ANTI-GAY AMENDMENT SWEEPS US CONGRESS

by Charles Linebarger

The United States Senate and House of Representatives have overwhelmingly approved an anti-gay amendment stating that the federal government should not fund any AIDS education material that "encourages or supports homosexuality."

The Senate passed the amendment offered by Jesse Helms (R-NC) on October 14 by a vote of 94-2. California Senators Alan Cranston and Pete Wilson voted with the majority. The two senators who voted against the amendment were Lowell Weicker (R-Conn) and Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-NY). Weicker was the only senator to stand up and speak against the Helms amendment.

The vote in the House of Representatives was on a motion introduced by Representative Dannefniyer (R-Cal). The Dannemeyer resolution called on the House's delegates to the joint House-Senate Legislative Committee to vote to accept the Senate's action and make the Helms amendment an action by both the House and Senate.

Of the 48 representatives voting against the bill, 16 were from California. All but one Bay Area legislator voted against the motion in the House. Nancy Pelosi (D-SF), Barbara Boxer (D-SF and Marin), George Miller (D-Concord), Pete Stark (D-Oakland) and Ron Dellums (D-Oakland) all voted against the motion. Only Tom Lantos (D-San Mateo) voted for the Dannemeyer motion.

Both gay congressmen, Barney Frank and Gary Studds, both Democrats from Massachusetts, voted against the measure.

"This is considered a compromise amendment," said Jeff Levi, the director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF), of the Senate vote. (Provisions of the bill, which had also made it illegal to fund AIDS materials encouraging or supporting intravenous drug abuse, had been deleted, and the final wording was changed from "condoning homosexuality" to "promoting and encouraging homosexuality.")

Levi told the Sentinel that the Senate debates "made it clear that the intent of this amendment was explicitly homophobic—And secondly, I think it will have a clear impact on the ability of AIDS organizations to get federal funds for safer sex education."

Steve Smith, a Capitol Hill lobbyist with the Human Rights Campaign Fund, said that the senators, including California's Alan Cranston and Pete Wilson, were "unwilling to go on record for homosexuality."

Smith added that Helms is trying to make a moral crusade out of the epidemic in order to advance his right-wing political agenda.

"It's not as if someone has just discovered that safe sex literature is explicit," said Smith. "It's been controversial since day one. But Jesse Helms is now determined to try to define the national agenda on AIDS. He sees a political issue that gets people excited and creates an uproar and that's the..."
PG&E WAS PROVIDING CUSTOMERS WITH ELECTRICITY EVEN BEFORE EDISON PATENTED HIS LIGHT BULB.

The first power station in the world was the predecessor of PG&E's electric service. In 1879, it was running carbon arc lights, months before Thomas Edison patented his incandescent light bulb.

Today, PG&E serves hundreds of California communities with dozens of different power plants. By using different sources of electricity, we can combine the most economical to hold down costs.

More importantly, we can continue to give all our customers the same attention we gave the very first ones.

At your service.
The president’s Commission on AIDS lost its chairman and commission is being put into it. Said Levi. “I don’t think we need a whole panel and that has put him in a predicament with the groups that supported him there, the medical community and blacks. But he (Meyers) has done everything he could from within the commission. He just felt that his position had become untenable.”

Reagan’s AIDS Panel Self-Destructs
by Charles Linebarger
The president’s Commission on AIDS lost its chairman and vice-chairman in October. A retired admiral has been appointed the new chair of the purportedly scientific panel, but he has also threatened to resign if President Reagan fails to appoint new members who have some expertise in dealing with the epidemic. All the signs point to near collapse of the committee that the White House recently touted as its answer to AIDS.

Dr. Mayberry, the former chairman of the AIDS Commission, was on vacation and unavailable for comment about his reasons for leaving the panel. His vice-chair, Dr. Woodrow Meyers, Indiana’s director of Public Health, refused to talk to the Sentinel. But Dave McCarty, an aide to Meyers, said that the commission was getting no support from the White House and there was no cohesion within the commission.

McCarty, “Mayberry went to the White House to ask for help for the commission. The White House said no. And so Mayberry quit. And then Woody [Dr. Woodrow Meyers] felt that he had to quit too. Meyers was the one bona fide AIDS expert on the whole panel and that has put him in a predicament with the groups that supported him there, the medical community and blacks. But he (Meyers) had done everything he could from within the commission. He just felt that his position had become untenable.”

“In the AIDS Commission is in total disarray,” said Jeff Levin of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. “Even Cardinal O’Connor is considering resigning. I think it’s time to recognize that the effort is not worth the time that is being put into it.”

Gay Congressmen Barney Frank (D-Mass.) told the Sentinel that he felt the near collapse of Reagan’s AIDS Commission “is a good thing because we knew it was no good, new people know it’s no good.”

The disarray within the presidential panel on AIDS has intensified prospects on Congress to create its own AIDS Commission, an effort which has already passed the House of Representatives but has remained bogged down in the Senate. Levi said that he has seen no movement in the Senate toward the creation of a Congressional AIDS Commission to compete with Reagan’s. “So that puts the onus on Congress [Senator Alan Cranston of California] because he is the chair of the Veterans Affairs Committee where that issue is now.”

However, Levi felt the whole effort to create a new federal commission on AIDS was a case of misdirected energy. Said Levi, “I don’t think we need a commission, whether it’s presidential or congressional. We just need an implementation of the resolutions of the National Academy of Sciences panel which, in a 30-page report issued last year, called for an immediate $2 billion effort to fight AIDS.”

Berkeley Gays Protest

UC Berkeley students protest at Sproul Hall in support of civil disobedience action at US Supreme Court on Tuesday, October 13.

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Suicide Prevention Help Extended to Lesbian/Gay Teens

by Alex MacDonald

Persistent hard work by gay educators finally paid off last month when the State Board of Education formally included gay and lesbian youth in a suicide prevention syllabus for use in the public schools.

The state's manual and resource guide for teachers now lists gays and lesbians among teen-agers at risk for suicide. "Gays and lesbians," the manual states, "young people who are struggling with or because of their sexual identity — appear to have a higher incidence of suicidal behavior than their heterosexual peers. Perhaps because they are subjected to rejection, discrimination and isolation from support networks."

According to Hank Wilson, he and other activists decided the time had come to "redefine the education" on the facts of suicide among lesbian and gay youth when they learned that the rough draft of the program did not mention the concerns of sexual minorities. Wilson, Gay Day of the Gay and Lesbian Advocacy Council and Kristen Bachler of the Delinquency Prevention Commission began the process at a meeting of the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club, which the wife of State Superintendent of Schools Bill Honig happpened to attend. Wilson says that he found the superintendent's office cooperative. "They did real well by us," he told the Sentinel.

The manual also addresses the connection between anti-gay discrimination and teen suicides. "Young people," teachers are told, "excluded from groups, teased or otherwise singled out because, for example, they are gay or lesbian, disabled or affected with a catastrophic illness such as AIDS, are under additional stress that can lead to a suicidal crisis. Because they face rejection and are socially isolated, they don't have the safety valve of friends and do more socially acceptable students."

Under resources, the guide lists Denying/commissioning a Teaching Guide for Lesbians and Gay Men, by B.H. Moray and Gay Male and Lesbian Youth Suicide by Paul Gibbon.

Bed Time Magic!
AMAZING! SIMPLY AMAZING!
The Story of Gary O., His Time
Apartment and That INCREDIBLE
DISAPPEARING, WALL BED

Space in Gary's tiny Pacific Heights apartment was tight. Gary went thru a sofa bed, a futon and even an air mattress, but nothing was comfortable and they required having to remake the bed every time it was used.

He haunted furniture stores looking for a solution to his limited space and storage problems. But no luck — until he heard about CONDO BEDZZZ and their incredible space saving wall beds — but let Gary tell you the rest of the story.

"It's really amazing! I take a lot of pride in my home. I love companies and I love having my family visit me once a week. Really, I have my parents and I have a sleeping room in my bedroom and I'd sleep on my uncomfortable guest bed, but after a week or so... Oh my aching back!"

"Well thanks to the magic of CONDO BEDZZZ interior designers, I really feel like I now have a large apartment with room for a king sized plus a comfortable bed."

I chose their new "Reflections" model, with its full mirrored front that adds depth and allure to my tiny apartment. "It's really amazing! I take a lot of pride in my home. I love company and I love having my family visit me, once a week. Really, I have my parents and I have a sleeping room in my bedroom and I'd sleep on my uncomfortable guest bed, but after a week or so... Oh my aching back!"

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"Another nice feature of a CONDO BEDZZZ is that if you're in a hurry you can close the bed up. out of sight and presto, like magic, all you see is my attractive furniture."

"If you're a do it yourselfer you can save a buck of a lot of money by buying just the retractable bed mechanism and building your own enclosure or installing it in a closet, like my friend Toni did."

"Thanks CONDO BEDZZZ for turning my tiny apartment into a spacious home."

AIDS Panel
Continued from previous page

against AIDS. $1 billion for drug therapy and vaccine research and $1 billion for educational efforts. We should be implementing these resolutions," said Levi. "Not hiding behind the creation of another commission. That only delays our addressing this problem."

"I think Levi is wrong about that," said Barney Frank. "Tony Coelho (D-Fresno) was the majority whip in the House. He's been pushing for the AIDS panel as a means to implement the scientific input in our public health policies."

Frank was adamant that a new AIDS panel would be needed on the federal level. "We need a Congressional AIDS Panel. Even before the shit hit the fan on this one, I voted for a congressional panel. I told Bruce Decker (D-Richardson) to go to Governor Deukmejian in February of this year that I thought it was a crazy idea to have a presidential AIDS Commission. Ronald Reagan shouldn't be making those appointments."

ARC/AIDS Vigil Anniversary

The ARC/AIDS Vigil at UN Plaza will celebrate its second anniversary on Tuesday, October 27.

Participants are asked to bring until candles to the 7 pm rally in support of those who have chained themselves to the Old Federal Building in protest of the Reagan Administration's inaction on the AIDS crisis.

On November 3rd you can vote for San Francisco to have a top rated outstanding professional Sheriff.

VOTE NO ON HENNESSEY
VOTE LITTLEJOHN
Retired Sheriff's Sergeant

End Politics in the Sheriffs Department.

If elected Littlejohn is pledged to resign. This will allow the Mayor to recruit from the top talent in law enforcement and corrections and to appoint an outstanding professional as our next Sheriff.

Larry Littlejohn has been a gay activist for 23 years: former president of the Society for Individual Rights, a founder of the Pride Foundation; originator of the Community Thrift Store; current Board Secretary for the Gay Rescue Mission.

$19.87 Video!
1987 March on Washington

'COMMEMORATIVE VIDEO'
The March, Names Project Quilt & Harvey Milk Memorial

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San Francisco, CA 94109
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\□ City/State/Zip
\□ MC/VISA □ Exp
\□ Signature

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KPIX-TV's ‘AIDS Lifeline’ Goes National

Group W Television, in consultation with the World Health Organization's Special Programme on AIDS, announced last Monday “AIDS Lifeline,” television's first ongoing national AIDS education and prevention campaign. Starting in January 1988, all Group W Television stations (SF, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburgh) will participate in the campaign, which will also be made available as an ongoing programming and public service effort to television stations across the nation.

On February 1, 1987, the Special Programme on AIDS was formally established to direct and coordinate the global strategy for AIDS prevention and control. In a unique partnership, Group W and KPIX have donated the services of KPIX AIDS reporter Jim Bum to help establish a Public Information Office for the World Health Organization’s Special Programme on AIDS.

“This type of project is essential in the fight against AIDS,” said Dr. Jonathan Mann, director of the Special Programme on AIDS, World Health Organization. “It is only through this type of massive effort that we can ensure that people are educated and informed about AIDS. Education is the key to AIDS prevention, and it is the position of the World Health Organization that the only way to stop AIDS is through a worldwide effort. What's exciting about this is that it's the private sector. That's important. And it's using a medium that speaks to people.

“There is no more serious public issue now confronting our world community than AIDS,” said Tom Goodgame, president of the Group W Television Stations. “We have all come to see that the best defense against AIDS is information — current, frank, dispassionate and ongoing data to all segments of the population. We are privileged to be associated with the World Health Organization in this effort to get the AIDS message out worldwide. We think we can make a contribution through our medium, and we mean to do so, both on a national and international basis.”

“AIDS is not simply a medical challenge, it is also a challenge to our social, legal and moral institutions."

Do You Know This Man?

The San Francisco Police Department is requesting your help in the investigation of gay-related murders. They are asking anyone who recognizes David Porter (pictured here) to contact them.

On September 14th, David Porter, who is also known as Robert Clay, was arrested by police in Concord, California, and charged with the murder of a man in Providence, Rhode Island. Police believe that Porter was in San Francisco and active in the gay community between September 1986 and September 1987. Persons with information are asked to call Inspectors Ed Eredite or Jeff Brouch at the Homicide Detail; telephone (415) 553-1147 or 515-1148.

The leading cause of unsafe sex

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

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

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

Call 863-AIDS

San Francisco AIDS Foundation
333 Valencia Street, 4th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94103

Toll Free Northern California Hotline 800 FOR AIDS
TDD 415 456-6605

Major funding for the educational programs of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation is provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health.

San Francisco Sentinel • October 23, 1987
Meet SOMA's Mr. November Chad Siebold. Chad is just one of 12 barechested hunks featured in the 1988 calendar now selling like hotcakes at the SF Eagle. Proceeds from the $10 donation benefit the AIDS Emergency Fund.


table

Also in San Francisco, Paul Bonenberg, the director of the National Mobilization Against AIDS, was talking about, not a letter-writing campaign, but a phone-in campaign. Boneberg said he was encouraging everyone concerned about maintaining the availability of safe sex literature in the gay community to call Senator Cranston's office as well as those of Pete Wilson and Tom Lantos.

"I am very distraught," said Boneberg of Cranston's vote for the Helms amendment. "Five days ago, 1 and 200 other people met with Senator Cranston, and he was asked specifically about the Helms amendment, and he said he would do everything he could to defeat it... Well, he changed sides totally. He voted for the Helms amendment, and in doing so, he signaled to all the Democrats that it was OK for them to vote for the Helms amendment."

Boneberg described Cranston's defection as "equivalent in a pitched military battle to having an entire brigade go over to the enemy."

Talking after the vote in the House, Boneberg still put the blame on the votes in Congress on Cranston. The director of Mobilization said that Cranston had it in his power to change the votes in the House and Senate because the senator "is the majority whip [in the Senate], and he technically has 34 [Democratic] votes. He has that power. That's why we elected him..."

The San Francisco Gay Democratic Club expressed "shock and dismay" at Cranston's actions, and the gay community committee unanimously passed a resolution condemning Cranston. "As majority whip Cranston ought to be offering moral leadership against anti-gay bigotry rather than joining the pack in posturing against our commitment to the issue of safe sex," said a spokeswoman.

"It's not going to stop us," said Pelosi. "We're going forward. We are going to have a letter-writing campaign to Washington, talking about the imperatives of explicit language to change behavior and save lives."

NO INCREASE IN TAXES — Continued expansion of the City tax base provides more than ample revenue.

SAN FRANCISCANS ARE NOT GETTING THE FIRE PROTECTION THEY NEED!

DAILY STAFFING HAS BEEN CUT 30%, 6 neighborhood fire stations and 12 fire companies have been closed, equipment & facilities have fallen into disrepair!

The '87-'88 Fire Dept. EQUIPMENT BUDGET recommended by the Chief and Fire Commission, was recklessly cut by Mayor Feinstein from $1.8 million to $677,000 despite aging equipment and existing maintenance problems!

PROP Q WILL:

Allow public hearings on fire safety issues such as fire station closings and relocations. Increase daily firefighter staffing from today's 515 to 581 by 1990.

Establish the current 41 fire stations as the minimum for San Francisco.

Provide adequate funding for maintenance of equipment and facilities.

WHO IS SUPPORTING PROP Q?

Many city and community leaders including: John Molinari, Art Agnos, Willie Kennedy, Wendy Nelder, Milton marks, Arlo Hale Smith and many others including labor leaders, the S.F. Taxpayers Ass'n, and many neighborhood and business organizations.

VOTE YES ON PROP Q

SAN FRANCISCO NEEDS A STRONG FIRE DEPARTMENT!!

CITIZENS FOR FIRE PROTECTION AND EARTHQUAKE PREPAREDNESS

Terry Smith, Chairman

James Olson, Treasurer

1139 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94103 (I.D. #870426)
Only one candidate has a fifteen year record of leadership on lesbian and gay community issues.

Only one candidate has consistently listened to and worked with all segments of the lesbian and gay community, not just one political faction.

Only one candidate has demonstrated his support in the political empowerment of lesbians and gay men by consistently supporting our candidates for public office, including Congress, Supervisor, College Board and School Board.

Only one candidate has voted for San Francisco's 1972 ordinance and Harvey Milk's 1978 ordinance forbidding discrimination based on sexual orientation.

Only one candidate has played a leading role since the beginning of the AIDS epidemic in securing city funds for San Francisco's model AIDS programs.

Only one candidate co-sponsored the law prohibiting discrimination against people with AIDS/ARC.

Only one candidate has continually provided active personal support for our community's cultural, social service and political activities.

Only one candidate voted and lobbied in favor of equal benefits for domestic partners.

Only one candidate led a delegation of city officials to Washington to lobby for increased AIDS funding.

Only one candidate has led the fight for city funding of lesbian and gay social service agencies and programs to fight anti-gay violence.

Only one candidate has helped lead the effort to secure the Public Health Hospital for an AIDS treatment center.

Together there's nothing we can't do!

John Molinari

Paid for by John Molinari for Mayor Committee, 30 16th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94118
Marching On

We are still marching. Off Pennsylvania Avenue and back in half a million homes through America, the struggle continues for love, life and liberation.

Three days after the March, the Senate passed a bill by a vote of 94 to 2 banning federal funding for AIDS educational materials which "promote or encourage" homosexual activity. Never mind that the Senate blinded itself to the fact that eroticizing safe sex helps people to avoid unsafe sex. Never mind that the pamphlet which stirred this controversy -- a comic book produced by Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York -- was funded by private not public monies. What's relevant is that the Senate singled out exactly the items the new bill, federal funds, "promote and encourage" straight sex as graphically and enthusiastically as the imagination allows; but not gay or lesbian sex.

So even now, even after our biggest civil rights demonstration ever, 94 percent of the American Senate wants to keep gay sex in the closet. And so does 85 percent of the Congress, which voted 368 to 47 to ratify the same thing.

So was the March a failure? No, because the March is not over yet. We are still marching, and we will continue to march until we are no longer second-class citizens. How else can we explain that one stroll from the Ellipse to the Capitol would by itself reverse hatred and bigotry. That stroll, however, changed forever half a million of us. Universally, marchers said that they could never again be the same people, that they would return home with a new attitude and a new determination.

And also with love. The NAMES Project Quilt is home from Washington, but it will not stay here long. It, too, will continue to march. It will go on a tour of American cities where it will not only personalize the AIDS crisis, but where it will also bear witness to the love gay people have given each other.

Ultimately, our love is the point. Long, long before there was AIDS there was a struggle for gay liberation. That struggle will continue long after AIDS diminishes into a memory. Two weeks ago we marched for the full respect and recognition of our love. Today we are still marching.

LETTERS

What's True

To the Editor:
Your article of October 9, 1987, reflects the anger and hatred of some people who prefer to deal in rumor rather than fact. Jim Mulligan, demissioned honor guard at One Place, did a fine job as a volunteer director of the program at Trinity Church. He reached out in love and compassion to people with AIDS. He did his best to provide service to many patients where there were no services. He tried to help patients find a safe place to receive their various checks. Without prior permission, he began to allow people to check the checks delivered in the mail. The only reason I relieved Jim of his directorate was to free him for the checks kept coming.

In many cases Jim did have authorization from me as Rector of Trinity to help people whose loved ones had died more furniture and clothing to the church for redistribution. This was an important service for some families.

There has been no evidence of Jim using checks for his own benefit. Anyone who is interested in a full and fair investigation should report that to the district attorney. Such rumors perpetuated by the hate-filled mail should not be circulated again by a reputable newspaper like the Sentinel.

Jim assumed power of attorney for two persons, not hundreds as the rumormongers would have it. No one has called me to tell me of misuse of such powers. To continue
to circulate such rumors is unworthy of the paper and those who continue the gossip.

All financial matters have been fully revealed to the membership in OUR PLACE. Your reporter never called to ask me about the finances. The statements about thousands of dollars worth of property being mishandled is again rumor. No one has given me a list of such property, and I have repeatedly asked for such.

The fact that there are rumors and gossip is true. The fact that no one has substantiated any of the rumors is also true. The fact that Jim made some mistakes is true. The fact that Jim is a good man trying to help people with AIDS is true. Let's get off the rumors and stick with what is verifiable.

The Rev. Robert Warren County, Rector Trinity Episcopal Church

Crown Princess

To the Editor:
Please inform Robert Julian that life isn't like the movies. If it were, the Agos children would have greeted him with tables between their teeth while their mother danced on broken crockery! Are we to look forward to an interview with the Frankenstein couple? Don't forget the nails, the lungs, the spleen and the fylkes. Whose profile was this, anyway? Your wings are showing, Robert, not to mention your crown.

Pat Townsend

Julian's Contract

To the Editor:
I have been a reader and sincere supporter of the Sentinel for some time now. Not only do I have a high regard for your paper's sense of fairness; but I continue to appreciate the intelligence with which your paper confronts so many issues.

Thus, it was with extreme surprise and great disappointment that I read Robert Julian's article (hit piece?), pretending to be a personality profile of Louise. He tried to help patients find a safe place to receive their various checks. That two men will keep holding hands as they leave Polk Street and walk onto Van Ness Avenue. To many, maybe even most of the marchers, these are the ways they will continue to keep step with the March.

And do not disparage these steps because they seem small. Looked at in isolation, they are indeed small. But in the aggregate they are immeasurable and unstoppable.

The smaller steps will be bolstered by larger steps. 500,000 participated in the March at large, but 650 risked arrest on the steps of the Supreme Court. The gay movement has only just discovered civil disobedience. It will continue.

We will get arrested at capitolis and courthouses, at governors' mansions and in the halls of drug companies profitizing off the suffering of our stricken brothers. Both the Hardwick decision and the AIDS crisis have radicalized us. We are not going back. We are still marching, and we are marching with anger and defiance.

So what does that mean? It means that instead of coming out in one out of ten conversations, someone will come out in two or even three out of ten conversations. That instead of writing her senators once a year, someone will write them every few months. That two men will keep holding hands as they leave Polk Street and walk onto Van Ness Avenue. To many, maybe even most of the marchers, these are the ways they will continue to keep step with the March.

The SF Sentinel gives you one more look at the March on Washington as the colorful SF contingent marches past the White House.

Louise Molinari mentions her interest in visiting other cities in the fight against AIDS, the writer draws an analogy to Berta Peron. What is this nonsense?

Are we to look forward to an interview with the Frankenstein couple? Don't forget the nails, the lungs, the spleen and the fylkes. Whose profile was this, anyway? Your wings are showing, Robert, not to mention your crown.

Pat Townsend

Sentinel

To the Editor:
While I have always enjoyed reading the Sentinel, I have to say that the paper is becoming rather boring. After reading several pages recently, I was just about to put the paper down, but I was intrigued by an article by Robert Julian that appeared in the last issue. I have been a reader and sincere supporter of the Sentinel for some time now. Not only do I have a high regard for your paper's sense of fairness; but I continue to appreciate the intelligence with which your paper confronts so many issues.

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And also with love. The NAMES Project Quilt is home from Washington, but it will not stay here long. It, too, will continue to march. It will go on a tour of American cities where it will not only personalize the AIDS crisis, but where it will also bear witness to the love gay people have given each other.

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

ROBERT M. GOLOVICH

Molinari: The Choice of the Whole Community

In little over a week lesbians and gay men will make their decision in the mayor’s race. Although there will probably be a runoff in December, the gay vote is really between only two of the candidates: John Molinari and Art Agnos. And that vote will be largely unchanged if those two square off for the final vote.

We can now see where the chips will fall: John Molinari is the consensus candidate of the community. He will get the overwhelming vote of lesbians and gay men for a simple reason — he treats us as individuals, not as abstractions. He knows us in all our diversity, not as just a voting block.

John Molinari has been endorsed by virtually every element of our community.

By Our Political Clubs:

John Molinari has been endorsed by three lesbian/gay clubs. On the left, by the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club, often called “the conscience of the community,” and considered the most un

FROM THE DESK

AIDS Hysteria

All was not well in the skies over America last week as hundreds of thousands of lesbians and gay men made their way home from the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

I'm starting to hear some very unsettling rumors and getting calls confirming preliminary inquiries that a number of airlines took extraordinary measures to prevent the spread of AIDS by casual contact.

Since AIDS cannot be spread by casual contact, these unreasonable acts of ignorance can only be described as hysterical.

Preliminary reports indicate that the airline personnel involved in the incident assumed that anyone who was gay was either infected or had been exposed to AIDS. This assumption was the result of management诱导ing the attendants that a number of flights prior to and after the March would be carrying a large number of AIDS patients.

Here’s what we know so far. Some flight attendants served meals and subsequently removed the trays while wearing rubber gloves. Following the flights, the cabins were sprayed with disinfectants and blankets and pillows were placed in plastic bags for destruction.

At this point I don’t want to mention specific air carriers because more than one could be involved. The Sentinel is undertaking a thorough investigation of every incident and airline that may have been involved. If you have any information about the alleged hysterical measures taken on a flight, please give me a call.

Actions Speak Louder

This week’s actions by Congress concerning the Helms/Daniemaker amendments speak for themselves.

DAVID M. LOWE

Once again the federal government has shown us we can’t depend on them to help fight the worst epidemic to every spread across the face of the earth. No real surprise here except for the fact that Alan Cranston revealed he apparently doesn’t plan to see another term in the US Senate. Now that he’s set for the next six years he doesn’t have to worry about us anymore. Seems he’s already forgotten the very slim margin by which he beat Ed Ziahu was probably a result of our community’s support. Well Alan, I wouldn’t get too comfortable because your office may soon be the scene of a number of political actions, including civil disobedience. The Stonewall Gay Democratic Club has already demanded the Senate take a vote on AIDS and has placed their next general meeting scheduled for Monday, November 2, to explain how Cranston’s office plans to “undo the damage inflicted on our community and our AIDS prevention efforts by your ill-conceived position on this vital issue.”

We need a huge turnout for the Monday meeting to make sure this issue is on the radar screen. We still have some concerns about protecting the bay — obviously a concept you’re not familiar with. We also want a guarantee of jobs for San Franciscans, not just empty Navy promises. We want a stronger commitment to keep the Navy on the bay. We want a complete economic impact study, not just the Navy’s predictions of economic growth that have proven false in other home porting studies conducted elsewhere.

I was also appalled to learn that you had called for mandatory testing of prison inmates. You know this will have no real effect on stopping the spread of AIDS and is just another attempt to attract support from down South for your gubernatorial ambitions. Nobody from Southern California is going to vote for you anyway, and if you keep this up nobody from up here will either. What will you do next to further your political ambitions — call for quarantine? Maybe you should be calling for mandatory education instead of mandatory testing. It may not win you an election to higher office, but would elevate you to a higher principle: SAVING LIVES!

Boas Closing

Both Agnos and Molinari campaign polls show expected candidate Roger Boas gaining ground on the front-runners. In fact, Boas press secretary Bob Murphy is predicting that his candidate will pass Molinari between now and November 3 and set the stage for an Agnos/Boas runoff.

The latest Agnos campaign poll shows the assemblyman ahead of the supertweeters by 15% — Agnos 57%, Boas 42%. The latest Molinari campaign poll shows their candidate ahead of Agnos by 57% to 55%.

The latest Molinari polls show their candidate the reason Agnos by 4% — Agnos 58%, Molinari 38%, Boas 19%. That means that even the Molinari campaign’s own poll shows Agnos in a statistical dead heat with the former front-runner. In the lesbian/gay community the Molinari camp claims a 58% to 31% lead.

We’ll know who the winners are in just six days, the most significant of the four.

Hopefully, my colleague who writes just up the page from me will also have his predictions, including percentages citywide and in the lesbian/gay community.

Debatable Candidate

The only thing I’ll say about the recent televised mayoral debate is that it’s that’s typical of the nuts and bolts assistance he has given our community — he’s pulled strings and backed our projects to help get us take our rightful place in the city.

Last, look at a recent Molinari poll. In May, he led 48% to 40% among gay community. Last week’s poll, Molinari’s support in our community had swelled to 58%, versus Agnos’ 31%.

Alone, polls are meaningless, and Agnos’ may be at odds. But only Molinari’s poll makes sense because it reflects the support that is verifiable in all the other ways. That support is visible and tangible. It is support that Agnos does not have.

John Molinari has become the consensus choice of the gay community because John Molinari knows that we are everywhere and come from every walk of life. He is someone who recognizes the diversity of San Francisco and the diversity of our community. That’s the reason he has gotten such broad, enthusiastic and unprecedented support. And that’s why, when lesbians and gay men go to the polls on November 3, they’ll vote to elect him mayor.

That’s the reason that he has gotten a clear majority of the support of the gay community, and considered the most un

CATHARTIC COMICS

YOU KNOW DIVA...I’M SURE NO ONE OUTSIDE THIS COMIC STRIP REALIZES JUST HOW STRESSFUL OUR LIVES CAN BE...EVEN THOUGH WE’RE ILLUSTRATED CHARACTERS

IT'S A GOOD THING PROFESSOR GITTENOWNE'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE SOCIAL CLIMATE IN CYCLICAL, RACISM, SEXISM AND POLITICS QUITE A BIT, THESE DAYS

WEF WELL I FEEL AS IF MY MIND IS GOING TO SNAP ANY MINUTE UNDER ALL THE RECENT PRESSURE I'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH...

IT'S A GOOD THING PROFESSOR GITTENOWNE'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE SOCIAL CLIMATE IN CYCLICAL, RACISM, SEXISM AND POLITICS QUITE A BIT, THESE DAYS

SAN FRANCISCO SENTINEL • OCTOBER 23, 1987 9
Arlo Smith Seeks Third Term as DA

San Francisco District Attorney Arlo Smith is unopposed for a third term as the city's chief law enforcement officer. His presence on the ballot next month offers local voters a chance to express their confidence in his operation of the district attorney's office.

Gay and lesbian supporters should be particularly pleased that Smith has complied with most of the needs of the community so it has expressed to him over the last several years. In 1980, Smith was off to a weak start with gays when an office employee complained of anti-gay harassment. Smith undertook a series of meetings with local gays and hired the first openly gay lawyers and investigators ever brought into that office. Today, there are five gay and lesbian attorneys, at least five openly gay investigators and several gays on the support staff. The office responded generously when a clerk was diagnosed with AIDS and has subsequently helped many people with AIDS through the court process as victims and witnesses.

The District Attorney's office funds CUAV, the gay and lesbian anti-violence group with offices on Castro Street. The DA's Consumer Fraud Unit took a landlord to court when he refused to comply with an agreement to rent to the Lesbian and Gay Pride Parade. Others attempting to tip off the community have found a DA investigator at their doorstep, ready to intercede with the full force of the law.

This should not be too surprising, since Smith has been a member of gay and lesbian political clubs since 1979. He worked on Harvey Milk's campaign against Art Agnos for a seat in the State Assembly. When Milk ran for supervisor, Smith and his 13-year-old daughter could be found stuffing envelopes at Milk's Castro Street campaign shop.

According to Gordon Armstrong, the highest ranking gay lawyer in the public defender's office, Smith has done everything the lesbian and gay community has asked him to do, from hiring as to prosecuting gaybashing. His reflection in November will make him the first man to win three consecutive terms in the office since Thomas Lynch began serving in the post in 1953. Smith's presence on the ballot gives our community a chance to express our thanks, as well as our confidence in another four years of his commitment to our needs.

As regular readers of this column know, I have some interest in the District Attorney's office, having been hired by Smith in March of 1981. Consequently, you can take the above remarks as a reflection of my bias or as the observations of one who has been in a position to observe Smith closely.

Sheriff Michael Hennessey has two opponents on the ballot, although neither is given a serious chance of victory. In eight years at the helm, Hennessey has demonstrated astute political skills. He has been critical for his absence from day-to-day management of the department, as well as his delega-__

tion of real authority in daily operations to men who do not reflect Hennessey's liberal consistency. Larry Litoff, a former sergeant in the department, who has been most vocal in criticizing the sheriff, is one of the opponents. A gay man, Litoff is trying to offer himself as "some of the above," stating that if elected, he would reign. This would give the opportunity to select a sheriff based upon merit as opposed to politics. However, if Litoff decided not to resign, he couldn't be forced to keep his promise.

Anti-Gay Congress

On the ballot is a referendum to stop AIDS, said Stonewall President Wayne Moore. In a letter which Cranston sent to Senators Lawton Chiles and Lowell Weicker after the vote and which the senator's office made available to the Sentinel, Cranston offered as a reason behind his vote his conviction that federal funding "should not be used to advocate sexual activity of any kind." However, later in the same letter, he appears to have second thoughts about the anti-homosexual bill.

Cranston in his letter, "Nevertheless, I am concerned that this amendment could be misconstrued and could bar support for AIDS prevention materials that describe the steps necessary to reduce the risks of transmission of [AIDS] . . . Because the amendment could be misconstrued, I would oppose that the conference committee [the joint committee of the Senate and the House seeking a compromise on the amendments] reject the amendments to which this amendment was added by a narrow margin. . . ."

Senator Pete Wilson's office gave the Sentinel a statement from Wilson explaining why he voted for the Helms amendment. "I worked with Senator Cranston and other senators," said Wilson, "to show the scope of Senator Helms' amendment. In its original form, it was broader in scope. I also got counsel from gay leaders as to what will be effective. To be offensive means that these materials will probably not be effective."

Many of these involved in or affected by the Senate action told the Sentinel that the Helms amendment could have a real effect on AIDS educational efforts aimed at gay men's communities. As Berkeley Senator Arboron explained, "You have to remember that this bill is going to be interpreted by the Reagan Administration."

March on Washington

Just so you know, Americahean Art Agnos flew to Washington and actu-__

ally marched down Pennsylvania Avenue with 500,000 homosexuals and their supporters on October 11. Supervisor Molinaro flew in briefly for the march and held short meetings with Cranston and Wilson. Molinaro couldn't stay Continued on page 15
ON THE JOB

New York Bankers Group

The Closets of Wall Street

Who among us has never struggled to reconcile a checking account? It was somehow reassuring to notice that the books of the New York Bankers Group were out of balance recently, with a $80 discrepancy labeled “unlocated variance” on their balance sheet. Even the pros can get their debits and credits screwed up!

No, there is not a financial scandal here. The treasurer, no doubt, figured it all out later on. Anyway, in New York these days, $80 barely buys dinner for two. Just charge it off to T & E.

If the New York Bankers Group is not competing with Ivan Boesky for Wall Street infamy, it is, nonetheless, a phenomenon that would raise the eyebrows of even such a skeptic as Wall Street Week’s Louis Rukeyser. For there, in the skyscraper canyons that see no sun, NYBG is an organization of financial professionals united by the love that does not speak its name. (And, most often, they don’t.)

Founded in 1981 by a group of gays who all worked for Bankers Trust Company, NYBG incorporated in 1983 as a not-for-profit social organization. Today, with some 230 members, the organization promotes networking among lesbian and gay accountants, bankers, stockbrokers, real estate agents and other financial types.

Richard Statelman, 36, has been involved with the group since its second meeting and is its president for the 1985-1986 year. “Our first policy issue,” Statelman recalls, “was whether ‘gay’ should be in the group’s name.

A recent survey of NYBG’s membership revealed that two-thirds are totally closeted, the only bank they found to have a policy of nondiscrimination on the basis of sexual orientation at that time was Bankers Trust. (Perhaps they don’t discriminate against gays so long as they’re married?) Or so long as they are not reaching for senior management positions? More recently, according to Statelman, Morgan Guaranty adopted a nondiscrimination policy.

A survey of corporate employers by the National Gay Task Force in the late 1970s gave top ranking to other New York banks such as Citicorp and Chase Manhattan. The trouble with that survey was that many companies that claimed that they do not discriminate had not bothered to let any of their staff know about the policy. Nondiscrimination policies are only meaningful if they are backed up by statements in employer handbooks and if it is made clear down the line that the company enforces such a policy.

Jean Robinson, 31, immediate past president of NYBG, is a vice-president at a major New York bank, one that does have a nondiscrimination policy. Nonetheless, she remains closeted at work. “I don’t trust the policy,” she explains. “I don’t think I would be fired, but I feel it could have an impact in terms of career progression.”

“NYBG does what it can,” Statelman says. “That may be more of a function of age than of rank. I’ve spoken to other people of lower rank who also feel that way.”

Statelman has taken a route that many talented management gays ultimately choose. He left corporate employment and went out on his own as a consultant. In that capacity, and on his current resume, he is fully open about being gay and participating in the gay community. Robinson notes that “When people get fired with their closets, they tend to leave the large corporate environment, set up their own company or became individual consultants.

I see people moving out of the corporate environment to environments that are more receptive, rather than trying to change the corporate environment in which they find themselves.

NYBG has had contingents in New York’s lesbian and gay pride parade since 1984 when eight members braved the exposure. This year, with about 30 marching, they added a pink triangle to their banner. “It’s the closest we’ve come to having a gay symbol associated with NYBG,” Statelman observes.

Robinson adds, “I marched this year. It was a little scary, but it’s something that I wanted to do and a risk I wanted to take. Most of our members wore sunglasses.”

While Robinson is finding her own way out of the closet (she recently came out to her parents), she is reluctant to proselytize. “I’m not sure that NYBG wants to say, ‘You should come out.’ I would never want to be in that position. I think what we do is provide an environment for people to talk about those issues. I think it is a very personal decision, and I don’t want the responsibility of telling someone they should come out.”

While the organization’s closeted status unquestionably limits the scope of NYBG’s activities, its ability to attract more than 200 members attests to the group’s usefulness for its membership. “When I started working,” Robinson recalls, “I thought I would be the only homosexual on Wall Street. Joining NYBG and finding out that I’m not the only one, that there are lots of individuals, if they choose, but not through NYBG,” Statelman says.

NYBG is a member of the Network, a loose association of 12 lesbian and gay professional groups in New York City. The Network includes the Greater Gotham Business Council and organizations of physicians, dentists, attorneys, psychologists, health-care workers, high-tech types, advertising and marketing people, and others. All of the groups get together for an annual Christmas party which attracted 1,000 revelers last year. “It was overwhelming,” says Robinson. “There is nothing like walking in there and seeing all of these gay and lesbian professionals. It just gives me goose bumps every time I see it. It’s wonderful.”

David Beers, a former president of NYBG, was interviewed for a story in the New York Times. The story identified him as a gay, 30-year-old banker, working for a major financial center bank. When Beers walked into his office on the day the story appeared, the stereo was on a twitter with the news. Beers’ secretary came into his office and said, “David, I read it in the Times, and I just couldn’t believe it! I thought you were only 29.”

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LETTERS
Continued from page 6
Sharpened Principles
To the Editor:
It seems during the six weeks that Robert Julian waited to interview Mr. Molinari, he sharpened his tone, not his pencil. This was neither a human interest story nor a personality profile.
Does your reporter think he's writing for Family Circle or is he just "heavy into jewelry"? Is it any wonder there might be some degree of reticency based on previous Sentinel columns by David Lowe? Is this a hatchet job or just another axe to grind?

Best of luck on your weekly publication. I hope you can live up to your principles published on the next page that followed the interview.

Christopher Nowak

True Integrity
To the Editor:
I take exception with Sentinel publisher Bob Golovich's incessant attacks on Art Agnos and his supporters in the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club.
If Mr. Golovich wishes to talk about the integrity of the candidates' behavior in Alice, then let's begin:
It was the Molinari campaign that sought to disfellowship selected members who had joined Alice at the low-income level. Agnos supporters fought that move.
It was the Molinari campaign that sought to keep Republicans and other non-Democrats in the Democratic club. Agnos supporters fought to uphold the club's bylaws.
It was the Molinari campaign that limited access to the club membership. Agnos supporters fought the move.
It was the Molinari campaign that refused ballot security measures during club voting. Agnos supporters fought for ballot integrity.
It was the Molinari campaign, led by Mr. Golovich, that sought to throw out the club bylaws and disfranchise new members. Agnos supporters fought to protect the integrity of the club's rules.
The rumor on the street is that a paid Molinari staffer is ghostwriting Mr. Molinari's column. I don't know if the rumor to be true, but I do know that the extreme propaganda and rampant falsehood consistently printed under his name do not do the Sentinel justice. Mr. Golovich has successfully kept a partisan focus on political battles engineered by the Molinari camp, while deftly ignoring the larger issues of the mayor's eight years. Alice has been through a fierce battle, one which has ended in a stalemate. We all hope to pull the club back together now and move forward in areas of common concern. Mr. Golovich does Alice, and the general cause of lesbian/gay politics, no good with his distorted harangues.

Lester Olson-Reed

Losing Harry
To the Editor:
On Tuesday, October 13th, I attended the hearing in the Board of Supervisors' chambers on the issue of tightening up rent control and dealing with vacancy control. The place was packed with landlords while most of us tenants were unable to gain access to the chambers. I was one of the more fortunate (or perhaps unfortunate) tenants to get into the hearing. It has become apparent that there are some supervisors who are, for reasons that may be all too apparent, stonewalling on this issue. It has once again been delayed in another date in the future.

I have heard rumors that Supervisor Harry Britt is one of those forces who deliberately stonewalling. Harry seems to be following the lead of his candidate, Jack Molinari. We saw it with his stand on the Missouri, and now we have his comment on vacancy control. I hope that I am wrong, but I believe that we are losing Harry to other interests. We may well have already lost him.

Harry, I have supported you throughout the duration of your office. I worked for your congressional campaign. I pained when Pelosi won. I pain worse today as a tenant, as a person with AIDS, as a community activist, who I see dragging your belfs on issues of vital concern to the gay and lesbian community and our city at large. 500,000 of us gathered in Washington, DC, to make a statement, Harry. Stop listening to those other interests and refuse on our community and city again, before it is too late.

There are some very dynamic gay and lesbian candidates out there, people of color, women, people able to give us the leadership and the pride that we are truly all about. Don't let Jack pull you down, Harry. Maybe

we can still be friends.

Richard P. Bernstein

UCSF/HAIDS Support Group

A Feel-Good Paper
To the Editor:
I was truly amazed at the biases printed against Amelia's in your recent article about the closing of the Baybrick. Over the years, many thousands of dollars from AIDS benefits have poured from Amelia's doors in that "scary" location where "cab drivers won't go." Amelia's owner Rikki Streicher has been a leading philanthropist and pillar of the gay community for over twenty years. She has surrounded herself with a bar staff who reflect this spirit, a spirit which to a great extent carries over into the atmosphere of Amelia's. Does this social awareness and willingness to give mean nothing to the editors of this paper? Or are "dressing up" and "putting on make-up" at Code Blue all that matter? Where are your priorities?

It saddens me greatly to see this degree of journalistic irresponsibility in one of our most widely-read newspapers. It seems that one could expect such a shortsighted attitude from a woman who calls herself "Dono." Does a newspaper that prints her remarks without qualification deserve to call itself the Sentinel? Clearly what this community needs is not a club that "makes the women of San Francisco feel good about themselves," but a newspaper that does so.

Lisa Adams

Thoughtful Fare
To the Editor:
Concerning your "Books" column of October 2 and Edward Kaufmann's review of Allan Bloom's The Closing of the American Mind. Kaufmann's piece was a masterly essay that gives us lots to think about, dealing with a book that seems to have generated lots of thinking. Thoughtful readers hope you'll serve us more such cognitive fare.

Lawrence Maxwell

All letters must be typed and legibly signed originals. Please include your complete address and telephone number. Deadline is the Friday prior to publication. We reserve the right to edit or reject any letter submitted.

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ENDORSEMENTS

WE WANT THE BEST AIDS SERVICES IN THE WORLD... San Francisco, already the model for the world in its response to AIDS, faces an ever-increasing strain on its health-care delivery system. As more and more of our people are diagnosed with AIDS or ARC, and as more and more life-extending treatments become available, new funding solutions must be found. We want the new mayor to make AIDS the highest priority of the administration.

WE WANT A LESBIAN/GAY COMMUNITY CENTER... There is a growing need for a center dealing with the myriad of medical, social, cultural, and recreational needs of our community. We want in San Francisco what already exists in Fresno, Vancouver, Los Angeles and elsewhere. We want our own community center, and we want it soon.

WE WANT DOMESTIC PARTNERS LEGISLATION SIGNED INTO LAW... We want full recognition of our relationships. We want a vehicle to register our life commitment to each other, and we want benefits equal to those accorded to heterosexual spouses such as life and health insurance, bereavement leave, and visitation rights. Many California cities have already enacted similar legislation. It’s time that San Francisco recognized the legitimacy of Lesbian and Gay relationships.

WE WANT AN END TO VIOLENCE AGAINST LESBIANS AND GAY MEN... There’s no excuse for our people having to fear walking on the streets, riding on MUNI, or strolling in the parks. MUNI or the Police Force or both should be shaken up. The next mayor must make it happen.

WE WANT FULL EMPOWERMENT OF LESBIAN AND GAY PEOPLE... We want the new administration to have Lesbians and Gay Men fully integrated into the system at every level of government. We want equal access to the powers that run our city. We want a mayor who listens to us and who helps us achieve our goal, not one who dictates to us. For many years our community has given its liberal friends the full extent of its support. In return, we must demand their support of us. And when we have a rare chance to elect one of our own to higher office, as in the recent Congressional race, we expect our friends to return the support. As Harvey Milk so often reminded us—we will not be liberated until we ourselves are in positions of power. When push came to shove, only one candidate for Mayor supported the hopes and dreams of Lesbian and Gay people in our effort to send one of our own to Congress.

Stonewall has been fighting for Lesbian and Gay Liberation for thirteen years. Nothing comes before that goal. We’ve never been dictated to by a party machine, a favored politician, or anyone. We don’t make deals, we make demands.

In a completely open and democratic process, we evaluated the candidates and their track records. We kept our goals in mind and considered what we want from a mayor. Only one candidate passed the test. Supported by a majority of our Executive Board as well as every Club President since 1979, our members overwhelmingly decided that...

WE WANT THE CANDIDATE WHO IS WITH US ON THE ISSUES THAT MATTER:

JOHN MOLINARI FOR MAYOR

Re-elect proven friends of our community

MIKE HENNESSEY FOR SHERIFF
ARLO SMITH FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

YES on...

A Police Facilities
F New Parking
P District Elections
W A New Ball Park

Yes on B C D G H I J L N O Q U & V

Remember to Vote: Tuesday, November 3rd!

FOR INFORMATION ON MEMBERSHIP CALL CLUB PRESIDENT WAYNE MOORE 864-6036
This Week: Bulls vs. Bears

Well, sports fans, we were definitely pre-empted last week by the huge March on Washington, but even Slap Maxwell would have agreed it was for a good cause, and whoever said, "They also serve who sit and wait," was right on target.

Not too much happened during the past two weeks, that is, if you don't count: the Giants losing the playoffs, the NFL strike settlement, Francis Medeiros being elected Commissioner of the Gay Softball League, the stock market crash, Reagan getting us into Iran, and Roger Boss winning the mayoral debate. Some of these we'll look into; the rest we'll leave to the pricer talent of the Sentinel staff.

The Future is Now

Wait 'til next year! How many times have we heard that from the Giants? Well, I think we're onto something this time, though. They have a fine group of young players for the future, very reminiscent of the Garvey-Lopes-Russell-Cey Dodgers of the '70s — very reminiscent of the Garvey-Lopes-Russell-Cey Dodgers of the '70s — and Roger Boss winning the mayoral debate. Some of these we'll look into; the rest we'll leave to the pricer talent of the Sentinel staff.

Tom Kelly obviously didn't go to the Tommy Lasorda Management School, but Billy Martin might have; yup, old Billy and George are at it again at the Bigzone, Zee, that act is getting tiresome.

Isn't Tiger Stadium great! I'm having a difficult time deciding whom to cheer for in the World Series; I'm a Gemini (Twins), named after a Cardinal (Cushing of Boston). I really wish they'd let Mary Tyler Moore throw out the first ball at one of the World Series games. Oh, to hear her squeal just one last time, "Oh, Mr. Grant!"

What did you think of the Garvey-Lopes-Russell-Cey Dodgers of the '70s — and Roger Boss winning the mayoral debate. Some of these we'll look into; the rest we'll leave to the pricer talent of the Sentinel staff.

Giants young battery of pitcher Scott Garrelts and catcher Bob Melvin hold the future of the Hummm Babies in their hot million — before the market crash.

Softballers Get New Board

Between innings of the Giants/Cardinals game 6, the GSL elected its new officers for 1988. Francis Medeiros, who stated that as commissioner he'll "make the effort to reach more people for the growth of the league." And in a spirit of gratitude for all the outside help the league received during the past Gay World Series, he declared: "I want to repay those who helped the GSL as volunteers." By that I assume he means that the services of the GSL will be made available to organizations who assisted the league. Medeiros notably avoided any commitment to changes in the league scheduling in regards to competitive categories, but left open the possibility of future dialogue. Said he, "I know that it's going to be discussed, they're already talking about a recreational division for Series XII in Dallas."

Jim Schreck, departing league treasurer, had the liner of the night in his speech about the Al-Is-Be-Token gambling. Tommy Lee Sherk has acquired the New Bell on Polk Street and is renaming it Uncle Bert's New Bell. Art White tells me it's a hoot of a trip.

Mary Tyler Moore was elected the GSL commissioner he'll "make the effort to reach more people for the growth of the league." And in a spirit of gratitude for all the outside help the league received during the past Gay World Series, he declared: "I want to repay those who helped the GSL as volunteers." By that I assume he means that the services of the GSL will be made available to organizations who assisted the league. Medeiros notably avoided any commitment to changes in the league scheduling in regards to competitive categories, but left open the possibility of future dialogue. Said he, "I know that it's going to be discussed, they're already talking about a recreational division for Series XII in Dallas."

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Winter Ball

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tional softball for any guy interested in playing. It'll be this Sunday, October

23, at Christopher Field at Height Heights Shopping Center. The first 20

persons to arrive are on the team. So be there from 10 am to 3 pm.

T.G.I.F.

Thank God, it's Football, real foot-

ball anyhow. The strike is over, the

regulates are back, and am I ever glad.

Three weeks ago, I went all over town

seeking out bars to watch football, and

the teams decided to strike the following

week. Hey, guys, if you don't like my

column, just say so, no need to take it

out on everybody else.

How do you think Tom Cousineau

must feel. First he's traded from

Cleveland, then he's called "quar," then

he's cut from the Niner's, then he

breaks the strike and is called a "scab."

Now he's back on the team; I'd say he's

feeling mighty paranoid. Tom, no one

persons to arrive are on the team. So be

looking at the pre-March rally that Molinari

avoided if someone had briefed their

rassing experience that could have been

but had to ask host Paul Wotman if he

rushed to SF to participate in the Col-


der voting sends the leagues 'M V P , C y Young A

ward and Rookie of the Year. Although they didn't invite me to participate, I'm of-

ering my selections for the hell o f it. I decided to add a new
category: "Hunk of the Year."


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AMERICAN LEAGUE

G. Bell, TOR

R. Clemens, BOS

M. McGuire, OAK

S. Anderson, DET

J. Camence, OAK

NATIONAL LEAGUE

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O. Herbst, LA

B. Santiago, SD

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Tip the scales.

Be a Shanti Practical Support Volunteer.

Call 777-CARE today.

DUKE'S PICKS

A final baseball item: Each year, the Baseball Writers Associa-

tion votes the league's MVP, Cy Young Award and Rookie

of the Year. Although they didn't invite me to participate, I'm of-

ering my selections for the hell o f it. I decided to add a new
category: "Hunk of the Year."

AMERICAN LEAGUE

G. Bell, TOR

R. Clemens, BOS

M. McGuire, OAK

S. Anderson, DET

J. Camence, OAK

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San Francisco Sentinel • October 23, 1987 15
WEEKLY ALMANAC: On Friday. Scorpion. During this time in late October, your love life will be filled with passion. Whoever's lucky enough to be your partner will be your priority as sexual sensuality and naked intimacy will be uppermost in their minds. This can be a great time for romantic pursuits.

During the late '60s and early '70s, Gold's Gym in Venice, California, was the most famous weight gym in Southern California. That fact was not lost on other gyms either.

The Original Gold's

In any business, there are a few companies that ride above the rest. In exercise and fitness circles, names like Fonda, Greggains, Voiit, Adidas and Puma bring respect from the sweat-and-shower crowd. There is one name, however, that conveys not only exercise but muscle and where to get it. That name is Gold — or rather — Joe Gold.

Our concern is not with Joe Gold, but with the gym chain he founded years ago. During the late '60s and early '70s, Gold's Gym in Venice, California, was the most famous weight gym in Southern California. That fact was not all that impressive to the general public. The "spa" was in the wrong place; then, the hardcore weight trainers frequenting Gold's. Now some 30 years later, Joe Gold has sold his gym operation, and others have made it into the multi-million dollar business it is today. Riding along with the bodybuilding boom of the '80s, Gold's Gym now boasts a network of more than 100 gyms worldwide.

Most outlets are located in the United States and Canada, while others can be found in locales as Singapore and the West Indies.

Gold's Gym is well-equipped with weight training equipment, offering a full line of barbells, dumbbells, beginning-to-advanced machinery and reasonable rates. Gold's welcomes all weight trainers — from the beginning exerciser to the pros bodybuilders.

In the gym world hierarchy, Gold's Gym is the hardcore muscle palace. Joe Gold's reputation worldwide as the best place to build a body is its potential in the fitness world naturally possible. One first stepped into a Gold's Gym in April 1982. I had been bodybuilding at other gyms for several years, but never had the guts to go into a Gold's. Today, with over 200 lbs. of muscle on my frame, it is ridiculous that I ever needed guts to go into a gym. Unfortunately, I hear many would-be weight trainers since their fears to me about going into Gold's. Once in the gym, however, most fears subside, and most Gold's Gym first-timers ease into their workouts (with proper instruction, of course, without too much trouble).

In San Francisco, two Gold's Gyms can be found: the newest Gold's, Gold's Gym at Union Square (reviewed several weeks ago), and the San Francisco original located at Valencia and 14th Street. While the downtown Gold's is aptly named in the chain with towel service, pool interior, computer workout programs and aerobics, plus higher rates — the facility on Valencia is more in keeping with Gold's '80s tradition.

Gold's Gym-Valencia is not a full gym. There are a few people socializing, but most patrons of this gym are working out diligently and that's their sole focus.

Our gym obtain duplicates of the more popular poundage (40-70) to avoid the unpopular waiting. There are always, some faults at Gold's-Valencia. For starters, the gym is located next to the Valencia Gardens, headquarters of the highest crime area in the city. Police arrests, thefts, auto damage and undesirable characters are frequent occurrences here. The building is housed in, to put it politely, is falling apart; smelly bathrooms, leaky roofs, and spilt carpeting are the major annoyances bothering Gold's patrons. Aside from these faults, Gold's-Valencia is a good gym. The equipment and the people make this worthwhile workout facility. I have yet to find a gym where you cannot have a nice workout within its walls.

Capricorn, the whale...

CAPRICORN, THE WHALE

(Dec. 22 - Jan 19): Scorpio is a sign which signals new starts in your life. This week a wildly intense stranger will suddenly move into your life without your expectation, and the past will suddenly lose its hold on you. By week's end you'll be ready to leap into future unforeseen adventures. Enjoy the day-to-day stimulation, passion and much in- credible excitement one after another. This is the best time of the year to get your astrology chart interpreted.

Aquarius, the eagle...  

AQUARIUS, THE EAGLE (Jan 20 - Feb 18): Scorpio is your moment of the year. Things are moving in the right direction for you. Develop your talents to the maximum, you've wanted, to make final moves in your career or business, now's the time. But for god's sake, leave the home just the way you want it... God's-Valencia is a good gym. The equipment and the people make this worthwhile workout facility. I have yet to find a gym where you cannot have a nice workout within its walls.

Overall Grade: A

Gold's Gym-Valencia is located at 350 Valencia St (at 18th), SF (Call 415) 622-8855 for further information.
The Buyers Club

The HIV-positive buyers clubs are typically nonprofit organizations set up by and for persons with AIDS. They provide a positive attitude status in order to buy nutritional products at wholesale prices, usually products not readily available in health-food stores. These organizations also help in consumer protection by making more sophisticated product selection and purchasing decisions that individuals would be likely to do. As a group, they can negotiate better prices with vendors and often send samples of products to commercial testers for independent testing. Most of the buyers clubs work together well, sharing information and negotiating bulk amounts as necessary. They provide the power of a national network created and controlled by HIV infected persons and are explicitly dedicated to making the best treatments available.

In practice, buyers clubs vary widely. Some of the smaller ones skip the considerable paperwork of incorporating as a nonprofit, typically they are for profit businesses even if they were not set up to make money. Some will ship products to mail orders; others are set up to handle mail order, so customers must pick up their orders locally. Some need to collect money in advance and then place orders, requiring a wait; others are able to process payments quickly.

Besides organizing group buys of products, buyers clubs can also serve to arrange various support groups. People share information not only about products handled by the group, but also about the health care workers they have worked for, including local physicians and clinics, and all kinds of conventional or alternative treatments. These grassroots groups fill the gap left by major AIDS support organizations, which sometimes refuse to allow their support groups to compete with or even discuss non-approved treatments, then it is your decision whether or not to find another doctor.

The Levine product is the first one to be custom-made with the PE level the buyers clubs wanted. The other three are all formulations by large companies which have produced and sold them for some time for other purposes; these companies may have been reluctant to custom manufacture a modified version for our use. On the other hand, the designers and the manufacturer of the Levine product are new to the lecithin business, so they are at an earlier point on the learning curve. The product is so new that we don't yet have much reporting on results. The only one of these as acceptable instead of naming one as clearly best.

Recently the buyers clubs have learned that Houba, Inc., in Culver, Indiana. Produces a product called PC-55, a product of Twin Laboratories (formerly Praxis Pharmaceuticals) that is seeking FDA approval to market AL 721, nor discuss the Levine product is the first one to be custom-made with the PE level the buyers clubs wanted. The other three are all formulations by large companies which have produced and sold them for some time for other purposes; these companies may have been reluctant to custom manufacture a modified version for our use. On the other hand, the designers and the manufacturer of the Levine product are new to the lecithin business, so they are at an earlier point on the learning curve. The product is so new that we don't yet have much reporting on results. The only one of these as acceptable instead of naming one as clearly best.

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ON GUARD

Continued from previous page

It may help to soften the lips in a little warm water first (just hot, as temperatures over 130 degrees may affect the material).

What we have found most convenient is a pocket-size battery powered drink mixer, such as the one from Viamaker in Las Vegas, CA, sold for about $7 in health-food stores. It mixes one glass at a time, is easy to clean and is much quieter than regular blenders, so it doesn’t wake the housemates if used at night. Others prefer a larger, plug-in appliance such as the Braun hand blender, which costs about $25; it also can mix a drink in a large glass and is easy to clean.

AL 721 spoils rapidly after it has been mixed with juice or water, so it should be used immediately, and never later than half an hour after mixing.

Dividing the Bulk Product

If you get AL 721 in bulk, usually in a kagamino jar, you need to divide it into two doses. It might not work to just scrape some of the cream material out of the jar (1 tablespoon equals 12 to 13 grams), because some products tend to separate while being frozen, so the top and bottom of the jar could be different. If you need to divide the product, follow the manufacturer’s directions. The lipids will have to be warmed enough so they can be thoroughly mixed and poured; avoid getting air into the mixture. Most people pour the kagamino into a cake or cookie pan, re-freeze with the pan covered and level in the freezer, then cut the frozen lipids into individual doses with a knife and wrap each dose in aluminum foil. For example, one kilogram carefully divided into ten rows and ten columns gives 100 equal doses of ten grams each.

Possible Side Effects

There is no known toxicity of AL 721. And since this substance consists entirely of ingredients found in ordinary egg yolk, toxicity would be unlikely. The only serious concern is the possibility of a "rebound effect" if the treatment is stopped suddenly. In the St. Luke’s study, three of eight patients progressed from serious lymphadenopathy to AIDS within 20 weeks of stopping AL 721. Physicians feared that the treatment may have held the disease in check, so that suddenly withdrawing it allowed their conditions to worsen more so than if they’d never started the treatment. Physicians now recommend that people stop AL 721 unless they plan to continue until more is known or a better treatment is available.

There are no known problems in combining AL 721 with other drugs, but persons should check with their physicians. There has been some concern that AL 721 might interfere with AZT, making the latter less effective. Two physicians debated this question in a recent issue of the PWA Newsletter (July-August 1991 issue, available from the PWA Coalition in New York, 212-827-1810). A number of people are using both treatments together, and we have not heard of any problems.

Too much lecithin can cause minor side effects, such as nausea or diarrhea, and possibly mental depression; these go away if the dose is reduced. A review of possible dangers as well as medicinal uses of lecithin (JL Wood and RG Allison, “Effects of Consumption of Choline and Lecithin on Neurological, Cardiovascular Systems,” Federation Proceedings, 1982, volume 41, pages 3015-3021) concluded that lasting health hazards were unlikely; the unpleasant side effects of excessive use would cause people to stop before serious harm was done.

For More Information

For a more technical discussion of AL 721, including references to scientific studies, send a self-addressed envelope to John S. James, PO Box 413256, San Francisco, CA 94141.
"I'm a fag, and I've never pretended otherwise. But you wouldn't believe the number of homo artists who still do go around acting as if they weren't."

Despite the fact that trend-hyping Time magazine calls him "...the hottest young choreographer in the country," Mark Morris appears to be a gentleman of substance. He also seems to be turning modern dance upside down with such old-fashioned values as musicality, lyricism and unexpected paradox.

Morris' dances are a mixture of the traditional with the weird; his dancers flaunt their androgyny and relish in subversive humor. He's been called both the new messiah of modernism and the decadent end of avant-garde experimentation.

Precocious Mark started dancing at nine after seeing flamenco master Jose Greco. He's subsequently danced with the companies of Eliot Feld, Lar Lubovitch, Hannah Kahn and Laura Dean. He cites Balanchine, Taylor, Cunningham and Graham as his chief inspirations.

The Mark Morris Dance Group, first formed in 1980, has already collected stacks of serious, critically effusive reviews. Alan M. Kriegsman, writing in the Washington Post, recently gushed after witnessing Morris' Gloria: "Thrilling, original, profound, superb in conception and structure. Whole careers have been made on far less than this single opus."

But even more impressive, Morris — and his troupe of 13 dancers — received a plum appointment last month as the new resident dance company of Belgium's Theatre Royal de la Monnaie, replacing Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century. The three-year contract (it begins in the fall of 1988) provides the group with a $1 million budget boost, a six-month residency in Brussels and yearly tours to Paris, London and New York.

This is all pretty fabulous stuff for a 30-year-old native of Seattle. Last week, anticipating the Morris Group's Halloween weekend appearances in Berkeley, I talked with the choreographer in a telephone interview. I discovered that besides garnering great reviews, he also has a terrific gift for gab. Morris makes outrageous statements. But he also, more often than not, makes outrageously good sense.

Continued on page 22

San Francisco Sentinel • October 23, 1987
Tweeds, twills and herringbone, layered over attitude.

Bubbled-up for fall — it works best from a standing position.

Mcgy's Passport '87, an annual two-day orgy of arriviste sensibility, arrived last week with the latest word on ready-to-wear fall fashion. Forty models worked a white canvas runway, accompanied by non-stop music and slide projections, delivering on clear-cut message: drag out those shoulder pads boys and girls, the neo-40s look is back in a big way.

Leaving aside topics like texture and pattern, fashion considerations can generally be reduced to two main issues: cut and color. This year colors are decidedly monochromatic. Most designers have fall lines that rely heavily on subdued black, beige, brown and gray tones with lots of muted plaids in wool gabardine and flannel. This basic understatement is often accented with a single stroke of color coming from a scarf, tie or handkerchief.

At last week's show, there was also a liberal sprinkling of fake fur and fabric printed in animal-skin patterns. Both were used as accents on collars, cuffs and vests, or made into entire ensembles for women.

Both men's and women's jackets and overcoats were square-shouldered and full-cut. The old baggy look has been replaced by more tailored lines where the fabric drapes from the shoulder in a highly structured and stylized fashion. But not all the designers have approached the fall season with an equal measure of success and some definite winners and losers emerge.

The Americans and the Italians succeed best in creating styles that reflect high fashion, not high camp. Leading the pack were the Armani, Byblos, Perry Ellis and Calvin Klein collections. The Anne Klein II and Ralph Lauren lines seem incredibly boring. Their models appeared dressed for success — at Safeway. I suppose there's always a market for this look (pun intended), but personally I think I'll pass.

At the opposite end of the vanilla spectrum, there is the Japanese collection. When Issey Miyake turned the fashion world around a few years ago, it was hard to predict where it would lead. Based on his current collection, as well as those of Matsuda, Kansai and Yohji Yamamoto, I'd say the Japanese wave has about as much staying power as Mary Quant. Who wants to pay Comme des Garcons prices to look ridiculous? At Passport '87, only the Japanese were showing men's slacks that are gathered at the ankle. Nice touch — but it worked

High Style, wear it as

by Robert Julian
Fashion noir — the darker side of autumn.

Basic bomber look — Top Gun goes high fashion.

Passport '87 finale — the Viennese Ball.

The return of legs and dolman sleeves.

As far as the general fashion outlook is concerned, men should expect lots of square shoulders and wide lapels. Suits and sport coats are full-cut and double-breasted, worn with white shirts and colorful wide ties. Overcoats are cut similarly and extend to mid-calf. Pants are double-pleated and sweaters are bulky. Heavy thick-soled shoes are in vogue and bomber jackets are back. Blue jeans are dead as a fashion statement.

On the distaff side, skirts come in all lengths, but the two most prevalent are mid-calf and mid-thigh. Square-shouldered, full-cut coats usually have dolman sleeves and end at mid-calf, sometimes extending to the ankle. If your dress has shoulders at all, they'll be padded. Otherwise, expect a predominance of strapless evening wear hitting the racks. All those little black cocktail dresses now have dropped waists and a fitted bodice. The top half, or bottom, may be a solid block of color — emerald green, royal blue or magenta. To complicate the act of sitting down, brace yourself for the return of bubble skirts and big bows affixed in awkward locations. Long evening gloves have returned and, for those who enjoy wearing dead animals, furs are big and long, cut in a quasi-Mildred Pierce revival style. For those who prefer the animal look without the mayhem, a leopard or zebra print dress will do nicely.

Everyone who invested in last year's day-glo colors or American Indian prints may still wear them to The Stud on weekends. This year they work as camp, but not fashion. As for next year, who can tell? At least the subdued colors and classic cut of the current fall lines assure continued wearability for several seasons. For this reason, it may be a good time to replenish your wardrobe. Macy's, among others, will be more than happy to accommodate your needs.
I started by asking where Morris fits in the current jumble of post-modern dance styles and he tells me: "I recall from the term 'post-modern.' I reserve that for [the architect] Michael Graves. And you know what his buildings look like!"

When pressed for a more exact explanation, Morris says, "Sure, I'm a modernist — and a romantic and a humanist. In truth, I guess I'm very retro. I like what Ruth St. Denis and Doris Humphrey did with the relation of music to dance. And I guess that's why I've been accused of 'purism,' or visualization — making dances that illustrate the music. That's what I like — and it's not embarrassing or stupid or anything."

Musicality — a quality of dance where the movement expresses the emotional and rhythmic content in a composer's work — has often been anathema to the movement expresses the emotional and rhythmic content in a composer's work — has often been anathema to the modernists, doesn't seem to be afraid of the irreligious, gloom-and-doom quality of most modern art.

He disagrees. "I think it's the same as the relation of art to love. Love and god, they're the same. I'm not denominational. Of course, I don't think the number of homo artists who pretended otherwise. But you wouldn't believe the number of homo artists who still do go around acting as if they weren't. On the other hand, I didn't become a fag to become a choreographer. So don't think my sexual preferences are all that important. But I do believe the art world is run by homosexuals."

I detect a mischievous twinkle in Morris' eyes despite our transcontinental separation in space. This guy obviously likes being the bad boy who says what others often think but are simply too polite, too constrained to say. I ask him about his interest in the Baroque, something that Berkeley audiences will discover when his dancers perform "Gloria, set to Vivaldi's "Gloria in D" or "Marble Halls," danced to J.S. Bach's "Concerto for Two Harpsichords and Strings in C Minor."

Morris tells me, "Yeah, for the past few years I've had a Baroque fit. It has to do with my rediscovery of early music composers. It also appeals to me because it's a period run by a really strict set of rules — artists always had to sneak in the sex, the tragedy."

"I've also been influenced by Handel's point of view more than anyone else — by his compositional acuity. For me, although the Baroque's vocabulary is limited, it's also hyper-expressive. I like that."

Morris, unlike most contemporary modernists, doesn't seem to be afraid of spiritual content in his dances. I mention this seems anachronistic to me, given the religious, gloom-and-doom quality of modern art.

He disagrees. "I think it's the same as the relation of art to love. Love and god, they're the same. I'm not denominational and I don't proselytize, I'm a pantheist. I have no idea what that is, but I hatecredibly boring! Today, anybody can do anything and call it something. Or if you've really uncovered what you're doing, you can always call it 'performance art.' And I have no idea what that is, but I hate it."

"People applaud the state of modern art today and praise themselves for being so 'open-minded.' I call it nothing. I like quality — and the qualities I like are romanticism, lyricism and spirituality." It doesn't surprise me when later Morris tells me he's been influenced more by the work of the late ballet maste George Balanchine than by anyone else. "You know he's a genius, and it's hard for many people to see this, but Balanchine's choreography is still the most modern work that's available."

Besides his clearly stated musical and choreographic preferences, Morris has never attempted to keep his sexual tastes under cover. Something that prompted People Magazine to label his work as 'post-modern.' I reserve that for (the New Yorker's Art critic) Arlene Croce, "express[es] the passions of a generation?"

"I don't know what she means," Mark tells me. "I'm certainly no sort of group spokesman. I just do what I do. I make shows I want to watch. Something that isn't boring. I don't do it for what I think' other people want to see. Actually, having fun is what I love most." The Mark Morris Dance Group performs at UC Berkeley's Zellerbach Hall on Friday and Saturday, October 30 and 31, presenting two different programs of not-so-usual modern dance. Call 642-9988 for information and tickets.

"Sure, I'm a modernist and a romantic and a humanist. In truth, I guess I'm very retro."

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Mission News

When I lived in the Mission ten years ago, it was just starting to challenge North Beach's hegemony as the neighborhood for artists. The poet Kush hosted a collective house on 16th Street, painter Bill Sigfried had converted a print shop into a studio loft on 25th and Folsom, and multi-media artists Phil Deal and David Moe were two creative types I knew at Project Artaud.

Ten years later the transition is complete. Valencia and 16th is now the city's avant-garde theatre district. Intersection moved into the Mission, as have the Artists Television Access and New Performance Gallery, the Women's Building, Bajone's Jazz Club — the list is endless. Eye Gallery and the Mission Cultural Center have expanded, and Yolanda Lopez and Rene Yanez, who've run Galeria de la Raza for 15 years, have seen the neighborhood grow to national stature. The neighborhood boasts figures as diverse as the reclusive novelist V.S. Naipaul, the avant-garde designer and performance artist Guillermo Gómez-Peña, and the Chicano poet, artist, andgay man, Roberto Bedoya.

Bedoya, a poet himself, grew up in a rural area now gobbed up by Union City. He met Deborah Jyll, Paula Gunn Allen, Olga Brumas, Thulani David, Jessica Herndon, and Francisco Alarcon. San Diego performance artist Guillermo Gómez-Peña will appear November 9th; Kenny Fries' play Human Equations is opening soon; and artists from Guadalajara, Mexico, will also soon have a show there. This spring, Intersection is sponsoring "The Mission is Bitchin,'" a two-week series on Mission artists.

Bedoya's worked with Poets of the Schools and, most recently, with ArtWorks, a Mt. Zion program sending artists to visit senior citizen shut-ins. One client is Luz Alba, who used to have a theatre group in Mexico City. Leading artists did sets for her plays. In the '50s she worked on the largest mural in the world at the Mexican Legislative Palace. On November 1st, she is premiering a new work, "Scream vs. Silence," for the Mission's "Day of the Dead" celebration at the Mission Cultural Center.

Bedoya tells of reading her an excerpt from "The Wave," about a man who falls in love with an ocean wave and takes it home where they have a stormy relationship. "That story's about being an immigrant," Luz Alba said. "Of course you'd have to play it straight in America. American audiences could never understand anything so spiritual."

Guadalupe Garcia is a performance/ritual artist who's lived in San Francisco for the past year. Born in Mexico, she married when she was 15 and then lived in Brazil and America. "When I turned 30 I had to start my life all over again," Guadalupe says. "I divorced my executive husband, lost my kids and had two serious operations. I was so lonely and lost that I returned to Mexico to find my roots.

In Mexico City she worked as a guide in the Museum of Anthropology, where she studied her Indian heritage as well as Mayan and Aztec culture. Then she was the first woman to go to Islas Marías, penal islands, to give medical assistance. "The prisoners worked in torturous salt and lime mines," she says. "One of the things I did was to help their children make murals. That's why I identify art with human liberty. Islas Marías had no art before this." Later Guadalupe was the only woman to work on the largest mural in the world at the Mexican Legislative Palace.

On November 1st, she is premiering a new work, "Scream vs. Silence," for the Mission's "Day of the Dead" celebration at the Mission Cultural Center. Blending dance, photography, video and ritual, the work is her personal homage to all who've died of AIDS this past year.

"I've already gotten some criticism for taking on this issue," Guadalupe says. "When I came here, I knew that as a single woman I might date men exposed to AIDS. I don't feel detached at all. Being a woman makes me a bridge because women give birth to straight, gay and bisexual alike."

Guadalupe has persuaded a Mexican journalist friend to do a book on AIDS and hopes to do some creative workshops for women with AIDS. On November 9th she'll be on an Intersection panel with Gómez-Peña and on December 2nd, her performance "Homage to Frida Kahlo" will be shown on TV Channel 25.

Rick Darnell and Andrew Vermont, of the gay men's dance group, Ricky Lynn and the Rangers, exemplify younger artists who've recently moved into the Mission. Rick, who does lighting for Theatre Rhino, lives in a collective across the Mission because it's an uncontrolled, more spontaneous environment.

"It terrifies and inspires me. I feel a lot more at home here than in Pacific Heights or Noe Valley."

Rick and Andrew like living in the Mission because it's an uncontrolled, more spontaneous environment.

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Critical Condition

There are no visuals for this column. For some reason, pictures are important to editors. If they can’t get a decent publicity photo, a performance may not be reviewed at all. I’m not sure why, but I think it has something to do with the editor’s feeling that either the subject matter or the writer’s criticism is so inherently dull that the reader must be lured onto the page by some fetching representation of the performance in question.

Thus, if you’ve made this far without the benefit of pictorial stimulation, you clearly possess a piercing intellect, demonstrate a thirst for knowledge or suffer from LSD flashbacks from the sixties, providing ongoing visual stimulation that requires no prompting from the graphic arts department. Whichever the case, I offer my congratulations.

Your continued perseverance should provide some insight into the process of criticism, what it’s like to attend performances and review them for the press. The following observations are my own and are not intended to represent the prevailing attitude or approach of my peers. They also reflect the assigned task of reviewing vocalists, cabaret and musical-comedy performances, my primary areas of responsibility. Since these performance genres rarely attempt to do more than entertain, they present some unique challenges for the writer.

I try to approach performances with some sensitivity and a sense of humor. When these qualities disappear from my writing, I hope I will have the good sense to find another line of work. If I thought I would someday resemble a ghastly old curmudgeon like John Simon, who pontificates on every subject, I couldn’t look an interviewer in the eye and haven’t liked anyone since Tallulah Bankhead, I would just as soon end it all now.

The Process

I am currently blessed by working regularly with an editor who rarely changes my copy. We have never had a major disagreement and always come to a mutually satisfactory resolution of any minor conflict that may arise. I consider this to be the journalistic equivalent of the intimate conception. It’s something I don’t fully understand but am not foolish enough to question. We routinely sit down and decide what show to cover, if any, and whether there is anything that merits a feature story as opposed to a review. This relatively simple process is sometimes affected by input from other sources—usually publicists.

There are many professional publicists/press agents in San Francisco, and they come in all shapes, sizes and sexes. It is their job to get critics to come to the theatre and see the play or performer they are promoting. They do this by sending press kits and calling the editor or critic directly. It is a difficult task, requiring a sophisticated combination of rather good manners and good no-nonsense manners in order to succeed. Publicists who represent big name entertainers can afford to be less aggressive than those handling a low-budget play or an unknown vocalist. But their collective efforts sometimes determine who is reviewed and whether or not an entertainer gets a feature story.

The best publicists understand that there is no such thing as bad publicity. Even bad notices are better than no notices at all. A negative review may generate public controversy, which is even more bankable than consensus praise. And good reviews mean big bucks for producers and copy that can be lifted for promotional purposes or made a permanent part of an entertainer’s press kit. After the publicists have done their job, the editor decides who will be reviewed, and the critic is sent out, armed with two complementarily ticketed tickets and a ballpoint gun, and expected to bag a review before the press deadline.

For me personally, this process has never lost its sense of unreality. It is, to a certain degree, an amazing demonstration of faith. The performers, publicists and producers must have faith in their attempts to produce artistic excellence, make money and/or further their careers, and believe their efforts will be supported by the work of the critic. The paper has faith that the critic knows what he’s doing and can put a sentence together. And the readers have faith that the criticism they read is unbiased and coming from someone qualified to comment on the performance in question providing observations that are based on relatively objective facts. Why so many people routinely make these blind leaps of faith continually amazes me.

To help keep things in perspective, I always try to bring a friend to the shows I review. It keeps me grounded in reality and is much easier and less conspicuous than pinching myself repeatedly during the performance. Once in my seat, I go to work, scribbling notes in the dark or on the tiny spiral notebook I carry with me. Deciphering these hieroglyphics is one of the greater challenges I encounter when I sit down to put a review together.

The Product

With the constantly escalating costs of entertainment, it doesn’t make sense to throw money around without first getting some idea of what you’ll be getting for your dollar. An intelligent review can save readers the disappointment of investing time and money on mediocrity, or worse, the criticism, however, reflects only one person’s opinion, which can be influenced by a host of variables. John O’Hara, during the brief period when he was writing criticism for the San Francisco Examiner, announced that, “Another policy of this column will be to give my friends all the best of it and blast the incompetents that I don’t like. There will be no deviations from this policy.” I admire this kind of courage. It represents a very clear standard, and I have, however, been able to free myself from such obviously trivial constraints.

The reviews I write primarily reflect the way I feel about a performance. But these feelings must necessarily reflect the values I use in life, as well. Originality and innovation are high on my list. I am always impressed by those who attempt something new and do not just repeat the same old routines that have been done for years.

Once a performance is over, I usually know what I want to say. Exactly how this message comes together differs from one review to the next. Since “criticism” carries with it such a negative connotation, the result might be more accurately termed “evaluation.” There is rarely a show so bad that I would want to spend time and money on it. This becomes particularly important when reviewing a small, Off-Off-Broadway or a performer just starting out in show business. Although critics may sometimes possess the sensitivity of an armadillo, they usually want to encourage performers, not decimate them with a ten-megaton blast of criticism. A newcomer, appearing in a base­ment club with a five-dollar cover charge will be approached more tenderly than a seasoned professional charging a $20 cover for their annual engagement at the Venetian Room.

The most challenging shows to review are those that are mediocre. Making these reviews interesting for the reader is the real test of a critic’s writing ability. Mediocrity often breeds mediocrity, and in the hands of a poor journalist, a show that is only average can become literally “unremarkable.” Think about it. How many words in our language describe something that is not good or bad, great or awful? If you string together a series of adjectives like “acceptable,” “adequate,” “in nocuous” and “inefficient,” you end up with a review that reads like a lab report for a benign tumor.

The best copy is inspired by brilliantly conceived and executed performances as well as those that are pathetically stupid and amateurish. In either situation, a writer can easily turn out the kind of prose that inspires a box office bonanza or allows the reader to chuckle a delighted sigh of relief at being saved from an expensive and disappointing evening. This is where criticism...
Berkeley Rep Kicks Off Centennial
O'Neill Light and Dark

Anticipating the hoopla that will no doubt surround the Eugene O'Neill (1888-1953) centennial, Berkeley Repertory Theatre has launched the first and possibly largest concentrated assault on his work with three major productions currently on the boards. The third, The Hairy Ape — a challenging, early expressionistic work — will open next week with a simultaneous run of The Iceman Cometh, Berkeley Rep's romanticized work — will open next week with a simultaneous run of The Iceman Cometh, Berkeley Rep's

Meanwhile, the Rep is offering O'Neill light 'o dark with a simultaneous run of Ah, Wilderness! and Long Day's Journey into Night. The two plays, dating from the early '30s and '40s, respectively (though the latter wasn't staged until after the author's death), provide a seductive, obvious dichotomy.

Ah, Wilderness! is the perennially retrospective writer's dream of what he would have ideally wanted his youth to have been like (while Long Day's Journey is the straight autobiographical dirt, sifted through a graphic filter: it's a sunny, all-idyll, and everything ends OK — but just OK, but in a bliss of understanding, forgiveness and future promise all around. Flawlessly paced, Ron Lago-marino's production is perfect in nearly every lovingly observed detail, right down to the silent glances that say everything about family relationships, and even the odd creak of an old rocking chair. The tone he arrives at is wary enough to keep sentimen tality in control, satiric without con descension and troubled enough to find moments of genuine poignancy and lyricism. The cast finds the Rep company at an absolute peak, with particularly fine ensemble work from the actors fleshing out the Miller clan. A matched set in family figures. Set in the Miller household is news day's Journey into Night. The set design by Vicki Smith), so full of light, and comfortably for Ah, Wilderness!, gets dark and claustrophobic here.

The idealized portraits in the earlier play turn into dramatic composites of the tragedies and imbalances of O'Neill's actual family; his is pure comedy and Straight-A's. Ah, Wilderness!'

For three hours, all the usually cloying attributes of our imagined Heartland USA become endearing again, even credible.

O'Neill noir: Angela Paton and Ray Reinhardt play Mary and Tyrones, the playwright's fictionalized parents, in Long Day's Journey into Night. Tyrones played by Ray Reinhardt) are mutually headed toward The Bottle and each other's throats. As in Ah, Wilderness!, not much "happenings — people get drunk or doped, find out the things others are trying to keep from them — but everything is revealed.

The play is as good as straightforward American drama gets, the definitive picture of the family as failure. The Tyrones stew in a labyrinth of accusations and denials, blame and misguided attempts to spare each other. "In a real home one is never lonely," Mary laments, but the Tyrones are just playing house, at best. If most serious American theatre is essentially about disconnectedness, then this is one of its most powerful seminal statements.

There's nothing tarring wrong with Jackson Phipps' staging of the play at the Rep. (Aside from some bafflingly bad and unnecessary scene-change music, that is.) The curious thing is how little it is notably right about it, particularly given that the same players (save Ray Reinhardt) are superb at delineating their "equivalent" roles in Ah, Wilderness! and would be expected to do it as well.

Phipps' interpretation is intelligent enough (if lacking any Continued on page 32

Don't give up anything.

Now you don't have to suffer in tight pants for style or comfort. The new ChiPants are both. Wear ChiPants. ChiPants don't have that knot of tightness, none of the uncomfortable dangling, blame and misguided at­ tempt s to spare each other. "In a real home one is never lonely," Mary laments, but the Tyrones are just playing house, at best. If most serious American theatre is essentially about disconnectedness, then this is one of its most powerful seminal statements. There's nothing tarring wrong with Jackson Phipps' staging of the play at the Rep. (Aside from some bafflingly bad and unnecessary scene-change music, that is.) The curious thing is how little it is notably right about it, particularly given that the same players (save Ray Reinhardt) are superb at delineating their "equivalent" roles in Ah, Wilderness! and would be expected to do it as well.

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Phipps' interpretation is intelligent enough (if lacking any Continued on page 32

Don't give up anything.
I should like to bury something precious in every place where I have been happy," Lord Sebastian Flyte says in Brideshead Revisited, "and then, when I was old and ugly and miserable, I could come back and dig it up and remember."

Evelyn Waugh ended his life a blowzy, waspish curmudgeon, whose haughtiness and acid tongue had alienated even his closest friends. Few people liked him; no one really knew him. And he was badly in need of youthful treasures to dig up.

The question, ultimately, is: Can a non-gay person write a biography of a gay person? Or a non-Catholic of a Catholic? Or a white of a black? Or a man of a woman?

Waugh's description of the doomed love affair between Sebastian Flyte and Charles Ryder, set in the romantic mists of post-World War I Oxford, is a gay person? Or a non-Catholic of a Catholic? Or a white of a black? Or a man of a woman? as much about him as Stannard himself. After reading this, the first of a planned two-part biography, we know such important details as Amory's placement of three of Waugh's letters in reverse chronological order, but we know little about several very important aspects of Waugh's life. The surface is recorded with slavish dedication, but the inner man is rarely seen.

Waugh's life was not a happy one. Second son of a London book publisher, he was reared in the stifling atmosphere of the British middle class. He broke loose from the fetters of mediocrity only with his arrival at Oxford, where he aligned himself with the Bright Young People, who took pride in being "mad, bad and dangerous to know." His writing during his early years brought him notice, but not enough money to live at the extravagant tilt of his wealthy companions, and his novels and essays were extracted only at the cost of an agony of effort.

In this first volume, Waugh's desperate social climbing includes two marriages, the first to the aristocratically connected Evelyn Gardner (nicknamed "She-Evelyn" to avoid confusion). The marriage was short and unhappy. Waugh's friends at the time all speculated that the problem was one of sexual incompatibility. Interviewed for this biography, the now elderly She-Evelyn discreetly explained, "But my marriage wasn't exactly warm. Evelyn was not an affectionate person. I was."

Devastated by the breakup of his marriage, Waugh threw himself into what Stannard calls "the bachelor life" — which seems to have consisted primarily of getting "DD" (disgustingly drunk) with working-class boys in louche bars, or accompanying titled gentlemen on their rounds of foreign brothels (usually managing to escape without hav- ing to sample the merchandise). Stannard delights in playing Leporello to Waugh's Giovanni, trotting out a long list of thoroughbred heiresses that Waugh supposedly "pursued" during this period. His "infatua- tions," as Stannard calls them, were unfortunately with stunningly beautiful women who were happily married and/or devoutly Catholic — not exactly happy hunting grounds for the Truly Interested. Whenever one of the women had the misfortune to reciprocate his interest, Waugh's ardor quickly cooled, and he withdrew. Women, on the other hand, returned his empty-headed bores or dangerous slights.

Stannard spends much effort demonstrating that Waugh carefully constructed a public persona to protect his very vulnerable self, yet the biographer is completely in control. In Stannard, Amory's smokescreen on the question of his sexuality. Waugh's breakup with Alastair Graham (the prototype for Sebastian) is summarized thus: "His depar- ture marked the end of a wrong turning in his life: he knew now beyond a doubt that he was not homosexual." Stannard implies that Waugh simply decided one day he really was not gay, the way one doesn't eat cucumbers because they give one gas. All this is to suggest that Waugh completely (or loudly) to pursue men for the rest of his life. It is all together possible to state that he never again experienced a homosexually induced orgasm. But to state "gay" or "love" demonstrates an inscrutable blindness.

Stannard, throughout the biography, demonstrates an undigested antipathy towards homosexuality. When Waugh visits a Puritan brother, Stannard describes the encounter: "On one occasion, he accompanied Silk to a male brothel and wrote up an account — no doubt grossly exaggerated — in his diary. There is an element of false worldliness in his descriptions of negroes and pretty boys which probably disguises a fastidious distaste for such entities. "When one was not his honey-moon — Waugh leaves his ill and bedridden bride to visit his ex-lover in Athens, "the walk smelt of plaster and the talk revolved around homosexuality...." When Waugh finds himself competing with Arthur Baldwin for the attentions of a young woman named Teresa Jungman: "Many a night they sat up over the Madresfield creme de menthe, snapping "deep man-to-man intimacies" (Waugh's words). Teresa was doubtful the chief subject of these conversations."

Doubtless, Stannard is equally unable to comprehend the conversion to Roman Catholicism. Surely of prime interest to anyone exploring Waugh's life is the question of how he metamor- phosed from a scoffingagnostic to a militant Catholic in little over a year. Yet the conversion issue is barely touched upon, while an entire chapter is spent on a tedious retelling of Waugh's trek through the jungles of British Guiana — mosquito by mosquito.

The question, ultimately, is: Can a non-gay person write a biography of a gay person? Or a non-Catholic of a Catholic? Or a white of a black? Or a man of a woman? A biography, if it is to succeed. His homophobia makes the question of how he metamorphosed from a scoffingagnostic to a militant Catholic in little over a year. Yet the conversion issue is barely touched upon, while an entire chapter is spent on a tedious retelling of Waugh's trek through the jungles of British Guiana — mosquito by mosquito. Doubtless, Stannard is equally unable to comprehend the conversion to Roman Catholicism. Surely of prime interest to anyone exploring Waugh's life is the question of how he metamorphosed from a scoffingagnostic to a militant Catholic in little over a year. Yet the conversion issue is barely touched upon, while an entire chapter is spent on a tedious retelling of Waugh's trek through the jungles of British Guiana — mosquito by mosquito.

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Manipulative monsters: Joe Mantegna and Lindsay Crouse deliver a portrait critique of capitalist culture in David Mamet's House of Games.

'House of Games'

Gamemanship pervades this technically and thematically rich, labyrinthine, and self-confident, House of Games conceals a soulless core. Its characters' inability to feel passion or compassion is ultimately repli­
cated in the film's impersonal dialogue for the conventions of audience sympathy.

Mamet's work in plays like American Buffalo and Glengarry Glen Ross has always im­
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As the issues of mastery and domination in the Crouse-Mantegna relationship are un­veiled, similar questions arise be­
tween the audience and the film: who is manipulated, and why? Mamet designs his world as a house of games, with the glossy vacuity of

Mamet's House of Games plays at the Vogue theater at Presidio Plaza, SF, Call 221-8183.

'Someone to Watch Over Me'

A friend of mine in Holly­
wood suggests that Colum­
bias really wanted Mel Gibson and Faye Dunaway to star in Ridley Scott's new thriller, but ended up with Tom Berenger and Mimi Rogers, who "are pretty good, considering." And that's about right: this mod­ely atmospheric poor boy/rich girl romance masquerading as a cop opus features agreeable per­formances, especially from Berenger.

'toon's a better actor than Gib­son, anyway, though not quite as consciousness-raising (you know what I mean). Here's a young NYPD detective with a wife and tyke in Queens who's assigned to protect NYPD Commissioner Rogers in her ranch-sized Park Avenue co-op, with predictable results. At first he baffles around in her parfumier­knock­

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San Francisco Sentinel • October 23, 1987 27
New Waterfront Theatre Series
The Living Thing

Sometimes, those concerts with the smallest audiences bring out the best in the performers. Last Sunday evening, the Waterfront Theatre in Ghirardelli Square opened its “Twentieth Century Composers” chamber-music series to a grand total of 18 people. Yet the musicians, David Abel on violin, Larry London on clarinet, Peter Shelton on cello and Julie Steinberg on piano, played as if Igor Stravinsky himself were listening in the audience.

The Waterfront Theatre is still new at the concert-producing business. Not only have the music-lovers not found it out yet, the theatre’s lighting crew apparently doesn’t know the decorum surrounding curtain calls. Just as the performers began their concluding bow, the house went black. It was just one rude stroke too many.

Nor is the auditorium itself completely soundproof. A bus chugging away from a nearby stop covered the end of the glorious cello solo that crowns the fifth section of Olivier Messiaen’s Quatuor for the End of Time.

The concert had its dispiriting side, but the music and musicians transcended all these mundane limitations. The attribution of this evening began with its programing. Since the players were headed for Messiaen’s apocalyptic quartet with its unusual combination of instruments, they could concoct an interesting mix along the way. First, David Abel and Julie Steinberg teamed up for Claude Debussy’s 1917 Violin Sonata and then returned for William Kraft’s tribute In Memoriam: Igor Stravinsky (1972-74). Between their appearances, Larry London supplied the missing link with his rendition of Igor Stravinsky’s Three Pieces for Solo Clarinet (1919). After intermission came the monumental Messiaen work (1941).

David Abel and Julie Steinberg are two of the unsung heroes of the Bay Area classical music scene. Both are local performers deeply interested in the music of their time. Indeed, it is unusual to hear them in a piece as old as the Debussy. More often you find them contributing to a concert where the composer can shake their hands in gratitude during those final bows. That kind of involvement in the living process of music has made a difference for Abel and Steinberg.

It’s a difference that I can best summarize by invoking the old distinction between sincerity and authenticity. Both are admirable qualities, but too many of the finest musicians around today are stuck in a mode of sincerity. These two artists, however, also appreciate the music they play. They really do, and you can tell by the exquisite way they can turn a musical phrase. At the same time, Abel and Steinberg are never weighed down by any excess baggage of antiquated respect, because they delight in the living thing. They know that music is both exactly what is written on the page and so much more than what is written on the page.

The result, in the case of the Debussy, was a wonderfully honest reading of this austere masterwork. Written after World War I had destroyed the world that fostered Debussy’s earlier work, the Violin Sonata is a chastened work. Yet Abel drew out its long lines splendidly. Debussy’s melodies here are not sensuous, but they are fascinating, and Abel brought to them, together with his customarily accurate pitch and sweet tone, a sense of adventure. He especially relished the way Debussy could extend his thought one more step.

Elegies often bring out the best in limited talents. William Kraft, whose Stravinsky elegy ended the first half of this concert, may not possess the blazing originality of the other composers on the program, but he is a bold inventor and refined craftsman. His music encouraged the most passion in Abel. Especially in the second part, “Go, Songs For End of Us is Our Brief Sweet Play,” Abel worked himself up into a tortured statement of grief. In the third part, Julie Steinberg had an inward-turning solo that she charged with continuously mounting energy.

Larry London took on Stravinsky’s Three Pieces for Clarinet with their murdersonously forward. London, whose tone was rich and pure, followed Stravinsky’s inflections with knowing wonder. Particularly as he approached the cadence of his phrases, London intensified his efforts and shaped his tones with a sculptor’s skill.

Messiaen’s Quartet for the End of Time comes from another war — more horrifying even than the one in which Debussy wrote his last three sonatas. In the winter of 1940 Messiaen found himself in a German prison camp in Saxony. Among those interred in Stalag 7A with Messiaen were three other French musicians: a violinist, cellist and clarinetist. To keep his sanity, the composer began a chamber piece for them, to which he soon added a piano part for himself.

This is truly apocalyptic music, with shimmering harmonies and shining songs. The duet between violin and cello for “the Angel who announces the end of time” twines through a sinuous melodic line that postpones as long as possible the inevitable conclusion. The clarinet, whose solo is set in an “abyss of the birds,” must alternate a broadly moving, desolate melody with chirping exclamations of goodwill. The first time London attempted this transition, he wailed a bit when he should have smiled, but the repeat brought the performer into exactly the right balance.

In the cello solo, marked “infinitely slow and ecstatic,” Messiaen presents a rapturous meditation on the power of love. Within his religious scheme, this is the image of Christ as a man. The cellist Peter Shelton adopted his richest tone and supplanted vibrato to wrap this passage in glory. Once again, Messiaen’s never-ending melodies try to block the inevitable.

The quartet concludes with a vision of immortality. Here Abel dexterously negotiated Messiaen’s leap into the violin’s highest register for a sumptuous rendition of this final solo. Here was peace shining above the tawdry world. Abel brought a chastened vibrato to his solo than Shelton had provided for his meditation on more worldly love. The difference was right, however, and the quartet swept like the effortless soaring of a bird towards the end of time.

* Sponsored by Biosystems Research, Inc.
Don’t know the cleverly titled middle-of-the-road but the headline is a true eccentric out of Las Vegas. The band sold out twisted C/W songs with no polish. He’s not good, he’s legendary. (Kennel Club, 10/24, 10 pm, $5)

Alex Chilton, Scruffty the Cat
Way back in 1967, Alex Chilton, at 16, started out as a member of the Boxtops, a group that quickly rose up seven Top Forty hits including “The Letter.” He later formed the group Big Star, then disappeared into semi-retirement, emerging finally in

The She Devils
This bill boasts two other bands, Epic Rumors and Ogossed Slaughter. The She Devils is the female trio who recently opened the Castro Street Fair. They’re a fast, tight and very attractive pop band with two vocalists alternating leads. They range in styles from quick pop music to brooding Baxton-style drama. With lots of recent gigs, they stand only to improve. I want this line-up to be “Cherry Bomb.” (Nightbreak, 10/27, 10 pm, $3)

That Petrol Emotion, Salem 66
Boy, have I waited a long time for this band to hit these shores. Their first LP, Manic Pop Thrill, was indeed what the title implies — titty, gawdy videos, political and Buzzcock-quick pop songs, basely aiming for the head first. Their second LP, Bubble, left a bit of the tension behind for an emotional pop album, of atmospheric properties and their best single yet, “Big Decision.” Bubble is one of the丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢丢-
Bad Apple Blues

I want to go back to the March. Oh, I like New York okay; it's gay in its way. But the March—well, I'm just beginning to actually feel that weekend. See, I had two stories to file, so I stuck my emotional responses in "safe" keeping for the duration. Not until Tuesday, when I rode the Garden State Special up from DC, did I begin to feel an ugly hollowness rotting my gut.

Tears of a Down

I'm not the only one. I commiserated Wednesday by phone with a NY therapist who had attended the March with her lover.

We were so depressed when we got back Tuesday," she said in astonishment. "It's been an awful week."

"I wonder if anybody thought to do a study of the financial impact of good ole gay dollars on DC for that weekend," New York Native Media Watch columnist Ed Sikov said over coffee Friday in the Village. Interesting idea. But I'd be more intrigued by a psychological study showing how gay people cope with returning home after "owning" a city for 48 hours. I sped off to Tunnel, at 3 am, doesn't feel empty and sad. How must it feel? Musto slumped in a corner, mumuring, "I woke up with charity horses from last Christmas and that galloped on Andy to whom I'm going to ask for a dinner at the Village Voice Editor's home."

"Feelings."

And that's how we'll leave it. We wound up at The Bar, a dingy little dive on 4th St. at Second Ave. A neighborhood gay bar. Real neighborhood.

"Don't write about us," said one guy, chuckling up his pool cue. "We don't want people spotting in." I chalked up his attitude to provcamism, and dropped a quarter into the well-stocked juke box. Fuck 'em if they can't take a plug.

Ask and Ye Shall Deceive

The next night, I joined Geller, Block, and I rattled over to Tunnel, a pulse palace the saving architectural grace of which is a set of train tracks at one end along which a laser beam shines in imitation of an oncoming choo-choo.

In the basement where revelers celebrated Andy's 22nd birthday, MTV veeray Julie Brown diplomatically said veeray Mark Goodman and Alan Hunter had left MTV "to pursue acting careers in LA." (Read — said an insider — they were sacked.) "I'm the MTV veteran now!" cried Julie, who's been there a year. Though she says she's "satisfied," she hopes to make her one hundred hours "more personal." She ought to know how: she worked on English cable TV eight years before hopping the pond. Does she miss London? Only the shopping.

Mirth Is as Good as a Smile

The next night, Block, Geller, and I bided into Boy Bar...we'd missed the drag show but caught the videos (Johnson, Kennedy, Nixon: retro-political, the prices $3.50 for a draft), the new black-walled dance basement and the eye of Murmuring, "I woke up with charity horses from last Christmas and that galloped on Andy to whom I'm going to ask for a dinner at the Village Voice Editor's home."

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On Tuesdays, World becomes "Rock-and-Roll Fag Bar." The air's clear and so's the message: while it's a grit-hole with a black vinyl pants. A boy named Musto giggled and cried, "I get scared about sex — but I have to do it, just to stay alive."

He kept breathing through dessert (jello and bread pudding) and decreed New York's rising expenses: "It costs me five dollars every time I walk down the street." Meeting three blank stares (and empty wallets), he elaborated, miming an out-stretched hand: "panhandlers."

I scoffed: "Do what Adam does. Use their hand for an ashtray."

No Train, No Gain

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The Tsunami Gay and Lesbian Masters Swim Team meets each Sunday morning for coached workouts offered at 9 am and 11 am. All levels of swimmers are encouraged. Don’t be afraid to take the plunge! Martin Luther King Pool, Third St. at Carroll Ave. (South Basin), SF. Info: 221-8153.

SF. $7drop-in, $24/5 classes, $55/10 classes (including squad). PW: welcome. Info: 864-1141.

Film noir continues at the Castro with two films about Hollywood (both made in 1950): Billy Wilder’s classic Sunset Boulevard with Gloria Swanson in the greatest comeback of all time and Nicholas Ray’s In a Lonely Place, an underrated sleeper of its day that features Humphrey Bogart in one of his best roles and the always watchable Gloria Grahame. 9:30 pm and 7:30 pm, respectively, Castro Market.

Still kickin’: The sleek, funny, sexy Miss Earth Kitt партии comes into town Sunday, 10/27 through 11/1 at the Fairmont’s Venetian Room. If you loved her as Cat Woman on “Batman” why not come for two hours of the real thing? Call 772-5163 for tickets and info.

The SF Cinematheque showcases Andrew Noren’s False Promises; The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part II (1971). Noren remains one of the consummate lyricists of light, shadow and movement and is captured on film in his ongoing Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse series is one of the major works of American independent cinema. With Noren’s The Wind Ventures. 8 pm. SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut St., SF. $15.00 general/$2 students and disabled.

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20 OCTOBER SATURDAY

The Charlie Kocher’s Insanitarium, the tragi-comic tale of a Yeti’s passionate romance with a beautiful woman. Keynote speaker: Sally Gechtar. An event for women. 8 am-6 pm. Golden Gate University, 336 Mission St., SF. $55 general/45 members. Tickets/info: 495-3590. Limited tickets at the door — cash only.

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As part of its ongoing Eyes of Hell film series the Tsunami Gay and Lesbian Masters Swim Team meets each Sunday morning for coached workouts offered at 9 am and 11 am. All levels of swimmers are encouraged. Don’t be afraid to take the plunge! Martin Luther King Pool, Third St. at Carroll Ave. (South Basin), SF. Info: 221-8153.

Still kickin’: The sleek, funny, sexy Miss Earth Kitt партии comes into town Sunday, 10/27 through 11/1 at the Fairmont’s Venetian Room. If you loved her as Cat Woman on “Batman” why not come for two hours of the real thing? Call 772-5163 for tickets and info.

The SF Cinematheque showcases Andrew Noren’s False Promises; The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part II (1971). Noren remains one of the consummate lyricists of light, shadow and movement and is captured on film in his ongoing Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse series is one of the major works of American independent cinema. With Noren’s The Wind Ventures. 8 pm. SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut St., SF. $15.00 general/$2 students and disabled.

Swanson in the greatest comeback of all time and Nicholas Ray’s In a Lonely Place, an underrated sleeper of its day that features Humphrey Bogart in one of his best roles and the always watchable Gloria Grahame. 9:30 pm and 7:30 pm, respectively, Castro Market.

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Continued from page 23

Mime Troupe's house.

They participated in the Shred of Dignity event at the Gartrland Pit at 16th and Valencia. (Many believe the Gartrland Hotel was burned for profit.) Rock groups like Mudwimmpl and Hippie Bitch also performed until police busted up the event.

Rick, who studied dance at Bennington College, came to San Francisco because the weather's nice and the transit system's good. Andrew dropped out of Cornell, washed dishes at the Port Deli for a while and is now finishing his college degree at SF State.

"Like working with untrained dancers," Rick says. "We draw our dance energy from sports, skateboarding and street activity. Most performance art is over-intellectualized. Though most art promoters are gay, they don't encourage gay-identified work. Art promoters are gay, they don't encourage gay-identified work. Gay art are created because of what the artist has to say, not because of what other people want to hear. It would seem "appropriate" to view the work of the critic and the work of the performer in the same light.

A writer is an artist, and the critic is a writer. The concept commonly held by performers is that the critic is somehow a lesser artist. Although this may occasionally be true, it is not always the case. Like an entertainer, the critic requires his share of criticism. This comes in the form of letters to the editor or irate tele-phone calls. My own work as a writer and an actor has been subjected to a great deal of scrutiny, giving me ample opportunity to be on the receiving end of the critical spectrum. Personally, I take both good and bad reviews lightly. I would encourage others to do the same unless there is an absolutely unanimous consensus about the work in question. In that case it would seem wise to pay close attention.

Life is about growth and expansion, and experience has led me to the conclusion that it is process, not product, that gives life it's significance. When goals have been attained and objectives realized, it is not the things we possess that give life meaning, but how we achieve them and what we learn in the process.

I learn something from every performance I see. Hopefully, some of these things make their way onto the page, providing others with a similar opportunity. As I move down a blank piece of paper and progress from one sentence to the next, I am actively involved in an inherently creative process. A performer delivering

The reviews I write primarily reflect the way I feel about a performance, and nothing else. But these feelings must necessarily reflect the things I value in life, as well as art.

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Phippin's interpretation is intelligent enough, but a pervasive lack of inspiration robs this Long Day of it's tragic grandeur.

But a pervasive lack of inspiration robs this Long Day of its tragic grandeur. Instead, it settles for a not particularly moving level of grim domestic problem-drama. What should devastate merely compels respectful attention.

Ray Reinhardt's weaselly, blustering Father Tyronse has the right sham declamatory tone and emotional hollowness to fill out the role, but the other actors are surprisingly flat. Corey Hansen, a medium-scale wonder of comic timing as the hapless hero in Ah, Wilderness!, sustains a single vocal and emotional note of stoic resentment as the Eugene O'Neill figure here, and he dashes through the play's most beautiful sea-themed lyrical passages with the delicacy of a lawn mower.

Angela Patron, a delightful mother hen in the earlier play, seems confounded by the complexities of Mary Tyrone. Her internal monologues aren't convincing, she's allowed some posturing and gestures that verge on corn, and all her tremulous fussing seems more silly than pathetic.

Charles Dean, a longtime Rep veteran, has the odd tendency to be touching as well as hilarious in comedy, then to bland dramatic impact by going for inappropriate, glib laughs in serious roles. He can be exquisite or exasperating, sometimes within the same role. While Uncle Sid in Ah, Wilderness! accommodates his usual cynical clowning and results in one of his best performances to date, the more serious drunk act of Jamie fails to engage him; it's a rather lifeless turn, glum without insight. Curious that the supposedly easy comedy of Ah, Wilderness! should tap so much invention and skill from Berkeley Rep, while Long Day's Journey elicits such different treatment. Competent enough to be worthwhile if you've never seen this landmark play performed before, the latter certainly won't overwhelm you if you have.

At this early point in the game, the Bay Area O'Neill Sweepstakes score stands at a respectable one major win, one major semi-loss.

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Masculine male available for strong 
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A RELAXING MASSAGE
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Firm, Erotic Swedish Massage 
Massage Lotion ft Table, Hard to Beat It 
$40 In/$55 Out 75 min.
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BLONDE CANADIAN
Photo by Rene

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**ENVIRONMENTS**

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