A HISTORY OF GAY PEOPLE AND THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

Over the past 30 years, the US Supreme Court has registered a little-known but colorful history of gay-related cases — cases involving “lustfully stimulating” articles about young lesbians in love, about Green Berets caught naked and ready for action of a noncombative sort, about the “common knowledge” that gays had achieved high office in Congress and the Executive Branch, and about the “treacherous definitions” of the term “psychopathic personality.”

Continued on page 6
When we agreed to meet, he gave me his address and phone number.

Then he told me he had a hard-on.

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You must be 18 years of age or older
Mayor's Missouri Plan Revised

by Alex MacDonald

Under pressure from the city's attorney's office, members of the Board of Supervisors and opponents to homestepping the Missouri, the SF Port Commission approved a revised version of the Feinstein Administration's plan to provide "temporary" berthing for the battleship.

The original resolution proposed by the Administration "requests staff to make available Pier 30-32 with necessary support services to the US Navy to temporarily berth the USS Missouri in the Port of San Francisco." The revised resolution approved by the Port Commission directed the staff "to explore with the US Navy the possibility of temporarily homestepping the Missouri.

The matter is that Feinstein and the Port Commission were holding the battleship called hearings on the matter drew as much criticism as the temporary homestepping plan itself.

"This proposal didn't come from the Port Commission; it was generated by the mayor's office at an hour's notice," said a witness. "We did our best to make it a fair and cynical insult to the intelligence of San Francisco," said attorney John Wahl, who charged that access to the hearings were discriminatory.

"Police State," pg. 10. In addition to restricting access by Missouri opponents, they tried in vain to keep these hearings secret," Wahl told the Sentinel. "This proposal didn't come from the Port Commission; it was generated by the mayor's office at an hour's notice," continued Wahl, pointing out a copy of the time-dated resolution.

Wahl also contended that many people on the meeting notification list never received notice of the hearings.

Board of Supervisors President Nan- ny Walker also presented testimony to the Port Commission questioning the legality of passing a plan prior to an environmental impact study being completed.

Jean Harris, an aide to Sup. Harry Britt, represented Walker and Britt at the meeting. "Supervisors Britt and Walker oppose the homestepping of the Missouri, no matter where it's based," said Harris. "We have not lived up to our obligations to the area and other minority groups as well as address environmental concern." Harris further stated, "The two mayoral candidates made the homestepping of the Missouri's major issue during the campaign. We all know the results of the first election and how people feel on this issue.

Harris was referring to Agnes overwhelming defeat of Molinari who supports Feinstein's honoring plan of the Missouri.

Big Victory for SEC

Gay Columnist Goes to Jail

by George Mendehall

R. Foster Winans will serve 18 months in jail because of a US Supreme Court ruling this week. The former Wall Street Journal columnist ("Heard on the Street") fell from grace in May of 1984 when it was revealed that he had passed advance "insider" information on to a stock investor. The US Supreme Court ruled on Monday that Winans, 37, had practiced mail and wire fraud (8-0) and violated security fraud regulations (4-4). The tie vote had the effect of affirming the lower court decision.

Winans was accused of telephoning inside sources about "why" and operations to Peter Bear, a stockbroker. Bear was able to then buy and sell stock before the information became public — thus gaining profit. The transactions involved 21 firms, including Greyhound, Western Union and Getty Oil. The investor netted $90,000 in profits from the arrangements and gave Winans $31,000. Winans denied that he had violated federal law as the Journal did not know how much money in the dealings.

The matter became of special interest to gays on April 2, 1984. On that date, Terry Blankenship was arrested in Washington, DC, at the historic civil disobedience at the Supreme Court. Terry explains that while the shares are the pride of those more than 600 lesbians and gay men who chose to plead "profoundly guilty," the plea "not guilty" by reason of insufficiency of a defense income. The defendant chose to face trial on charges of trespassing at the Supreme Court.

Terry Blankenship was arrested at Washington, DC, at the historic civil disobedience at the Supreme Court. Terry was the first openly gay signator of the NAMES Project AIDS Quilt. This special screening at the NAMES Project at 2362 Market (at Castro) will benefit the "Terry Blankenship to Court, Not to Prison Fund." A donation of $5 is requested (or whatever you can afford).

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Thanksgiving Dinners for SF's Homeless Youth

The Castro Lions Club and Old First Presbyterian Church will jointly host this year's Thanksgiving Dinner for homeless youth (through age 17) from the Larkin Street Youth Center.

Lions Club Vice President Jeff Harlowe reports that the Thanksgiving Day festivities will be held at the Old First Presbyterian Church facility at Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Streets from noon until 2 pm. All food preparation and serving will be provided by the two host groups. According to Harlowe, HFSC Hears Hard Facts on AIDS.
LAFA Brainstorms an Agenda
by Cathy Cockrell

For two days this weekend, November 14-15, Mission High School looked like the Dyke High of many a girl's dreams: 500 lesbians talked in the cavernous hallways, spoke from the auditorium stage and applauded and kissed in its hard folding seats, and brainstormed in classrooms decorated with math formulas and photos of endangered woodland creatures.

The ambitious event was a conference called by Lesbian Agenda for Action, and "its goals were really questions," as one of its organizers, Pam David, put it. Question #1 was "How can lesbians organize ourselves to have political strength?" and #2 was "What are the issues that are central to our organizing?"

Using a series of morning talks by leading activists from the lesbian community and afternoon workshops on issues and strategies, the conference took a beginning stab at addressing these questions. Speakers included Donna Hicken, Pat Norman, Roberta Achtenberg, Gloria Anzaldua, Mary C. Dunlap, Sally Gearhart, Romo Gaya, Virginia Harris, Del Martin, Carole Migdal, Melinda Parks and Carmen Vazquez.

Each of Saturday's 15 workshops produced a long list of issues of concern to workshop members. All the lists were compiled into a single working document that will be used as Lesbian Agenda for Action begins to hold general meetings and to attempt to serve as a source of expertise and leadership for Bay Area organizing.

The age of the conference participants and the depth and breadth of political experience they brought to it were noteworthy. According to a show of hands requested from the stage, close to half the conference-goers were over 40. Introducing themselves at workshop sessions, they mentioned post political experiences that covered the gamut of "lesbian issues" as well as of progressive causes not specific to lesbians -- like registering black voters in the South, defeating Philippine dictator Ferdinand Marcos, ending the Vietnam War, defending reproductive rights and opposing the prison system.

Though the presence of women of color was less than had been hoped, the attention to racial and cultural factors in the speeches and workshops was believed by many to signal significant political development within the lesbian community. The need to address issues "until they're dead" that divide the lesbian community, to define a broad agenda and to work in coalition with other "vulnerable populations" were recurring themes of the weekend.

"As a community we've done well at building institutions that keep us sane," said Melinda Parks, a Filipina active in the recently formed Bay Area Lesbians of Color and with Frontline newspaper. "But that community doesn't protect us from the world." She said that lesbians of color have entertained that illusion less than others and that the need for an agenda that encompasses foreign policy as well as city politics "for as is no news."

Black lesbian author and photographer Virginia Harris called racism the US as a person of Puerto Rican, black, Jewish and Italian-Catholic heritage and in the straight world as a lesbian.

"We can't let go of one hand," civil rights attorney Mary Dunlap emphasized from the podium in her gym shorts and team baseball shirt. "If we do dismiss bisexuals, prostitutes, gays..."

Continued on page 12

Baez, Garcia to Perform AIDS Benefit

Singers Joan Baez and Jerry Garcia will perform a benefit Christmas concert in support of the AIDS Emergency Fund on December 17 at the Warfield Theatre. The concert "Joan Baez and Friends" will include performances by Linda Tillery, the SF Gay Men's Chorus and the SF Lesbian/Gay Chorus.

Tickets for the two-hour performance are $20. All tickets for the two-hour performance are $20. All tickets for the two-hour performance are $20. All tickets for the two-hour performance are $20. All tickets for the two-hour performance are $20.

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In the first of a two-part series, Lisa M. Keen explores the history of gay people and the US Supreme Court, beginning with "Sappho Remembered" and ending at the present moment, with the Cay Games.

The 9th Circuit held up as its primary evidence an article called "Sappho Remembered," which appeared in the banned October 1954 issue. That article, said the appeals panel, was a story about a lesbian's "influence on a young girl only 20 years of age... in her struggle to choose between a life with the lesbian or a normal married life with her 'childhood sweetheart.'"

The court panel was equally "re­volted" by a poem which appeared in the same issue, calling it "dirty, vulgar and offensive to the moral senses."

The poem, "Lord Samuel and Lord Montague,"

"is nothing more than cheap por­nography calculated to promote le­bianism."

"We are not unmindful of the fact that morals are not static like the ever­lasting hills, but are like the vacant breezes to which the mariner must often trim his sails," wrote the appeals panel, exercising its own brand of literary judgment. But One magazine, the court conclud­ed, should not be allowed to raise these postal waters.

This reporter was unable to obtain a copy of the notorious October 1954 issue of One but the December 1954 issue includes an index which indicates that the banned issue included 53 separate entries, including, apparently, quotes from Shakespeare, James Joyce, Walt Whitman, Oscar Wilde and Queen Victoria. On page 4 of the issue was a column addressing "The Law of Malibul Material," and on page 7 was an essay entitled "Democracy."

The publishers of One appealed to the US Supreme Court, and on January 11, 1958 — without hearing oral arguments and without issuing a written opinion — the high court reversed the circuit court decision.

Four years after One, Inc., the high court voted 6-1 (justice did not par­ticipate) that publications carrying photos of nude men could not be re­fused passage through the postal system. But while the Supreme Court was keeping the postal system open to gay, it was not keeping the borders open.

Between the One, Inc. decision in 1958 and the Manual Enterprises v. EEO decision in 1962, the Supreme Court refused to reverse the deportation order of a resident alien, Gandare y Meneo, Marina, according to research by Ohio State University Law School Professor Rhonda Veres, who served for failing to fill immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) of­

### What emerges in these cases is that the fight to establish gay rights began long before the Stonewall Rebellion.

**Poll Now, Cruise Later**

The Sentinel Offers a "SuperCruise"® 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 you, 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 "SuperCruise"® to Mexico, including round-trip airfare to Los Angeles. The 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.

#### CHECK ONE BOX PER QUESTION:

1. How often do you read the Sentinel?
   - Every week
   - Twice a month
   - Less than twice a month

2. Do any other people read your copy?
   - No
   - One other
   - More than one

3. What other papers do you read? (Check as many as apply)
   - Chronicle
   - SF Examiner
   - Bay Guardian
   - Coming Up
   - Advocate

4. Where do you pick up your copy of the Sentinel?
   - Bar
   - News Rack
   - Restaurant
   - By Mail
   - Other

5. Do you have a home subscription?
   - Yes
   - No

6. Overall, do you feel the Sentinel does a good job of covering the gay/lesbian community?
   - Yes
   - Please explain:
   - No

7. What is your favorite section? (Check one)
   - News
   - Sports
   - Holistics
   - Classifieds

8. What are your favorite columns? (Check as many as you wish)
   - News Features
   - Sentinel editorial
   - From the Publisher (Robert M. Golovich)
   - At the Courthouse (Ken Cady)
   - From the Desk (David M. Lowe)
   - Sentinel editorial
   - Letters
   - From the Publisher (Robert M. Golovich)
   - At the Courthouse (Ken Cady)
   - From the Desk (David M. Lowe)
   - Letters
   - News interviews
   - Sports (Okeee Jones)
   - Entertainment (Fred T. Gittendorf)
   - Centerfold
   - Classics
   - Dance
   - Drink
   - Film
   - Full Frame
   - Pop
   - Less Talk
   - Rock
   - Reviews
   - Theatre
   - Second Glance (Steve Abbott)
   - Week At a Glance (calendar)
   - Health Features
   - Health Interviews
   - Body Wisdom
   - Astrologer
   - On Guard (John S. James)
   - Healing Resources

9. If we were to increase the size (number of pages) per issue, and later and remove the classifieds to a pull-out section, would you be willing to buy the Sentinel on a weekly basis?
   - Yes
   - No
   - If yes, would you pay:
   - $1.75
   - $1.50
   - $1.00
   - $0

10. What is your normal vacation destination?
    - Near or far
    - Beach
    - Mountains
    - Lakes

11. Do you donate to gay charities?
    - Yes
    - No

12. Times per year you vacation:
    - Once
    - Twice or more

13. Where is your normal vacation destination?
    - Beach
    - Mountains
    - Lakes

14. Times per month you fill in blanks:
    - Once
    - Twice or more

15. Attend a movie:
    - Yes
    - No

16. Attend a sporting event:
    - Yes
    - No

17. Attend the opera, ballet or symphony:
    - Yes
    - No

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

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Zip:

Phone:

Please return poll to SF Sentinel Reader Poll
500 Hayes Street
San Francisco, CA 94102

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Continued from previous page

Sheilds acknowledged knowing the four persons named but said he didn’t know they were gay and never attended any gay parties. He also acknowledged having failed to list the Army’s cover officer when applying for his job. He only stayed two weeks and said he simply forgot to include the officer. As a precautionaires hearing, we were informed that the lieutenant commander, the DC police informant, nor anyone else who allegedly saw him at the parties testify. In the meantime he filed them, the Secretary of the Army had not yet removed him from the military service. But in a relative sense he was out of it. Justices William Douglass and Hugo Black of the three remaining

continued to argue about what constitutes a “psychopathic personality,” and the four justices who had disented in the First Circuit's decision were the same justices who had upheld the deportation on the technical issue. The case this time was Boutilier v. INS, involving a gay man from Canada, Clav Boulter, who sought citizenship in the US with his mother, two children, and the four of his brothers and sisters. In a 5-3 decision, the high court held that the term “psychopathic personality” was intended to exclude gays and that it was not unconstitututional.

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The Right Stuff

To the Editor:

ruled against the gay person. Only recently, as our movement
managed to keep up such great quality,
writes in the Guardian:

"The Heart of the Matter

During political campaigns, much ado is made over a candidate's position on the left-right spectrum. This year
mayoral candidate Roger Boas located himself on the right,
while John Molinaro occupied the center. Each scenario fears its counterpart; and the person in
the middle is often considered a com-
promiser, weak and ineffectual.

While party affiliation matters, most of
time it is the conservative-centralist
liberal stance on issues that garners or
loses votes.

Gay people must look beyond
popular ways of choosing candidates
and facing issues. We are a creative
group. We do not turn right or left or
middle; we look at a more basic, fundamental criteria for
achieving justice. We must become radicals.

The very term "radical" evokes im-
ages of unbalanced, fanatic leaders
like Moammar Khadaffi wandering
through the desert, planning to rule the world. Webster defines it very differently: 1) Latin, right, radical, or the
right of a plant; 2) primary, original,
axial part, or a fundamental principle; 2) marked by a con-
siderable departure from the usual or
traditional; 3) tending or disposed to
radicalize, penetrate to the core. Being radical means going beyond
the left or right or middle, but to
approach it from the radical view.

This year’s mayoral candidates are
being rated based on where they
deployed their campaign resources;
and where they placed themselves
during the campaign.

The heart of the matter is gay rights:
Gay people must look beyond
totalitarian and liberal party affiliations.
We must turn the source of our oppression into our most power-
ful way of living.

Feminism & the Politics of Sex,
I am writing this letter to clarify
what I did not say nor do I believe that I am
outraged over the lack of government funding for AIDS research.
She has none of the wit that gay
people must look beyond the party affiliation matters.

One of my closest friends was ar-
rested in a taped coat and paisley tie, an Ivy League graduate radicalized by
his deep knowledge of gay love and
goal. Another friend, a quiet finan-
cial analyst for a local bank, was
arrested wearing a T-shirt bearing the
portrait of hundreds of fine, gentle men and women who were
outraged over the defeat of SF Arts and Athletics in the
attempt to obtain usage of the term "Gay Olympics." Most of these 600
people were unlikely candidates for
HRC, but a gay man and a judge in the city. Yet he was
enough to make this public statement
on the steps of the Court, with a
phalanx of police officers behind him.
He, in fact, spent 40 hours in jail sus-
tained by watered-down lemonade and
the camaraderie of his affinity group.
When I met Scott a decade ago,
his politics were as radical as those of my
grandmother in Cleveland. But he knew that his love was good and
and an angry one at that point, is
a箩0ed enough to make this public
statement, sit on the ground holding
her love freely, and to refuse to be denied by a court of his right to live that love freely,
in the sun. Being radical is a natural outgrowth of coming out. Love
transcends politics and left-right spectrums. As gays we must turn the source of our oppression into our most power-
ful way of living.

Kudos to Camille

Camille Coyne, in her cover story on the gay rights
movement (Nov. 20, front page), was excellent. Camille
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enough to make this public statement
on the steps of the Court, with a
phalanx of police officers behind him.
He, in fact, spent 40 hours in jail sus-
tained by watered-down lemonade and
the camaraderie of his affinity group.
When I met Scott a decade ago,
his politics were as radical as those of my
grandmother in Cleveland. But he knew that his love was good and
and an angry one at that point, is
a箩0ed enough to make this public
statement, sit on the ground holding
her love freely, and to refuse to be denied by a court of his right to live that love freely,
in the sun. Being radical is a natural outgrowth of coming out. Love
transcends politics and left-right spectrums. As gays we must turn the source of our oppression into our most power-
ful way of living.
The Price of Revenge

If people want to get a good idea of the kind of mayor Art Agnos will be if he is elected on December 8, they might be interested in a remark made by Agnos' campaign manager, Richie Ross, as reported by the pro-Agnos columnist for the Examiner, Rob Morse.

According to Morse, Ross said that if there were one position he would want in an Agnos administration it would be "Minister of Revenge." Actually, it is England, not San Francisco, that has ministers. But perhaps Ross reminded Agnos as being more of a king than a mayor.

Agnos and his allies are used to handing out political punishment. When Julie Tang had the audacity to oppose Lou Papa, another former member of Agnos' machine, her name was wiped off a state card that had already paid for. Likewise, when an aide to Leo McCarthy, Agnos' mentor, backed Harry Brit for Congress rather than machine-picked Nancy Pelosi, he was promptly fired from McCarthy's staff.

So it's not surprising for people to report that punishment will be meted out to those who opposed Agnos in this election. But there are a couple of problems with that.

One problem of concern to our community is that most of the leaders of les­bians and gay organizations backed Molinari. These are people who didn't achieve their success at the hands of Molinari patronage; they were chosen for leadership positions in their various organizations. That is how they came to know and work with Molinari in the first place.

If Art Agnos were to exclude these people from access to or influence with City Hall, he would essentially be inflicting revenge on not merely hundreds of individuals, but virtually every lesbian and gay organization in our community. His attitude would force organizations to choose between loyalty to members of their community or loyalty to City Hall. That is worse than it gets.

The second problem with this revenge talk is very simple — Agnos isn't mayor yet. We still have time to remember the last time we witnessed such an open display of political revenge mentality. It was a politician who had been elected president with a huge majority and set about to "screw" his enemies.

Perhaps it is only coincidence that Art Agnos would be on several occasions said that he would reach out to his ideological opposites in the same fashion as "Nixon going to China." On the other hand, perhaps the comparison is sub­consciously more accurate than Agnos realizes.

We have seen ugly intimidation tac­tics by some Agnos campaigners in our community. Many of these people now talk about "revenge," and make coy remarks about punishing — or not punishing — opponents.

Perhaps they should remember who, in a democracy, always has the final re­venge. It is the people. Richard Nixon learned that the hard way.

With the final vote for mayor yet to take place, Art Agnos and his machine would be wise to heed that lesson, too.

FROM THE DESK

Police State

"The Missouri" at any cost" appears to be the new motto of the Feinstein administration — even if it means risking possi­ble violations of the law and seriously restricting access to information by the press.

This week's hearings before the SF Port Commission on Feinstein's hastily contrived "temporary" homeporting plan for the USS Missouri resembled a police state.

The administration, without notifica­tion, allowed only testimony from per­sons who had signed up 30 minutes prior to the meeting. I suspect sup­porters of the Feinstein plan were in­formed of this rule to ensure that remarks would be included.

The administration also invoked the little-used fire marshall law that limited access to the room to 50 people. Given the administration's knowledge that many people were interested in the issue, it was a blatan attempt to restrict testimony. If Feinstein and her ap­pointees to the Port Commission had only been committed to fair and open hearings on the matter, they would have moved the meeting to a space large enough to accommodate the an­ticipated turnout.

Besides restricting access to the hearing to a specific number, the admin­istration also selectively enforced a rotation rule. While some people were forced to stand in line to gain tem­porary access long enough to give testimony, Feinstein supporter State Senator Quentin Kopp and others were given open entry and exit privileges.

Even reporters and photographers were not granted open access to the hearings. Sentinel reporter Alex Mac­Donald and photo editor Thomas Allan were forced to stand in line to obtain temporary entry. MacDonald could not even obtain a copy of the document the port commissioners were considering or written testimony given by Supervisor Nancy Walker. Given the manner in which the ad­ministration restricted access to the press, I'm surprised you get any news at all on the hearings.

Agnos accepted the Boas endorse­ment by Supervisor Nancy Pelosi, who had come to announce his sup­port for Agnos' candidacy and was re­ceived with enthusiasm that reverber­ated off the walls of the cavernous cam­paign offices.

There is also doubt that the admin­istration gave adequate notice of the hearings with announcements of the meeting mailed last Friday catching most of the supervisors by surprise.

Now the administration is putting pressure on the Board of Supervisors to hold hearings before the end of Fein­stein's administration without any at­tempts to ensure that adequate process or adequate time for open discus­sion was available.

Attorney General Dan Lungren has warned that the administration may be violating the state's open meeting law, the California PublicRecords Act.

I am one citizen, and I'm going to respond to this. It is the duty of every citizen to let Congress know what is happening.

Let Congress hear your opinions now. Congress Com­es to Town

A congressional subcommittee will be in SF next Monday holding field hearings in the federal government's response to AIDS.

The hearings, scheduled for 10 a.m. at the Department of Public Health, 101 Grove Street, Room #300, begin at 9 a.m on Monday, 11/23.

This is your chance to let Congress
Finally, a Good Lawyer Movie!

It's happened! Hollywood has finally come through with a courtroom drama that even lawyers can enjoy. And that's not just because the public defender gets mugged at the beginning of the movie! As a matter of fact, you wouldn't have thought that Cher could play a defense attorney as well as she does in this movie.

Currently the number 5 box office attraction is Sunset, also starring Den­nis Quaid. The show gets off to a fast start with a Supreme Court Justice com­mitting suicide, a Justice department clerk getting murdered, and Cher get­ting mugged as she was in her car for a traffic light.

She then heads to court where she is appointed to defend the indigent trans­ient who has been arrested for the murder of the secretary. As soon as she gets into a holding cell with him, he smacks her on the head. Twice the defense attorney has been attacked in one day! She still represents him, of course, and maybe that's a bit illogical, but it works in the movie.

Usually lawyers cause me to grit my teeth because they are so far out of touch with reality. This movie has a major flaw in that regard — it's about the defense attorney and Quaid, a jurist in the trial, becoming aliens in the search for evidence to show that the homeless guy is innocent.

Quaid starts it off with an anonymous phone call to Cher, telling her something about her client she hadn't appeared to notice. At their first con­frontation, she tells him to bug off for four years she could be accused of jury tampering.

It doesn't stop though, since Quaid seems determined to play investigator. This is a bit reminiscent of another famous courtroom drama. Twelve Angry Men, where Henry Fonda played a juror who detected and singlehandedly convinced the 11 remaining jurors of the defendant's in­nocence. That movie made me a great admirer of the advantage the defense attorney has is to defend an innocent client. Like most defense attorneys, and Cher is surprisingly good at it, you can't help but feel sorry for her client. So it's easier to accept, at least for the movie, that she allows herself to do things for which she should be dis­barred.

The greater burden a defense attor­ney has to defend an innocent client. This is the topic of the movie, and the burden on the shoulders of the attor­ney, and Cher is surprisingly good at it. You can't help but feel sorry for her client. And then, innocent people only go to trial in the movies. don't they?

C:

After all, you can't help but feel sorry for her client. And then, innocent people only go to trial in the movies. don't they?

Once again, Bank of America is off­ering a "service" to its cardholders which give credit and ATM cards pro­tection from unauthorized use. After a three month "free" period, the cost of this service is $6.50 per card and $2.50 per card of coverage. Your liability for unauthor­ized use is set by law at a $50 max­imum per card credit, and that's only if the loss occurs before you notify the credit card company. If you only have one card, you can notify the bank and pay only one call and may not be liable for anything.

Without making a judgment on the wisdom of accepting the B of A offer, I simply re-offer this summary of your rights and ATM card rights and respon­sibilities.

You are not liable for unauthorized use of your card for 60 days after the following three conditions are met: If the card issuer (1) has notified you of your liability under the card agreement pro­vided you with adequate means to notify them of the credit card loss; and (2) has provided a means of identifying the authorized user. If those conditions are not met, then you are liable to $50 per card transaction for occurrences during which you did not notify the card issuer of the loss. If you notify them before any transactions are made, then there is no liability at all.

I am just a little different with ATM cards. If you notify the card issuer within two days, your liability is limited to $50 or $100, whichever is less, and you will probably be able to get a $50 credit if you tell them within 60 days of receiving a bank statement showing fraudulent use. If your card is not being used, then you could be liable for up to $50 if you fail to notify the bank at any amount you have on your card to protect. Count those PIN numbers!

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20 AT THE MOSCONE CENTER.

NAMES Project Executive Director Carol Tavelli said the event has been very successful for the past 12 years. "I have never seen it so well attended before," she said.

SACO March Update

The date of the March on Sacramento has been changed from Memorial Day to Sunday, May 7, 1984, to coincide with nationwide demonstrations by civil disobedience groups.

Hallmark Packs Up

The Phillip's Hallmark store on Castro just closed up and left last week. A spokesperson for the store who asked not to be identified said the store closed after the I-Beam on Sunday, December 6, 1987. The store has been open for 56 years.

I have agreed to attempt dancing for 10 hours to benefit Mobilization Against AIDS. Now I need help filling my dance card. If you'd like to support our efforts, give me a call and sign me up as a sponsor.

Maybe I'll be able to sweat off those extra pounds I've been trying to shed for the last couple of years. I have spent a lot of time lobbying on behalf of our community and its fight against AIDS. This is our way of thanking you for your support.

Call me at 863-4676. See you at the I-Beam. ■

Dancing David

This week "Care to Dance" organization with Paul Borel and Ralph Payne descended upon my office and asked me to participate in their dance marathon to fight AIDS held at the I-Beam on Sunday, December 6, 1987.

I have agreed to attempt dancing for 10 hours to benefit Mobilization Against AIDS. Now I need help filling my dance card. If you'd like to support our efforts, give me a call and sign me up as a sponsor.

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Living with AIDS Antibodies

Being Positive About Being Positive

"I feel like a leper," "I feel contaminated," "I feel diseased," "I feel dirty," "I feel I have just been given the death sentence," "I feel overwhelmed and devastated." "I have a lover and I keep wondering when he will leave me, when I will lose him."

I am frequently frustrated and angry with the medical profession for their inability to communicate more openly and directly and to see possibilities for staying healthy beyond their limited perspective focused on illness, disease and death.

At the same time, I have great empathy for the medical and scientific communities; their power and authority are being scrutinized and questioned like never before in history. Personally, I believe this is healthy for all. As we regain some of our personal power for our own health and well-being, we will have less reason to blame doctors and scientists for not being perfect, for not having all the answers.

One of the things I never seem to hear regarding the AIDS antibody test and being positive for the AIDS virus is that our immune systems are supposed to make antibodies. That is what healthy, properly functioning immune systems do. What we individually don't know is what extent our immune system is functioning; i.e., to what degree it is doing what it is designed to do — fight foreign agents like AIDS viruses.

In spite of the grim reports about the statistics about those who are positive and who have progressed into AIDS and died, I refuse to believe what we are being told. I am naive, I am unrealistic, but I also know the powerful effects these negative messages can have on us psychologically as well as physically. It is not necessary for me to quote the extenuating circumstances; we all know about the power of the mind and how emotions and stress are related to disease. Being positive is no guarantee we will develop full-blown AIDS and die.

But unfortunately, what is being heard is being positive equals death. From my experience, when people are told they are positive for the AIDS antibody, they immediately believe they have been sentenced to die. This simply is not true. We must stop perpetuating this lie. Just because the 20 people in the next room get AIDS and die, doesn't mean you or I will. We are so willing to accept the word of others who, in fact, have no real knowledge of our own working lives.

Giving Up Our Power

One of the major problems with us in this society is that we have given up our personal power to others — to doctors, to scientists, to politicians, to all those authority figures who we have decided know us better than we know ourselves, and we want to say and do what is best for us. We just don't want responsibility. This way we have someone to blame when our lives don't work. We work the system instead. We believe there is a real world of people who do not wish to assume any responsibility. And it is not just the scientists; it is even the media; the love the media worships that sick victim.

It is especially easy for us gay men to lose our power, but in the gloom and doom of the traditional medical and scientific establishments. We have lived such privileged lives for so long that it is easier to give in or give up rather than fight. After all, haven't we believed all along how innately bad and evil we are? Historically, as gay men, we have struggled to find even an ounce of self-worth in a world that says we are worthless. Add on top of this history of low self-worth, our very identity; a system that is designed to do — fight foreign agents like AIDS viruses.

It is easy to see how devastated we can become, how frightened, how helpless.

Many of us sadly would welcome getting AIDS; it would provide an early death for a life that is marginally fulfilling at best.

Seeking a Way Out

Since August, I have been offering support groups for men who have tested positive. I have seen the tragic effects; I have heard the nightmarish stories; I have felt the sadness, the pain, the loneliness and isolation of these men.

But through it all, there is an undercurrent of determination, and I have also seen the courage, the willingness to risk, to open up, to reach out, to accept what could easily be acceptable. The groups run for eight weeks, and although we begin with a short amount of time, I have seen miracles happen. I have seen isolation turn to a feeling and sense of connectedness; I have seen despair turn to hope, and fear turn to love.

There seems to be a power in people coming together and opening up to one another emotionally. It is the magic that happens when people are willing to risk and to find in others what they are often afraid to see in themselves: the beauty of being human. It is the willingness to let go of those ideas and beliefs that separate us so that we can see and discuss our very real world of men who are all in the same boat together.

In the support groups, I think many of the participants are surprised to discover what little is known about being antibody positive. The real issues are about living, about the quality of life. Being antibody positive must be seen as an opportunity. We must stop seeing the glass as half empty, and we could just as easily see it as half full.

Bill Folk is a licensed Marriage, Family and Child Counselor in private practice. He currently leads support groups for gay and bisexual men who are antibody positive and healthy. For more information about the groups, call 626-1169.

FREE

AIDS HEALTH ASSESSMENT

"No matter how healthy you feel, you need to take care of yourself and those with whom you care enough about to be sexual.

- Complete physical
- Complete blood testing (HTLV3 optional)

There is not a more comprehensive testing anywhere in San Francisco. Free. Call afternoons 431-1714. We're the Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. We're here to help. Call.

Announcing Three Luxury Sail Cruises in '88.

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**LETTERS**

**Continued from page 8**

Republicans and conservatives want to see us weakened? Well, we will stand up to and defeat them all. — Patrick A. Title

The following letter was sent to the SF Jacks.

**Savage Already**

To the Editor:

This evening, watching over your December 1987 newsletter, I saw under What’s Happening for Nov. 24:

- Pilgrims and Indians. Celebrate Thanksgiving with a Bondage/Ripoff night, learn what lack of freedom is; wear things the savages did not wear off you. There be or be spare.

I find this imagery to be extremely offensive. It is both racist and sexist. I have no problem visualizing gays rapping bops or even clothes off each other and enjoying some sort of "usage" fantasy.

But they need not fantasize at being Indians (or Chicanos or blacks) to accomplish this. After all, white gays can remain well within their own Euro-cultural reality, and still fantasize quite successfully at being savages. Europeans have been busily savaging each other for centuries.

I get over it.

Get over it.

Get over it.

Get over it.

— R. Carver

**Oscar" fantasy.**

The ad was for a commemorative coin for survivors of AIDS in the United States and to recognize that homosexuality is not a matter of being of things, but at least they’re not dumb enough to tolerate the idea of a commemorative coin for survivors of a total disease.

The following letter was sent to the Sentinel.

**A Small Protest**

Dear Mr. Muller:

On October 11th of this year, a demonstration was held in Washington, DC, to protest the current administration’s attitude of generally ignoring the crisis of AIDS in the United States and to recognize that homosexuality is not a matter of being of things, but at least they’re not dumb enough to tolerate the idea of a commemorative coin for survivors of a total disease.

The Reverend Jesse Jackson ad

— R. Carver

**Savage Already**

— The following letter was sent to the Sentinel.

**Savage Already**

...but also a memorial to all of those who have already died from this disease. The name poses. The choice not to report. The choice but a natural occurrence and that the laws should reflect knowledge of the 20th century.

The following letter was sent to the Sentinel.

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and photographed, was Joseph Smuda and Wendell Gunther enter separate stalls and engage in sodomy through a hole someone had cut between the stalls. Arrested under California’s “Oral Perversion” statute, Smuda and Gunther argued that the park ranger’s activities had violated their right to privacy in the stalls. The lower courts didn’t buy the argument, and the Supreme Court refused to review their decisions. The men were sentenced to three years in prison — all but six months of which was suspended — and five years probation.

What California called an “Oral Perversion” other states called a “Crime Against Nature.” After Smuda v. Ciu, the Supreme Court was petitioned to review 13 cases involving sodomy. The first, Delany v. Florida, was dismissed by the high court for want of a constitutional question. Florida’s law stood.

The next six cases argued a constitutional question: that “Crime Against Nature” laws were unconstitutionally “void for vagueness.” In other words, argued persons arrested under the statutes, the language of “Crime Against Nature” did not give people “fair warning” about what activities are considered crimes against nature.

Justice William Brennan, joined by Justice Marshall, argued that the high court was acting irresponsibly to uphold such broad interpretations of the words “Crime Against Nature.” “It is difficult to recall a more potent instance of judicial irresponsibility,” wrote Brennan. “For without prejudice to the Court announces today, contrary to our prior decisions, that even when the statute is charged with violating facts of itself to give fair warning, one act at least if the state court convictions. One was a heterosexual rape case out of Arizona, and the Supreme Court refused to review a decision which reversed a conviction because the defendant had not properly instructed. The second, People v. Onofre in New York in 1980, involving a ‘sexual molesting and lewd contact’ statute and engaging in same-sexual activity.

The Court of Appeals for New York, in striking the state sodomy laws, explained that it did not believe the Supreme Court’s reaffirmation of Due Dei Conveniones was “necessarily signifying approval” of the Virginia court’s opinion that the statute was unconstitutional. The New York Court decided its statute, with respect to unmarried couples, violated the equal protection clause of the Constitution. The Supreme Court, without comment, simply decided not to review the New York opinion. Some legal observers speculated that the high court simply wasn’t ready to debate the issue set. Of course, last year, the high court was ready to examine the 11th Circuit opinion that a Georgia sodomy statute prohibiting sodomy was unconstitutional, and in a 5-4 decision the high court upheld the law as it pertains to gay people.

The Freshman and the Flautist

Though they are not many, there are some decisions on which the Supreme Court has acted to protect the rights of gays like it did, however inertiously, in Ontroe. As early as 1964, it was ready to review a decision which upheld

courting to Professor Rivera, commented that he “flaunted his homosexuality” because he kissed a man in public outside his office, got “married” and was fired because he painted his hair in a manner which seemed to indicate that he was gay.

The CSC argued that Singer’s conduct ‘hurt employer efficiency in the office, an argument which the appeals court overturned. But the Supreme Court, on October 1, 1977, vacated that decision and sent the case back to the lower court to reconsider in light of recent changes in the CSC regulations. Those changes included the elimination of “immoral conduct” as a ground of discharge and of itself for firing. Singer won.

Another area of success for gay rights in the high court has been in cases involving equal access for gay groups on university campuses. As the University of Mississippi in 1977, an off-campus group lost its sail to be able to place an ad for a gay community center in the student newspaper. The Supreme Court refused to review that decision. But, in 1979, the Supreme Court also refused to review a decision involving the University of Missouri. In that case, the 8th Circuit ruled that the university was violating gay students group’s right to free speech and freedom of association by denying the group recognition and access to campus facilities. And twice, in 1978 and 1979, the Court refused to review a 5th Circuit decision which said that Texas A&M violated the freedom of speech and assembly of a gay student group when the university group refused to grant recognition to the group.

While gays battled three out of four cases involving universities, the success ratio was exactly reversed overall. Of the 54 separate petitions brought before the high court between 1957 and 1977, three out of four failed to win a victory for gay rights. Of the 16 positive decisions handed, 13 came during the last ten years.

This article has been reprinted from The Washington Blade.

### POSITIVE ANTIBODY SUPPORT GROUP for Gay and Bisexual Men

An opportunity to share and discuss Health Maintenance and Emotional Issues relating to positive AIDS antibody test results. Join our caring group. Call us for information.

Facilitators: Bill Folk, FMC/Steven Abbott, MA

CALL 415 621-5413

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IF YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO HAS ARC...

Volunteers with ARC are needed for a major treatment study.

**THIS STUDY:**

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

**CALL**

(415) 923-1656

Sponsored by Biosystems Research, Inc.

**IF YOU HAVE ARC...**

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Volunteers with ARC are needed for a major treatment study.

**THIS STUDY:**

- Is FDA approved
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(415) 923-1656

Sponsored by Biosystems Research, Inc.
It's official! Gay Games III organizers have set the dates for the third Gay Olympiad. From August 4 through August 11, 5,500 gay athletes and 3,500 gay artists will convene at Vancouver, British Columbia's parks, pools, links, theatres, stadiums and other appropriate venues to participate in "Celebration '90: Gay Games III and Cultural Festival," a $900,000 event planned and directed by the Games' sponsors, Metropolitan Vancouver Athletic and Arts Association (MVA AA).

Former Olympic Bruce Kidd, now head of the Canadian Olympic Academy, and Don Sexton, the current captain of the Canadian National Volleyball team, have lent their prestige and identity to Celebration '90 and been signed on as honorary board members. The current and former Vancouver mayors, Michael Harcourt and Gordon Campbell, are among the many politicians of the province to join in the support of the organizers of Gay Games III.

Vancouver Leadership

The MVA AA board of directors offers representation equally as impressive as the honorees. The list reads like a curriculum of any well-rounded university: lawyers, accountants, psychologists, journalists, educators, physicians, finance officers, landscape contractors, retailers and more. The seven women and six men comprising the board have adopted Dr. Tom Waddell's (Gay Games founder) philosophy: "To do one's personal best is the ultimate human achievement" and will employ it as the cornerstone of their efforts in organizing the massive international event.

The board has declared, "The games were conceived as an opportunity for thousands of individuals with their athletic skills at various levels of development to have the thrill and joy of international competition. There was [sic] also a definite attempt to avoid the arrogant, sexist, racist and nationalistic which organizers believed were becoming dominant factors, sometimes overshadowing athletic achievement in international sports."

History

The Gay Games (originally called the Gay Olympic Games) were conceived by former US Olympic decathlete Tom Waddell. He and several hardworking organizers successfully launched this sporting event in San Francisco in 1978, 1,200 athletes from over 170 cities competed in 14 individual sports events. Gay Games II, also hosted by San Francisco, tripled in size and was the largest international amateur sporting event held in North America that year. Gay Games III, also to be held in Vancouver, is expected to bring in 4,500 athletes from over 300 cities in over 40 countries spanning six continents.

Plans are firmly in place for 17 sports to be included in Celebration '90, according to sports director Mark Mee. Bowling, basketball, volleyball, soccer, cycling, wrestling, powerlifting, billiards, tennis, golf, swimming, diving, track and field and softball are all holdovers from the formats of previous games. A Triathlon, racquetball and a marathon are added to the list. Also under consideration are such events as touch football, squash, badminton, martial arts and equestrian events. The board hopes to have a final list of sports by next spring.

"When we receive a suggestion, our first question is how many people would be interested," explains Mee. "Whether or not a sport is finally included depends almost entirely on the interest shown and how extensively that particular activity is already being done by gays and lesbians," he concludes.

New Games Logo

Vancouver artists were invited to submit designs and suggestions for a logo design, and from those, the board of directors selected three concepts and asked those artists to collaborate on a final design. The result is a 3-D logo, incorporating the universal Gay Games symbol of three split interlocking circles set over a graphic mountain and ocean. The board has registered the symbol as an official trademark.

Barry McDell, Celebration '90 spokesperson, waxed glowingly during the unveiling of the Gay Games III logo. "We were pleased to be able to convey the date, the Games' permanent symbol and our own city's natural beauty," McDell continued to assess the logo. "Naturally, we want the logo to be as widely circulated as possible, and I expect we will quickly approve all non-profit uses of the symbol."

However, says McDell, "we will be marketing a full line of souvenirs and clothing ourselves, so we will insist anyone making commercial use of the symbol have a contractual arrangement with us."

International Planning Session

48 men and women from 16 cities met in Vancouver recently for the first Gay Games II planning conference. Delegates from San Francisco, Seattle, Denver, Chicago, Edmonton, Calgary, San Diego, Portland, Los Angeles, San Jose, Sacramento and Washington, DC, attended. The delegates visited the city and examined some of the problems and issues facing the Gay Games organizers. They discussed the need for a central, well-organized and efficient committee in charge of the event and its planning.

Celebration '90 and Gay Games III organizers have estimated that approximately $12 million will come in North America. In fact, a few reports suggest as high as 20%. This is very attractive to corporations who go after that type of dollar," says McDell. He suggests major deals will include corporate sponsorship, endorsements, and permitting commercial sale of new merchandise to be used in potential advertisers within the international gay community.

Dollars and Sense

The games organizers have estimated that approximately $12 million will pump up the local economy of Vancouver, and for this reason, they felt confident in requesting the use of the city's major stadium, BC Place — a fabulous accomplishment for our Canadian neighbors, and we collective tip our Yankee hats.

"Whether or not a sport is included depends on the interest shown and how extensively that activity is already being done by lesbians and gays." —Mees

I'd like honorary director and former Olympic Bruce Kidd sum up this column: "The games are good news for the gay and lesbian communities throughout Canada and for Canadian sport in general. "For as long as I can remember," he continues, "LESBANS and GAYS have counted among the most successful Canadian athletes, and they have contributed in a number of important ways to progressive developments in community sports, physical education and recreation. But because of the tremendous homophobia of many in the sports community and the 'compulsory heterosexuality' of the dominant ideologies, they have had to keep quiet — often to even deny — their sexual orientation."

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14 San Francisco Sentinel • November 20, 1987
A Heaveny Day on Angel Island

by Jim Miller

Nearly 400 gays and lesbians invaded Angel Island for the sixth annual Gay Sports Day last Sunday; it turned out to be a day of pure enjoyment and relaxation for all. Some came to run, others to simply bask in the glorious sun; some came to find new love interests, others to find new sports interests.

As the sports fans disembarked from the ferries, they toted running shoes, 10-speed bikes and other athletic accoutrements. They all, however, parted some type of culinary contribution for the day’s main event, a gigantic “potluck” picnic.

Several picnic tables labored under the loads of every dish imaginable: fruits, breads, salads, casseroles and beverages of every variety. One table was dedicated solely to desserts, most homemade, attesting to the sweetness of this year’s event. Unlike prior picnics, appetites this year reached epic heights and the entire buffet was devoured.

The preliminary events of the day were, of course, athletic in nature, and participants headed off in various directions to partake of their chosen sport: softball, biking, running, hiking, volleyball or whatever occupied the early hours of the day’s activities.

The San Francisco FrontRunners organized, financed and hosted this event. They provided a welcoming committee with banners, the rainbow flag, a sign-in sheet and name tags for all. It took two hours to register the five boatloads of picnickers. Some FrontRunners and hikers spent the night before on the island (video available upon request).

The objective of Gay Sports Day was to get as many gays and lesbians as possible to meet and mingle — with hopefully an outgrowth of increased camaraderie and understanding, as well as support for each other’s organizations, in a result. Toward that end, the FrontRunners is compiling a registry of participating groups from around the Bay Area with their telephone contact numbers. The Sentinel has agreed to assist in the compilation of the registry and publish the results in a future issue. Any group wishing to be included should contact me at 922-1435 or Duke Joyce at the Sentinel office.

With daylight savings time over, the beaches of Angel Island provide a moment of peace at last Sunday’s Gay Sports Day.

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Muscle Sisters

Along with the Gold's Gym empire, which encompasses hundreds of gyms worldwide, there is another legend in San Francisco's gym community. While not as famous as Gold's, the Muscle System gym has been a presence in the Castro area for quite some time.

The original Muscle System is one of the longest running businesses in the Castro area. Considering all the chain stores and video chains operating up and down the Castro, it's a minor miracle that it's endured.

**Most of these people are serious; I'm just not sure what they are serious about.**

Though the original Muscle System has moved a half block away, it still operates as an extremely visible gay-run business.

Member or not, what people may know—or think about the Muscle System may differ, but longer than my memory can recall, the original Muscle System gym on Market Street was associated with gay men getting into shape. There was a kind of status attached with a Muscle System membership. The best-looking guys trained there, and to be accepted by the clique meant you were one of the creme de la creme.

Today, however, the scene has changed. The Muscle System is now located in the Hayes Valley. The clientele has broadened. More men and women are now members, but the real attention for most of your family; and when the party's over, show a very special meal for the rest of the relatives the respect they deserve, but let everyone know they come second most any time, be sure to pay off old debts to close friends. It's an honorable way of giving thanks to those who helped you with many significant accomplishments for which you persistently knocking on doors once more the sheet of paper that you receive the best after tacking care of past responsibilities before accepting new ones, the coast won't be clear until mid-December.

**Muscle System has often been nicknamed the Muscle Sisters, pointing out the fact that several members just gossip and do little exercising.**

**What Extras Does This Gym Offer?**

Lively music, tusk service and friends, a lot of appeal to the Muscle System-Civic Center. The lading -a kind of status—can be found by free and can be used for any exerciser. Longer hours on week-ends and on holidays, and opportunities to stretch and patronize the receptor desk. The workout floor is in the exact middle of the top floor space and features upper body equipment machines.

**Venturing to the rest of the facility brings you into the beautifully designed shower/bathroom area. Unlike the Body System center where the locker rooms dive into the shower area, the Muscle System showers peers into the locker room. Spaces, clean and well-lit, the showers sit above the baths and are adjacent to the sauna on one side and the whirlpool on the other.**

The sauna is accessible from either the locker area or the large staircase located in the center of the gym. Many food booths and a set of vending machines fill the lower level, while still making room for surf, abdominal and leg equipment. Abdominal machines are numerous and include slang boards, roman chairs, flat benches—and a rare find—right next door is the straight bar. Utilizing a bar or any type of straight pole, constant twisting movements can help shape the waist better than most other exercises. Many gym goers have polls for twisting but lack the needed space to properly perform this chest drill.
ON GUARD

Polio Vaccine for AIDS Treatment?

Twelve persons with ARC and one with AIDS have been treated by repeated injections of killed-virus polio vaccine three to seven times per week. All have shown major improvement or complete remission of symptoms, usually within two months, and T-cell counts have also improved. Results of one case have been published (F.N. Pitts and A.D. Allen, Clinical Immunology and Immunopathology, 37, 277-280, 1987). A report on the next four cases is going to press, and a complete report will be published later.

The physician tried the polio vaccine because they had already had good results with one case of acute lymphocytic leukemia, which is believed to be caused by a retrovirus related to HIV. In this case, a child who was too sick to live was given the vaccine for four weeks, however, and was lost to follow-up.

Improvements started within six weeks; by ten weeks, the KS, thrush and most of the other symptoms had disappeared.

Several years, then tested for eight years to confirm the remission of the leukemia. He has now been healthy for 20 years after the treatment began.

The child's physician had tried the vaccine in a case in which learning that new leukemia cases decreased in areas which had a polio outbreak. This does not suggest that there might be a cross immunity between polio and the retrovirus — perhaps because mamals had evolved an ability to produce antibodies to certain groups of disease-causing organisms when exposed to only one of them.

The first HIV patient was a physician with KS, thrush, fatigue, weight loss of 60 pounds and a T-4 count of 40. Improvements started within six weeks; by ten weeks, the KS, thrush and most of the other symptoms had disappeared. He still had severe mental depression.

Healing Group in the Castro

A Healing Group facilitated by Jason Serinus and Fred Mackie is held every Tuesday night starting December 8 at the Center for Self Love, Growth and Healing, 551 Castro Street, Suite B, between 18th and 19th streets. Doors open at 6:45, and the group begins at 7 pm sharp. This is a drop-in open to all individuals. Please come any Tuesday night that you are free. Donations are appreciated.

Our focus together will be on experiencing the alignment of mind, body and spirit, which is the essence of all healing. The techniques we will use include: deep relaxation, meditation on resonant healing tones, work with the breath, group massage, visualization, affirmations, guided skakra meditation and laying on of hands. Jason Serinus is a healer, bodyworker and editor of Psychocampauny and the Healing Process: A Holistic Approach to Immunity & AIDS. Fred Mackie is a therapeutic bodyworker, metaphysical teacher and consultant who conducts workshops throughout California on the healing dimensions of touch and the process of spiritual development. Please join us for an empowering evening of love, affirmation and joy. For further information, call Jason at 652-2180 or Fred at 344-8365.

AIDS Treatment Lecture

"Experimental & Alternative AIDS Treatments" is the monthly Meta-physical Alliance program Tuesday evening, November 24. Margo Adair, author of Working Inside Out, will open the meeting promptly at 7 pm, coinciding with the worldwide AIDS healing meditation. Featured speakers are James John, editor of AIDS Treatment News, and Keith Barton, a holistic doctor with many AIDS/ARC clients. Contributions will be accepted. Signed for the hearing impaired on advance request. First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St. at Gary, SF. Call 431-8707 for further information.

JOHN S JAMES

the benefits far outweigh any risk. He has now treated 12 persons with ARC, and every one of them has shown complete resolution of symptoms. They are now entirely healthy and able to work. T-cells have increased by at least 67 percent — and sometimes much more.

The polio vaccine trial has not sparked any controversy from some immunologists who say that polio immunization would not work for AIDS because it is a different virus. Immunologists are currently emphasizing the specificity of the immune response. Dr. Pitts points out that although the polio virus and HIV are in different families and reproduce differently, they are very similar in structure in a number of ways. And there are many examples of common methods among different viruses, going all the way back to the first vaccination, which used cowpox virus to prevent smallpox.

Dr. Pitts is board certified in both psychosomatics and pediatrics. He has studied the effects of viruses in the brain's limbic system (which controls mood) — including possible viral causes of depression. He became interested in retroviral diseases because the child whose case is described above is his son.

The polio vaccine trial has IRB (institutional review board) approval to enroll 100 patients in his study; since only 12 are enrolled so far, places are open for others. Dr. Pitts will consider persons with AIDS as well as ARC for the study. Only one person with AIDS has been treated so far, however, and it is not known whether the vaccine will be effective if the illness is very far advanced.

Dr. Pitts is also recruiting physicians to work with him in testing this treatment. Physicians could of course use the treatment anywhere. Physicians or patients interested in the study can contact Ferris N. Pitts, Jr., MD, professor of Psychiatry and Behavioral Science, University of Southern California Medical School, 750 E. Hollywood Avenue, Rosemead, CA 91770. Phone (818) 371-4866 and ask for Claudin, a registered nurse who is working full-time on this project.

Benefit for AIDS Emergency Fund

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Body Wisdom
Continued from page 16
ly worth checking out. The facility has several problems that need to be ad­dressed.
1) About five (four too many) seatless in­dor benches that would not move even in the small area, the Muscle System has installed a number of benches that would not move even in the small area.
2) Even with the abundance of bar­bell and dumbbells in this muscle haven, the fact remains that most of the leg equipment (four squat and calf­machine) is awful and in desperate need of replacement. The leg-extension and leg-curl machines are so old and difficult to operate that most members steer clear of these two stations. Although the knowledgeable exerciser can make a complete workout from adequately weighted barbells and dumbbells, most Muscle System members lack the superior knowledge necessary to create these exercises and are basically used to modern machine apparatus. Con­sequently, the leg-extension and leg­curl stations become that much more important and definitely need to be at­tended to.
3) The staff, as mentioned before, is friendly and helpful, but they are generally limited to reception duties and minor workout advice. The good news is that most personal trainers available are admitted and can be used as assistants.

The Lowdown
The Muscle System has often been nicknamed the Muscle Sisters, pointing out the fact that several members just gossip and do little exercising. Also, the gym members (not the owners or managers) sponsor an annual drag show every year just before Halloween. This last bit of information reinforces the Muscle Sisters nickname, while also hinting that this is not a serious gym. Believe me, most of these people are serious; I'm just not sure what they are serious about.

Pluses:
• Good barbell and upper body machine
• Long hours on weekends
• Towel service and other extras
• Clean, pleasant surroundings

Minuses:
• Suffer from gossipy members and their less-than-professional attitudes
• Leg equipment needs replacement
• No parking on weekdays (dally and ballet season)

Overall Grade: B
The Muscle System is located at 364 Hayes Street near Gough. SF. Call 663-4701 for further information.
The author is a personal trainer expe­rienced in various aspects of weight training and bodybuilding. For an ap­pointment or information, call 821-3111.
Theatre Rhinoceros has always been something of a sociological and theatrical phenomenon. It has teetered on the edge of bankruptcy, received international recognition for The AIDS Show, produced its share of artistic disasters and endured the tragic loss of many creative artists (including Allan Estes, the theatre's founder) due to the health crisis. Despite the obstacles, the theatre has survived and is currently celebrating its tenth anniversary season.

Rhinoceros' two stages, the 49-seat Studio and the 99-seat main stage, have a reputation for being maddeningly inconsistent in the quality of their productions. This inconsistency is perfectly illustrated by their two most recent offerings.

Poppies, which opened in the Studio on October 16, is a complex and innovative play, intelligently directed, and performed by an excellent ensemble of actors. It deals with universal themes of age, death, nuclear war and man's inhumanity to man — all within a gay context. Dancing in the Dark, which opened on the main stage November 14, is cliche-ridden "comedy" with pretensions to social relevance which fall even flatter than the jokes. It contains only one believable performance (Steve Abel's) and generally presents the kind of stereotypical gay male images that were last au courant in 1974. Only the Frye boots have been changed to protect the innocent.

When I spoke with the theatre's new artistic director, Ken Dixon, I wanted to determine not only where he felt the company was headed, but also where it is and how it got there. Dixon comes to Rhinoceros with a diverse background as a clinical psychologist, actor and singer who spent the bulk of this decade living and performing in Amsterdam. Whether or not he can pull a rabbit out of the Rhinoceros hat remains to be seen. But during the course of our conversation Dixon impressed me as an intelligent, articulate man, not only in control of his life but willing to take risks.

RJ: Let me give you a quotation from the artistic director of another Bay Area theatre company who describes Theatre Rhinoceros as follows: "It's a company that has survived by sprinkling nude male bodies and radical lesbian philosophy through a series of mediocre productions. If it's going to transcend itself, a lot of housecleaning is in order. The company needs to purge itself of little cliques and reach out in a totally new direction."

Dixon: Well! Some of it I have to agree with. I think that — well, let me give you my history of wanting to be involved with Theatre Rhinoceros. When I started out, when I considered myself an actor in 1977 and left my job, I wanted to work somewhere and when Rhinoceros was founded in 1979, I wanted to work for Rhinoceros. I went to a lot of auditions, but I had a clear sense then that the things they were doing were not things I was going to be in — for one, I was a black actor. At that point, they were doing plays that tended to bring in the audiences, and they were dealing with a white, gay male audience, so they did a lot of stuff that brought that audience. I think it's unfair to say that Rhinoceros stayed there.

In terms of cliques, I can't really speak to that because I was gone for most of Rhinoceros' development time. I only came back in 1985 and the theatre was already making a transition. It had gone from a predominantly gay male audience...
Thankful Eating

A brief history
and a culinary guide to the pleasures of Thanksgiving

by John Birdsall and Steve Silberman

Squanto may have taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn, but he never rubbed elbows with separatist elders over a jellied cranberry mold.

New Deal framing of the “American experience” to reflect the blessings of ethnic diversity in an urban culture. Squanto may have taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn, but he never rubbed elbows with separatist elders over a jellied cranberry mold. Like the native peoples, lesbians and gay men were never invited to the feast.

We embrace the old idea of a communal, local thanksgiving. We celebrate our place on this square of the city. We are thankful to feel breath in our lungs, to lie in the Panhandle on a bright afternoon and watch the silver maple shed summer’s leaves one by one.

The Meal

The glossy urban monthlies and food rags invite us to exploit a novel theme cast an exotic mold from which to fashion our Thanksgiving meals. One may take the advice of a popular food advocate of a national day of thanksgiving, wrote that “roasted turkey [takes] precedence” at the feast, and pumpkin pie is “indispensable.”

The following Thanksgiving recipes reflect the blessings of ethnic diversity in an urban culture. Squanto may have taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn, but he never rubbed elbows with separatist elders over a jellied cranberry mold.

Roast Turkey

with Herb and Giblet Stuffing

Steve once saw a wild turkey in Provincetown, at a place where streets with names like “Bayberry Court” and “Priscilla Alden Way” now cover several acres of sand dune. That’s the closest either of us will probably ever get to wild turkey, at one time a taste as familiar as Thanksgiving itself.

We know all too well the freezer bins of pallid factory birds, the “butter-injected” breasts, pop-up plastic timers and artificially plumped flesh. Fortunately, there’s an alternative, raised by a handful of conscientious poultry farms like Shelton’s in Pomona.

Shelton’s turkeys, available by special order from Real Food stores, are grain-fed and free of antibiotics. They live out their nine months in outdoor pens big enough to let them get a little exercise and are killed just before the holiday. They’re killed just before the holiday. They’re killed just before the holiday.

The Stuffing

This is a very simple stuffing with clear, deep flavors. It’s adapted from a recipe contained in an 18th-century magazine and recreated Thanksgiving in old Santa Fe, or heed one widely published local food writer and combine the elements of oyster and cornbread stuffing into "an unusual first course."

Silly suggestions for Thanksgiving dinner are nothing new. The chilled pumpkin soups, cranberry sorbets and roast Cornish hens with red chili salsa are the modern equivalents of "Oysters Épicuré" and "Lafayette Ducks with Snow Balls" of sugared rice and raisins, dishes recommended for Thanksgiving in 1852 by Godey’s Lady’s Book, a popular women’s magazine published in Boston. We find that what is least unusual is most appreciated at Thanksgiving. A straightforward meal prepared from first-rate ingredients makes everyone feel at ease.

Roast turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie are stamped deeply on the American collective unconscious, as they were already in 1827 when Sarah Josepha Hale, editor of Godey’s and an aggressive advocate of a national day of thanksgiving, wrote that “roasted turkey [takes] precedence” at the feast, and pumpkin pie is “indispensable.”

The following Thanksgiving recipes reflect the blessings of ethnic diversity in an urban culture. Squanto may have taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn, but he never rubbed elbows with separatist elders over a jellied cranberry mold.
oven for an hour or two. The slices should
be thoroughly dry but not colored.

Do not hallucinate.

A note on brown sugar: Where brown sugar is
called for in a recipe, we like to use the genuine
unadulterated article, sold in certain Latin
American markets as piloncillo.

Weighing about a pound and a half (see
above); a handful of chopped parsley; a
teaspoon of dried marjoram or twice as
much fresh; the same quantity of thyme
or lemon thyme; 3 eggs; a stick of softened
butter, and rub in salt and pepper. Stuff and truss the
turkey.

Trim the crusts from the bread, cut it
into slices and dry them out in a very low
oven for an hour or two. The slices should
be thoroughly dry but not colored.

The common way of slow roasting at a
moderate temperature as often as not yields
a bird whose flesh is dry as rags.

A 12-pound turkey will be done in
about two hours; a 14-to 16-pound bird in
something less than three hours. There is
no foolproof way to know when a turkey is
cooked, but color and a certain plump
firmness of the flesh are reliable guides.

A turkey should rest half an hour or
longer before it is carved, which is just
enough time to heat the twice-baked sweet
potatoes (see the recipe below), and con­
coc a sauce out of the pan juices.

**Cranberry Sauce**

Whether or not you think cranberry sauce goes well with turkey, a
Thanksgiving table without it is a sad one.

The following recipe is from Miss
Leslie’s Complete Cookery by Eliza Leslie
(Philadelphia, 1837), one of the best
American cookbooks ever published. It
makes about 2 cups of thick, sweet sauce.

"Wash 1 quart of ripe cranberries, and
put them into a pan with just about a tea­
cup (approximately 1/4 of a cup) of water.
Stir them slowly, and stir frequently, par­
ticularly after they begin to burst. They
require a great deal of stirring, and would
be like a marmalade when done. When
they are broken, and the juice comes out,
stir in a pound of brown sugar.

"When they are thoroughly done, put
them into a deep dish, and set them away
to cool.

"You may strain the pulp through a
cullender or sieve into a mould, and when
it is in a firm shape send it to table on a
glass dish. Taste it when it is cold, and if
not sweet enough, add more sugar.

Miss Leslie is right about the brown
sugar; its rich, caramel flavor lends depth
to the cranberries. For our taste, however,
the original is too sweet. We prefer to use
half the sugar Miss Leslie calls for. Keep
in mind that with so little sugar the sauce will
not set in a mold.

A note on brown sugar: Where brown sugar is
called for in a recipe, we like to use the genuine
unadulterated article, sold in certain Latin
American markets as piloncillo.

We prefer the moist, orange-fleshed
pumpkins, that which appears the
most generally preferred, is to bake them
longer before it is carved, which is just
enough time to heat the twice-baked sweet
potatoes (see the recipe below), and con­
coc a sauce out of the pan juices.

**Pumpkin Pie**

This is the first recipe for pumpkin pie
published in America, and one of the
best; the restrained spicing allows the
mellow sweetness of the squash to really
sing. It comes from American Cooking by
Amelia Simmons (Connecticut, 1796), the
first American cookbook. We have
reduced the quantity of the original
recipe.

To make a deep, 9-inch pie you need:

Pie pastry; 1 1/2 cups of cooked, strained
pumpkin or red-fleshed winter squash;
1/2 cups of heavy cream; 6 oz (1/2 of a cup, or
packed) of brown sugar (see the note on
brown sugar above); 2 eggs; a teaspoon of
freshly ground ginger; 1/2 teaspoon of
freshly ground mace; nutmeg.

Heat your oven to 450°.

Line a pie plate with pastry, and flute
the rim. Whisk the pumpkin, cream,
sugar, eggs, ginger and mace to a thick
cream, and pour it into the pie shell. Grate
nutmeg over the surface.

Bake the pie for 10 minutes. Reduce the
oven temperature to 350° and bake 40
minutes longer, until the filling is puffed,
just firm at the center and shiny.

Pumpkin pie is best when still slightly warm,
an hour and a half after it comes from
the oven.

The common way of slow roasting at a
moderate temperature as often as not yields
a bird whose flesh is dry as rags.

Heat your oven to 450°.

Smear the stuffed turkey all over with a
stick of softened butter, and rub in salt and
pepper. Lay the bird on its side in a
roasting pan that just accommodates it,
and add them to the bread along with the
herbs, the eggs and the soft butter. Season
with salt and pepper. Stuff and truss the
turkey.

**Cooking the Bird**

The following method for cooking a
turkey, which we learned from John L.
and Karen Hess in The Taste of America
(Penguin Book, 1977), calls for
relatively rapid cooking at high heat.

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moderate temperature as often as not yields
a bird whose flesh is dry as rags.

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We find that what is least unusual is
most appreciated at Thanksgiving.

A straightforward meal prepared from first-rate
ingredients makes everyone feel at ease.

**Twice-Baked Sweet Potatoes**

Sticky and stuffed with marsh­
mallows, candied sweet potatoes
have become vehicles for sugary excess.

Jane Grigson, in her excellent
American cookbooks ever published. It
makes about 2 cups of thick, sweet sauce.

"Among the various ways of dressing
sweet potatoes, that which appears the
most generally preferred, is to bake them
twice. You may put two or three plates full at
once into the oven, bake them till quite
soft, peel, and put them on a tin sheet, and
bake them again for half an hour. Serve
them up hot.

"This way of baking twice makes them
more candied. If you prefer eating them
the same day they are cooked, bake them
first at an early hour, so that they may be
quite cold, which must be the case before
second baking, and when cold the skin
comes off easily."

We prefer the moist, orange-fleshed
Garnet or Jewel sweet potatoes (some­
times mistakenly called yams). Pate­
fleshed Jerseys have a drier, starchier tex­
ture.

A 400° oven will reheat 2-inch diameter
potatoes in half an hour. Lightly buttering
the baking sheet will keep them from
sticking to it.

**Pumpkin pie is best when still slightly warm,
an hour and a half after it comes from
the oven.**
Continued from page 19

to a 40% female audience. The theatre had done productions that were black in their orientation, and had helped the Lor­aine Hansberry company get established. So I think the theatre was already moving and changing. I hope to continue that process.

We have to be careful about how critical we are about some things. Look back to Boys in the Band. If you mention that to theatre people they say, “Oh, let’s do a revival,” people go a-ah. They say it’s a terrible play, full of hatred, Brrrr. Well, if it hadn’t been for that play, Theatre Rhinoceros might not be sitting at 16th Street today. Gay people must maintain a sense of cultural identity. We are special and unique, and that’s an im­portant thing. So I think that assessment is a little bit critical, but I can understand where they’re coming from.

RJ: You mentioned that Rhinoceros has been a predominately white theatre in its staff, actors and directors. But I have heard some directors complain that they can’t attract good minority performers to auditions. Many roles are not race­specific and could be played by anyone. Are you going to address this in any way?

Dixon: I addressed it with the staff and it’s on the agenda for December. I think because the board of directors hired me, the theatre has a pretty basic, very crucial light in this area. What I’ve said to the staff is that I don’t want us to be in a posi­tion where we have to react to someone’s comments about us not doing it; we want to go out and do something so we’re the leaders. When I’m sitting on casting decisions, I keep in mind that maybe this part could be played by a nontraditional person.

There’s a double bind with that because there are roles that are written for the audience. Personally, I don’t think that’s a very good situation to be in. That’s why we did City in Rhinoceros that never really worked through their issues around homosexuality. Not just black, actually, but I think it’s important to keep that in mind.

RJ: Do you plan any teaching programs for actors or directors?

Dixon: I would like to see that happen. I think that’s the other weak part in Rhinoceros. Since Rhinoceros is there to foster gay artists, we need to do more in this area. It’s also an area where the theatre could obtain more grant money. If you’re talking specifically about actor training or director training, I think some of the foundations are willing to be a little bit more flexible in that area.

I don’t have to say it’s a grant for gay actors’ training, but once I get the money, I will advertise where gay artists are going to see it first. Of course, I’m not going to say a straight artist can’t come and take the training either.

RJ: I’d like to see Rhinoceros continue to increase the quality of what it does. I would like it to remain a community theatre with its target audience the gay/lesbian community, but also to make the transition to being a professional theatre company.

Dixon: I think the secret for Theatre Rhinoceros is that it must now specify what it’s raising money for. In the past we’ve just had grants and asked for contributions to the theatre. This year, I’ll be asking people for money for something specific like a lighting board or a paper cutter. I think people will give money for something specific. If you ask someone to contribute to renovate a dressing room or buy a chair for the Studio, they say, “Yeah, that’s a good idea. I’ll give $25 dollars for a dressing room or a chair.”

I’m about having a high quality of living. I don’t mean financial comfort, I just mean getting up every day knowing I’m doing something Frealy want to do and that I love.

RJ: Money is always a problem for theatres, nonprofit or otherwise. Putting on a play is a labor-intensive endeavor, done by human beings, not machines. What ideas do you have about generating grants? Have you ever written grant proposals?

Dixon: Yes, I have written grant proposals. The first thing I did when the board of directors offered me the job was to write a grant to Apple Computers so we can automate the box office and some of the record keeping. I came to Rhino hav­ing spent the last year and a half working for UCSC in fundraising, so I’ve de­veloped a certain feel, if you will, in what I consider high-quality fundraising tech­niques.

I currently have a young woman work­ing with me who has an interest in learning more about grants and foundations and fundraisers. We have set up a kind of inter­nship where she comes to me and I give her ideas about things she should research.

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Triomphe en Francials
SF Opera Redeemed

Last week, the San Francisco Opera redeemed a season that had been perilously close to becoming one of the stodgiest in recent memory. We owe this phoenix-like revival to an odd quarter.

When Terence McWen gave his first press conference as the general director of the San Francisco Opera, he explained that he came from a French-speaking city in Canada and that he could expect to hear more French opera during his regime than we had under Adler. More French operas we have certainly had, but in the past, they have been so ineffectively cast that most patrons went away thinking Adler had been right after all. French opera is the extra padding in the repertory, useful only when the audience has been satiated on the masterpieces of the Italian and German schools.

However, with this season’s productions of Charles Gounod’s Romeo et Juliette and Jules Offenbach’s Tales of Hoffman, things have finally turned around. French opera has triumphantly returned to the War Memorial. While neither work, to my ears, has the same grandness of Wagner or Verdi, Beethoven or Debussy, both are examined more intensely and with more style than have we seen such have few peers.

In Romeo, Gounod’s bourgeois sentimentality encountered a force stronger than itself, and the result is some of his most compelling music. This opera is melodically more interesting than Faust, and its declaration has more dignity. When Romeo is serious — as, for example, in the four duets for the lovers — it is quite compelling.

In Hoffman, Offenbach distilled the best of his operetta impulses into a delightful satire of romantic love. The tunes bubble up from the orchestra and spin off the stage. Never was the Mozart of the Champs Elysees as Rosinni called Offenbach — more comfortably himself than in the Olympia act, and in the Antonia scene, the composer touched a raw and deep nerve.

For instance, in Hoffman, the part fits Domingo’s voice and his abundant agility needed to produce a warm and rounded tone in music that is frequently more subtle than his Hoffmann has no deep truths to assume. Unfortunately, Hoffmann has no deep truths to tell. The character is peripheral to the greatest music at the core of his opera. So, while it is a delight to hear Domingo sing so well — so instinctively musical and so delightfully unhurried — still I long for him to return in a major role.

Nancy Gustafson in the crucial part of Antonia does not quite rank with Dahl, Morris, and Domingo, for she does not possess either their purity of sound or their rhythmic finesse, but she does have the guts for Antonia and the ability to make her story the pivot of the work. Though Mary Jane Johnson has the high C required to ride over Giullietta’s big ensemble, she has little else to recommend her.

Susan Quittmeyer, who sang Hoffman’s page, Nicklausse, is in dangerous trouble. Her basic problem is that she does not control the outer edge of her sound so that when she pushes a note too hard, it titters out of its orbit. In recent years, this problem has been infecting more and more of Quittmeyer’s singing. Unless the young lady rectifies it soon, it will spell the end of a career that began so brightly here in San Francisco.

Michel Plasson conducted both the Hoffman and the Romeo. Through one comes away from them with the singers’ greatness foremost in mind, but Plasson is the hidden reason these operas are playing so well. Particularly in Hoffman he has pulled an international cast into an ensemble — and that alone deserves a rare control.

Sometimes I quibbled with his accompaniment of the singers. Morris’ “Diamond” aria was more supplely phrased than Plasson’s. Domingo’s “Klein-Bach” had far less finesse. In Romeo, Alfredo Kraus was frequently more subtle than his conductor and even Ruth Ann Swenson showed a more natural feeling for rhinoceros than Plasson. The conductor should learn to follow his better.

Nevertheless, in both operas the composer’s melodies have rarely shone so luminously. In Romeo this effect can be most credited to Kraus, but in the Hoffman, Plasson gave the whole a gusto that was welcome, while at the same time underlining Offenbach’s allusive structure.

However, the brightest stars of last week sang Romeo and Juliette. Alfredo Kraus is one of the few poets alive who also is a tenor. He is also one of the very few tenors suited to the French repertoire. Domingo, has, by dint of concentration and hard work, made himself a superior exponent of the heavier French roles, but Kraus, with his pure, bright sound, is a natural for the lyrical ones. His phrasing is now studied, rather than spontaneous, but it is so rewarding to hear him declaim even the simplest melody that he made Gounod’s flimsy tunes seem profound.

Soprano Ruth Ann Swenson

Alfredo Kraus is one of the few poets alive who also is a tenor. He made Gounod’s rather flimsy tunes seem profound.
Mary Wilson has once again made it back into the top ten—but not in the record charts, which she once reigned over so proudly as one of the original Supremes. The bestseller list is Mary Wilson's current domain, where her popular memoir, *Dreamgirl: My Life as a Supreme* (now out in paperback) has been happily enthroned for some time. "This story," writes Wilson in the introduction, "has all the elements of a classic opera — the comedy, the tragedy and finally the will to survive." Indeed, it does.

Chronicling the transformation of three young black women from the Detroit ghettos into international superstars, this is a tale of love, struggle, harmony, ego, dedication, dignity, heartbreak, glamor, death, growth and change. The way it's conveyed says a lot about the ground Wilson has traveled in over 25 years in show business. This is written by a woman who has faced some severe self-examination, been strengthened by it, and now has the presence of mind to reflect on it credibly. *Dreamgirl* is not a maudlin visit through the past or a weepy, whiny commentary on the unfairness of life. The author insists, "I have no desire to expose or indict anyone. I want to tell the truth behind the rise and fall of the greatest female pop group of all time — a real-life Cinderella story and a tragedy deeper than anyone ever knew."

With the help of two professional writers and several research teams, Wilson covers the ups and downs, triumphs and humiliations of her stellar career with evenhanded aplomb. The book is packed with fascinating anecdotes of the '60s music scene. In 259 brief pages, an astonishing amount of history is touched upon. We get much deeper insights into what made the Supremes the pioneers they were, the system that made them household names and the ruthlessness which ultimately destroyed their dream.

Florence Ballard, Diana Ross and the author — The Supremes — are traced from their beginnings in Detroit in the late '50s. The Primettes, as the group was then called, was doing sock hops and making and selling their own dresses before Motown finally took them on. Even then, the personalities of the three Supremes would share the lead vocal position, each being talented in her own right. After coming under the tutelage of mentor Berry Gordy, it was decided that Diana Ross' voice would always be in the forefront. With more commercial success, the complex harmonies and versatility that marked some early recordings (*Meet The Supremes, Supremes Sing Country & Western, Supremes Sing Rodgers & Hart*) disappeared, and the dynamic of the group changed. It became more and more ap

parent what a terrible blow this was to Wilson's and Ballard's talent. Relegated to singing "ooohs" and "aaahs" in the background, while Diana Ross was pushed further into the spotlight, the gifts they so greatly wanted to express and develop were stifled.

In their stage show, Wilson was often called "the sexy one," and understandably so, since she was undeniably the most physically attractive of the trio. But Wilson reveals herself as a fence-sitter, the one in the middle, that, when push came to shove, would go along with whatever was decided. Self-insertion in the manipulative world of management came hard to her. "Instead of keeping a scorecard on who was doing what to whom, I focused all my energies on singing." Wilson's portrait of Florence Ballard is tinged with deep affection, as well as sadness. As a singer, Ballard's voice was so powerful she was required to stand back as far as 12 feet from the mike during recording sessions. She shone equally brightly on stage: "I could see that many men regarded her as the sexiest one, and critics never failed to mention her beautiful voice or brilliant [comic] timing. Flo could have gone far, and she knew it. Looking back, I suspect she got from Motown were constant reminders to stay in her place."

Ballard's one solo spot in the show was taken from her and

given to Diana. When the trio's name was changed to "Diana Ross and the Supremes" in 1967, it was a crushing blow to Ballard's fragile ego. She went into a downward spiral of self-destructive behavior, drinking heavily, missing performances and projecting enormous resentment about the preferential treatment Ross was getting from Berry Gordy, who had become Ross' lover by then.

The conclusion of *Dreamgirl* takes the reader to the funeral of Florence Ballard, who died in 1976 of a heart attack. It's obvious that Ballard suffered more damage than the other women in the Supremes and was never able to pull herself back together. Wilson traces her difficulties to a devastating rap as an adolescent in which Ballard lost her virginity. Certainly, Berry Gordy, Diana Ross and Motown Records helped return her to obscurity after being fired from the Supremes. But basically, it was Ballard who gave up on herself. The stories about her gradual decline are truly heart-rending.

Diana Ross comes across as a deeply insecure woman who desperately needed the adulation of the spotlight. She would do anything to keep her partners out of it a top priority, while conspiring secretly with Berry Gordy to plot her solo stardom. Ross' often quarrelsome behavior was benignly tolerated by Wilson and Ballard. They just figured "that was Diana's way." Their official policy was to ignore it. This later proved to be a disastrous response, as Ross' ego swelled to gigantic proportions and ruthless, self-interest dominated her actions. The result: Diana and Mary were seen but seldom heard from.

When the time came for Ross and Supremes to part professional company, it was a great relief for Wilson. "In the public's eye, every group has its star and that's fine. But in the day-to-day work, a group has to function as a team, and that was something we hadn't done for a long time now. That the world still believed we were the best of friends seemed the perfect trick." Incredibly, Ross and Wilson never even discussed the professional breakup. Wilson read about it in the newspaper like everyone else.

*Dreamgirl* seems to function as something of an emotional catharsis for Wilson. Despite the difficulties, she is very grateful for her illustrious history as a Supreme and seems to hold no bitterness for the women she endured from Motown and Diana Ross. What shines through here is a lot of love — and pride. Mary Wilson has been touring the world as a solo act, establishing herself as an individual entertainer, and recently released a new record (ironically titled "Don't Get Mad, Get Even," a 12-inch disc from Epic Records). Wilson seems poised now for a whole new dream, a new era of success and creativity. She is determined to express herself. After reading *Dreamgirl*, it's obvious that no one deserves it more.
Bobby, oh boy. What is there to say, as the song says? You think you've seen it all, right? You think you've seen a vivid luminous MTV cinematography. And seen titillating exhibitions of forbidden sins in supposed service to predigested morality. Less Than Zero is a coke-in-the-eyeballs romp with the late-teen service to predigested morality. You think you've seen it all, right? Think you've seen it all, right? Yeah, I saw it all, right?

In a sense, this is a very important movie, and the profundity of its corruption is nothing short of amazing. Pray the post-nuclear clear archaeologists never find

Less Than Zero

destroys itself in a blaze of minous MTV cinematography. I'm not sure you've seen it all, right? think you've seen it all, right? Yeah, I saw it all, right?

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Hollywood high: Robert Downey, Jr. (left) and Andrew McCarthy star in the homophilic film version of Bret Easton Ellis’ brat novel, Less Than Zero. (Much of the humor is reminiscent of a two-hour Calvin Klein commercial where nobody takes their clothes off,” said my editor. “If the ads in Vanity Fair could talk,” said Patrick Hocket. Why bother reviewing (or seeing) such a movie? For one thing, screenwriter Harley Peyton has superficially Reagianized Brett Easton Ellis’ already vile novel, which centers on a bisexual triad of sorts. In fact, gay sex which centers on a bisexual triad of sorts. In fact, gay sex doesn’t care if its hosts are living or dead. This movie is essentially garbage. But isn’t honest dopey garbage preferable to sleek insidious lies?

So we’re not talking humanism or political correctness here. It’s unfair to suggest that The Hidden has no ideological program whatever — when the monster takes over cops and finally a presidential candidate (three...), one recognizes the impregnable paranoia that provides much of the horror genre’s sub-conscious potency. This is less a matter of political dread, I’d say — though that might be justified — than the ego’s fear of other people (a fear, I suspect, that we all share to some degree).

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Christmas Presents

Wendy MacLeod’s Apocalyptic Butterflies, at the Magic Theatre, isn’t much concerned about the fact that it’s set smack in the middle of the winter holiday season. The trappings of Christmas are just one more element in a bizarre Americana, painted on a canvas that’s as gleefully tacky as the most absurd highway off-ramp souvenir shop.

Hank and Muriel Tauer (Mark Petrakis and Kathleen Cramer) are not having a merry little Xmas. (Mark’s communications) has sunk to those unfortunate lows at which no pleasantness can be safely voiced ("What do you want for Christmas?"). "A com­pliance.") Snow dumps itself in heaps around their dump of a home in rural Maine. The baby, seven weeks old, still hasn’t been named. Given her parents’ current inability to agree on anything, she may well graduate to high school as Baby X.

Muriel says the doctor told her not to have sex for eight weeks after the birth; Hank isn’t sure if she’s telling the truth. What’s worse, he thinks that even if she’s telling the truth. What’s worse, he thinks that even if it’s true, Muriel doesn’t miss it anyway.

"It's completely demented. The shallow mechanics of the script guarantee a reconciliation that’s managed here via a "miracle" that’s a little too grotesque to be funny, a little too abrupt to be touching; as an attempt at a final, it’s timid and off-key.

That ending and the top heavy title are emblematic of Apocalyptic Butterflies’ races off to the arms of Trudi (Karen Hoff), a local type with Big Ones and a few too many schizoid mood swings to qualify as being truly “easy.” It looks like the New Year may be spent in divorce court. Can this marriage be saved?

Wendy MacLeod’s play is the loopy frivolity of those postcards solemnly commemorating jack­alopes; it’s a profoundly silly and affectionate reflection of kitsch Americana. The play’s characters are earnest crackpots, tuniest when at their most common-sensical or distraught. “Get back in here so I can leave you!” Muriel shrieks at the husband, who’s just stormed out.

It’s a sweet lack of a script, but so thin that it crumbles like a paper doily in the dishwasher when you think about it after­ward. It’s basically just The Honeymooners with a port of new postmodern self-conscious­ness of tone. Mark Petrakis bears more than a passing resemblance to John Belushi at his most fuming and blustery, while with her disheveled page cut, bookworm glasses and screwball mannerisms, Kathleen Cramer is a dead ringer for Jill Clayburgh.

The movie-star resonances basically sum up their charac­ters. He’s a rube. She has aspirations. He’s one of the guys. She’s sick of this macho b.s. We accept that they must love each other, because . . . well, that’s the way romantic force is supposed to work. The shallow mechanics of the script guarantee a reconciliation that’s managed here via a "miracle" that’s a little too grotesque to be funny, a little too abrupt to be touching; as an attempt at a final, it’s timid and off-key.

That ending and the top heavy title are emblematic of Apocalyptic Butterflies’ ultimate failure to turn its endearingly skewed flux into the major play sometimes seems to think it is. At this point MacLeod seems like a hippie Beth Henley — humorous in often unique small ways, but oblivious to the fact that she’s dragging a full sled of tired conventions under her whimsy.

If the script doesn’t hold up under any real scrutiny, the Magic’s production easily sus­pends that scrutiny for two hours. As Julie Hebert proved last year with a delicious moun­ting of her own True Bottle, she’s a director capable of bring­ing off moods both funny and et­hereal, like Rice Krispies splashed with champagne — all snap, crackle and bliss.

American Gothic: The Weber Family stars in a fractured version of every good boy’s WASP Christmas.

Not at the shoe factory, and certainly not at home, where his at­tempts to play lord of the manor are not having a merry little Xmas. Marital communication is much better than the real thing.

This is much better than the real thing.

5. Brad

3. Sally Sue

2. Bologna Christmas

1. The Weber Family

1. Phillip- dad

2. Naomi- mom

3. Sally Sue

4. Brad

American Gothic: Mark Petrakis and Karen Hoff star in Apocalyptic Butterflies.

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Every detail here has an off-center charm, from the day-glo duds of John Mayne’s set to the hilarious pastiche of Top 40 Christmas tunes that comprise Earwas Productions’ score. And each performance is a gem of comic inspiration. Hebert’s sure hand with her actors and pacing makes this show a pure, if fleeting, delight; hopefully it will also make lots of friends for the Magic after a disastrous season start.

A Bologna Christmas is about a happy all-American family’s celebration of Baby Jesus season, and thankfully it’s completely demented. As much as the "Cosby Show" or other displays of earnest WASP-like jollity make my stomach gurgle and heave, cruel send-ups of the same warm my crusty heart.

1 Fratelli Bologna, the four-man comedy troupe who’ve created this drag family-photo be-in, only intended their "Christmas show" to run at the Climate Theatre through this weekend, but they’re so unfunny fools not to extend it through the actual season itundres well.

At the Climate, we ring the doorbell and are greeted by sister Sally Sue, (Drew Letchworth) she of the killer pigtails, who ushers us to seats above a wonderful mockup of the American nuke-family living room disaster — a TV in every corner not otherwise occupied by Sears appliances, synthetic furniture or frighteningly perfect Yuletide remnants.

As a family man (X. Heart) greets us with pipe and plaid upcycled Vest, (Mom (Becky) is the gloriously fuzzy hostess in a collective camping trip disaster. Sort-of-son Bradley, (William Hall) "parents left him with the Weber family — and still write," provides the geek adolescent element.

In two and a half hours broken by one intermission (after which we are offered Tums and moist towelettes), we walk through a giddy landscape of lifestyle investigation and Freudian implications. Incess. Chris­tian rock, Eastern mysticism, the pangs of manhood (Bradley holds a chair up to his waist to conceal a hard-on), literal seizures of remorse (over the loss of family must Fluffy, a slide show, audience participation, a hilariously animated semi-video, some direct talk with God, and an imitation of Cosby and Karey in White Christmas are all part of the grisly fun.

There’s another climactic "miracle" (which seems as dumb, under different circumstances, as the "miracle" in Apocalyptic Butterflies), and a final exchange of presents. A Bologna Christmas has the sick humor toward American family archetypes that Jules Fifer’s Little Murders did (with a direct cop in the character of prickly teen sociopath Brad), if little of its focus or depth.

But this isn’t intended to be a statement show, for god’s sake. The satire here is deliberately throwaway. It’s also convulsive­ly funny. A Bologna Christmas is much better than the real thing, and far more perverse. The final shows may well be sold out, so call the Climate and clamor for a return engagement.

Appeal Court plays through December in the Magic Theatre at Fort Mason, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, Sundays at 2 pm and 7:30 pm. Tickets range from $10 to $17. Call 441-8822 for info.

1 Fratelli Bologna’s A Bologna Christmas plays through this holiday season at the Climate Theatre, 252 Ninth Street. Call 626-9106 for ticket info and any newly scheduled dates.
Ethyl Takes the Prize
Talent Show

Ethyl Takes the Prize is a film that features Ethyl — Ethyl Eichelberger. He's got an absolutely unbelievable act that I have to describe somehow, but that's not going to be easy. If you missed his one-night stand at ACT last Sunday, you missed one of the best mondo-bizarro, laugh-out-loud, brilliant, borderline lunatic performances of the year.

Eichelberger takes Shake­spere's plays, and a variety of historical and literary characters, and uses them as a point of departure for his own comic productions. In his original one-de­parture for his own comic pro­duction. In his original one

The second act, The Tempest of Chin-Lee, transports The Tempest to San Francisco in 1906. Given the date, you can probably figure out the ending

Eichelberger creates his own lunatic tour de force, throwing in everything from whoopee cushions to sparklers, even eating fire at one point.

summer, and the show traveled each year from one back yard to another, staged on patios and back porches with folding chairs set up on the grass for the audi­ence. We would sing songs, tap­­dance, and do our own dramatic skits for a large assortment of neighbors and family members. In retrospect, I realize how truly entertaining we must have been. But every year, there was one kid who was the standout. This kid had the best costumes, the

But before we get there, we're treated to Eichelberger in a modified Chinese cookie outfit. Complete with a floor-length, braided pony tail, he plays Chin-Lee, the opium dealer; I'o, the object of Chin-Lee's affec­tion; and a variety of related characters. This madcap romp through the streets of Chinatown ends with a song that proclaims happy endings as the rule and

no small amount of artistry. What actually happens with the characters and story line is sec­ondary to the casual brilliance of Eichelberger's presentation. Somewhere in the middle of the evening, I figured it out.

When I was a kid, all the boys and girls on my block would get together and put on an annual talent show. The performance usually occurred at the end of

Eichelberger moves the story of King Lear to the American South, throws in a few lines from Tennessee Wil­liams, and portrays Lear like a 1980s Big Daddy on a day-pass from Bellevue. He also plays the variety of inferior supporting players, he

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points out that "only money can ease the pain of a broken heart." I'o, whose brother Chan died at Chin-Lee's hands, decides to get rich by taking the shrunken corpse on the road and charging $8 a pop to view it. Do you get the idea here?

Eichelberger uses great make­up and wigs, minimal lighting ef­fects and slightly seedy but im­aginative costumes to present his plays. The smattering of songs which spring up during the course of the evening are not only funny, but sometimes quite moving. The effect is both high drama and high camp, with Eichelberger coming across like the illegitimate son of Bette Midler and Laurent Olivier. But presenting this kind of act as successfully as he does requires

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the near future. Don't pass it up. In every performance life, there is a time when things really start to happen. For Eichelberger, it looks like that time has come.

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San Francisco Sentinel • November 20, 1987 27
Rock, Saints and Spray Paint
Bono Fried

It's late Saturday night, and I've just returned from the Chatterbox, a neighborhood rock club with integrity and finesse beyond its years, posters of Emma Peel and Johnny Thunders on the wall, Reform School Girls on the video and the Housecoat Project on stage.

Absent from this pleasurable den were out-of-towners, flaky dudes on the make, sweaters, dainty new wave babes and Mr. "Sunday Bloody Sunday," himself, Bono Hewson. Perhaps that darn U2 guy opted for a small bar on Lower Haight—or maybe DNA or DVS. Then again, he and his co-writer, God, might be in jail for spray painting their latest divine revelation on public property.

At any rate, the Housecoat Project was just what I needed. I liked this for quite a while now. I'd say it's got a strong divine quality, maybe the guy's an acolyte of Divine.

Speaking of Jesus, I'm reminded that many people think Bono is Jesus, or at least they act like it. Recalling Bono's comments about God's co-writing abilities makes the man sound like a TV evangelist in comparison.

Project was just what I needed. They were fast enough to bang their head to, funky enough to dance to and very funny. Besides some blustering originals, they did covers of "What's New Pussycat." (twice), "It's a Small World" and a great rendition of Iggy Pop's "Edition売りsoul," but his loose and feisty performance really got the small bar hopping, a common weekend occurrence at this venue.

The Chatterbox has hosted Friday and Saturday night shows like this for quite a while now. The music played between bands and on non-show nights lands directly in the lap of classic glamour/trash rock. This consistent feature became a Chatterbox standard long before the recent birth of Trash Tuesday at the Kennel Club, Glam Monday at Holy Cow and Wednesdays at Rockers.

An ad trends towards retro-glam rock and rock in its rawer forms in SF clubs is a very welcome movement. I love to hear Kiss, the New York Dolls, Led Zeppelin and Swinging Blue Jeans. I would have loved to see the stadium situation. They did so magnificently, bounding forward magnificently, bounding forward, but not having a capacity of the whole house rocking happily.

As Bono watched Michael Lovlock (great name!) was member of the Boston three-piece, the Volcano Suns. Opening for the Cele stone, his delivery of R.E.M. was direct from the cover of Rolling Stone, delivered a passionate set, erasing any doubts I had about their latest L.P. Document, their only record to date that I didn't love immediately. Vocalist Michael Stipe was magnificent, bounding forward from his shy and mysterious stage demeanor into an energetic and wearing him out.

I almost forgot about "Sunday Bloody Sunday," him and the whole house rocking happily. He ended. Too bad, he missed three songs. Unnecessary, a dark shadow fell over the crusade in the form of an intense and swelling scandal: The Spray Paint Incident.

Controversial words and deeds have been thrust upon a split public by rock performers for decades, enhancing the passion of followers while creating a new opposition. Bono's spraying spree, the most discussed and argued point on MUNI and a sure setback in the war on graf fiti, will not be ignored in rock history. In fact, there hasn't been a more dangerously controversial statement of equal magnitude in the Beatles were more popular than Jesus. The answer to his prophecy in comparison, as this incident permeates the thoughts of an entire nation. I almost forgot about the hole in the ozone layer.

Speaking of Jesus, I'm reminded that many people think Bono is Jesus, or at least they act like it. This horde of disciples should listen to Prince's song, "The Cross." He handles the subject of religion with point blank strength and integrity, no ego. Recalling Bono's comments about God's co-writing abilities makes the man sound like a TV evangelist in comparison. I fully expected he'd actually heal the entire handicapped section of the stadium. Hallelujah and pass the spray paint! I would have missed the miracle. I stayed home and searched U2 records for backwards satanic messages instead.

Well, that was fun, but I better pull myself out of the bitch ditch, wash my hair, and start doing some thing positive for a change. It's a bit difficult, though, because the omnipotent Bono kept me going up in reference and in person, at two shows I attended.

"Did you all make it down to see Boner today?" asked one member of the Boston three-piece, the Volcano Suns. Opening for the Cele stone, his delivery of R.E.M. was direct from the cover of Rolling Stone, delivered a passionate set, erasing any doubts I had about their latest L.P. Document, their only record to date that I didn't love immediately. Vocalist Michael Stipe was magnificent, bounding forward from his shy and mysterious stage demeanor into an energetic and wearing him out.

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Quick ‘N Dirty

*This is representative of Texas countryside,* said my friend Bob Kinsey, as we sped south on I-45, past sprawling malls and car dealerships. “Flat, flat, flat.” Indeed; and it is perhaps only this contourless geography that distinguishes a city like Houston from a dozen other heartland American megalopolises, all of them with stilted freeway overpasses under construction, sky-clawing clumps of downtown skyscrapers, and outfitting like ossified lava from a long dormant volcano.

All boast the familiar detritus of Americana: McDonald’s, car exhaust and an unsettling Any city, but the way they stack the difference between them. And how can I best fashion some sense of their own strangeness?

Money Walks

I did it with a recent quick ‘n’ dirty plunge into Houston’s gay scene here’s a report both highly subjective and incomplete.

I stayed with Kinsey, a pool-bath kind of guy with a radiance in high finance, and his lover, Rikki O’Shea, a rascally local female impersonator. “Get thee hence, thou wind-blowing vestiges in Montrose, the city’s largely gay section” (not near the downtown. Once a middle-class neighborhood, it is now a curious mix of well-tended lawns and, round some corners, dilapidated, peeling porches and abandoned lots.

Like everything else in Houston, housing’s fairly cheap: the monthly tariff on a quasi-tony doned cars. dated, peeling porches and abandoned lots. downtown. Once a middle-class neighborhood, it is now a curious mix of well-tended lawns and, round some corners, dilapidated, peeling porches and abandoned lots.

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TIMELY TEMPTATIONS

Last week was unrelenting: a gridlock of competing rock events that left even rugged rockapaloozas overwhelmed — not unpleasantly, but profoundly. It was a week to get giddy, to get tone-deaf, to get grateful.

Rock Previews began preparing for Thanksgiving early: roasting the turkey Molinari in the kitchen, and on to a mumbled, “Thanksgiving looks to be coming up timely this year.” And thus, here’s a guide to catatonic. I glanced back at the guitarist’s perfect jaw line, I grinned, but as our eyes locked it was obvious that we were both staring the music. Hopeless.

Don Dixon, the guitarist’s perfect jaw line, I grinned, but as our eyes locked it was obvious that we were both staring at the music. Hopeless.

And so I missed Don Dixon, the guitarist’s perfect jaw line. I grinned, but as our eyes locked it was obvious that we were both staring at the music. Hopeless.

Leave Trains

Dinah Washington thanks its unfed clients on a day when even the gobbler gets a dose of gobbler. Raise a glass to Yung. (Nightbreak, 11/26, 8 pm, free)

FREE TRUCK DINNER

The coziest venue on Haight Street thanks its unfed clients on a day when even the gobbler gets a dose of gobbler. Raise a glass to Yung. (Nightbreak, 11/26, 8 pm, free)

John Sex, Joey Arias, Carol Doda

John Sex, Joey Arias, Carol Doda are for Details magazine at Dr. Winkle’s House of Horrors. Sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure sounds like a sentence to Attitude Hell, but the talent sure
Lover's Guide.

Camp classic: Acme Famous Players revive Maxwell Anderson's horror melodrama, "Several People." a collaborative project by five Bay Rhapsodic. Cultivate a Garden of Sensual Delights: An evening of traditional and classical works done in both oil and watercolor. A special reception to honor the recognized artist holding his first public showing. Bob Waterman, bestselling author of "Ortega). SF. Free (voluntary donation suggested).

You may have missed the opening last night, but you still have time to catch Acme Famous Players' production of "Bad Seed," a horror melodrama by Maxwell Anderson, and produced and directed by Phillip R. Ford. The child in question is eight years old. She's blonde, she's pretty, Rhoda Permam is a perfect, sweet little girl... who kills people. Tippi resurrects Patty McCormack's 1956 film role, with Miss X as Rhoda's nervous mother, Christine, and Doris Duke portraying Monica Berendes. Performance on Thursday, Friday and Saturday through December 13. This show is a "must see" for all serious shutterbugs and other fans of the frozen image. Gal 642-1438.

IF you did CD at the Supreme Court. Now what? You may have opened your mail last night, but you still have time to catch Acme Famous Players' production of "Bad Seed," a horror melodrama by Maxwell Anderson, and produced and directed by Phillip R. Ford. The child in question is eight years old. She's blonde, she's pretty, Rhoda Permam is a perfect, sweet little girl... who kills people. Tippi resurrects Patty McCormack's 1956 film role, with Miss X as Rhoda's nervous mother, Christine, and Doris Duke portraying Monica Berendes. Performance on Thursday, Friday and Saturday through December 13. This show is a "must see" for all serious shutterbugs and other fans of the frozen image. Gal 642-1438.

The SF Conservatory's Often* Baroque En­semble, directed by Timothy Day and Laurette Goldberg, presents a program of early Bach and Vivaldi, with soothing Day, baroque flute (in his Conservatory debut); Gideon Meir, harpsichord; Gonzalo Ruiz, oboe; and Charles Teitzelhorn, mandolin. 8 pm. Helfman Hall, 19th Ave. (at Ortega). SF. Free (voluntary donation suggested).

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C sterile transport: Paris is one of more than 150 images included in an exhibit of works by master photographer Robert Frank at Berkeley's University Art Museum, now through December 13. This show is a "must see" for all serious shutterbugs and other fans of the frozen image. Call 642-1438.
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SHIATSU BODYWORKER

A healing massage blending strength, sensitivity, and intuition, designed specifically for massage using soothing music, warmth and positive energy. Height location. Enjoy benefits that go beyond the moment. Only $30.00.

MASSAGE

We provide the finest in bodywork and complementary therapies for your physical and emotional well-being. Let our skilled therapists help you relieve stress, enhance relaxation, and improve your overall health.

One of life's rewards: a full body massage, straight ahead. 30 minutes, $20.00. 1 hour, $40.00. 1.5 hours, $60.00. 2 hours, $80.00. All inclusive.

SOMETHING SPECIAL

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

STEPHEN 668-9318

ONE OF LIFE'S REWARDS

A healing massage blending strength and sensitivity. I am a certified Swedish/American bodyworker with an intuitive and nurturing touch. My style combines gentle and deep work in a flowing touch — relaxing, all ages welcome. Bob 357-1190, In/Out. Travel Bay Area.

ATHLETIC MALE

Massage made available for strong Swedish, Esalen massage. Weekends.

TOM 431-2830

A NATURAL MAN


ORIENTAL FULL-BODY MASSAGE


ATHLETIC MALE

Massage made available for strong Swedish, Esalen massage. Weekends.

TOM 431-2830

EXQUISITE MASSAGE

I'm a certified, experienced, professional and an instructor at the Body Electric Massage School. I give EXQUISITE MASSAGE! Swedish, Nurturing.

Charlie 621-7978

MASSAGE, ETC.

You choose what my hands do for you to relax you, to renew you. For finer touch —

Erie (415) 886-6272

BEST 8% "IN S.F.

Therapist, particularly skilled in the transcendental healing energy of the Reddick Technique. Promotes wellness on all levels. $25, 80-90 minutes. Certified. Van Ault, 864-1362.

TRIP TO ECSTASY!

Come on my massage table for personal and natural relaxation. $50, 90 minutes plus. Call Robin, 864-2212.

EXPERIENCE BLISS

Relax, unwind and enjoy the bliss of the transcendental healing energy of the Reddick Technique. Promotes wellness on all levels. $25, 80-90 minutes. Certified. Van Ault, 864-1362.

Not Too Shy Are You? ASIAN OR LATIN?

AIDS,カメラマン in Oakland. Call after 4:30 pm. 832-6500. Voluntary, low rate.

NICK 771-6731

EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME

Masseur, straight appearance. Professional, clean-cut young man, 30, athletic build, muscular, well endowed. Certified. Non-smoker. Small, nude on my massage table for 1 hr.

SCOTT

Handsome - Clean Cut masculine - well endowed indulge - call anytime 431-7621

EXPERIMENTAL TRAINING

Individually arranged instruction in traditional natural strength development, emphasizing correct fundamental techniques for beginners, and an open, face-to-face orientation and alternative forms for intermediate and advanced trainers, including concentration and bodywork. Nineteen years experience — reasonable rates. 821-6677 Max

ATHLETIC MALE

Massive male available for strong Swedish, Esalen massage. Evenings, weekends.

TOM 431-2830

A NATURAL MAN

Gives an erotic massage. Handsome, masculine, hung, bodybuilder. Strong, sensitive. Andy, 24 hrs., 864-6667. Cheap, only $100, per minute, non-sensual, 1% discount with this ad. Sentinel Box 200.

IRRESISTIBLE

Fetal attraction or magnificent obsession? Magnificent attraction or fatal obsession? Your body... my hands. $20 for hot men 21 & over. Steven 641-4026

A FREEING EXPERIENCE

You'll be blindfolded at the door. Skilled unseen hands will give you a superb Swedish/Esalen oil massage and balance your chakras. A very interesting, unique and effective experience. 18th & Noe. Certified. $30. Jim 864-2430.

SENSATIONs!

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

PASSION FOR MEN ONLY

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

PHIL 864-8600

EROTIC MASSAGE

Hard working — Good-looking — Stress reducing — Safe — Perfect for men on the go: full body, clean apartment, massage, loving hands. To relax your mind, body, spirit. 5’11”, 160 lbs, brown, green, smooth, uncut.

Joe 346-2921 9-5 Fax Only

SAN FRANCISCO SENTINEL • NOVEMBER 20, 1987 37

FULL BODY MASSAGE

Done by experienced Massagist Theraped on Oakland Call after 3:00 pm. Fees: $30/1/2 hrs. MARK 231-3131

TOM ADVENTUROUS


567-4572

NORDIC MASSAGE

Out Calls $30.00 Certified • 9 AM & PM THOR 861-4676

WARM CURRENT

STRONG HEALING ENERGY 821-2911 MAX • $45/90 min. + $25-Hot Athlete. Hung nice 28-811-1054 Massage, etc. •

DO YOU NEED TO BE TOUCHED?

Why not call me and enjoy the deepest, most sensual massage in Bay! 5 years experience. In or out, anytime! ALEX 861-1362

FOR MEN ONLY

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

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Joe 346-2921 9-5 Fax Only

NATURAL MAN

Long, athletic, well endowed, straight appearance. On call anytime ________

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—David Burrill

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