Community Leaders Advice Rejected; Lesbians/Gays Give 63% of Vote to Agnos

by Charles Linebarger

Assemblyman Art Agnos pulled off a stunning victory in the lesbian and gay community Tuesday when voters rejected the recommendations of a majority of the gay establishment and Supervisor Harry Britt to support the front-runner with over 60% of their votes.

Agnos also got two-thirds of the vote from blacks, liberals, voters ages 25-50 and renters. And geographically, Agnos won 20 of the city's 21 neighborhoods. By contrast, Roger Boas won one neighborhood — and John Molinari, none.

Agnos barely missed election to the mayor's office by 3,300 votes. His final tally was 88,725 votes or 48.2%, compared to Molinari's 45,566 votes or 24.9% and Roger Boas' 39,769 votes or 21.7% of the total vote. Agnos won more votes than his two leading rivals combined.

Gays and lesbians voted for the assemblyman two to one over his leading rival in the gay community, Molinari. According to independent pollster, David Binder, the total results in the most concentrated gay precincts (the Castro, Duboce Triangle, North Mission, Buena Vista Park, Hayes Valley, Noe Valley and Twin Peaks) were 63.1% in favor of Agnos, compared with 22.7% for Molinari and 8.7% for Boas.

Said Binder, "Molinari did a little better in the Twin Peaks and Buena Vista Parks areas, and Agnos did a little better in the Hayes Valley and North Mission areas."

Of the city's 711 precincts, Agnos won 614, while Molinari triumphed in only 5.

Like most observers, Binder was astonished by Agnos' nearly clean sweep of the city. "The trend was showing up in the last couple of days before the election," said Binder. "What was surprising was that liberals in this city generally don't put together the moderate and conservative support that Agnos was able to do here. I mean he even got the Examiner and Progress endorsements."

At Agnos' Mission Street headquarters, hundreds of volunteers, supporters and media people jammed the building to see the candidate. These were the people who had worked the streets and the phones in one of the largest grass-roots campaigns this city has ever seen. And the eclectic crowd represented every cultural, sexual and economic strata in the city.

When Agnos appeared to speak to the crowd, he waded through the packed hall rather than slip in through a side door near the podium. Shouts of "Art, Art, Art" swept the building as the assemblyman, his wife and children shook hands, hugged friends and supporters, and fought their way to the front.
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Feinstein Gets Even on Missouri
by Charles Linebarger

The Battleship Missouri may not be coming to San Francisco, but Mayor Feinstein has seemingly not forgotten or forgiven those who raised the issue of anti-gay discrimination in the Navy last summer. Last week Feinstein fired the chair of the Human Rights Commission, Esta Solar. Feinstein’s action was followed by the resignation of Phyllis Lyon, a longtime lesbian activist on the commission.

Esta Solar’s term as a commissioner had come to an end in September, but her term as chair of the commission was not due to end until December. Her ex parte communication to Feinstein to finish her term as chair of the commission failed to come through, however, effectively stripping her of her position.

Solar told the Sentinel that apparently “there was tremendous concern [in the mayor’s office] that the Human Rights Commission had looked at the issue of human rights abuses in homosexuality of the Missouri.”

In July the commission took up the question of anti-gay discrimination in the Navy (at the instigation of Assemanian and mayoral candidate) Art Agnos. And after holding hearings, the full commission voted 14-1 to recommend that the Board of Supervisors insist on guarantees in the Memorandum of Understanding with the Navy over the Missouri that would protect gay job seekers from discrimination by the Navy.

The board, however, ignored the commission’s recommendation and accepted on a 6-5 vote a watered down amendment on anti-gay discrimination that was presented on the mayor’s behalf by Supervisor John Molinari. The Molinari amendment called on both the city and the Navy to follow their own laws and regulations regarding discrimination. It was this amendment which was termed “an impenetrable bit of verbiage” by fellow Supervisor Dick Hiongisto and “a smoke screen” by gay rights attorney Dick Gayer.

Saying she was “inspired by the brilliant success of the recent march on Sacramento,” said Feinstein of Missouri, “this march is putting all the community organizations to endorse this march and to join them in its struggle.”

Last Monday, US Congressman William Dannemeyer (R-Fullerton) submitted another ballot proposition to the California attorney general as a preliminary to a petition drive which

Gays Meet to Combat LaRouche II
by Alex MacDonald

A small group of gay activists from around the state met in Los Angeles last weekend to brainstorm ideas for a strategy to meet the latest assault on the gay community by the far right. The meeting came just after agents of conspiracist Lyndon B. Johnson filed petitions with the California secretary of state to place another LaRouche quarantine initiative on the ballot.

Last Monday, US Congressman William Dannemeyer (R-Fullerton) submitted another ballot proposition to the California attorney general as a preliminary to a petition drive which would place Dannemeyer’s initiative on the ballot.

Paul Brougham, who attended the LA meeting as a representative of Mobilization Against AIDS, described the mood of the meeting as angry and depressed, but mostly angry. Although no general strategy came out of the two-hour discussion, Brougham says that a consensus was reached on one essential point: the gay community must take the offensive on AIDS and stop spending its resources in finding off attacks. “If all the forces against us converge — Dannemeyer, Deodle, Helms,” says Brougham, “we will be beaten.”

Most of those attending the meeting worked together last year in the fight against the first LaRouche initiative, Proposition 64. They included David Mixner, who was the statewide director of No on 64; Ivy Bottini and Eric Rofes, the Southern California co-chairs of the anti-LaRouche coalition; Paul Brougham, president of the East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club; and Ralph Payne, who co-chaired SF CAN, the local grassroots organization opposed to Prop 64.

Like Prop 64, LaRouche II would mandate the enforcement of public health laws, which are now enforced at the discretion of public health officials. It declares that AIDS, which physicians regard as an infectious disease, is actually an contagious disease, a code word for “transmissible by casual contact.” Payne called the latest exploitation of AIDS by LaRouche “crude blaspem upon cruelty. After our victory last year, we didn’t think we’d have to be dealing with LaRouche again so soon. It’s very clear that we have to go on the offensive.”

Long-time lesbian activist Phyllis Lyon resigned from the SF Human Rights Commission last week. Lyon’s resignation protected Mayor Dianne Feinstein’s dismissal of HRC chair Esta Solar for her role in the anti-Missouri debate.

Memorial Day Weekend

Stonewall Organizing March on Sacramento
by David M. Lowe

Saying she was “inspired by the brilliant success of the recent March on Washington,” the president of the Stonewall Democratic Club of Los Angeles, Ivy Bottini, has called for a similar March on Sacramento for Memorial Day Weekend 1988.

The march will focus attention on Governor Deukmejian’s lack of leadership during the AIDS crisis and his “California’s best-kept secret” the hundreds of thousands of gay and lesbian citizens of California,” said Bottini.

The march, which will be endorsed by San Francisco’s Stonewall Gay Democratic Club on Monday, will focus on Deukmejian’s “blue pencil vote” style of governing, a style that predates an out-front leadership role and dealing with the issues head-on.

“The march will also bring a message to all the legislators in the capital,” Bottini said. “The message will be very clear: The anger of the gay/lesbian community has been triggered, our movement has been a sleeping giant, but it is fully awake now. Our attention is focused, and we are moving as one. We will support our friends, but we will go right through our enemies.”

“This is putting all the legislators on notice that we will not tolerate any more excuses, foot dragging or opposition to programs or legislation that will wipe out AIDS and alleviate the physical, emotional and personal suffering of those with the disease or perceived to have the disease. We will no longer tolerate being hared for being alive,” emphasized Bottini.

The list of demands in place at this time are:

- State-sponsored war against AIDS: to include more funding, research, education, mental health programs and counseling.
- Statewide nondiscrimination legislation for persons with AIDS or ARC who are perceived to be at risk.
- Repeal of the Gun Initiative.
- Statewide legislation against crimes of hate and prejudice and a commitment to enforce them.

The Stonewall Democratic Club of Los Angeles calls upon political and community organizations to endorse this march and to join them in its organization and execution. Individual

SAVE A PIECE OF HISTORY

The Sentinel

Commemorative Edition of the March on Washington is still available for $1 at our office; $2 post-paid.

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST!

861-8100

Continued on page 13
DHPG Blindness Drug Threatened
by John S. James
On October 26, the FDA's Anti-Infective Drug Advisory Committee voted 11-2 to recommend against approval of DHPG (also called Cytovene or ganciclovir) on the grounds that the committee did not have enough data to prove the drug effective for CMV retinitis. The FDA itself is not bound by the recommendations of such panels but usually follows them. A final decision may be made in as little as two to three weeks.

Tests in thousands of persons, many published in medical journals, have shown beyond any doubt that DHPG is helpful in treating CMV retinitis, as well as CMV colitis and probably other systemic cytomegalovirus infections. There is no alternate approved drug. According to the Reuters news report of the vote for rejection, CMV affects up to 98 percent of persons with AIDS and, if untreated, will cause blindness in up to 25 percent of them. CMV in a number of medical journals — was submitted the resulting data to the FDA. Because of serious side effects, mainly hematologic toxicity, the drug has been limited to those who urgently need it. It is usually given intravenously, but an experimental oral form has now been developed.

The Advisory Committee wants done-response data on DHPG from prospectively controlled trials. It will probably take years to fund, set up, conduct and analyze this research, besides gaining approval for the result. Meanwhile Synctex will presumably be allowed to continue compassionate use of the DHPG. But there is fear in the FDA that the drug could become more restricted or even unavailable, resulting in thousands of cases of unnecessary blindness or death.

DHPG has long been in a regulatory limbo. It is so certainly effective that it would be grossly unethical to do a placebo study to prove it. Yet it is very hard to get FDA approval without a double-blind study, which would usually require a placebo (if no substitute drug is available). DHPG has become close to a de facto standard therapy on an experimental, compassionate basis, a situation enormously expensive to Synctex, the manufacturer, which may not be able to bear the burden indefinitely. The result is a Catch-22 in which the drug could not be approved just because it is so clearly works and has no substitute.

The FDA's Anti-Infective Drug Advisory Committee, a group of outside scientists not employed by the FDA but selected and instructed by the agency, did not ask for placebo trials. It wants prospectively controlled dose-ranging trials, presumably meaning that patients must be randomly assigned to different doses in a standardized procedure not always responsive to the physician's judgment of what is best for the patient. Such trials may mean further restricting access to the drug in order to force persons to volunteer. Analyzing and reporting the results of compassionate use of the drug in over 2,500 patients — results also published in a number of medical journals — was not good enough, despite the fact that this experience showed beyond any doubt whatsoever that the drug is in fact effective.

The rejection of DHPG like the similar rejection in May 1987 of TPA, a major advance in treating heart attacks after they have already begun, tells the pharmaceutical industry that the FDA disfavors compassionate use and will largely ignore any information gained from such practical experience. This policy will make it even harder to get manufacturers to make their drugs available to desperately ill patients. Compassionate use is already very expensive for drug companies, a result of the federal paperwork required. If they cannot use the resulting data toward gaining FDA approval, then they have no incentive to be involved.

Discouraging compassionate use and refusing to consider knowledge gained from it will also slow the development of new knowledge by tightening the most critical bottleneck in AIDS research — clinical testing to learn exactly when and how to use the many drugs already well known to science and medicine which appear very likely to be useful in the treatment of AIDS or ARC but are not being tested by the FDA because of limited use.

One physician who has used DHPG pointed out that over 80 percent of patients treated with it improved or stabilized, compared to under five percent of those left untreated. CMV in the urine became negative in over 90 percent. As for side effects, he has noted that 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 FIOE AIDS
TDD 615-804 6600

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

GGBA Faces Shake-Up  

by Charles Linebarger  

A major retrenchment has begun at the Golden Gate Business Association. Executive Director Steven Rascher resigned at the October 13 monthly meeting after an annual financial statement appeared for the first time in years in the group's newsletter. The statement disclosed what many had charged for months, that GGBA's finances were more than shaky. Rascher resigned the directorship after the Golden Gate Board of Directors voted to close out the organization, including a restructuring of the director's position.

GGBA President Rod Palmer told the Sentinel that the group is not looking for a full-time replacement for Rascher. Palmer noted that the full-time staff position of director at GGBA was created in 1984 before the AIDS epidemic began sapping the group's financial strength. Rascher's salary was $26,000, noted Palmer, who said the organization hopes to save over $10,000 annually by replacing Rascher with a part-time director.

Other cutbacks at GGBA include a planned move from the organization's Sutter Street address to a less expensive part of the city. Rent on Sutter Street is $95/1/month, though the GGBA Foundation owns space in the group's office, saving GGBA $500 monthly on the rent. Palmer added that the monthly newsletter, which has run a deficit of about $1,000 monthly, is expected to turn a profit next month around $800. "We're selling ads in it," he explained. Former board member John Bolinger, who resigned last month in protest over the financial troubles disclosed in the annual statement, told the Sentinel he left the organization has "made the cuts that are prudent business decisions, and the organization will be that much stronger."

The Golden Gate Business Association was founded in 1975. At its peak in the early 1980s, the group claimed 800 members and a budget surplus of $30,000. Hard times began to hit in 1984 when Laurie McBride was president of the GGBA Board of Directors. McBride moved the offices from dent of office to the Sutter Street location and replaced volunteer workers with a paid full-time director. Also during McBride's presidency, the group's membership began to precipitous drop from almost 800 members in 1982 and 1983 to the 500 who remained at the beginning of 1987. McBride's presidency lasted through 1985.

The increased expenses of GGBA that began during McBride's term in office and the loss of members continued unabated through the term of office of Zohn Zorbas in 1986. According to board member Clint Hockenberry, GGBA had a $25,000 deficit when the present board came in at the beginning of 1987 and membership had reached a nadir of 500 members. Said Hockenberry, "We overestimated when times were fat, and now in harder times we have to cut back."

Boling blamed the loss in membership not on mismanagement but on the AIDS epidemic. "People's money and energy are going to AIDS now," said Bolinger. "The community's energy is going to groups like Shanti, and at the beginning of 1986 when membership stood at 654, still over a hundred members greater than it is today, many gay businesses were scared that...they wouldn't make it."

Steven Rascher discussed his resignation as director with the Sentinel. "It was time for me to move on and do something new," Rascher denied that his resignation came after the group's financial troubles were made public in last month's newsletter. Rascher said he felt it was a mistake to replace a full-time director with a part-time staff person. But it was obvious in his comments to the Sentinel that Rascher still believed that GGBA's fourth-year economic slide was a "temporary cash-flow problem."

Rascher. "If an organization is in a temporary cash-flow problem, they are not going to save a lot of money on an immediate basis by the cutbacks they've done. Also, this type of organization needs someone to represent it in the community."

Hockenberry disagreed with Rascher. "What do you need an executive director for? BALIF (Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom) has the same number of members as GGBA, but BALIF doesn't have a full-time staff person, and they have a newsletter and social events, too, but they don't have a rented office, either."

"We've been living beyond our means," said Hockenberry, "and now we're trying to come back to a fiscally responsible position."

Boling agreed. "It's hard for people to recognize that they have to tighten their belts, but 1982-83 were the last years we showed a surplus. At the apex of GGBA's income, we moved into the rented office and more than doubled our salary expenses."

While GGBA was increasing its overhead, it decided to cut corners as membership began to fall by resigning from the national association of gay businesses, NABC (National Association of Business Contacts). Does from GGBA made up as much as one-third of NABC's income, and with the loss of NABC, NABC was dissolved.

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Poll Now, Cruise Later

The Sentinel Offers a 'Surprucude' to Mexico for the Price of a Short Quiz

In an effort to better serve our readers and advertisers, the Sentinel is conducting a survey during the month of November. In this reader poll we would like to know a little more about who you are, your likes and dislikes, and your suggestions and comments for how we might continue the organization will be that much stronger."

The Sentinel is conducting a survey during the month of November. In this reader poll we would like to know a little more about who you are, your likes and dislikes, and your suggestions and comments for how we might continue to grow and serve the gay and lesbian community.

For taking the time to fill out and return this questionnaire, we are offering a chance for a 4-day Southern California Getaway to the 1987 San Francisco Gay and Lesbian Film and Music Festival and a chance to win a trip to Mexico at this year's Sentinel Christmas Party. To enter this drawing, simply fill out and return the questionnaire by December 15, 1987. One winner will be selected December 15, 1987, from a random drawing (among the names of all respondents). One entry per person. Sentinel employees do not qualify.

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SWEETHEARTS INFO: (Will be separated from reader poll.)

Name: __________________________
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Sunday's Newpaper reviews went "bustle" for the annual festivities that drew thousands of people to the Castro district.

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San Francisco Sentinel • November 6, 1987 5
Agnos Victory
Continued from page 1
way to the mayor's inauguration.

As the candidate and his family waved to the ecstatic throng under a blaze of television lights while TV and newspaper reporters swarmed to get near the winner with their tape recorders and microphones, the sense was that power had suddenly shifted in the city and that, baring a miracle, Art Agnos would be mayor in January.

"My family has worked hard in this campaign," Agnos said, raising his hands to quiet the continuing cheers. "But I'm not surprised by it. We've done it all our lives. At first just to survive in this new country," said Agnos, hearkening back to his family's immigrant roots, "but now to give something back to this country and this great city that has given so many opportunities to us.

"From the very beginning, we chose San Francisco will be affordable for this generation and the next generation of San Franciscans. We want a dialogue on how jobs can be created, of how opportunity can be created and on how we can keep the model for health care for our people.

"We are not a city ready to mark time," said Agnos. "We are a people who want to be remembered as opening up a new century for all San Franciscans. And our goal is to build a San Francisco for everybody in this city."

While Agnos spoke, Nancy Walker, the president of the Board of Supervisors, who had remained neutral during the campaign, appeared suddenly on the stage and, beaming, exchanged kisses with the candidate.

In the crowd only two other city supervisors were present — Richard Hongisto, one of the assemblyman's few allies on the board in this election, and Wendy Nelder, who surprised observers in September when she came out for Agnos. Like much of the city's official power structure, a majority of the Board of Supervisors endorsed Molinari early in the campaign when he appeared to be unstoppable.

"If Molinari get every single vote, we'll be more than happy to have Agnos," Hongisto told the Sentinel after Agnos' strong showing at the polls became apparent. "I think the people knew what they were doing. There's been a lot of money spent, and there have been debates. People have figured this out, and they are not going to change their minds over some slick advertising."

Hongisto added, "I think the gracious thing for Molinari to do is to concede and save the city half a million dollars."

However, Agnos told the Sentinel as he wound his way around the hall after his speech greeting his supporters, "No. He [Molinari] has got a right to run. He came to the race, and he should be heard in there."

Assemblywoman Mary Ann Davis, a gay Democratic clubs present.
Molinari Promises Comeback

by Alex McDonald

With less than 3,000 votes still to be counted, a jaunty Jack Molinari, trailing rival Art Agnos by more than two to one, silenced his cheering supporters and asked them, “Are we having fun yet?” The downer mood, bordering on shock, that pervaded the Molinari victory party throughout the evening vanished when Molinari announced that he was still in the running.

It was close. Molinari had seen his strong lead over Agnos erode steadily during October. Only the jokey campaign of Examiner columnist Warren Hinckle, who managed to win 3% of the votes, kept Agnos from getting more than 50% and avoiding a runoff. Agnos ended the night with 48.2% to Molinari’s 24.9% and Roger Boas’ 21.7%.

Molinari now has less than five weeks to turn it around. Comparing Art Agnos to the hapless Thomas E. Dewey, the one-time front-runner promised to do just that.

The crowd loved it. As the returns came in earlier in the evening, Molinari’s campaign workers experienced a steadily growing awareness that they had approached this election with a deep complacency. For the first time, most of them vowed to gear up and work. When Molinari sounded the theme of the coming campaign — “I am not prepared to turn this city over to those who would bring it to darkness and doom” — the crowd responded with “Run, Jack, run!”

Before it became certain that a runoff would even take place, AIDS activist Bill Paul commended on the stunning Agnos triumph. “The results,” he said, “may allow a lot of people to overcome complacency and realize the drastic nature of the change that could befall the city. It’s a question of a very powerful political machine that wields all the power and all the positions in this town. They’re not pluralists.”

Paul thinks the Molinari defeat can be turned around. “I think that people may comprehend that it [An Agnos victory] may be a historic change in which outsiders and outside money will finally take over the city, machine money. The implication of that is that we won’t have a government devoted to indigenous interests, but one devoted to larger ideological concerns and outside interests. I don’t think the electorate fully understands the ideological and intolerant nature of the [Agnos] machine.”

“I am not prepared to turn this city over to those who would bring it to darkness and doom.” — Molinari

Boas Still an Enigma

by John Wetzel

Roger Boas, who pinned mayoral hopes on a vigorous west-of-Twin-Peaks showing in Tuesday’s election, admitted that he remained an “enigma” to lesbian and gay voters to the end.

In Castro districts, Boas trailed a distant third to both of his chief competitors, John Molinari and Art Agnos, who will match off for the seat December 8.

Garnering an impressive 21.7% of the vote city-wide, Boas said he had supported gay causes in the past but his lack of recognition by gay voters hurt him in the end. Boas supported have been buoyed by late polls showing the candidate could be in the running himself for the December showdowns with Agnos. Boas missed the mark by only 2.8 percentage points.

“I think I’ve been given a fair hearing by gay voters,” Boas said. “My positions on issues of concern to gay men and lesbian women are not different from those of Jack’s and Art’s. “But they have been walking the political vineyards in the gay community for so many years while I have been working more in the background. I’m really an enigma and that probably hurt,” he said.

Boas said his positions on AIDS testing and other issues would be viewed positively by gay voters but that he had not been able to put them across effectively in the gay community. In an early evening interview, Boas said that, had he made the runoff, he would have sought more gay votes.

From early in the ballot-counting Tuesday evening, the candidate hoped on Molinari’s second-place running, leading both Agnos and Molinari in the city’s more conservative districts. But it became increasingly clear that Boas would not be able to beat Molinari, as Boas’ supporters had predicted.

In a well-received advertising campaign, Boas had presented himself as a tough candidate. One Molinari supporter attributed Boas’ successful run to voters perceiving him as likable. It seemed clear that Boas managed to achieve the best that the moderate vote had to offer. Not so clear was whether Boas’ showing ended moderate support for Molinari, or whether Molinari will regain that much-needed moderate support from the Richmond, Sunset and Marina.

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Hinckle Celebrates ‘Victory’

by Edward A. Robinson

At the Tosca Cafe in North Beach, there was a victory party for mayoral candidate Warren Hinckle even though everyone there knew he wouldn’t win. But the Examiner columnist did win a different kind of victory, he fulfilled his original objective in entering the race.

His 3% of the vote forced a runoff between Assemblyman Art Agnos and San Francisco Supervisor John Molinari on December 8, he asserted.

Intense scrutiny of Agnos’ and Molinari’s as well as an issue-oriented campaign, said Hinckle, “will make the runoff healthier for the city.

After the runoff,” he said to well-wishers and friends in the dimly lit back room of the Tosca, “this town is going to be cleaner because we ran this campaign.”

Hinckle told the Sentinels he decided to get into the race because he was “dissatisfied with the candidates. I knew there would be no real discussion of the issues.” He added that his campaign “livened it (the race) up, brought the issues out into the forefront.”

He feels the end result of his run for Continued on page 14

Examiner columnist/mayoral candidate Warren Hinckle discusses his 3% showing with colleague Rob Morse

noting to be quite different. The one-on-one comparison of Art Agnos and Jack Molinari and their approach to governing the city will be scrutinized by the voters. There will be a different turntable factor in December, and I think you’ll see a lot of people switching. I think the bandwagon has been stopped, but only by inches.”

If Molinari can repeat among San Francisco’s voters the turn around in mood that he wrought among his supporters at the Fairmont on election night, Thomas E. Dewey may be re-membered yet again on December 8.
EDITORIAL

A Lightning Rod Retires

There's no need now for Jerry Falwell to walk point and be the lightning rod... Sometimes you get tired of being the lightning rod."

— Rev. Jerry Falwell

In 1979 Rev. Jerry Falwell founded the Moral Majority to encourage evangelical Christians to take part in politics. Their agenda: to impose a conservative moral creed upon hundreds of millions of Americans. In 1980 Falwell and the "spiritually" motivated Moral Majority worked hard to elect Ronald Reagan as president. For seven years Reagan has governed without concern for the "poor in spirit." He has left more Americans hungry, more Americans wandering the streets homeless, than any president in 50 years. Falwell preached about peace while supporting an administration that stubbornly continued to stockpile nuclear weapons built with funds from an ever-growing deficit.

Falwell preached about love while condemning the rights of ten percent of humanity to express their love as they chose. This figure reflects only gay and lesbian people. If you add to it the millions more who fall outside the narrow parameters he deems acceptable, it is apparent that these outcasts constitute the true "majority."

Falwell preached without compassion about people with AIDS, promoting a God of vengeance rather than confronting a medical fact: AIDS is a virus, not a weapon; it strikes indiscriminately.

LETTERS

Milk Spirit

To the Editor:

A revealing incident took place at 18th and Castro last Saturday at 8 am. Some flyers had been put up on the Hibernia Bank by the AIDS Action Center. Some flyers had been put up on 18th and Castro last Saturday at 8 am. Some flyers had been put up on 18th and Castro last Saturday at 8 am. Some flyers had been put up on 18th and Castro last Saturday at 8 am.

When Stonewall people arrived, they made the flyers a part of their display, so the flyers stayed up all weekend. An hour later the vice-president of the Harvey Milk Club arrived and immediately tore down all the protest flyers on his side of the building, replacing them with big Agnos posters.

There was more than enough space for a couple of the little flyers, but the Milk Club seemed the thing that nothing should distract the community from their effort to elect a straight politician.

This kind of arrogance toward little grass-roots civil rights groups and their tendency to attack other gay groups are among the reasons why many of us see the Milk Club as having abandoned the true spirit of Harvey Milk. They should learn a little tolerance and respect toward their brothers in the gay community. There is a lot more to the gay and lesbian community than electoral politics.

Jeff Southam

Look Closely

To the Editor:

If you want to know what a candidate will do after being elected to office, look at what the candidate does beforehand.

On Monday, October 26, Jack Molinaro and five of his colleagues voted against the 70% of San Franciscans who are renters who wanted and needed more protection against unjust evictions and unfair rent increases disguised under other names.

Not a very radical bill — just common sense to people who still see rents doubling and more.

Supervisors Molinaro, Gonzalez, Silver, Hsieh, Kennedy and Maler voted to back to come up with a bill that had been before them for nine months.

The following letter was sent to the editor of Newsweek.

Dear Sir:

I was surprised when I received my October 18th issue of Newsweek and discovered that you failed to cover a story that is very important to millions of your readers. The preceding weekend between 250,000 and 700,000 people went to Washington, DC, to protest for human rights.

Where were you? I would like to know.

It is true there were two AIDS-related stories in that issue — and they certainly deserved your coverage — but they were stories that could have easily been postponed for a week or two. For the hundreds of thousands of gays, lesbians and their friends who marched on our nation's capital, AIDS is only one issue of concern. It is your lack of recognition of these other issues that is so disturbing.

You should understand that there are many other issues that should be addressed by our society. When a person loses a job or is denied housing because of "sexual preference," that is discrimination. Gay and lesbian Americans are trying to point out that we deserve the same rights that black Americans fought for two decades ago. The rights that white Americans are so accustomed to that they take them for granted.

I have decided to take this opportunity to renew my subscription to your magazine. I will encourage my friends to do the same.

Steve Merlo

Halloween was a shot across the bow for this young man who pulled off a great imitation of comedian Pee Wee Herman.

— Rev. Jerry Falwell
It's Not Over Yet

I have just one thing to say to those people who supported John Molinari in Tuesday's general election, as well as to those who didn't: It's not over yet.

As Art Agnos himself proved, five weeks is a long time. Five weeks ago few observers gave him any chance to come out in the lead, much less a dominant leader. In the last two weeks of the campaign there was a huge shift in undecided voters. And John Molinari was nearly crushed by the historic San Francisco pattern of the left and the right squaring out the gay in the middle.

But it takes a clear majority to win as mayor — that's why they have runoff elections. Over the course of the next few weeks and even weeks, that astonishing vote shows the importance of every vote. And John Molinari was near-out in the lead, much less a dominant leader. In the last two weeks of the campaign there was a huge shift in undecided voters. And John Molinari was near-out in the lead, much less a dominant leader.

But Molinari will immediately begin doing two things. He will begin to point out that the two most important factors were image: largely created by snippets observed in televised debates, and organization. John Molinari will immediately begin doing two things. He will begin to point out that the two most important factors were image: largely created by snippets observed in televised debates, and organization.

There are several indications that issues were not the determining factor in making up the minds of the electorate. Most noteworthy was the overwhelming defeat of the initiative to turn district elections on the ballot. If there has been a more disappointing result of an incredible grass-roots campaign that continues to attract more volunteers. It's also a tribute to undying dedication to fiscal conserv-vatism, those voters have consistently supported the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-popart. Thanks for taking the heat when some of us had to temporarily put one foot out of the kitchen to contend with the subtle pressures to which we were subjected. You have done the lesbian gay community a great service and we are honored to have been a small part of that effort.

Lesbian/Gay Pride

I'm proud to report that our community has since once again that we are issue-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues campaign. We took the time to evaluate the positions and chose to support the progressive agenda. We sent a resound-ing message to some of the "old guard" lesbian/gay political establishment that we are working for a new direction. Hopeful-ly, they will take the advice of long-time lesbian activist Virginia Appuzzo who taught us to "listen to the community, for they possess a great wisdom." The message is they don't need to be led, they need you to provide a conduit for their wisdom.

Big Winners

The Harvey Milk Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club which now stands on the verge of becoming the most powerful and influential political organization in San Francisco.\n
Big Losers

The Alice B. Toklas and Stonewall

Getting Things Done

"Stunning," "powerful," "astonishing," "miracle," "storybook," "overwhelming," "sweeping," "incredible." Those are the words being used to describe Assemblyman Art Agnos' victory on Tuesday. The strong showing was a result of an incredible grass-roots campaign that continues to attract more volunteers. It's also a tribute to undying dedication to fiscal conserv-vatism, those voters have consistently supported the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-porting the candidate who ran an issues-oriented by overwhelmingly sup-popart. Thanks for taking the heat when some of us had to temporarily put one foot out of the kitchen to contend with the subtle pressures to which we were subjected. You have done the lesbian gay community a great service and we are honored to have been a small part of that effort.

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Democratic clubs will suffer a credibili-ty crisis as the community perceives that the leadership fails to reflect the true feelings of the community. They'll have trouble convincing voters that they are acting in the community's best interest instead of on behalf of their own self-interest. Harry Britt is perhaps the biggest potential loser of all, and that's a real shame.

Continued on page 10
The Hardwick Vote That Got Away

When Justice Harry Blackmun wrote his eloquent opinion in the case of *Hardwick v. Bowers*, he thought it was going to be the majority opinion in a case striking down Georgia's laws against consensual sodomy in private. But at the last minute, Justice Lewis Powell changed his vote and Blackmun's opinion became a minority dissent. Justice Powell has since retired. Last week, President Ronald Reagan almost gave us the needed fifth vote by appointing Anthony M. Kennedy to replace Powell.

Press reports indicate that Kennedy had the nomination locked up until lower-level attorneys at the Justice Department called Senator Orrin Hatch and Jesse Helms to tell them that not only was Kennedy soft on gays, but that he might also recognize a fundamental right of privacy on abortion. These senators besieged the White House with last-minute calls, and Attorney General Ed Meese also started backing off on Kennedy, a judge of the Ninth Circuit US Court of Appeals.

Reportsedly, these attorneys prepared side-by-side contrasts between Judge Kennedy's opinion in *Beller v. Mildenhall* and the opinion written by Justice Robert Bork in *Dredge v. Drennen*. Judge Kennedy upheld the constitutionality of Navy regulations providing for the discharge of those engaging in homosexual activities. In contrast to Bork's opinion, however, Kennedy was not "anti-gay" enough for Meese and his buddies. Bork had specifically stated that there is no fundamental right to engage in homosexual activities.

Kennedy took a different approach in his 1980 opinion on the subject: "We recognize, as we must, that there is substantial academic concern which argues that the choice to engage in homosexual action is a personal decision, entitled, at least in some instances, to recognition as a fundamental right and to full protection as an aspect of the individual's right to privacy."

Kennedy, however, denied the appeal of three sailors, including one lesbian, on grounds that he felt were peculiar to being in the Navy and supposed need for a different discipline. "We recognize that to many persons the regulations may seem unjust..." he apologized. Kennedy then went on to distinguish his opinion from the larger issue faced in the *Hardwick* case: "We decide at the outset," he wrote, "that this case does not require us to address the question whether consensual homosexual conduct is a fundamental right..."

Kennedy listed just about every case that has ever decided the question against us and then seemed to state his opinion on those cases: "We can conclude arguendo that the reasons which led the Court to protect certain private decisions..."

Let's hope that Reagan's insult to the American people, the nomination of Douglas Ginsburg, a judge with only one year's experience, goes the same way that Bork's did. Maybe they'll have to appoint Kennedy after all.

Municipal Court Judge Herb Donaldson, who was arrested at the civil disobedience at the US Supreme Court, received a call from NewsCenter 4 last week explaining that they had received a "tip" from an anonymous person "in law enforcement" who told them about the judge's arrest. Donaldson agreed to an interview with Channel 4's Wilson Van Alst, who asked all the appropriate questions about arrests and judicial ethics to be good. Van Alst told the judge at the end of the interview, off-camera, that "I really admire your courage..." He then proceeded to do a rather favorable TV clip broadcast that night. Van Alst told his audience that although several judges had told him that they wouldn't have done it, the presiding judge said she had no problem with it. The presiding judge, of course, is lesbian Mary Morgan, who had marched the previous Sunday at the DC protest. Donaldson's good showing on the tube only restored the positive aspects of the event to local viewers and the anonymous telephone tip should remind us all that there are people out there just wanting to trip us up.

When I wrote about the civil disobedience for the Sentinel's commemorative issue, I stated that I hadn't seen any public defenders at the Supreme Court protest. That's still true, but I am informed that Assistant PD Susan Shali was among those arrested, so the record is now "straight." Also, several weeks ago, when I called the受理台 opened by openly gay assistant PDs, I neglected to list the newest one. Steve Whiteman. Maybe I should quit trying to list names!
An Open Letter to Bobbi Campbell

Dear Bobbi:

I have been invited to speak at the Grace Cathedral Day of Remembrance, a day to honor those who have died of AIDS, and I will speak of you. I want everyone who has not known of you to learn of your pioneering work. We must never forget what you have accomplished, and we must never forget your spirit that guides me and many others.

In my eyes you have become a legend. And "what becomes a legend most?" — or what is most becoming of a legend? Integrity. A willingness to stand up for the truth, no matter what the consequences. You lived the truth as you spoke it.

I first met you in the spring of 1982. You needed a place to live and you were interviewed to live in my household. You had found your purple spot while backpacking in the fall of 1981 — one of a few men to be diagnosed with GRID. "Gay-Related Immune Deficiency." I was moving out — running to Pennies on the Dollar in the summer of your own first year of fatigue and mysterious neurological symptoms would vanish with a "change of scene." I didn't know you before your diagnosis, but I got to know you as a humorous, witty, campy, insightful and courageous human being — an individual who seemed to bring all the lessons of your 20 years on this planet to good use. Your illness magnified your quest for the truth, stretching your life, as well as those you touched, until your death in August 1984.

You spoke out at a time when not everyone wanted to know about AIDS. How valuable your health column in the S.F. Sentinel was back in '81 and '82. Sometimes I chose not to read it — afraid to admit what you were saying. But I think of you as Martha as much as I ever will. "The father of our nation of People with AIDS." And "what becomes a legend most?" — or what is most becoming of a legend? Integrity. A willingness to stand up for the truth, no matter what the consequences.

I thank you to George Washington — the father of our nation of People with AIDS. But I think of you as Martha as well. Today is Halloween, but you knew as well as anyone that it doesn't have to be Halloween to dress as you please. You often added flare to "serious" conferences and meetings by coming in a nurse's outfit as Florence Nightingale, RN, or in a nun's habit as a Sister.

Bobbi, you taught me that every day is an opportunity to celebrate life. Every day is, in fact, a birthday — a new beginning. In February 1983, you celebrated your birthday by hosting an ice-skating party, remember? I had returned to SF from Provincetown. My symptoms had not disappeared, and I was feeling sorry for myself, fatigued and full of anxiety. A skating party seemed too strenuous, or, ah... too much fun. The day of the party you simply said, "Tristie, you are coming, aren't you?" I replied, "I guess so." Here you were "dying" of AIDS, and I was debating over whether to attend your birthday party. That night you emerged as Queen Elizabeth in a white chiffon gown and bladed white pumps. On that day a '60s ice-skating trio was born: Frannie Fettuccini and the Pasta-matics wore baby blue. An ice-capade extravaganza! Another beginning!

It was also that spring that the first Candlelight March was held. You were one of the organizers, and the theme was "Fighting for Our Lives." You continued on.

He didn't know his own strength.

But it didn't stop him from using it to overcome cancer.

The healing powers of a strong will and positive mental attitude is more than a myth — it's an accepted (but under explored) medical reality substantiated by the remarkable similarities of traits found in those who survive life threatening disease. We grieve the losses of so many. But we continue on.

I have learned that grief is the expression of love lost. We continue to fight for our lives. In our hearts and in our minds may we all understand that you and I — and all of us — will survive.

Love Everlast,
Tristie
LETTERS
Continued from page 8

one of the largest demonstrations since the '60s, both Time and Newsweek didn't feel it was newsworthy enough to cover the event. As most of us were aware, the march was not only for gay rights but also served as a protest to the government that more funding for AIDS is still needed. This last motive was made very visible by the huge quilt with the names of people who have died of AIDS stitched on it. You might think this in itself would have been worthy enough for a sentence or two in Time or Newsweek, but it was ignored by both magazines!

I feel strongly that it is time for the gay community to show Time and Newsweek that if they can ignore us, then we should ignore them! If you subscribe to either or both magazines, cancel your subscriptions! Get your friends to cancel! Let's hit them where it hurts most - the pocketbook.

Harvey Jones

An Art Fan
To the Editor:
I'm writing this letter of thanks prior to Tuesday's decision, not knowing whether the recipient will or will not be the next mayor of San Francisco. I wish to thank Assemblyman Art Agnos for finally taking the initiative to draw attention to the fact that many of the issues brought forth during the campaign are issues of interest to the Bay Area in general, not just the city of San Francisco alone. Because of the faith I have in Mr. Agnos' commitment to many of these vital concerns, I look forward as an East Bay resident to seeing him follow through on this belief. There are many fine individuals from over here eager to see some comprehensive responses to very important issues. And because of his special commitment to issues of equality and fairness, those of us involved in gay and lesbian concerns are particularly happy.

Alton D. Shore

Foundation Falters
To the Editor:
While Alan Cranston's and Pete Wilson's votes on Jesse Helms' amendment banning federal funds for gay-oriented safer sex literature were inexcusable and reactionary, it is also true that much of the gay community has not aggressively challenged government restrictions already in place on the distribution of such literature in California.

As reported at the end of September, the California Republican Party is calling for the prosecution of the Harvey Milk Lesbian & Gay Democratic Club and the San Francisco AIDS Foundation for their distribution of graphic, safer sex materials. But in fact, the San Francisco AIDS Foundation has agreed to limit distribution of safer sex materials from their office voluntarily, going so far as to sign a contract with the state which prohibits distributing sexually explicit materials by the foundation paid for by state or private funds. In fact, the AIDS Foundation receives critical funds for important AIDS programs.

This capitulation by the San Francisco AIDS Foundation set an unfortunate precedent, which may have allowed Cranston and Wilson to duck their responsibilities and vote against AIDS education funding for the gay community.

At any rate, part of our gay leadership saw fit to cut a deal with Deukmejian's administration, and whether or not that was the correct decision to make, it was not a decision they can be proud of. One would think they could have informed the lesbian and gay community how we were being coerced, and then allowed the community to wage a campaign against this unconstitutional censorship.

Perhaps some of the energy certain activists have put into confronting Cranston and Wilson can now be channelled into a discussion with the San Francisco AIDS Foundation regarding our community's struggles for freedom of speech, press and association as it relates to safer sex literature.

The San Francisco AIDS Foundation must be credited, of course, for its many achievements, but its reluctance to take on Governor Deukmejian and his administrative cronies has proven shortsighted and dangerous. Regardless of its stature, the AIDS Foundation must be at least as accountable to our community as the politicians whom we elect to represent us.

John Meling

Judgment Day
To the Editor:
I went to the Board of Supervisors meeting to see how they would vote on the Tenants' Protection Package. Old St. Mary's Housing Committee put together a really fine rally in front of City Hall at noon. It is a shame that the supervisors didn't take the time to come out and listen to what their constituents had to say.

Sitting inside that chamber, I watched the politicking go on with Jack Molinari prancing about like an old city boss sewing up the votes to defer. And Harry Britt sick as ever, making it appear that he is all for this proposal while he knew well in advance that he will not put his necessary votes to put this tenants' rights package to the test. He deferred to Carol Ruth Silver who proposed deferring ad infinitum. Harry knew that Silver would do that.

You know, the thing I hate most about politicians is that they sometimes think we are really stupid. Oh, they put us on the back and tell us they are for us, while they wheel and deal behind our backs to posture themselves for some political favor from the candidate they are supporting for mayor. However, I mentally noted as I glanced about the boardroom who I was going to vote against come the next elections. Hopefully, by that time, we will be guided by Proposition P and put our own voices into City Hall.

Richard P. Bonstein

Oral Observations
To the Editor:
While I don't agree that the SF
Continued from page 18

Don't give up anything.

Now you don't have to suffer in tight pants for style or re­sort to the athletic look for comfort. Now you can have both. Wear ChiPants. ChiPants don't have that knot of scorns in the crotch that most pants have. They have a panel of cloth called a gusset instead. ChiPants have no tightness, no binding. They look good and they're not baggy. You can move in ChiPants or just sit in perfect comfort. We designed out the restriction, but we left in the "cool." 100% cotton in several styles. Come by and try.

CHI PANTS
San Francisco: 3889 24th St., Mon-Fri 11-7; Sat 10-7; Sun 12-5; 641-1360
Berkeley: 2112B Vine St., Mon-Sat 10-6; Sun 12-5; 441-3607

Sarah Finnegan
Shanti Emotional Support Volunteer

The sense of isolation in the gay community connected so strongly with my own experiences, that I knew my future included Shanti.

Overall the most powerful lesson I have experienced has been my opening up to fear and confronting it.

My clients and friends with AIDS have been wonderful teachers in this regard. Now I am known a joy and thrill about my life that wasn't there before my work with Shanti.

Volunteers needed. Call today for more information.

12 San Francisco Sentinel • November 6, 1987
critics charged the move to abandon the
ations in Seattle, San Diego, Atlanta,
the country before its funding was cut
Continued from page 3

Lazere. recalled the work that the
organization's misplaced priorities dur­
rine existence, but several are. They were
said Lazere. ''Not all of those are still in
in Houston. Milwaukee and other cities."
Continued from page 3

The resignation of Rascher has already
and long overdue — to put the organ­
GGBA has taken the steps necessary —
to in gathering this story agreed that
The reason he [Doolittle] is not going
demands for massive increases of
that a petition drive for an initiative
may not be needed. Initiatives can find
their way to the ballot through a vote of
the Legislature. They still have a chance to
On that point, at least, Doolittle and
Dannemeyer worked out the ideas
for his initiative with consultation with
State Senator John Doolittle (R-Sacramento), according to Doolittle
aid Stan Devereux. Doolittle, how­
ever, will not cosponsor the initiative.
"AIDS should not become a political
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Warren Hinckle with his trusted companion, Bentley.

Hinckle
Continued from page 7
mayor will be a more progressive and open four years. "The point is," he said, "the runoff will be healthier than the last three months."

Because he is not a politician, his campaign was interpreted as a statement — a "jab at the establishment, not a battle between public relations-generated images."

He cites his performance in the second mayoral debate as the crowbar that cracked open the political lid and adds that he had been invited to the first debate sponsored by the League of Women Voters, he "would have broken it open a lot more."

But a financial supporter of John Molinari who asked to remain anonymous disagrees with Hinckle.

"I think his effect on the race has been minimal," he said, while sipping a coffee and whiskey, the Tosca's specialty. "He really hasn't been in a position to truly debate the issues because he's so low in the polls."

Hinckle's campaign treasurer, Bob Mulcrevy, shouted to the candidate as he entered. "Thank God it's over." Hinckle smiled. But when the campaign began, Mulcrevy said Hinckle "wanted to show he could get a certain amount of votes."

"Hinkle got his 3%," he said. "A vote for Hinckle was a vote from Agnos."

Out of the upwardly mobile crowd emerged a familiar face in SF politics and law enforcement — Sheriff Michael Hennessey, an old friend of Hinckle's who was re-elected to a third four-year term.

"He brings a necessary sense of humor to government," he said. "In politics, no one can give or take a joke. He would have changed that."

He laughed but then added that Hinckle did make a very positive contribution to the race.

"He brings a necessary sense of humor to government."

— Hennessey

Asked how he would fare under a Hinckle administration, the sheriff replied jokingly. "I'd probably be out of a job."

He laughed but then added that Hinckle made a very positive contribution to the race.

"He brings a necessary sense of humor to government."

— Hennessey

These young men, facing a lull of creative inspiration and a possible excess of steroids, dressed as "very hot buffed boys" for Halloween.
The San Francisco Trojans, an especially safety-conscious team, prepare for another season of flag football.

The Trojans Are Coming

The San Francisco Trojans flag football team held its first practice/tryst last Saturday at the Kezar Stadium triangle. On hand to greet the returning veterans and the aspiring rookies was Clay Maxwell, the designated team coach.

To the uninitiated, Maxwell's coaching style became immediately evident: little talk and quick action. As soon as they arrived on site, he put his underlings through the paces: running and catching, cutting and looping, bumping and shadowing.

Bernard Turner, veteran player and organizer, volunteered as spokesperson for the press-shy Maxwell. Turner, who is unable to compete this year due to a severe knee injury, gave his observations of where the team wants to go and also recounted some of where it's been.

Formed in 1984 by a group of gay men interested in flag football, the team quickly captured the community's interest with its plans to play against San Francisco's Sheriff's Department in what was dubbed the Charity Bowl — aptly named since the proceeds of the match would benefit the charities designated by each team.

It turned out not to be the best of arrangements, however. Turner explains: "The sheriffs did little or nothing to assist in organizing the game. We [the gay] did all the work, got everything organized, advertised the game, got our people to attend — and then they wanted half the money." Turner was clearly annoyed by this recollection.

"It's not fair," he lamented, "even the [Sheriffs'] man Boosters are responsible for providing game-time refreshments and managing team equipment; in addition, there is, on occasion, a "card team" led by Jeff Eaton. They are also involved in the difficult task of fundraising, an ongoing process for any amateur sports enterprise.

Money Scores Big

The budding team has high hopes, and only hard work and hard cash will see them come to fruition. At some point, the Trojans hope to look beyond the immediate financial crunch, the Trojans hope to look back at the last year. They eventually catch on and don't seem to mind.

The Trojans proudly include in their roster, who doubles as the team's assistant coach on defense, offered a plan for the Trojans' 1987-88 season. Parks points out that the Pilsner Inn "was anxious to become a sponsor." And he was very receptive to the idea that a consortium of sponsors could be organized as a joint sponsorship. Bernard hopes that "anybody with ideas or especially with money will contact him." He's open to suggestions. The Trojans have donated their proceeds from the Charity Bowl to the AIDS Emergency Fund, and they hope they can be in position to continue their good work for charities, while providing recreational activity and community pride for San Francisco.

Trojan Mania

The Trojans are seeking new players for their expanded roster and invite anyone interested to attend the practice/tryst held this Saturday at the Kezar Stadium triangle (at Arguello and Lincoln Way). Potential sponsors wishing additional information can contact either Bernard Turner at 558-8282 or Clay Parks at 821-1851.

SPORTLIGHTS

DUKE JOYCE

The San Francisco Trojans are a viable league of flag football and hopes his club can gain entry into that program. Parks added, "The San Francisco Trojans at Moscone Field are well into their season play, and it's too late for us to join this year." However, he continued, "We hope to have scrimmage games with some of these teams.

Being Themselves

When asked how the "gay" Trojans were perceived in this assumed straight environment of hostile aggression, he chuckled: "We just carry on and do our thing, ya know, like hugging and kissing when we score a TD. They eventually catch on and don't seem to mind." The Trojans proudly include in their numbers the Trojan Boosters, a support group for the Trojans. Headed by Paul Trefger, the team's publicity, the Trojan Boosters are responsible for providing game-time refreshments and managing team equipment; in addition, there is, on occasion, a "card team" led by Jeff Eaton. They are also involved in the difficult task of fundraising, an ongoing process for any amateur sports enterprise.

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Southwest Airlines

Victorian Pub

Mixed Bar

Everyone is Welcome

Thursday Night Special

Non-Sexist Night

Happy Hour Prices

Beverage

FERRY FAIRIES

Access to Angel Island can only be by ferry, and the FrontRunners have arranged a ferry service from San Francisco departing at 10:00 am from Pier 43½; purchase tickets there. The ferry returns at 3:30 pm. The highlight of the day will be a huge picnic with a "bring your own" potluck-style buffet. Bring a beverage; bring a friend; bring a bike. For further details, contact Jim at 922-1435.
Voices in Your Head: Now Breathe Deeply

Have you been hearing voices in your head lately? Well, thank God for that, dear; otherwise, you’d be dead. We’re always chattering away inside there — from the instant of awakening in the morning and on into the outer-space flights of Dreamworld. But do we ever really stop and cavedrop on ourselves? Rarely, I’m sure, and probably with good reason.

A few years ago I started listening to the magnum opus of my ongoing mind, and it was a fright. I felt as though I was doing the dog paddle in my very own hot tub. I couldn’t keep up with the flow, though it seemed at times a perfectly bottomless and sourceless mountain of madness and anxiety. Just trying to get a handle on it was a constant and futile chase. It’sgrabbed it and it’slet it elude, the damn thing would slip coyly away; another spring would gush forth, and another and beneath that, another, sometimes all of them flowing through at once. Sleep would not deter it, drugs would not sedate it, and sex would only fire it up further. So there I was, singing and grasping and waving, and help, and the Lubegard was not on duty.

Now you’d think that given all this self-generated cacophony, I would have tried to balance it out by creating an external environment soathen to my poor whipped soul. Not a bit of it. I kept poaching gasoline on the flames, I seemed to have been whipped soul. Not a bit of it. Like pouring gasoline on the flames, I seemed to be a self-generated cacophony, I would have been able to come to this point until I had thoroughly screwed up everything touched, but once I was certain that I’d reached the dead end of the limit. Stumbled, fell, cried Uncle, let go and took it on the lam. Christ, what a relief stumbled, fell, cried Uncle, let go and took it on the lam. Christ, what a relief.

This is a sobering question, usually asked when dandering from the end of one’s own rope. For myself, the calling into question of everything I thought, and believed was at first terrifying. But finally liberating and cleansing. I wasn’t able to come to this point until I had thoroughly screwed up everything touched, but once I was certain that I’d reached the dead end of the limit. Stumbled, fell, cried Uncle, let go and took it on the lam. Christ, what a relief.

What’s the rest of me? This is a sobering question, usually asked when dandering from the end of one’s own rope. For myself, the calling into question of everything I thought, and believed was at first terrifying. But finally liberating and cleansing. I wasn’t able to come to this point until I had thoroughly screwed up everything touched, but once I was certain that I’d reached the dead end of the limit. Stumbled, fell, cried Uncle, let go and took it on the lam. Christ, what a relief.

What’s the rest of me?

"Where’s the rest of me?"

Remember when I mentioned looking at your nose? Well... that’s it. (Huh? Snoring coke?) What I mean is that your nose in your brain. It’s breathing, and breathing and being in love with it is everything and yourself. It is.

That is imagine ourselves to be very tiny, then drop down into a notch as a child in a secret cave at the ocean... and breathe there. Crouy into that private space and feel the cool breezes flow in and out like the endlessly repeating waves that come and go and come again. This is pure sweet heaven, and it is the breath of everything that breathes, and everything breathes. It’s the breath within the calming center, the still point within the turning wheel.

What you are talking about is something much simpler, perhaps not quite as spectacular, but in the end more satisfying... because it is always there, and doesn’t keep you up all night, and you never come down from it.

The secret of my karmic turn around is this: You know Heloise and her helpful hand. I’ve been channeling this entity who claims to be the real Heloise, and, honey, her hints are changing my life. She’s been coming through with some invaluable advice on hair balls in my plumbing and crap in my groin. You just never know what to expect, they’re too trivial to be included in so serious an article as this. If you write to her, however, one of her latest revelations last night she asked, “Heloise, do you have a message for those cards that I can put in my article?” and she replied in the most caressingly beautiful style of your lover will disappear this week... and nothing but the truth. You’ve had so many secrets packed up inside for so long, you have the right to explode. Such honest revelations will stimulate magick, magic, and your lover will disappear this week... and nothing but the truth. You’ve had so many secrets packed up inside for so long, you have the right to explode. Such honest revelations will stimulate magick, magic, and the breath of everything.

Remember when I mentioned looking at your nose? Well... that’s it. (Huh? Snoring coke?) What I mean is that your nose in your brain. It’s breathing, and breathing and being in love with it is everything and yourself. It is...

Actually, the secret of my karmic turn around is this: You know Heloise and her helpful hand. I’ve been channeling this entity who claims to be the real Heloise, and, honey, her hints are changing my life. She’s been coming through with some invaluable advice on hair balls in my plumbing and crap in my groin. You just never know what to expect, they’re too trivial to be included in so serious an article as this. If you write to her, however, one of her latest revelations last night she asked, “Heloise, do you have a message for those cards that I can put in my article?” and she replied in the most caressingly beautiful style of your lover will disappear this week... and nothing but the truth. You’ve had so many secrets packed up inside for so long, you have the right to explode. Such honest revelations will stimulate magick, magic, and the breath of everything.

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Part I (Sentinel, October 9) gave an overview of the experimental AIDS treatment AL 721, also called egg lecithin lipids. Part II (Sentinel, October 23) answered specific questions, such as how to use AL 721 and where to find buyers clubs or distributors. Part III includes survey and more technical information.

Surveys of AL 721 Users

Three surveys have asked persons who are using AL 721 about their experience with it. All are finding comparable results.

This writer mailed a questionnaire to the 898 subscribers to AIDS Treatment News in July 1987, and then I published the results in issue number 39 (in the Sentinel on August 28). Of the 147 completed questionnaires we received, 110 were from persons who had used some form of AL 721 for at least three weeks. Only the soy-based "home formula" and the all-egg product distributed by New York's PWA Health Group had enough users to allow meaningful statistics. Of those using the soy variety, 43 percent found it helpful and 22 percent not helpful; with the egg version, the percentages were 58 percent helpful and 8 percent not helpful. The remaining persons in both categories were those who checked "uncertain" or otherwise expressed uncertainty, said it was too early to tell, or left the question blank. For more information on this survey, see AIDS Treatment News, number 39.

The PWA Health Group in New York did a telephone survey of 168 randomly-selected purchasers who had used the lipids for two or more months; it summarized the results in a two-page breakdown dated September 22, 1987. 42 percent of the 168 described themselves as better, 43 percent as the same; 12 percent said they were worse (or had reported to die), 4 percent had discontinued the lipids. The percentages total 101 instead of 100 because of rounding approximations. Eighty-eight of the 168 people had AIDS; 43 percent of those with AIDS reported that they were better, 39 percent the same and 18 percent worse. 45 percent of people had ARC; 36 percent said they were better, 42 percent the same, 9 percent worse, and 13 percent had discontinued the lipids. Of the 31 people who were HIV positive but described as healthy and asymptomatic, 46 percent reported that they were better, 39 percent the same and 18 percent worse. Results were not yet available, but the impression of those doing this study is that it is only one still open for participation. If you are using any version of AL 721 or substitute, you could help by filling out a questionnaire available from Project Inform, (800) 334-7242 within California, (800) 822-7422 from other states or (415) 928-0293 from anywhere. Project Inform is particularly interested in long-term information from persons using AL 721 or any substitute for three months or more.

Technical Background

AL 721, a form of lecithin, consists entirely of a mixture of three substances, all of them extracted from ordinary egg yolk. These ingredients are phosphatidylcholine ( abbreviated PC), phosphatidylethanolamine (PE) and neutral lipids (NL), which are ordinary fats similar to those found in butter and olive oil, but from egg yolk instead. AL 721 consists of a 7:2:1 ratio, 70 percent NL, 20 percent PC and 10 percent PE (hence the name, "AL" stands for "active lipid.")

AL 721 is a brown, viscous liquid at room temperature. It readily disperses, but does not dissolve in water. Laboratory tests by the Israeli developers of the mixture found that the 7:2:1 ratio had a much greater effect on human white blood cells than other ratios tested. AL 721 removed cholesterol from the cell membranes, increasing the "fluidity" of the membrane, the degree to which proteins and other molecules can move freely. AL 721 is believed to make it harder for lipid-coated viruses to infect the cells, but it may make it less able to infect healthy cells — probably by removing cholesterol from the lipid coat of the virus.

When dispersed in water, AL 721 forms tiny spheres visible with an electron microscope. These spheres are believed to have the neutral lipid in the center and a layer of PC and PE one molecule thick on the surface. In the laboratory, this spherical structure works especially well for removing cholesterol from cell membranes, changing the fluidity of cell membranes toward the more fluid-end of its normal range.

What happens when AL 721 is eaten and digested? Most physicians believe that the spheres would be broken up and the three ingredients absorbed separately into the bloodstream. Many think that AL 721 could not possibly work because it would be separated into its three components and treated by the body like ordinary food. But the fate of ingested AL 721 is poorly understood; it may go into the bloodstream as the spheres, or it may work anyway even if it doesn't. The theory which says that AL 721 could not work is far from in- fallible. It is not unusual to have kept many physicians and scientists from giving this treatment the attention it would otherwise have received. Some professionals suspect that and others are taking a wait-and-see attitude, but the purpose of this essay is to show how AL 721 could work even if none of the others have received.

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Appendix I: Hepatitis and Phospholipids

The US. patients with hepatitis are usually told that there is no specific treatment. But in Europe and elsewhere, a number of published studies, including double-blind trials with dozens of patients, have shown that phosphatidylcholine, one of the ingredients of AL 721, is clearly useful in treating several kinds of hepatitis, including acute hepatitis A and B, and HBsAg negative chronic active hepa-titis. Few of these studies have been published in English; they seem to be largely unknown in this country.

Most of these trials have used "Essential Phospholipid" ("Forsen Forte," Norttemann, Germany), which contains several common vitamins, mostly B vitamins, in addition to phosphatidylcholine. The dose used was about three grams per day, some-times less. The studies found improvement in clinical condition, laboratory parameters and absence of rashes in patients receiving the phosphatidylcholine, compared to controls.

We don't know how the polysaturated phosphatidylcholine in the Norttemann preparation compares to the kind of phosphatidylcholine in AL 721 or to the kind in ordinary soy lecithin. ("Phosphatidylcholine" refers to a class of closely related substances, not to a single chemical.)

These studies do not prove that AL 721 could be helpful for persons with hepatitis, although they suggest that it might. But their results do strengthen the case for AL 721. Probably orally administered phosphatidylcholine can be effective as a treatment for hepatitis — as shown by controlled, double-blind trials. We are not aware of any studies which failed to show any benefit.

Four clinical studies are cited in the references (Aitha and others 1985, Jenkins an others 1986, and Visco 1985) but published in English; they seem to be largely unknown in this country.

For a packet of technical information on hepatitis and PC, including an un- published English translation of the Kosina paper which was published in Czech, send a large self-addressed envelope with 90 cents postage to: John S. James, PO Box 41256, San Francisco, CA 94114. For a copy of this article, including the references, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me at the same address.
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**AID S FOUNDATION**

The San Francisco AIDS Foundation has purposely decayed any of us, there are certain facts that lend a large measure of validity to Re. D. Jackson's assertions that there is no statistical correlation between AIDs transmission and oral sex.

Specifically:

1) Two significant long term men's health studies (one at UC Berkley, the other in Canada) isolated groups of men within the study who had been exclusively oral for seven years or longer. To date, not one man in these groups has converted from negative to positive antibody status, despite the fact that many have continued with unprotected oral activity, including ingestion of semen.

2) While studies of female sexuality in the US have estimated that less than 5% of heterosexual women engage in anal sexual activity, an overwhelming percentage of women infected with the AIDs virus as a result of sex with infected men have admitted to frequent anal sex.

3) I know of four men among my acquaintances who were regular patrons of the baths and sex clubs in the late '70s and early '80s, often having as many as 15-20 encounters per weekend. All four are aware of or have seen the obituaries of former sex partners who have succumbed to AIDS. All four are antibody negative...and all four have been exclusively oral for years.

4) Almost every man I have spoken to in the past two years (friends, bar acquaintances, co-workers) who claim to be antibody-negative attribute their status to having been primarily or exclusively oral in their sexual activities.

It is interesting that this type of information has not been more readily shared with the community in general. Based on the evidence, but without necessarily promoting promiscuous behavior, perhaps it might be time for the SF AIDs Foundation to revise and update the safe sex guidelines to find a new status for coitus.

Brian O'Hara

**DHPG Threatened**

Continued from page 4

treated dozens of patients and never had to discontinue the drug permanently; sometimes he had to stop temporarily when certain blood counts became low.

The same physician also noted that today many more AIDS patients are outside of major medical centers, making it much harder for them to obtain treatment by compassionate use.

The costs of taking care of these people will greatly increase, he pointed out, if the public does not realize what is happening because those close enough to know are afraid to speak up. They fear the public will respond with political euphemism for placebo, as the AIDS Foundation has purposely deceived any of us.

**PLUS**

- Aids to the brain, the mind and the nervous system
- Aids the body to heal itself
- Aids the liver to detoxify
- Aids the body to return to a state of health

**LIVING OASIS**

- Aids to the brain, the mind and the nervous system
- Aids the body to heal itself
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**LETTERS**

Continued from page 12

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Brian O'Hara
Hi! My name is Joseph Younes. I know I'm not really Norma Jean Baker. But I like to think I am and sometimes I dress up like her even though my hairy chest ruins the effect. I know my life could have been simpler and easier than it is now, but I had to do what I did at the time and this is how I turned out. I'm not completely well (not too much), but it really hurt along the way and I think it hurt the most because it always seemed like I was trapped in situations I just found myself in and there was only one choice I could make (usually disastrous) and no others.

I shouldn't have turned out the way I did. I only had to find myself and spend my mother went to college. My brother's a dentist. I'm the black sheep of the family. I guess you could call me square, for a change of pace. It was supposed to be just Norma Jean on a collision course, but Norma Jean's finally grown up.

My father always said I was too romantic as a kid. He used to call me "Norma," which my mother said wasn't going to help anything. "My name's Norma Jean Baker!" I'd scream back at him. The first time I fell in love was with a real person named Rick. I was sixteen. We were such opposites that we got along perfectly for once. He was six feet tall, very masculine with broad shoulders and a muscular body. I was short, skinny, kind of hunched over and I was afraid of someone was going to hit me. Rick wanted to take care of me, which was fine with me because I wasn't doing all that good of a job myself. I found myself slowly changing in his direction after a while. He knew I was hustling Times Square, but it didn't bother him and after a while I stopped doing it because I knew it would make him happy and proud of me.

I didn't notice at first that while I was becoming more like Rick, he was turning into a raving queen. All of a sudden he started sounding more and more like Rick. He was using some sort of plague to infect a guy like that. One night when his voice squeaked like Janet Mansfield while he was prancing around our apartment, I realized I had to get away from him for his own good.

I thought I'd go to the Anvil for a while and put my hand on his cock and kiss me. I used to be pretty much of a stereotype, slightly queeny. Make that very queeny. I thought of me ordering someone to do something I wanted to do. So I started getting aggressive right off the bat and threw my ice cubes at him and told him he was a sicko. My glasses are in your scum, get me another drink.

I told him his name was Joseph Younes. Norma Jean was a queen and the guy beat him and humiliated him but it was mostly a fantasy thing. He thought I was nuts when I told him I was going to be a telephone boy named Pipi. He was German for a kid's cock. Whoever was his master was going to be a total scumbag, all shaved, even his pubes. He was supposed to be giving him his own money and making him a top model with instructions for any young masters who might pick him up in the US. He was going to be a total pill on the floor and turned kicking him and calling him a bad boy. I made him lick my boots and spank him and told him that if he told on "Uncle" I'd kill his pet dog and have him sent to reform school. I pleaded for him to ask Uncle to please be a good uncle but I kept on slipping him like the instructions said. He started crying and I told him I knew it and told him to suck Uncle's dick like it was his mother's stuff. When he finally came and I was a little shocked and I told him I thought my god this was harder on me than it was on him, but then that was why I got paid. I went into the bathroom to take a piss before I left and he followed me in and wanted to be my sexual so I said OK but I usually lost money extra and of course it had to be to the longest piss of my life.

I've turned worse tricks, but the thing I hated about Pipi was having to be so mean to him. It was much easier when people were getting off being mean to me because I could get away with it. But I had to be truly cruel to make it work for Pipi and then I actually got into my part in the whole fantasy (aside from the money aspect of it) and really started being there. But it didn't feel correct to me because I was being so mean to him. I kick him so much I was shaking like a leaf but he was still smiling and laughing because he was suppressing it and it was all wrong.

I got home I just had to dress like Marilyn to soften things up. I really thought I was going crazy because I never let tricks upset me no matter how much they hurt or hurt others. One of them had pulled a private part of me into the proceedings and that had happened before. I told myself I was powerful and I made myself feel so bad. I always felt like I was being hurt and needed everybody to be nice to me. I didn't want to hurt her and kiss her and tell her everything's going to be all right.

As I look back on it, it's been a funny way to live. It's been nice to say things to people because I know Norma Jean was abused in a way and even though it looked so mean to me when I was there on the scene she was hurting inside and needed everybody to be nice to her to take the pain. She needed some kindness in you, too because she made you just want to hug her and kiss her and tell her everything's going to be all right.

Continued on page 22
Transformative Mysteries
A Primer on the Grateful Dead for Aficionados, Initiates and the Wholly Uninformed
by Steve Silberman

After 22 years on the road, suddenly the Grateful Dead are a marketable entity. Lead guitarist Jerry Garcia's avuncular visage smiles from newspaper photographs, the cover of Rolling Stone, and glossy promotional materials for the Dead's new single, "Touch of Grey," which broke unexpectedly into Billboard's Top 10. MTV recently devoted an entire day to the band, which once would have seemed as remote a possibility as an MTV special on Sun Ra.
The Dead managed to mature from a modest inception as a free-form neighborhood rock band, to global cult status, and now unto the very thrones of multiplatinum establishmenthood, with only cursory, uncomprehending, and frequently derogatory media notice. The attention the band has received lately is barely more informed, casting the band as a hippie nostalgia act, or, conversely, reinventing Garcia as one of the ubiquitous Betty Ford Center alumni — the "new" Grateful Dead for the '80s, "sounding better than they have in years," finally worthy of ink and airplay. What the Dead actually do — the historical context of their music, its diverse influences, the implications of their method — is almost never discussed, in favor of more People magazine-fodder about tie-dye and incense.
The Grateful Dead is, in drummer Mickey Hart's words, "a dance band... playing simple chord changes," but that is only one mask the Dead wears — a band with so many faces like a Hindu goddess: the polyrhythmic dance band, the electrified folk combo playing original melodies with the haunting archetypal quality of traditional ballads, the atonal chamber sextet improvising through a Jovian sound system, the sleek bluegrass locomotive at full throttle.
The Dead boast an active repertoire of over 100 tunes, but the compositions are only rough sets of coordinates to facilitate excursions into terra incognita. Built into the band's arrangements are points of release, places of decomposition that allow the players to expand or ignore the melody, alter the time, shift timbres, or even modulate into a different tune. This is nothing new in jazz, but is nearly unheard-of in rock and roll. In high school, listening to a live recording of the Dead charging from "China Cat Sunflower" into "I Know You Rider," I noticed that the band sang the verses well enough, but what went on between the verses, and especially between songs, was much more interesting: melodic themes
The band's ability to interactively interpret and integrate divergent strains of American song is unmatched. Garcia and his musical cohort, Jonathan Schwartz, have a unique capability for evoking the spirit of the blues through the power of voice and instrument. The band's delight in perpetrating any kind of music, and the act of identifying oneself as a Deadhead, are efforts which are orphaned tribes that grew out of the ground like beautiful flowers of otherness — not merely to challenge the straight world, but to grow into their own true forms.

As an example, the Grateful Dead's set list is a reflection of their polychromatic style, which incorporates elements from a variety of genres, including blues, folk, rock, and jazz. The band's repertoire is vast and ever-changing, with new songs added and old ones retired, reflecting the evolution of their musical style and the preferences of their audience. The Grateful Dead's repertoire includes both original compositions and covers of popular songs, creating a unique experience for their fans.

The Grateful Dead's approach to their music is not merely to challenge the straight world, but to grow into their own true forms. Their music is a reflection of their dedication to the values of freedom and individual expression, and their audience is a community of like-minded individuals who share a common interest in the band's music and its cultural significance.
and so nice that I asked him to be a little more patient and promised to get him up to 650.4. So I had to drop the subject. We felt like brothers right off and the night we met we spent nearly the whole night in bed. I had never less seduced me, to a certain extent, in the back of my car. Even though he was still a friend of mine and I was still really bothered by the notion of taking a girl I was interested in a date. I was quite surprised to see how much he was trying to make his money on the streets. It seemed to me that he was not really preparing to do anything and that he was just trying to get away from the facts of his life. I said I didn't think he was doing anything wrong, but you can't be with it a hundred percent all the time. When we got to his place later that night I tripped into my trick mode and started oohing and aahing without saying anything. I wrote a paper about seventeen pages on that, twice as long as any other kid I kept thinking I could do so much better than Canner on arm negotiations and I could be the first woman president of the United States. Back then I just thought I could do that, but I didn't do it.

I forgot to mention that at this time I went back to school and was studying political science. Of course I missed a few classes with the hours I kept. But I did a lot of studying, for me anyway. I think was final said he couldn't understand it because whatever I was thinking about those tricks and humiliations and bad moves I'd made weren't just in the past. I was in the present, so I asked her what I should do about all the sights I saw in my life. If there was a turning point in my life, I guess it was the day I went to the psychic, but I'd just space out and realize that he'd done anything wrong, but you can't be sure so you pull in and the snowballed around for a while. That scared me because I couldn't be sure the explosion, but I was sure if it didn't I was going to be stuck with all the pain tending like an open sore for all the world to see.
Timeless Currents

The exhibition "Myth/Ritual," on view now at San Francisco Camerawork, unites seven photographers whose work variously explores the currents of myth and ritual, past, present and future. The variety of the photographs included is indicative of the importance — indeed, the centrality — of myth and ritual to the artist.

Two of the photographers trade heavily in the now greatly devalued stock of our predomi­ nantly mythic Christianity. Julie Ault's color photomontages consist of vernacular representa­tions of Christ, the Holy Family and various saints (evidently lifted from greeting cards or other "found" sources) painted onto large, colored astronomical and meteorological photographs. The image of a kitschy Jesus in Gethsemane praying above a swirling hurricane cloud is worth a few chuckles; but this kind of imagery, which one sees everyday on telephone-pole flyers advertising the latest garage band, doesn't pack much punch. Ault's attempts at the truly revelatory insight of surreal­ist juxtaposition (the tawdry crucifixion of a trio of roasted chthonic nature. They dance-like ceremonies, performed a ritual magic which locking of certain mythological forces that may still reside below our most basic survival instincts. Rafael Serrano (no relation to Andres) creates a mythology of原始 myth — Christianity. Julie Ault's attempts at the truly revelatory insight of surrealist juxtaposition (the tawdry crucifixion of a trio of roasted chthonic nature. They dance-like ceremonies, performed a ritual magic which locking of certain mythological forces that may still reside below our most basic survival instincts. Rafael Serrano (no relation to Andres) creates a mythology of

Rafael Serrano: Panorama/Night (from the artist's "Fertility of War" series), 20" x 24", Ektacolor print, 1985.

and bodies and then juxtaposes them with animal and vegetable objects (eggplants, wings, an iguana) which suggest the unlocking of certain mythological forces that may still reside below the surface of everyday reality. A lizard makes a monstrous and threatening substitute for the penis that we expect to see between a man's legs, and unphotographs are refreshingly free of the cynicism which so often attends contemporary references to mythic figures. Two walls of the gallery are devoted to the work of Meridel Rubenstein, head of the photo­graphy program at San Francis­co State University. These are imposing works, both visually

Continued on page 32
ACT's 'A Lie of the Mind'

Shepard's Folly

Sam Shepard can only be in his early forties, and he already carries a manly load of personal myths. He's earned respectability as the author of numerous uneven, sometimes brilliant, early experimental works and of later uneven, sometimes brilliant, full-length narrative plays. Ever since Shepard started devoting more time to cultivating his lacoic film image, however, his raison d'etre has taken a back seat. Presumably, the burden of fame make a writer think harder and slower and bigger — what with artistic maturity and great expectations to live up to.

His most recent effort, A Lie of the Mind, took sufficiently long to make its debut in New York, and then so long (four hours) between curtains that one could only assume the Magic Word had been attained: Masterpiece. New York had had to accept Shepard's chosen Son Status in American theater for an unconscionably long period without benefit of hometown premiers, given the writer's longstanding New West Coast Magic Theater royalty. Having finally won first dibs, NYC swallowed hard and accepted what it got with the cautious solemnity one might afford Jesus if his Second Coming had started off with a bit of a . . . prayf. Flaws be damned; this was to be the climactic Shepard undigested.

A Lie of the Mind, currently being staged at ACT by Albert Taizakassac, isn't the worst play by a major American playwright who's well past the excuse of youthful blundering. But it's a play by a major American playwright who's normally such an intelligent private life as to be the kind of man who, at least, could be busier — but that's just asking for some saving distraction, and I'm afraid Taka­zaucks clearly thinks the script deserves a respectfully straightforward interpretation. He's normally such an intelligent director that one can forgive his displacement of sincerity as, well, just a momentary quirk to be filed away in the resume.

Shepard's Folly has been far worse. He lends the tin­ny sprawl of the text a certain roughness that does what even the most vindic­tive satirists rarely achieve — it makes a proven talent's entire vocabulary of weighty themes seem pretentious and absurd.

Abandonment, patricide, incest, estrangement, the slings and arrows of affection, Love Itself all parade across the stage as mechanically as the stunts of an old sitcom, a throwaway, inviting our cynical derision. Its characters not only fail to deliver the goods but, as well, fail to introduce them fully. Language intended to evoke primal rhythms of recognition somehow only gives an innocent painful hokum. "How can you still want a child that really tried to kill you?" Beth's brother asks.

A Lie of the Mind is so dementedly bad that one struggles to explain it with a leap of faith — maybe it's all a big joke!

We know they need each other. They're separated by a long and lumpy kitchen-sink dramatics suddenly thrown together. There are flashes here and there of Shepard's old wicked breadth even as stylized arche­types. Their story has no detail, no background, no beginning or end, just a very long and humpy middle. If the dueling duos of Foot for Foot and True West (man/wife and brother/brother, respectively) seemed to regress into the yuks in a Neil Simon broad joke:/big joke! Maybe Shepard's got­ten away from poetry, even sappy — or that they're not meant to be poetry. This is my father. This is the yuks in a Neil Simon broad joke! This is my father. This is the yuks in a Neil Simon broad joke! "How can you still want a child that really tried to kill you?" Beth's brother asks.

Jake (Lawrence Hecht) has beaten wife Beth (Nancy Carlin) bad this time. She's in the hospital. He thinks (wrongly) she may be dead. Jake freaks out, which appears to be his usual course of action. Beth, seemingly brain damaged by the beating, seems deep acting fancy.

We know they love each other. We know they need each other. We know they'll probably kill each other outta pure love 'n' need. The stage may afford Jesus if his Second...We know they need each other. We know they'll probably kill each other outta pure love 'n' need. The stage may afford Jesus if his Second

Continued on page 32
Eartha Kitt Purrs, Pouts, Satisfies
Rich Rewards

It's wet and miserable outside. My shoes are still damp when the spotlight comes up and Eartha Kitt bounces onstage. As she launches into her rendition of Stephen Sondheim's "I'm Still Here," the problem seems to disappear. In the middle of this "Garden Path to Hell" and "How Could You Believe Me When I Know I've Been a Liar All My Life," Kitt serves up her classic "I Want to Be Evil" with the delightfully malicious intent that has become her trademark. With all the growling, purring and pouring goin', it's easy to overlook the strength and quality of Kitt's voice — but she has never sounded better than she does today. The notes are full and round, both at the top and bottom of her substantial range, and her unique delivery makes it impossible to confuse Eartha Kitt with any other vocalist.

Kitt employs a clipped, almost Jamaican speech pattern, frequently spending through lyrics in a throw-away manner before picking up a word or a single syllable, and slowly torturing it into submission. She goes from naively to nasty, chauvinistic to sadist. In a series of songs that have obviously been selected to highlight her unique personal style. In "Old-Fashioned Girl," Kitt applies a lilting, girlish style. In "Old-Fashioned Girl," Kitt applies a lilting, girlish

she remarks "After all those songs I sang in the '50s and '60s, they didn't give me a gold record until I was 50." Better late than never, as they say. In the late '60s, when Kitt brought Lady Bird Johnson to tears by publicly criticizing her husband's policies at a White House luncheon, she saw her sources of employment in the United States evaporate. Undeterred, she took her act to Europe, working and living abroad for several years while America learned to forgive, if not forget. For the better part of her life, both before and after this incident, Kitt has been on the road playing night clubs and cabarets, or touring in theatrical productions. It is not an easy living. A few years ago when I saw her at the Plush Room, the doctor had just given her a shot of penicillin for bronchitis. Two hours later she was on stage. It was not one of her best performances, but it established quite clearly that Kitt must sing for her supper. She is not a performer who does one or two "star turns" a year just to keep her name in the public eye. Eartha Kitt is working woman, one of a vanishing breed of female vocalists that may never be replaced.

We now live in a society of MTV, compact discs and concerts held in football stadiums. There are few entertainment venues left like the Venetian Room, and few first-rate performers like Kitt who are willing (or able) to produce two shows a night, six nights a week, for relatively small houses. It's highly improbable that Whitney Houston will ever pay enough dues to belt out "All By Myself" with authority; but when Kitt sings it, you know she's been there.

Although Kitt's life provides ample opportunities for maudlin self-pity, she passes them up and you walk away from her show with a feeling of optimism. Her works and presentation leave the impression that she views life's challenges as opportunities for growth. The final song of the evening, "Here We Live," is a toast to the audience, full of conviction and promise. Earlier references to the time she was picking cotton in South Carolina are replaced by the image of a sophisticated woman, lifting her champagne glass to the audience and smiling. Kitt seems to have found herself while simultaneously carving out an enduring career in show business, but it is an audience who reaps the reward.

Earth Kitt continues at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room through November 8th with shows at 9 and 11 pm. For reservations call 772-5163.

Tina Turner may bill herself as "the hardest working woman in show business," but no one has covered the territory quite like Kitt.

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Mark Morris in Berkeley
A Clever Young Man

Mark Morris and his group of 12 dancers came and went last weekend, presenting two different, very remarkable evenings of modern dance at Berkeley's Zellerbach Hall. And, although it appears that Morris, at 31, is still something short of a mature genius, it also seems that modern dance will never be quite the same again.

Morris' talent is amazing because he does so many things that a modern choreographer is not "supposed" to do. He starts by exorcising modernism's legacy of ennui and boredom: there's never a dull moment in a Morris dance. Each piece is crammed with choreography and frequently punctuated by narrative wit; his dancers execute a complex machine existing movements with rapid-fire precision and a youthful, good-natured earnestness.

But this is only the beginning of Morris' assault on the status quo. His dances always take their cue from the music (a heretical idea for most moderns), and the result is dancing that's intentional, dancing that seems to have a purpose, a source of motivation. Morris' musicality is, indeed, very exciting news.

Motivation. Morris' musicality have a purpose, a source of...
Barfly

Barfly grows on you—like a fungus you'd expect to encounter in its dirt-streaked, mildewed interiors. Whether or not you'll accept this paeon to the down side of life, scripted by Bukowski, and his beat poem come to life; we can have a chance to dwell on any of whatever muscle it possessed and the thread of life which reduces its initial strengths to a state of mush.

The party's over: Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway star in Barfly.

What you witness in Barfly is a movie gelling around an actor who's taking on the layers of a role with both hands.

The party's over: Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway star in Barfly.

As you're about to see in Barfly, when the action, although there's some magical and create expectation, is rather narrowly defined by what follows. When the 15-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis) runs off into an air raid and skips around the Rohan family's small patch of a front yard, exhorting her soldier boyfriend (Jean-Marc Barr) soon goes AWOL (for the Dying and Year of the Dragon, has been in danger of eroding before our eyes, but here he re-emerges as one of my favorite characters. It's a choice of pace for the reader, a stripping away of sorts of her ice lady image. Still, her Wanda is a definite thoroughbred—a "distressed goddess" but a goddess nonetheless. She and Rourke play well off each other, and there's a spark, a recognition between the two adversarial characters that rings true. When Wanda introduces herself to Henry by way of saying, "I can't stand people. I hate them... don't you?" and he responds, "No, but I seem to feel better when they're not around," obvious: these two twolifews, fellow barflies, have made me love like a bomb (one of the few episodes toward the end that pulls off—brilliantly); and, well... you get the idea.

The action, although there's no death of it, is increasingly unbelievable, resulting in no ten- sion or anticipation whatsoever for the viewer. Consequently, you have to squint hard to find a climax. hen and gravy close with Bill's voice-over intoning, "The river beckoned with the promise of stolen days," but unfortunately by this point, the film's promise has long since been snuffed by an avalanche of easy sentiment and a director's indiscriminate nostalgia for his own past. Hope and Glory is playing at the Kabuki Theatres, 1750 Gears Blvd., (at Fillmore), SF. Call 931-9800 for times.

Hope and Glory

A Review Enfants and Saint and had run out of great tidbits to tell his war stories. Bill, the eight-year-old hero of Boorman's work, is too often supplanted by his director. Boorman allows his love for this time in his life to sugar-coat the film, which reduces its initial strengths to a state of mush.

Hope and Glory is a textbook movie of whose parts are the film in its whole—a shame because some of the parts are magical and create expectation, that is rather narrowly defined by what follows. When the 15-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis) runs off into an air raid and skips around the Rohan family's small patch of a front yard, exhorting her soldier boyfriend (Jean-Marc Barr) soon goes AWOL (for the Dying and Year of the Dragon, has been in danger of eroding before our eyes, but here he re-emerges as one of my favorite characters. It's a choice of pace for the reader, a stripping away of sorts of her ice lady image. Still, her Wanda is a definite thoroughbred—a "distressed goddess" but a goddess nonetheless. She and Rourke play well off each other, and there's a spark, a recognition between the two adversarial characters that rings true. When Wanda introduces herself to Henry by way of saying, "I can't stand people. I hate them... don't you?" and he responds, "No, but I seem to feel better when they're not around," obvious: these two twolifews, fellow barflies, have made me love like a bomb (one of the few episodes toward the end that pulls off—brilliantly); and, well... you get the idea.

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PASSPORT TO LEISURE

Travel RSV CARIBBEAN CRUISES Experience the ultimate in gay travel adventures: a cruise to Cozumel in February or Jamaica in March. FESTIVE HOLIDAYS A very special gay tour to Rio for Christmas and New Years. Gay tours for Carnival in February are also available. Call for details. ANYTHING ANYWHERE ANYTIME As always we are pleased to provide friendly personal service on competitively priced trips to Hawaii, Mexico, and Europe.

Hank Irons co. "SERVING SF SINCE 1963"

San Francisco Sentinel • November 6, 1987 2
The Butthole Express

In a last-minute bolt of spontaneity, I chose to hop a Starlight Amtrak train to Portland on Friday, October 30. Many wondered why. Why leave a big city that actively searches for excuses to party prior to the auspicious and bewitching Halloween festivities?

Why leave on the night that soon-to-be-legend Terence Trent D’Arby plays the I-Beam? Why leave without bidding farewell to The Farm, the most unique, tough and necessary hardcore venue in the city, whose financially troubled doors will finally close with a pair of shows featuring the mighty likes of Sister Double Happiness, Dr. Know, and No Means No?

Why leave and miss opening day of the plodding and relentless holiday season, a two-month chunk of parties, sloppy sentiment and extended credit limits? But, above all, why leave and miss those fabulous drag queens?

I chose to skip it all for three reasons. 1) The Butthole Surfers were playing Portland on Halloween night; 2) those letters from the Zodiac Killer really had me worried; and 3) I could finally be what I most wanted to be for Halloween — OUT OF TOWN!

There I sat in the train’s lounge car, sipping the lemon-flavored Stoli I brought along for the trip and listening to a 19-year-old thug tell me how he beat up his stepfather. This Chico-bound chap tossed me a can of warm Bud and asked, “Are you in a band or something?” A woman beside me told a horrid lounge lizard that her mother died in a train accident. Behind me a man told a wide-eyed Grateful Dead fan about visiting Jim Morrison’s grave in Paris. The fan said she wanted to go there someday and “check it out.” I also spotted a teen with a feverish and exciting Walkman playing air guitar.

The train slowly rolled into Portland and the old woman, who finally initiated conversation (the weather) during the final stretch, said, “The last 15 minutes are the longest. The train just oozes into the station.” She was not only right, but also the oldest woman I’ve ever heard using that word. My official Portland hostess, Ruth, whisked me away from the station and to her home for a pre-show preparation.

If the world had ended during this show, I wouldn’t have had much to complain about. The Pine Street Theatre, a fine venue of the right size (small enough to feel intimate but large enough to draw groups like Wire, Love and Rockets, Husker Du, etc.), was packed but still comfortable. Beer was sold and consumed in a roped-off area in back with stiff ID checks. This measure allowed minors to see the Buttholes, a rite of passage that hopefully had more of an impact than killing a four-point buck or landing a part-time mill job.

There is much to be said about the boys of the Pacific Northwest who came to Portland and the old woman, who finally initiated conversation (the weather) during the final stretch, said, “The last 15 minutes are the longest. The train just oozes into the station.” She was not only right, but also the oldest woman I’ve ever heard using that word. My official Portland hostess, Ruth, whisked me away from the station and to her home for a pre-show preparation.

How does one prepare for a Butthole Surfers show, especially on Halloween? In our case, we came in hand. After the whole thing was over, though, I realized there is no way to prepare for the Buttholes’ live show. This was the fourth time I had seen them and they still stood head and gonads above all powerful psycho-grunge rock, past or present, from Hendrix to the Cramps. Theirs was a monster of a show, a brain-scrambling demon of brilliance, west. Washed clean by the rain, the crop of young men in Portland look like a farmer’s top grade livestock at a country fair, able-bodied, well marked, of substantial mass and docile, nonchalant about their awe-inspiring classical features. I started to recall some camping and fishing jargon to establish common ground if given the chance to converse with one of the stocky gents.

Suddenly the Buttholes hit the stage with a blistering version of “Cherub.” I was swept away from starry-eyed lechery and thrown into an avalanche of chemically imbalanced brains tumbling down to rock-and-roll hell. The Righteous Brothers were wrong. Rock-and-roll heaven doesn’t exist. Dead roosters are cast upon the lake of fire, like all sinners. That night the Butthole Surfers, with a bullhorn in hand, hosted an abestos beat tour of that very lake, complete with crude pyrotechnics and lots of fog.

With the best classic ‘60s psychedelic projections I’ve ever seen, the backdrop of the stage maintained a melting, bubbling motion, augmented by the trade-mark strobes I’ve come to expect from Butthole shows. The unexpected surprise was the utterly cohesive manner in which their usually irrelevant, at times unrecognizable music shot out from the speakers. For the first time, the Butthole Surfers played songs I could actually name and a few I never thought I’d hear live. A frighteningly perfect version of “22 Going On 23” ended with the band members leaving the stage amid rumbling feedback and a tapped, distorted voice repeating, “Get some sleep,” for almost ten minutes.

Gibby, head Butthole, did an incestuous, high-speed, spoken intro to one song that reminded me of the Doors’ “The End,” only Gibby went into the step-sister’s room for detailed digital

Continued on page 32

Rock Don Baird

San Francisco Sentinel • November 6, 1987
I was Halloween last night: some fun, huh? I mean — you were on Castro St. Saturday night, right? Why do you need me to tell you there were more turistas and flag-haters than drag queens and costumes this year? You don’t.

You were there; you saw the cops checking for weapons at the gates. Checking for weapons — how depressing.

Who brings weapons to Castro St.? Lemme lob a guess: how depressing.

there were more look into a ridiculous and sad motherfuckers who’ve turned it’s not gays. I mean, what are that? Christ, maybe I’m old. I castro on Halloween to make the Horse’s Arse weapons at the gates. Checking for weapons — You were there; you saw the cops checking for Weapons? 

idea of razor blades in apples. never really ever got used to the fun of drag queens. for their masculinity that they all the Dracula’s chins. 

bash a few skulls. And why not? Ah, but that’s human nature, I cleaning up. Not that we’re maids, 

mention. We’re not responsible for 

dicate a sexual proclivity, e.g., don’t. (I use “straight” not to in- 

and carrying on, about quiet 

about grieving and mourning 

about patience and patient care,

will someday learn from us all 

mind. But the blinkered fools made a mess of the place and are 

when I asked him to repeat him- 

ground, so he called me a name. I 

she later apologized — af- 

his heart, she later apologized — after he apologized for block- 

for three seconds.) Later, when we squeezed in next to a couple in the standing-room-only crowd, the tallish guy tried to shove me aside. I stood my ground, so he called me a name. I thought it was “bitch” — if so, I’d have respected him. Alas, when I asked him to repeat himself, he spat, “Dick!” I just thanked him for the compli- 

What is wrong with these people? Gays are routinely beaten up in every imaginable form — physically, emotionally, legis- 

tively — yet we manage to keep our heads bobbing above the brine and our senses of humor relatively intact. I’m not sug-

sailors (youngsters barely able to 

for the Big Blast.

it was Halloween last night: some fun, huh? I mean — you were on Castro St. Saturday night, right? Why do you need me to tell you there were more turistas and flag-haters than drag queens and costumes this year? You don’t. 

You were there; you saw the cops checking for weapons at the gates. Checking for weapons — how depressing.

Who brings weapons to Castro St.? Lemme lob a guess: it’s not gays. I mean, what are we going to do, fight each other with hair spray? Weapons, for fuck’s sake! The carpetbaggers, the slummers, the troublemaking motherfuckers who’ve turned what used to be a righteous party into a ridiculous and sad charade. Oh, the costumes looked great. They really did. It’s just pathetic to see tightly wired “straight” boys so afraid for their lives that they have to crawl down to the Castro on Halloween to make fun of drag queens.

Weapons? Whose idea was that? Christ, maybe I’m old. I never really ever got used to the idea of razor blades in apples. Weapons?

“Straights” from the Horse’s Arse

Ah, that’s human nature, I suppose: dress up, tank up and bash a few skulls. And why not? It would add a surreal realism to all the fake blood dripping down all the Dracula’s chins.

“Straight” people are such idiots; it’s hard to comprehend how they run the world. The answer, of course, is that they don’t. (I use “straight” not to in- 

dicate a sexual proclivity, e.g., heterosexuality, but rather a mind-set, an attitude, a dispositi-

on. We’re not responsible for whom we want to fuck; we are responsible, however, for how we act on that desire.) They’ve made a mess of the place and are just lucky to have us along to clean up. Not that we’re maids, mind. But the blinkered fools will someday learn from us all about patience and patient care, about grieving and mourning and carrying on, about quiet strength and all that other March-on-City-Hall kind of rhetoric.

Until then, they’ll walk into our neighborhoods once a year, bringing their frigging weapons — then they’ll sign a petition the next day to put a Prop. 64 clone on the fucking ballot. Right: our friends.

The Way We Purr

Patrick and I descended on the 1-Team Friday night for a performance by English singing sen-

or “AIDS humor” into their routines.

“Straight” people are so funny.
Take Back the Night

Finally, the days are getting shorter, the nights longer as the spheres conspire to condone the boon of nighttime and nightlife. Count me as grateful. The 20th anniversary of the Summer of Love has finally dragged its diseased carcass away from the jackals of nostalgia. May I offer a lusty “good riddance and RIP, old girl.”

I escaped the waning of the paisley with an impulsive, drug-fueled dash back to DC for the March, and found myself hunkered under darkening skies on a concrete traffic divider next to Randy Shilts, facing the White House, as the assembled swept by. Welcome to my nightmare. Shilts, slap-happy with media attention and giddy with the success of his AIDS opus, was acting like a sleep-deprived eight-year-old.

Sometimes I think Randy should never have sworn off boozing and nocturnal seclusion; deprivation twists the soul. I imbibed for the both of us. I cared back into SF with a Halloween column on my mind and was promptly flattened by an unrelenting dose of the flu.

Apologies to those left bereft. Further regrets at missing my chance to throw the awesome weight of this column’s endorsement behind Art Agnos, but I trust that every mo and less with a brain and a heart (which is to say all my most astute readers) went Greek to reclaim our city from the schoolmarm Di and her chosen, dim-bulb heir.

The time has come to bask in the beatific blackness and collaborate in colonizing the night. Personally, I expect to find Randy down on all fours, barking like a dog at a Jerry Shelfer show, with Art Agnos braying like a dog at a Jerry Shelfer show, with Art Agnos braying disproportionately celibate.

Congressional testimony and musical taste in disproportionate. True believers unite: Holly Near sings at the Great American Music Hall, Sunday, 11/8 at 7 and 9:30 pm.

Grateful Dead

Ten years back, a survey of sexual activity and musical taste indicated that Dead Heads were disproportionately celibate. Silverman tracks the Dead’s gay loyalists in this issue, and rigorous, personal investigation confirms that the ramshackle ensemble draws an embarrassment of breathtakingly beautiful young fans. But do they get it wet? These human-scale dates are categorized, and the openers stake their claim on roots reinvented and may get blown away. (Fillmore, 11/7, 9 pm, $12.50 adv./$14 day)

Holly Near

Artists like — even reveres — Holly Near. Afraid I’m not one. The carrot top with the pinched face, the poor woman’s Joan Baez; author of countless humorless, preachy, political anthems that would make even Joanie wine. She is also a dyke who doesn’t use the “T” word — currently pushing a disk of love songs all emblematically forgettable. True believers unite: Holly Near sings at the Great American Music Hall, Sunday, 11/8 at 7 and 9:30 pm.

Lyons & Ghosts, Motorcycle Boy

Two LA glass-bands, noted for glistening riffs and pretty boys who know how to use it, ascend to a club that wants to be pretentious. They better be real pret. (Kennel, 11/7, 10 pm, $5)

Beat Framers, Delgado Bros.

Since Los Lobos hit the concert circuit with their soundtrack work on La Bamba, the BF’s have risen to replace them as the best bar band in America. Count them as gruff, passionate and

believers and lesbians looking for “c-c-cursed” contemporaries ought not be dissuaded. Aesthetic misanthropes may also see godess. (Great American Music Hall, 11/8, 7 pm & 9:30 pm, $12.50)

Dumfrock, House of Freaks, Sneechnes

Three bands with lots of press and buzz get a shot at justifying the hype. Dumfrock is out of Boston where they scored the comedy band’s Number One chart spot.

Continued on page 32
The document includes an advertisement for a film festival with various events and performances. Here is a structured representation of the document:

**Documentary Evidence:** A new exhibit of photographs entitled "Artistic License, a "GUILD" documents a diverse selection of architectural preservation projects, ranging from San Francisco homes to the VP's office in Washington. Pictured above is the recently restored rotunda dome at the San Mateo County Courthouse. The show continues through January 9, 1988, at the AIA Gallery, 790 Market Street, SF. Call 362-7397.

The Bay Area Coalition for Civil Rights presents a film by Marlon Riggs and the keynote address by slide-tape presentation by award-winning film students. Tickets/info: 762-BASS or 642-7477. Telegraph and Bancroft Sts. $9 general/$7 UCB students. 8 pm. UC Berkeley Student Union.

The SF Conservatory concludes with a day-long American Art Song Festival for singers of all ages, which is open to the public from 10 am-5 pm. A recital by the competition finalists is the event's climax. 8 pm. Helman Hall, 19th Ave. at Ortega, SF. $7 general/$5 students, seniors and members (admission for recital only). Info: 665-0874.

The Homospo gay and Lesbian Waterpolo Team meets each Tuesday evening for coached workouts at the pool at Oakland High School. All levels of swimmers are encouraged. 7:15-9 pm. 1055 MacArthur Blvd. (380 to Park St. exit), Oakland. Info: 824-4848.

The Courage of Commitment: Spend an evening with two remarkable women — Dr. Helen Cadlee, founder of Women's Action for Nuclear Disarmament and Physicians for Social Responsibility, and Vivienne Verdon-Roe, Academy Award-winning filmmaker (Women for America, for the World). Dr. Cadlee will speak, and Ms. Verdon-Roe's film will screen. A champagne reception follows, 7 pm. Palace of Fine Arts, 3101 Lyon St., SF. $25/ad530/door. Tickets/info: 469-7452 or 642-7002.

James Broughton, distinguished poet, filmmaker and artist, celebrates his 74th birthday on October 1. His long-time SF filmmaker, Broughton has produced some 20 books (Esketters, A Long Overdue). The SF AIDS Theatre, 19th Ave. at Ortega, SF. $7 general/$5 students and members (admission for recital only). Info: 665-0874.

The SF AIDS Theatregroup, which is open to all persons with AIDS or ARC, holds a workshop on organization and meeting tonight. No theater experience is required, and participation is free. The goal is to develop a performance script dramatizing the members' experience in their living with AIDS or ARC. 7 pm. Info: 392-7469.


For your invited to the world's first Jack-and-Jill-Off Party! Join Miny Nombers and other sex safe stars for a night of good fun clean fun when men and women come together to prove that safe sex can make the earth move. No beans; A Recital for Soprano and Dancer. For the Harpsichord. One of the first openly gay Bay Area theater experience is required, and participation is free. The goal is to develop a performance script dramatizing the members' experience in their living with AIDS or ARC. 7 pm. Info: 392-7469.


Collins Gallery hosts a one-night opening preview of Urban Expressions: A Sense of Urgency, a group exhibition of painting, sculpture and photography. The two-night stay eight Bay Area artists (photographer Nina Glaser, painter James Humel, sculptor Judith Selby, etc.) and reflects on life in the urban environment. The opening is open to the public from 5-9 pm; the reception is from 6-11 pm. Hollis Street Project, 6500 Hollis Street, Emeryville.

1987 Aquascaphe: The SF Merionettes Synchronized Swim Club celebrates its 30th anniversary with a performance of On Broadway, an aquatic production with a cast of 70 girls between the ages of 5 and 18. Proceeds will go to the girls' families. 8 pm. Balboa Park Pool, San Jose Ave, and Havelock St., SF. $5 adults/$2.50 children (13 and under).

The Sentinel welcomes submissions of community and arts events possible for inclusion, as space permits, in our weekly calendar. The deadline is right before publication. Send inquires to: Calendar Editor, San Francisco Sentinel, 500 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.

Continued from page 23

and psychologically. They consist of palladium prints mounted on massive brushed-steel plates, which are obviously intended to function as altars of a sort. Their sculptural presence is arresting and, to further the sacramental effect, theological texts have been engraved into some of them. The photographs that are mounted on them are examined — expressions of the presence and efficacy — or lack of efficacy — of myth and ritual in the modern world.

Particularly potent for Rubenstein is the myth of the Minotaur and its ritual slaying by Theseus. A bull's skull worn by a nude male figure represents the mythological Minotaur creature in these photographs, and the artist evidently sees it as embodying the most maddening qualities of both men and women. In *Labor Day*, the Minotaur stands naked in front of a ritual fire while, around him, people in street clothes reading the newspaper (the ad for "Labor Day Sale" prominently displayed) are too busy to notice.

It would be difficult or impossible to formulate a theory of myth and ritual that would account for the work of any one of these photographers. Each of them approaches the theme in a different way, and they arrive at surprisingly different conclusions, ranging from the view of expression is irony, whose primary tactic is deconstruction, and which chooses to comment rather than prescibe. Others wander the dead-end street of a culture whose rituals have failed to propitiate the dark forces of our own urge for destruction, and whose myths have been ex-<ref>Continued from page 24</ref>

From a time (it seems long, long ago) when art was myth and ritual.

We now have art that is about myth and ritual.

myth as a hollow shell to be filled with a bleak and humorless cynicism, to a rich assurance of its continued presence and vitality.

Some of these artists share a certain new-modernist sensibility, whose characteristic mode of rediscovering — the expressive and conciliatory nature of myth and the unremitting human necessity of ritual. There was a time (it seems long, long ago) when art was myth and ritual. We now have art that is about myth and ritual.

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Should You Take the AIDS Antibody Test?

**Possible Benefits**

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

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

**Possible Disadvantages**

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

For more information about AIDS Antibody Testing, call the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Hotline at 863-AIDS (863-2437) or visit their website.

SHOULD YOU TAKE THE AIDS ANTIBODY TEST?

**GET THE FACTS. CONSIDER YOUR FEELINGS. THEN DECIDE.**

**Gospel Hummingbirds**

What more appropriate spot for a celebration of a new record release. (DNA, 11/12, 9 pm, $5)

**Club Foot Orchestra**

Psycho Souls

Endup, 11/11, 8-10 pm, free — attendees are supposed to have stenched a contract with Kaleidoscope in the UK. Get curious. Check 'em out. (U-Boat, 11/9, 9 pm, $5)

**Preservation Hall Jazz Band**

New Orleans' venerable Dixieland traditionalists boast a lineup whose median age seems to be about 180 and honk Storyville classics like men half that. Inspirational. (Plush Room, 11/10-13, 9 & 11 pm)

**Gospel Hummingbirds**

What more appropriate spot for gospel to crop up in SOMA than the Paradise. (Paradise Lounge, 11/11, free)

**Warren Zevon, X**

Zevon, like Shiels, is another reformed alcoholic, but his new LP, *Sentimental Hygiene*, is hardly a match for *Ain't Me Baby*. But *The Band Played On*. Zevon is still wickedly abrasive, but it's hard to fathom why X isn't the headline. This still ranks as an inspired pairing of LA's outlaw voices. (Berkeley Community Theatre, 11/11, 8 pm, $17.50)

**Miss Kitty and the Psycho Souls**

She's signed 'em in Dolce Alley and left 'em begging for it at the Folsom Street Fair. Here the raunchy mama promises to raise the dead. (Rockers at the Endup, 11/11, 8-10 pm, free — with $1 beers and 2 pm-4 am, $4)

**Club Foot Orchestra**

The under toilet or unfairly ignored Fellinisque originals of the Flippadoodle is ripe with wit and pathos — tonight in celebration of a new record release. (DNA, 11/12, 9 pm, $5)

**Housie deeks is a Virginia duet de a debile LP, Monkey on a Chaiung, just out on Rhino and is credited with evoking black-snake Delta blues in conjunction with antebellum porch crossing. (Audie Adams, 11/12, free) — the spooky assurance of Faulkner. Memphis Mark, when righteously irated, has been known to wax rhap-sodic about their slave-owning ancestor who looked just like him — a circumstance that demands his attendance at this set. The local openers are supposed to have stenched a contract with Kaleidoscope in the UK. Get curious. Check 'em out. (U-Boat, 11/9, 9 pm, $5)

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**GET THE FACTS. CONSIDER YOUR FEELINGS. THEN DECIDE.**
Searching for a SPECIAL GM to share my life and his home, a house, dreams, disappointments and love. He should love the outdoors not bars, long walks, picnics, holidays, flowers and want to love and be loved. Monogamy a must. I'm a brontosaurus, versatile, good-looking, professional, 4'7"/5'0", green eyes, new to San Francisco. Non-smoker. Photo, phone number and maybe an introduction will unfold. Sentinel Box 47A.

This GWM is tired of going at it alone and would love to have someone to share life's experiences with. I'm 26, tech profession, 5'7", gen ship, 160 lbs, brown hair and moustache with nice gentle classic appearance and smile. My interests include movies, music and the sport of sailing. I enjoy Western dancing, moonlight walks and quiet evenings at home. You are a stable, moustached GWM between 25 and 35. I don't smoke, do share some of above interests. We might just be friends or maybe more. There's only one way to find out (photo optional). Sentinel Box 49.

Search for the mystery personality in the photo above and win a free personal ad! Replies must be received by Wednesday following publication. Send all replies to SF Sentinel Box 200, 200 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.

HUNK SEARCH!!

Attractive, successful GWM, 30. Too busy to date, go to bars, etc. Looking for a fun, very healthy, good-looking GM, 16-25 to be my escort to dinner, theater, vacations, and other fun events and basic longevity companionship at your place. Safe sex only! I can make your finances a lot easier and your life itself a lot more fun. If you qualify respond with photo and phone (A MUST, RETURNABLE) to Steve, 554 Castro St., Suite 4, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

Black man over 45 wanted GWM, age 40-65, who needs and loves long, slow, total oral sex sessions from clean cut, caring, professional deep-throat expert. You look hot, nice, don't drink a beer and let me give you the expert you love and desire. Rep Rodger, Box 130, 370 Turk Street, San Francisco, CA 94102. All replies answered. (46)

Little Guys - Bottoms

We seek the youthful, skinny, short, rather than stocky and muscular GM, 25 and having a very strong will. If you look hot and have a nice smile and love and are desired by GMs, 25 and very handsome, 30 or over, you can attract bottom boys. If you are light weight enough to be easily manhandled, possessed, penetrated, and look lovely. Careful and thorough. Points for endurance. Three-way or take your pick (I compromise). Condoms absolutely. Sentinel Box 45B.

ORAL BUDGETS

GWM, 5'9" tall, 150, out 5', hair, friends for lots of oral. Non-smoker. Safe and mutual respect. Looks, age, size, race unimportant. No drugs, 541 or 666. Live alone, smoking GM, in my home and nice quiet evenings watching TV or X or GM, Box 45A.

Are you a person who doesn't quit all the stereotypes I don't? Are you someone alone more than you're not? Do you have a low key, average approach to life? Call me 552-5084. I'm attractive, unaffected WM, 5'11", 148. Would like to meet only honest, sensible, sensitive men 25-40, drug-free, respect you. No flakes, pick up artists, not everyone for safe sex and friendship. (46)

Strong Hand WO CLAWS WANTED

GWM, 25 years old, 5'10", 180. Like men with beard, slight gray, brown hair, blue, well-adjusted, trim, athletic. I'm a single father, figure six too over, dark hair, living alone in apartment. I'm looking for last effort before leaving my twenties and looking for a GM who wants to be friends or maybe more. There's only one way to find out (photo optional). Sentinel Box 45A.

We are not a person you don't quit all the stereotypes I don't? Are you someone alone more than you're not? Do you have a low key, average approach to life? Call me 552-5084. I'm attractive, unaffected WM, 5'11", 148. Would like to meet only honest, sensible, sensitive men 25-40, drug-free, respect you. No flakes, pick up artists, not everyone for safe sex and friendship. (46)

Help Homeless Guys

Donate yourself or science to pay for a night. See auctioneer at Gay Rescue Mission Auction, Saturday, November 15th, 7 to 10 PM at Waterfront Hotel. Auction items needed: Drop off at Mission, 1080 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. 415-874-8774.

A Chain of Being

Naked, caressed, restrained, the boy awakens your pleasure. Is your pleasure appealing to him or to you? Have your boots from his bars? Administrates slow flow of bondage discipline and love? And that's how this boy would like to awaken your desire for your impersonation? Boy is 35, 5'11", WM, healthy, handsome, trim. You are attracted by him and his training, safe and send same GM, Box 45B.

A Quantum Leap

In continuation of my ad last week. Sex and romance enhance love and sex for me. I'm 30, 5'11". Good Looking, 24, 5'11", 175, blue eyes, brown skin, muscular build, 150 lbs, liberal and adventurous. Reply with similar interest and photo. Phone 415-878-2928. Electronic Hire: Gay Men's Hotline Network.

Sonoma County Gay Man Seeks Contact GM for mate get-together. If you're young, hung and healthy, write and put your GM, I commute to Marin County. Reply: Sonoma County Gay Man, Gay Men's Hotline Network.

Sentinel had a fantal! She stopped BARFing around and checked out the Gay Men's Hotline, where she found a great man for her; she went to the Sentinel Classifieds, where she found a great man for men- men searching for not just hers, but everyone's type.
GAY MEN'S THERAPY GROUP
On-going Group
Now Accepting New Members
This group is designed to assist you in experiencing how you
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:ospitality, impotence. Dirty
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Men whose lovers have died of AIDS or who are going through AIDS.
Release feelings, receive comfort, find
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Commercial Space Available for Retail

$600 — 1 BR, 502 Hayes, #4
Hardwood floors, block kitchen and bath, curtains and shades.

$400 — 1 BR, 419 Ivy, #17
AEC & wire carpeting, tiled kitchen and bath, southern exposure. Unique.

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

$550 — 1 BR, 419 Ivy, #4D
AEC & wire carpeting, block kitchen and bath, curtains and shades.

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

Store, refrigerator included. Cable ready. First and last months rents re-
ard. No deposits. Must be employed.

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

It's for you.
Just remember 976-HERS

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

WOMAN TO WOMAN

(213) 976-HERS

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It's for you.
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Must be 18 years old to call. $2.00 + tolls if any.
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6 room flat, WD, 480, with one white male, non-smoker, Duboce Park. Call after 9 PM.
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For sharing available own room in Oakland/East Bay
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SHARE BIG FLAT
$325 own room with friendly group.
Near 16th & Valencia. No drugs.
863-2079, Don.

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Room to share — possible own room by mid-December — in Alamo Square.
Rent $150. Call Joel or Eric at 921-1380 before 10 pm.

SHARE 2-BR APT NOE VALLEY W/VIEW and Dolores — 864-4150.
Quiet gay males. Available Nov. 1. 19th floor.
Cable TV, garage, clean, share with 2 males.
Professional, masculine WM, 35, has space. $350 1st/last $50 deposit. Near wild parties. Laundry in bldg., parking in building.
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Volunteers needed for medical studies. All visits and treatments at UCSF private practice free.
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Athletically oriented massage by weight-training instructor. Competent, handsome and very muscular. Days. 431-8350

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Come to my massage: Full body — back & legs only. Call for more information. Not over 16YR. Blind, must. Call Russ anytime. * Brick 40058, add $5.00 for VISACMC. 647-0944. Try me!

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Massage by professional, extra Hung, extra nice, extra Hung, extra nice, In/Out days or even by J.J. 979-5740

PRESIDENTIAL
Fatal attraction or magnificent obsession! Magnificent attraction or fatal obsession? Your body... my hands. $20 for 30 min. 1st call: Steven 941-6789. $25: Hot Athletic, Hung nice. $25.00 4141-1054 Massage, etc.

MASSAGE

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

$45.00 9 am-9 pm 981-2391

A FREEING EXPERIENCE
You'll be1ndon1ted at the door. Special unseen hands will give you a superb Swedish/Skinit massage and balance your chakras. A very interesting, unique and effective experience. 18th & Noe. Certified, caring. $30, 3pm-8pm 864-2430

SENSATIONS!
Stretch out naked on my fur rug. Experience a warm fire, soft music and a therapeutic hot-oil massage. Let your experience a warm fire, soft music and a therapeutic hot-oil massage. Let your

WOMEN
Not Too Shy Are You?
★ $25-Hot Athlete. Hung nice ★ 101* 

PHIL 864-0649

* For men only

NARCISSTIC MASSAGE
By handsome, athletic, young Italian. Specializes in Yoga rebirthing. For appointment write: Signor Giacchino, Sentinel Box 205.

ALL THE EXTRA!
Massage by professional, extra Hung, extra Nice, extra Hung, extra Nice, In/Out days or even by J.J. 979-5740

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THINK BIG • Danish Built • 5' 1809
Blue eyed, Masculine beauty
Hard Chiseled Body
Hung, Tall tatilizing 9"
Extra Handsome, Always a Top Man
Nude Erotic Massage $50 In • $70 Out
Friendly & Fun Man
HORST 931-0309

PLEASURE PLUS
Reward yourself and revitalize your pleasure centers with a professional, nude, deep muscle oil massage by a certified accupressure and reflexology expert. I'm 29. Attractive and my nurturing massage will ease discomfort and relieve tension. Nude, deep muscle oil massage by a professional, quiet, warm environment. Non-sexual.

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

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Your every muscle will sigh with pleasure under skilled, experienced, gentle, trustworthy hands. Swedish/Esalen oil massage plus chakra balancing. Superb 10th & hoe.

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A relaxing massage will waft you away to greater well-being and relaxation. Sensual and relaxing massage will waft you away to greater well-being and relaxation.

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

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Sensual and relaxing massage will waft you away to greater well-being and relaxation. Promotes nourishment of the blood, nervous system, body and mind. Massage can be done clothed by professional certified masseur, with no oils, can be done clothed, and is effective in reducing physical and emotional stress. Treat yourself. Certified.

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Stimulate your muscles, brain, nerves, and blood circulation. Increases cellular respiration. Promotes nourishment of every part of your body. It makes you feel good! Professional, non-sexual in only.

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

William 928-6210 PW was welcomed

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in the Castro
Achieve optimum relaxation, reduce stress and tension in your body and mind. Treat yourself today to a sensual massage — a mindful performance that you enjoy. It's both hummed and wonderfully nurturing in a quiet, warm environment.

JOHN 861-0434

THE TIGER'S PAW MASSAGE
in the Castro
Achieve optimum relaxation, reduce stress and tension in your body and mind. Treat yourself today to a sensual massage — a mindful performance that you enjoy. It's both hummed and wonderfully nurturing in a quiet, warm environment.

JOHN 861-0434

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Handsome - Clean Cut
Masculine - well endowed
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5'10", 150 lbs., clean cut.

Hairy, masc., hung, big hangers, 6',3', 195 lbs., bln/blu, round the clock action.

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