief, flickering moment, I felt a part of something bigger than a ghetto. I realized, in a disturbing flash, how heterosexual ease evolves partly from a sense, first and foremost, of sheer numbers, followed quickly by a sense of rightness. It's hard to feel defensive when most of the world is Your Kind.

## Closing Din

The next night — Saturday — parties raged throughout the city. We checked into the Onyx, a converted bank (complete with basement vaults), where sim-

ing things of all sexes cavorted to chestnuts like "We Are Family" — which the DJ extended to a 20-minute mantric chant. And no wonder: when I asked if he had any Smiths, he only scowled — and tracked old Madonna instead. But the beer was cold, the steins were strong, and the mood simply wouldn't be sour — even under the strain of the prissy disc-spinner.

A little after 2 am, Patrick, Geller and I trooped out to the Mall site of the NAMES Project quilt. The normally phlegmatic Ron Cordova hopped about like a hyperthyroidic bunny, wagging his flashlight and croaking orders. When I asked Cleve Jones how he felt just then, he only smiled silently — his best volume.

## Quilt Me With Kindness

After a restful hour-and-a-half's sleep, Patrick, Geller and I returned to the NAMES site — at 7:30 am Sunday morning. You've by now read all the press accounts, so I won't belabor the set-up. I'll just say that it was the single most effective symbol I've personally seen emerge from the gay community. Why? Because it *moved*. The slow, elegant unfolding of the quilt; the laggardly reading of the victims' names; the sun rising like a single red tear above the Capitol; and above all, the open, unabashed weeping of all the spectators and participants — all these lent the ceremony a tragic dignity and a haunting joy.

Cleve, of course, wept; when I heard my friend Chris Olds' name, I wept; listening to the mounting toll, Patrick wept; snapping pictures and hustling shots, Geller wept; reading her dead son's name, Long Beach mother Susan Caves wept; and all around the enormous quilt, couples hugged and strangers shook with sobs, wiping each other's eyes and sobbing again.

And that's as good a place as any to end this deadline-rattled narrative. Oh, the March was fabulous in a sort of laid-back, ordinary way, and the rally following it was moving and incisive. But those are a bleary blur just now; you can read about 'em elsewhere.

I'll leave you with two images. The first is of a few thousand gays and lesbians, from all over the country, slowly trudging along the NAMES Project quilt walkways, tears coursing down their cheeks. That melds gently into the second image — a graffiti we spotted on a downtown building. It read: "The Toilet Seat Was So High, I Felt Like a Queen."

Stuck together with Metaphor Glue, those two images sum up, better than I'll ever be able to, The Week That Was. ■



Cleve Jones carrying the NAMES Quilt.

shoot room, a giant video screen showed two young boys fleshing gears. You gotta appreciate the priorities.

## The Love Bloat

The next afternoon, I met up with Geller on Capitol Hill. After a quick visit with Nancy Pelosi aide Steve Morin, we strolled over to the Capitol building. As we reached the steps of the Senate entrance, Senator Edward "Ted" Kennedy descended regally, all alone. Marc approached him, stuck out his hand and said, "Thanks for your work on Judge Bork." Kennedy shook Geller's hand perfunctorily and said, "Eh." As he passed me, he scowled, then proffered his hand. I shook it but remained mute. As Kennedy walked off alone, Geller called, "And thanks for your work on gay rights." Kennedy waved his hand without turning around and said, "Lrpgm."

I'd remained mute when Kennedy and I shook, not out of coyness, but from shock: up close, Kennedy looked like a flushed alkies wreck. Decades of hard work, political celebrity and personal notoriety have left him bloated and bleary-eyed. True, he photographs fairly well. In person, however, his face appears afire with popped veins, and his eyes are shot with rivers of red.

## Good Sport

Deciding we'd met our physical inspiration, Geller and I made tracks that night for a bar way across town called Tracks. We figured that a five-room spread would offer ample opportunity to work on our Ted Kennedy tan. We were right. In the large disco area, a sexually and ethnically mixed crowd wiggled and rocked under purple lights. In a smaller room, a collegiate crowd

Executive Director Cleve Jones to sleep. Jones yanked the "Thanks" list from the press kit and motioned me over. "You're on here somewhere," he said. But as he perused the names, his face fell — further than it's fallen up till now. "You're *not* on the list," he moaned. "Now we'll get trashed."

Nope: just ignored.

## Bork to the Future

Geller and I had just put our feet up on the hideous Hilton bedspreads early that afternoon when the phone rang. "Can you get down to the White House in an hour?" rasped Kenan Block, younger brother of Rock Previews' Adam Block. Kenan, a Block working in the real world, is a Capitol Hill reporter for the "MacNeil-Lehrer News Hour." "The president's going to speak," Kenan said. I thought that was news enough: I wasn't sure he could.

Geller and I jumped a cab, flew through the White House northwest gate and joined Kenan in the briefing room. It's narrow, with movie-theatre seats. At one end, a podium stands in front of a blue curtain. At the other, a bank of TV screens blinks in a wall in front of which stands a bevy of TV cameras. A technician slept among their tripods. Most of the reporters and camera crews crowded the closed east door, angling for the best spot on the White House lawn to shoot the president's Camp David departure.

So when a voice announced at 2:45 that "Judge Bork will appear in the briefing room at 3 pm," total hell broke loose. Camera people scurried, pushing and shoving their way into the narrow aisles; reporters found their seats (which are marked with name plaques); and the room remained abuzz with

MARC GELLER



Guarding the door at Lambda.

# MARCH ON WASHINGTON RALLY

Capitol Mall • October 11

JUDY ROUFE



## 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.

The first reference 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



MARC GELLER

# MARCH ON WASHINGTON RALLY

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AIDS virus. We must stop death and give life a chance."

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 stated. 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, for 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 22 states the US Supreme Court has declared we have no right to privacy. We are barred from worshipping 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."

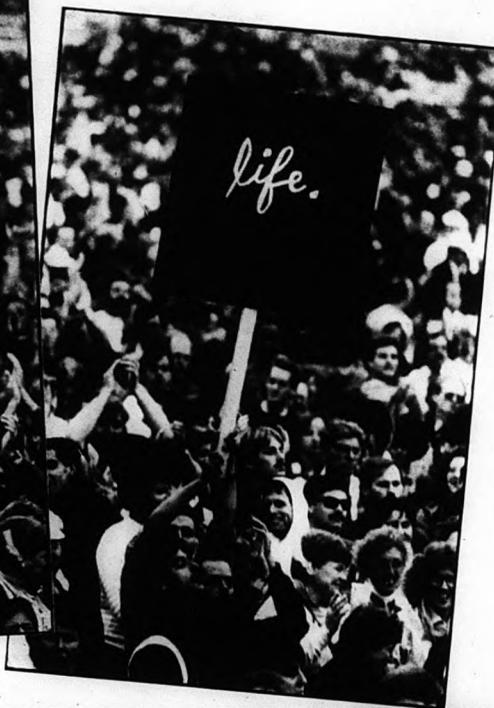
Appuzzo urged the massive crowd to perform acts of nonviolent civil disobedience in their own hometowns and at every state legislature that attempts to legislate bigotry.

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 on next page



THOMAS ALLEMAN



THOMAS ALLEMAN



MARCEL MIRANDA III



JUDY ROLFE



JUDY ROLFE

# MARCH ON WASHINGTON RALLY

Capitol Mall • October 11

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 that happened, but it has to stop now. I'm terrified that the federal government is ignoring us. No more bombs, we need hospitals. We don't need 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



Wasted after a long day afoot.

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. That help came from the lesbian and gay people in San Francisco and we will never forget that.

"The officers and members of our

union endorse your list of demands. We want civil rights for lesbian and gay people," Chavez told the cheering crowd. "We support your demand for the fundamental right to privacy. By supporting your constitutional right to privacy, we are keeping it for ourselves, too.

"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.

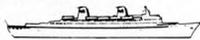
"People see in our image what is really true. God is love. God is humanity."

"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 encompasses 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."



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# NATIONAL LESBIAN & GAY RIGHTS CONGRESS

First Congregational Church • October 12

## 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 community.

About 200 people attended the meeting — mostly white, mostly men. Seven 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 meeting. 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 first meeting of the Congress is tentatively scheduled for late summer or early fall of 1988.

In introducing 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 we need to train and bring up to fill those plush seats that we have occupied for so long." However, few are expected to follow that suggestion.

Hill also cautioned against placing

too high expectations on the Congress. "The first time we meet, we will not be 100 percent successful. We might be 70 percent and that's better than 40 percent. Or we might be 40 percent and that is better than nothing at all. But we will begin to evolve a movement that is inclusive of us all."

He warned against seeking messiahs for the gay and lesbian rights movement, because they are vulnerable to opponents, as well as to their own human weaknesses. "What happened to Harvey Milk, who was perceived as a potential messiah? What happened to Martin Luther King? What happened to Mahatma Gandhi? Though some things were accomplished by the movement they spiritually led, their deaths stunted the growth and further development of the movements."

The gay and lesbian movement must develop a broad base of power and leadership, rather than burdening one vulnerable human being, he preached.

Speaker after speaker stood up — from Georgia, Colorado, New York, Texas — to try to express their concerns about the Congress. What was its purpose? Who would control it? Who would be disenfranchised?

"Actually, there's something about this Congress that I haven't told you," quipped Hill, in all seriousness. "When this sucker sits, it is the 900-pound gorilla — it may do what it chooses!"

Reverend Shannon O'Hara of Oregon was one of many people who stood to request that their special interest group not be forgotten or excluded.

"When you are voting on these 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'Hara.

Donald Snow, a fundraiser for the March and a member of the Political Action Committee of the Long Beach Lambda Democratic Club, said he 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 suggested 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 Boneberg 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, though certainly they are much more visible."

Boneberg 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 broaden the inclusivity. 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, Boneberg's proposal was adopted.

Ernie Potvin 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 speak strongly in favor of the proposed resolution which empowered representatives from Puerto Rico as voting members of the National Lesbian and Gay 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 the meeting, noting that putting together such an organization requires a lot of hard work, intensive analysis and com-

mitment.

"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 practices 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 greatly increase the gay community's lobbying influence with US senators, who must represent both urban and rural areas.

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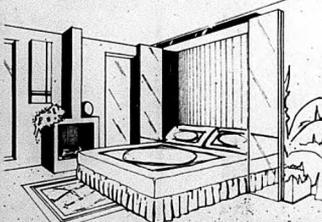
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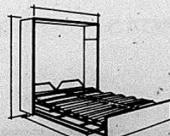
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### Resolutions of National Gay and Lesbian Rights Congress Planning Meeting

1. There shall be a Congress to work toward accomplishment of the March demands, and such other business as the Congress chooses to consider.
2. Congress shall be composed of one gay male and one lesbian delegate from each of the United States congressional districts, the District of Columbia and the United States territories, divided or combined to match the population equivalent to a congressional district, with an additional ten percent to be added by the Credentials Committee to represent the diversity of our community and another ten percent to include representation from elected gay and lesbian officials and representatives from groups.
3. Each delegation shall have as many members as the districts may choose, but only two votes with gender parity on the floor of any congressional session.
4. Each delegation shall reflect the ethnic and racial composition of the district they represent and shall be selected in an open, non-exclusionary process.
5. To facilitate the Congress, four committees shall be established: Credentials Committee, Resolutions Committee, Agenda Committee, Site and Logistics Committee.
6. Each committee will have gender parity and 25 percent people of color composition.
7. Committee membership shall be voluntary, with acceptance by the Executive Committee of the National March on Washington.

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# "OUT & OUTRAGED" CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

US Supreme Court • October 13

## A Queer and Present Danger

by Ken Cady



THOMAS ALLEMAN

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 was going to be a big success. This feeling created a friendliness and 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. Everywhere people were greeting perfect strangers, smiling and

laughing as they began the peaceful march for gay rights.

The sense of sharing 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 hun-

dred police could not handle the volume and a waiting game took place, the crowd waiting game took place, the crowd shouting, "We're bored, 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 group getting larger. Contingents from the Capitol Police, the Metropolitan Police, the US Park Service Police and K-9 units all joined the small Supreme Court police force. Many of them gathered to form a human barrier to the court, standing with billy clubs beneath the words carved across the building: "EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER THE LAW."

By 9 am, more than 500 had registered their desire to be arrested. Each was told by one of the speakers that civil disobedience equals an open challenge

of unjust laws. Many were there to protest the *Hardwick* case ruling that sodomy in private between consenting adults could be a crime. Many were supporting passage of the gay rights bill introduced by seven senators and co-sponsored by 70 congresspeople.

Virginia Apuzzo, a New York activist, had told Sunday's crowd: "We are discriminated against on our jobs, in housing and public accommodations. The Supreme Court has declared we have no right to privacy. We are hounded out of the military, barred from worshipping in some churches. Our children are kept from us... if that isn't second-class citizenship, I don't know what is."

Obviously, the government inaction in the face of 41,000 cases of AIDS motivated the protesters, as did the fear of potential court action to restrict gay freedom by quarantine or other limitations of civil liberties. After all, this was the court which had decreed in the 1800s 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 outraged, 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 sexual-

ty, which is our only commonly defining 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 roared its approval. From across the street the supporters chanted: "Ho, ho, ho. Sodomy laws have got 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 had gathered at the windows of the courthouse to watch as the next wave of 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.

Herb 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 guys 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, Guy Decker, who celebrated his 18th anniversary with his lover on Sunday's march to the Capitol.

I asked Guy 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... Things have gotten so bad for gays... we have to put our bodies on the line. I'm fortunate to be healthy and able to be here — it's my duty."

Donaldson and Decker 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 non-violence training had explained the principles behind nonviolent action,

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# “OUT & OUTRAGED” CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

US Supreme Court • October 13

and how it can be used for social change; helped the protesters make 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 hometowns 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 joined them, a group I termed “Robocops.” These men wore dark black jumpsuits, large helmets with protective visors, combat boots and grim faces. They carried tear gas, gas masks, clubs, guns and ammunition. It seemed as if the police didn’t have confidence in their original line of defense.

The waves against the barriers continued, each approaching a different area of police barriers. The Lesbians Protesting Injustice (LIPS) were among the first. They each carried a lipstick kiss prominently on their cheeks. They held hands and sang as they made their way to be arrested. Another group wore yellow gloves to mock the police who had done the same when 64 people were arrested in a similar sit-in at the White House on June 1. A California affinity group called itself “Tsunami,” the tidal wave. Another group all wore black shirts with pink triangles and the words “Silence=Death.” Many of the protesters carried pink triangle-shaped confetti to throw when they reached the forbidden plaza.

One group of men wore T-shirts with the picture of a friend or lover who had died of AIDS. On the Supreme Court steps each man rose individually and told the audience about the life of the person being represented.

By agreement with the March organizers, the police allowed small groups to reach the plaza where the arrests could be processed one by one. Occasionally a group breaking through included more protesters than the police wanted, so they resisted the additional people and minor violence ensued. One officer became quite angry, using force against a marcher. When those near him real-

ized that he had taken his badge off, they began a shout, “Where’s his badge?” and the audience chanted it continually until a lawyer was able to get through. Then those around the officer started shouting, “2025,” which was apparently the missing badge number.

At other times, when the resistance became rough, the crowd reacted immediately, chanting, “Put the clubs down,” and “No violence.” Long waits began to develop as the police found that there were many more protesters wanting arrest than they had planned on. One police official complained, “With the NOW demonstration it went like clockwork. Why didn’t they tell us there would be so many?”

The affinity groups had occupied all of the steps to the plaza, and sat waiting underneath the police above them. One group used the time to begin AIDS education for the police officers, with one demonstrator asking a question out loud about how AIDS is transmitted, and another providing the answer. This went on for several minutes as the group explained, “We have a captive audience.” Indeed, the cops appeared to be paying attention.

At other times, the chants were designed to get the police officers’ attention. Many black officers were in the front line, and they were told: “Gay, straight, black, white. Same struggle, same fight.”

When the police continued their grim looks, the crowd chanted, “Gay cops don’t smile.” Even then, only one officer was able to crack a grin, which immediately turned into a very red face.

When the protesters reached the plaza, they were met by a very serious William White, the public information officer for the Capitol police. Using a bullhorn, 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. At 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. Smiles started to appear when the crowd chanted about the police, “They’re tired; they’re bored; they want to go to lunch!”

As a group of PWAs came onto the steps, one officer made a show of put-



THOMAS ALLEMAN

**“We are discriminated against on our jobs, in housing and public accommodations. The Supreme Court has declared we have no right to privacy. Our children are kept from us... if that isn’t second-class citizenship, I don’t know what is.”**

— Virginia Appuzzo

ting on surgical gloves. At first the crowd booed, but soon started to shout, “Your gloves don’t match your shoes!” This turned into a song to the tune of “Old MacDonald,” with the second verse becoming, “Your gloves don’t match your hat.”

I asked Lt. K.E. White, supervisor of the police barricading 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 there are a percentage of gays in our department. The only openly gay officer we had moved to San Francisco a few years

ago.” White was glad that the demonstration was peaceful, saying, “We don’t often have one this large.” He had not expected violence, although would not have been surprised at a few isolated incidents, since “there are crazies in any group.” He did tell me that officers losing their control could be disciplined, depending on what their 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 reminded

me of a gay cop I had known 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 Haines, 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 Alder, was reportedly among those arrested. Comedian Danny Williams was somber as he told me that he was there to seek “equal justice under the law. Lesbians and gays 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 insisted, 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 letters seeking supporters for such activity that were published in several gay papers by a Massachusetts man. In fact, the crowd was very well behaved. No Sisters of Perpetual Lamppostery or men in drag were observed.

Although the crowd started to thin, the spirit of the group continued as the protesters were slowly arrested. The buses of arrestees became very noisy as they filled. Ten additional buses had to be brought in. These each carried a large advertisement on the side, proclaiming “Sheer Madness” as “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 forfeited when 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 court appearance came at 8 pm, and he was one of the first to be taken to jail. The hours spent waiting included a shuffling from one jail to another and

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# "OUT & OUTRAGED" CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

US Supreme Court • October 13

## Proud to Be Guilty

by Mark Schoofs

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 Supreme Court steps. "We need to

push our way through." I nodded, and we called a huddle with the other members of our affinity group. We agreed to wait no longer and to force our way past the police.



Michael Hardwick returns to the US Supreme Court to protest the decision handed down against him in 1986.

Civil rights are made of such small moments. Fleeting and often unnoticed, they nevertheless do not 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. Crouching, I nodded and then lowered my shoulder back into knees and jackboots. An especially strong shove pitched me forward into the crowd. I regained my balance and again set 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, and we were arrested for "parading and assembling on the grounds of the Supreme Court." At the arraignment 12 hours later, I mustered my most booming voice and pleaded, "Proud to be guilty!"

But *Bowers v. Hardwick* still stands. Sharon Kowalski is not yet home. 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 inscription 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 so did 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 thousand just from Tuesday: a Radical Faerie skipping down the corridor past his jailers and into his cell, purple tie-dye skirts fluttering and flapping in his wake. A woman from San Francisco fasting throughout her three-day sentence. A person with AIDS, handcuffed, his precious pill fallen 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 cuts the judge short and continues: "I'm tired of being beaten up on the streets, and I'm hungry for equal justice under the law." ■

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### Queer

Continued from previous page

absolutely no food. Yet the judge says, "It was such a great feeling because of the solidarity. The men chanting to the women in nearby cells, 'We like dykes,' and they chanted back, 'We like fags.'" Donaldson stated that the inmates were all treated courteously by their keepers, including a burly sergeant named "Scraper" and his masculine appearing assistant "Eileen."

Donaldson's affinity group had four support persons who kept track of their progress throughout the day and were waiting for them when they appeared in court. "It was well worthwhile," he

said. "We got more out of it than we expected."

Indeed, the entire weekend was well worthwhile for its participants. Hundreds of thousands returned to their hometowns with a renewed spirit and sense of commitment. In general, the straight press reported the events and the intensity of our movement accurately, although they consistently underestimated our numbers. It was a much-needed pep rally for troops long suffering from discrimination and the consequences of the AIDS epidemic.

One marcher at the court carried a sign, "Thank you, Justice Blackmun," referring to the strong dissenting opin-

ion filed in the *Hardwick* case supporting our right to privacy in our intimate associations. Blackmun's opinion was originally written as the majority decision striking down the Georgia sodomy law in a 5-4 vote. When now-retired Justice Lewis Powell did an about-face at the last minute, Blackmun's eloquent discourse on the freedom to be who you are became a minority dissent.

Many court personnel, including some justices, watched our protest. The nation saw our commitment, our spirit, and our need to be free from discrimination. It's not unreasonable to believe that progress was made in Washington that will be felt across the country. ■



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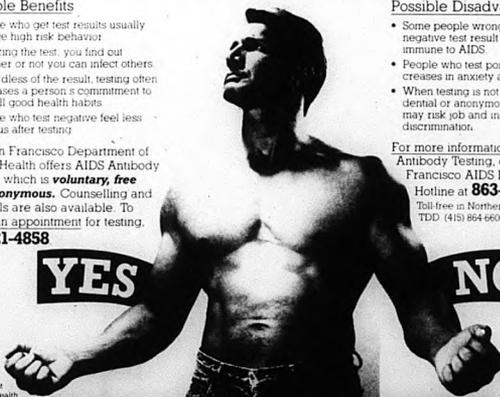
- People who get test results usually reduce high risk behavior
- By taking the test, you find out whether or not you can infect others
- Regardless of the result, testing often increases a person's commitment to overall good health habits
- People who test negative feel less anxious after testing

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

### Possible Disadvantages

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

For more information about AIDS Antibody Testing, call the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Hotline at **863-AIDS**  
Toll-free in Northern CA (800) FOR AIDS TEST (415) 864-6666



GET THE FACTS. CONSIDER YOUR FEELINGS. THEN DECIDE.

## THE CONFERENCES

# People of Color Make Waves

by Stacy Jackson

“There 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 lesbians and gays in support of Jesse Jackson's presidency; a self-hatred exploratory workshop presented by Marjorie Hill, PhD; a slide presentation entitled “Asian Lesbianism: Past and Present”; gender caucuses; and a workshop on AIDS education in Third World communities. NCBLG affiliates and board members met continuously throughout the day to discuss the status of its organization across the country.

The pro-Jackson supporters hoped to create a nationwide support base of lesbian and gays 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 recent position paper on AIDS as crucial in winning support in the gay community.

Amani Jabari 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; [he] needs to be held accountable.”

In the workshop, Self-Hatred in the Black Lesbian and Gay Community, Marjorie Hill also made reference to Jackson. “After 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



MARCEL MIRANDA III

discussion. “Three black women sat on a bus. One woman was quoting from *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's just like a nigger to mess 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 as a whole.

# Activists Organize Civil Disobedience

by Stacy Jackson

Over 100 people attended an all-day conference called “Agitate, Educate, Organize” at St. Aloysius' 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.

Ortiz Alderson, a member of both ACT UP and the Minority Task Force on AIDS, stood up boldly 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 refocusing speech was met with applause.

“I want to see the goals of the day accomplished,” remarked Alderson, asserting that “ratification 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.

Attendees 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 any 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.

National 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, 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 G4, New York, NY, 10014.

## SUTTER'S MILL

**“Congratulations on a successful March on Washington. United we stand and together we celebrate!”**

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# EDITORIAL

Tom Murray

## Voices from the Heart

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

Scripted simply across one of the nearly 2,000 panels assembled by the NAMES Project along the Capitol Mall, these words aptly expressed a dream, a goal for last week's March on Washington. Gay people traveled from all parts of the nation 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 offer will know 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 something sacred that was happening as people wandered among

the myriad of memories stitched together with care.

Most of us knew more than one of the names represented. We trekked as pilgrims from one friend's panel to the next. We paused to peruse the handiwork on Liberace's or Rock Hudson's. We stopped short when recognizing the name of someone we did not know had died. Some of us brought flowers, alive and fresh. We wandered in solitude, or in small clusters united in our grief, bonded by the extraordinary love that brought these 2000 lives together.

I returned more than once during the day to the panel my friend Cathy and I made for my roommate, Tim. I brushed off leaves and stray threads, feeling that same zealous protectiveness I felt toward him before he died. Once again, on this grassy Mall many miles from our home, I felt vulnerable and helpless. Clouds clustered overhead and rain seemed imminent. How could I keep him safe from a storm? Or violence? Or death? Feelings are irrational, and therein lies their power. Bits of fabric, glitter and sequins had a magical capacity to resurrect the lives they represented, to transform an infinite loss into an immediate presence.

Gay people have never grieved collectively. Only in San Francisco have we established traditions to remember loved ones. We

light candles and we march together. The quilt turned our collective national loss into an art form with an intimate, universally poignant message: we are not enemies, we are not different; our lives are unique and precious, an essential part of the fabric of this land.

I watched as strangers reached out to comfort someone crying softly, alone. Surrounded by death, life continued. Tears were shed, then dried. Children rode in strollers while golden-agers hobbled about with canes. Treading softly over this sacred ground, hearts listened, loved and healed.

Washington responds to power. The National March on Gay and Lesbian Rights displayed our power, our determination to achieve justice. When the *Sentinel* attempted to rent a helicopter to photograph the event from above, the Secret Service refused to allow us permission to travel into "restricted airspace." They explained that they did not have adequate personnel to inspect the chopper for armaments, i.e., rifles with telescopic lenses. Like most of society, they fear us. Like most people, they cannot accept the love we offer. Perhaps after watching us march in Washington and hearing those 2000 quilted voices speak, those who fear us will know better now.

## FROM THE PUBLISHER

Robert M. Golotch

## 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 our movement's proudest moment.

The facts have been widely reported — both in the national news and in our own press. Of course, the "facts" vary according to which source you believe. While the mainstream press generally placed the number of people attending the March on Sunday at around 250,000, it was clear to anyone there that the number reached, if not exceeded, at least double that number. Of course, in San Francisco we experience the same downplaying every Gay Freedom Day when the police report our numbers as being a mere fraction 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'll ever see. In the end, however, the lasting legacy will not be the "facts" of the weekend. The stories and memories of each of the hundreds of thousands of women and men who attended will be the lasting record of this event. Those stories will live in our history in the minds of those who were there and

through the stories that are told to the many millions who couldn't come.

Here are just a few of my memories.

I remember arriving in Washington with the *Sentinel* staff and being greeted warmly by National March Co-Chair and San Franciscan Pat Norman. Not for the last time that weekend, I was surprised at the way everyone had left behind differences that divide us — legitimately — back home. Pat and I deeply disagree about local politics, and she is currently suffering from the blunt criticism directed at her in Randy Shilts' account of the AIDS crisis in San Francisco, *And the Band Played On*.

But in Washington she showed us nothing but her finest side. Not only did she make every effort for our staff to be guaranteed maximum access to all events, but she fulfilled her role as our national spokesperson with dignity and eloquence. She did San Francisco proud.

I remember all politicians who stand by us putting aside their differences and showing their best sides as well. John Molinari came to lobby for increased AIDS funding, scoring an announcement of an opening date for a project he has worked long and hard for: the regional AIDS hospital in the Richmond District. Gerry Studdts, the openly gay congressman from Massachusetts, spoke eloquently both on the floor of the House of Representatives as well as to our group. Nancy Pelosi held a reception at the Rayburn Building to recognize gay efforts. Art Agnos marched with members of his gay political base, the Harvey Milk Club.

I remember the *Sentinel* marching between the Alice B. Toklas delegation and the Milk Club. I remember none of the usual sparks of discord flaring up between these normally antagonistic forces.

I remember the reception hosted by the *Sentinel*, bringing together two hundred lesbian and gay journalists from all over the country. For the first time, I think we got a sense of common journalistic goals and perspectives. For the first time, we felt like a national network, all of us striving in our own cities to tell the story of our life and times as gay people. We were flushed with excitement at witnessing the greatest news event of our history.

I remember waiting patiently for our parade to begin. So great were the numbers, that after the leaders of the March began their trek to Congress, it was another two-to-three hours before we in the middle of the pack began moving!

I remember the people sitting in the trees and on the lampposts along the parade route. I remember a living ocean of our brothers and sisters extending to the horizon ahead and behind who had come to demand our rights as human beings.

I remember most of all, however, the natural friendliness and heartfelt love that we all showed to one another. Strangers would greet you like long-lost friends. It seemed that we were all filled with a rare spirit and energy of unity and pride that we so easily forget in our day-to-day lives.

Coming home on our flight, we were exhausted, but full of pride. I kicked back to catch a little sleep; Chip leaned against me; and Stern lay across Chip's lap. We didn't care what anyone thought. We were proud of ourselves. I don't think that a single person who was there will ever be quite the same again.

## FROM THE DESK

David M. Lowe

## Comfort Zone

I knew it was going to be an extraordinary weekend when I boarded my flight for Washington and immediately recognized a number of familiar faces. When was the last time you boarded a plane and recognized anyone? It wasn't long before we determined that there were only nine straight people on the entire plane and that we were a definite majority on this particular flight.

A very friendly stewardess helped us do the calculations by spilling that nine passengers were scheduled to depart at Cleveland. Armed with those figures we began to look around — and sure enough the faces, dress and that look in their eyes revealed there couldn't have been more than a dozen folks who weren't bound for the March on Washington.

We had a comfort zone. That space where you suddenly feel free to be yourself and not have to pretend you're straight. It wasn't very long into the five-hour flight before we began moving freely about the cabin. Suddenly, the plane filled with chatter about the March. Suddenly, the straight folks knew they were in a situation they hadn't ever encountered before.

They began to look uncomfortable. Having felt that minority discomfort myself before, I at first felt sorry for them. Then I began to gloat that finally a few of them

might have to experience the feelings we'd been feeling all our lives. Maybe it would do them some good.

Finally, one elderly couple asked one of us if we all belonged to some sort of fraternity or something. They were told that we all had AIDS. Imagine their surprise. They hadn't even figured out that we were all lesbian or gay before they had to deal with the fact that they were stuck on a very long flight with a whole plane load of AIDS patients with no other choice but to deal with it. Of course, they had been misinformed, but they didn't know any better and were too petrified to ask anyone else's opinion. At first I thought my companion's prank was mean spirited, but after a while, I once again felt comfortable with the possibility of them feeling the uncomfortable feeling PWAs must feel when they are in the minority.

Needless to say, they were the first ones off the plane in Cleveland where one passenger

was overheard telling the people meeting her at the airport, "Oh, they were just so blatantly homosexual the whole flight."

I disagreed, I thought we were all just being quiet gay.

Take note that some of the passengers who got off in Cleveland were from the Bay Area and had at least seen a homosexual before. Now imagine the shock and surprise of someone boarding the flight in Cleveland. They were a wreck. By that time we had established a rapport among ourselves and the stewardess. One couple just behind me finally asked the stewardess what was going on, and she simply informed them that a large party of men from San Francisco was traveling to Washington. No more questions for the stewardess out of them. In fact, they didn't move out of their seats the whole flight. Guess we do have quite a reputation nationwide.

When we landed at National Airport, we were greeted by a number of other plane loads of our community arriving at about the same time from all over the country. I bet National Airport has never been and will not likely be as festive again.

Being a political junkie, I was in awe of the palaces of power that stretched out before me in the nation's capital. Then came the warning from a gay telephone operator at the hotel. Don't walk around DuPont Circle alone, or you'll get bashed. What — get

bashed in the gay neighborhood? I was soon to learn that only part of the neighborhood was gay. Punks and skinheads spent a lot of time in the same general vicinity; their favorite pastime was finding a fag to bash.

Au contraire, there were so many lesbians and gays in Washington that DuPont Circle looked like the Castro on a busy, sunny Saturday afternoon. Once again we had created a comfort zone for ourselves and taken over DuPont Circle. We had provided a valuable service for the locals. For the first time, there were enough of our kind that they finally felt really comfortable in their own gay neighborhood. You're welcome.

In fact, there were so many of us in the nation's capital that you felt comfortable anywhere in town. We were everywhere. "I've never seen this many tourists in Washington," remarked Don Michaels, publisher of the *Washington Blade*. "Let alone this many lesbians and gays, and I've lived here ten years."

How many of us were there? Well, the number doubled every day that passed as we moved toward Sunday. By March day, over a half-million of us had wrecked the capital city. Obviously, some people, including a few homophobic cab drivers, weren't pleased, but all the girls behind all those hotel front desks were coming out all over the place. Why not? Their stuffy hotels, usually packed with straight Midwestern tourists,

were suddenly filled with more lesbians and gay men than probably visited DC in a whole year or more.

Now that we all felt comfortable, we could get down to business. My first order was to attend a reception at the French Embassy to honor AIDS volunteers. It was a moving event that found me choked and finally in tears as I tried to hug and express my appreciation to honoree Kay Mitchell. She was an elderly Methodist lady who had lost two sons to AIDS and now helped other young men—whose parents had rejected them. Through my broken voice and tears, it was hard for me to convey to her how special she really was for supporting her two sons when many of us were thrown away for just being gay.

There were many other thrilling experiences that happened while we were there, but the short time I spent with Kay Mitchell was the most moving. It's not something I'll soon forget. I relived the experience when I returned to SF and listened to the tape recording of the event while writing the story about "Americans Who Care." In fact, just writing this short recount of those brief moments fills me with some very powerful emotions. Kay Mitchell is one very special lady. We need a thousand more like her willing to take care of their own gay sons. Let alone someone else's. Thanks, Kay!

# CATHARTIC COMICS

I. B. Gittendowne



## THE SAN FRANCISCO SENTINEL AT THE MARCH



Weary and elated staffers gathered at the *Sentinel's* celebration at the Cafe Beaux Arts after the March.

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**HARRY BRITT**  
Supervisor



“John Molinari has played a leading role in the funding of San Francisco's model AIDS programs, and has generously lent his personal support to our AIDS community organizations. In recognition of this, the AIDS Emergency Fund gave him an Award of Honor.”

**GEORGE BURGESS**  
Past President, AIDS Emergency Fund\*



“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 STREICHER**  
Treasurer, Gay Games II\*



“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 as long-standing and consistent a record of support of our community.”

**DEL MARTIN**  
Author



“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 Doolittle. Whenever we've needed him, John Molinari has been there 100%.”

**PAUL BONEBERG**  
Director, Mobilization Against AIDS\*



“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\*



“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 time and time again. That's the kind of leadership and commitment we need in our next Mayor.”

**CAROLE MIGDEN**  
Chair, San Francisco Democratic Party\*



“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 TONER**  
Past Co-chair, Lesbian Gay Freedom Day Committee\*



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

**WAYNE FRIDAY**  
Political Editor, Bay Area Reporter



“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



“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 approved, not slighted for other priorities.”

**LURIE MCBRIDE**  
Past President, Golden Gate Business Association\*



“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 cared, he secured a free city van for us to deliver meals to persons with AIDS.”

**RUTH BRINKER**  
Founder, Open Hand\*

\*Personal endorsement. Organizations listed for identification only.

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## AT EASE

October 17, 1987

Vol. 15, No. 42

## FRUITY FALL PIES

Silberman & Birdsall Wax Poetic on  
the Season and Its Culinary Joys

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Salomé: For Luciano, 1979, 6'6 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 9'10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", synthetic polymer paint on canvas.

'BerlinArt: 1961-1987'

# How Much Freedom Within The Cage?

*An Appealing New Show  
Provokes Troubling Questions  
about the Relation Between  
Museums and Radical Art*

by Steve Abbott

**B**erlin — 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? "BerlinArt: 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

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**Hysteria and the Gay Thespian  
On the Brink**

**H**ysterical 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 sole pilgrimage to SF several years ago. The visit was apparently a commercial and critical fiasco, prompting 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 deprived his farces of their most frequent and probably best interpreter. But the Music Hall's current staging of his biggest hit, *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 Francisco has a checked recent past when it comes to supporting major-venue, camp spectacles (the institutionalized *Beach Blanket Babylon* aside), as weak-to-middling box office responses to the likes of *Boy Meets Boy*, the revived stage version of *Rocky Horror* and Yma Sumac have recently attested. Thus, this production's rather steep ticket prices and offbeat location (the delightful Music Hall in the Tenderloin) will once again prove a test of these oddly un-

sympathetic local waters.

The show itself is solid nonsense, thankfully much less of a piece of simple drag-camp than a full-fledged genre parody. Eric Sinkkonen's willfully tacky set design and Peter Sloub's portentous score set the mood for the breathless, drawing-room Gothics of Lord Hillcrest's dark family history.

The arrival of a (second) new bride provides the excuse for sundry terrifying revelations that, in the course of two acts, manage to encompass a vampire, a werewolf, a bleeding portrait, a walled-up wife and one mummy courtesy of a brief sidetrip to an Egyptian tomb.

Ludlam's penny-dreadful-spoofing script is amusing but unexceptional satire, rife with bad puns, veiled scatology and the stray memorable line ("Virginity is the balloon in the carnival of life — it vanishes with

the first prick"). *Irma Vep* is most dependent on the gimmickry its two performers must shoulder — with the aid of velcroed costume changes, backstage helpers and lots of fast thinking, they must portray eight or so characters whose entrances, exits and interactions demand acrobatic speed and precision.

Tom Aulino and Jamie Baron gesticulate like silent film stars, laddle on the accents like cement and generally invite gasps of appreciation under Curt Columbus' direction. To the actors' credit, they're just as ridiculous in the sober garbs of manservant

tower symbol behind him) with no props or costuming beyond a shawl and a rubber duck bill, he conveys the past, present and fantasy life of a 34-year-old, screwed-up adoptee, possibly gay, who finally manages to locate his natural "birth mother" and is only plunged deeper into identity crisis.

To his horror, his "real" mom turns out to be a devout Jehovah's Witness. "No — don't they make the regular Fundamentalists look liberal?" he pines, initiating a frantic journey of spiritual panic/self-discovery while calling up the participation of Cain and Abel, a former Je-

**The Doom Folk is a multilayered  
look at religious fanaticism; its  
comedy is the desperate giggling that  
precedes total paranoid breakdown.**

and Lord as in frilly wigs and gowns. *The Mystery of Irma Vep* isn't quite satire for the ages, but this production is funny, enjoyable and impressively dexterous.

**D**ecathlon-level performance frenzy is also the dominating element in *The Doom Folk: Millions Now Living Will Never Die*, the new work at the New Performance Gallery by Bohemian Grove writer/director/actor Gary Aylesworth.

The demons wrestled with here are hardly of a nonsensical Gothic variety, however, baroque as they may be. With the John 15:19 quote "... You are no part of this world" omnipresent overhead like a judgmental noose, *The Doom Folk* is a multi-layered look at religious fanaticism; its comedy is the desperate giggling that precedes total paranoid breakdown.

Riffing on an amphetamine stream of puns and panic like some sort of post-beat, stand-up poet-monologist, Aylesworth spews out enough semi-comic psychological torment to keep a team of analysts busy for decades. On a bare stage (Watch-

hovah's Witness named Raymond Frantz (who actually wrote a published book, *Conscience in Crisis*, about the experience), the church elders who reject him and some decidedly unsympathetic guardian angels.

*The Doom Folk* is lopsidedly amazing. It's impressive on a number of levels but exhausting and off-putting on many more. A central problem is that Aylesworth, in mining what's apparently a very personal revelation, only flirts with making the JW's a metaphor for universal religious insanity.

Let's face it, the JW's are so inherently bizarre and self-contradictory a modern anachronism that they defy theatrical parody, let alone comprehension. If even a celebrity lunatic like Michael Jackson can eventually feel the need to disassociate himself from such weirdness, the subject may simply be beyond the pale of direct, critical stage examination — at least in the hyperventilating satirical mode Aylesworth uses here.

Without some semblance of rational thought to bounce off, *The Doom Folk* can only make a subject already steeped in hype

*Continued on page 38*



**Just your average uppercrust couple: Tom Aulino plays Lord Edgar Hillcrest and Jamie Baron plays Lady Enid Hillcrest in Charles Ludlam's *The Mystery of Irma Vep*.**

**ASTROLOGER**

R O B E R T C O L E

**October 16-22, 1987**

**WEEKLY ALMANAC:** On Friday, at 9:43 am PDT, Mercury will begin a three-week retrogradation, which is an omen of confusion in communications. According to traditions, while Mercury is retrograde contracts shouldn't be signed, promises shouldn't be made and new beginnings shouldn't be begun. Mercury's retrograde will be finished by November 5.

**♈ ARIES, THE SHEEP** (Mar 21 - Apr 19): If you've been trying to complete an agreement with a very close friend, you may have to set aside your priorities and listen to his/her side of the deal. Stop putting such pressure on the innocent. Spend this week going back over old conversations and rejected offers because there's much to be gained from re-evaluation. Whether you know it or not, your best friends are extremely dependent on you right now. Stand strong! Don't panic!

**♉ TAURUS, THE OX** (Apr 20 - May 20): Write all your appointments in pencil this week so you can change plans on a moment's notice. With several people pressing for closer and closer involvement, you have the option

of choosing or refusing whomever you want. It would be unnatural for you to attempt being sensitive to the needs of so many admirers; your typical curt attitude is bound to crush the weak of heart. Worry more about yourself and less about everybody else.

**♊ GEMINI, THE WOLF** (May 21 - Jun 20): If there aren't ten million projects going on in your life, you feel suicidal. While you pride yourself on juggling so many options, your friends relate to you as if you've completely lost your mind, not to mention your direction. You must spend time this week explaining just exactly what you intend to accomplish. By so doing, you give good friends a chance to help. PS: Old health problems may reappear during Mercury's retrograde. Monitor diet and attitude carefully.

**♋ CANCER, THE CRAB** (Jun 21 - Jul 22): Pressure continues to build this week as the conditions for a major breakthrough become more and more obvious. Confusing conversations about past-due rent and old debts fly over your head, but that doesn't mean friends are willing to be so casual. In a

tight pinch, give your folks a call or grab onto the apron strings of the nearest parental figure. There are major changes in your personal life in the week ahead.

**♌ LEO, THE SNAKE** (Jul 23 - Aug 22): As you sit pondering the collapse of the civilization and the demise of one of your most trusted relationships, it would be too easy to burden yourself with a mock responsibility for saving the world. Chart this mantra: "Everything is perfect! Everything is right! I am Light!" Eventually this week it will dawn on you that laziness is the key to success, and that friends who continue to work for profit cannot be trusted.

**♍ VIRGO, THE PIG** (Aug 23 - Sep 22): Pending financial arrangements are thrown into a state of confusion by a grossly insensitive authority figure this week. If you let a person think that he/she has control of the purse strings, you could end up celebrating Thanksgiving on the street. Make a point of repeating your demands again and again, no matter how boring they may seem. The brain strain will pay off in the long run.

**♎ LIBRA, THE LEOPARD** (Sep 23 - Oct 22): Your stunning physical appearance provides you with massive privileges this week. Notice how everyone steps out of your pathway, bows with respect and follows your example. Considering your beauty and power right now, this could be the perfect time to enter contests and competitions. You are #1! For your astrological chart, send birthdate/time/place and \$1 to Robert Cole, PO Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

**♏ SCORPIO, THE SCORPION** (Oct 23 - Nov 21): Your psychic powers are turned up full blast this week as natural survival instincts begin to cope with overwhelming ecological change. Keep in mind that scorpions have survived on this planet through thick and thin for millions of years; they are the most ancient species of animals in the zodiac. Trust your instincts even if it means leaving egos and relationships behind. Follow the path no one else would dare to follow.

**♐ SAGITTARIUS, THE HORSE** (Nov 22 - Dec 21): For you there's likely to be one constant psychic image which appears over and over again in the week ahead. Accept this vision for all it's worth, and be willing to change your long-term plans even if it hurts a little. Your hunch is absolutely right. Acting upon it immediately will make the next two months quite pleasurable; refusing to accept the inevitable would slowly but surely bring dark despair.

**♑ CAPRICORN, THE WHALE** (Dec 22 - Jan 19): Just as you are getting accustomed to the glitz and glamour of a successful career, one of the town's biggest blabbermouths discovers a peccadillo in your past. Suddenly you're being called on the carpet for the most ridiculous reasons. Only a fool would support this gossip with courtesy. In order to protect your reputation, you may have to throw a tantrum and sue the creep in court. Justice will prevail.

**♒ AQUARIUS, THE EAGLE** (Jan 20 - Feb 18): As you come to the end of a very long year, keep an accurate and honest record of your successes and overlook your failures. With the world in a state of extraordinary flux, it's too easy to dwell on the pain, the suffering and the mistakes. When you focus on problems, you become one yourself. Create a mood of satisfaction and optimism in the week ahead; stay away from those who would drag you down with their worn-out pessimism.

**♓ PISCES, THE SHARK** (Feb 19 - Mar 20): Never before in your life has anyone shared such personal secrets with you as the lover you have right now. This week he/she will confess to unbelievable actions which would have totally invalidated your relationship if you had known about them at the time. You are advised to accept the facts but to hold off on criticism. Make it extremely clear that such deception must never happen again. Then love on!

# INVITATION TO THREE FALL FRUIT PIES AUTUMN



by John Birdsall and Steve Silberman

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 moderation 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, glints 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 lucent 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.

Hot coffee is the bracing, logical accompaniment to these pies. We like Kona, possessed of a roundness and depth the higher-acid varieties lack, with none of the charred undertones characteristic of French or Italian roasts.

A pie fresh from the oven, its "sweet breath" sighing out of cuts made in the top crust, is an invitation to comradeship. What better way to celebrate the coming of fall — arriving as it does every year, yet each one different — than in the soul-warming proximity of good friends.

## Pie Pastry

Butter pastry tastes best with fruit pies, but a small amount of lard yields what we think is the perfect balance of flakiness

and shortness. Substitute butter for the lard, if you wish, but expect a more crumbly pastry.

True, unadulterated leaf lard — rendered from the fat that surrounds pork kidneys — is difficult to find nowadays. Our rural ancestors rendered their own lard during the autumn hog-slaughtering. The lard we buy at the supermarket gives tolerable 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 Fanny 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; a tablespoon of sugar; 5 oz (10 tablespoons) of chilled unsalted butter and 2 oz (4 tablespoons) of lard, 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, wrap them in plastic, and give 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 roses — 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 with overtones 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 Stud, 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; 6 tart, medium-sized baking apples (about 2 1/2 pounds), such as Rhode Island greenings or Newton pippins; 3 tablespoons of heavy cream; half a cup or so of rose-scented sugar (see above); and a small pinch of freshly ground cloves.

Line a pie dish with pastry, allowing a margin of half-an-inch all around the rim.

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; 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 deep, 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 greenings 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

Continued on page 38

## 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 — and an event that might invite a larger audience to appreciate the ballet.

But what I discovered was a saccharine, relentlessly heterosexual soap opera, designed — I suppose — to titillate the sexual libidos of 14-year-old girls while making sure their adolescent boyfriends felt perfectly "safe" 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 constricts viewers in a social-sexual-emotional straightjacket (pun intended) 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 exist 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

(the film's credits list him as a coproducer). He plays Anton (Tony) Sergeyev, the "world's most famous dancer" and an aging superstud. When the film begins he's already dumped one former lover, a bitter — "all men are sluts" — Nadine (played by Leslie Browne). Tony also can't seem to find any real passion in his role-within-a-role as Albrecht, Giselle's misguided lover. So he decides to pursue a barely post-pubescent ingenue and new member of the ballet corps (Julie Kent) while also keeping his "official" dates with

interests are temporary in nature, director Ross switches to an almost enjoyable twenty minutes of excerpts from the second act of *Giselle*. Unfortunately, the continuity of the dancing is lost due to repeated cuts between close-ups of Barysh-

but it distorts the role of dancer and, in the process, cheapens the art of ballet.

*Dancers* is simply one of the worst films I have ever encountered. But then, like all good breadwinners, I suppose Misha simply needed the cash.

*The danseur as spiritual prince is transformed into your average bar frog: anxious for a quick fling in the sack.*



Highlight of the evening: Mario Alonzo and Patti Owen dance the peasant pas de deux from Oakland's new production of *Giselle*.

*Dancers* can't be bothered with such — or any — subtleties. The movie has all the depth and emotional nuance of a Hallmark card. Director Herbert Ross (who also gave us *The Turning Point*) has abandoned the element of plot and instead attempts a layering of the ballet *Giselle*'s narrative with the story of a "real life" jilted romance. The result diminishes the esthetic and expressive significance of *Giselle*; it also does nothing for the adolescent romance genre.

The worst offender in the whole sticky mess is Baryshnikov's

a platinum blonde Contessa (Mariangela Melato).

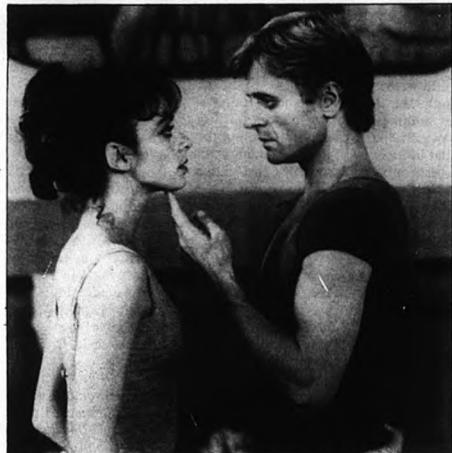
It almost sounds madcap but, disappointingly so, isn't. Baryshnikov *does* get the film's most inane line when he breaks the ice with his teen conquest by asking: "Could you try to think of me as just a guy?" She falls for it, but we don't. Baryshnikov isn't just your average guy, and that's why this film is so terribly unconvincing. The danseur as spiritual prince is transformed into your average bar frog: anxious for a quick fling in the sack.

Alessandra Ferri (as the ballerina who dances *Giselle*) doesn't fare much better either. Her lines are wooden, and she's constantly chomping on a big wad of gum. The film sequences of Ferri's dancing are routinely cut short so the camera can, instead, focus on Baryshnikov. In fact, other than a short mime sequence for Victor Barbee (a member of the make-believe ballet company that's come to Italy for the filming of *Giselle*), the camera never records a single movement by *any* other male (in rehearsal or in performance) than Baryshnikov. I guess the competition gets pretty rough when you hit 40.

The film's structure is equally bizarre. The camera spends about an hour recording Baryshnikov's "romantic" adventures in between rehearsals for *Giselle*. And then, once Lisa (the whining innocent) learns her star-lover's

nikov's confused, worried face and Lisa's tear-stained cheeks.

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,"



Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all? Mikhail Baryshnikov and Alessandra Ferri star in *Dancers*.

explaining that although he's danced the role a hundred times he can't really "feel" anything on the stage. This type of statement is not only embarrassing,

made this casting decision.

The ballet is also something of a period piece, characterized by elaborate, highly didactic mingling, which the dancers execute faithfully but without self-realization.

The most impressive (and enjoyable) sequence was an extended "peasant pas de deux" danced by Patti Owen and Mario Alonzo in the first act. Both dancers are remarkably graceful and appear to truly enjoy their dancing. Also, despite a deceptive 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 Oakland operates under relatively strict budgetary constraints. But still, there was no excuse for the pedestrian, cartoon-like painted

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**Iannetti-Lanzone Gallery**  
**Blue-Chip Special**

**E**xhibitions 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.

It thereby comes as 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 beautifully designed. Although its appearance may not be revolu-

tionary, it is strictly high quality. There is an interest in creating a show with appeal beyond pure sales motivations. Some of the works, however, do seem to have been chosen to include a major artist rather than for the piece's artistic merit. Operating on the gallery level

tionary, it is strictly high quality. 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

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



Mimmo Paladino: *Il Battesimo Del Leoni*, 1982, 52" x 79 1/2", oil on paper on canvas.

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, ac-

cording 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.

behind the work chosen. It is a carefully selected group of artwork that reflects a wide range of interests. There are a number of stand-outs in the show. A box by Joseph Cornell is, as always, exquisite. Carl Andre's elegant (and strikingly unnatural) sculpture is a fine example of the artist's more recent work. "Portrait of Jacques Kaplan," Larry Rivers' 1963 painting on a window, is a welcome inclusion; it functions as a good example of the artist's work and that of the era in which it was painted. This painting is also one that is on loan from a private collector. It is this kind of touch that gives the

seems 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 brown-toned, "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

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.**

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

tionary, it is strictly high quality. This is what a blue-chip gallery is meant to look like. The floors are a mock-granite that contrasts with the expertly lit, pristine white walls. The wall space makes natural breaks to create different viewing areas. The floor plan reminded me of a portion of the galleries in Los Angeles' Museum of Contemporary Art.

The museum comparison can also be made to the gallery's inaugural show. MOCA's first show is a large survey of contemporary works that serves as a base from which more focused exhibitions can spring. The first show at Iannetti-Lanzone attempts something similar, though, of course, on a much smaller scale.

*After Pollock* consists of 39 works by as many — often world class — artists. Among those represented are Willem deKooning, Joseph Beuys, Alice Neel,

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## '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 sizeable annuity and the title "Earl of Hareford" are all his with only one minor provision: 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 will also requires that any spouse of the future Earl must also be deemed "fit and proper" for such an exalted social position.

For Bill and Sally, the path to true happiness is littered with roadblocks. Chief among these is Lady Jacqueline, deliciously portrayed by Susan Cella.

Jacqueline instinctively discards her fiancé and engagement ring in pursuit of young Bill. Assisted by maribou pumps and satin lingerie, she attempts a hilarious seduction in the number, "You Would if You

Could." Cella dances and sings beautifully and adds a delightfully witchy touch to the production, one reminiscent of an early Joan Collins.

Jacqueline's nemesis, Sally, is convincingly portrayed by Donna Bullock. Assaying the role of ingenue must be an arduous task in a society that now produces 13-year-old junkies. The age of innocence, if not dead, has at least lapsed into a coma. Bullock, however, successfully conveys Sally's naïve sincerity and, with her melodic soprano voice, does an exceptionally nice job on her solo, "Once You Lose Your Heart." However, she has no demonstrable gift for movement and seemed unsure of herself executing minimally difficult dance moves. This uncertainty was not mirrored in the performance of her co-star, Tim Curry, in the role of Bill.

Best known for originating the role of Frank N. Furter in the stage and film versions of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, Curry quickly dispels any memory of his prior incarnation. He is relaxed and natural as Bill, moves and sings well, and establishes with his precise comic timing that he is a competent actor, not a cult personality. His Bill is good-natured, fun and completely comfortable with himself



**Knickers to die for: Retro rages in *Me and My Girl*, starring (left to right) Susan Cella, Tim Curry, Nick Ulett and Ursula Smith.**

in any situation. As a result, his acceptance by stuffy upper-class relations seems totally believable in context.

All the supporting players, as well as the members of the chorus, are also worthy of individual mention. There isn't a bad performance, a missed cue or a false note in the entire evening. Most notable are Ursula

Smith by Thomas Helm, sound design by Tom Morse, orchestrations and dance arrangements by Chris Walker and choreography by Gillian Gregory. This assembly of talent was pulled together by no less than four producers: The Noel Gay Organization Ltd., Terry Allen Kramer, James Nederlander and Strada Entertainment. If it hasn't

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 retrospective look at their cultural past, but there must be something in the presentation that gives it present meaning. The updated book, excellent cast and precision choreography all help *Me and My Girl* transcend its origins in social naivete. 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 to *Me and My Girl* to study the British class system or prepare a treatise on Cockney rhymed-verse. 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 light-hearted frivolity any time this season.

**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 Ockrent deserves a great deal of the credit, but he was not working alone. The Great Pyramids of Giza were probably assembled by a smaller group of people than *Me and My Girl*.

The original book and lyrics were by L. Arthur Rose and Douglass Furber with music by Noel Gay. Their collaboration created the show that ran for 1,646 London performances in the 1930s. The revival brought a revised book by Stephen Fry, sets designed by Martin Johns, costumes by Ann Curtis, lighting design by Roger Morgan and Chris Ellis, musical direction by Robert Fisher, musical supervi-

dawned on you yet, all this is leading to one simple conclusion: \$\$\$!

Extravagance and artistic excellence are not necessarily mutually exclusive, and *Me and My Girl* makes an interesting case for their coexistence. When 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 decor. After a few numbers, this set gives way to a large country kitchen, filled with bustling servants. 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

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**Caballe in Recital**  
**A Diva's Essence**

**"F**or 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 that, too?"

This opinion came from the late '70s, and it belonged to the great mezzo-soprano Giulietta Simionato, who was being interviewed by Lanfranco Rasponi for his fascinating collection, *The Last Prima Donnas*. Simionato's assessment rings throughout Rasponi's book. The divas he assembled were shocked at the deterioration of Renata Scott's voice, 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 faggot in town that hadn't gone to Washington. Would the way Caballe sang in her recital have

from Vivaldi long and limp lines, lying just where Caballe's powers are still secure. The hush that fell over the house was almost as beautiful as the pianissimi 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 ragged, 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 wrecked on the voice to get the glory that remains. But it does her greatness no service to pretend that most of what she sang last Friday was within her control. Indulgent as were Caballe's little speeches about her mother on her death bed,



**A planetary force: the incomparable Montserrat Caballe in her younger years.**

the prayer or the lullaby. In the passages like "Do not weep in your bondage, oh unfortunate soul" from Rossini's *Aureliano in Palmira*, with which she

tantalizing glimpse of her former perfection. Here the battle for control is still raging, and Caballe sometimes wins. For me, these passages were very ex-

**The singer is so concerned with the pitfalls of the music that she has little interest left over for the music's emotional import.**

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 slings and arrows, she was caught in a tempest of her own making.

Indeed, temperament is hardly even an issue any more. The singer is so concerned with the pitfalls of the music that she has little interest left over for its emotional import. Partly this is because Caballe is no longer fighting to regain control of her forte or even her mezzo-forte. She is now simply trying to negotiate around the problem, concentrating on what she can do and apologizing for what she concedes is beyond her.

In the coloratura passages, which were once so fleet and limber, Caballe can still give us a

citing, though their tentativeness kept me fearful that the trill would break down at any moment, as it sometimes did.

The most interesting singing

of the evening came in Caballe's tribute to Maurice Ravel. She took the "Three Hebrew Melodies" for vocal exercises, of course, and nowhere could she offer the kind of intensity or attention to detail that Jose van Dam, for example, brings to them, but nevertheless the intricacy of the composer's patterns caught her interest in a way that much of her standard repertory did not.

The first of these songs is a Kaddish, a prayer for the dead. It allowed Caballe to enter that world of reverie she finds so congenial. Yet Ravel's music was not written for Caballe. It did not exploit her exquisite high piano but took her into a dark and covered region of half lights where she found relief from her central problem.

The fact that Caballe is consciously exploring this mezzo range was proved by her choice of Chimené's aria "Pleureux, mes yeux" from *Le Cid* as an encore. Unfortunately, the encore was not so successful as the song, partly because it required a much more dramatic sound, and Caballe cannot now control a big sound anywhere in her compass.

The second Ravel song, the ironic "Eternal enigma," had a light and playful feel to it that the singer evidently relished. The switch to Yiddish for the last of the three was hardly discernible, but still Caballe brought to it a haunted quality that showed both thought and vocal prowess.

It was a night of fitful glory. Was the glass half full or half empty? It was neither, for it was nearly empty, but what was left was the purest essence of the whole.

**Caballe is old now, and we must put up with the damage time has wrecked on the voice to get the glory that remains.**

pleased the ladies of Rasponi's collection?

The answer is primary, because those singers, chima 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 — rivaled in its purity only by the birds of the field (and Kathleen Battle) and in its richness only by the greatest of current-day violinists.

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

Just one selection all night, however, allowed Caballe to dwell the whole time in that special hushed region where she reigns supreme. The second Vivaldi aria fit the soprano's current abilities like a glove, and out of it she spun pure gold. The image of the scorned beloved drew

they represented her real concern that we listen honestly to what she was doing.

Never the possessor of wide-ranging dramatic abilities, Caballe is now mistress only of

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## 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 nightlife of the yet-to-be-trendy South-of-Market Corridor, and the bar's new wave jocks and unpretentious outlook attracted a perfectly balanced, intersexual, interracial, 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 to build a sizable 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 performance by the **Hostages**. The money collected at those parties went to help finance production costs for the band's first



**Born again:** Members of **Die Bossanova** (left to right) **Mark Meyer**, **Scott Davey**, **Ray Vaughn**, **Steve Winkle** and **Ed Rowlings**.

independent single, "Inside Houses" (b/w "Now"), which was finally released in 1984, just shortly before the **Hostages** suddenly and rather mysteriously disappeared from the San Francisco scene.

The **Hostages'** break-up was no mystery to its members, however. In fact, their motives were painfully simple: "We had all worked so hard for five years and got absolutely nowhere," explained **Hostages** lead vocalist Ray Vaughn. "We all had outside interests — acting, and other musical forms — so we each just sort of decided to do something else for a while. There were no hard feelings whatsoever."

In the three years that followed, Vaughn and guitarist Ed Rowling continued to work together at the Clara Street warehouse where they had managed to install a four-track recording facility. Using only a drum machine and synthesizer as "their band," the duo began to experiment with various musical

forms, to refine their songwriting and playing talents and to develop new musical interests.

As mysteriously as the **Hostages** had once disappeared, last month their reincarnation, **Die Bossanova**, quietly reappeared on Haight Street, headlining at **Nightbreak**. Facing a club filled with **Hostage** cult alumni and an atmosphere not unlike that of a

set of new songs, all surprisingly solid for five musicians who had only begun working together some six months before.

It was, by and large, Vaughn's lyrics and Rowling's music which had created the **Hostages** sound, and with the same team working together in the new band, stylistic similarities were evident.

*With the addition of new members  
Die Bossanova has managed  
to develop a distinctive sound  
of their own.*

college reunion, **Die Bossanova** debuted the product of Vaughn and Rowling's secluded experimentations. Sporting a decidedly funkier edge, with more noticeably dynamic arrangements, the new band whipped through a finely tuned

But do they sound like the **Hostages**? Well, yes and no.

With the addition of new members Steve Winkle on bass, Mark Meyers on drums and keyboardist Scott Davey (who "all have professional experience under their belts," says Vaughn), **Die Bossanova** has managed to develop a distinctive sound of their own. "Basically," says Rowling, "we've just refined what we used to do a bit more."

"The band's music is more concise and to the point," echoes Vaughn who also says, however, that his songwriting techniques haven't changed that much. "My approach is still the same: I just write gut-level songs and toss them in there." Vaughn's somewhat maniacal stage presence with the **Hostages** has been softened slightly for the new band, but his lyrical delivery, especially on songs like "Crisis of Confidence" or "A Change of Latitude," is still emotionally packed and effectively dark.

**Die Bossanova** (whose name was inspired by a newspaper story Vaughn read on the death of Brazil's only native dance form) is currently concentrating most of their energies on studio work, unlike the **Hostages** who "played themselves to death," says Vaughn. The time was appropriate to try a different career strategy. However, the band is not, repeat *not* adverse to playing live gigs right now, it's just that no one's asked them yet.

**Die Bossanova's** next live date is not scheduled until December 3 at **Nightbreak**. So, if you don't see your favorite cult group on your local club's marquee, ask why.

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## 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 the 1988 Adam Block vacation schedule on a wallet-sized card. Send a SASE to "Bon Voyage, Adam," 500 Hayes St., SF, CA 94102.

For many, this card will provide the answer to the oft-asked question, "Should I go to the Stud or should I just stay home?" With a quick look at the card, you may find yourself joyously exclaiming, "He's in Seattle. I'll get my coat!" Of course, it can't always be like that, but hey, isn't it just a good thing to know? Students between the ages of 18 and 21 will receive a special intensive support booklet called *I'm Okay, You're Adam Block*, free of charge! Makes a great stocking stuffer and a fine graduation present, too. Don't delay!

### Naked Into

I missed this band's last show but heard very favorable reports. Expect new material from the impeccable pop unit and hope for a record to follow up their fine debut LP of last year. Each talented member shines alternatively as the band hits an accessible spot yet never comes off as wimpy. (10/16, Nightbreak, 10:30 pm, \$4)

### Game Theory, Plan 9, Russ Tollman

This triple bill is an Enigma record release party, and I believe Plan 9 has the new record. Game Theory is from Sacramento, has three records to their credit, and after several changes of personnel, has ended up with two guys and two gals, I think. Expect sensitive, well-crafted songwriting and a few nutty covers like "Kung Fu Fighting." Plan 9 is a six-piece, grungy garage band, able to drag you into the thick of their swelling, groaning, monster sound. Russ Tollman is an ex-member of True West with a strong solo debut album called *Totem Poles and Glory Holes*. This could be the show of the week. (10/16, Kennel Club, 10 pm, \$6)

### Ricky Ringold, Kats and Kittens

This double bill features some of SOMA's hardest working entertainers, living proof of the old adage, "Practice makes perfect." The two acts combined equal Miss Kitty and the Psycho Souls, everyone's favorite street-fair attraction. The split-up version features Ricky solo, playing guitar and singing with a stand-up drummer. He's an endearing performer and shouldn't be missed. Kats and Kittens is a pared-down Psycho Souls, featuring Miss Kitty pouncing on a few old standards, from Lulu to Kurt Weill, and wailing out some Psycho originals to more sparse

accompaniment. There is a very nice six-song demo tape of them floating around out there, and it may soon become available for purchase at their shows. These people bust their asses for you! God bless 'em. (10/16-17, The Paradise, 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 Beat image schtick of their stage garb and moniker, I hear they write songs that could possibly garner mass appeal. Band leader Kris Ketner 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, Limbomaniacs

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 so fast 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 hometown. 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 slightly twisted — like Dolly Parton meets Kate Bush. I'd love to see them make a record with Diamanda Galas. "The heavier one is the daughter," mom

pointed out. (10/17, Shoreline, 8 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. 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, Kennel Club, 10 pm, \$7)

### Surf MCs, Sister Double Happiness

Don't you love those I-Beam shows where the opening act is the one you want to see? You can get home by midnight. Sister Double Happiness is the best band SF has to offer. Musically, they play a familiar style of blues

This noise is rock-and-roll, swollen and about to burst. It's raw, honest and a perfect frame for Gary Floyd's lyrical content and emotional conviction. Have I gushed enough yet? Thought so. Headliners, the Surf MCs, are one of those rap-metal-funk-surf combo-gimmicks who, with good videos, could probably open for the Beastie Boys someday. (10/19, I-Beam, 10:30 pm, \$6/7)

### Redd Kross, Screaming Trees

This event marks the tenth anniversary of the I-Beam and the beginning of what will hopefully become a new tradition. Starting tonight, the I-Beam will regularly feature live acts on Wednesdays, booked with the finesse and sense that keeps me a regular customer on Mondays by **Cathy Cohn**. From the high-decibel, violent mayhem of **Big Black** to the commercial pop of **Erasure**, Cathy always manages to cover many areas stylistically while re-

maining somewhat partial to the loud, hard, intense and manic bands from both sides of the Atlantic.

Her know-how combined with the large space, polite staff, triple-loud sound system and Alan Robinson (the Godfather of SF DJs) make the I-Beam the most desirable and effective rock venue in the city. Owner Sanford Kellman and the entire crew deserve many thanks and a hearty congratulations.

Tonight's openers, Screaming Trees, are on the SST label and hail from the Pacific Northwest. So do I, so I might be slightly partial, but their latest LP, *Even If and Especially When*, is magic enough to make me want to sell my Husker Du records. Of course, Cathy booked them, as she does with most bands that live on my turntable for any length of time. Uncanny. I hope she never stops. Redd Kross is a trash-glam band that just isn't as fab as it used to be but could still surprise us. (10/21, I-Beam, 10:30 pm, free)



Don says they're a gimmick and, from the photo, we tend to agree. The Surf MC's play at the I-Beam sometime next week.

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 overtakes the song. This noise is not artsy.



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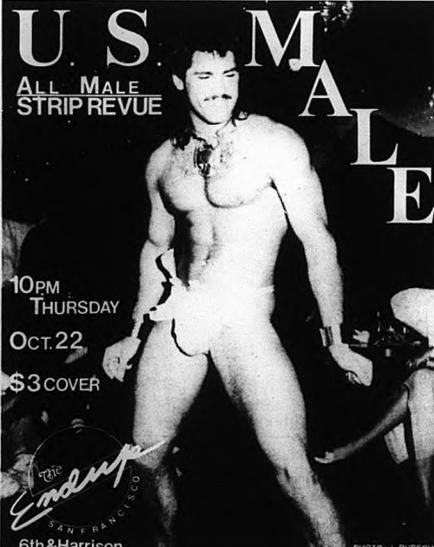
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**HEATER**

Continued from page 30

teria even screecher. The protagonist's personality (presumably a mirror of the author's own) is so insecure and buffeted by hurricanes of disapproval from the outset that we never get our bearings; the play quickly becomes too much an insider's view of emotional upheaval and disbelief to invite more than our fatigue as viewers.

It's too bad, because at any given moment Aylesworth and collaborator Peter Newton (whose accompaniment with voice, cymbal, snare and keyboard is so precisely worked out it's really a two-actor show) show signs of very sharp talent, albeit talent in need of some editing and directorial honing.

There's lots of invention here, primarily verbal. Aylesworth, changing character voices and rhythms at breakneck pace, does rather amazing vocal impressions, which encompass witty mock speaking in tongues, liturgical chants, etc. He's rather less gifted at facial and physical impression, lending his own simple but well-conceived movement ideas less snap than they need. And at nearly 90, intermission-less minutes of frontal assault, *The Doom Folk* could use a lot more visual and pacing variety. Even the equally challenging one-woman *Mona Rogers in Person* shifted gears to allow us a breather now and then. A bit less ascetic minimalism in lights and costuming might have helped, too.

Literate and dizzying, *The Doom Folk* in its current state would make a great (if still excessively long) radio play. A scaled-down text might prove striking in a cabaret setting or in a theatre as intimate as Studio Rhino. At present, however—especially in the expansive New Performance Gallery, which makes the play's spare setting look rather forlorn—*The Doom Folk's* relentlessly high-pitch look at the spiritual red-tape industry is likely to make you feel as trapped as its protagonist.

**The Mystery of Irma Vep** plays an open-ended engagement at the Music Hall Theatre, 931 Larkin (at Post), Tuesdays through Sundays. Call 826-7473 for performance times and ticket prices.

**The Doom Folk** plays Thursdays through Saturdays at the New Performance Gallery, through October 31, at 8:30 pm nightly. The Gallery is located at 3153 17th St. For ticket info, call 863-9834.

**Fruity Pie**

Continued from page 31

left by the cores with pieces of butter, and carefully pour the mixed milk and cream around the apples.

Bake the tart for 25 minutes. Reduce the oven temperature to 350° and bake for 25 minutes more, or until the crust is browned, the cream golden, and the apples are tender but still hold their shape.

**AFTERIMAGE**

by Rikki Ercoli



Boy Party #2

6/87

**Raisin Pie**

While ordinary raisins will do for raisin pie, it's best made with plump fruit dried without sulfur dioxide from this summer's grapes.

In testing this recipe we used Red Flame seedless raisins bought at the Stanyan Street Real Food store. They were tart and sweet, and they plumped up to the size of hazelnuts. Check out the San Francisco Farmer's

Market in the United Nations Plaza, another source of excellent raisins.

The following recipe is also Pennsylvania Dutch, this one from *The New Pennsylvania Dutch Cook Book* by Ruth Hutchison, published in 1958 and long out of print.

For a 9-inch pie you will need: *The recipe for pie pastry; a cup of raisins, seeded if necessary; 2 cups of water; 1 egg; half a cup of sugar; 4 tablespoons of flour; a*

*pinch of salt; and the grated peel and juice of 1 lemon.*

Heat your oven to 375°. Bring the water to a boil and pour it over the raisins; let them soak 20 minutes.

Combine the beaten egg, the sugar, flour, salt and lemon juice in a heatproof bowl. Add the plumped raisins and their soaking water, and gently cook them, stirring constantly, over a pan of simmering water, for about 20 minutes, or until the mixture is shiny, foaming and lightly thickened. Remove the bowl from the heat and cool the filling, stirring frequently. When it has cooled, add the lemon peel.

Roll out the remaining pastry and cut it into strips 3/4 of an inch wide. Working quickly, cover the filling with a woven lattice of pastry strips. Fold under and crimp the edges.

Bake the pie for 45 to 50 minutes, or until the pastry is browned and the filling feels firm to a light touch.

Enjoy and be thankful. **Steve Silberman and John Bird-sall were recently named Contributing Editors for the Sentinel's arts section. Their writing will focus on cultural aspects of food and dining, and other edible topics.**

**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, not 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 Willis, seemed a bit nervous and springy at first, but also conveyed an icy, regal authority. The live orchestra—a first for Oakland—played magnificently under the experienced hand of Denis de Coteau.

When I left Oakland's *Giselle* 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.

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## '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 undercutting 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 passe. *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 their gaze) rather than fully realized subjects in our own right.

*Fatal Attraction*, this season's box-office smash, is essentially a monster movie where the monster is a woman. Lovable lawyer and family man Michael Douglas succumbs to a weekend fling with a colleague (Glenn Close) while his wife and daughter are out of town. Turns out the colleague is a teensy 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 helpless innocence.

We sympathize with Douglas for the things that "happen" to

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 sensuality associated



**Bo dice 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



**Mommy's dearest:** Today's super-mom (Diane Keaton) sells her brat's photogenic charms and, in the process, gets it all now in *Baby Boom*.

in its proper setting acts as the cross held out to ward off the vampire, and the whore gets her comeuppance.

In the final scene (WARNING: I am about to give away a little plot here) the bathtub image provides the clearest example of male fear of womanhood. Glenn Close playing possum underwater is at once a Botticelli Venus and a personification of the

two-year-old girl, and the film follows her as she tries to get her life to make sense.

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 busting down Manhattan streets, which could just as well have been accompanied by

tion of childrearing is linked to rural rather than urban values, here masking Keaton's failure to leave the "rat race" after all.

Sexual issues here are used to hide class issues. Whereas in *Fatal Attraction* social class is invisible because the film takes place in an entirely bourgeois milieu, class tensions are at the hidden center of *Baby Boom*. Keaton is given a crash course in bourgeois childrearing through (one of the film's countless) montage sequences of "superbabies" being put through their paces. We side with her as she

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

the song "I'm a Girl-Watcher." We are made to generalize these faces into "the corporate type."

The aggression this film treats is the female ambition to make it in a man's world (nature gone awry again). Keaton is totally driven by ambition in the early part of the film. Her boss hesitates to promote her because he suspects that she won't be able to sustain this pace because she's a woman. Once she bonds with the child, she finds she can't and retreats to (you guessed it) a house in the country to lick her wounds. In the process, she discovers a way to capitalize on her new status and begins marketing a brand of yuppie baby food called "Country Baby" (with her own child's exploited little face on the label).

Her victory is not in beating the system, or finding new values to replace the cutthroat capitalist ones of her corporate life, but in playing their game with a twist (she now has a playpen and a mobile in her office). She has successfully "tapped a new market in the food industry." Again, the female power posi-

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

Continued on page 42

**Fatal Attraction is structured so as to place the audience in the optimum posture to resent female aggression.**

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 (we want to be not them, but their rescuers). But here the central focus of the narrative is our identification with Douglas' passive condition.

Judith Williamson, in her critique of *10*, writes that "film theory has made much of audience identification with male heroes as initiators of the action. What has been less observed is the capacity for identification in passivity." *Fatal Attraction* is thus structured so as to place the audience in the optimum posture

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

In fact, the whole urban environment becomes emblematic of the female threat (nature gone awry), and we have a guarded sigh of relief as Douglas moves his family to the "country" (suburbs) and safety. The ultimate female 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

primordial male fear of the consuming vagina.

*Baby Boom* appears to be a very different kind of film. Diane Keaton is Ms. Fast-Track Woman, hot on her way to the top, singlemindedly pursuing corporate glory. She has a gender-neutral name, "J.C.," a nervous tic of jiggling her leg up and down when she gets excited (or rather ambitious) and can make love to her boyfriend in four minutes flat. A distant male relative dies and leaves Keaton a

★★★★★  
— Judy Stone SF CHRONICLE

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Continued from page 29

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. Abstract German painters felt doubly betrayed by an international 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 manifestos:

*Negatioh is a gesture of genius, not a wellspring of responsibility. . . . What our sacrifice is, we are. In happy desperation, with inflamed senses, undiligent love, gilded flesh: vulgar Nature, violence, reality, fruitless. . . . 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 and Allan Kaprow). Fluxus festivals included happenings, performance art, film and poetry readings and influenced a younger generation of Berlin artists, including K.H. Hodicke and his students. Hodicke's *Nocturne*, showing a gigantic, demonic cat scooping up a car of people, indicates a return to Expressionism and the rehabilitation of emotionally charged painting that was starting to occur.

Also in 1964, Grossgurschen 35, Berlin's first cooperative artists gallery, opened showing the work of Hodicke, Koberling and hard-core new Critical Realists who combined Pop Art and Socialist Realism. Few of the Critical Realists appear in "BerlinArt" but Dieter Hacker's *The House Painters Begin to Paint Their Own Future* ironically fuses Soviet Constructivism and Socialist Realism. Wolf Vostell staged his major early happenings at Grossgurschen 35.

One of my favorite artists in "Berlin-

# BerlinArt 1961-1987

# How Much Freedom Within The Cage?

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 *Der Jugend* 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 postwar generation of painters who came to be known as *Neue Wilde* (New Wild Ones).

The *Neue Wilde* (including Salome, Rainer Fetting, Helmut Middendorf and Luciano Cast-lli) 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, menacing 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 it's 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 leftist 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 nightlife scenes (e.g., *For Luciano*). Likewise, the painting selected for the cover of the SFMOMA calendar features the visually striking, but more politically innocuous, *Indians I* 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 painters, 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-

K.H. Hodicke: *Nocturne (Nocturno)*, 1983.



Georg Baselitz: *The Great Friends (Die grossen Freunde)*, 1965.



Although many of the artists reject the illusory utopias of capitalism as well as socialism, SFMOMA has arranged 'BerlinArt' so as to blunt the message.

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 fashists (sic) are on so I can be on the other side*. (Did the original graffitiists 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 Fluxist Joseph Beuys 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 yoked to 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.**

Luciano Castelli: *Indians I (Indianer I)*, 1982.



## BERLINART: 13 FILMS

22 October through  
19 November, 1987

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:

*Bildnis einer Trinkerin (Portrait of a Woman Drinker/Ticket of No Return)*, 1979; written and directed by Ulrike Ottinger, with Tabea Blumenschein, Lutze, 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 muses 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 allseitig reduzierte Persönlichkeit — Redupers (The All-Round Reduced Personality — Redupers)*, 1977; written and directed by Helke Sander; 98 minutes.

This film traces 72 hours in the life of a single mother and freelance photographer whose participation in a women's group billboard 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

University Art Museum (UAM) 2625 Durant Avenue, Berkeley

7:30 pm:

Super-8mm. program: *Der Rhein, ein deutsches Marchen (The Rhine, a German Tale)*, 1983; directed by Michael Brintrup; 3:02, 1979, Christopher Doring; *Einkriegeszeck*, 1984, Gabo; *Das Leben des Sid Vicious (The Life of Sid Vicious)*, 1982, Die todliche Doris; *Bilder aus unserer Heimatstadt (Pictures from Our Hometown)*, 1983, Teufelsberg-Produktion. Entire program, 90 minutes.

9:15 pm:

*1 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 G.I. 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 UCB students; \$5.25 and \$4.75 for double feature.

### Thursday, 5 November

Goethe Institute

530 Bush Street,  
San Francisco

6:00 pm:

*Berliner Stadtbahnbilder (Images of Berlin's City Railway)*, 1982; directed by Alfred Behrens; 60 minutes.

The peculiar geography, topography and architecture of Berlin is the subject of this film, a poetic exploration of the vast, largely unused public transit system that connects East and West Berlin.

TICKETS: Admission is free.

### Tuesday, 10 November

Pacific Film Archive

7:30 pm:

*Der Versuch der Leben (The Attempt to Live)*, 1983; written, directed and edited by Johann Feindt; 90 minutes.

9:20 pm:

*Liebe Mutter, mir geht es gut (Dear Mother, I Am Well)*, 1971; directed by Christian Ziewer, with Claus Eberth; 87 minutes.

A meditation on communal and individual stress, *The Attempt to Live* portrays three weeks in an emergency room of a hospital in Kreuzberg, 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 docudrama, *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 UCB students; \$5.25 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; 88 minutes.

This documentary focuses on Melek Tez, a 38-year-old menial 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.

### Thursday, 19 November

Goethe Institute

6:00 pm:

*Von wegen Schicksal (Who Says It's Fate!)*, 1979; directed by Helga Reidermeister, with Irene Rakowitz; 117 minutes.

A documentary about Irene Rakowitz, a tenant of a working-class section near the Berlin Wall who, after 20 years of marriage and four children, divorced her husband and began an independent life.

TICKETS: Admission is free.



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Continued from page 39

them. And she herself remains the self-same yuppie — rural variety.

Her "message" speech to her former employers at the end is that no one should have to make the sacrifices she was making in her driven days. But by participating in the same economic structure through starting her own business, she is ensuring that there will be those who do — just not her this time.

The film presents two choices: corporate monster or Mom. By becoming Mom she is ostensibly immune to monsterhood. The film steers clear of even hinting at the possibility that a woman may exercise real power by refusing to participate in the corporate system (or by organizing with others to change it). The monster is tamed not by being saddled with a kid (the bonding scene with the apparently ageless child is actually hooked into the game).

The film covers up the fact that women's choices are narrowed not by biological destiny, but by an economic system that undervalues most of the many forms our work takes. Hollywood, it seems, still wants to see us, and for us to see ourselves, as one-trick ponies. Both *Baby Boom* and *Fatal Attraction* are object lessons in curbing our appetites and staying in our place. However, the fear evident behind this kind of filmmaking bears witness to our true power.

**Baby Boom** is playing at the Presidio, Chestnut St. near Scott, SF. Call 922-1318 for times.

**Fatal Attraction** is playing at the Regency I, Van Ness Ave. at Sutter, SF. Call 978-0918 for times.

## Roxie Slates 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 Ehrenzweig, the hour-long video plays at 6:30 pm, 8 pm and 9:30 pm both days. A question-and-answer session with Peter Siegler, the subject of the film, follows each screening.

Siegler, 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 testament 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.

# WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY PATRICK HOCTEL



4 by Beckett: Theatre Artaud presents "Shape of Memory," a series of four works by Samuel Beckett, interwoven by director Jean-Pierre Soussigne, 10/17 & 18; 10/21-25 and 10/28-11/1. All of the works are concerned with the shifting, ambiguous nature of time and human memory. Rate this one a "must see" for all Beckett fans and devotees of the theatrical avant garde. Call 621-7797 for info and tickets.

## 17 OCTOBER SATURDAY

A historic reunion takes place at Stanford's Memorial Auditorium tonight when the **Limon Dance Company** performs with former Limon dancer **Lucas Hoving**. The program includes a special performance by Hoving of the biographical *Growing Up in Public*, choreographed for him by Remy Charlip. 8 pm. \$17/\$15.50/\$14/\$13 (students \$3 off). Tickets/info: 723-2551 or 723-4317.

The last entry in the Fifth Annual Jazz in the City Series is entitled **The Songs of Harold Arlen** ("Stormy Weather," "Blues in the Night," "That Old Black Magic," etc.). Highlights include selections sung by Maria Muldaur, Rosie Gaines, Weslia Whitfield, Kitty Margolis — and many more. 8:30 pm. Bimbo's, 1025 Columbus Ave., SF. \$10. Tickets/info: 762-2277 or 864-5449.

Perhaps the most bizarre film in the oeuvre of cinema iconoclast Samuel Fuller (which is saying something) is 1964's **The Naked Kiss**. The opening scene where Constance Towers kills her pimp and loses her wig, revealing a bald head underneath, sets the tone for this exploitative tome on striptease, prostitution, child abuse, orthopedics and murder. A don't-miss item for the cheap thrills set. 8:30 pm. ATA, 992 Valencia St., SF. \$4.

The group largely credited with chamber music's phenomenal rise in popularity in the last quarter century, the **Beaux Arts Trio** (Menachem Pressler, piano; Isidore Cohen, violin; and Peter Wiley, cello), appears at Zellerbach Hall at UC Berkeley in a program that includes Haydn's *Trio in A Major, Opus XV: 18* and Beethoven's *Trio in D Major, Opus 70, No. 1* ("Ghost"). 8 pm. \$18/\$14/\$10. Tickets/info: 642-9988.

## 18 OCTOBER SUNDAY

**Poppies**, a play from the Gay Sweatshop of London, written by Noel Greig and directed by

Nicholas Deutsch, continues its American premiere run at The Studio at Theatre Rhinoceros. An aging gay couple on a picnic are haunted by loves of the past and the menace of a militaristic future. Plays through 11/15. 8:30 pm, Fri.-Sun. 2926 16th St., SF. \$8. Tickets/info: 861-5079.

Music Theatre Lovers United presents a **Singing/Dancing Tribute to Fred Astaire**. The audience'll sing many of the great songs ("Night and Day," "Cheek to Cheek," etc.) that Astaire introduced, and selected videotapes of some of Astaire's most astounding dance routines will be shown — plus guest singers and dancers. Also, awards will be given for the most authentic and original '30s costumes. 2-5 pm. SF Jewish Community Center, 3200 California St., SF. \$8. Info: 845-0982.

The SF Cinematheque showcases **Ghost Fish Speak**, a film dance/performance by New York artist Jo Andres. The piece is a mesmerizing and disorienting theatrical experience that suggests Balinese trance dances, magic lantern shows and fantasy theatre. Performed with Cynthia Myers. 8 pm. SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut St., SF. \$3.50 general/\$2 students with ID, seniors and disabled.

Jazz at the de Young: **Bruce Forman**, guitarist extraordinaire, and **Trio** play for your pleasure at the museum's Hearst Court. Forman is well-known for his dazzling technique and has starred at major jazz festivals worldwide. No-host wine bar at intermission. 2-4:30 pm. \$7 museum members/\$9 public. Info: 750-3624.

**Working During the Cold War**: Anne Fagan Ginger, co-editor of *Cold War Against Labor*; Helen Sobell (Rosenberg-Sobell Committee); Leonard McNeil (Ironworkers for Union Democracy); and journalist Vivian M. Rainer share information on how the McCarthy era affected US workers from Honolulu to Buffalo, how they survived and how the union movement is going forward today. 7 pm. Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St., SF. Info: 282-9246.

## 19 OCTOBER MONDAY

**Generic Night** at the SF Jaks: It's back to basics with no theme, no clothes, but yes, we have some bananas today! Plus lube, lust and 100 naked men in a room. Mandatory clothes check (except for shoes). Arrive 7:30-8:30 pm. 890 Folsom St. (near 5th), SF. \$6.

SF faculty cellist **Irene Sharp** continues the SF Conservatory of Music's Faculty Artists Series with a program of works by Beethoven, Martinu and Prokofiev — with pianist Timothy Bach. 8 pm. Hellman Hall, 19th Ave. at Ortega St., SF. \$7 general/\$5 students, seniors and members. Info: 665-0874.

## 20 OCTOBER TUESDAY

A special **AIDS/ARC Support Group** for persons recently diagnosed with AIDS or ARC who are either presently in Moffitt Hospital for treatment of related illnesses or under outpatient care at UCSF has started up at the hospital. 8-9 pm (every Tuesday). 11th floor lounge, Moffitt Hospital (UCSF), 501 Parnassus Ave., SF. Info: 929-6875 (before 9:30 pm).

The electric **James Brown**, "the hardest working man in show business," brings his 12-piece band (alas, not the **Four Flames**) to the Fairmont (yes, Mr. "Please, Please, Please" in the Venetian Room) for a six-day engagement (through 10/25). Reservations are highly recommended for the 12 performances (each night at 9 pm and 11 pm). Dinner is served at 7 pm. California St. at Mason, SF. Res/info: 772-5163.

SF Performances presents Mel Torme, Leslie Uggans and Peter Nero in the **Great Gershwin Concert**: a brilliant celebration of the music, lyrics and anecdotes of the legendary team of George and Ira Gershwin. 8:30 pm. Davies Symphony Hall, Grove St. at Van Ness, SF. \$30/\$25/\$20/\$16/\$12/\$8. Tickets/info: 552-3656.

## 21 OCTOBER WEDNESDAY

**Gordon Craig**, history professor at Stanford and winner of the *Goethe Medaille* from the Federal Republic of Germany, lectures on *Berlin: The People and the Culture* as part of SFMMA's *Berlinart 1961-1987* exhibition. 7:30 pm. The Green Room, 2nd floor, Veterans Bldg., 401 Van Ness Ave., SF. \$5 general/\$4 members/\$3 students and seniors. Tickets at the door. Info: 863-8800.

To celebrate its 7th anniversary, the **Older Women's League (OWL)** holds a special cruise and wine tasting on board the City of San Francisco yacht at Pier 33. Special guest Belva Davis



**That leggy femme fatale, Tura Satana, takes a break from her evil doings in Ted V. Mikel's *Doll Squad*. See listing for Thursday, 10/22.**

honors the Bay Area's "Unsung Heroines," middle-aged and older women who've made invaluable contributions to the community. 4:30-6:30 pm. \$60. Reservations required. Res/info: 386-5983.

## 22 OCTOBER THURSDAY

**FrameLine Presents** begins tonight with video shorts, including *Sick*, Oakland video artist Cecilia Dougherty's nutty ruminations on the origins of illness. *Lifestyle Update* concludes the show. 8-9 pm. Viacom Cable Channel 25, SF. Info: 861-5245.

**Making Friends with Anger**: a class for men and women who are afraid of anger. In a safe and sup-

portive environment, you will learn how to constructively and effectively deal with and express your anger. Seven-week series begins tonight. Contact Scott Eaton, MA, at 821-4788.

## EVENT OF THE WEEK

Re/Search Publications throws its second *Incredibly Strange Films* presentation: an exceptional evening of cinema, featuring two classic films from the 30-year career of cult director **Ted V. Mikel**. The program kicks off at 7 pm with the *Corpse Grinders* (kitty cats claw their masters — a bloody, lurid tale), and after a Q-and-A session with Mikel's and a look at trailers from his various films, the action picks up at 9:30 pm with the completely outrageous *Doll Squad*. This movie (which served as the basis for "Charlie's Angels") showcases the awesome talents of the legendary Tura Satana in a variety of post-'60s fashions. York Theatre, 2789 24th St. (at York), SF. \$7 adv/\$8.50 door. Info: 362-1465.

## 23 OCTOBER FRIDAY

Comedian **Danny Williams** throws a **birthday party beer bust** at the SF Eagle with proceeds going to the 4th Annual People with AIDS Thanksgiving Dinner and the SF AIDS Emergency Fund. 1987 Leather Daddy Zack Long and 1987 Leather Daddy's Boy John Cassase are the emcees. With special guests the Blazing Redheads, Deena Jones, Marga Gomez, gorgeous trapeze artist Pierre Nadeau and the *Sentinel's* very own Dave Ford. Less Talk's *auteur* will draw the winning ticket for the 50/50 raffle. 8-11 pm. 398 12th St. (at Harrison), SF. \$6 for all the beer you can drink until 11 pm.

Media and The Lapis Press invite you to a book signing and reception in honor of art writer **Brian O'Doherty's** (aka artist Patrick Ireland) book, *Inside the White Cube: The Ideology of the Gallery Space*, three essays which examine the myth of neutrality in the gallery setting. 5-7 pm. 360 9th St. (between Harrison and Folsom), SF. Info: 864-0308. The reception precedes O'Doherty's lecture at Artspace at 7:30 pm on "Installations: Temporary Art and the Future of Memory." The lecture is free, but reservations are required. 1286 Folsom St., SF. Res/info: 626-9100.

Caribbean, Andean, North American and Latin American folk rhythms grace SF's Victoria Theatre from 10/23-10/25 in the **6th Annual Festival of the New Song** (Encuentro del Canto Popular) with featured international artists Oscar Chavez and Amparo Ochoa from Mexico. The three-day festival, with 2 pm concerts on Friday and Saturday and a 2 pm concert on Sunday, brings together some 20 North American and Latin American folk groups from the Bay Area and as far south as Argentina. 2961 16th St., SF. \$8 adv/\$10 door. Tickets/info: 824-7878 or 863-7576.

Noted Finnish conductor, **Paavo Berglund**, in his SF Symphony debut, continues his two-week engagement of concerts with a program that includes Kokkonen's *Symphony No. 4*; Grieg's *Piano Concerto in A Minor, Opus 16*; and Beethoven's *Symphony No. 4 in B-flat Major, Opus 60*. With pianist Emile Naoumoff. 8:30 pm. Davies Symphony Hall, Grove St. at Van Ness St. \$5-\$38.50. Tickets/info: 431-5400.

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

# SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

## STRICTLY PERSONAL

### NICE GUYS:

Wanted by attractive 30 yr, 5'10", 180 lb, brown hair, blond mustached, blue eyes and full hairy chest. I am tired of bars, substance abusers, one nighters. I want to share my time with sensitive and honest guys with similar looks who are white and 25-40 yr. I like to cuddle, get outside on sunny days, usually dating, romance, and safe sex. Let's get together and become friends — Charlie. Sentinel Box 43A

### OLDERYOUNGER

BI WM, 39, with many good qualities but passive, sometimes almost withdrawn, seeks similar guy. I like skinny, smooth, very young (18-30), usually white or oriental. Will exchange detailed letter, photo. PO Box 22201, SF 94122

### "LOOKING FOR GBM"

Businessman in 40's hoping to find GBM or BI BM 25-45 for long lasting relationship. I enjoy theatre, movies, lots of travel, dancing, social drinking — never smoke, no drugs. Want to share my home and life with someone. Call 952-6602 evs. M-F, S & S mornings. Serious minded only need to call.

### SO SHOOT ME

Good looking, bearded, 45, trim bod, nice chest & ass. Will model nude in exchange for photos. Hot stuff. Good deal for photographers. No publication. So Shoot Me! (Amateurs just fine). Sentinel Box 42E

### MEN MEN MEN

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GWM with mild ARC seeks same. Stable, honest, oral, well hung, blue eyes, hairy and balding, sports minded man at 43, 5'9", 155k, 8" fat. Interested in younger, smoother, light eyed, drug free man with some balls. For just a buddy or more, drop a note or whatever to Boxholder 193, 2215-R Market St., SF 94114.

### Chubby Awaits!

Like chubby bears? I'm 5'11", 265 unexercised lbs, 43-years-old, brown curly hair (some gray), moustache, medium-furish, mostly french-bottomish, absolutely not into pain, and horny. You're 38-50 yrs, weight proportionate to height (please), into chubby guys, functional dick, in charge in bed, tobacco-free, and horny. Committed relationship, shallow romp whatever. Write: Cramped Resident, Box 156 2215R Market Street, RA1114.

### MASTER MARIO

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### FREE J/O PARTY

Mystic Circle strictly J/O club meets Thursdays and Saturdays 7:30 pm at 1080 Folsom. No one admitted after 10 pm. Mandatory clothes check, \$5 donation, free refreshments. This ad good for one free admission. Offer expires October 31, 1987. Information 431-8748.

### "LIFE'S A BANQUET"

and most poor bastards are starving" East Bay GWM, 50s, seeks other masculine not macho, alcohol and drug free guys who enjoy receiving long, slow, easy-going, layed-back head. Age, looks, race, endowment unimportant. Staying power and positive attitude are. Call 635-3279. Let's live a little.

### SLAM-FUCK!

Handsome, hung, trim-defined GWM, 33, seeks clean trim self-assured impressioned white or Latino bottom 20-36 to take every last inch of it, deep down your throat & then hard up your ass. Very cock-oriented, total-surender fantasy. Trim & sane only. Condoms. No spenders or smokers. Letter & photo to Sentinel Box 42H.

### PRIVATE J/O SHOWS

Horny, goodlooking GWM 36, 6', 160lb with lean, muscular body and pretty dick likes to show it all off to other goodlooking, horny, verbal men for real hot cum sessions. Cameras are a turn on. Write with phone # and photo. Sentinel Box 42C.

### TALL AND ATHLETIC

(Swimmer, skier), very good looking, blondish, blue, BIWM, 27, 6'4", 190 lbs, well educated, successful professional hopes to meet similar inexperienced guy (or healthy teacher) for open, warm, fun, discreet, safe relationship. Box 1253, 41 Sutter St., SF, 94104.

### PEEKING OUT OF CLOSET

GWM, 30, 5'10", athletic, seeks East Bay friends into racketball, golf, wrestling etc. Very straight acting/looking. Prefer like individuals 22-35. No smokers, drugs etc. Scott, P.O. Box 2195, Alameda, CA 94501.

SACRAMENTO AREA ONLY GWM, masculine, drug-free, HIV negative, health conscious, bottom/top, 5'10", 155 lb, 43, looks 35. Seeking bi or GWM nonsmoker, 35-45, top/bottom, well-endowed, monogamous sex buddy, possible relationship. HIV test required. Karl Wagner, Box 340151, Sacramento, CA 95834.

### STRAIGHT MEN

I'm not tall, dark and handsome, but I give excellent head to straight guys 18-35 with possible relationship. HIV test required. 282-0081. Ask for Danny. Let's talk.

### ASIAN — ASIAN

Healthy, discreet, GAM, mid 30's, 5'8", 150#, wants to meet other GAM, single or couples, for social/sexual relationship. Varied interests. Not into bars. Phone/photo appreciated. Sentinel Box 42B.

### BICYCLE TIGHTS

Drive me nuts! Attractive, 30-yr-old, muscular, 5'8", 150 lb GWM loves seeing gym-toned pumped-up guys in workout & bicycle tight — lycra, nylon, leather or latex. Other fantasies welcome. Looking for a relationship but... Phone/photo to Sentinel Box 42K.

### BLACK MAN OVER 40 WANTED

GWM, age 50, seeks dominant black man, age 48 to 65, who needs and loves long, slow, total oral sex sessions from clean-cut, caring, professional deep-throat expert. You lie back, relax, have a beer and let me give you the total expert servicing that you love and deserve. Reply Roger, Box 130, 370 Turk Street, San Francisco 94102. All replies answered. (45)

### COME GO WITH ME

Searching for a trim, clean-cut, athletic person who wants to develop a symbiotic relationship and share eclectic experiences with a youthful, rugged, smooth, 40, chinese professional, 5'9", 140 lbs. Enjoy jogging, sports, weights, backpacking, films and diverse physical and cultural activities. Non-smoker. Photo returned. Box 5643, San Francisco, CA 94101.

### MEN MEN MEN

A PHONE CAN BE USED FOR TALKING, RECEIVING, LISTEN AND "GIVING" THROUGH MEN'S ELECTRONIC NETWORK. M.E.N. THAT SPELLS & TELLS WHO AND WHAT WE ARE.

### MEN MEN MEN

DIAL 415-701-1MEN (861-1636)

### DOCTOR SEKS FRIEND

Unattached Physician, 40, seeks X-Nice 20-30-year-old male that's straight looking for companionship. Have beautiful home in the city and Marin to share. Please send picture, phone # to CFR, PO Box 816, Larkspur, CA 94939.

### TENNIS/SKI BUDDY

Athletic, professional GWM 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks GAM or GWM, 30s, for tennis and ski buddy — for fun! Tennis: novice but no wimp. Skiing: intermediate. Write w/phone #, Michael, Box 260, 2440 18th St., SF 94103

### ARE YOU OUT THERE

Seeking straight acting professional WM 34-45 for dating and possible relationship. Prefer non-smoker — grey hair. Myself — attractive, 32, 6', 170, brown, hazel, enjoy music, movies, outdoors, dining out/home. Live in East Bay, your photo gets mine. Gene. Sentinel Box 42A.

### ROMANCE, INTIMACY & FUN!

Looking for attractive, moustached, masculine man, 25-40, not into open relationships or one night stands. Let's have a good time dancing, hiking, cuddling, going to movies and beach, traveling. We are drug, alcohol, and tobacco-free. I'm attractive, blond, blue, moustache, 25, 5'9", 155 lbs. Send photo and detailed letter. P.O. Box 20687, Castro Valley, CA 94546. (43) CA 94519.

### NO SEX

...but correspondence and perhaps conversation later with slim, non-scene, ordinary men would be so nice! I am a tall, slim, 45, GWM, interested in knowing you — Jeffrey, PO Box 3170, San Francisco, CA 94119.

### NUDIE CUTIE SEEKS LOVER

GWM young 40's, nice looking, masculine, 5'5", 135#, brown/grey, blue, intelligent, stable, homebody, HIV negative, moustache, hairy chest, 7' cut, seeks lifemate or affair. You: under 40, under 5'9", slim, nice-looking, masculine. I'm a nonsmoker, into safe sex only. Exchange photos? Dean, PO Box 28781, San Jose, CA 95159.

### HUNK SEARCH!!

Attractive, successful GWM, 36, Too busy to date, go to bars etc. Looking for a fun, healthy, very goodlooking GWM, 18-40 to be my escort to dinner, theater, vacations, and other fun events and basic overnight companionship at my place. Safe sex only! I can make your finances a lot easier and your life itself a lot more fun. If you qualify respond with photo and phone (A MUST, RETURNABLE) to Steve, 584 Castro St., Suite 434, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

### WANTED

Horny men 18-25 to drop by, drop your pants for perlong head. // interested please call 398-2239 after 5 pm if not don't!

### PALO ALTO CYCLIST

GWM blonde good shape late 30's, act 20's, rock 'n roll intelligent likes to suck & fuck, seeks similar guy, big is OK, no heavy drinking, drugs, no fats or assholes. PO Box 6694, Palo Alto 94306.

### GWM, 30, VERY ATTRACTIVE

Interested in meeting other attractive, virile, well-hung, masculine men between the ages of 30 and 40, who are interested in outdoor activities: camping, horseback riding, etc. and enjoy safe man-to-man physical contact and oral servicing. Non-smoker or non-heavy drinker preferred. Your photo and phone # gets mine. SENTINEL Box 38E.

### YOUNG, HUNG AND HOT

If this type of model turns you on, then you've got to see the 4 new videos that have just been released. Send today for your FREE Brochure. First Class Male, 3841 4th Avenue, Suite 136 Dept. B141, San Diego, CA 92103.

### LOOKING FOR YOU

Young artist, new to area, seeks financially generous man, I'm goodlooking, bright and adventurous, willing to be the perfect thing for the right man. Sentinel Box 43B

### LIVING WITH AIDS

You, too? GWM, 41, 5'8", 150#, hirsute, green eyes, pattern bald, professional, educated. Seeking similar for possible relationship. Caring/affection are very important for the bad times; wish to share good times, warmth, joy, mutual support. MT, 4503 18th Street, SF, CA 94114.

## PERSONAL GROWTH

### Mary Richards, M.A.

Author, Master Your Mind™ Audio Cassettes  
Presents  
SELF HEALING WORKSHOP for PWA's and ARC's  
• Visualization • Relaxation  
• Positive Affirmations  
• Energy Balancing  
• Cleansing, Create a Stronger, Healthier Self Image. Release Limitation.  
Special Tape Sale also, Wed. Oct. 14 at Shanti, SF 11 am to 2 pm (No fee) Call 945-0941 to register

### Counseling for

Individuals, Couples, Groups  
Health/Grief/Stress/Relationships  
Depression/Self-Esteem/Aging

Support/Therapy Group:  
Gay Men in our 40's and 50's

### HAL SLATE MFCC

SF and East Bay (415) 832-1254  
#MWM023205 Sling Scale Fees Insurance

### TUNE INTO THE LIGHT

Let in the universal creating energy with Quartz Crystals. For healing, meditation, balancing, or whatever purpose you desire. We have a quality selection of Crystal Clusters, Points, Balls, Pendants, Pyramids, Flourite, Amethyst, and Citrine. Available in all colors, shapes, sizes. All natural, grade A. Also available: books on crystals. For more information, please write to us for a free brochure and price list. CRYSTAL CLEAR 2215-R Market St. #307, SF, CA 94114. C/O Tony and Michael.

# TELEPHONE BULLETIN BOARD

• Gay  
• Rendez-vous  
• Introductions  
• Personals

IT'S YOUR CALL  
Leave adult messages  
See if there's one for you  
(415)  
**976-6677**  
\$2.00 PLUS TOLL  
IF AN  
24 HOURS

## Sentinel

## Classified Order Form

Mail to SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF, CA 94102.

861-8100

Category:

Headline:

Text:

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Zip:

Phone:

### METHOD OF PAYMENT:

cash  check  Mastercard/Visa

CC#

Expiration date

Signature

### COMPUTE YOUR COST:

40 words or less @ \$10.00

Additional words @ .25 each

Subtotal

x number of issues

Verification charge for Personals using telephone numbers \$1.00

### SENTINEL BOXES: 1 Month

Will call @ \$5.00

Forwarded @ \$10.00

Total Amount

Personal Policy: SF Sentinel encourages you to place ads that are lively, creative and health-conscious. We reserve the right to edit or reject any ad whatsoever. Deadline for all classified advertising is noon on the Tuesday prior to publication.

# SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

**LOSE WEIGHT WITHOUT DIETING**  
Lose weight & inches without dieting — Call 549-8408 anytime for information.

**UNIQUE HEALTH AIDS**  
Oxyfresh — personal hygiene with Purogene® — test proven effective. Also Spirulina supplements: Cermitin Flower Pollen, recommended in "Conquering AIDS Now" — Scott, Increases Energy, Vitality, and helps build Immunity. Ventriux-Acido-Bacteria — In-Orders — Rex (415) 863-8116, Distributorships available.

**Sexual Techniques**  
Saliva, natural lubricant, absolutely necessary for profound oral functioning; anal sexuality. Don't swallow saliva. Marijuana stops saliva. Enemas relax sexual region, prevent disease, premature orgasm, impotency. Dirty colon causes anal tension, warts, rashes, gangrene, death: quickly. Technical, truly safe, high power sexuality, must be learned. Free introduction.

STEVE 864-8597

**GAY MEN'S THERAPY GROUP**  
On-Going Group:  
Now Accepting New Members  
This group is designed to assist you in experiencing how you communicate and relate to other men and support you in your growth toward openness and intimacy. Sliding scale, insurance. Murray D. Levine, PhD; Robert Dossett, MA — Noe Valley 641-1643 or 285-6991.

## COUNSELING

**DO IT NOW!**  
Goal oriented, down to earth counseling in the here-and-now for the individual or couple wishing to work on issues of life's frustrations and transitions, relationships, illness and injury. Take care of today's problems today. Contact Carol Flui (IR 011341) for an appointment. (415) 929-0188

**NEW RELATIONSHIPS**  
Psychotherapy for people experiencing difficult starting and developing romantic relationships. Contact Kevin Miller, M.S., 826-8692, MFCC Intern, IR 011060.

**INTIMACY VS. ISOLATION**  
Is being your own best friend not enough? A support group for issues surrounding intimacy, loneliness and self-fulfillment. A place to speak your emotional needs using the medium of Group Process, Meditation and Touch. Sliding scale.  
Andrew Pelfini  
Emotional Support Director  
621-0628

## WORKSHOPS

**BREATH & TOUCH**  
Learn to live at full capacity; relax and energize. We are two sensitive body workers and breath specialists. We will work with you in a group or in individual sessions using breath and touch every Tuesday Night. Call us to find out more about it. \$20.00. PWAs welcome.

SAM 649-3252  
PHIL 864-0649

## INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**\$ FOR MCV SERVICES**  
Need business that now accepts MCVISA to process my card billings to my clients. I'm honest and legit. Will pay commission per transaction. Paul, 861-6238.

## JOB WANTED

**REPATRIATE ME**  
27-year-old San Franciscan followed a man to Houston. Hate Houston, miss the city that knows how. I have 10 years in mixology, many persistent years in sales, and at least a few good years in prep cooking with emphasis on French or California Whole Food cuisine. With an ambitious work ethic, outgoing and articulate demeanor, I'm confident it would be mutually beneficial (to employ me). I am also familiar with "horse-trading" antiques and collectibles. If it makes any difference, I've done a little modeling. One of my most exciting sales positions was in advertising, which excelled and opened new corporate accounts to a gay rag here. So knowing the power of advertising I trust this will pre-access the position I need.  
For a resume or more information call me, Monte, at (713) 459-2555, collect. I will be there in time to vote. If I owned hell and Texas, I'd live in hell and rent out Texas.

## JOB OFFERS

SJ escort-nude model wanted for weekly work. Must be 18-30, good body, and friendly. Must live in SJ area. Call (408) 249-5224. (42)

Assistant (associate) Producer to put positive energies into major Xmas event. P/T - Flexible hours. Deal effectively w/people in person & on telephone. Some program adv. sales but not main focus. Arts/business background wouldn't hurt but originality, organization & dry sense of humor essential. Probable long term relationship. David Marks, 445-2153.

**WANTED ENTREPRENEURS**  
Formation of New Agency SF Area, eventually Nationwide. Seek Men and Women, Model/Escort Masseurs 18-30. An Ethnic Diversity Agency. We Seek all Types. Must be open-minded and willing to please a selected clientele. Must be clean, and discreet. For more details, write: Robinson's, P.O. Box 4312, Daly City, CA 94016 Dept. 10-D.

**HOUSECLEANERS**  
Positions now available for nation's largest housecleaning company. Salary & commission. Car needed.  
Mon-Fri 9-5  
call 626-7766

**We're Looking For A Few Good Men.**  
MODELS/COMPANIONS  
RICHARD OF SF  
821-3457

**VESPER SOCIETY**  
IN SAN LEANDRO  
NEEDS  
live in attendants to see AIDS patients, terminal and other patients. Call Linda: 430-0245

## RENTALS

**LIBERTY HILL VIEW**  
High ceillinged Victorian, 1 bedroom, fireplace, hardwood floors, W/D. \$725 per month.

**NOB HILL PENTHOUSE**  
Elegant, sunny, 2 bedroom, 2 bath Victorian, views, deck. Formal livingroom/diningroom, fireplace, hardwood floors, DW, W/D, wine cellar, garage. \$1475 per month.  
824-8747

**LEATHER GALORE!**  
Comfortable, quiet East Bay apartment complex with a strong "leather" orientation has rooms & apartments available soon.  
Details: 647-1653

**STUDIOS**  
1 & 2 ROOMS  
Must see to believe. Newly renovated building with all-electric kitchen, drapes, W/W carpets, electric heat with pre-wired telephone and cable ready.  
Requirements: first month's rent, \$300 security, \$35. Telephone installation. NO PETS!!  
Rents start at \$300 studio and \$400-up 2 room studios.  
Info call 474-4094 or see at 57 Taylor St.

**UPSCALE, LUXURY LIVING**  
Beautifully furnished room in private home. All amenities. Must see to appreciate. K, L, and M lines direct. (Gents preferred). St. Francis Wood — West Portal. Call after 6 pm weekdays, anytime weekends. \$500 up.  
731-2830

**REBUILT EDWARDIAN FLAT**  
Spectacular, 2 bedrooms, split-bath, washer/dryer, dishwasher, disposal, recessed/track lighting, decks, views, bleached hard-wood floors, vertical blinds. A combination of elegance and hi-tech. 577 Page St. at Fillmore. \$900 month. Call: Gary Braid 861-4969 (H) or 885-6600 (W).

**HOTEL CASA LOMA**  
600 Fillmore Street  
San Francisco  
(415) 552-7100  
Casa Loma San Francisco  
RE-OPENING SOON  
— NEW MANAGEMENT  
— REMODELLED  
ALAMO SQUARE SALOON  
— BAR AND RESTAURANT

Potero Hill, \$1,400.00, magnificent bay area, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, dishwasher, WW carpet, levolor blinds, back yard, fireplace, garage space. New building. No pets.  
566-4699

**FURNISHED APT. AVAILABLE NOW**  
2 large rooms with bath and office, garage, laundry — share kitchen with others — non-smoker. \$525. month including utilities. Rockridge/Lake Temescal area — Oakland. Excellent transportation.  
TONY: 653-5011 Eves.

**Furnished Room**  
Private home  
Hayes Valley  
Phone, color TV  
washer/dryer  
Use of all  
electric kitchen  
821-3330

## Bunkhouse Apts.

Office: 419 Ivy Street  
San Francisco  
Mon.-Fri. 1-6 PM

Commercial Space  
Available for Retail

\$600 — 1 BR, 562 Hayes, #4  
Hardwood floors, tiled kitchen and bath, curtains and shades.

\$600 — 1 BR, 419 Ivy, #17  
AEK & w/w carpeting, tiled kitchen and bath, southern exposure. Unique.

\$600 — 1 BR, 514 Hayes, #3  
w/w carpeting, curtains and shades, quiet secure building.

\$550 — 1 BR, 419 Ivy, #4D  
AEK & w/w carpeting, tiled kitchen and bath, curtains and shades.

\$500 — Studio, 501 Octavia, #3  
w/w carpeting, curtains and shades, quiet secure building.

Stove, refrigerator included. Cable ready. First and last months rents required. No deposits. Must be employed.

863-6262

**SHARE HOME — OAKLAND**  
Professional GM seeks same to share spacious home in Oakland near Lake Merritt. Non-smoker, no pets, \$345. month plus share utilities. Call 835-2387 for details. (41)

continued on page 47

# IT'S LIVE! HOT TALK



ME  
ONE ON ONE  
PRIVATE CONVERSATION  
SHARE YOUR FANTASIES  
YOU

\$2.00 Plus Tolls

## WOMAN TO WOMAN



(213)  
(415) **976-HERS**

At last, a hot new fantasy line designed for Gay women. Dial 976-4377 and hear erotic tales of hot lesbian action making your wildest dreams come true. Created for women by women.

It's for you.

Just remember **976-HERS**

Must be 18 years old to call. \$2.00 + tolls if any.

MAKE THE CONNECTION

415 • 213 • 818

# 976-8855

# CALL ME

# IT'S YOUR FANTASY



213/818/415  
**976-DICK  
DIAL DICK**

**FOR A  
REVEALING 8" x 10"  
FUN PAK OF FIVE  
FABULOUS GUYS**

Send \$10.00 plus 65¢ tax to

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OCEAN PARK BLVD.  
SANTA MONICA, CA 90405

or just write to Dick and get  
**AN AUTOGRAPHED  
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.

# SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

## OFFICE SPACE FOR RENT

continued from page 45

**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. \$85 per week. Flexible. Call Tom (Tues., Thurs., Sat) 282-4622

## ROOMMATES

**BAD BOYS HOME**  
\$400/month room & board. Own room in bad boys home. DISCIPLINE optional. Call 863-2079, Don.  
Share 2 story, 2 bath East Bay home \$275, very private. Also 1 bedroom mobile home available.  
481-2927

Your own room & full tile bath. Will share the rest of my home. Living room w/fireplace, dining area, large full kitchen, back yard, front door parking all the time. Sunny Potrero Hill, view, very quiet street, carpets & hardwood floors, laundry. Eves, 7-9, 282-3440.

**TEMP. PLACE NEEDED**  
27 year old male returning to SF from Houston seeking place to share for 1-2 months (under \$400). Amiable, light smoker, progressive lifestyle.  
Call Monte at (713) 459-2555

**ROOMMATES™**  
For compatible, trustworthy roommates!  
**OAKLAND/EAST BAY**  
533-9949  
**SF BAY & SAN JOSE**

**FREMONT/NEWARK**  
GM share 3 bedroom home. \$325 plus 1/3 utilities. Non smoker, w/wash/dryer/fireplace. Garden prof.  
DAN (415) 790-0288

**SHARE HOUSE — SAN ANSELMO**  
Share Marin Co. contemporary home with 45-yr-old executive. Pool, private, decks, view, W/D, fireplace. Separate bedroom, bath. Responsible, employed, health-conscious, non-smoker, 30s-40s. Your share, \$700. Call Jim, eves, 457-4710.

**3rd ROOMMATE NEEDED**  
2 men early 40's seek 3rd roommate. Share 5 room, 2 baths, large bright flat in Haight. Private bedroom. Garden, no pets, no parking. \$400/month plus utilities. Available now. Call 626-7208.

**BELMONT-MID PENINSULA**  
GM to share 2 bedroom apartment. Fully furnished — own bedroom furniture required. \$375 + 1/2 utilities + security. N/S preferred. AL 594-1226, evenings.

**GET OUT OF THE CITY**  
to peace and quiet in Cloverdale, 90 miles North of SF/End of freeway. Share large 3 bedroom house with one man. Garden, orchard, 2 acres. \$300 plus half utilities. Partial rent negotiable/exchange work. No S&M slaves or femme clones please. Steve 707-894-4623 4 pm to 10 pm.

**FLATS TO SHARE**  
GWM with KS looking for GM to share my flat. Private room. Must be responsible, clean, quiet. PWAI/ARC in stable health OK. \$350 month — negotiable.  
TOM 285-7816  
leave message

**AVAILABLE NOW**  
Professional, easy-going GWM pianist seeks non-couch potato intellect(s) to share large Church/Market flat. Prefer night oriented adult or couple with Christian values. Your space is a two-room private living area overlooking "Just Desserts" garden eatery. Total rent to split \$895.00. Telephone Donald 995-2656.

## PHONE TALK

M.E.N.  
WE BRING YOU TOGETHER  
TO FIND MEN  
DIAL TO 1-MEN

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**AUDITIONS ALL—MALE**  
**CABARET REVUE**  
Pantomime/Live - Salary  
Sunday, Oct. 18 - NOON  
Sutter's Mill, 77 Battery St.  
F/M Chorus, F/Spec, Comedy, M.C.  
For more info call: 346-3971

## AUDIO & VIDEO SERVICES

**CUSTOMIZED SUBLIMINAL**  
Audio subliminal cassettes 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 1002, Port Hueneeme, CA 93041. (40)

## SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS!

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Transferred to tape from private film collection. Dozens of horny young models, huge equipment, great backstoffs every 5 or 6 minutes! Good image, good color, soft rock music. All safe sex! Let these videos on your VCR become your favorite home companion! Sorry, no brochures or stills on these. But look into this bargain collection. Each \$24.95 plus tax. VHS in stock. Beta made up on order. Ask for Adonis Cockplay series. ADONIS VIDEO, 369 Ellis, San Francisco 94102. (415) 474-6995. Open Noon - 6 pm daily. Upstairs over Circle J Cinema. See Hal Call. MC-VISA OK.

## TRAVEL AND ACCOMMODATIONS

**PHOENIX**  
Brian and Darrell invite you to enjoy their Deluxa, Private Resort located in Sunny Arizona. Come relax, play, and dine! Call or write for complete information, brochure, or reservations:  
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(602) 582-3686  
member IGTA

## ATTORNEYS

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Tax Law  
Reasonable rates — evening appointments  
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## FRESH-START BANKRUPTCY SERVICE

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**(415) 641-7620**  
FLAT FEE \$95

## FINANCIAL PROBLEMS?

**BANKRUPTCY CHAPTER 13**  
FREE INITIAL CONSULTATION WITH EXPERIENCED ATTORNEY  
**864-0449**

Walter R. Nelson Law Offices

## MISCELLANEOUS SERVICES

## GAY TELEPHONE BULLETIN BOARD INSTANTLY UPDATED

LEAVE ADULT MESSAGES  
SEE IF THERE'S ONE FOR YOU  
**(415) 976-6677**  
\$2.00 Plus Toll If Any



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European Psychic Consultants  
Sees All • Tells All  
Card and Palm Readings

One visit will convince you she can help you in love or business matters within 90 days. \$25 with this ad.  
539 Castro between 18th & 19th Sts.  
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Quality Typesetting at Reasonable Prices  
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1st Mo. FREE-2 Months w/rrly. Rate. "As low as \$2.50 per month."

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495 ELLIS  
San Francisco, CA  
11AM to 7PM MON THRU SAT  
**VOICE: 771-3305 FAX: 771-0967**

continued on page 49

# MEET ME.

**ALL NEW!**  
**Different Introductions**  
**Each Call**  
**976-3800**



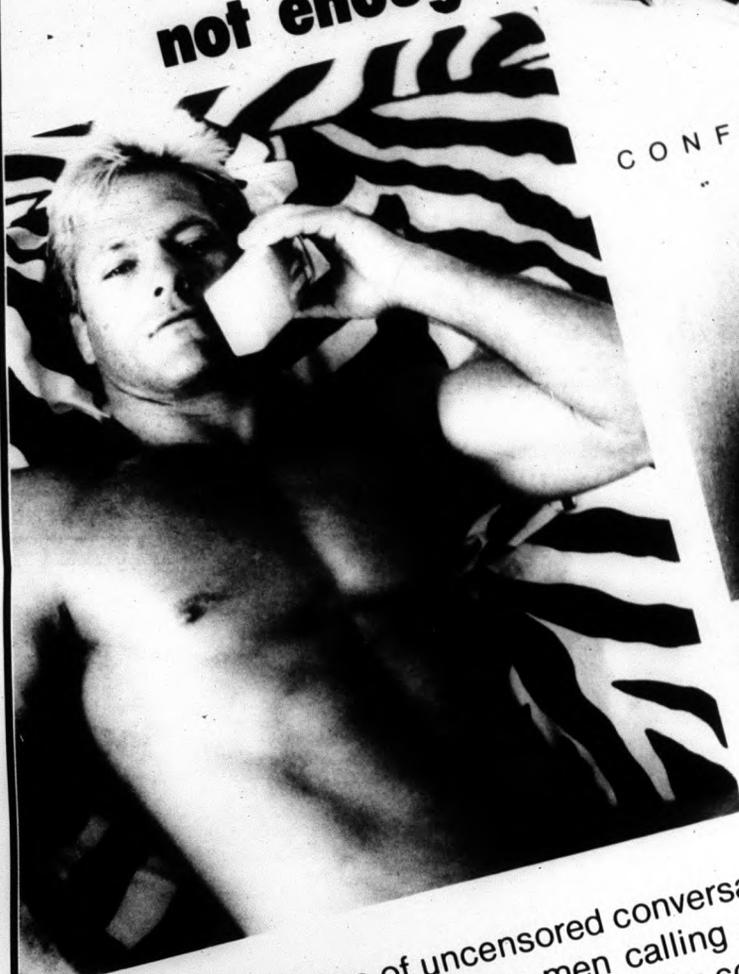
**GAY INTRO** 415 818 976-3800 **NEW MESSAGE WITH EACH CALL**  
213 619 **LEAVE YOUR NUMBER AND HE'LL FIND YOU**

\$2.00 plus toll

**When one  
just is  
not enough!**



CONFERENCE CALL



ONLY  
**95¢**  
+ TOLL IF ANY

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



# SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

## MOVING AND HAULING

continued from page 47

### BROTHER'S HAULERS

One guy or two and a pickup. Dump Runs, Apartments, Basements, Attics and Yards all cleared. Dirt and Cement Chunks. Furniture and Box Deliveries... You name it!!!  
Fast • Hardworkers • Reasonable Rates  
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After 3 beeps enter your phone number  
Wait for beeps, and hang up.  
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Fast and efficient reasonable rates  
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VISA • MASTERCARD  
**LOWEST LEGAL RATES**  
HOUSEHOLD • OFFICE  
MOVING & STORAGE  
**567-6166**

## ITEMS WANTED

**"DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN"**  
The *Sentinel* Library needs to locate complete copies of some missing issues of the newspaper between 1974 and 1984. Anyone having complete copies of the newspaper during this period please contact Keith Clark, Librarian, SF *Sentinel*, 500 Hayes St., SF Ca 94102 or phone (415) 861-8100.

LET OUR ADVERTISERS KNOW  
Say you saw it in the *Sentinel*

## FOR SALE

**AUTO FOR SALE**  
WHAT A DEAL! Beautiful 1980 Chrysler LeBaron 2 door, automatic transmission, AM, FM tape, dependable and economical 6 cylinder. Below Blue Book at \$1,975.00.  
CALL MIKE AT 861-8100

885-3034

## BALLET CLASSES

**BASIC BALLET**  
Free the captive dancer in you. Basic Ballet — morning and evening small classes in a supportive atmosphere.  
Dancers Stage — 60 Brady Street  
558-9355

## UPKEEP AND RENOVATIONS

**CARPET CLEANERS OF SAN FRANCISCO**  
Residential and Commercial Accounts  
Free Estimates  
STEVE 864-2846 CHUCK

**ENVIRONMENTS**



gary brand 431-7621

## MASSAGE

### BLONDE CANADIAN

Photo by Reno



**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 621-1302.

### TRIP TO ECSTASY!

Come to my massage! Full body — buns & legs my specialty! Hot man 6', 160#, Br/Br, must. Call Russ anytime. In/out \$40/50, add \$5.00 for VISA/MC. 647-0944. Try me!

**WARM CURRENT**  
**STRONG HEALING ENERGY**  
821-2351 MAX \$45/90 min.

### AMMA MASSAGE

Enjoy the nurturing and revitalizing effect 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.  
75 minutes \$20  
John 626-1569

### CHRISTOPHER

Athletically oriented massage by weight training instructor. Competent, Handsome & very muscular. 431-2830, days. \$30 per session.

### HARD BODIES WELCOME

A deluxe massage for men under 40. Complete full body, medium cool and sensuously HOT too. Esalen, Swedish, and Shiatsu techniques. \$30/in, certified.

STEVEN 641-9426

### A NATURAL MAN

Gives an erotic massage. Handsome, muscular, Masculine, Hung and Healthy. Strong but sensitive. Andy, 24 hours. 864-6097

### WOW! WHATTA MASSAGE!

Just lay back and enjoy my deep, sensual touch! You'll never forget it! 24 hrs. In/Out. Enjoy!  
DAVID 861-1362

### 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  
564-0762 \$25 hr.



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**SENSUAL MASSAGE**  
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• RELAX FACILITIES • RESERVATION TABLE • TOTAL FACILITY • TOTALY PLEASANT  
**MIKE & JEFF 567-2345**

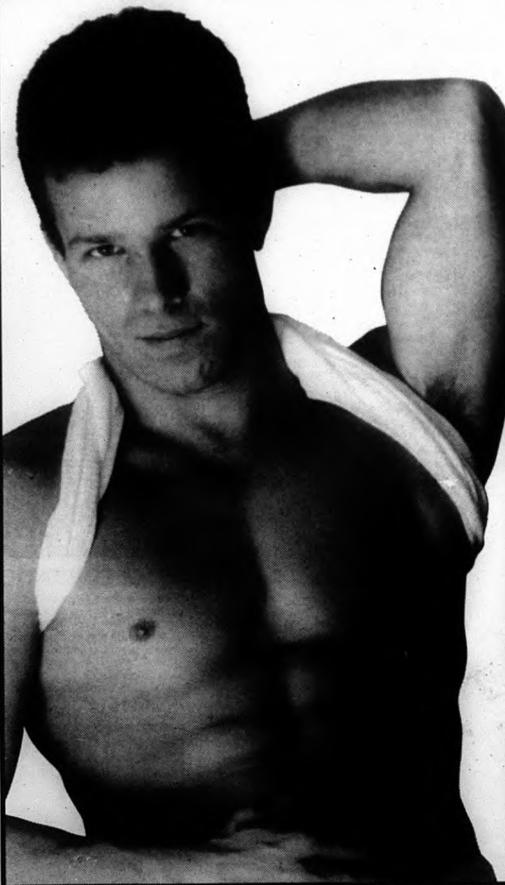
I feel as though I've died and gone to heaven!  
ATTORNEY  
The most erotic experience I've ever had  
PHYSICIAN  
The only way to fly!  
AIRLINE STEWARD  
The best forbidden present I've ever had!  
CULT MODEL  
I can't believe how comfortable I feel with you  
dude!  
ART STUDENT

**FULL BODY MASSAGE**  
Done by experienced Massage Therapist in Oakland Call after 4:30 pm.  
Fees: \$25/hr. \$35 1/2 hrs.  
MARK 261-3319

**\$20 SPECIAL**  
For men 21-40. Surrender your body to the erotic seduction of my hands and feel great. Swedish-Esalen-Shiatsu full body massage. Special price 10/9-10/16.  
STEVEN 841-9426

Continued on next page

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# SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

## MESSAGE

Continued from previous page

### RELAX IN CLASS

A RELAXING MESSAGE by a handsome, masculine blonde 6', 190, beautifully nude muscular body, summer tan Firm, Erotic Swedish Massage Massage Lotion & Talc, Hand to Beat It \$40 In/\$55 Out 75 min. Mike 931-0149 24 hrs.

ECSTASY TRANSPORT Sensual and relaxing massage will wait you away to greater well-being and liberated pleasure while recharging your erotic energy. The massage is a slow, deep Esalen-style nurturing done by a personable, skilled expert in a caring, loving way. It's a sensational experience you'll love!

GARY 821-1005

### EXQUISITE MESSAGE

Certified Experienced Professional I am an instructor at The Body Electric School of Massage. I DO EXQUISITE MESSAGE! Sensual, relaxing, nurturing. Special discounts to regular clients.

CHARLIE 821-7607

MOVE UP TO QUALITY, NOT PRICE! RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

### THE TIGER'S PAW MESSAGE

in the Castro Achieve optimum relaxation, reduce stress and tension in your body and mind. Treat yourself today to a sensual Hot Oil Massage you'll enjoy. It's non-hurried and wonderfully nurturing in a quiet, warm environment. Non-sexual

90min. \$25.00

GUSTAVO C.M.T. 864-2386 YOU'LL LOVE YOURSELF FOR IT \*\*SPECIAL 20% OFF

FULL-BODY SWEDISH STYLE MESSAGE FOR MEN Certified through Body Electric.

\$40/90 minutes JOE 282-6929

### SENSATIONS

Experience a soothing, relaxing IONIC BATH and my nurturing, intuitive touch combining Swedish/Esalen-Reiki-Acupressure.

\$30/90 minute session — Non-sexual — MARC 863-1765

### EROTIC MESSAGE

Hard working — Good looking — Stress reducing — Safe — Perfect for men on the go. 1st class, clean apartment, fireplace, loving hands to revitalize mind, body, spirit. 5'11", 160 lbs., brown, green, smooth, uncult.

Joe 348-2921 9-5 For Men Only

### PLEASURE PLUS

Reward yourself and revitalize your pleasure centers with a professional, nude, deep muscle oil massage by a certified acupressure and reflexology expert. I'm 29, attractive and my nurturing massage will ease discomfort and clarify your energy.

JOHN 861-0843

### ONE OF LIFE'S REWARDS

A healing massage blending strength and sensitivity. 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 balance energy.

90 minutes, \$35. Castro location DAVID BLUMBERG 552-0473

### BEST MESSAGE OF YOUR LIFE!

By professional certified masseur, seven years experience. Sensitive, caring, very handsome. Specializes in your body-mind-spirit. Hunkies in deep, firm, sensual hot-oil Swedish. Surprise birthday massages for friends and lovers available. Castro area, 9 am-9 pm, weekdays and weekends.

William 626-6210 PWAs welcomed

### ATHLETIC MALE

Available for strong Swedish esalen massage. Eves. & Wkends. 431-2830, Tom

### DREAM MESSAGE

Hung 9", bisexual, exceptionally handsome, muscular, speedo tan, blond/bilu. Are you a young Asian or Latin guy, sensitive and nice? I have a special rate for you

RON 931-3263

### TONIGHT

Stretch out naked on my fur rug. Experience a warm fire, soft music and a therapeutic hot-oil massage. Let physical & emotional tensions drain away. My nurturing hands and gentle words will leave you relaxed, refreshed & naturally high. Call Rick, 824-6730, 60 minutes — \$30.

### SOMETHING SPECIAL

Take the time to pamper yourself with a massage which is both relaxing and therapeutic. 75 minutes of individualized attention in an environment designed specifically for massage using soothing music, warmth, and positive energy. Haight location. Enjoy benefits that go beyond the moment. Only \$30.00.

STEPHAN 668-9318

### SEEK GIFTED CLIENTS

Can you savor subtle fingers, unfold like a flower, warmth warm, strong, astonishingly-skilful hands? You can! Well, pick up the phone, Petunia. We're both in luck. 18th & Noe. Certified, caring, experienced. Two hands, no waiting.

JIM 864-2430

\* \$25-Hot Athlete. Hung nice \* \* Bill 441-1054 Massage, etc. \*

### SAN JOSE-SWEDISH MESSAGE

Be pampered! Treat yourself to a full body massage in private by qualified masseur. Reduces: fatigue, stress and tension, also feels great! Shower available. Perfect for the man on the go! 24-hour service. \$25-1 hour in call. In the mood? Call now! Same day appointments available.

ANTHONY (408) 288-6189

### \*\*\* PHILLIP \*\*\*

Good natured, model-masseur. Handsome, clean-cut and discreet. 864-5566

### UNIQUE MESSAGE

As you like it! I'm strong, skilled, energetic and building a solid following. Hairy, fit, 35. Businessmen get special attention. How about a mid-day relaxer? \$40/hour, out only. Stan, 995-2338.

### Jack McCallister

Certified Massage Therapist and Rebirthner (415) 282-3758 By appointment only

### MESSAGE BY ANKER

Release to a sensual Swedish massage by this blond Norwegian. Experienced in this European form of bodywork he incorporates Asian and American massage to form both a relaxing and invigorating experience.

\$45.00 9 am-9 pm 861-2231

### SPECIAL

Relaxing, sensuous, full body Hot Oil massage. Luxurious, non-hurried, nurturing session, \$30.00 M-F after 6 pm, Sat & Sun am & pm. Certified massage therapist through Body Electric School of Massage and Rebirthner. In please. Potrero Hill.

BRUCE 282-6879

### Not Too Shy Are You?

#### ASIAN OR LATIN?

Hill Handsome, aggressive, blond stud, defined physique, clean and healthy, massages in the nude. EXPERIENCED \$35/ln RON 931-3263

### —FOR MEN ONLY—

Hot oil massage from a young, handsome, caring man certified through Body Electric. Give yourself the pleasure to receive. Come to my beautiful Castro penthouse and allow my sensual hands to fully explore your body. 90 minutes you'll never forget. \$45.

PHIL 864-0649

### EXCEPTIONAL MESSAGE!

Experienced, talented and intuitive. Consistently told: "The best massage I've ever had!"

Treat yourself! BOB 861-2425

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Applicants Needed Must Be Exceptional

### HUNKY SWED

Hairy, masc., hung, big hangers, 6'3", 195 lbs., bin/bilu, round the clock action. AXEL 863-0252

### MATTHEW

HARD HAT CONSTRUCTION WORKER



23-6', 180 lbs, 44" c, 30" w

RICHARD OF SAN FRANCISCO (415) 821-3457

### S&M EDUCATION

Roger — a short, clean-cut bodybuilder, handsome and intelligent, experienced top, but patient with beginners. Explore S&M in a safe place — get into bondage and sensuality, not brutality or fluid exchange. (I'm HIV negative and well aware of safety.)

Call 9 am to 11 pm only (415) 864-5566

AM I BEST? AS TOP WITH TOYS, F.F. & related scenes, safely enjoyed (gloves, etc.) 34, trim, good-looking and sexy — sensually an expert. So, bottoms up for Eric! (415) 885-6272

College Jock Luke Warm, sincere, friendly, engaging smile 24 Hours Weekends Richard of S.F. 821-3457

OAKLAND PHALLIC WORSHIP Cum pray with me Gentle Top, Safe 30, 5'5", 136, hairy, hung MARK 444-3204

For your pleasure... Sexy, clean-cut student. Smooth, fit & ton. 19 yrs, blue/brown, 5'11", 150# Young, healthy & safe DALE 928-4896

MANHANDLER — Wrestling jock will turn you every which way. 30, 5'11", 160#, aggressive, clean-cut bodybuilder into sweaty action. Rough but safe give and take. Massage also. Out only. MATT 824-2312

COVER MAN Scott 26, 5'10, 160lbs, 44 C (Hairy) 30 Waist, Brown Hair, Green Eyes, Available 24 hrs. SF East Bay, South Bay. RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

SIZZLE-LEAN!!! 8 1/2 inches of prime un-cut meat. Massage with all the extras. In/out, AM's and Eves. J.J. Beeper #s 979-5740 978-8520

I LAY BACK Boyish good looks 8 1/2" thick, 6'1", 160# 26 clean cut handsome Boy next door Relaxes while you work Friendly + safe + fun! MIKE 664-2057

MONSTER MEAT ... Unbelievably big, bulging basket! Not only thick as a beer can, with full long-hangers, but also a massive mushroom head!?! Tops in my work... Don't be disappointed Call me first! (647-2625 + Hank) ... For men who think big!?!

HOT ASIAN MODELS RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

VIRILE SEXY ITALIAN Hot, handsome, rockhard muscles & athletic legs. Versatile, healthy, very defined, tall Mariner type. ANYTIME, NO BS. DAN (415) 753-8604

VERY SPECIAL ALL DAY or ALL EVENING RATES RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

HOT MASCULINE BLACK Tight Buns. 8" Thick Versatile Lean back and Watch me work HOT Deep Massage and More Good Companion. No BS ROBBY 863-5702

BEST BUNS IN TOWN DREW 29, 160, Smooth body, EVES WEEKENDS. RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

GOODLOOKING WHITE MALE Good body, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 150 lbs., clean cut. Call 9:30-10:00 pm for appointment GREG 932-8961

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