

Sentinel

AIDS Survival
and Treatments
pg. 17

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Christensen Criticizes CUAV Board *Executive Director Plans to Leave Her Post December 7*

by Charles Linebarger

San Francisco's anti-gay violence program, Community United Against Violence (CUAV), is in the midst of an upheaval. In the last two months, two-thirds of the staff have resigned, and CUAV Executive Director Diana Christensen, who resigned in October but who was to stay on until January, has sent another letter to the agency's board of directors making her resignation effective as of December 7.

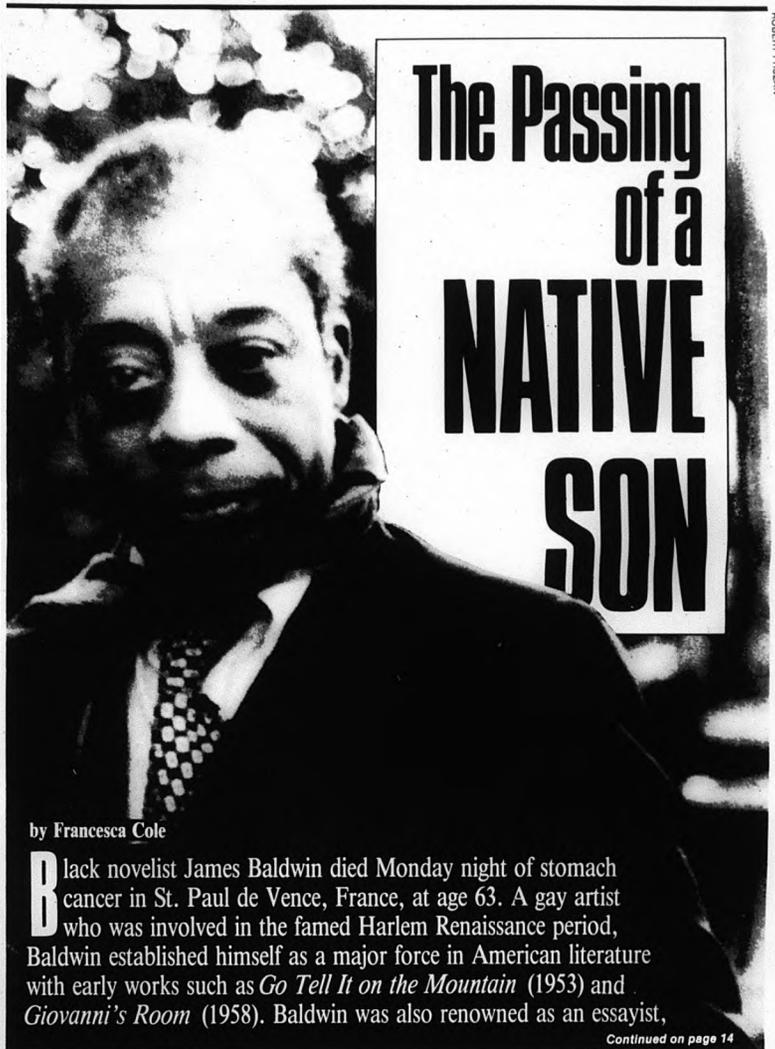
Christensen told the *Sentinel* of her decision to leave the agency next Monday: "I am no longer in a position where I have the ability to direct what happens, so the survival of the organization right now is up to the people with the authority, and that is the board of directors."

Of her decision to leave CUAV, Christensen said, "When you disagree with the direction of an organization on how a problem is being dealt with, you have some choices: you can stay and be dissatisfied, stay and fight, or leave. Right now, I'm not satisfied with how the grievance (filed by the CUAV's staff last summer) is being dealt with."

The grievance Christensen referred to is the one filed by six of the agency's staff people earlier this year in which Randy Schell, Carmen Vazquez, Kevin Roe, Sharon Silverstein, Suzanne Gautier, William Hunt and Chris Nunez charged Christensen with an "inappropriate management style," "misuse and abuse of power" and "violation of the right of privacy and due process."

The staff's grievance also questioned the effectiveness of CUAV's program planning and imple-

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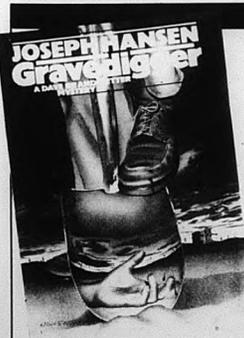
The Passing of a NATIVE SON

by Francesca Cole

Black novelist James Baldwin died Monday night of stomach cancer in St. Paul de Vence, France, at age 63. A gay artist who was involved in the famed Harlem Renaissance period, Baldwin established himself as a major force in American literature with early works such as *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953) and *Giovanni's Room* (1958). Baldwin was also renowned as an essayist,

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ROBERT PALIZAN



The Dave Brandstetter Mystery

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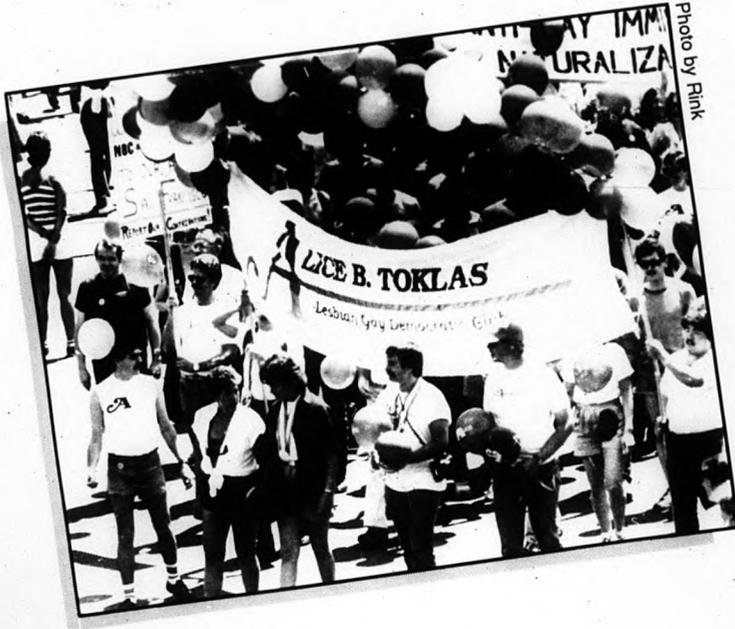


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Marchers bearing candles in memory of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk at the 9th annual gathering to honor the men slain at the hands of Supervisor Dan White.

Milk, Moscone Memorialized
March Focuses on Anti-Lesbian/Gay Violence

by Alex MacDonald

Almost 1,000 marchers gathered at Harvey Milk Plaza on the day after Thanksgiving for a candlelight march and vigil to mark the ninth anniversary of the assassinations of liberal Mayor George Moscone and gay Supervisor Harvey Milk.

Led by Community United Against Violence (CUAV), the march this year sought to bring attention to the increasing severity of violence against gay men and lesbians in San Francisco.

Setting out from 18th and Castro under overcast skies, the marchers, their faces illuminated by candles which

were lit by the lesbian and gay community in the commemoration of their fallen colleagues.

At City Hall, the site of the murders, Cleve Jones of the Names Project opened the brief ceremony with a reading of a short poem by Holly Near and Matt Christian:

described an assault against them by an angry motorist who cut them off as they crossed the street. Philip Steigerwald told of an assault against him several months ago.

All the attack victims related their experiences to the early victimization of gay people during childhood. "There were no repercussions for our attacker," Madeleine said. "It was like my childhood being played out again: Everybody else was legitimate."

"We think of anti-gay violence," Schell said, "as being a singular thing, but in reality it's not singular at all, because we are continuously revictimized by the system."

Eight months after the death of his lover, Schell was hit with a \$1.5 million lawsuit by an officer in the homicide detail because of Schell's complaints that police, out of homophobia, were not proceeding with the murder investigation. Madeleine, Naomi and Steigerwald also reported that their assailants have never been prosecuted. All of the victims who spoke had turned to CUAV for counseling.

CUAV sees 300-400 clients each year. In response to questions from

DPH Begins Selection Process
70 Apply for Gay/Lesbian Health Service Coordinator Job

by Tim Taylor

A health department committee is scheduled to meet today to begin sifting through nearly 70 resumes that have been submitted to fill the position of health services coordinator for the gay and lesbian community. The position, which has been vacant for more than a year, reports directly to the director of Public Health.

According to director David Werdegar, the holder of the \$33,000 position will be responsible for overseeing health services delivered in the far-flung divisions of the health department, and also to serve as a point of access for gay health providers seeking to influence health department policies. Werdegar acknowledged that the position has been plagued by problems in the past and that the post had not been as visible or effective as community activists had hoped. He noted that changes in the structure of the office, particularly moving it directly under his control, should alleviate past problems.

The previous health coordinator, Pat Norman, left the post November 1986, criticizing the department for failing to provide her with sufficient clerical support and clout to perform her functions. She noted that many of the community-based organizations she was responsible for monitoring had far more resources than she had and that her one-woman operation was overwhelmed by the wide-ranging responsibilities.

Among the health issues under her jurisdiction were AIDS issues, mental and public health, substance abuse, women's health and youth care. It was her job to see that department officials were sensitive to gay people and that sufficient gay-identified services were available.

Werdegar asserted that the next coordinator, who will be operating with his personal mandate, would have sufficient authority to advocate gay health programs within the department, but he did not hold out hope that the office would be significantly larger than when Norman held the post. He noted that the impending budget cuts designed to alleviate an estimated \$86 million city shortfall precluded bolstering staff support for the gay and lesbian health services coordinator. But he noted that the civil service designation for the office has been upgraded, the salary increased and that key health department personnel would be involved in the selection of a coordinator — a move Werdegar said would give the new coordinator a head start in building intra-agency relationships.

"I don't foresee — and budget cuts won't allow — much more than clerical support for the position," Werdegar said. "But if you have a secretary, a phone and a mandate, there is great opportunity [in the position]."

Werdegar asserted that the effectiveness of the position would largely depend upon the personality of the person selected, an assessment that was seconded by Health Commissioner Jim Foster. But Foster asserted that whoever fills the post is likely to discover

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they carried in clear plastic glasses, crossed Market Street and passed by the headquarters of the Names Project — the assembly site of the huge quilt in memory of those who have died of AIDS or anti-gay violence. Led by a drummer and a contingent bearing the words "Community United Against Violence," the procession then crossed back to the south side of Market and marched two miles down the rain-dampened street to Civic Center and the Polk Street entrance of City Hall.

The march last week was distinguished by the presence of the next mayor of San Francisco. Both mayoral candidates, Assemblyman Art Agnos and Supervisor John Molinari, joined

Can we be like drops of water / falling on the stone / splashing, breaking, dispersing in air / weaker than the stone by far? / But beware: / As time goes by, / the rock will wear away.

"We are the drops," Jones concluded, "Things will change." Jones then introduced CUAV counselor Randy Schell.

Schell and the other speakers spoke of the violence they have personally experienced. Schell mentioned an attack which required stitches in the back of his head only two weeks before his lover, Thomas Hadley, was murdered while walking down Haight Street.

Two women, Naomi and Madeleine,

reporters after the ceremony, Schell estimated that about 1,200 incidents of anti-gay violence occur annually in San Francisco. "The numbers stay about the same over the years," he said, "but the severity of assaults has increased about 200 percent. Severity means extended orthopedic care, loss of eyes, loss of limbs, severed genitals, stab-bings, bodies left in dumpsters."

Schell also estimated that about five percent of the victims of anti-gay violence in San Francisco are heterosexual. "It's in the perception of the assailant," he observed, "so it's an issue for all of us."

Earlier, Schell appealed to the crowd

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TEN YEARS AGO . . .
in the Sentinel

Two sociologists of the University of Washington, Dr. Pepper Schwartz and Dr. Philip W. Blumstein, received a grant from the National Science Foundation to conduct a three-year study of lesbian and gay couples, the first such study ever done in this country.

Some 200 gay and lesbian activists attended a statewide conference in Los Angeles to plan campaign strategies to help defeat the Briggs Initiative, which would bar gay and lesbian teachers in California's public schools.

Addressing the opening session of the conference, Harvey Milk called on conference-goers to "form a strong, united, statewide organization" to fight the initiative.

A gay rights ordinance, drafted by Matt Coles of the Hastings College of Law, was introduced before Berkeley's city council. The ordinance proposed banning discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, marital status, personal appearance, source of income and political affiliation in employment, housing and public accommodation.

Anita Bryant, for 11 years cohost of NBC's Orange Bowl Parade, was unceremoniously dumped by the network, which announced that she would be replaced by Rita Moreno.

Bryant, whose recording "There's Nothing Like the Love Between a Woman and a Man" also was recently rejected by several major recording companies, claimed she was being blacklisted in the entertainment industry.

And that's the way we were.
December 1977.

Sacramento's First Gay Official

Miller Elected to Elementary School Board

by Caden Gray

Sacramento doesn't know it yet, but they elected their first openly gay public official on November 3. Gary Miller, former president of San Francisco's Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club was sworn in on the Robla Elementary School Board in North Sacramento Wednesday morning.

The mainstream press did not cover the election. Sacramento's local dailies were more concerned with the mayoral and city council races, also taking place that day.

"Frankly," said Miller, "I took advantage of that."

Four candidates ran to fill two seats, and Miller came in second with 447 votes. He believes he won because he was the only candidate who filed a ballot statement prior to the election, and because he campaigned vigorously by mail. His sexuality was not an issue.

"There was one community leader who did go around door to door pushing her candidate as well as putting me down by saying, 'Gary Miller is a homosexual,'" said Miller. "I don't know what bearing that had on the election, but I won in spite of it."

"You know it's interesting," he continued. "The same woman who said,

'Don't vote for Gary Miller because he's a homosexual,' also said, 'He's using it as a stepping-stone.'

"There is no question that I'm interested in politics as a career, but if I don't do a good job on the Robla School Board, there is no point in my even thinking about moving on. So my responsibility for the next four years is to make the contribution and show that I'm a responsible board member. If I make that contribution and people in the area feel I can move up, that's fine."

Miller's new position will not bring him influence within Sacramento's city government, explained Linda Birner, publisher of Sacramento's gay journal *Mom, Guess What*. But the fact that he is gay and was elected may make it easier for Miller to run for a higher office in the future. She described Miller as a "very hard-working activist" and a

"very respected member of the community."

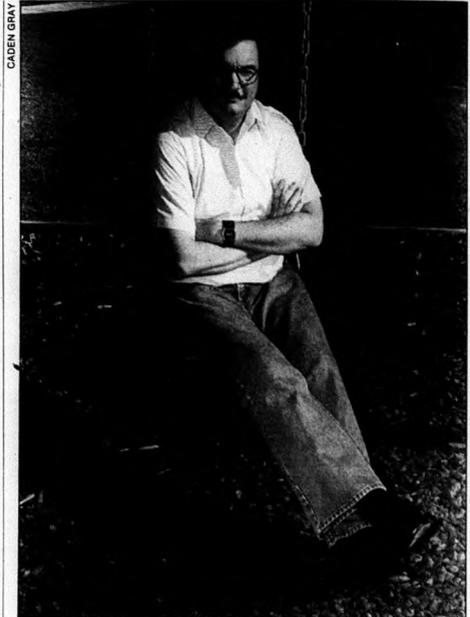
Six years ago Miller ran for a seat on the Sacramento City Council and lost. "That was the first time a gay person had become a serious candidate," he said. "It was definitely an issue then, because city council is more visible and so the newspapers did identify me as being a gay-rights activist. It certainly hurt." This year, the newspapers didn't identify Gary at all.

"Hopefully, I can make a contribution and develop some relationships with other board members before it really becomes an issue," he said. "And then it won't really matter."

Once these relationships have been developed, Miller plans to push AIDS education at the elementary level. "AIDS education needs to be taught in the schools," he said.

At the present time students in the Robla district are not being taught about AIDS. "I'm hoping we can deal with it before it becomes an issue, before there is a student, or a teacher, involved."

"You need to be responsive to the community and be able to teach it in



Sacramento's first openly gay elected official, Gary Miller, getting into the swing of things before his first meeting of the Robla Elementary School Board.

such a way as to not inflame the community. [But] at the same time we have a responsibility to make sure that students know what could be happening

to them."
Miller's first priority will be to familiarize himself with how school boards operate.

Third Annual Conference

Gay Officials Meet in Minneapolis

by Charles Linebarger

The third national conference of openly gay elected officials met in Minneapolis on November 20-22. The conference made strides toward the strengthening of the organization and prepared to lobby Congress again this year to increase funding for AIDS research and education. This year's conference also issued criteria for the candidates in next year's presidential election.

John Laird, the newly elected gay mayor of Santa Cruz, said the conferees had agreed in Minneapolis to make a group trip again next year to Washington during congressional budget talks to press for more AIDS funding.

Laird also said that the elected officials discussed furthering the national gay and lesbian agenda. "We talked about how to transcend just doing it locally. If you look at domestic partner-

ship legislation, it exists where some of us are elected officials. We discussed how to translate our local influence into a regional and national arena."

Eleven openly gay elected officials attended the first such national conference in West Hollywood in 1985. This year there were 23 gay officials at the conference. Among the better known conferees were San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt and Boston Councilman David Scondras. How-

ever, neither of the nation's two gay congressmen, Massachusetts' Gerry Studds and Barney Frank, attended the meeting.

Said Tim Wolfred, an elected member of the San Francisco City College Board as well as director of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, "To me, the best thing that happened was the statement addressed to presidential candidates in which we outlined our litmus test. We made it very clear that we need the passage of the national gay civil rights bill, protection for alternative family patterns and full funding for AIDS research and health care. It was fairly well understood that with the exception of [Jesse] Jackson, none of the candidates will meet all of our demands."

Minneapolis City Councilman Brian Coyle, who helped set up the conference, compared this year's gay conference with the preceding two. "The first [1985] in West Hollywood was really good because you had the critical mass of three openly gay elected officials making arrangements. The following year's conference in Washington didn't work as well because there were no openly gay elected officials in Washington planning it. Instead it was piggybacked on the National Gay Democratic Club's con-

ference, and we were basically used as panel members in their meetings. We were lucky to come out of it with our own network of contacts intact."

"This year's was a success," continued Coyle, "because of the number of openly gay elected officials in Minnesota."

Coyle noted that the conferees agreed to meet next year in Northern California. Said Coyle of that decision, "Next year's conference should be a success too because of the number of openly gay elected and appointed officials in Northern California."

John Heilman, one of West Hollywood's two gay councilmen and a

gay candidates get elected and how to let other elected officials know we're around."

Heilman reported that the conferees, in agreeing to come together to lobby Washington for more AIDS funding next year, shared the view that "the Reagan Administration's response to AIDS has been totally irresponsible."

Coyle in his interview with the *Sentinel* expanded on Heilman's comments and said there was a possibility that the nation's gay elected officials might hold a demonstration in Washington to draw attention to the Reagan Administration's lackluster response to AIDS. "It could happen in the next six months,"

It was understood that with the exception of Jackson, none of the candidates will meet all our demands.

former mayor of the recently incorporated city, also attended the Minneapolis conference. Said Heilman of the meeting, "It's improved, it's expanded. There were more openly gay and lesbian elected officials than in the past and more Republicans, so we are growing. We're working on how to help

said Coyle, "or we might decide to wait until after the inauguration of the next president."

Heilman commented on the small number of women among the gay elected officials and the absence of blacks among their number. "We'd like

Continued on page 10

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QT Shooting Victim Expected to Recover

by David M. Lowe

The victim of a weekend shooting on Polk Street is in stable condition at SF General Hospital while his alleged assailant remains incarcerated at the Hall of Justice.

Ronald Haynes, 25 years old, is expected to recover from injuries he sustained when a small caliber bullet grazed his skull. Police reports indicate Shannon was "shot on the right side of the head just above the ear with the bullet exiting out the back of his head." Even though SF General has been instructed by police not to release information about Haynes' condition, friends who visited him on Wednesday told the *Sentinel* "he was able to get out of bed and walk to the bathroom."

Haynes was allegedly shot by 46-year-old William Shannon early Sunday morning following an argument that began inside the QT bar at 1312 Polk Street. Shannon has pleaded not

guilty to charges of attempted murder and assault with a deadly weapon and is being held on \$20,000 bond. Shannon entered the not-guilty plea last Monday and will appear in court on Tuesday, December 15.

According to statements from Shannon and corroborating witnesses contained in the police report, the incident began when Shannon allegedly "approached" Haynes inside the bar. During the subsequent conversation Haynes contends that Shannon tried to start a quarrel with him by saying that "straight people shouldn't come into gay bars." Haynes further alleged that Shannon called him a "macho asshole" saying, "I shoot people like

you." Haynes told police that Shannon then allegedly pulled a gun from his jacket and put it under Haynes' chin and said, "I'll show you, asshole. let's go outside."

Haynes contends he then fled the bar and Shannon followed him outside where the argument continued. Haynes told police he was "afraid Shannon would pull his gun again" so he kicked him in the chest and knocked him down on the sidewalk outside the QT.

Witnesses allege Shannon got up yelling, "Hey, asshole," pulled his gun and fired once, striking Haynes in the head. The witnesses further told police that after Haynes fell to the ground, Shannon stood over him, allegedly pointed the gun to Haynes' head saying, "I ought to kill you."

Police reports state Shannon fled the scene after a crowd intervened on Haynes' behalf. Shannon was taken into custody shortly after 2 am on Geary Street at Larkin.

Following the booking procedure, police found 14 .22 caliber bullets behind the bench where Haynes had been sitting. Police reports indicate Shannon allegedly "dumped" the ammunition after refusing to answer police questions.



Tim Curry Hosts AIDS Benefit

Tim Curry, star of *Me and My Girl*, will host "An Evening at Hareford Hall" to benefit the AIDS Emergency Fund on Monday, December 7th, at the Comstock Club.

A champagne reception starts at 7:30 pm, followed by a festive holiday dinner prepared by the Comstock's outstanding chef. Guests will be treated to Christmas carols and some special surprises as they enjoy their dessert and coffee around the fire.

In the last two months alone, the AIDS Emergency Fund has granted over \$60,000 to people with AIDS and

ARC to help with rent, utilities, food, mediation and other needs. They all-volunteer AEF returns over 90 cents of every dollar raised directly to help a person with AIDS or ARC.

Mr. Curry invites all to join him in supporting the fine work of this outstanding organization. For tickets, call (415) 621-6450.

Castro Tree Memorializes Friends Lost to AIDS

This year's Christmas tree in the Castro district will be dedicated to friends who have died from AIDS. Members of the lesbian/gay community are asked to donate weatherproof ornaments in memory of friends and family who have died during the epidemic.

The tree, donated by Dan Ferguson, will be erected in its traditional location at 18th and Castro Streets in front of Hibernia Bank. Tree-lighting ceremonies will take place on Sunday, December 13, at 6 pm.

The Eureka Valley Merchants Association and the NAMES Project will underwrite the cost of decorating and maintaining the tree. Cash donations will be accepted to defray these costs.

Those wishing to donate an ornament or make a cash donation can do so at the NAMES Project, 2362 Market St.; Cliff's Variety, 479 Castro St.; Hibernia Bank, 501 Castro St.; or Pak Mail, 584 Castro St.

1988 Parade Committee Seeks Volunteers/Logo Design

The San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration Committee is looking for volunteers to help organize the 1988 event scheduled for Sunday, June 26.

Proposals for a logo design are also being accepted for use on parade buttons, posters, T-shirts and other parade materials.

The following items must be included in the logo design:

NAME: San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration
THEME: Rightfully Proud
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Deadline for submission is January 4, 1988. All artwork should be mailed to: 584 Castro Street, #513, San Francisco, CA 94114. For more information or to volunteer to work with any of the parade subcommittees, call (415) 647-FREE.

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Sentinel

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Gay Teachers Fight Homophobia in Bay Area Schools

by Alex MacDonald

Implementation of the rights of lesbian and gay teenagers made tentative progress last month when both the San Francisco and Oakland public school systems took the first steps toward enforcing the anti-slur policies of the two districts.

In San Francisco, the Bay Area Network of Gay and Lesbian Educators (BANGLE) notified the principals of 23 SF middle schools and high schools that "slur panels" — teams of lesbian and gay teachers — were now available to make presentations to teaching staffs on how to recognize and deal with slurs against lesbian and gay students by other students and staff. Since October 1, when notifications first went out, six SF schools accepted BANGLE's invitation. Several subsequently canceled. So far, the presentation has been given at only one middle school.

According to BANGLE representative Rob Birle, a 31-year-old San Franciscan who teaches art in Antioch, most teachers and principals do not

consider anti-gay slurs to be a pressing problem. Birle also finds that in San Francisco minority teachers have not been as responsive as BANGLE hoped. "Teachers," Birle says, "can enforce changes and make the school environment safe for learning. We want to see teachers address the use of abusive language."

The only openly gay teacher in the Antioch school where he teaches, Birle says he receives support from students "after the first couple of weeks of being tested by them." He has even had students come to him to report on anti-gay slurs made by other teachers. He makes it a point to check out such reports and confront the offenders. "In Antioch," he says, "there are no

openly gay students." The preferred slur is "faggot," and "kill them" still passes as acceptable language.

He finds a different situation in San Francisco. Students here, he says, show more sophistication about gay culture and lifestyles. "It is easier to address here because it is less directed against a stereotype. In Contra Costa it tends to be sexist and anti-sissy."

BANGLE's slur panels urge teachers to start reducing the use of slurs by trying to build self-esteem in the students. "Establish rules," Birle advises his colleagues. "Be considerate and fair. Don't let sexuality interfere and make you deaf to what you are hearing. Sensitize students to the needs of a pluralistic culture."

Birle also sees a need for the schools to teach students about the lifestyles, problems and accomplishments of victimized groups, if abusive behavior is to be stopped.

The anti-slurs policy of the San Francisco schools began as the result of pressure applied by the Gay and Lesbian Youth Advocacy Council. GLYAC encountered inertia rather than opposition, although it has taken almost a year to bring the district to the point where BANGLE could actually send out notices that slur panels are now available.

In Oakland, the anti-slur policy, adopted only last September, resulted from racial slurs allegedly made by a teacher in Piedmont High, which serves

a predominately white upper-income district in the Oakland Hills. According to Don Dinelli, an openly gay teacher of world history at Oakland's Fremont High, the school board, in response to demands from the NAACP that the teacher be fired, framed a policy instead. "We're in there," Dinelli adds, referring to inclusion of sexual orientation as a protected category.

Framing a policy is one thing; implementing it is another. The Oakland school board in October put out a call for interested members of the public to form a committee which would determine how to implement the new policy. Dinelli says that over 60 people turned out, representing every major racial and ethnic group in Oakland. Because of the unexpectedly large turnout, the board divided the committee into five separate committees to look at various aspects of discrimination in the educational workplace. This poses a problem for Dinelli: he is only one person, but as the sole representative of sexual orientation, he must carry the message to all five committees.

"About half of the representatives," he says, "think that discrimination is just about race." Dinelli is actively looking for other out-front gay or lesbian teachers and teenagers to join the Oakland committees.

The situation for lesbian and gay students in Oakland, he thinks, is serious. Pointing to an overall drop-out rate of 35 percent, he asks, "What percent

age of that is ours?" He hastens to add that he doesn't know, but he thinks it is high: "We have the highest suicide rate. The schools are not neutral. The heterosexual pressure is strong. Everyone says 'faggot.' I actually had to stop a gay kid from shooting another kid. He [the gay kid] had just had enough."

Like Birle, Dinelli feels that policies and regulations alone will not do the job. "We're discriminated against by omission," Dinelli claims. "We give the students Emily Dickinson, but we don't tell them she was a lesbian. Same-sex stories should begin in the fifth or sixth grade. What about Sophocles, Dag Hammarskjold, Horatio Alger? If it's not in the textbooks, it's nowhere. Supplementary handbooks won't do it. Homophobia is from ignorance, and the schools perpetuate ignorance."

The two teachers agree that gay instructors have to become more forthright about their sexuality before deep changes will happen. "Harvey Milk was right," Dinelli says. "Being out has a schoolwide effect. Everyone has to get out of his or her closet."

"We're fighting so a whole new generation can have self-esteem before the age of 25," said Birle. "Gay kids have as much right to leave school feeling good about themselves as any other minority kids." ■

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Agnos vs. Molinari: The Final Days

Molinari's Lesbian/Gay Supporters Contribute Money to Agnos Campaign

by Tim Taylor

The election slugfest between Art Agnos and John Molinari is winding down to its last week as voters prepare for the final round of mayoral balloting on December 8. The momentum of the campaign so strongly favors the assemblyman that supporters of both candidates already talk of the upcoming election in the past tense, agreeing the suspense on election night is not whether Agnos will win, but by how much.

Carole Migden, a Molinari supporter, said of her candidate, "Jack got clobbered the first round, and I don't think his position has improved. In fact, I think it has deteriorated." Migden likened the runoff election to "purgatory" for Molinari backers and expressed regret that Agnos didn't win 50 percent of the vote in November.

Migden's assessment of Molinari's faltering campaign, shared by many of his supporters, is a stunning critique of a campaign that was expected to coast to an easy victory for the six-term member of the Board of Supervisors. The reversal in fortunes was caused by the inability of the campaign to build a network of neighborhood supporters and the failure of the campaign to pro-

Subsequent polls show Agnos lengthening his lead, bringing into his liberal coalition more conservative areas of the city.

Ron Huberman, a veteran campaign organizer, said the Molinari election effort "didn't even begin to meet the definition of a grass-roots campaign." On key questions of providing standard tools such as signs and phone banks, Huberman said he and others warned they were being outpaced by their rivals, but their advice was ignored.

Leonard Matlovich is another critic, saying the campaign displayed "a total lack of professionalism. There was too much cockiness and attitude." Noting that for the runoff, Molinari assembled a new team of advisors, most of them



Assemblyman Art Agnos.

Molinari by the community. In her view, nongay issues, such as vacancy rent controls and the homeporting of the USS *Missouri*, were decisive in Agnos' strong showing.

In marked contrast to the Molinari campaign's air of resignation, Agnos campaign workers have proceeded with traditional campaign fanfare and, in a move that cornered the market in kitsch, deployed fleets of motorized cable cars throughout the neighborhoods touting their candidate.

Maurice Belote, the president of the Harvey Milk Club said, "There isn't a feeling of complacency in Art's campaign." Belote said the field operation is keyed toward winning a big mandate for Agnos that he could then wield over the Board of Supervisors when difficult issues come up before the board.

Ron Braithwaite said the December election "is just the first phase of Art's campaign. He's going to need grass-roots support to do the things he wants." Braithwaite listed vacancy rent controls, domestic partners and wiping out the projected budget deficit as controversial challenges awaiting the next mayor.

With the elimination of Roger Boas as a contender, both Agnos and Molinari have engaged in assiduous courting of the more conservative voters living west of Twin Peaks and other areas who gave the former chief administrative officer 21 percent of the vote in November.

Again, Agnos has outpaced his rival, winning endorsements from Boas, city attorney Louise Renne and business leaders, such as Pacific Stock Exchange president Maurice Mann. Hopes by Molinari that he would win the nods of Kopp and realtor John Barbagelata were dashed when the two conservative icons decided to remain neutral.

It is an anomaly of the campaign that Molinari has been accused of selling out his liberal supporters in making a naked appeal to conservatives, while Agnos has been hailed for making a similar effort. Pundits have called his efforts to expand his liberal base unifying and statesmanlike.

In fact, there is no documented change in any of Molinari's positions, and his supporters dismiss the charge of "a shift to the right" as nothing more than overheated political rhetoric.

Huberman said, "I don't think there has been a shift to the right. Jack is still Jack."

Still, Molinari's own rhetoric held little comfort for his liberal backers. In a highly charged election-night speech he said an Agnos win "would turn this city over to those who would bring it to darkness and doom."

Less widely reported was his subsequent musing that Agnos would duplicate in San Francisco the leftist politics that dominate city government in Santa Monica and Berkeley.

Despite rumors of a mass exodus from Molinari by his gay and lesbian

supporters, outright defections have been relatively few.

Lesbian activists Phyllis Lyon and Del Martin withdrew their endorsement after the November election and adopted a neutral stance for the runoff. Allen White, a Molinari publicist, endorsed Agnos after his staff position in the campaign was downgraded.

More common is the low profile many formerly fervent backers have adopted, including a sharp reduction in the cadre of Molinari workers at the

Appeals Board and a chairman of Molinari's gay steering committee. Molinari steering committee member Sharon Saslafsky has also contributed to Agnos.

One of the last Molinari supporters to make a donation to the Agnos campaign was attorney Paul Wolman who last January held the first lesbian/gay fundraiser for Molinari.

The final community fundraiser of the campaign was held last night by former Molinari supporter, Russell

"Jack got clobbered in the first round, and I don't think his position has improved. In fact, I think it has deteriorated."

— Migden

corner of 18th and Castro streets. Others have started low-key bridge building to the Agnos camp.

Attorney Todd Dickinson, a Molinari loyalist, sponsored a resolution passed by the Nonpartisan Bay Area Alliance that the group contribute to Agnos, matching an earlier contribution to Molinari.

Most prominent among those now contributing to the Agnos campaign is Jerry Berg, president of the Permits and

Kassman, who hosted gay and lesbian professionals for Art Agnos at Kassman Piano.

Migden said of those who have abandoned the campaign, "I personally don't think it's an honorable way to proceed. Mostly it appears opportunistic. I don't think it will provide the access of influence they hope to gain."

She added, "I think they have to be honor bound to stand by their choices however painful it turns out to be." ■



Supervisor John Molinari.

ject a favorable image, according to Molinari supporters who spoke with the *Sentinel*.

Agnos has dominated the 35-day period leading up to the runoff election, riding the crest of his strong first-place showing in November when he narrowly missed outright winning the election. Then he garnered 48 percent of the total vote. In a stunning show of citywide support, Agnos led in 20 of 21 neighborhoods and won 63 percent of the gay/lesbian vote.

linked to State Senator Quentin Kopp, Matlovich said, "The new management hasn't lit any fires."

Matlovich pointed to years of efforts by Molinari and his wife Louise in support of gay-rights causes and said, "I think it's very, very sad that a man who has worked so hard for us has been rejected by our community." He added, "Even though I have criticisms, I still am committed to him."

Migden said she didn't see the outcome as a personal rejection of

Care to Dance?

WANTED: A thousand Dancers who Care to help in the fight against AIDS by participating in San Francisco's first AIDS Dance-A-Thon.

All you have to do is ask your friends to pledge a small amount of money for each hour that you dance at the Dance-A-Thon, collect the money, and dance! Let's harness the fantastic energy generated at the discos. Fight AIDS while you dance!

WHERE? The I-BEAM, 1748 Haight, San Francisco

WHEN? Sunday, December 6th — 2 pm till 2 am

IT'S SIMPLE! 1. Complete the Registration Form below and return it to Mobilization Against AIDS. We will send you your DANCE CARD on which to gather pledges.
2. Start talking up the event to your friends and collecting checks for their pledged amount.
3. DANCE!

YES! I Care to Dance. Send me my Dance Card / Registration Kit.
 Furthermore, this is such a great idea that I've enclosed a contribution of \$25 \$10 \$5 to help with organizing expenses.
 Dancing isn't really my game but here's a contribution to help Mobilization Against AIDS.

Dancer's Name _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Note: You may register with a partner if you wish, in which case your partner should also complete a registration form. But don't worry — most people will not have partners. We'll find you one at the Dance!)

Please return this form to Mobilization Against AIDS, 1540 Market Street, Suite 60, San Francisco, CA 94102 (415) 863-4676.

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A Kind of Grace

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

December 3, 1987

*Pride, itself fiery, incites defiance,
Rising out of the char of the past.*

To reinvision crisis — what came as affliction

Lives on in the mind as a kind of grace,

Restored to legitimacy in the distancing of time,

Made memorable through struggle.

— William Everson

Last Friday we marched with candles along the now familiar route from the Castro to City Hall. We remembered again our friends George Moscone and Harvey Milk, proud of who they were, of what they represented. Pride dwells, too, in how we have built upon their legacy in our city, our nation; how we have made gay and lesbian voices heard, made gay and lesbian votes count, and exercised our economic clout, fought to have our rights recognized and respected.

We are establishing traditions for remembering, for taking crises and affliction and transforming them into a source of pride: Never Forget, which will erect a memorial to Harvey Milk in the Congressional Cemetery in Washington, DC; the NAMES Project quilt, unveiled at the National March with 2,000 panels and soon to be exhibited at Moscone Center with 3,000 panels (and it's still growing). Librarians are finally indexing and microfilming gay and lesbian periodicals — including the *Sentinel* — recognizing their role as preservers of our stories for history. In the Netherlands, the state has contributed to a monument remembering gay victims of the Holocaust and celebrating gay love.

Gay people have a powerful bond with Israel, a tiny, proud, defiant nation built upon centuries of memory. Here one stumbles into the past at every turn in the road. In Israel, as in San Francisco, there is cultural diversity, a

wide variety of creeds and lifestyles. Ancient temples and fortresses stand beside modern skyscrapers. By uniting politically and economically, Jewish people have gained power and control over their fate. They are no longer victims, no longer in exile.

The Holocaust during World War II was undoubtedly the bleakest episode in Jewish history. Sharing that tragedy are gay people, who were also exterminated by the Nazis in concentration camps. In Jerusalem there is an avenue of trees. Each tree has been planted in memory of someone who aided Jewish people in escaping from the Nazis. Thus, in this arid, Mideastern land one finds coolness and shade through a creative means of remembering, of transforming "what came as affliction" into "a kind of grace."

For many of us in San Francisco, the holiday season with its tinsel and its tradition is out of touch with the ongoing agony of AIDS. We remember those who have died during the year. We watch ourselves and our friends for signs of the disease. We look to traditional and non-traditional sources for help, with the knowledge that no cure is at hand. Jewish legend, like our own, is filled with magic and miracles. The gods have sent us manna in our medical desert today — AZT, AL 721. Not magic, perhaps, but a ray of hope.

Sometimes we must leave our village and travel a distance to see life in perspective. In Israel one finds kindred spirits, people who persevered despite overwhelming odds in their determination to be free. Their courage is inspiring. And so is ours. Many thousands of us came to San Francisco as exiles, escaping slow psychological death in towns and villages across the nation. We built new lives, established new homes, found new neighborhoods, created new forms of family. And when the epidemic hit we remained to do battle. We have remained not to become heroes or saints, but because we know, like the Jewish people, that love continues to appear in our desert surprising us with its strength and with its beauty; healing our grief and kindling hope for our future. ■

LETTERS

976-SMUT

To the Editor:

And here I'd thought that nobody minded if those sex ads, ubiquitous as invitations to "light my Lucky" or to "come up to Kool," continued to proposition readers from the back pages of the *Sentinel*! Ken Cady's suggestion (Nov. 27) that this journal drop the ads' provocative photos and come-on lines and simply run a list of 976 numbers (as even the *Spectator* does, on its "Lusty Listings" page) is an idea I'm completely in favor of, provided enough new advertisers can be roped into taking up the slack of subsequently opened space.

Gee, am I advocating (shudder) censorship? I sure don't want to stamp out invidious smut, but *Sentinel* readers might pause to evaluate what ads that push an electronic parody of sexual intimacy for profit really contribute to their lives. C.E. Dinkins

Cady's Confused

To the Editor:

I'm confused. One one page you denounce the Helms Amendment as being anti-gay; on the next page, Ken Cady announces (?) a new policy whereby sexually explicit terms will no longer be acceptable in the new, purified *Sentinel*. This was, as I recall, the thrust of the Helms Amendment — except that it didn't go as far: it only applied to government funding of the offending words and images.

The word "jack-off" is not an offensive term; it is a good and positive term. When you concede that point to

the moralists, you've given up everything — because if you're not fighting for the right to be sexual, you haven't anything to fight for.

"I don't want to be in your parade if I can't dance." If this is the new, politically pure *Sentinel*, include me out. But I have a better suggestion: early retirement for Mr. Cady. I think he's a bit confused. Scott O'Hara

Tone It Down

To the Editor:

I have recently read Ken Cady's "Taste in Advertising" in the Nov. 27 *Sentinel* and would like to express my complete agreement regarding the overt sexuality blazing across the pages of the gay press. The 976 ads are rampant, and I find it extremely disheartening to walk down the street and see a discarded page of the paper showing some sleazy action advertisement. Don't get me wrong. I occasionally use 976 numbers also. I'm not suggesting they can't advertise — just tone it down.

Be aware that the gay press also reaches many straight friends (and nonfriends). We as a community must take responsibility, especially during this time of "plague," for dispelling the notion that we are all just a bunch of sexual animals. Judd Wozencraft

Private HIV Testing

To the Editor:

I want to thank the *Sentinel* for its usually excellent AIDS-related coverage. I found the article "Private Testing vs. DPH: No Basis for Com-



KPIX-TV5 Eyewitness News anchors Dave McElhatton and Wendy Tokuda meet with NAMES Project Executive Director Cleve Jones to learn more about the AIDS Quilt to be displayed at Moscone Center December 17-20.

parison" in the Nov. 13 issue troubling, however. While the description of the private lab visited may indeed be accurate, it is unfair to generalize about all private facilities that offer HIV-antibody testing.

Any facility offering HIV testing should offer extensive pre- and post-test counseling, explaining the relative value and limitations of test-taking, test mechanics, means of HIV transmission and prevention, and potential social, legal and psychological ramifications of test-taking. All positive tests should be confirmed, and test results should be given out in a straightforward manner, allowing the test-result recipient time to assimilate the information, and allow its significance to sink in. Review of

safer sexual practices is essential. Additionally, there are several issues (too numerous to list here) that must be covered with anyone receiving a positive test result. It is also advisable that referrals to other AIDS-related community services be available.

As a precaution against anyone being tested for HIV antibodies against their will, the State of California requires that the person being tested sign an informed consent form. Unless verifiable written test results are needed, it is advised (and within interpretation of current law) that the client use an assumed name on this form, thus providing a de facto anonymous test.

I am happy to report that excellent and ethical testing is available private-

ly. Over the past several months, I have assisted Healthfocus, a self-care testing service, to set up what I believe is an exemplary HIV-antibody testing program. A full range of other blood tests (including T-cell testing) is also available, compassionately, conveniently and at competitive pricing. Healthfocus is located at 456 Montgomery Street, one-half block from the Bank of America Building. Hours are 8 am to 6 pm, Monday-Friday. For more information, call 362-3380. Alan Brickman

Defending Soler

Dear Mayor Feinstein:

The Lesbian/Gay Advisory Committee to the Human Rights Commis-

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

ROBERT M. GOLOVICH

Three Arguments for Molinari

Ever since the *Sentinel* endorsed John Molinari for mayor this past summer, I have written a column commenting on the mayoral race and outlining the reasons that Molinari should be elected mayor. On rereading many of the columns that I have written, there are three themes that most strongly recommend Molinari. Here they are, for the last time.

Integrity

This year's current political fad is the "character issue" — the one issue that has knocked candidates, one after the other, out of political life. Gary Hart's scandalous sex life. Joe Biden's failure to footnote. Alex Ginsberg's "youthful indiscretions" with the evil weed. All three were ruined by actions that were

of marginal ethical importance, but which nonetheless were sufficient to end or seriously derail their careers.

If any one of these persons had done what Agnos has done — failed to pay taxes on \$65,000 in income until the press brought it to his attention and misreported hundreds of thousands of

dollars on his campaign disclosure forms — there would have been a scandal so wild and bloody that it would have eclipsed all other peccadillos. It is scandalous that the standards for mayor are so low in comparison.

Teddy Roosevelt said that people who are good at making excuses are seldom good at anything else. To give him his due, Art Agnos is good at many things, but he must have won his first merit badge in how to make excuses. He has blamed his tax and campaign reporting problems on his accountant, on his wife and on his volunteers. It is only remarkable that his dog has not gotten the rap.

Last week, Bruce Pettit in the *Sentinel* posed the rhetorical question, "Who hasn't taken developer money?" Jack Molinari, that's who. While both candidates have received campaign contributions from developers — which candidate hasn't? — Molinari's personal finances are clean as a hound's tooth. Art Agnos talks about "the issues," but on the issue of personal

honesty only Jack Molinari is above reproach.

Man vs. Machine

With Art Agnos as mayor, virtually every major political position in the city will be locked up by one self-described political machine. Willie Brown, Nancy Pelosi, Barbara Boxer, Leo McCarthy, Art Agnos — and perhaps Art's successor in his vacant Assembly seat — will all march to the same drummer.

There is much to be said in favor of politicians not agreeing with one another automatically. Politicians are often more responsive when they know there is somewhere else for people to turn for political satisfaction.

But when a machine is in power, it — not the people — calls the shots. And this particular machine is well noted for its taste for revenge on those who cross them. This bodes ill for civic harmony and for those of us who believe that the process is as important as the immediate result.

Jack Molinari has been independent of any political machine throughout his career. His primary political motivation has been one of being open to a wide variety of people, which is why he has been open to and supportive of lesbians and gay men throughout his career.

Experience Counts

Jack Molinari has served San Francisco and the gay community time and time again for 16 years. He has consistently won the endorsement of lesbian/gay political clubs — including the most liberal — because he has been an unflinching ally in the best and the worst of times. He knows the city, its operations and its finances inside and out.

As we enter a period of economic uncertainty, Molinari is the best person to handle the difficult decisions that must be made in the budget. Molinari has been roundly roasted for his role in allowing a budget deficit to grow, but it is seldom remarked upon in the gay community that many of the budget-straining items Molinari supported benefited either the gay or feminist agendas — comparable worth and full AIDS funding being the two most prominent. He is faulted for what we should all see as being great virtues.

I believe with all my heart that John Molinari is the best choice for San Francisco. But whoever is mayor will be held accountable to the gay community for the next four years. And the *Sentinel* will be there, too.

FROM THE DESK

DAVID M. LOWE

Looking for a Landslide

I was quite amused this morning when my publisher called to give me one last and thankfully final shot of grief over my choice to support Assemblyman Art Agnos for mayor. Fully knowing that they have no earthly chance of winning, Golovich is now telling me I'm going to be surprised at the numbers.

However, I believe the surprise will once again be on the publisher, who professed right up until the time the polls closed November 3 that Molinari was going to win. I think he'll be even more shocked at the number of voters who turn away his candidate on December 8. I guess he'll have to take solace that Molinari might do well in the areas west of Twin Peaks. I would suspect that's a possibility, especially since Molinari has concentrated his efforts toward those voters during the runoff.

However, I don't think Mr. Golovich's candidate will even win West of Twin Peaks and may not even get as many votes this time as last. Wouldn't that be special?

Realistically, Molinari will probably get a few more votes than last time, but not many. I predict Agnos will be elected by a landslide with nearly and possibly more than 70 percent of the

vote. That would be extra special!

Golovich's final question was "So David, who are you going to vote for?" I responded, "Art Agnos." After a brief pause he said, "You guys are out to bury us, aren't you?" My response was too obvious to even bother printing.

Final Four

The phones have been hot this week as potential lesbian and gay candidates for the 16th Assembly seat test the waters with political insiders they need to convince that they are the best person for the job.

In our community it appears the field has now been narrowed to four: Supervisor Harry Britt, College Board member Tim Wolfred, Lesbian Rights Project executive director Roberta Achtenburg and March on Washington national co-chair Pat Norman.

The Milk Club execs have met with

all four in an effort to unify behind a single candidate. They appear to be leaning toward Achtenburg, but would be hard pressed not to support Britt should he choose to run.

In an effort to determine whether he still has the support of the community, Britt has commissioned a poll on his popularity. My guess is Britt will be devastated by the results, especially if the nagging dissatisfaction among progressive politicians and activists has also

expect the soon-to-be mayor-elect to give the nod to Britt or Wolfred. If he does choose to back a member of our community, it will be one of his two longtime and early supporters, Norman or Achtenburg. Nobody, and I mean nobody, can fathom the amount of effort it would take Britt to convince Agnos to endorse him. It just won't happen.

AIDS Quilt TV Special

KPIX-TV5 Eyewitness News anchors Dave McElhatton and Wendy Tokuda will host a one-hour, prime-time special on Friday, December 18, at 8 pm, entitled "Threads of Love." The live

loss of a loved one to AIDS.

MOW Report

This week the March on Washington presented its report to the SF lesbian/gay community and called the MOW "extremely successful." MOW national co-chair Pat Norman told the *Sentinel*, "We accomplished the goals we set out to achieve." Those goals included making contacts among ourselves, reenergizing ourselves, defining our goals and continuing our struggle for liberation. Norman believes the MOW provided the necessary energy to revitalize a number of local organizations throughout the country and pro-



Over 500,000 people gathered for the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights on Sunday, October 11, 1987. MOW organizers called the effort to unify the community "extremely successful."

sweep the community.

At this point everybody is holding their breath to see whether Agnos will endorse a lesbian/gay candidate and, if so, who that person might be. The Agnos camp is under strict orders not to discuss the Assembly race and is not talking to anyone. However, don't ex-

broadcast from Moscone Center will focus on outstanding examples of AIDS volunteerism in the Bay Area and will also encourage viewers to call in and become AIDS volunteers. The special will feature a historical background on the AIDS Quilt and chronicle the lives of family members who have survived

vided the lesbian/gay community with "a new sense of direction and unity of purpose."

Next weekend the MOW national committee will gather in NY to complete its budget analysis, which may result in a surplus of funds, possibly to

Continued on page 15

CATHARTIC COMICS

Featuring THE BROWN BOMBER and DIVA TOUCHÉ FLAMBE by Prof. I.B. Gittendowne



"So long as men can breathe or eyes can see So lives this, and this gives life to thee"

— William Shakespeare

In Memoriam
HAROLD WASHINGTON
1922-1987
JAMES BALDWIN
1924-1987

AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

AIDS Lawyers Profiled

The city's leading legal newspaper, the *Recorder*, profiled four local lawyers as foremost legal experts on AIDS-related issues in a front-page, headline article. Monday's paper included large photos of Benjamin Schatz, Gary Wood, Alice Philipson and Norman Nickens.

Schatz is the 28-year-old director of the US AIDS Civil Rights Project of National Gay Rights Advocates. Wood and Philipson are co-chairs of the AIDS Legal Referral Panel, a project of the Bar Association of San Francisco and the Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom. Nickens is a staff attorney for the Human Rights Commission.

The article by Victoria Slind-Flor paints a positive picture of the efforts and dedication put forth by these lawyers in an area of very stressful activity. Schatz acknowledges his work to be exciting and socially important, but also "very draining." In fact, he went to Siberia this summer for a vacation in hopes of avoiding mention of AIDS.

Yet he found many people willing to discuss the epidemic even there.

Philipson told the reporter that her job "is to carry the attack into the courts and if necessary, the press." Nickens also pointed out the "emotionally burdensome" nature of his job, wondering, "Why aren't there more attorneys out there who are willing to get their hands dirty on these cases, dealing with the employers or the landlords?" According to Wood, the job is "amazingly gratifying." The article also featured interviews with lawyers who have been on the opposite side of cases handled by the AIDS activists as well as a discussion of some of their courtroom successes. Philipson told her inter-

viewer: "It's a struggle not to be overwhelmed by the deaths and the suffering, but it gives me an outlet for my brilliant legal mind, and it allows me to serve my profession, serve my community, and by doing those things, to serve my country." So why aren't there more gay and lesbian lawyers involved? Our compliments to these four and our hope that they stay at it.

The crime of the week occurred early Sunday morning outside the QT bar on Polk Street. There a 25-year-old man was shot in the head by a man he had met inside the bar. The assailant had allegedly told him that straight people should not come into gay bars. Stating,

Philipson [said] that her job "is to carry the attack into the courts and if necessary, the press."

"I shoot people like you," the assailant then went outside the bar with the victim and shot a small caliber bullet into his head. A 46-year-old suspect has

been arrested.

Runner-up for case of the week would have to be the defendant who allegedly stole his mother's Thanksgiving turkey and sold it for drug money!

In other states, child molesters are having particularly tough times. In Portland, Oregon, a man twice convicted has been ordered to post signs on his house and car stating he is a sex offender. The warning must be in letters at least three inches high and include the words "No Children Allowed." The Oregon Court of Appeals, however, has stayed the order pending its review.

And in Pima County, Arizona, 40-year-old Lawrence Taylor was sentenced to 2.975 years in prison on 85 counts of sexually exploiting and molesting children. His lawyer has

promised to appeal.

The Christmas shopping season is well under way and merchants are hoping for big sales. My experience with

merchants lately has been a rather mixed lot. When you get ripped off, you can call the DA's consumer mediation hotline at 553-1814. But what do you do when the merchant is just inconsiderate or rude?

I had one of the worst experiences with a retailer in this regard at Florsheim's Union Square store. Not only did they screw up my order, but they made me go to all of the inconvenience and weren't even apologetic about it. In October, I waited for Super Shuttle to pick me up, only to have to call a cab when they never showed up.

Film I took to Express Photo on Market Street for "one-hour" processing took several hours even though they had promised it in an hour. When I returned, they hadn't started my order and I felt that they couldn't care less about the trouble they caused me. The new bookstore on Castro Street should be called "A Different Price" after they charged me \$19.95 for a magazine the distributor prices at \$16.

Where is the desire to have good customer relations? Where is the pride in service? My bet is that many of you have suffered similar instances of merchant misconduct. If it really galls you, then write me at the *Sentinel* with the details. Maybe we can convince some of these merchants to shape up! ■

Gay Officials

Continued from page 4

to increase the number of women and people of color at the next conference," said Heilman.

Everyone the *Sentinel* talked to praised the supportive atmosphere at the conference. Said Heilman, "We talked about the threatening calls that we get and the nasty letters we receive from time to time. Death threats came up. They do happen. I mean the first time you run for office and the calls you get saying you all ought to be put to death."

Another Minnesotan who helped to arrange the conference was State Senator Allan Spear. Spear said that in addition to more elected officials at this year's conference, there were more appointed officials. "And we had one anti-gay agitator who came to the meeting, but we got a personal welcoming address from Minneapolis Mayor Don Fraser, and the governor sent his greeting."

Spear said the group had agreed to look for a part-time staffer to coordinate the arrangements for the fourth conference of openly gay elected

officials.

"We don't want to become another national organization that competes for funds," said Spear. "If we could find another national organization that we could ally ourselves with, that would be best. We don't want to start sending out fundraising letters."

Coyle told the *Sentinel* that if he had any question about the working of the conference it was that "we had no problem in producing statements but we haven't had time to discuss actions." Coyle noted that this year's conference was shorter than in the past. ■

that final interviewing could start in January. But with one-third of the resumes coming from out of town, she conceded that scheduling appointments could be subject to even further delay.

Among those who will be reviewing the applications are gay department officials Ruth Hughes and Michael Lipp, who were recommended by the gay advisory coordinating committee, and Jeff Amory of the AIDS Activities Office. ■

Milk March

Continued from page 3

to bring victims of violence to CUAV. "My message," he said, "is that we are gay, we are proud, we have a resilience that is unmatched, that I've never seen other kinds of victims portray."

He went on: "When you look inwards, forgive yourself; don't ever forgive those people for what they did to Thomas Hadley and for what they did and what they do to all of us who are victimized for whom we choose to love."

Jones closed the ceremony with an invocation of Harvey Milk: "Harvey Milk had a vision of a time and a place when lesbians and gay men of every race, age and background would stand together and take their rightful place among the ranks of people everywhere who seek a world of peace and justice and freedom."

The marchers, bunched together now before the facade of City Hall, raised their candles overhead during a long moment of silence and then dispersed, leaving their candles to burn long into the night at the statue of Abraham Lincoln. ■

Health Job

Continued from page 3

that the position is a thankless one. He noted that internal department politics could interfere with the activities and that the next coordinator could find a barrage of criticism from community-based organizations pressing for funds while the city tightens its belt during the budget crunch.

According to health department executive secretary Margaret Kisluk, the 70 resumes will be winnowed down to a handful by the end of the month and

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Sentinel

POINT OF VIEW

WALTER ROWEN

Taste in Advertising Redux

Ken Cady's November 27th article "Taste in Advertising" made several points concerning the wretched advertising we see in the gay press — particularly in ads from phone sex companies. I agree with some of his points.

Mr. Cady is a lawyer, and in matters regarding the law, I would be disinclined to question his viewpoint. (As an advertising specialist, I don't publicly air my views on matters concerning the law — although my opinion of courtroom ethics is a strong one.) He, on the other hand, has focused public attention on a line of copy I wrote for a Connector ad layout which can be seen in the pages of this paper. Mr. Cady, while objecting to all sexually explicit advertising, twice mentioned the ad I created and the copyline: "Then he told me he had a hard-on." (If Cady insists on writing about advertising, I feel I should share some elementary marketing concepts with him.)

First, many ads seen on these pages are deplorable, not because of the prurient content, but because they are lousy ads. I see poor photographs, far too much copy in small layouts and childish thematic material, all contributing to bad ads. Too often in our

(gay) community, the basic principles of good marketing are sacrificed because the advertiser attempts to produce ads without professional help. Using press-on letters and a photograph "borrowed" from a defunct publication, many advertisers create their ads themselves. Some simply can't afford professional services, while others assume that their products or customers are so narrowly defined that even a professional couldn't do better.

Sadly, such ads are ineffective, still cost a lot of money and do little to promote the sale of goods or services. This is certainly true of many of the phone sex services Mr. Cady mentions. I disagree, however, that the *San Francisco Sentinel* should reject the ads because they fail to meet his standards of "good taste." Good taste is about as important to advertising as justice is to our court system.

Further, Mr. Cady bases some of his conclusions on the belief that his news-

paper is published for the community at large. Well, it's not.

If it were, the entire editorial focus would have to shift to accommodate the tastes and interests of a larger audience. It might look similar to the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*, or the *San Francisco Progress*. However, the *Sentinel* is aimed at gay, lesbian and bisexual residents of the Bay Area, and while it is to be congratulated for striving to achieve high journalistic standards, it should not forget who reads it.

There is one — and only one —

There is one — and only one — characteristic that sets this paper's readership apart from mainstream society: sexual orientation.

characteristic that sets this paper's readership apart from mainstream society: sexual orientation. To overlook this is to ignore the very first rule of sound advertising: know your audience!

An effective ad can accomplish several things, the most important of which is to promote the sale of products and services. To that end, I believe that the Connector "he had a hard-on" ad is quite successful. In two weeks' time, the client has received a number of compliments from their already substantial customer base, an increase in new customer inquiries, and I have received no fewer than four calls from their com-

petition wanting to hire my firm's services. The ad is effective.

A successful ad can increase customer loyalty, product recognition — even admiration for the adman's good taste — but unless it sells, it's a failure. The history of Madison Avenue is littered with the remains of unsuccessful though "tasteful" ad campaigns. I have seen layouts so tasteful they should be in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art. Regrettably, they failed to sell any product or service. We've all seen TV commercials so vulgar that even Channel 20 should be embarrassed, but apparently they generate enough products that they end up in marketing textbooks. Bye, kids. (I can't ever recall an award-winning ad selected because it was tasteful. I can

magnetically drawn by the nonsexual material (but thirsting for news of what is happening in the gay community), phone sex firms will beg to buy ad space "because of the large readership."

And ad copy like "he had a hard-on" won't be tolerated. Counselor — come on!

The clincher in the Cady article was his contention that female readers "are not entirely interested to hear that he told me he had a hard-on." I suspect Mr. Cady is correct: they probably aren't entirely interested in the Connector ad. Most San Franciscans aren't entirely interested in ads for tractor parts, hair pieces and jobs for lawyers, but I believe the *Sentinel* should still sell ad space to John Deere, Mastertouch and the DA's office, dreary as the ads may be.

I'm relieved that Mr. Cady doesn't think "family or straight friends should be allowed to censor our papers." They shouldn't. And I don't think lawyers should be encouraged to comment on things beyond their comprehension. Advertising is one. Taste is another.

But on the outside chance that he's right, I've rewritten the copy for the Connector ad. The first copy block still reads: "When we agreed to meet, he gave me his address and phone number." The second (questionable) copy block now reads: "Then he told me he finally passed the bar exam." As they say in the Castro, Mr. Cady, *Get Real!* (But don't tell us if you've got a hard-on.)

Walter Rowen is president of Rowen Communications, a Bay Area advertising and public relations consulting agency. One of his many clients is the Connector 976 telephone service.

CUAV

Continued from page 1

mentation, financial planning and fundraising.

William Hunt, who was an administrative assistant at CUAV, explained his reason for resigning: "I couldn't work under Diana Christensen anymore. I guess I just have too much respect. The entire staff had problems with her management style. When she yelled at people, she didn't yell at them privately, she yelled at them in front of strangers."

Client advocate Kevin Roe said, "I left for the same reason everyone else left: Diana Christensen's management style. She was abusive. She contradicted herself regularly. We would be setting up a program or something and letting her know about it as we did, but a week or two later, she would claim we had never told her a thing about it, and then she would change it herself without informing us. She wasn't letting us do our jobs. She berated volunteers and staff in front of other people. Doing that to staff people is bad enough, but it's inexcusable to do it with volunteers."

Suzanne Gautier, program coordinator, told the *Sentinel* of her decision to leave CUAV. "After a long series of attempts, failed attempts at mediating a somewhat horrendous situation with



CUAV client advocate Kevin Roe, who resigned last month, educating SF rookie police officers about the lesbian/gay community earlier this year.

the management of the agency, I took a job elsewhere."

"Diana Christensen happened to be executive director when I left. However, my feelings are that anybody in that position would have had problems. The organizational structure of CUAV was all right when there were three staff people in one program area, but it didn't work with a staff of nine and three program areas."

For her part, Christensen responded to the complaints from her staff about

her management style by saying, "I am not a tyrant. The staff's grievance goes well beyond my role as director. If fundraising in the community is a problem, well, one person is never responsible for that type of fundraising. That's a responsibility of the board and the staff. It's been a puzzle to me that that is in the grievance. I think fundraising has been one of my best attributes."

Figures on CUAV's finances supplied by Christensen showed the agency's budget has in fact mushroomed

during her six years as director. CUAV had an income of \$60,000 when Christensen was appointed six years ago. All funding at that time consisted of a city grant. Today CUAV gets \$124,000 from the city, \$34,000 from the state, \$42,000 from United Way and another \$10,000 from private foundations. The staff of CUAV also mushroomed, going from three staff people when Christensen was hired to nine positions today.

Under Christensen the Monitor pro-

"I couldn't work under Diana Christensen anymore. I guess I just have too much self-respect."

— Hunt

gram was begun by CUAV in 1982; in 1983, neighborhood programs were begun to identify trends of violence in the neighborhoods and to help prevent them. Said Christensen, "If murders are happening out of bars, you call a meeting of bartenders or bar disc jockeys. So you organize around what is happening in the community like the whole whistle campaign."

In 1984 the Speaker's Bureau was incorporated into CUAV. The Speaker's Bureau sends speakers into the city's classrooms to answer questions about gay lifestyles. CUAV began its domestic violence program in 1986 to deal with domestic violence in gay male relationships.

Jean Harris, Supervisor Harry Britt's legislative aide and a member of the CUAV board of directors, told the *Sentinel* that "Diana [Christensen] is burnt out. This job has been very stressful, and I think she's done a great job at CUAV. They do a lot of things over there."

Of the changes needed at CUAV, Harris said, "I think the staff and executive director are overstressed and underpaid. The organization needs to be revamped. The job descriptions need to be rewritten and the pay scales changed."

James Dugeish, who left CUAV's board of directors several years ago,

Continued on page 15

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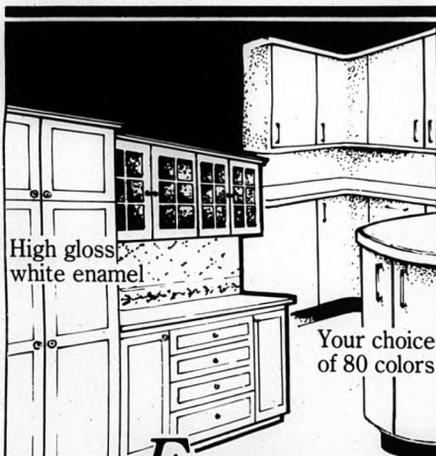


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LETTERS

Continued from page 8

sion is sorely disappointed that you did not see fit to reappoint Esta Soler to a seat on the commission. We strongly support Commissioner Phyllis Lyon in her decision to resign from the commission in protest, and we ask that you reappoint both of them before your term as mayor ends.

Over the years, Commissioner Soler has educated herself on issues of concern to this committee and has been active in protecting the human rights of San Francisco's diverse populations, including lesbians and gays. For example, Commissioner Soler personally involved herself in the planning of the public hearings on AIDS/ARC discrimination. She attended planning meetings, advised staff members, offered insight and support, and chaired the hearings. Her help in putting together these important hearings were essential.

It is especially appalling that Commissioner Soler's nonreappointment appears to be in retribution for her support of the HRC's *Missouri* resolution proposing discrimination against lesbians and gays. This resolution was agreed to by an overwhelming vote of the commission and endorsed unanimously by this committee as a strong statement of support for our human rights. The commission gained wide praise for being able to put political interests aside and decide the issue in accordance with their mandate, to protect the human rights of San Francisco's citizens. The commissioners waived their personal views on bringing the *Missouri* to San Francisco and specifically considered the human rights ramifications of the issue.

The fact that you rejected Commissioner Soler with just two meetings to go and the fact that you disrupted the work of the commission by depriving it of so able a chairperson leads us to believe you acted out of brazen political considerations and with a mean spirit. We have lost not only a dedicated commissioner in Commissioner Soler, but also a cochair of our committee; Commissioner Lyon worked for years to make this committee effective and to keep our efforts relevant.

We offer our full support of Commissioners Soler and Lyon, and ask that you promptly reappoint them to the Human Rights Commission.
Lester Olmstead-Rose
for members of the Lesbian/Gay

Advisory Committee to the Human Rights Commission

No Mo

To the Editor:

I am upset that the lame duck mayor has consented to the *Missouri* being harbored here, and I'm outraged that the *Hardwick* decision allows police to interrupt our practice of sexual intimacy.

I am proud that the 840 of our people arrested in front of the Supreme Court have collectively decided to do contempt of court; I am very proud. I did not know how my brothers and sisters would get out of it (the legal system), and it worried me. Now may be the time to focus on how to stop the *Hardwick* from entering the bay around our great ancient city of love.

Mark Schwartz

Demented Efforts

The following letter was sent to *Quentin Kopp*, Mayor Feinstein and several SF supervisors.

After the USOC's demented efforts to deny an honorable gay sporting organization the use of the word "Olympics" in its title, do you think it wise to now invite the USOC to hold its 1990 competitions in the Bay Area?

In my opinion, even considering such an invitation before the USOC apologizes and withdraws its prohibition against using the word "Olympics" in conjunction with the word "Gay" demonstrates incredibly poor judgment and is tantamount to a slap in the face for the entire Bay Area gay community. If, by chance, the USOC proves insensitive enough to accept such a tactless invitation, it will surely prove to be the second biggest mistake that now infamous organization has ever made.

Jerry R. DeYoung

Historical Services

To the Editor:

In the fine history of gays and the Supreme Court reprinted by the *Sentinel* (11/20/87), Lisa Keen mentions the infamous case involving *One* magazine's harassment by the US Post Office. It is unfortunate that Ms. Keen was unable to locate a copy of the forbidden issue (10/54) when doing her original research for the *Washington Blade*.

The lead article of that issue, "The Law of Mailable Material," reviewed *One's* strategy for avoiding just this situation. The editors were well aware of the political heat they were likely to

face and had studied the postal laws quite carefully. They went so far as to list their own rules for avoiding a censorship attack. Banned were: personal ads, "cheesecake" art or photos, descriptions of sexual acts or the preliminaries to them, descriptions of homosexuality "which the author encourages in others, or waxes too enthusiastic about," and finally, fiction with too much physical contact. *One* clearly bent over backwards to insure its legal status.

That the federal government was able to wage a battle against *One* for several years, calling its utterly innocuous pages "pornographic" is testament to the insanity which characterized the political climate of the times. I will resist the temptation to compare that period to the present.

Learning from the history of our community can be one of our most empowering tactics. In order to study this history, its sources must be available to us. The Library of Congress and the DC Public Library could not provide Ms. Keen with a copy of this issue of our leading journal of this period. Nor would she find it at SF Public Library or at Stanford or UC Berkeley. The truth is, our historic record has seldom been preserved by those public institutions usually relied upon for this duty.

We formed the Historical Society three years ago for just these reasons. We are busy recovering and collecting a wide variety of source materials, all of which we hold in trust for the current and future gay and lesbian community. We do have that issue of *One*. In fact, we have most of *One*, along with *Ladder*, *Mattachine Review* and some 1,000 other newspapers, newsletters and magazines covering the past 40 years. We remain ready to assist anyone who wants to utilize these resources.

To succeed in creating a viable archives and library of gay and lesbian history, we must have support from the community as a whole. We are determined not to lose the voices of those who are passing or who have already gone. Won't you join us in this effort?

Bill Walker
SFBAGLHS
PO Box 42126, SF 94142

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

TRANSITIONS



Michael Roberts

Scion of a California pioneer family, the photographer Michael Roberts died at his home in San Francisco on November 5 after a long struggle with AIDS.

Great-grandson of Edward Tomp-

kins, founding regent of the University of California; grandson of Ruth Kellert Roberts, early leader in the movement for Native American rights; and son of the late Harry Roberts, experimental botanist and horticulturist, Michael was raised for the first years of his life on the Yurok reservation near Crescent City.

His family's long-term interest in minority rights was carried on with selflessness and devotion by Michael, who was well known in San Francisco for his activism in relation to the rights of street people, the gay community, minorities and artists. But he did not help from a distance, out of duty; he chose a life lived at street level and in poverty, and helped directly out of love for those he helped, since love was what he felt was most needed, whether in their lives or in his own. His was thus an extraordinary private altruism, particularly toward those who fell between the cracks of social welfare organizations, and it is almost impossible to measure the great range of his influence and generosity in this respect.

His art reflected the same concerns with the same warmth of spirit. In his photographic work, he is best known for his major essay on the Haight-Ashbury, which was recently acquired by the California Historical Society.

He is survived by his mother, Lorna Moore, by brothers, sisters and a large family of loving friends. A gathering of family and friends will be held at Thackrey & Robertson Gallery, 2266 Union Street, San Francisco, on Sunday, December 6, at 3 pm. For further information, call 567-4842.

BEYOND THE BAY

Massachusetts Passes Gay Rights Bill

BOSTON, MA — The Massachusetts Senate voted 20-15 in favor of legislation banning discrimination on account of sexual orientation. The November 23 vote followed successful passage of the bill in the House, and Governor Michael Dukakis has said he will sign the bill into law.

However, a quirk in the parliamentary rules of the Senate may enable opponents to scuttle the measure despite majority support in the legislature.

Under Senate rules, a powerful committee may hold bills that are passed for up to 45 days before sending them to the governor. The chairman of that committee is a strong opponent of gay-rights legislation. Should he exercise his prerogative to hold the bill, as expected, and let the year lapse, the measure would be effectively killed for this legislative session.

In the event the bill does not go to the governor before the end of the year, proponents of anti-bias legislation would be required to start the legislative review process all over again. □

AIDS Education Chief Quits

PHILADELPHIA, PA — The education coordinator of the city's AIDS Control Unit in the health department has quit, alleging she was not given sufficient resources to fight the epidemic.

Penny Barchfeld-Venet fired a parting blast at Mayor Wilson Goode and Health Commissioner Maurice Clifford for failing to mount an aggressive campaign. She also cited the removal of personnel who advocated keeping AIDS testing anonymous, the failure to fully staff the AIDS office and delays in spending appropriated funds for prevention campaigns as reasons for her resignation. □

PWAs Challenge Dental Policies

PHILADELPHIA, PA — Under threat of a lawsuit, Temple University's dental clinic has rescinded a policy that

denied services to people with AIDS or ARC.

According to a new policy statement enunciated by Temple's counsel, "Such patients will be treated according to the same protocol as applies to any dental patient with a serious illness or disease."

The suit was threatened by Philadelphia Community Health Alternatives, a nonprofit group which has complained about the absence of dental services in the Philadelphia region. According to the group, only four or five dentists in the area provide services to people with AIDS or ARC.

Negotiations are now underway to reverse a similar ban on services at the University of Pennsylvania. □

Doctors Obtain HIV-Antibody Test Rights

AUSTIN, TX — The Texas Medical Association recently approved guidelines saying that doctors who test positive for the AIDS virus should not be required to reveal their health status to patients, saying the risk of transmission of the virus through the physician-to-patient relationship is slight.

The 287 delegates of the association also stated that physicians have a moral responsibility not to abandon AIDS patients and to make sure that patients have appropriate care through referral or other means if a physician does not wish to treat a patient.

The TMA guidelines mirror those recently adopted by the American Medical Association.

The action was taken following revelations that a physician practicing in Mesquite, Texas, carried the AIDS virus and subsequently lost most of his patients. □

Denver Mayor Addresses Community Complaints

DENVER, CO — Mayor Federico Pena is trying to heal a breach with the gay community arising from AIDS policies promulgated by his city health

director.

The controversy erupted last summer when Denver General Hospital's dental clinic denied routine care to people who refused to take the HIV-antibody test. According to activists, administrators at the hospital have consistently sought to use the test and were guilty of breaching patient confidentiality regarding test results.

In response to rising gay community complaints, Pena invited activists to a meeting in his office to review current city policy. In addition to AIDS policies, the meeting also addressed incidences of police harassment by the vice squad in places where gay people congregate. Pena noted that anticipated turnover in the police department would give the city an opportunity to conduct sensitivity training of new recruits. □

AIDS Discrimination Suit Filed in King Co.

SEATTLE, WA — A class-action complaint alleging AIDS discrimination in 42 nursing homes located in Seattle and surrounding King County was filed with the federal Office of Civil Rights.

The suit alleges that people with AIDS or ARC have been denied admis-

sion to the homes. A recent survey showed that only two of King County's nursing homes routinely admit AIDS patients, even though state and federal law prohibit discrimination on account of handicap.

An official with the Office of Civil Rights said the agency is currently engaged in fact-finding activities regarding the complaint. If home operators are found in violation of the law and fail to take corrective measures, the Department of Justice may initiate a criminal prosecution. □

Manliness Test for Ballet Students

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL — The mayor of Sao Paulo issued an order stating the city's ballet school may not accept boys "who look homosexual" into their classes. Police guards are now patrolling the school's gate with orders to bar entry to any boys who do not meet the mayor's test. The school's director has chosen to send back all the school's males stating, "If the girls have to do a pas de deux, they'll have to do it with a policeman. They ought to match the mayor's idea of manliness." ■

Items for this week's column were compiled from *Miami Weekly News*, *Philadelphia Gay News*, *Seattle Gay News*, *Montrose Voice (Houston)*, and *Gay Community News (Boston)*. *Beyond the Bay* was edited by *Sentinel* Assistant News Editor Tim Taylor.

"The Results Are Rolling In!"

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who took the time to fill out and mail in the reader survey.

The response was overwhelming, and we intend to share the results with you as soon as all the figures are tabulated.

The drawing for the winner of the Mexican cruise will be held at the **Cruise Holidays** office (333 3rd St.) on December 15th. If you haven't filled out a survey and would still like a chance to win this fun-filled cruise, you can stop by our offices and complete a reader poll to qualify.

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An Urgent Appeal from Shanti Project

With more than three new cases being diagnosed in San Francisco each day, Shanti Project is in critical need of volunteers to provide emotional support to persons with AIDS and their loved ones.

Currently, all of our 500 volunteers are at near full capacity. In order to avoid a waiting list for the people we

Volunteers Needed

The next Emotional Support Training will begin the weekend of December 4th and continue on December 11th.

An additional Training will be held the weekends of February 5th and 12th.

A Practical Support Training is the weekend of January 15th.

To Volunteer, please call Shanti Project at 777-CARE.

serve, we need a minimum of 70 new volunteers for each training.

One way to show that you care about what is happening in our community is to volunteer a few hours of your time each week at Shanti Project.



SHANTI PROJECT

The Passing of a Native Son

Continued from page 1

publishing three collections — *Notes of a Native Son* (1955), *Nobody Knows My Name* (1961) and *The Fire Next Time* (1963).

Outspoken on issues of race relations and discrimination, "Baldwin could be poignant by saying just a few words," recalls Jule Anderson, executive director of the San Francisco African American Historical Society.

"He was blunt-spoken and at the same time lyrical," explained filmmaker Marlon Riggs. Riggs recalled a lecture he attended given by the "insightful" Baldwin at Harvard University in the late '70s. "Baldwin was the first novelist I read who explored gay sexuality. There were no courses, no gay studies.... *Giovanni's Room* opened a door. [Baldwin] was an inspiration for my own work," said Riggs.

Speaking from the depth of his own experience, Baldwin's candor is typified by the short story, "Going to Meet the Man." He writes, "They hated him, and this hatred was blacker than their hearts, blacker than their skins, redder than their blood, and harder, by far, than his club.... They had not been singing black folks into heaven, they had been singing white folks into hell."



Restaurant owner Connie Williams remembers her friendship with the then 16-year-old Baldwin, who frequented her Greenwich Village restaurant, the

Calypso, when Baldwin took refuge at the Calypso until Williams could drive him home. "Just before the war, I suggested he go to Paris," said Williams. Baldwin

"He is effeminate in manner, drinks considerably, smokes cigarettes in chains, and he often loses his audience with overblown arguments. Nevertheless, in the US today there is not another writer — white or black — who expresses with such poignancy and abrasiveness the dark realities of the racial ferment in North and South."

— *Time*, May 17, 1963

Criticism did not stop the always candid Baldwin from speaking out against gay discrimination when gay rights was still a novel concept.

Calypso, on poetry nights.

"He was a wonderful kid. He was generous and he was always telling the truth," reminisced Williams.

Often teased and chased for being

made France his home since the late '40s. "He was frustrated here as a black artist. He was one of the greatest, and in Europe they embraced him," declared Williams. Baldwin spend the last 40

years of his life living in France, but referred to himself more as a "commuter" than an expatriate.

gay, Baldwin took refuge at the Calypso until Williams could drive him home. "Just before the war, I suggested he go to Paris," said Williams. Baldwin

years of his life living in France, but referred to himself more as a "commuter" than an expatriate. "Only white Americans can consider themselves expatriates," Baldwin said. "Once I found myself on the other side of the ocean, I would see where I came

from very clearly, and I could see that I carried myself, which is my home, with me. You can never escape that. I am the grandson of a slave and I am a writer."

Baldwin was born in 1924 in Harlem.

A prodigious writer, by his 20s Baldwin was already published in the *New Leader*, *The Nation*, *Commentary* and *Partisan Review*.

After Baldwin's initial acclaim for his first novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, he drew fire for his frank depictions of gay life in *Giovanni's Room* and *Another Country* (1962), now regarded as classics of gay literature. The criticism did not stop the always candid Baldwin from speaking out against gay discrimination when gay rights was still a novel concept. Baldwin was also an early critic of the Vietnam War.

In 1986, Baldwin was made a commander in the French Legion of Honor, the nation's highest award, by French president Francois Mitterrand. At his death, he was engaged in writing a biography of civil rights leader Martin Luther King and had planned to write a play. Baldwin's lover, Bernard Hassalle, announced that funeral services for the writer would be held today in New York City.

Selected Works of James Baldwin

- Go Tell It on the Mountain**, novel, 1953;
- Notes of a Native Son**, essays, 1955;
- The Amen Corner**, play, 1955 and 1964;
- Giovanni's Room**, novel, 1958;
- Nobody Knows My Name**, essays, 1960;
- Another Country**, novel, 1962;
- The Fire Next Time**, essays, 1963;
- Blues for Mr. Charlie**, play, 1964;
- Nothing Personal**, with Richard Avedon, 1964;
- Going to Meet the Man**, 1966;
- Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone**, novel, 1968;
- A Rap on Race**, with Margaret Mead, 1971;

- The Woman at the Well**, play, 1972;
- No Name in the Street**, 1972;
- One Day When I Was Lost**, play, 1973;
- If Beale Street Could Talk**, novel, 1974;
- Little Man, Little Man**, 1975;
- The Devil Finds Work**, essays, 1976;
- Just Above My Head**, novel, 1979;
- Selected Poems: Jimmy's Blues**, 1983;
- The Price of the Ticket: Collected Non-Fiction, 1948-1985**, 1985;
- Evidence of Things Not Seen**, 1986;
- Harlem Quartet**, novel, 1987.

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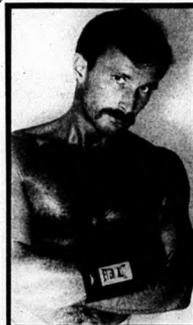
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SF Police Chief Frank Jordan and one of his officers serve Thanksgiving dinner to the less fortunate at Glide Memorial Church.

LENDING A HELPING HAND AT THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is the one day out of the year when we pause to express our gratitude for the things with which we have been blessed. It's a truly American tradition, also based in the spirit of helping those who are less fortunate. The tradition that began with Native Americans helping the Pilgrims to a new land continued this year with many members of the lesbian/gay community helping our friends and loved ones with AIDS.

SCOTT MARTIN



PWAs, their friends, loved ones, family and volunteers enjoy Thanksgiving hosted by the SF AIDS Foundation at the Green Room.

CUAV

Continued from page 11

said that the board had been "aware of problems with Diana Christensen and the staff at least two years ago to the extent that special sessions were called to deal with them. And there were retreats up on the Russian River to deal with them."

"These issues are not new issues," added Dugeish. "They've been known to the board and staff for years."

The CUAV board of directors came in for criticism from both former staff people and from Christensen. Roe said the board was "more or less hand-picked by Diana, and once a year they go in and reelect themselves. The board is taking no action to alleviate the situation," claimed Roe.

Christensen also criticized the board of directors. When asked why it has taken more than four months to settle the grievance filed by her staff last summer, Christensen responded, "I think because their [the board's] direction is

weak and their ability to direct themselves has been weak. The staff's grievance shows organizational problems affecting everyone in the organization. When everybody is pointing the finger at one person, it lets everyone else off the hook for their part in the problem. The board hasn't directed things to resolve this problem, and they have the power to do it if they want to."

Only six of the slots on the CUAV board of directors are filled today. Alan Houston, a board member, spoke to the *Sentinel*. Houston said the board has hired a consultant to talk to everyone in the agency from former staff to volunteers. "If there are needs for structural changes, we will make them."

In the meantime CUAV, with an increase of 30% in gay men and lesbians seeking help in dealing with anti-gay violence from last year at this time, is now looking for three new full-time staff people and one part-time worker. Said one unnamed board member of the situation, "Christensen was good for the agency. She made it what it is today,

but I don't know if she is qualified to supervise employees."

FROM THE DESK

Continued from page 9

be donated to a number of lesbian/gay organizations. "We want to share our success with the lesbian/gay community," said Norman who said the committee will also adopt procedures for groups wishing to apply for grants of the surplus money.

Missouri Bridge

Somebody finally came up with an idea about what we should do with the *Missouri*. "We should take it to the south end of the SF Bay, turn it sideways and use it for another bridge to the East Bay." This wonderfully zany idea was the brainchild of Jim Rioridan, a waiter at Regina's Restaurant on Geary; where Tim Curry has been hanging out a lot lately. Word is he has more than a crush on the owner. ■

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PERSONAL BEST

ALFONSO CHINEA

Heart Massage

I'm lying on my back, naked, on a futon, while my friend Tony sprinkles cornstarch on my body. I've certainly been through stranger experiences, but not many. At least we're not alone.

About six other pairs of men are doing the same thing. Our instructor, a lean, spiky man in his late 40s, gazes over us with gentle intensity.

Tony finally sits down and smooths the cornstarch over my body. Imagine thousands of minuscule feathers brushing against your bare skin. Yes, that good. As I shut my eyes, a warm moan rises from my throat. A soft brushing sensation starts at my feet and climbs up my body — slowly. An ostrich plume? Then I remember: we're not on ostrich plumes now, but plastic wrap. But by this point in the workshop, I've learned to expect anything.

The workshop began at ten in the morning. Saturday morning. When most of us are deciding what color tank-top to wear to brunch. From the flyer I received in the mail, I gathered that the workshop would teach me erotic massage. Lately, the prospect of erotic anything is enough to get me out of bed. I arrived at the Folsom Street address

strangers, about nine of them, and chowed down the rest of the danish, which sat in my stomach like a frog ready to jump. The teacher of the workshop, Ray Stubbs, strolled over and greeted me.

Though Ray Stubbs is about as tall as I am (5'10"), he seemed to tower over me. His posture was perfect and his blue eyes shone with vitality and enthusiasm. Even the gray woven through his medium brown hair seemed not a symptom of middle age, but a sign of energy to burn. He was friendly, charming, articulate, and I felt a tad uneasy in spite of myself. Ray is something of a celebrity in massage circles, having written books, appeared on television and conducted seminars throughout North America and Europe. But I knew it wasn't his "celebrity" status that made me nervous. As Ray led all of us up to the loft to begin, I gave myself an internal scolding for feeling this way.

Others shared my feelings: voices cracked like adolescent boys', strained smiles flashed, eyes shifted uneasily.

at the correct time. I knew just where it was; the SF Jacks meet there and so do the JO Buddies. 890 Folsom looked so serene that morning. The sun streamed through the skylights. A small, but remarkably varied group of men sat about on beat-up chairs and couches, sipping coffee. The age range was late 20s to late 40s with bodies going from extra lean to slightly overweight.

My stomach fluttered, and I knew it had nothing to do with the Just Desserts cheese danish I had brought here to eat. I greeted my friends and talked about safe, meaningful things. I grinned and bowed my head slightly to the

Ray's next instructions made my stomach flutter again. We were to mill about, introduce ourselves, and tell our new friend where we liked to be touched: I knew that if I spent any time thinking about this exercise, I'd never be able to do it. So I plunged in, like a lemming. I took a quick visual survey. Others shared my feelings: voices cracked like adolescent boys', strained smiles flashed, eyes shifted uneasily.

Within moments, things began to change. By the time I got to my second partner (a handsome Cajun, no less), I had no trouble maintaining eye contact. To tell someone what I want makes me

feel vulnerable; the fucker might have the temerity to say no. But why shouldn't I (and by extension, anyone else) be able to ask for what we want, clearly and honestly?

After the exercise, everyone's face relaxed. Even the tall, saturnine gentleman, who looked like he'd been sucking on the same lemon for three days, managed to turn up the corners of his mouth. But the trial by fire was not over yet.

Next, Ray asked us to sit in two rows facing each other. For this exercise, we were to work in pairs. I sat across from Sequoia, a delightful man I've known for years. (I thought teaming up with someone familiar would make this exercise easier — I had been through enough today, thank you — but I was quite wrong.)

Under Ray's direction, the men on Sequoia's side were to ask for a massage from the men on my side — and we were to turn them down. My side was to be polite at first, then rude, even cruel. I almost laughed out loud: me turn down a massage from a sexy man? But I did it. Of course, we practiced saying yes as well.

When the roles were reversed and he turned me down, I was incredibly hurt. Mentally, I knew that my friend would never harm me. Emotionally, I was a frightened child and no amount of gym-trained muscle could shield me from that.

Throughout the day we would be given ample time for sharing our thoughts and feelings. After what we had just done, the participants needed an outlet. We eased our armor off and let ourselves breathe. The two exercises I just described were to make a world of difference in the upcoming day and a half.

The rest of the day brought a multitude of small miracles. Clothes gradually dropped off — not for sexual reasons — but simply because we began to trust each other. In terms of emotion, anything went. When a man with a delightful satyr's face massaged and unraveled me from a fetal position, I felt warm and peaceful, even though someone else going through the same experience nearby bawled his eyes out. Normally, his behavior would have

troubled me. Here, no emotion was forbidden, and I sensed, intuitively, that his release would heal him.

By the end of the first day, we were not the same people we were when we had arrived. Shoulders that had been held up rigidly were now relaxed. Tight



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furrows between eyebrows vanished. Eyes brightened. Lying in pairs after the last exercise of the day, we watched the skylights dim, listened to a tape of nature sounds and felt the warmth of each other's bodies. I just knew the trust established would carry into the next day. As it turned out, I was right. Luckily for all of us.

The next day, our newfound trust was put to the test. Imagine, if you will, a stranger wearing clear vinyl gloves. You are both nude. You lie down and allow him to bathe and massage an area of your body that Shakespeare referred to as "the nether lands." Though that part of my body cannot be called "where no man has gone before," I found myself feeling jittery at the prospect. Performance anxiety? Hardly.

By this time, we all knew that we did not have to do anything. The day before, the only PWA taking the workshop left because he had trouble dealing with the nudity and the touching. I felt leery about the exercise because of my lifelong bout with hemorrhoids. Not to mention a thoroughly nasty encounter with sexual abuse as a child.

But here I was, in a safe environment, a tape of Gregorian chants play-

ing in the background. My partner was the man who had the crying episode the day before: a gentle, relaxed soul. But I still felt nervous. Finally, I decided to let my thoughts dwell on my favorite anarchist, Bugs Bunny ("What's up, Doc?"), and imagine him giving Daffy Duck the same treatment I was getting. I relaxed at once.

Close to the end of the workshop, many of us decided to be nude. By now, we felt comfortable around each other, nude or not. After the final exercise, where we took turns feeding each other fruits and nuts, all of us sat down in a circle to discuss how we felt about the whole process.

By the time my turn came, I felt a flood of repressed memories engulf me. My nightmares of the past two weeks started to make sense now. In a flash, I realized the catalyst for these inexplicable, violent dreams.

A friend of mine, Ron Cohen, had been refused by paramedics after they arrived at his apartment; they accused him of "faking" his symptoms of pneumocystis. Hours later, after another ambulance finally took him to the hospital, Ron became unconscious and died two weeks later. An investigation was announced, but as far as I knew then, nothing came of it.

My feelings of rage and fear burst to the surface; I felt that Ron had been, in a sense, murdered. What happened to him could have happened to any one of us. I had not felt safe since his death, and I had done a good job of covering this up, though I could not keep my feelings from affecting my dreams. The warmth and security I felt during the past two days had given rise to these powerful emotions. The room now echoed with my sobs and those of others who knew Ron Cohen.

The whole issue of fear and helplessness around AIDS and homophobia came up with others who spoke. This terror gave way to feelings of empowerment; we knew we could connect with others and make a difference. That's what we had been doing all weekend.

After we were done sharing, we cleaned up the loft and gathered our belongings. We hugged, laughed and exchanged heartfelt thoughts (and some phone numbers). And of course, there was Ray Stubbs.

Throughout the workshop, Ray had been a gentle anchor for the rest of us. He was the man who subtly prodded us

Continued on page 18

ASTROLOGER

R O B E R T C O L E

December 4-10, 1987

WEEKLY ALMANAC: The full moon's light on Friday night will reveal a major alignment of planets in our skies. Mars, Pluto, Mercury, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Venus stand on one side of our sun; Earth and Jupiter are on the other side. This alignment fortells a definite new direction coming into focus; whether it is an upward or downward direction depends on where you're standing.

♈ ARIES, THE SHEEP (Mar 21-Apr 19): Only the majestic Jupiter favors you this week, all the other celestial deities seem opposed. Cleverly you have eliminated every single factor opposing your ideas; what you have left is endless good luck, unlimited ego and very few good friends. You should be afraid to flaunt your prosperity in the faces of those who are starving, but it's the only way you have of proving to yourself that you have the very best.

♉ TAURUS, THE OX (Apr 20-May 20): Pluto, planet of the masses, and Mars, representing the men in your life, are lined up in opposition to your sign. This situation will be highlighted by the powerful magnetism of the full moon

during the weekend. You have two options: You can make yourself feel suffocated by the clinging presence of a certain man in your life or you can project yourself as a strong and confident leader for this jealous boy.

♊ GEMINI, THE WOLF (May 21-Jun 20): This is your own personal full moon in Gemini. Over the weekend you and the moon stand in direct opposition to just about everything else in the universe. On the one hand this is an excellent chance to be obvious in a crowd; on the other, an obnoxious attitude directed at old friends could bring extreme loneliness later on in the week. Submit to chosen responsibilities but ask for more love if you need it.

♋ CANCER, THE CRAB (Jun 21-Jul 22): The full moon on the weekend will overflow into your sign next week. You will get a clear look at a T-square between your sun (primary direction) opposed by Venus and Neptune (women and national trends); it's all hinged on Jupiter which presently brings great prosperity to your career. Under such stress the stabilizing factor must be peace and

quiet at home. Demand respect and support from housemates and family, too!

♌ LEO, THE SNAKE (Jul 23-Aug 22): Under the light of the full moon you feel inspired to crawl out of an old shell of self-criticism and get involved in the social scene once again. Fire up that charming personality of yours, take a few bucks out of the bank and accept every invitation to holiday festivities. You're linked into a Grand Fire Trine with Jupiter, Mercury, Saturn and Uranus. Burn up the dance floor with wild antics. Show everybody what a little self-appreciation can do!

♍ VIRGO, THE PIG (Aug 23-Sep 22): This weekend finds you caught in a weird T-square configuration as the full moon opposes the full sun. Watch out for hectic emotional sensitivity when dealing with your business; keep your heart in your work and pay attention to every customer. Also be prepared to deal with family problems as housemates begin to exhibit signs of holiday burn-out. Relieve tension this week by wearing comfortable shoes and a sincere smile.

♎ LIBRA, THE LEOPARD (Sep 23-Oct 22): The outrageous coincidences of the weekend help you unravel one of the great mysteries of your love life. A flurry of appreciation from a lover who has mercilessly used and abused you in the past suddenly reaffirms hidden convictions. Beneath the wealth, the career and the popular style, there is someone worthy of great love. Don't try to prove this point, just listen carefully to every apology.

♏ SCORPIO, THE SCORPION (Oct 23-Nov 21): When you get that lost-in-the-masses feeling and the traffic keeps running over your toes, it's time to go home to your #1 lover for a little special attention. Over the weekend, wrap yourself up in that tender embrace and soothe your bruises; you might even ask to borrow a little money so you can afford to buy a few gifts for the holidays. Admit to weaknesses and your sincerity will be well rewarded.

♐ SAGITTARIUS, THE HORSE (Nov 22-Dec 21): You're lined up with the most powerful planets in our solar system, so a little opposition from the full moon won't make much difference in your attitude. You may notice how friends humor you and how your lover is more willing than ever to accept your argument. So walk your talk and they will follow. For your astrological chart, send birthdate/time/place and \$1 to Robert Cole, PO Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188.

♑ CAPRICORN, THE WHALE (Dec 22-Jan 19): Venus presently graces your sign with the beauty of the evening star. A very strong woman will help you maintain your independence this weekend as the full moon tempts you with offers to join yet another organization. Follow this amazon's awesome advice even if it means that you'll work much harder in the future. Don't waste your time and money on messianic causes unless it's your own.

♒ AQUARIUS, THE EAGLE (Jan 20-Feb 18): Pluto (global issues) and Mars (the men in your life) are having a major effect on your career options, and the intensity of the full moon brings this murky issue into clear focus over the weekend. Turn fear of cataclysm into motivation; reaffirm your commitment to master change instead of being victimized by it. And as for those men, you should order them around confidently; tell them what you want, not what you don't want.

♓ PISCES, THE SHARK (Feb 19-Mar 20): The full moon throws you into a tension-producing conflict between career demands and the needs of someone in your home. You may have to shuttle a housemate back and forth to work next week. Is this the straw that'll break the camel's back? Only if you let it. Take control of the scheduling, make your housemate happy and do a booming business for the holidays. You can do it all!

ON GUARD

JOHN S. JAMES

Good News on AIDS Survival and Treatments

Recent studies in San Francisco and New York have found major, unexpected improvement in median survival after an AIDS diagnosis and in long-term survival as well. And many physicians with large AIDS caseloads are having far fewer deaths this year than last and fewer complications serious enough to require hospitalization, even though they have more patients.

This article examines the statistical evidence on survival in San Francisco and New York — and in the United States as a whole. It looks at why the improved survival figures may be even more important than they first seem.

We also interviewed Nathaniel Pier, MD, a New York physician in private practice with about 300 AIDS/ARC patients, on the much lower death rate he and his colleagues are seeing this year, on current ethical issues in AIDS, and on what medical approaches seem to be making a difference. And we asked Michael Callen, a founding member of the PWA Coalition in New York, about his current interview study of long-term survivors diagnosed with AIDS for over three years.

San Francisco Survival Study

Since 1981, the San Francisco Department of Public Health has kept track of the median length of survival of persons diagnosed with AIDS each year. (The median is not the average, but the middle of the range of length of life after diagnosis.) For the first five years, median survival was unchanged: about ten months. But in 1986, it unexpectedly jumped to about 14 months.

This improved survival resulted from the better outlook for persons diagnosed with pneumocystis. Survival for KS did not improve last year, but it has always been much better than for pneumocystis.

The *San Francisco Examiner* interviewed Dr. George Lemp, an epidemiologist with the Department of Public Health, and reported this increasing survival on November 6 (page A4); so far, there has been little notice of these results outside of San Francisco. No one knows for sure why persons are suddenly living longer after an AIDS diagnosis, but San Francisco epidemiologists suspect that it may be due to prevention and better treatment of pneumocystis and/or to use of AZT.

There was no magic bullet, no single treatment used by all the survivors. Their experience suggests that AIDS is not one disease with one substance which will work for everyone.

We asked Dr. Lemp for more details on the new findings and on how the research was conducted. Information on what treatments people used was not recorded. This is an epidemiological study, not a clinical one, and keeping track of all the different diagnoses and treatments would have been difficult. In June of this year, the epidemiologists did start asking what antiviral drugs each person used, so by early to mid-1988, they will be able to start checking on correlation of survival with use of AZT.

How were the annual medians derived? Dr. Lemp explained that, for purposes of analysis only, all patients diagnosed with AIDS within a given calendar year were followed as a cohort. Because persons with AIDS often survive for a long time, the median survival cannot be estimated accurately until well after the year has ended. For example, the "1986" data includes follow-up through August of 1987. For this reason it is too early to know the 1987 results yet. But very early indications are that 1987 looks better than 1986.

No one knows for sure why the median survival time increased in 1986, when it had not done so before. But it seems reasonable to guess that the improved survival is due to treatments. We do not have scientific proof. But it is hard to come up with any other plausible explanation.

Few new treatments were widely used in 1986, the year of diagnosis for the cohort which survived longer; AZT, aerosol pentamidine and AL 721 had

only reached a few. But since the 1986 survival data actually includes what happened as late as August 1987, treatments received in 1987 could also have had an effect.

Before August 1987, both AZT and aerosol pentamidine had become widely used in San Francisco. Less publicized improvements in clinical treatment for pneumocystis and other infections were also being used on enough patients that they might have affected the survival statistics.

What about alternative treatments? On AL 721, the all-egg generic versions arrived here in late summer, probably too late to affect the 1986 survival median; the soy-based "home formula"

which did get new treatments and presumably accounted for the four-month increase in the median survival must have had much more than a four-month improvement.

New York Survival Study

The most detailed study yet on AIDS survival was published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, November 19, 1987, and widely reported in the press at that time.

This study by the US Centers for Disease Control of over 5,000 persons diagnosed with AIDS in New York City found as many as 15 percent surviving up to five years. Although the researchers admitted that they may have missed some deaths, they concluded that the general impression that AIDS is always fatal cannot be supported. The existing evidence does not rule out the possibility that some people could live indefinitely with AIDS or could recover.

This New York study included only patients diagnosed through December 1985. Therefore its findings would not reflect the improvement (presumably due to new treatments) shown in the 1986 San Francisco cohort discussed above. Therefore, survival today may be even better than shown by this study.

National Survival Study

Seemingly contradictory and much more pessimistic results of a smaller study at the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) were released at a conference on October 5, 1987, and widely reported in the press the next day.

This study, by researcher Ann Hardy, was designed to check the reliability of the official CDC estimate that 15 percent of persons with AIDS survive three years by verifying that the people on whom that statistic was based were indeed still alive. Only two to five percent had been determined to be alive, and the news stories which went out listed the three-year US survival rate as only two to five percent. This figure differs greatly from the New York and San Francisco findings.

We were unable to contact Ms. Hardy by press time, but we did speak with Michael Callen of the PWA Coalition in New York, who is interviewing long-term survivors and is very familiar with this and other survival studies. According to Mr. Callen, the big reason for the

difference is that the data is incomplete. Survivors from New York, where many of them are located, had not yet been reported to the CDC, so those people were not included in the total count of survivors. We are still checking further, but it appears that preliminary tabulations discussed at a scientific meeting may have been reported by news media as final results.

(Mr. Callen also explained that the reason for giving a range of two to five percent, according to Ms. Hardy, was that many of the survivors showed no evidence of HIV or HIV-2, either by the antibody or antigen tests, and the researchers were unsure of whether to classify them as correctly diagnosed with AIDS, even though they had pneumocystis or KS.)

We are hoping to contact the researchers and try to have a clearer picture of this study in the future.

Long-Term Survivor Interviews

Michael Callen, a founding member of the PWA Coalition in New York and himself a long-term survivor diagnosed in 1982, is interviewing persons who have survived with an AIDS diagnosis for over three years. So far he has interviewed 17 persons. Results will appear in an article and probably in a book. Meanwhile, Mr. Callen told us of some of the early, often surprising findings so far.

Here are some of his preliminary observations. Be careful in interpreting them. The fact that these survivors made certain choices three or more years ago, when their options were very different from the options today, does not necessarily imply that people should make the same choices today.

- Persons can survive far longer with KS than many have been led to believe. Persons can lead a long and happy life with KS.

- Only three of the 17 used aggressive chemotherapy. One of these was in a suramin trial and almost died. Another used HPA-23. A third is now on AZT (see below).

- Mr. Callen at first had trouble finding persons who had survived three years after a pneumocystis diagnosis (a diagnosis made three or more years

Continued on next page

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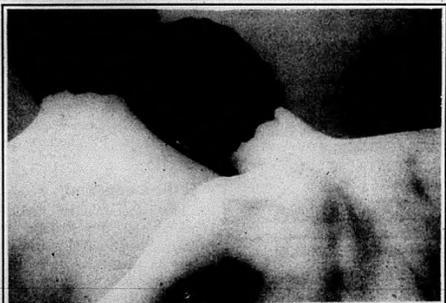
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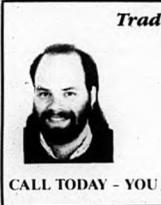
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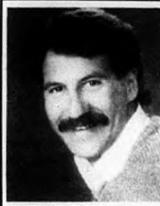
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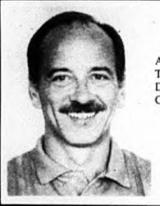
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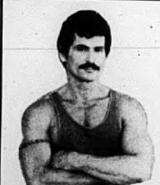
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PERSONAL BEST

Continued from page 16
 into allowing ourselves to be ourselves. Effortlessly, I could not let such a wonderful display of quiet intelligence go by without comment.

"There's something about you, Ray," I said. "And whatever it is, I want it."

I left the workshop to spend a quiet evening at home, healed and at peace with myself for the first time in months. I'm sure the others felt the same way; we had touched more than each other's bodies; we touched hearts as well. I slept soundly that night.

More workshops of this kind are being planned for the future, including one especially for people with AIDS or ARC. Call Ray Stubbs at 540-5454 for details.

ON GUARD

Continued from previous page
 ago, before improved treatments were available). But eventually he did find persons who have survived for four years and for four-and-a-half years after the diagnosis.

- Only one of the long-term survivors is on AZT. Others said if it wasn't broke, don't fix it. They had done well before AZT became available, and didn't want to rock the boat.

- All of them had dabbled in alternative approaches. With KS, there were several striking stories of success with macrobiotic or vegetarian diets. About half of the long-term survivors had made major diet changes. And the rest paid more attention to their diets.

- Most or all had used approaches such as shiatsu massage, acupuncture or visualization. A clear majority were involved with groups such as Louise Hay or AIDS Mastory.

- All but two found solace in religion — about half in the religion of their childhood. Others did not seek organized religion, but spoke of spirituality or a sense of oneness. None became Bible-thumping fundamentalists. All who became involved in churches were critical of some aspects of organized religion.

- All said they needed hope to survive. Each had to deal in some way with the media's repeated message that everyone dies. Some found it important to know survivors; many knew each other. All but two are aggressively involved in the AIDS movement or working with PWAs; many are in the forefront.

- They are fighters, often difficult patients, not passive. Most used a group of physicians to coordinate their care, not just one. A majority have fired a physician or ordered one out of their hospital room.

- Several had moving, near-death experiences.

- There was no magic bullet, no single treatment used by all the survivors. Not all of them used lipids or macrobiotics or ribavirin or anything else. Their experience suggests that AIDS is not one disease with one substance which will work for everyone.

Mr. Callen is continuing this study. Results will appear in the *Village Voice* and probably in book form, too. He would like to hear from anyone who has survived with an AIDS diagnosis for over three years. He can be reached in New York at the PWA Coalition, (212) 627-1810.

To Be Continued

Part II of this article will examine the experience of AIDS physicians who have had fewer deaths and serious infections this year than last, despite having more patients. It will present a physician's view of what does and does not work in AIDS treatments and care, and in the development and application of new drugs.

To receive a copy of the complete article when it is ready, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: John S. James, PO Box 411256, San Francisco, CA 94141.

DAVE BRANDSTETTER

The
mystery
Or

How I Fell in Love with a Fictional Character, Learned to Hate a Genre and Discovered That All Good Things Must Come to an End

by James Tushinski

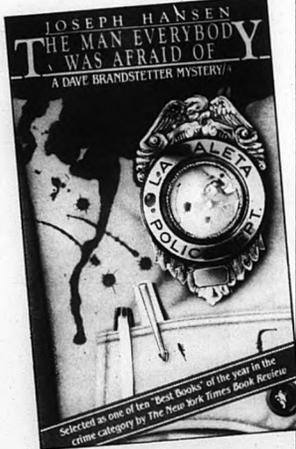
Several years ago, I saw a personal ad in the pink section of the *Advocate*. Its headline informed the reader that the person in question was a "Dave Brandstetter type." I immediately stopped my rapid scan of the page and settled down to read this ad in full. It had done its job. I was intrigued.

The image in my mind was of a well-built man in his late forties/early fifties, still very handsome, rugged, tired looking, but with a lot of compassion and honesty in his eyes. He'd be a workaholic, someone with a quick mind, intelligent, appreciative and well versed in art, literature and music, who always stood up for the underdog and always walked into a potentially dangerous situation with his eyes wide open. That was Dave Brandstetter.

Sigh. Brandstetter doesn't exist, of course, though anyone who's read any of the nine Dave Brandstetter mysteries by Joseph Hansen wishes Dave did. No, he is a fictional insurance investigator who travels all over a fictional (but highly realistic) California, tracking down murderers for his father's life insurance company. He's conscientious, politically correct (most of the time), attractive, fallible and... gay.

So it stands to reason I fell in love with him.

Joseph Hansen is known for several excellent non-mystery novels as well (*A Smile in His Lifetime* and *Job's Year*), but the Brandstetter series made his career.



Starting with *Fadeout* in 1970, the novels gained popular and critical success with both gays and straights. I jumped on the Brandstetter bandwagon about 1984, got myself hooked by reading *Gravedigger*, then started at the beginning and took the books chronologically.

See, that's the way it's got to be done. What makes the series so special is Hansen's continuing examination of Dave's life and loves. Over the course of nine novels, three lovers, a couple of tricks, three homes and two jobs, you begin to feel like you know this guy Brandstetter. You meet all his old friends and colleagues, make some new ones with

him, get into some pretty frightening situations, eat lunch with him at his favorite restaurant (where they even have a special table always reserved just for him), experience the death of one lover and of his father, the breakup of a relationship and the struggle to get another one to come out right.

Oh yeah, and along the way you find out "whodunit." But that's the boring part.



It's boring because I've begun to hate mystery novels. I hate all the contrived situations, the killer holding the detective at gunpoint while he spills his guts about why he killed whoever he killed, all those red herrings, the suspects lurking around the scene of the crime — each one coming upon the body after it has been stabbed/shot/drowned/strangled/hit on the head with a blunt instrument.

I don't care whodunit. None of the suspects or bodies or red herrings are ever very real. They're cardboard cutouts. Even in the very best mysteries, they're only there to move the plot forward, to bring about one big explanation, to restore order to chaos.

Well, I like chaos.

Who wants everything tied up neatly in the end? Where's the mystery in that?

But see, Dave is different. For Dave, I've always been willing to put up with all those annoying distractions. At least until recently.

When you first meet Dave in *Fadeout*, he's trying to pull his life back together after his lover's recent, agonizing death from cancer. Dave and Rod lived together for 20 years, and Hansen portrays their love in beautifully rendered flashbacks. The relationship had its ups and downs ("Rod had adored the loud, shiny, successful Broadway musicals" and would "play them, morning, noon and night, until Dave threatened to smash them over his head..."), but they developed a bond that only death could break.

When he'd seen Rod first, talked to him first, heart running quick as a watch, mouth dry, he told himself, This will be good for exactly one sweet night. The kid was feminine. A flit. Nobody he could live with. A decorator, for Christ sake! One cut above a hairdresser...

But Christmas Eve, lying naked and warm against Rod... listening to the church bells off across the rainy midnight city, he understood he had been wrong. No, it hadn't gone on long yet. Only two weeks. But he knew, they both knew it was forever...

So in the course of his mourning, Dave undertakes to find the murderer of a famous singer. He does, of course, and along the way meets Doug Sawyer. He turned, and Dave felt shock in the pit of his stomach. The eyes were shiny opaque, like stones in a stream bed. Rod's eyes. He was the same size and build as Rod, same dark color, same long head. Another man, but like, very like even to the voice.

What's the poor guy to do? As I sadly shake my head, warning Dave under my breath about jumping into something on the rebound, Dave and Doug set up house together above Doug's LA art gallery. It's a relationship that's doomed from the start.

Two books later in *Troublemaker*, they're on the skids; Dave is beginning to realize that 95% of his attraction to Doug was based on his inability to let go of Rod's memory. Doug wasn't Rod. That was obvious to everyone. So when Dave starts to see the mistake he's made, it's heart-breaking.

Meanwhile, he has to work to afford the lifestyle he's accustomed to — Buick Electra, state-of-the-art stereo equipment, a taste for Glenlivet. Work means solving murders. Ho-hum. A



couple of cases cracked (which usually means Doug has saved Medallion Life Insurance lots of money) and Doug takes up with this French Polynesian bar owner who reminds him of a previous lover (also dead). Now it's Dave's turn to shake his head, because by then he's met Cecil Harris.

Cecil came out of the rear building in a starchy new white robe with deep kimono sleeves... Dave felt a sweet ache in his chest and turned away. It had been a long time since he had reacted to anyone this way. It was dangerous. Too many years separated them, decades. He was being a fool.

Of course he was, but that's why he's so endearing.

A spunky, underage black kid who wants to make it in TV news, Cecil is the real thing for Dave, the love of his life. They first meet in *The Man Everyone Was Afraid Of*, probably the pivotal novel in the series, but are separated by Cecil's overly protective brother. So Dave finds the real murderer of a crooked small-town sheriff and keeps a gay activist from being



accused of the crime.

Dave continues to bury himself in his work. By now he's changed the Electra for a Triumph and then for a Jag, and he's living in a sprawling, reconverted, stunningly redecorated place tucked away in some Hollywood Hills canyon. Of course, Cecil finds Dave again, and they go through some wild adventures (like the one in *Gravedigger*, the best Brandstetter novel) as well as some ups and downs emotionally.

Up to the seventh novel, *Nightwork*, my own relationship with Dave had been going very well. I still had a huge crush on him; I still reveled in the twists and turns of his life, his superbly drawn emotional crises, his relationship with his father, his lovely stepmother (half Dave's age), his professional colleagues and, of course, Cecil. But then something happened. Oh, it wasn't Dave's fault. It was something else. Something Dave had no control over.

The genre was dragging him down. Hansen must have realized that all the "mystery" plots were beginning to sound alike, because in his next Brandstetter novel, *The Little Dog Laughed*, he got Dave and Cecil mixed up with a secret mercenary army and other trappings of spy fiction. It didn't work. It was too far-fetched and so out of keeping with the realism of Dave's personal life.

Sure, I still got enough of that, the personal life, to make the book palatable, but when I was finished, after reading a particularly cliché-ridden and ill-conceived "killer tells all" scene, there was a sour taste in my mouth. Like Dave, who starts making noises about getting out of the business, I was getting tired of all this.

Continued on page 22

POEMS IN PICTURES

THE VISION OF ROBERT FRANK

by Stephen Forsling

Anybody doesn't like these pitchers don't like poetry, see?" says Jack Kerouac in his introduction to *The Americans*, Robert Frank's now classic volume of photographs. Frank, who nearly 30 years after the publication of *The Americans* is still best known for these images, is the subject of "New York to Nova Scotia," a retrospective on view at the University Art Museum in Berkeley through December 13. The exhibition, which firmly places *The Americans* in a historical framework, offers some fascinating clues as to why an artist who set a new standard in street photography in the mid-'50s chose to abandon the medium altogether only three years later.

Frank, born in Switzerland in 1924, emigrated to New York in 1947, where he lost no time in finding work as a fashion photographer. In the late '40s and early '50s, Frank had enough commercial work to support his family and to allow him to travel and photograph extensively throughout Europe and South America.

Hard-bitten realism informs his early pictures, shot largely in London, Paris and in the coal-mining villages of South Wales. But a penchant for theatre creeps into these otherwise matter-of-fact images. Several of the most memorable depict children.

In one photograph, a small child runs away from the camera down a rain-soaked London sidewalk; a hearse-like vehicle in the foreground, its backdoor swung open, looks oddly threatening, especially in relation to the fleeing child. An even stranger juxtaposition finds its way into *Peru* (1948); here a boy rapidly leaves a house, his back also to the camera, the harsh afternoon sun framing his silhouette in the doorway. Inside the house we see a string of disembodied plastic doll limbs hung across the room. Frank supplies no clues as to the connection between the disparate elements in both photographs, but the mysterious, melancholy atmosphere created in them foreshadows the haunting imagery of *The Americans*.

In 1955, Frank won the Guggenheim fellowship that set him on his American odyssey. For nearly a year, equipped with little more than a 35mm camera, he drove throughout the industrial cities of the East and the Midwest, wandered into the backroads of the deep South, and journeyed across the highways of the American West.

Robert Frank's America — diners and driveways, bars and bus depots, highways, hotel rooms, public parks and picnic grounds — forms a remarkably cohesive body of work, still evocative and compelling. *The Americans* provoked great controversy when it was published, allegedly for dwelling only on the raw underbelly of America, yet the immediacy of the images in the book has made it one of the most influential volumes of documentary photography ever produced.

What Frank captures so vividly, in photograph after photograph, is a pervasive feeling of psychological isolation. A sidewalk on Canal Street in New Orleans reveals a crowd of people virtually stepping on each other yet miles apart for all the real contact they make.

The tension between physical proximity and psychological distance comes through repeatedly as Frank's subjects, brought together by chance, are frozen forever with the snap of the shutter. This failure to connect, rather than the so-called seamy subject matter, is no doubt what made *The Americans* so disturbing back in the '50s.

Beneath the bland suburban trappings of the Eisenhower era, Frank found a lost generation — a society alienated from itself.

In 1959, the year *The Americans* was published in this country, Frank, apparently feeling he had pushed the medium to its limits, abruptly announced that his work in still photography was over. For the next ten years he turned his attention to filmmaking.

The films, beginning with the 29-minute *Pull My Daisy*, are short and experimental, made without sets, script and professional actors. After moving to Mabou, Nova Scotia, in 1969, Frank did return to photography, but these multiple-image lithographs, usually accompanied by handwritten text, seem light years away from the street shots of the '50s.

The artist's photo-collages of the '70s focus on friends and family events, most notably the untimely death of Frank's daughter in a plane crash. *Sick of Goodbys* and *For Andrea Who Died, 1954-1974*, are deeply felt works, utilizing photography almost exclusively as a means of personal expression. But it is precisely because Frank has all but turned life into art that makes the later work problematic: so much raw, inner life actually has the effect of distancing the viewer, and occasionally runs the risk of self-indulgence.

Frank has said that in essentially always making the same picture, he is forever "on the outside, trying to look inside." It is this relentless searching after truth that ties the very public work of the early years to the hermetic, autobiographical images that came later. "Robert Frank: New York to Nova Scotia" manages to make sense of the two, demonstrating that the photographer's vision has remained constant, even if its focus has shifted.

I kept returning to a single image from *The Americans*, perhaps because it so movingly illuminates this perspective of being on the outside, trying to look in. Entitled *Trolley, New Orleans*, the picture shows several figures seated inside a streetcar. At the time Jim Crow still ruled: in the front of the trolley, a white woman glances sharply at us; two small children look out bewilderingly from the next window, and behind them a young black man hangs out of the car, the weight of the world in his eyes.

The photograph is a passionate indictment of racial inequality, and yet the beauty of the image lies in its ability to transcend a purely political statement. The trolley acts as a metaphor, illustrating how we're all defined, trapped even, by our social circumstances. Kerouac, for whom Frank "sucked a sad poem right out of America onto film" probably put it best at the end of his introduction to *The Americans*. To Frank he delivers a personal message: "You got eyes." ■



New York City, 1951.

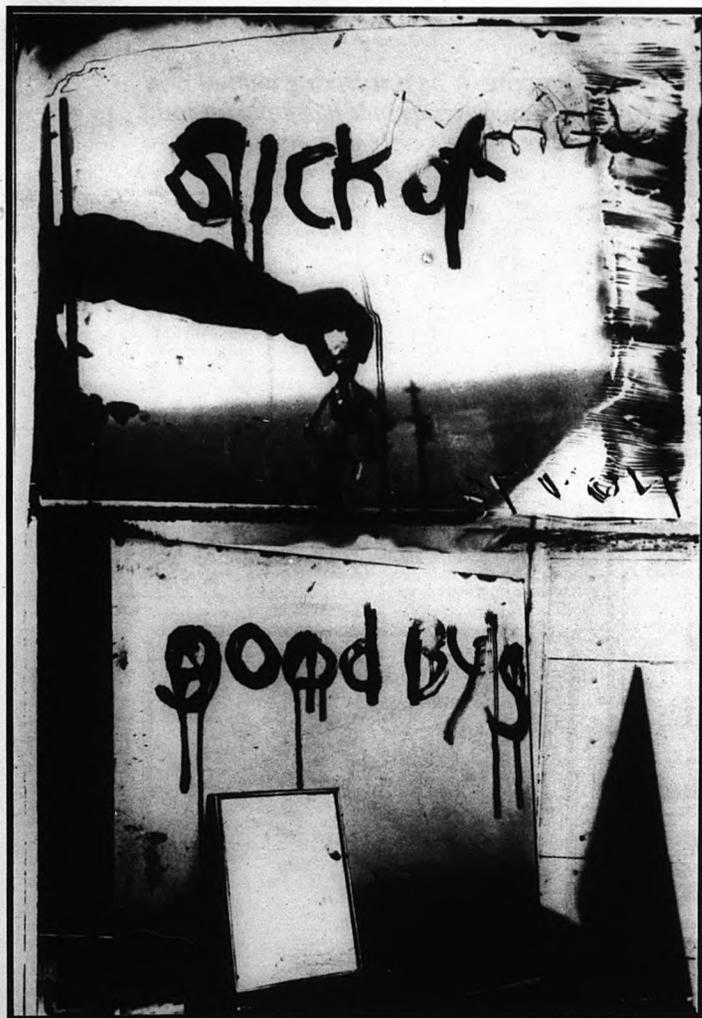
The immediacy of the images in 'The Americans' has made it one of the most influential volumes of documentary photography ever produced. What Frank captures so vividly, in photograph after photograph, is a pervasive feeling of psychological isolation.



On Boat to USA, March 1947.



Paris, 1949/52.



Sick of Goodbys [s/c], 1978.

Beneath the bland suburban trappings of the Eisenhower era, Frank found a lost generation — a society alienated from itself.

BRANDSTETTER

Continued from page 19

Still, a year or so goes by and you're willing to forgive. Hansen weaves the personal elements with the mystery novel elements so well that, in effect, you have two different books — the action/plot-oriented one for the folks who favor Raymond Chandler or Dashiell Hammett and the character-oriented one

relationship in perilous waters indeed.

Despite my misgivings about reading yet another mystery, you can understand why I had to get the new Dave Brandstetter novel, *Early Graves*, as soon as it reached the bookstores. And I must say I'm glad I did. Not only is my anxiety about Dave and

Like Dave, who starts making noises about getting out of the business, I was getting tired of all this.

for people like me — someone who prefers reading William Faulkner and Margaret Atwood. Besides, Hansen may have cleaned up the mystery by the end of *The Little Dog Laughed*, but he left Dave and Cecil's

Cecil's relationship a thing of the past, but the novel helped convince me that the end should never be prolonged. Whether it be a suffering animal or a mystery series that has gone on too long, there's only one thing

to do — put it to sleep.

Early Graves is a sad book in many ways. It's sad that the clipped, tough-guy narrative style and all the minute descriptions of rooms, clothes, streets and houses is wearing thin. It's sad that Hansen's prose has turned into almost a parody

thing that doesn't directly affect Dave or his friends. His attitude is one of patronizing distance. Even worse, the novel leaves you with the impression that AIDS is something you get if you're sneaky or bad or bisexual (or all of the above). Dave would certainly never get it. Neither

there. But I felt so disappointed. When Joseph Hansen first started writing the Brandstetter series in the early '70s, it was a brilliant stroke to place an upfront, nonstereotypical gay character as the focus of a detective novel, a way of getting straight readers to accept a gay character. As long as it was a good mystery, it didn't matter who the detective slept with.

But almost 20 years later, Dave seems trapped by the genre. What I wouldn't give to read a novel which spotlighted Dave's personal life first, which found its suspense, excitement, wonder and mystery in some pivotal emotional incident, in the intricacies of Dave's relationship with Cecil. The body, the suspects, the conflicts with the police could all fade into the background.

I won't hold my breath.

Because between you and me, I think Dave probably doesn't have much longer to live. He smokes and drinks too much, eats lots of rich food and rarely gets enough sleep. His job is about as stressful as a job can get. Watching him slowing down, breathing heavier, getting older is really painful. Watching him conform to the plot requirements of the genre is even worse.

I hope *Early Graves* is the last Dave Brandstetter novel. I know it will be the last one I read. In my imagination, Dave retires and spends more time with Cecil, who gives up his high-pressure job in TV news to write mysteries based on Dave's career. Dave quits smoking but refuses to stop drinking. Perhaps Cecil gets restless and takes another lover. Perhaps Dave regrets retiring and dies a sad, wistful man. Or maybe he loves the peace and quiet, and Cecil remains doggedly faithful. I don't know.

And I guess in some ways I'm not very different from people who devour mystery novels in order to see all the unknowns, all the chaos get sorted out in the end. I crave resolution as well. It's just that as far as Dave is concerned, I have something a little less melodramatic, something mundane, but mysterious, in mind.

Dave is different. For Dave, I've always been willing to put up with all those annoying distractions. At least until recently.



of itself. And probably the saddest thing of all is the novel's use of AIDS as a plot device. The premise of *Early Graves* concerns a serial killer going around LA knocking off young gay men who are already dying. When one of the corpses ends up on his doorstep, Dave Brandstetter sets out to find the

would Cecil.

If Mr. Hansen had chosen to examine the various reactions Dave and his acquaintances had toward the disease in more detail, we wouldn't have much of a "mystery," at least not in the way publishers and genre freaks think of the word. But did Hansen have to use something as

Whether it be a suffering animal or a mystery series that has gone on too long, there's only one thing to do — put it to sleep.

murderer.

Along the way you get more clunky-dialogue-aimed-at-straight-readers-who-have-had-their-heads-in-the-sand-for-the-last-two-years than in all the TV movies about AIDS combined.

"With AIDS you get remissions sometimes. The doctors — they can patch you up, make you feel better. For a while. He was going blind. Chorioretinitis. You know about that?"

"CMV," Dave said. "Ordinarily harmless."

"If you get AIDS," she called, "nothing is harmless."

Of course, it was inevitable that Dave would have to come face to face with AIDS, but the novel turns the disease into something "out there," some-

complex and problematic as the AIDS epidemic just so his readers would get a good plot twist? AIDS doesn't figure into the solving of the murder at all. It's there as a red herring, something to throw you off the trail, something for the just jacket copywriters to trumpet about.

Still, I couldn't really hate the novel. Not as long as Dave was

The Dave Brandstetter Mysteries by Joseph Hansen:

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2. *Death Claims* (paper, Henry Holt, \$3.95)
3. *Troublemaker* (paper, Henry Holt, \$3.95)
4. *The Man Everyone Was Afraid Of* (paper, Henry Holt, \$3.95)
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6. *Gravedigger* (paper, Henry Holt, \$3.95)
7. *Nightwork* (paper, Henry Holt, \$3.95)
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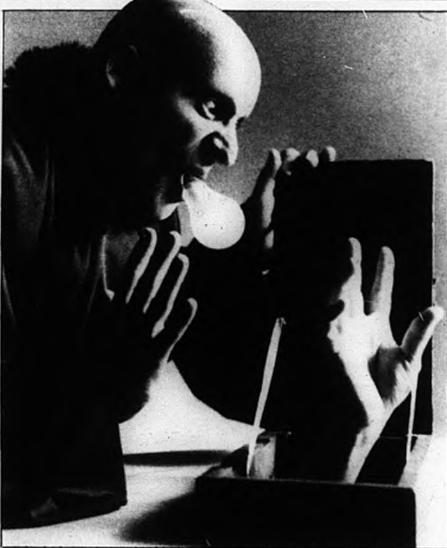
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When TV and Theatre Meet

Considering that it's the Western World's favorite addiction and intellectual punching bag, television is a subject that the theatre has approached very little. Maybe it's due to resentment (couch potatoes don't buy theatre tickets), maybe snobbism.

On the one hand any good artistic liberal will tell you Theatre Is For Everyone, on the other there's the unspoken sentiment that those members of the Great Unwashed most enslaved by the Demon Tube probably deserve to be barred from those rarefied theatre events they're too dumb to know about anyway. In any case, TV figures heavily, in very different ways, in two recent local openings.

□ *The Addams' Holiday Show* at One Act Theatre provides a perverse solution to the dilemma of getting those couch potatoes out of the living room and into the theatre — it turns the theatre into a TV. For your \$11-\$15, you can have the comforting familiarity of carefully recreated reruns in the thrilling novelty of a live performance!

The evening takes two original episode scripts from "The Addams Family," the mid-'60s gothic comedy series, and presents them practically verbatim, with minor changes to accommodate staging limitations (and a holiday theme tacked onto the second act). We get the ghoulish Universal backlot B-movie horror family: Vampira-like Morticia (Mary Hopeman) and husband Gomez (Dennis Barnett); Cousin Itt (Christina Artelis), a gibberish-spouting miniature hairball; and stone-faced Boris Karloff-like butler Lurch (Don McMillan). We get Vic Mizzy's original theme song and surf-in'-spookhouse instrumentals. There's a faithfully decrepit mansion interior by Barbara J. Mesney. There are even "commercial breaks" filled by audio tracks of ad spots from the period.

It's fun, it's faithful, it's

most people than their sources. So, the experience at the One Act becomes less about the TV show's well-remembered but now mild humor and more centered around the vicarious thrill of seeing some very talented people meticulously reconstruct on stage something you might have caught on the tube had you stayed home.

Frankly, I'd rather have watched Dude Theatre or some other group of snide brats take a deconstructive blowtorch to the likes of "Petticoat Junction" or "Family Affair"; not just because I like seeing treacle skewered, but because at least that would have said something about the original material and what it means to us now. Slyly self-conscious, "The Addams Family" was already its own spoof; it doesn't need or ask for any further commentary, and the One Act provides none. This *Holiday Show* is an act of simple homage to a piece of particularly beloved pop culture.

For director Simon Levy, that affection is clearly justification enough. For an hour or so, the evening is polished and silly. I laughed; the audience laughed; my companion laughed from start to finish. Therefore, it's probably not very important (or perhaps irrelevant) to spoil everybody's fun by asking: Is all this really necessary? Is it even theatre or is it, like a novelization based on the film based on the classic novel, just some sort of redundant stunt?

□ Bill Talen's *Looking for Black Women on the Radio* is the first clear and credible fictionalized picture of behind-the-scenes TV newsmaking I can think of since the 1978 film *The China Syndrome* — and that's not even what it's primarily about. Talen's absurdly clean-cut looks and bag of antic/deadpan tricks make him perfectly cast as a TV anchorman; he has the sort of all-American face and manner that people trust, and just enough craziness behind them to make

"holiday fare for the whole family." It's also, to my mind, more than a little baffling. The TV series, taking off from the cheerfully morbid humor of Charles Addams' original *New*

It's fun, it's faithful, it's "holiday fare for the whole family." It's also, to my mind, more than a little baffling.

Yorker cartoons, must have seemed like a bracing jolt of wit in an era that set the standards for video sitcom idiocy. Its black humor was always more endearing than daring, though, and traditional horror-flick conventions have by now been baked over satiric coals so often that the parodies are more familiar to

you suspect that those trusting people might be making a big mistake.

Black Women begins with a female local news anchor (Geneva Baskerville) anxiously waiting to deliver the six o'clock show alone. Her absent co-anchor has been acting increasingly loopy — "Ever since his

ratings went up, he's been acting like a beatnik! A liberal in a hot tub!" screams their irate station manager over the intercom — and he's now about to be sacked for missing a show.

When he (Bill Talen) finally arrives, he's unapologetic, giddy and distracted. During every mo-

reporter says at one point, and there's a clue here to his approach as writer-director. His characters achieve an ecstasy of real communication with each other that doesn't need a point or meaning to steer toward; their joy in finding each other is its own point.

His characters achieve an ecstasy of real communication with each other that doesn't need a point or meaning to steer toward; their joy in finding each other is its own point.

ment's pause for (unseen) video clips or commercial breaks, he tells his partner what's made him late: he just had an erotic encounter with a stranger he met in a BART station, the kind of drop-dead 10,000-watt mutual-attraction seizure that can lead even a TV newsmen to believe there must be a God. As he speed-monologues his tale of nirvanic blind-dating, he and his colleague keep losing the battle to maintain that patented TV-personality composure as they alternate between gushing like schoolgirls and delivering the news.

Looking for Black Women on the Radio is bursting with ideas but has no thesis statement to offer. There are half-revealed in-



The all-American boy goes haywire: Bill Talen in *Looking for Black Women on the Radio*.

sights here about the inherently bizarre nature of happy-talk TV news (underlined by the way the "news" stories grow, almost imperceptibly, more and more surreal); about the mysterious sexual knowings black women seem to hold like a charm for some white boys; about love and joy and losing one's head in the excitement of the moment.

I was surprised, thinking about the performance afterward, at how diffused it became the moment I tried to figure what it was about. "You can't report happiness, that's what music's supposed to do," Talen's TV

Both *Looking for Black Women* and the evening's post-intermission work in progress, *Stock Broker Soul Singer*, have the quality of musical duets. Talen and Baskerville play off and against one another like master jazz improvisationalists, weaving their way toward a final perfect harmony. In *Black Women*, Talen's anchor races up and down the scale like a hyperactive violin while Baskerville provides warm, complementary cello tones.

In *Stock Broker Soul Singer*, the interplay is between piccolo and saxophone: Talen makes shrill squeaking noises as a WASP priss of a businessman and Baskerville wails and honks as a famous black soul diva. "Trapped in First Class" together on a plane bound for L.A., they predictably lock horns until circumstances force a degree of understanding and mutual respect. This piece, directed by Jack Carpenter, builds beautifully to a dissonant hysteria, only to pull back suddenly, allowing us to savor the characters' essential goodwill and vulnerability. Add to this a startlingly effective ending. The performers' nuances and timing are as perfectly controlled as in *Black Women*, the dialogue often as sharp and poignant. Talen, who clearly does his homework, lades on the stockbroker's investment-talk mumbo-jumbo with the same effortless insight he brings to the newsroom environment.

The problem here is that *Stock Broker Soul Singer*, for all its invention and surprising power, is a fairly tired Odd Couple set-up — she's the Queen of Soul in more ways than one, while he's dangerously close to WASP soullessness. Guess who's going to redeem whom? Conceptually

Continued on next page

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
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SF Symphony's Recordings

Suffer the Concerts

When the San Francisco Symphony announced its five-record contract with Decca-London, the question arose about how this would affect the programming of the orchestra's subscription concerts. The answer is now clear: whatever the Symphony plans to record, it plays first in concert. Since Blomstedt's return in early November, we have had three works by Paul Hindemith, because the orchestra is recording them, and two symphonies by Carl Nielsen, which are also being recorded.

Not that I am complaining. The plan is clearly the most sensible arrangement and, on the whole, serves to ensure stronger subscription concerts. Furthermore, we have been lucky that the Symphony's recording

contract this year is for some interesting, comparatively unfamiliar works. The mutual reinforcement of the recording project and the concert series gives these neglected works the prominence they deserve. As a



SF Symphony Music Director Herbert Blomstedt in all his sartorial splendor.

result both the conductor and the orchestra are primed for giving their best, and this showed especially in the incidental solos from within the orchestra.

David Bredren, for example, is the San Francisco Symphony's first clarinetist, and as such he has frequent opportunities for solo appearances. Bredren is a good player, a little stolid in his phrasing and not always master of the trickier figurations his music sometimes demands, but his tone is lovely and most often he is a rewarding player. When he came to his solo in the adagio section of the Nielsen Fifth last week, however, he was in rare form. Every turn in his long cadenza was articulated easily, Bredren's breathing flattered the melody, his phrasing was fluent and his rhythm clean. It was an exciting tour-de-force that served not Bredren but Nielsen.

(Lest the fans of Jack Van Geem, the Fifth Symphony's other star soloist, become insulted that my argument neglects him, let me explain that I went into the performance this year remembering his specific accomplishment the last time his work was played in 1981 under Korujan, and once again his rhythmic fury swept away all in its path. But Van Geem's chances to shine are so much rarer than Bredren's that the approach of any Nielsen Fifth must put him on his mettle. I wouldn't guess that he needs the additional impetus of a recording.)

The recording sessions were not all to the benefit of the live performances, however. Let us look at the orchestra's schedule. Blomstedt returned for the concerts beginning November 4, when the program featured Hindemith's *Trauermusik* and *Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Weber*, as well as the Nielsen Fourth. They recorded on Saturday and Sunday of that week. The next week the orchestra played Bach's Suite No. 3 and Brahms's Double Concerto as well as Hindemith's Symphony

on the themes of his opera *Mathis der Maler*. The orchestra gave no concerts the following week, except for a pension benefit of PDQ Bach that should not have taxed them greatly. On Monday, November 23, they recorded again, and then came performances of Samuel Baber's *Toccata Festiva*, Sibelius' Violin Concerto and the Nielsen Fifth. Then they wrapped up the recording sessions on November 27 and 28. It's been a full month.

In the rush to rehearse the recording material, the orchestra apparently neglected to prepare some of its other music. Bach's *Orchestral Suite*, the one with the famous Air on the G-string embedded in it, for example, was a disgrace. Concertmaster Raymond Koblner's tone is often raw, but this time he added

another for the Symphony over the composer.

In the Weber-Hindemith exchange on the first program of the series, the musical joke, as it were, actively caught Blomstedt's imagination. Particularly in the *Symphonic Metamorphosis*, Blomstedt relished the interplay of the modern composer working with the music of his romantic precursor. Within Hindemith's thicker textures, you could always discern the sparkle of Weber's thoughts. It was fascinating but for me it was ill timed.

Hindemith's *Trauermusik* is one of the most powerful and most completely beautiful tributes that music has ever paid to the grief of mourning. Perhaps I am oversensitive to the issue right now, but did the Symphony serve the *Trauermusik* by scheduling it between a Weber overture and Hindemith's light-hearted tribute to the earlier composer? If you are going to play *Trauermusik*, you ought to plan the whole concert around it. You should not just slide it in because you want to ensure the sale of your new CD. In my book, that's playing fast and loose with some pretty fundamental musical issues. Strike another for the Symphony over the music.

The two Nielsen symphonies that capped their particular evenings were the payoff for this recording-concert arrangement. Personally I prefer Blomstedt's version of the Fifth to his version of the Fourth. The problem with *The Inextinguishable* is to make it all cohere. But Blomstedt takes too solemn a view of the wind-choir to make it serve the whole. With the anguish of the adagio,

If you are going to play Trauermusik, you ought to plan the whole concert around it, not just slide it in because you want to ensure the sale of your new CD.

blatant mistakes to his problems, and Blomstedt gave the whole only the most generalized reading. Bach was serving the Symphony on this occasion, rather than the other way around.

The Brahms Double Concerto, with violinist Pinchas Zukerman and cellist Lynn Harrell, likewise seemed woefully under-rehearsed, even by Friday night when I heard it. Zukerman read from his score and sounded like he needed to, while Blomstedt's accompaniments were surprisingly defuse. Only Lynn Harrell seemed up for the task. His cello produced a round and supple tone with haunting colors in it, and he phrased his part with a deep understanding. However, not even Harrell's magnificence could save a generally pretty shabby performance. Strike

he begins to knit things together, but it is already too late for a really distinguished reading. The nature colors that open the Fifth seemed to put Blomstedt in a more relaxed mood, and his Friday night performance of this symphony was one of the most expansive I have heard from him. Even the nightmare parts were given all their savage due.

Yet, ironically, the finest performance of this run came not from the recorded material, but from Samuel Barber's *Toccata Festiva*. Here organist David Higgs stirred up a storm and Blomstedt provided attentive and loving support. Barber's neoromanticism, with its sumptuous harmonies and richly laden melodies, clearly fascinated Blomstedt. This was conducting that not only played the music but illuminated it. ■

HEATER

Continued from previous page

the work verges on stereotype, but in execution it's still fairly dazzling. Both it and the earlier piece are on some levels a personal hymn of love and awe from Talen to black women. He never gets specific about this, but the beautifully tuned interplay achieved with Baskerville makes his affections clear enough. Their rapport is tangible enough to send you out into the night air

with a sort of postcoital theatre glow.

Talen is the rare performer-creator who's interested in making wildly life-affirming statements (and who has the brains to avoid sentimentality while making them). These two short works map out and earn their own little patches of bliss; they lift the fog and force us to acknowledge that, yes, life can be a fairly wonderful thing. ■

The Addams' Holiday Show plays at the One Act Theatre, 430

Mason St., SF, Wednesday through Saturday at 8 pm, Sundays at 7:30 pm, and at 3 pm on selected Wednesdays and Sundays through January 3. Tickets are \$11-\$15; for info, call 421-6162.

Looking for Black Women on the Radio and Stock Broker Soul Singer plays Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30 pm (except 12/11 and 12/12) at Blake Street Hawkeyes, 2019 Blake St. in Berkeley. Tickets are \$7-\$9 and can be reserved at 843-4295.

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'Planes, Trains and Automobiles'

Well, I've dodged all the baby-mania movies so far — when editors start talking about my seeing *Three Men and a Cradle*, I smile weakly and mumble about sick aunts and overdue library books. Guiltily I tiptoed off to John Hughes' new picture, figuring that whatever ideology might be involved, John Candy and Steve Martin ought to pro-

Plains, Trains and Automobiles is a remake, you could say, of the Odyssey.

vide memorable physical comedy. They don't fail — this is a medium-funny, old-fashioned road movie that recalls a little Abbott and Costello and a little Frank Capra Americana.

But Jeez, are we ever beset by nuclear family agitprop these days. First off, when the lights go down, we're treated to a trailer for writer/director/producer Hughes' next film, *She's Having a Baby*. (My heart plummeted. I panicked. "Trapped!" I screamed. "I'm trapped in a universe of eight-foot celluloid babies!") Dragging Molly Ringwald through a series of monstrously successful teen morality plays (*The Breakfast Club*, *Sixteen Candles*, *Pretty in Pink*, etc.) has made Hughes one of the most powerful men in Hollywood. He's an *auteur* now, by God, and he's gonna make movies for grownups.

What is he telling these grownups exactly? *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* is a remake, you could say, of the *Odyssey*, with uptight, upscale adman Neil (Martin) facing all the perils of American intercity transit on his errand way from New York to his wife and kids in Chicago for Thanksgiving. Candy is magnificent as his nemesis and disastrous companion Del, a crude lowbrow salesman with



Steve Martin plays straight man to John Candy as they become buddies in spite of themselves in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*.

smelly feet who's on the road hustling shower curtain rings and saying, "We'd have better luck playing pick-up sticks with our butt cheeks than getting a flight to O'Hare tonight." It wouldn't be a real comedy without his character coming off just a bit more human than Martin's. Stranded in a seedy Wichita motel room, Neil and Del share a bed with considerable trepidation, only to wake up tenderly in-

tertwined. (Key exchange: "Where's your other hand?" "Between two pillows." Long pause. "Those aren't pillows!") Hughes' homo-fear jokes aren't bigotry, only nervous half-recognition of the contradiction between the family ideology his characters preach and the solitary male-bonded existence they actually lead.

All the dislocation of snowed-in airports, train wrecks and exploding rental cars seems to reflect Neil's internal alienation. This makes the cornball resolution between his Odyssean longing for hearth and home and his growing but unacknowledged tie to Del even phonier. Comedy must supply improbable answers, as Hughes knows; here it's a happy ending, in effect, for *Death of a Salesman*. In life, men like Neil never quite find what they're looking for. ■

Planes, Trains and Automobiles plays at the Regency I, Van Ness at Sutter, SF. Call 978-0918.



Black and blond: Evil grandma Louise Fletcher has some treats for the kiddies in *Flowers in the Attic*.

'Flowers in the Attic'

They can't be making movies this vile in Bulgaria. Forget artistic freedom; I'll settle for police-state films about tractor manufacturing if we can eradicate medium-budget tripe like this neo-Gothic. It sounds like the dialogue from V.C. Andrews' supermarket bestseller has been inserted verbatim into screenplay form, producing by far the most embarrassing script of the year (or at least a tie with *The Sicilian*).

One cannot quite convey the bizarre translated-from-Martian feel of *Flowers in the Attic*. Blond LA teenage actors pose awkwardly in indefinable period sets while talking in anti-colloquial declarative sentences, like the characters in a "young adult" novel from the '50s. Jeffrey Bloom's direction is still more pallid than his writing; you shudder for Kristy Swanson (a bony Darryl Hannah type) as she tonelessly meanders through speeches like "I wish we'd learned about death, Christopher. Pets die. And fathers die. They die, Christopher!"

A sordid tale of deceit, drugs, sadism, psychic warfare and sexual aberration. The movie? No, no. I'm imagining how competent screen veterans like Louise Fletcher and Victoria Tennant were forced into this pathetic spectacle. At least they get to be evil as hell. (You would be, too.) Tennant's hubby dies, so she drags her blond, bland brood of four tykes to her own Mom's double-Wuthering Heights home. When and where is this happening? Beats me. Grandma — Fletcher with a wardrobe of one black smock — is a consummately wicked bat who exiles the

toys to the attic to dine on arsenic-laced cookies. No jury would convict her.

Part of the problem, to cut matters short, is that Tennant's husband was also her uncle, so the kids are their own first cousins once removed, or whatever. This got me pretty interested in relations between sister Swanson and brother Jeb Stuart Adams, who hatch escape plans during bathtub back-rub sessions. *Flowers* in fact teases you with lots of incest, with whipping (of Tennant, presumably nude), with murder and unholy burial, but masks its sensation and provocation in false decorousness. The greed and self-loathing to which Tennant surrenders (and for which the children finally punish her) is a caution to this film's female, mid-American audience: Motherhood Before Self! There's a lot of empty vicious misogyny here; you wind up glad the director's execution is so laughable. ■

Flowers in the Attic plays at the Galaxy, Sutter at Van Ness, 474-8700; and the UA Stonestown, 19th Ave. at Winston, 221-8182.

'The Running Man'

Grim tales of the anti-utopian future — always in effect a discourse on the non-utopian present — are a true tradition in film, from *Metro-polis* in 1926 to *Robocop* today. These films can be approached either as critique or as spectacle; the first interpretation justifies them, however simplistically, but the second explains why they're made. It should surprise no one that Arnold Schwarzenegger's new vehicle is purest spectacle. The only difference between watching a sadistic game show and watching a film about one is the degree of self-consciousness involved: the spectacle in *The Running Man* is both the sadism and ourselves experiencing it.

In my notes I wrote "television is sadistic." That's far too simple. The relevant discussion (which we can't have here) is about television as technical fact and also as a cultural institution that creates stuff like *Love Connection* and pro wrestling. *The Running Man* insists the two aspects of the medium are equivalent. Schwarzenegger brings his ample physique and anemic screen presence to the role of a political prisoner slated to be hunted down by a group of improbable high-tech gladiators for prime-time consumption. This involves bobsleds, motorcycles, chainsaws, nightmare ice hockey, Christmas tree lights and "The Ride of the Valkyrie."

This extravaganza is hosted by the unctuous Richard Dawson, who gives the best TV-host performance since Jerry Lewis in

Scorsese's *The King of Comedy*. Big Arnie is surrounded not just by gimmicks borrowed from classics like *Death Race 2000* and *Rollerball*, but by a landscape of throwaway celebrities who make Dawson seem like Sam Shepard. First of all, there's Paul Michael Glaser from "Starsky and Hutch." He's the director. Yaphet Kotto and Maria Conchita Alonso — good minority actors who can't get decent work — are the co-stars, and we get cameo by pro wrestler Jesse "The Body" Ventura, ex-NFL star Jim Brown, rock non-star Mick Fleetwood and MTV vee-jay Dweezil Zappa (brother to Moon Unit).

Of course Schwarzenegger kills off the various assassins who are stalking him through the nuked ruins of LA and turns the game's tables on the nefarious Dawson. Arnie's got the same boring invincibility as Bronson, Norris or Stallone. *The Running Man* suggests that to expose TV's lies and replace the evil host with a benign one somehow makes the dictatorial spectacle democratic. But the secret of *Love* is that we know it's lying and believe it anyway. When Arnie's originally arrested (as a cop framed for a civilian massacre), the film inadvertently tells the truth about TV's truth — you can't tell it from untruth, so it's valueless. If *The Running Man* embodied any serious commentary, it would undermine itself. As an ad for the Nietzschean Superman principle, it does fine. ■

The Running Man plays at the Alexandria, Geary at 18th Ave., 752-5100; and the Empire, West Portal at Vicente, 661-2539.

"AN INTELLIGENT THRILLER"

—Caryn James, N.Y. TIMES

"NOT SINCE THE CLASSIC 'RIFIFI' HAS THERE BEEN SO PERFECT A CAPER PICTURE AS YVES SIMONEAU'S 'POUVOIR INTIME'."

—Kevin Thomas, LOS ANGELES TIMES



Pouvoir Intime

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Laserium Revisited Pleasure Dome

There's a new 12-inch in town, and it belongs to Raquel Welch. The 12 inches in question represent both the depth and diameter of Welch's new bid for disco stardom with a little number entitled "This Girl's Back in Town." It is accompanied by a pathetic rock video where, pushing 50 with a vengeance, Welch embarrasses herself in black leather with boots up to her private parts. It is not to be missed.

This, of course, has little to do with the subject of this column — which happens to be Laserium — but I couldn't let something so significant go unnoticed. Remember, you heard it here first. As for the business at hand, I can't recall when I last went to Laserium, but I think it was about ten years ago. With

Gate Park inside the same building that houses the Steinhart Aquarium. Basically, it's this big round room with a dome over it and seats arranged in a circle, tilted backwards so your attention is focused on the ceiling. Normally, the Planetarium is used to simulate the night sky and demonstrate different astro-

Anyone who has never experienced Laserium should put it on their calendar as one of the must-do experiences of the year.

the resurgence of the Grateful Dead and the 20th anniversary of the Summer of Love, I thought it might be time to revisit this venerable old institution of pop culture.

For the very young or the terminally uninformed, I will explain that Laserium is a laser light show performed live at the Morrison Planetarium. The Planetarium is located in Golden

nomical phenomena. But frankly, I don't know Jupiter from your anus; my interest is the entertainment value of Laserium.

The program notes describe the situation like this: "Using a one-watt krypton gas laser, intricate multicolored patterns of light are drawn onto the dome of the Morrison Planetarium as searing blue beams from a five-

watt argon laser slice the air, all to the accompaniment of music played over the Planetarium's stereo sounds system." That pretty much covers the territory. But the relatively unsophisticated techniques of early laser shows have been replaced with state-of-the-art effects, laser animation and high-quality sound that rocks you out of your seat.

minutes to walk over and talk with the laserist who was working this performance. He told me that *Moonrock* is the most advanced laser show they do, possibly the most sophisticated laser presentation done anywhere in the United States. Running the laser console is a lot like running a synthesizer. The laser animation portions of *Moon-*

on the dome.
The aural content of *Moonrock* consists of 18 different songs by performers like David Bowie, Vangelis, Queen, Synergy and the Police. After a brief introduction by an announcer, the show begins. Reclining in your seat, you look up at the crisscross configuration of longitude and latitude lines and feel like you're sitting dead center in the middle of a huge globe, looking out on the universe. The lights dim and the star projector in the center of the room fills the ceiling with stars — then the sound begins.

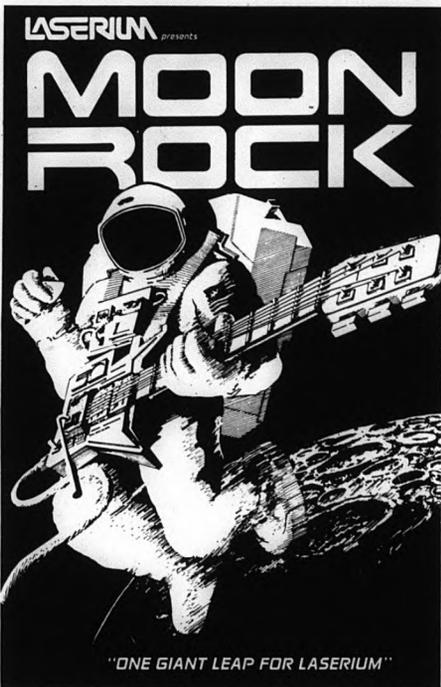
A voice-over tape provides communications from Mission Control, and you hear John Kennedy speaking about the space program. Then the voices of the astronauts are heard as originally transmitted from the surface of the moon during their historic landing. The word "Moon" appears on the dome, then "Rock." A laser spaceship materializes on the ceiling, and Gregg Weissman's "Liftoff" kicks in. With a blast of sound and light, you're off on a one-hour voyage into the stratosphere.

Generally speaking, the entire evening is like a trip to Disneyland. The energy of the crowd reflects the same kind of anticipatory excitement you feel while waiting in line to get into Space Mountain. The group is an incredibly mixed bag of young and old, all looking forward to a good time. According to the laserist, a lot of people come back to the same show over and over again. They get to know the show so well that they look forward to specific laser effects and may be disappointed if a particular pattern of choreography is omitted. For this reason, major deviations are not made within the context of the individual shows.

In addition to *Moonrock*, Laserium offers *Rainbow Cadenza*, an entirely classical program, and *Rendezvous with Jean-Michel Jarre*, which features Jarre's compositions. The latest addition to the Laserium schedule, which has been playing to sold-out shows, is *Laserium Presents the Grateful Dead*. Since no smoking or drinking is allowed inside the Planetarium, those who do not wish to be arrested or nominated for the Supreme Court are encouraged to indulge themselves elsewhere. But anyone who has never experienced Laserium should put it on their calendar as one of the must-do experiences of the year. It is a wonderfully entertaining and inexpensive way to spend an evening. Of course, it's not quite as entertaining as Raquel Welch's new video, but hey, what is?

Did you know that Welch and Mae West fought like cats and dogs all during the filming of *Myra Breckenridge*? Evidently old Mae kept pretending she couldn't remember Welch's name — she kept calling her "Rachel Wood." At this moment, I'm sure Mae's getting together Marilyn and Jean and Cary, all of dead Hollywood, and planning a private screening of "This Girl's Back in Town." Unlike Laserium, not everything old is new again.

For information regarding Laserium and the current schedule of shows, call (415) 750-7138. Group discounts are available for groups of ten or more. Call (415) 750-7140, three weeks in advance.



Moonrock is possibly the most sophisticated laser presentation done anywhere in the United States.

For my re-entry into the laser universe, I chose *Moonrock*, one of the four completely different laser shows currently being offered at the Planetarium. Before the show began, I took a few

rock are preprogrammed, and the entire show is choreographed in advance. But within the basic choreography, the laserist can control the shapes, frequency and sizes of the images projected

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Risk Takers

Life's a risk," Rolling Stone **Keith Richard** told an MTV interviewer six years ago. He was right — and he's not the first to say so. Diseases, hiring freezes, fast cars, dark bars and hundreds of other low-flying pains pockmark the daily struggle.

And you never get off easy.

The Kennedy Miss

It's risky, for instance, slathering over Pac-Ten hunks like **Gregory Kennedy**, as I did last week, without knowing their politics. As it turns out, the then deweyed freshman — now a senior and the son of Supreme Court nominee **Anthony Kennedy** — wrote a letter to the November 13, 1984, *Stanford Daily*, excoriating campus groups sucking up tuition grants.

"How many freshmen know, I wonder, that part of their PTR payment goes to the **Gay and Lesbian Alliance at Stanford**," Kennedy wrote (eschewing frivolities like a question mark in an interrogative phrase). He fumed on: "It is rather irritating to know my tuition is supporting organizations, such as GLAS, that I, and I am sure many other students, feel are immoral and threatening to the well-being of society itself."

Never mind qualifiers like "rather," nor the clunky writing (he was, after all, just a boy): young Kennedy's virulent homophobia raises the specter of genetically transmitted bigotry. Like son... like father?

Risky Jazz

Teenagers are at risk — for being teenagers. The November 24 *New York Times* reports that the federal government and private foundations "have embarked on a major new program of research on why teenagers take so many foolish risks — and how such dangerous behavior can be curbed."

The risks: "From acrobatics on skateboards to sex without contraceptives." The reasons: "A combination of hormonal factors, an inability to perceive risks accurately and the need to impress peers." The solution: "Adults particularly need to understand that adolescents see the world in far different terms than they do."

The real risk: "Adults" who refuse to educate teens about STDs for fear of immorally threatening the well-being of society itself.

Lack in the USSR

Ollie in the USSR! And I don't mean North to Bloc. According to **Edward Epstein's** always informative "World Insider" (*Chronicle*, November 17), risk-taking **Soviet teens** have formed 15 small skateboard clubs behind the Ironed Curtain, and are "looking for contact with skateboarders in the US, especially in California."

Are you listening, *Shred of Dignity* grinders?

Slang Bang

Risky teen sex has grown up on TV — if you believe one-time "James at 15" writer **Dan Wakefield's** November 7 *TV Guide* screed. Whereas network censors chopped words like "re-

sponsible" (referring to contraception) from a "James at 15" script ten years ago, TV shows now use "words such as 'condom,' 'contraceptive,' 'prophylactic,' 'the pill' and 'birth control.'"

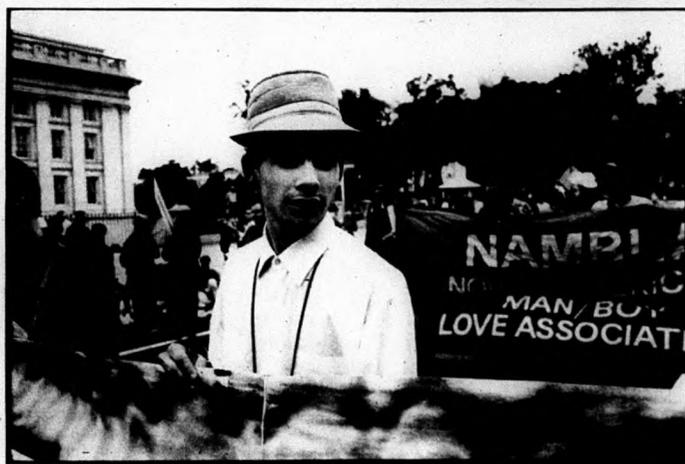
Why? Wakefield maintains it's largely "due to the discussion of AIDS." **Chip Keyes**, a "Valerie's Family" co-writer, agrees, adding, "We wanted kids to know the right word is not 'thingamabob.' Living in a world with AIDS is a new reality." And most shows handle it pretty well: "Kate and Allie" producer **Bill Persky** says, "If your characters are behaving as they do in real life, you can't omit what's in real life."

But all networks are not so enlightened. NBC's Standards and Practices allowed the euphemism "love glove" on a "Bronx Zoo" episode — but nixed "condom."

Plight of the News

Still, TV has all but stopped the spread of AIDS — at least that's what **Marshall Goldberg, MD**, writes in a bizarrely unfocused November 28 *TV Guide* piece.

Goldberg's basic premise is fine ("TV has done more to help contain the AIDS epidemic than any other single factor"), but he finally does himself in with glaring omissions and skewed analyses. While he decries shoddy "West 57th" reports on male prostitutes spreading AIDS, he never mentions, for instance, that the "MacNeil-Lehrer News Hour" has been strangely silent throughout the epidemic. And of an ABC show dramatizing a teenager with AIDS (contracted,



The March, D.C.

OCT. 11, 1987

natch, from a blood transfusion), Goldberg writes, "Its unfavorable reception by many TV critics may be a sign that the public has reached its saturation point insofar as dramatic depictions of the disease are concerned."

Let me get this "straight." Because critics don't like a show (one even Goldberg thought "misfired") means the public is tired of AIDS dramas? Love the logic.

House That Again?

If TV and AIDS have increased the public's sensitivity to gays, it's no thanks to **Steven Bochco** and **Terry Louise Fischer's** slimy "Hooperman." In the November 25 episode, the much-touted gay cop and his heterosexual female partner (and tormentor) played "house" (to entrap a baby seller. Mission accomplished, the two took turns coddling the infant and simpering about not having children.

When the gay cop said, "This is as close as I'll ever get," the woman suggested, sarcastically, that he try out "one of those '80s alternative lifestyles." He replied, "No, I grew up in a house where my mother and father loved each other. And I'm

still convinced that's the best way for a child to grow up."

Oh, boy. I'd go off the rails here if I didn't think, as my researcher suggested, that Bochco and Co. might be setting up this "alternative" lifestyle for this "odd" couple. Stay tuned.

Disco Dreck

At least gays appear onscreen in "Hooperman." Not so on *Rolling Stone's* November 24 20th anniversary TV special, which asked a key historical question — "How do you fit 20 years of rock-and-roll into two hours?" Then immediately answered it — "You jam."

When the tightly edited show careened into the late '70s, it used **John Travolta** and *Saturday Night Fever* to epitomize disco — never once suggesting the truth: gays produced and

disseminated the goddamn music. (Not to mention blacks and Hispanics who created the stuff in clubs in the early '70s.)

White Away, Massa

Stone's selective blindness carried over to its advertisers that night. (Never mind the irony of guitar hero **Eric Clapton** appearing in a Michelob ad near the show's end.)

In a typically glossy Coke ad, a young white boy pulled into a rural gas station and asked an antediluvian black man (whitting in a rocking chair) where he could find "Muddy." When the man said "Muddy" doesn't see just anybody, the boy said he'd wait and proceeded to whip off a few casual acoustic guitar versions of **Muddy Waters's** hits — "King Bee," etc. — as jolly

Continued on page 30

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The Sentinel Commemorative Edition of the March on Washington is available at A Different Light Bookstore, 489 Castro St., for only \$1 while supplies last. A great gift for the holidays to celebrate the event of the year!

**Gifts for a Musical Fascist
Christmas List**

Once upon a time, a fellow *Sentinel* rock writer referred to me in these very pages (not by name, but the finger was definitely pointing) as a musical fascist. This bold accusation, sparked by something I had previously written about Australian pop band **Crowded House**, seemed a bit harsh to me. All I said was, "As if Olivia Newton John wasn't enough. Why can't bands like this just stay home?"

My new title rested on the implication that if a clean pop band, talented and unoffensive, achieved a buy-those-records-by-the-millions rapport with the masses, musical fascists, apparently like myself, would ignore, abhor and completely write the band off as forgettable pop drivel. Instead of enjoying the crisp production, nice songwriting and PMRC passion, not to mention the ever-present and sharp images on MTV, musical fascists perceive a commercial force — aimed at teens or yuppie flakes with CD players, taking a wildly risqué break from their Windham Hill, new age, "where's my rose crystal?" type music at work — and regard it with contempt. Musical fascists don't jump for

joy when a reviewer calls a band "Beatle-esque."

Always in search of the hard to find, new and obscure, and the highest import prices, musical fascists plant their support

For out-and-out punchy rock-and-roll with bitchin' guitar, try Roman Beach Party by Australia's Celibate Rifles.

behind the bands least likely to attain mainstream popularity. Perusing a fascist's record collection, one is much more likely to find every 12-inch import by **The Swans** than anything by **U2**, **Suzanne Vega** or **The Eurythmics** (besides maybe their

first import LP that no one knows about).

As the Christmas season rolls around and major recording artists shoot their holiday vinyl wads on the hyper-buying public, I'm starting to think that maybe I really am a musical fascist. There are so many new records out being urgently snatched up by consumers, raved about by critics, and inevitably played over and over at hip clothing boutiques citywide — and I don't want to hear any of them. I mean, I'd rather read about **Sting** in *Leah Garchik's* column in the *Chronicle* than hear his new LP.

Other equally uninteresting holiday releases include **Bryan Ferry's** *Bete Noire*, which boasts a song with ex-Smith **Johnny Marr**, but even that doesn't help this bluntly ordinary disc. And doesn't **Michael Jackson** suck this year! **Springsteen** has a new one if you've forgiven him for his last, and dinosaur bands of art-rock days gone by, **Pink Floyd**, **Yes** and **Supertramp** also have new releases, as does **Mick Jag-**



Benito Baird? Don's favorite fascist — song — Big Black's "Il Duce."

Christmas shoppers.

Jaded individuals will dodge many of these holiday releases with agility no doubt. The rest of the public knows what to do; they're buying all these records up already. Someone has to do it — otherwise us musical fascists wouldn't have an identity.

Beyond this barrage of records not to buy, there are many discs that currently bring me copious amounts of holiday joy. On the traditional opening day of the Christmas fervor, while at a friend's house for Thanksgiving dinner, I spotted a collection of **The Gap Band's** 12-inch singles, a record I've been looking for. I promptly asked to borrow it and have

shop. Loop is like hearing twice the feedback matched to the tune of **Black Sabbath**. The world would be a much better place if Loop was loudly wafting out of the rooms of teenage boys, driving moms crazy, instead of **The Cult** or **Guns and Roses**. I won't hold my breath.

The Neon Judgement, a band from Belgium, has also become a staple in this fall's musical cornucopia, specifically the LP, *The Mafu Cage*. After hearing their songs "Kid Shylen" and "Chinese Black," spun by Dirk at The Stud, I started a search for their vinyl. What a surprise it was to find two full LPs, two six-song EPs, about four 12-inch singles and a new LP, *Horny as Hell*, set for a December release. Even better, all their records are good.

The Neon Judgement offers an amalgam of post-punk influences, from early **PIL** and **Gang of Four** to the cold pop of **New Order**, with a high yet comfortable tension, a lush and well-orchestrated fullness, and a near equal balance of electronics and sometimes tough guitar. Their records please on a lot of levels, from the dance floor to the gallows. Any disc by The Neon Judgement gets full fascist approval. Try **Reckless** or **Rough Trade** to find them.

After a few solo LPs by vocalist **Jeffrey Lee Pierce**, **The Gun Club** has reformed (although I don't think the lineup is all-original) and, with the production talents of **Robin Guthrie**, **The Cocteau Twins'** guitarist has put out a wonderful LP called *Mother Juno*. It's hard to imagine the raw, hedonistic and rough blues/rock of **The Gun Club** ("She's Like Heroin To Me," "Sex Beat," etc.) matched up to the ethereal style of **Robin Guthrie**. On a few cuts he makes our whiskey-drenched **Gun Club** sound like **The Go-Betweens**, but the majority of these songs bring back the tortured, hardened glory of this band's past. Pierce could teach **Springsteen** and **Mellencamp** a few things. Just listen to "Port of Souls" or "Lupita Screams."

Other honorable mentions from my fascist turntable in-

Musical fascists plant their support behind the bands least likely to attain mainstream popularity.

cluded **The Swans'** new LP, *Children of God*, a swelling, enticing, schizophrenic double-record set, oscillating between slug-paced sonic gloom and slow, beautiful meanderings with the unsettling female vocals of **Jarboe**. Also, for out-and-out punchy rock-and-roll with bitchin' guitar try **Roman Beach Party** by Australia's **Celibate Rifles**, or from these shores, **The Volcano Suns'** *Bumper Crop* provides the fresh, youthful nastiness that rock-and-roll should always embody. I purchased both of these records after winning shows in SF by these bands.

I'd like to conclude this column with a Christmas gift suggestion for the musical fascist in your life. There's a two-year-old single by **Big Black** called "Il Duce." It's a rough and harrowing ode to **Mussolini** with **Steve Albini's** gravelly vocals spewing out the first line, "My name is Benito and I like by job." This is worlds away from, "My name is Luka, I live on the second floor," and a great stocking-stuffer, too! I think I'll change my byline to Benito.

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WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY JOHN FRANK

5 DECEMBER SATURDAY

UC Berkeley's Gay Lesbian Bisexual Alliance pulls out all the stops for an **End-of-Semester Bash**, an opportunity to meet new people and party! 8 pm-12:30 am. Haas Clubhouse, Strawberry Canyon, Berkeley. In accordance with Haas Clubhouse rules, smoking and drinking is not allowed. (After all, this is Berkeley.) \$3. Info: 643-6942.

Under the sponsorship of CUAV, Philip J. Steigerwald offers a day-long workshop, **Empowerment of You with other Gay Men**, to help work toward improved quality of relationships through personal empowerment. Be there then. 8 am-3:30 pm. The Parsonage, 555A Castro St., SF. Res./info: 864-3112.

The Bay Area Bisexual Network celebrates the holidays with a **Bisexual Social**. Everyone's invited to dance the night away. 7:30 pm-1:30 am. 890 Folsom St. (at Fifth St.), SF. \$10 general/\$5 members. Info: 522-5553.

6 DECEMBER SUNDAY

SF Symphony's Merrill Lynch Great Performances series presents world-renowned pianist **Claudio Arrau** in recital. Arrau, now 84, is particularly noted for his interpretations of Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin and Liszt. Tonight's program had not been announced at press time. 8:30 pm. Davies Symphony Hall, Grove St. and Van Ness Ave., SF. \$9-\$32.50. Tickets: 431-5400, 762-BASS.

The newest star on Castro Street, A Different Light bookstore, hosts a **reception for Mary Wins**, author of the lesbian detective novel, *She Came Too Late*, which *Library Journal* has called an "exceptionally fine first novel." 4-6 pm. At 4:30 Wins reads from her work in progress, *She Came Too Often*. 489 Castro St., SF. Free.

EVENT OF THE WEEK

Mobilization Against AIDS presents SF's first AIDS dance marathon, **Care to Dance?** All you have to do is get your friends to pledge money for each hour you're on the floor and then dance till you drop. Don't worry if you don't have a partner — most won't. Mobe has promised to play matchmaker at the dance. 2 pm-2 am. I-Beam, 1748 Haight St., SF. Info: 863-4676.



Dick Kramer's Gay Men's Chorale appears in "Hark!" (see Friday's listing).

SF AIDS Foundation and PAWs (Pets Are Wonderful Support) join forces to host a **Fundraising Gala** with cocktails, a buffet dinner and an auction to benefit the Foundation and SF SPCA. Among the many gifts on the auction block are antiques, handmade crafts, African art, dinners at SF's finest restaurants and pet care products. Put on the dog (figuratively speaking, of course). 6:30 pm, cocktail hour; 7:30 pm, dinner/auction. Scooter's Restaurant, Pacific Center Atrium, 22 Fourth St., SF. \$50. Tickets/info: 243-0966.

MusicSources features harpsichordist Laurette Goldberg's **Les Images: Music and Images of 18th-Century France**. The program includes works by Francois Couperin, Louis Couperin, Rameau and Duphy. In addition to music, a series of drawings, commissioned by MusicSources to illustrate some of the musical works, are on display. 2 pm. 1000 The Alameda (at Marin St.), Berkeley. \$10 general/\$8 students, seniors, members. Tickets/info: 528-1685.



Sha Sha Higby performs "A Bee on the Beach," a dance piece based around her spectacularly elaborate costumes. 12/5 & 6, 8:30 pm, **Centerspace Studio Theatre**, 2840 Mariposa St.

"Jazz at the De Young" concludes its fall series with pianist **Jessica Williams**, whose distinctive artistry has prompted critics' praise nationally. No newcomer to the jazz world, Williams has collaborated with some of the best: Dexter Gordon, Stan Getz, Eddie Harris. 2-4:30 pm. De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, SF. \$9 general/\$7 members. Tickets: 441-6484, 750-3624.

7 DECEMBER MONDAY

Keith D. Barton, MD, and *Sentinel* columnist **John S. James** discuss the latest experimental and alternative healing methods in AIDS treatments at the monthly healing service of **Metaphysical Alliance and AIDS Interfaith Network**. Signed for the hearing impaired upon request. 7 pm. First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St. (at Geary), SF. Free, donations welcomed. info: 431-8708, 928-HOPE.

Gay and gray? Operation Concern's **Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders (GLOE)** sponsors a **support group for older gay men** (60+) tonight, 7-8:30 pm. New members are always welcome. Operation Concern, 1853 Market St., SF. Info: 626-7000.

8 DECEMBER TUESDAY

SFMAA features **An Evening with Pedro Meyer and Van Deren Coke**, a lecture given in conjunction with Meyer's current exhibition at the museum. Van Deren Coke, curator of "Pedro Meyer: Photographs of Latin America," talks with the preeminent Mexican photographer, focusing on work featured in the show. 7:30 pm. SF Museum of Modern Art, 401 Van Ness Ave., SF. \$5 general/\$4 members/\$3 students, seniors. Tickets at the door.

The Exploratorium wraps up its **Speaking of Music** series with **Dazzling Digits: The New Computer Music**. A varied and distinguished panel of composers active in the field of computer music introduce samples of their own work and discuss with the audience philosophical and aesthetic implications of the genre. Appearing on the panel are Roger Reynolds, Laurie Spiegel, Michael Waisvitz, Paul de Marinis and John Bischoff. 8 pm. The Exploratorium's McBean Theatre, 3601 Lyon St., SF. \$6 general/\$5 students, seniors, members. Res/info: 563-4545.

9 DECEMBER WEDNESDAY

At the Castro: The brilliant, audacious architecture of Barcelona's master is explored in **Antonio Gaudi**, a filmic tribute by Japanese director Hiroshi Teshigahara (*Woman in the Dunes*). The fantastic shapes and mosaic-like surfaces of Gaudi's work are revealed solely through the simplicity of the camera, unmarred by narrative interpretation. Sharing the bill is Chris Marker's beautiful **Sans Soleil**, a most provocative film about war; ritual and the nature of society. Call for screening times and price info. Castro Theatre, 429 Castro St., SF. Info: 621-6120.

American Inroads presents **Jim Woodall's Gim-Crack**, a collection of dreams, stories, lies, nonsense, songs, jokes and gossip creating a maze without solution that seeks to understand the nature of friendship. From one of the forebears of SF's performance-art scene. Through Dec. 13. Call for time and price info. Theatre Artaud, 450 Florida St. (at 17th St.), SF. Tickets/info: 621-7641.

Kathy Nijmy and Mo Gaffney are back with sharp observations and cockeyed wit in their revue, **The Kathy and Mo Show**. Through Dec. 20 at the Eureka Theatre. Wed.-Fri., 8 pm.; Sat., 6:30, 9:30 pm; Sun., 7:30 pm. 2730 16th St., SF. Tonight's opening: \$20. Tickets/price info: 558-9898, STBS.



Author/illustrator Maurice Sendak speaks at the **Cartoon Art Museum's "The Art of the Children's Book" conference**. 12/5, 10 am to 5 pm, **Dwinelle Hall, UC Berkeley**.

10 DECEMBER THURSDAY

Cinematheque screens **The Dream World of Winsor McCay's Early Animation**, a collection of ten short films by the turn-of-the-century pioneer in animated film. McCay's graphic brilliance and extreme fantasy images have rarely been equaled in the 80 years since his peak. The program is introduced by McCay's biographer, John Canemaker (*Winsor McCay: His Life and Art*). 8 pm. SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut St., SF. \$3.50 general/\$2 students, seniors, disabled. Info: 558-8129.

SF Symphony's New and Unusual Music series continues with **Random Access Rhapsodies**. Indiana University's New Music Ensemble, with Harvey Sollberger conducting, performs works by a new generation of composers for the computer and music by a master of the electronics genre, Iannis Xenakis. 8:30 pm. Davies Symphony Hall, Grove St. and Van Ness., SF. \$10. Tickets/info: 431-5400.

11 DECEMBER FRIDAY

The **Kronos Quartet** serves up attitude and artistry tonight at the Herbst Theatre in a program featuring the work of six contemporary composers: the premiere of Kevin Volans' *Hunting: Gathering*, commissioned by Kronos; Ben Johnston's *Amazing Grace*; John Lurie's *Stranger Than Paradise*;

Henry Cowell's *Euphometric: Holding Your Own*, by Charles Ives; and Wolfgang Rihm's *Quarter No. 3*. 8 pm. Van Ness Ave. and McAllister St., SF. \$12-\$15. Tickets: 762-BASS, 552-3656.

Rickey Lynn and the Rangers provide an evening of dance and film in the first of their winter performances. Beginning the program is **House Dance**, which includes a sound score by Bay Area composer David Schol and two delightful short films by Brett Thomas. The Rangers conclude with the premiere of *You Saved My Life*... a danced comedy something about a gay man shipwrecked in the Bermuda Triangle, an Atlantis-born Boy Friday and space-wrecked alien bimbo in bikinis. Choreographed by Rick Darnell, original music by NYC composer Anthony Widof. Tonight and tomorrow at 8:30 pm. 440 Potrero Ave., Studio 4, SF. \$6 at the door.

You're invited to a **Holiday Party** to benefit SF Housing and Tenants Council. Refreshments, open bar. 5:30-8 pm. Sierra Club library, 730 Polk St., fourth floor, SF. \$25 and up. Res/info: 558-7175, 397-7151.

The Pacific Chamber Singers return to the stage after an eight years' absence in a **Holiday Concert** to benefit the SF AIDS Foundation Food Bank. Featured works include Brahms' seldom-performed *Marienlied* and several early English Christmas carols. Audience members are encouraged to bring nonperishable food items, also to be donated to the Food Bank. Tonight and tomorrow at 8 pm. St. Mark's Lutheran Church, 1111 O'Farrell St. (at Gough), SF. \$10. Tickets/info: 861-3104.

Theatre Carnivale, an LA-based performance cabaret, comes to town with attendant jugglers, dancers, magicians, theatre of the macabre and antisocial oddities. The Lab hosts a weekend of acts from the Theatre, including **Torture Circus** (who perform *Breakfast with the Moors Murderers*), **Theatre du Grand Guignol**, **Perpetua** and **Aaron and Toni**. Tonight and tomorrow at 8:30 pm. The Lab, 1805 Divisadero St., SF. \$6 general/\$5 students, seniors, members. Ticket/info: 346-4063.

Old First Concerts presents the **Dick Kramer Gay Men's Chorale in Hark!**, an evening of Christmas song. The chorale performs John Dunstable's setting of the *Magnificat*, Francis Poulenc's *Three Hymns to St. Anthony* and four carols by Halsey Stevens. In the spirit of the season, the concert concludes with several familiar carols that the audience and chorale can sing together. 8 pm. Old First Church, Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St., SF. \$8 general/\$5 students, seniors/\$4 members. Tickets at the door, STBS, Headlines. Info: 474-1608.

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

Holiday Cornucopia

Hangmen, Caterwaul

LA's Scream Club, sometime home to the *Less Than Zero* crowd, has got itself an LP out on Geffen. Two of the disc's lesser lights are here to work the product, with the rich and suggestive openers sounding a lot more intriguing than the generic-garage headliners. Is this really SoCal's answer to SOMA? (Kennel Club, 12/4, 10 pm, \$5)

Benefit for CUAU and NGLTF

Romanovsky & Phillips, the gay cabaret circuit's hardest-working couple, headline over the Washington Sisters at a benefit for gay defenders: working the streets and the legislatures. Rock, it's not, but heart-warming, courageous and commendable it is — to the max! Pony up. (USF Lone Mountain Auditorium, Turk & Masonic Sts., 12/4, 8:30 pm, \$10)

Watchmen

Local rockabilly rowdies, featuring the indomitable Johnny Genocide, score the early SOMA slot of choice. (DNA, 12/4, 10 pm, \$5)

Radiators, McGuires, Whistlin' Bullets

The headliners have been woodshedding around New Orleans for a decade, crafting a sound that is equal parts classic Band, Allman Bros. and Alabama — finally scoring a major label release this year on Epic. But all the studios mimicry seems to have stifled any distinctive assault. Live, the pros may reclaim the mischief mortgaged on their hungry-to-please LP, or serve as a grim object lesson to the ambitious local openers. (Stone, 12/5, 10 pm, \$7.50 adv/\$9 day)

Bohemian Luv Jones, Sister Double Happiness

This is billed as a "critics' choice" show, but any *Sentinel*-schooler could tell you that the booker's got the bill reversed: BLJ's swampy rave-ups (sabotaged by a smarmy lead singer suffering delusions that he's Iggy Pop) offer racy fun. But SDH, fronted by a monumental yet

humble homo, who mainlined Janis J and ZZ Top as a teen-Texan, saves souls. However, true believers and potential converts are cautioned to consider the club's sabotaging sound system, which has waylaid even these wonders before. (Firehouse 7, 12/4, 10 pm, \$4)

Birdkillers, Watchmen

The Birdkillers are a band to discover; fronted by an Okie singer with looks, pipes and passion to burn (which he does) and backed by a taut, terrific trio. Tense, green and scary with talent, I'd rate them the least-known locals to have promise written all over them. Earlier noted worthies open at Bobo Baird's favorite club. (Chatterbox, 12/5, 10 pm, \$3)

Crazy 8s, Snapp

The openers are lauded local lightweight funksters. The headliners are a nearly legendary crew from Oregon, marrying progressive politics and ska/funk rhythms to frat-house hysteria: Two-Tone meets *Animal House*. The first song on their latest LP, *Out of the Way*, is an incitement to orgy that choruses, "It doesn't matter if you're freaky, straight or gay! It's all in one! It's one in all!" No wonder major labels are still leery. Don't you be. Both bands exist to ignite a crowd and deserve the opportunity. (Kennel Club, 12/5, 11 pm, \$6)

Jesus & Mary Chain, Opal, TBA

The openers appeared last year with an LP of poignant pop reveries swamped in feedback and a penchant for searing but sullen 25-minute sets. Shedding their sonic cocoon on their current LP, *Darklands*, the nervy young Brits have earned the honors as avatars of threatening poignance that once belonged to Joy Division and the Cure. This is our chance to see what they'll do with them. Opening are vaunted LA mysteriousos who used to boast a collaboration between the most gifted member of Rain Parade, David Roback, and the diva from Dream Syndicate, Kendra Smith — till Smith's recent desertion and

replacement with a girl known only as Hope. Reckon this could easily be the best show of the year — or the worst. (Fillmore, 12/5, 9 pm, \$15)

Gospel Hummingbirds

An authentic combo of soulful saviors brings the pure voice of inspiration to a den of iniquity. Sanctified. (Paradise, 12/5, 9 & 11 pm, free)

American Music Club, Birdkillers, Harry's Picket Fence

Suffice to say that either the second-billed wonders or the

from Seattle sweeten the bill. Will penitent yuppies shell out? Have the outcasts won over the monied suburbs? The show could be superb; so I intend to investigate. (Gift Center, 12/6, 8 pm, \$16.50 adv/\$18 day)

Aztec Camera, Beatnik Beach, TBA

Disarming prodigy Roddy

with the late '60s Stones, and they aren't displeased. Their tape promises more than the Bay Area's answer to the Georgia Satellites though, and this gig deserves a visit from Dave Ford — an unapologetic dinosaur swept away in callow youth by the Stones — and by anyone who wonders if they missed out on that epiphany. (Bouncers, Townsend near First, 12/9, 5 pm & 9 pm, free)



Hairo horrors: Two of the coifs featured at The Alarm's concert (12/9, at the Warfield). Save yourself and your pennies. (Pictures courtesy of StarRecords on Hayes St.)

openers would serve as stronger recommendation for this show than the able headliners, and this a benefit for Media Performance Space. Damn. Someone's got good taste. (DNA, 12/6, 9 pm, \$4)

Cris Williamson, Lucy Blue Treblay

Cris is the thoroughbred thrush of the Womynz Music Scene, an ingratiating talent celebrating the release of a new LP, *Wolf Moon*, which I've yet to hear. She shares the bill with French Canadian Olivia Records' stablemate Treblay, and if I were a lesbian, I'd cruise into this celebration. Homos are advised to stroll. (Great American Music Hall, 12/6, \$12.50, call for times)

Replacements, Young Fresh Fellows

This glitzy venue worked fine for Dead or Alive's snarky fashion anthems, but it could prove a bit inappropriate for Minneapolis' garage-rock heroes. The ticket price is close to obscene. Undoubtedly, both reflect the band's demands and ambitions — a topic increasingly raised in their songs. The savvy satirists

Frame progressed from barbed ballads and beguilingly blistered pop love songs to audacities like his acoustic version of "Like a Virgin" that found him bellowing wickedly, "Fucked for the very first time!" He seems to have returned from a two-year hiatus with a daunting dose of Paul Weller disease: condemned to compose only ersatz R&B. Hope this show will debunk my diagnosis, but I'm not betting on it. (Fillmore, 12/6, 8 pm, \$15)

dBs, Balancing Act, Eddie Ray Porter

After six years of snafus, the neo-pop headliners have an LP out, *The Sound of Music*, and encouraging reviews. After throwing it away for late arrivals as an opening act for R.E.M., they're at home in clubland to live up to the hype. Balancing Act consists of folk/pop, thrash mutants out of LA, preceded by an LP and a *Rolling Stone* reviewer's suggestion that they sound like a collision of Elvis Costello and the Violent Femmes. An unlucky local opens. (I-Beam, 12/7, 10:30 pm, \$6 adv/\$7 day)

The Stickers

This no-nonsense East Bay combo regularly reaps comparison

The Pogues, Bedlam Rovers, JC Hopkins

The headliners were touted in the press as awesome originals, a harrowing marriage of the Makem Brothers' wounded pathos and the malignant fury of the Sex Pistols. That was a few years back though, and their records never made the grade. Now ex-Clash guitarist Joe Strummer fills in on lead guitar, and two local Eire-tune traditionalists open the bill. Whether the pasty and praised potato-eaters are here to reclaim their career — or to cash in on the curious — you can assess at no small sum. Which ain't to insist they won't earn it and more. (Fillmore, 12/9, 8 pm, \$17.50)

The Alarm, Concrete Blond

The Welsh headliners boast big hairdos, pseudo-U2 licks and a recent single, "Rain in the Summertime," holding onto top-40 play by its fingernails. The openers, touted as LA's answer to the Pretenders, convinced about 12 people. Buying a ticket for this show ought to qualify one to be declared mentally, socially, aesthetically and fiscally incompetent. (Warfield, 12/9, 8 pm, \$17.50)

LESS TALK

Continued from page 27
black kids (the kind Arizona Governor **Evan Mecham** calls "pickaninnies") danced giddily. Eventually, a hand passed a Coke bottle to the ersatz bluesman. Turned out it's the black man from the porch, and that — O'Henry watch out! — he was Muddy!

In the Coca-Cola Company's ultrawhite, yup-fantasy, twisted corporate mind, the elderly black bluesman (who is, in reality, dead) passed the torch (the Coke) to a white boy!

How do you wipe out 80 years of roots tunes? You jam — whitey.

Skeet Shooting in America

An eviscerated version of hot howler **Ray Charles**' "What'd I Say" provides the bump-and-

grind backing for a **Teledyne Shower Massage** ad currently lubing the tube. A naked hunk squirts himself in libidinous slo-mo with the throbbing shower head as the fake Ray shouts, "Feels so good!" I don't want to put too fine a point on the subliminal massage (I avoid rhetorical semen-tics), but in one frontal shot of the beef slab, the shower, out of the picture, squirts from his midriff towards his chin — a Yellowstone Geyser of sexual spew.

In and Out

- Gay crooners **Romanovsky and Phillips** head a CUAU benefit at USF's Lone Mountain Auditorium tonight at 8:30 pm. Pony up \$10 and sing along.
- Then shake your butt off at **Care to Dance?**, a December 6 Mobilization Against AIDS benefit at the I-Beam, from 2 pm till 2 am.

TELEPHONE BULLETIN BOARD

- Gay
- Rendez-vous
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Leave adult messages
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STRICTLY PERSONAL

WILD COWBOY/BIKER
Multi-talented, 5'8", 185#, blonde/blue, bearded and hairy. Looking for that special "hot" guy, 40 or so, greying or balding, beerbellied or love handled, executive or blue collar. Bottom versatile or closet bottom. Looking to be controlled or looking for a "special" guy to grow, learn and experiment with. Open to a wide range of scenes. No Terystone hustlers, phonies, transients, pagani/edev worshippers, smokers. Drinkers okay. Send letter, phone and photo to: Buckeye, 537 Jones #213 SF, CA 94102.

DAD PUNISHES BAD BOYS
Spankings, whippings, punishment enemas, dildo work are my specialties. You'll be a sore, but good boy immediately. Boyish, fair, hairless preferred, Asians, students, and anyone welcome. Write to: Dad Punishes, E.D., PO Box 6862, San Carlos, CA 94070.

YOU CAN TOUCH OTHER MEN
in more ways than one on the MENS TOUCHTONE NETWORK. No conference calls or random phone calls. Step into the future for just \$25 a month. Leave your free message for all the guys on the network! THE MENS TOUCHTONE NETWORK.
(415) 681-10VE

BLUE EYES
Handsome, healthy PWA, 3', 5'11", 145, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, trim, solid, furry. I'm sincere, warm, friendly, very affectionate, personable, positive, good humored, passionate, spiritually minded. I'd like to meet a similar man — physically, spiritually, personality, 23-36 years, who is interested in getting to know someone on many levels. Write to: Todd Balderson, 195 Douglass St. SF CA 94114. Take a chance!

AIDS CURE IS IT POSSIBLE? IS THERE HOPE?
RESEARCH IS BEING CONDUCTED BY AN INDEPENDENT SCIENTIFIC TEAM ON A SOLUTION TO THE AIDS EPIDEMIC. WE ARE NOW RUNNING TESTS ON A PREVENTIVE SUBSTANCE. FOR LEGAL REASONS, WE ARE UNABLE TO PROMISE A CURE. HOWEVER, WE ARE NOW IN THE PROCESS OF COLLECTING DATA, SHOULD OUR TESTS PROVE SUCCESSFUL. WE NEED VOLUNTEERS. COMPLETELY CONFIDENTIAL. FOR INFORMATION OR AN APPLICATION, SEND \$1 TO: CONTROL STUDIES, PO BOX 2195 OREM, UTAH 84057.

LOTS OF BIG HARD COCKS
On screen and live in audience at Sleaze Video Festival and kick-off party, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, continuous 7:30 PM until midnight, 1080 Folsom. Mandatory clothes check, \$5 donation. Films of the group sex movement of the 1970s.

431-8748
San Jose area slim, shy male, 37, 5'6", 125#, hard body seeks same for good times. Am into running, bike riding, movies, sci-fi. Send phone number and pix if possible to Rakk, PO Box 3455, Santa Clara, Calif. 95055.

ASIAN/BLACK SEX BUDDIES WANTED
Always horny GWM, 35, seeks Asian/Black/Latin interested in helping to relieve the problem. Not looking for a relationship; just some good old sex and fun. This might be for you; write me: 1716 Ocean Ave #76, SF 94112.

Meet Students and Beach boys on the best gay connection. Rings till connected. \$2 + toll, 18+.
415/213 976-1881

MAN-TO-BOY (18 +)
WM, 30, 5'10", 175, top, leather — looking for submissive bottom boy 18-25. Meet 1-3 times weekly for hot, S/M, B/D action. Limits respected. No body fluids exchange. Tom, PO Box 5201, Redwood City, CA 94063.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT
Mature GWM, stable, employed, likes classical music, entertaining, the country, home, small parties, gourmet cooking, seeks stable, employed BGM, 30 to 45. NOT INTERESTED IN DANCING AND DANCING ALL NIGHT! Write w/phone number and I will call. Sentinel Box 49C.

TAKE-ON TWO *
Great couple seek 3rd for fun, sex & friendship. Latino, Indian, Persian, Mediterranean, uncut especially encouraged — all: versatile, safe, test neg (if taken), sensual, stable, under 45, race not as important as sex. Couple is happy, horny, stable, educated, handsome, husky, hung, cut, masculine, versatile, and more. Latino/hairy, blonde, blue, 30's, 20's. For fun and/or a unique relationship. Respond to Sentinel Box 49B. If possible include photo and phone (returnable). Discretion assured.

STRAIGHT MEN
I'm not tall, dark and handsome, but I give excellent head to straight guys 18-35 with good body. Call until 11:30 pm, 647-7775 or 282-0081. Ask for Danny. Let's talk. (49)

EAGER COCKSUCKING BUDDY WANTED
Handsome, masculine, warm and sensitive WM — 37, 5'8", 155 lbs — wants to connect with a younger buddy who's eager to slurp/suck/lck. I'm healthy, lustfully affectionate and excessively horny with dark, full beard, deep blue eyes and hung/thickcut. I really want it often — you probably do too! Photo preferred. Sentinel Box 51A.

HOT BUTT NEEDED
Hot drug-free man, 6'2"/200#, seeks extra nice guy 5'10 to 6'2" with big butt, that would enjoy weekly workout and extra cash. Must be employed, together, and would enjoy hot, raw, sex with a rare honest man. Send photo, phone # to CR, PO Box 816, Larkspur, CA 94939.

PLAYMATE WANTED
Currently between jobs and would like to meet someone with weekdays free for hiking, movies, beach, sports, etc until I find a job. Any leads also appreciated. I am handsome GWM, 37, blond, athletic build, naturally masculine, non-smoker seeks similar for day-play or weekend. Call Dan 647-3068.

HELP HOMELESS GAYS
35% of S.F. homeless are Gay. Winter clothing, blankets, sleeping bags and money urgently needed. Please drop off or send tax-deductible donations to Gay Rescue Mission, 1080 Folsom, SF 94103. Your inspection of our Community Center is invited.
683-4882

SEEKING WHITE BUDDY
Quiet, shy and butch, 32, black, 5'8", 175 lbs, recently divorced, no kids, tough, sexy, and cold looking, underneath, he's a very nice, honest and intelligent guy. Very independent, honest and bisexual. Likes guys that are proud to be guys. Likes football, running, hiking and music. He likes butch, muscular, hairy white Euro/med men 25-40. He's raised around tough badass attitudes, has own place and car, needs to come out of his shell. He's a very good friend, his name is TC (415) 647-0819.

BUT 1ST, I'D LIKE 2 GET 2 KNOW YOU
Want dog-like qualities from full-service slave dog interested in structured enslavement (roles, rules, order, duties, chores; prolonged SM; slow cocksucking naked, shaved, chained, pierced). Lord Master Butch, 44, 5'10", 185#, short black hair, very blue eyes, moustache, 552-3743 but works 7 pm-2 am; give "good surface" but actually intelligent, humorous, condescendingly friendly.

GBM SEEKS ASIANS
Goodlooking GBM, 5'11", 170#, moustache, skilled professional, secure, health con., not into drugs, art lover and I enjoy jetting away on the weekend. I would like to meet a sincere, easy-going, non-smoking foreign born Asian guy. Your picture gets mine (all pictures returned) write; Boxholder, PO Box 880608, San Francisco, 94188.

Last week's mystery personality was Rita Hunter (born 1933), English soprano, as Brunhilde in *Gotterdammerung*. A versatile singer, she has also sung Norma. Coming into prominence in performances of the *Ring* with the English National Opera in the early 1970s, she made her Met debut in 1972.

PARTNER WANTED
Tennis, bowling, western dancing, other shared interests? Tired of bar scene. Health conscious WM, 31, 6 ft, trim and considered attractive, seeks same well-adjusted, sincere man for friendship. Photo to Sentinel Box 49H with letter.

SEEKING BUTT BUDDY
Trim, very versatile, 33, considerate, handsome guy seeks butt buddy for safe and wild play. Looking for a versatile, in-shape buddy who wants to prolong hot times. Photo if possible with straightforward letter and phone. Sentinel Box 50A.

HORNY PLAYMATE WANTED
Do you horny most of the time? Do you like your cock played with? Or play with mine? I do! If you do; then we should meet and play. If you are Asian/Black/Latin; even better; but all are welcome. Me: GWM 34, 1716 Ocean Ave. #76. SF 94112.

Looking for evening or weekend escape? I have pool, hot tub, sauna, gym and more. I'm 35, 5'7", chubby — you: 20-35, average looks or better; must be masculine looking, no beards or fats — near SFO. Respond Sentinel Box 49Z.

SLIM AND SINCERE?
Warm WM — 38, 5'2", 170 lbs., slim, smooth, blue eyes, seeks slim or thin, warm-hearted guy 18-38 for sincere friend or lover. Plus if fairly smooth or somewhat boyish in looks or build. Bob, PO Box 14794, San Francisco, CA 94114. Any race OK. I'm healthy (HIV negative).

GOOD HEAD
Given by oral bottom to masculine, white, healthy, fit, hung tops, 30's-40's; preferably hairy, bearded, uncut, raunchy. Like grass, etc. GWM, 38, 5'11", 160, hairy, beard, balding, attractive. Long lasting cock a super plus! No scat, pain, or fluid exchange. 995-2899 — leave description, raunchy message and phone #.

GOT A BEARD? WANNA POSE NAKED?
BEAR, the fanzine for bearded men and their admirers, is looking for grizzlies to strut their stuff. Age, race, size not important. Just be a bear! Minimal compensation. Maximum appreciation. Write COA, 2215 Market #148, SF 94114.

Extremely handsome gay white male wants to watch a black couple play sexually. No touching on my part — only watching. Send photo to Jerry, Box 474, 2261 Market, SF 94114-1693.

Meet a hunk, on the gay 1 on 1. Rings until connected. \$2 + toll. 415/213 76-3937. 18 +.

Continued on page 33

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SERIOUS ONLY
Man seeks same for friendship or more. I'm tall, slender, late 40's, masculine, goodlooking, very loving, sensitive, not into gay lifestyle or bars. Prefer GWM, who is stable, romantic, slender, goodlooking. Call 673-1753. Evenings only...

ARE YOU 20-30 YEARS OLD
HUNG 8-10'
well built, masculine, positive and very healthy? Great, same here. Into safe-ish sex and fun. Preventative healing. 1550 California #6, Box 356 SF 94109.

SHARE YOUR HOME
With this handsome young 28 year old 5'10", 155 lbs. Latin looking cuddler. Clean, healthy, safe, vivacious! Massage practitioner, workaholic. Need cheap rent, own room, massage details. Big/hairy man a plus. SF mainly. 771-9873. Leave message.

WANT YOUNGER BUDDY
I'm 33, boyish, have motorcycle, naturally muscular build. Want younger buddy for bowling, movies, fishing, sports, swimming, camping, etc. Must be slender-medium build, want older brother relationship. Get info from Don, 863-2079.

BEAR HUNT
GWM, new to SF, 37, 6'2", 185, brown/blue beard, hairy, muscular, healthy, down-to-earth, adventuresome, into sports and arts. I seek similar bear for safe fun and maybe more. Dave. Sentinel Box 49W.

GOING TO SANTE FE?
I am a 29-year-old lesbian who wants to spend Christmas discovering the magic of Santa Fe. Are you a responsible and spontaneous lesbian with a reliable car? I'll buy the gas!

DO YOU HAVE A BOYISH APPEARANCE?
Are you under 26 years old with a very slender and small build? I'm 29, 6', 170lb. Dig JIO and safe oral sex. Prefer someone with a darker complexion. Asians and Hispanics welcome. 979-4504.

NEW TO EAST BAY
GWM 40, 6', 145 lbs, masculine, clean and sober would like to meet other guys who are clean and sober for safe sex and friendship. Age and race not important, but you should be honest, healthy — not overweight. Call Tom 834-2030. 7-10 or weekends.

SERIOUS BODYBUILDER

looking for workout partner
JIM 647-1670
GOING TO SANTE FE?
I am a 29-year-old lesbian who wants to spend Christmas discovering the magic of Santa Fe. Are you a responsible and spontaneous lesbian with a reliable car? I'll buy the gas!

LYNN 558-5627
BODY BUILDERS
Who like to get tied up and experience erotic bondage. I have been tying men for 8 years; respect limits, discreet, safe. 638-8007.

NEEDS LOVIN'
Tall, handsome, receptive bottom — hairy chest, legs and buns, needs tall, hot, hairy, hung top for wild safe sex.
921-2994

BLACK MAN WANTED
Trim, goodlooking GWM, 27, seeks 'black man, any age for safe and discreet sexual friendship, possible lover. Call Alan at 923-0278.

Gay white male, 43 years, professional business type, South Bay, clean cut, built, masculine, good looking seeks similar with private lap pool for workouts. Business/professional, serious only. Letter to Sentinel Box 49M.

Young Asian with little experience seeks tall WM with hard cut rod to teach me the joys of gay sex. Must be compassionate, personable, and patient. No drugs or alcohol. Photo please. Sentinel Box 49T.

ATTRACTIVE GWM 25,
Blonde, blue, shy, with interests in camping, cooking, picnics, art. Looking for sincere 25-35 with similar interests for friendship/relationship. Sentinel Box 49R.

EXHIBITIONIST?
Voyeur wants to watch hot fucking, sucking, spanking, JO, BD scenes. Anything! CK, PO Box 4077, SF CA 94101.

Hot and attractive FF bottom seeks top for safe, fun times. Reply to Sentinel Box 49S.

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Where most conventional male sexuality focuses on discharging energy from the body, Taoism heals by circulating erotic energy through the body. In this pleasurable class you will learn both to give and receive an hour erotic massage. You will also receive a written description of the complete massage. This hands-on class is done nude. December 11, 7:30-11:30 pm. \$25. Body Electric School.
Honor your sexuality. Call 653-1594 for reservations and free brochure.

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HEALTHY YOUNG MAN SEEKS WORK
Pleasant disposition, mechanically adept, personable, library competent. Would like to help with housework, food preparation, driving, independent projects, miscellaneous. Experienced as housekeeper, waiter, puppeteer, dancer, researcher. Have car, resourceful, quality oriented, good worker.
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(paid pt); **TREASURER**
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We're Looking For A Few Good Men.
MODELS/COMPANIONS
RICHARD OF SF
821-3457

FRIENDLY HOUSEBOY WANTED
One of the world's workers wanted to keep me and my Russian Hill house happy. Five days a week (M-F), four hours per day (12-4 pm), \$10.00 per hour. Duties include house cleaning, laundry, errand-running, ability to prepare light lunches and hors d'oeuvres. Must be friendly, professional and possess a valid driver's license. Please mail letter of interest, photo and references to 1085 Broadway, SF 94133.

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"ATTN! SUGAR DADDYS"
Ideal Christmas gift for your loving "son" — 1985 Blue T. Bird. Excellent condition, classic — Holiday special \$3,595.00. 1979 Cad runs super, mint condition, \$8,995.00 (negotiable).
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Continued on next page

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It's for you.
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Must be 18 years old to call. \$2.00 + tolls if any.

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SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

Continued from previous page

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FINANCIAL PROBLEMS?

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PERSONALIZED BOOKKEEPING &
TAX SERVICE FOR THE SMALL
BUSINESS. WHY PAY MORE FOR A
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ONE.

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**HANDYMEN
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Reasonable Rates
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Are you lonely, heartbroken or despondent? Do you feel tension from our complex business world? Do you feel downtrodden, forsaken, lost? Are you hopeless, with the world against you? Are you in pain, suffering from dementia or simply a stupid hypochondriac that wants attention?



(000) 976-SICK

Talk to other sickies like yourself. Only \$9.00, plus toll (if any). Must be over 85.

MISCELLANEOUS SERVICES

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

SINGERS!
Study SINISTONE Production
MAESTRO di Canto, Joseph F. Cor-
rellus
only certified teacher of S.T.P. in
America.
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PHONE TALK

Meet Students and Beach boys on the
best gay connection. Rings till con-
nected. \$2 + toll, 18 +.
415/213 976-1881

**M.E.N.
WE BRING YOU TOGETHER
TO FIND MEN
(415) 861-1MEN
for more information call
861-1636**

Meet a hunk, on the gay 1 on 1. Rings
until connected. \$2 + toll. 415/213
976-3937. 18 +.

RENTALS

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

Huge Studio, \$565.
Newly Remodeled Victorian
Must See to Believe
Pets OK, 626-1926, after 3

HOTEL CASA LOMA
600 Fillmore Street
San Francisco
(415) 552-7100

ALAMO SQUARE SALOON
— BAR AND RESTAURANT
RE-OPENING SOON
— NEW MANAGEMENT
— REMODELLED
A RARE BARGAIN

\$365. New 3 bedroom, 2 bath, sunny,
clean, safe, W/D, garage, cable TV,
AEK, share with 2 quiet gay males.
Available Jan. 1st, 19 & Dolores. Phone
864-4150.

ANNOUNCING
(415)
976-LADS
MESSAGE NETWORK

- The intelligent way to meet new buddies.
- 24 hour service.
- Messages change 3 times a day.
- Your personal message FREE.

\$2 + toll if any

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

Bunkhouse Apts.

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

Commercial Space
Available for Retail

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

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

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

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

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

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

863-6262

LEATHER GALORE!

Comfortable, quiet E. Bay apartment complex with a strong "leather" orientation has rooms & apartments available soon. Details: 674-1653.

ROOMMATES

ROOMMATE RUSSIAN HILL
GM share 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath, no smokers. \$380. W/D, dishwasher. Good transportation.
474-3506

SEMI-CIVILIZED GROUP
\$300 plus food, own room in big flat near 16th/Valencia. Must be employed or student. TV — washer — dryer — housephone.
DON 863-2079

ROOMMATE - WANTED
Lrge, sunny 2 bdrm flat w/view Frpl & Deck dw, w/d \$475.00 + Util. 469-7678

SAN JOSE

Professional to share three bedroom home in Rosegarden area. No drugs. \$292 month.
(408) 288-5468

BEAUTIFUL CUMBERLAND/ DOLORES FLAT

GM non-smoker, mostly vegetarian to share large, sunny 2 bedroom flat with same. View, fireplace, hardwood floors, washer/dryer, central heating \$425. plus 1/2 utilities; first, last and \$150 deposit.
821-0350

GWM 26 graduate student in theatre looking for a room to rent starting in January.

WILLIAM 956-6345

ROOMMATE RUSSIAN HILL
GM share 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath. Quiet apartment, no smokers. W/D dishwasher. Good transportation. \$400. Includes utilities.
474-3506

ROOMMATES™
For compatible, trustworthy roommates!
EAST BAY • CONTRA COSTA
533-8949
SF • SOUTH BAY
553-3836

WANTED FURNISHED ROOM
for young adult. Employed. New to SF needs place for Dec. 15. \$200-350. Hayes Valley preferred or Castro area. Phone 334-2705 leave message or call Darell at work 11:00 am-3:00 pm. 558-9763

\$400. FIRST AND LAST
GWM offers beautiful twin peaks apartment with panoramic view of city with sundeck, washer and dryer — also bus service (MUNI) to front door — parking available — Safeway nearby — fully furnished — electric kitchen — piano — stereo — color TV. Available NOW.
— must see — great —
BOB — 285-1273

BERNAL HEIGHTS SHARE
Rooms available in large Victorian flat for employed, responsible people. Cortland/Prospect. (2 at \$325, 1 at \$250) Hardwood floors. Excellent transportation, easy parking. No smoking, no pets. Move in: first/last plus \$75 utility deposit. 821-3795

\$310 AIRPORT/SERRAMONTE MALL AREA

Share modern Daly City home with two quiet gay male housemates. Garage, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, extras. Prefer employed, responsible, non-smoking professional. Pay 1/2 utilities, security deposit, first, last month's rent. No pets. Loren 922-8527.

RENTAL NEEDED
GWM, 37, needs a studio apartment or a share rental with one other person ASAP. I am single, quiet, amiable, responsible. No heavy alcohol or drugs. No Pets.
JOHN 775-5967

GAY SHELTER
A shared room, all meals and immediate work is available now at the U.S. Mission.
2 Locations
788 O'Farrell
86 Golden Gate Avenue
Or call
775-5866 or 775-8448

SHARE NEW YORK APARTMENT
Travel frequently to New York and tired of hotels? GWM professional seeks same to share my NYC apartment. I average approx. 5-7 days there per month. Convenient Greenwich Village location, separate bedroom, fully furnished. Clean, honest, responsible non-smoker. No drugs or excess alcohol. \$400 plus share utilities. Sentinel Box 49X.
Continued on page 37

MEN CALL NOW!

San Francisco's
LIVE TALK LINE
Talk with up to 5 other
guys all at once.

CALL NOW (415) 976-1221

\$1.75 charge plus toll is any



FREE!

Guaranteed Connection 24 Hours A DAY

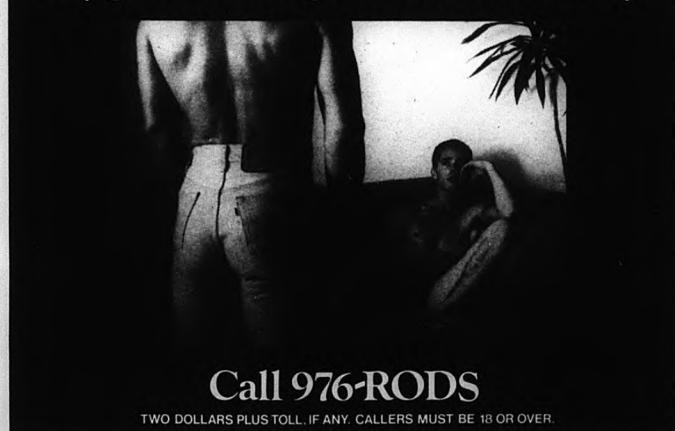
BUTT LOVE CONNECTION

(415) 391-6655

Great Looking Guys!

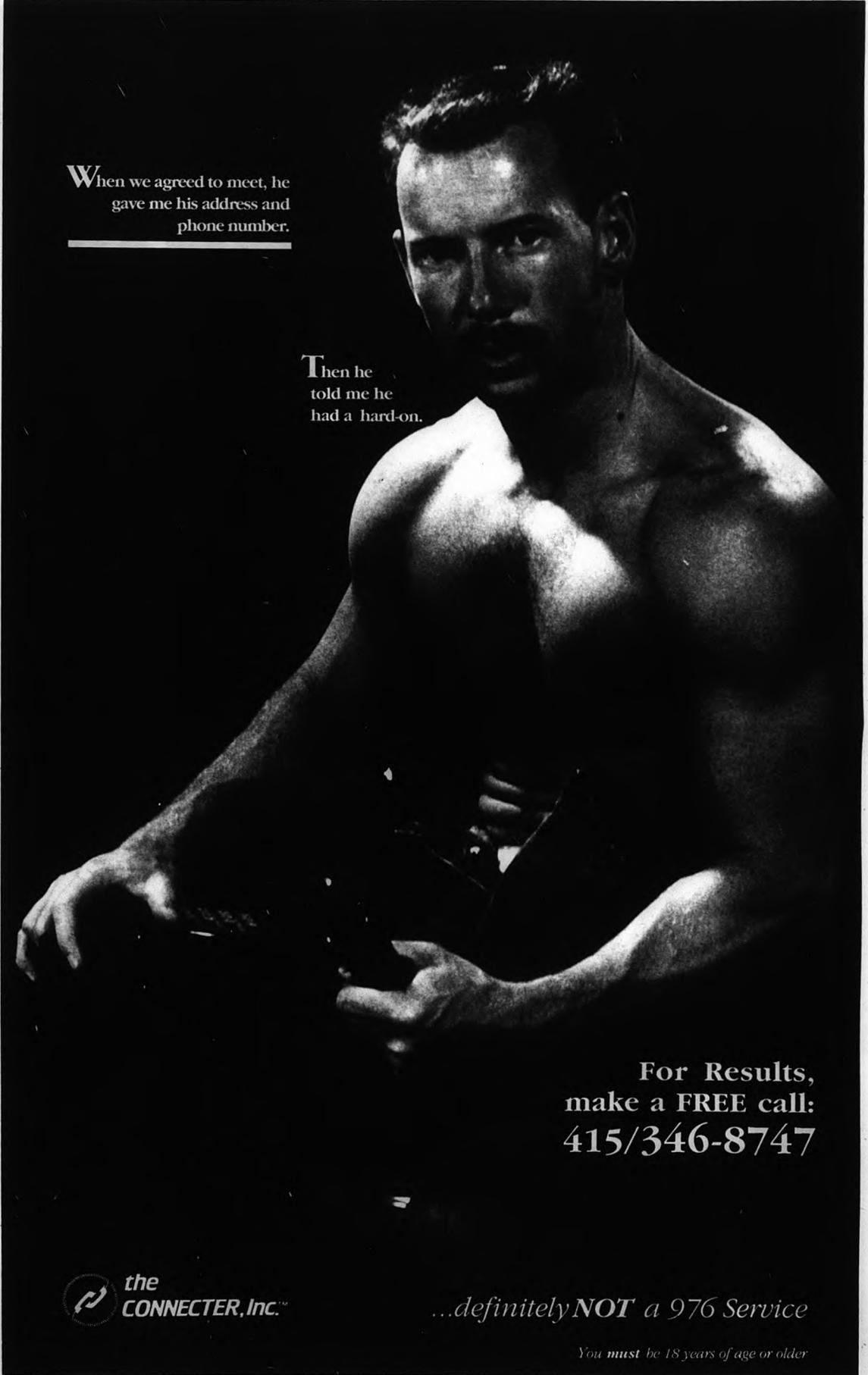
If busy call **(415) 976-MATCH**
976-6282

"My girlfriend's gone and I'm horny."



Call **976-RODS**

TWO DOLLARS PLUS TOLL, IF ANY. CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OVER.



When we agreed to meet, he
gave me his address and
phone number.

Then he
told me he
had a hard-on.

For Results,
make a FREE call:
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CONNECTER, Inc.™

...definitely **NOT** a 976 Service

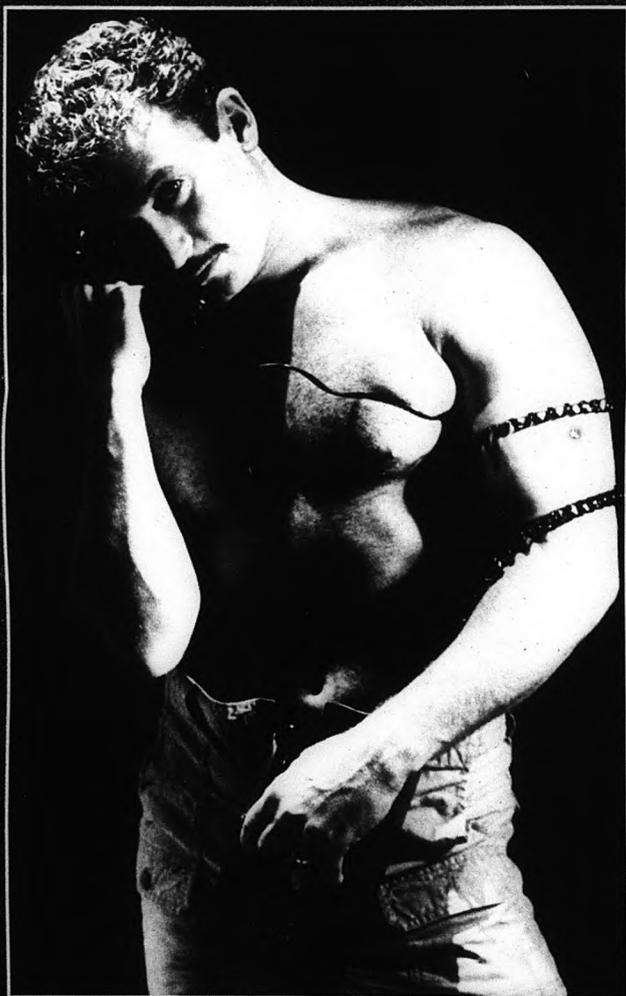
You must be 18 years of age or older

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24 HOUR

HEAVY-ACTION

CONNECTION



**GET IN ON THE
ACTION WITH
UP TO EIGHT
OTHER MEN**

**FROM SAN FRANCISCO, L.A.,
CHICAGO, NEW YORK,
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**LEATHER • B&D • UNIFORMS
BIKERS • MASTERS • SLAVES
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TWO DOLLARS PLUS TOLL IF ANY. 18+ ONLY.

**415
213
818
619**

976-8500

SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

MOVING AND HAULING

Continued from page 34

BROTHER'S HAULERS

One guy or two and a pickup.
Dump Runs,
Apartments, Basements,
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Dirt and Cement Chunks,
Furniture and Box Deliveries...
You name it!!!
Fast*Hardworkers*Reasonable Rates
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Wait for beeps, and hang up.
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reasonable rates
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LOWEST LEGAL RATES
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HOLIDAY PARTIES
SET-UP • CLEAN-UP • CATERING
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DETAIL HOUSECLEANING
and more.

*consider
it done*

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HOLIDAY PORTRAITS
Highest quality, archival black and white photographic portraits. Any size from 5x7 to 20x24". Couples and groups a specialty. Sittings in my studio or your home. Competitive prices.

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CELEBRATION PHOTOGRAPHY

- Sensitive portraits
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- Business events
- Social occasions

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Hourly rates - one hour minimum
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Not going home for XMAS? Send your personal greeting on videocassette. Costs less than airfare. (PWAs FREE). Family and friends will love it. You Star - We Produce.
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25 DIFFERENT 60-MINUTE JO VIDEOTAPES

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

MASSAGE

BLONDE CANADIAN

Photo by Reno



FULL MASSAGE
RON \$40 in 775-7057

EAST BAY
Massage for Masculine Men. Out only.
\$40/hr. 8:00 am to 9:00 pm.
AL 547-4383.

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

NORDIC MASSAGE

• CERTIFIED •
\$35 THOR 861-4676
9 AM - 9 PM

DO YOU NEED TO BE TOUCHED?

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

MASSAGE THERAPY
Goodlooking young guy rubs you the right way: head to toe, back and front, top to bottom, and everything in between. Special day rates, available evenings also. Call:
J.J. 979-5740

SCOTT
Handsome - Clean Cut
masculine - well endowed
in/out - call anytime
431-7621

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

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

PLEASURE PLUS
Reward yourself and revitalize your pleasure centers with a professional, nude, deep muscle oil massage by a certified acupressure and reflexology expert. I'm 29, attractive and my nurturing massage will ease discomfort and clarify your energy.
JOHN 861-0843

DREAM MASSAGE
Hung 9", bisexual, exceptionally handsome, muscular, speedo tan, blond/blu. Are you a young Asian or Latin guy, sensitive and nice? I have a special rate for you.
RON 931-3263

EXCEPTIONAL MASSAGE!
Experienced, talented and intuitive. Specially told: "The best massage I've ever had!"
Treat yourself!
BOB 861-2425

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

BEST 8 1/2" IN S.F.
Smart, nude masseur build, gldking man, tall blond blue, gobs of fun, safe. Bl. Table - atmosphere \$40 in 885-6309 anytime

CHRISTOPHER
Athletically oriented massage by weight-training instructor. Compliant, handsome, and very muscular. Monday thru Friday days. Convenient Castro location.
431-2830

Continued on next page

IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO MAKE

THE BIG CONNECTION

24 HOUR TALK LINE

SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

LIVE ACTION LINE

TALK WITH THE MEN
WHO HAVE MEN ON
THEIR MINDS!



SAY WHAT YOU FEEL

OR JUST LISTEN IN

HOT, SAFE SEX

CALL US... YOU'RE
GONNA LOVE IT!

213
415
619
818

976-3800

You must be 18 years or older. This service is an automated telephone network connecting callers for live uninhibited open forum conversation. We are not responsible for the conversation of callers. A \$2.00 charge will be discreetly posted on your phone statement.

SENTINEL CLASSIFIEDS

MASSAGE

Continued from previous page

TIGER'S PAW
MASSAGE



MIKE
Offers a 70 minute oil massage in the nude. Plus a complete erotic ending. Handsome, masculine with a beautiful athletic build. 6', 165, 34 years, experienced and friendly, all ages welcome.

\$45 IN, \$60 OUT.
863-6947

EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME

Masseur, straight appearance. Professional, clean-cut young man, 30, athletic. I will massage you in the nude on my massage table for 1 hr. \$35/in, \$45/Out.
NICK 771-6731

FULL BODY MASSAGE
Enjoy a relaxing, therapeutic massage from a trained, mature professional. I am certified in several types of massage and use a combination for a fantastic feeling. \$30. Call Roy, 8 am to 10 pm at 621-1302.

ONE OF LIFE'S REWARDS
A healing massage blending strength and sensitivity. I am a certified Swedish/Shiatsu bodyworker with an intuitive and nurturing touch. My style combines gentle and deep work in a flowing massage to release tension, ease discomfort and balance energy.
90 minutes, \$35. Castro location
DAVID BLUMBERG
552-0473

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.

EXQUISITE MASSAGE
I'm a certified, experienced, professional and an instructor at the Body Electric Massage School. I GIVE EXQUISITE MASSAGE! Sensual. Relaxing. Nurturing.
Charlie 821-7607

ORIENTAL FULL-BODY MASSAGE
Nude, young, smooth, good-looking Oriental full-body masseur. Complete, relaxed. All ages welcome. Bob 387-1192. In/Out. Travel Bay Area.



VISIT HEAVEN!
A HANDSOME, MUSCULAR, SENSUAL MASSAGE

WARM • FRIENDLY • PROFESSIONAL • GUARANTEED
TOTAL RELAXATION • TOTAL REALIZATION

MIKE & JEFF 567-2345

"I've been watching your ad for months... I'm so glad I finally called!"
AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR

"I've never been higher!"
CLERGYMAN

"Now I know what my best friend is getting for his birthday!"
BARTEENDER

"They don't have anything like this in El Paso!"
SCHOOL TEACHER

"You're a great team... I never felt so good!"
ARCHITECT

EXCELLENT MASSAGE

Richard Fey
282-8527
Swedish, Acupressure, Shiatsu
Body Electric Certified
\$20-\$30 per hour.

Not Too Shy Are You?

ASIAN OR LATIN?
Hi! Handsome, aggressive, blond stud, defined physique, clean and healthy, massages in the nude.
EXPERIENCED \$35/in
RON 931-3263

EROTIC MASSAGE

Hard working - Good looking - Stress reducing - Safe - Perfect for men on the go. 1st class, clean apartment, fireplace, loving hands to revitalize mind, body, spirit. 5'11", 160 lbs., brown, green, smooth, uncult.
Joe 346-2921 9-5
For Men Only

AMMA MASSAGE

Enjoy the nurturing and revitalizing effect of touch through this form of traditional Japanese bodywork. AMMA uses no oils, can be done clothed, and is effective in reducing physical and emotional stress. Treat yourself! Certified, non-sexual
75 minutes \$20
JOHN 626-1589

SOMETHING SPECIAL

Take the time to pamper yourself with a massage which is both relaxing and therapeutic. 75 minutes of individualized attention in an environment designed specifically for massage using soothing music, warmth and positive energy. Haight location. Enjoy benefits that go beyond the moment. Only \$30.00.
STEPHEN 668-9318

CASTRO MASSAGE

Young handsome student with magic fingers. 90 minutes you'll never forget.
\$45 Body Electric Certified
PHIL 864-0649

ROMANTIC ATTRACTION

Fun & x-handsome Nordic man swimmer & BB 9' cut 6' 185"
ESPECIALLY LIKE
SMALL, CUTE ASIAN & LATIN YOUNG MEN
Ron, for a massage
\$40/55 931-3263 24 hrs

BEST MASSAGE OF YOUR LIFE!

By professional certified masseur, seven years experience. Sensitive, caring, very handsome hunk relaxes your body-mind-spirit. Specializes in deep, firm, sensual hot-oil Swedish Surprise birthday massages for friends and lovers available. Castro area, 9 am-9 pm, weekdays and weekends.
William 626-8210 PWAs welcomed

ECSTASY TRANSPORT

Sensual and relaxing massage will wait you away to greater well-being and liberated pleasure while recharging your erotic energy. The massage is a slow, deep Esalen-style nurturing done by a personable, skilled expert in a caring, loving way. It's a sensational experience you'll love!
GARY 821-1005

THINK BIG

"Danish Built"
6', 180#
Blue eyed, Masculine beauty
Hard Chiseled Body
Hung, Tantalizing 9"

Extra Handsome,
Always a Top Man
Nude Erotic Massage
\$50 In • \$70 Out
Friendly & Fun Man

HORST 931-0309

MILDLY ASTONISHING

A superb Swedish/Esalen oil massage plus chakra balancing for only \$30. The hands of an angel in the heart of the Castro. Gift certificates available. Certified. 18th and Noe.
JIM 864-2430

ATHLETIC MALE

Masculine male available for strong Swedish Esalen Massage. Evenings, weekends. Out only.
TOM 431-2830

MY MASSAGE IS A TRIP!

BETTER, IT'S A JOURNEY...

- Ionic Bath
- Reiki/Energy Balancing
- Acupressure
- Swedish/Esalen

\$30/90 min. Session
Non-sexual
MARC 863-1785

Full body massage, by handsome man. Call:
RUSS 863-3198
24 Hours

RELAX IN CLASS

A RELAXING MASSAGE

by a handsome, masculine blonde 6', 190, beautifully nude muscular body, summer tan firm, Erotic Swedish Massage Massage Lotion & Table, Hard to Beat It!
\$40 In/\$55 Out 75 min.
Mike 931-0149, 24 hrs.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO
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FIRST & FOREMOST
SINCE 1968 WITH
SAN FRANCISCO'S FINEST
MALE MODELS & COMPANIONS

MALE STRIPPERS
PRIVATE OR BUSINESS
STANDARD RATES
HOUR, DAY, OR WEEK

Models Available Around Town or Around the Bay

* Please Book Early *
Travelers Checks and In City Personal Checks with proper ID are OK

Our Models & Companions are Screened for your Health, Security and Peace of Mind, so

STAY HEALTHY WITH

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Applicants Needed
Must Be Exceptional

S.J. QUALITY ESCORTS

It's fantasy time in San Jose. Try Executive Escorts; you won't be sorry. Top quality at reasonable rates. Take advantage of our opening day offers.
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VERY SPECIAL ALL DAY or ALL EVENING RATES

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S&M EDUCATION

Roger - a short, clean-cut bodybuilder, handsome and intelligent, experienced top, but patient with beginners. Explore S&M in a safe place - get into bondage and sensuality, not brutality or fluid exchange. (I'm HIV negative and well aware of safety.)
Call 9 am to 11 pm only.
(415) 864-5566



239-8499

COVER MAN

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

College Jock

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

MONSTER MEAT

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

MALE STRIPPERS PRIVATE OR BUSINESS

RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457



STEPHEN
Nightly Rates
585-1957

MOVE UP TO QUALITY, NOT PRICE!

RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

MANHANDLER

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

Tall Lean Texan

Mark: 24, 6', 170 lbs, 40" c 31" w, hairy body, mustache
Richard of S.F. 821-3457

HUNKY SWED

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

HOT ASIAN MODELS

RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

VIRILE SEXY ITALIAN

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

BEST BUNS IN TOWN

DREW 29, 5'10", Smooth body, EVES WEEKENDS
RICHARD OF S.F. 821-3457

I LAY BACK FRENCH PASSIVE

8% EXTRA THICK CUT
Handsome, Clean-Shaven
Boysish Good Looks
6'1", 160, 26 yrs.
MIKE 864-2057
Pager 896-7815 (enter your phone #)
fast call-back

MIKE 864-2057

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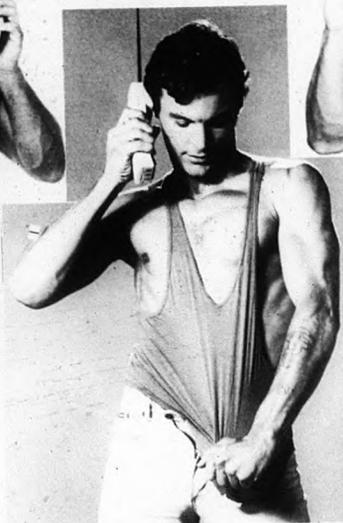
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