

Sentinel

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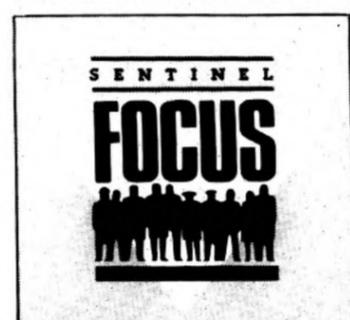
*Prophesies of a Black
AIDS Activist*

SCREAMING INTO THE WIND

by Cathy Cockrell

Family weighed heavily on Larry Saxxon's mind as he spoke recently, in his apartment in the Western Addition, about how to make a social revolution American-style and the best fried chicken Southern-style.

Our conversation traveled from the tin shack in Princess Anne, Maryland, where he was born, to San Francisco, where he has become a force for AIDS education in the



black community; from Double Rock Baptist Church in the Hunters Point black community, where he spoke from the pulpit on AIDS, to a planned AIDS education project centered in Johannesburg, South Africa.

He shifted gears and vernaculars, crossed cultures and continents, yet all paths led back to his multigenerational, racially mixed Florida clan, whose members know each other by names like "BoCat" and "Honeybee," and to his only sister, "Big Red," whose death last month hit home and hard.

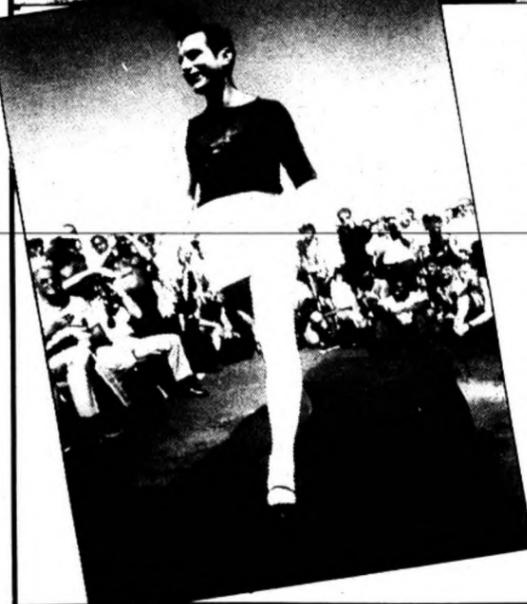
Our main topic was AIDS and the black community. His sister Martha's death from AIDS and Saxxon's oldest stepbrother's before her added depth and force to his prognosis that black America's worst days are yet to come, that his own clan has in fact "come off light" compared to many black families, that AIDS is "going to either make us or break us" as a race in this country.

"There have been families in little towns in Florida where the only person left is one grandmother taking care of one child that's HIV positive," Saxxon says. "Do you wonder why the Centers for Disease Control this year is calling its second national conference on AIDS in the ethnic minority communities? When the CDC sees the necessity to call a conference like this, you know we've got hell on high wheels on our hands!"

Continued on page 4

THE CREW'S SHIPSHAPE ON THE USS 'MISSOURI'

High Heels On The High Seas

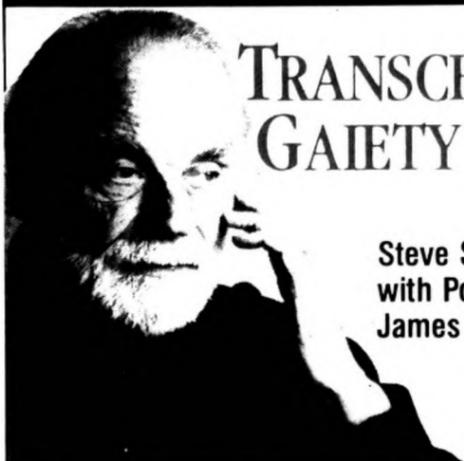


The bizarre and unusual rituals of the sailors of the USS Missouri were exposed in the most recent copy of the battleship's annual "cruisebook" (that's what the Missouri's captain calls the yearbook).

In a section titled "The Ancient Tradition of Becoming a Shellback," the cruisebook describes the transformation that comes over sailors crossing the equator as they vie to

Continued on page 3

A T E A S E



TRANSCENDENTAL GAIETY

Steve Silberman Talks
with Poet-Filmmaker
James Broughton

p.20

Confessions of a Tutu Keeper



Eric Hellman
Interviews
SF Ballet's
George Elvin

p.19

Books	22
Classics	25
Dining	23
Film Clips	26
Rock	27
Theatre	24
Week at a Glance ..	28

WINE & ROSES 1988

A WINE TASTING EXTRAVAGANZA

TO BENEFIT THESE AIDS-SERVICE ORGANIZATIONS:

AIDS Emergency Fund

Project Open Hand

The Godfather Fund

Coming Home Hospice

Entertainment • Dining
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Cordorniu	Lembey	Sutter Home
Callaway	Robert Pepi	Mouton Cadet
Napa Ridge	Mateus	Frederick Wildman
Villa Banfi	Sebastiani	Hanns Kornell
Charles Krug	Geyser Peak	Château Souverain
Alexis Lichine	Georges DuBoeuf	Wente Brothers
Rodney Strong	Piper Heidsieck	Jacquin
Cuvaison	Fox Mountain	Stag's Leap
Moët & Chandon	Simi Winery	Louis Martini
Beringer	Domaine Michel	Bertani
Concannon	Rutherford Ranch	Cramant de Venoge

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The March on Washington Steering Committee, left to right: Nicole Ramirez-Murray (San Diego), David Almand (Atlanta), Stephen Gendin (Rhode Island), Joyce Hunter (New York), Steve Ault (New York), Pat Norman (San Francisco), Michelle Crone (Albany), Kay Osterberg (Washington, DC).

\$70,000 Surplus from March's Coffers Gay Groups Get Windfall

by George Mendenhall

The organizing committee of the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights recently found itself confronting a problem that would make it the envy of other gay and AIDS organizations: how to distribute surplus funds from the last-minute fundraising campaign that was launched to pay for the logistics of last October's mammoth rally in the nation's capital.

Last weekend members of the steering committee met in San Francisco to announce the names of 34 gay liberation and AIDS groups that will receive grants totaling nearly \$70,000. The surplus is what remains from \$400,000 raised, most of it during the march itself. The groups selected for funds were culled from 280 applicants.

No funds will be retained to plan another march. "We do not have to have marches like regular rituals," co-chair Steve Ault explained. "The march was a means to an end. It was an extraordinarily successful event, but it was only a tool to activate new people into

the movement and to get action on AIDS. We never planned to continue. It was an *ad hoc* operation with no respon-

sibilities or power attached. Once we distribute the money, we will disband."

The march co-chairs meeting here were local activist Pat Norman; Kay Osterberg of Washington, DC; Nicole Ramirez-Murray of San Diego; and Ault

of New York City.

Ault explained that in deciding the grant selections an attempt was made to assist groups in a broad geographical area that might not otherwise be funded. Twenty-five percent of the total grant money went to people of color. The chairs' goal was "to find a real diversity. We did not want to concentrate on the West and East coasts, and we tried to evaluate those getting the funds to determine if the money would be properly spent," Ault said.

"There were so many worthwhile endeavors," Ault said. "We just did not have enough money to go around." He adds that after a final march mailing and resolving a few business matters, any remaining money will be granted to others. Criticism that the march organizers should set aside several thousand dollars for another march was rejected by Ault. "We wanted a sense of closure," Ault emphasizes. "By giving the balance back to the community. If the money remained we would have to set up a whole new organization to deal with that. The march started with no money. If there is again a mandate — and that is a big if — then the money will be there. The tip as to whether there is enthusiasm for another march will be whether new money can be raised."

Ault reflected on the past — in 1985 — when some people began talking about a march. He says, "There was a growing need to release anger. We could sense there was a sort of community coming together around a march. In my travels across the country, I knew it would be big."

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me half an hour just to get through the people to my DC office. The TV cameras filled the hallways, and the print media was always on the phone. There were close to 100 related events going on that week, and we had to tell everyone where

they were. Amidst all this, there were no arrests — except where we wanted them — at the Supreme Court."

Ault concludes, "A lot of us who were involved for two years with the march are still trying to calm down. There was so

much tension and mental exhaustion." He believes the next major national event may be the 25th anniversary of Stonewall in 1994. With mixed emotions, he added, "We should start thinking about that. It will take a lot of planning."

March on Washington Grants

The following organizations were granted funds from the surplus budget of the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

Future Regional & National Conferences	
National Asian Pacific Lesbian Conference	\$3,000
East Coast Feminist Lesbian Conference	3,000
Southeast Conference for Lesbians and Gay Men	2,500
Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund Lawyers Conference	2,000
Black and Gay Lesbian Leadership Conference	1,500
Atlanta March Committee Southern Conference	1,000
Horizons Community Services Midwest Conference	1,000
Northwest Lesbian Feminist Conference	1,000
National Organizations Assistance	
National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays	\$5,000
ACT NOW/ACT UP	3,500
Lobby for Individual Freedom & Equality of Sacramento	3,000
Lesbian/Gay Rights AIDS Action Emergency Response Network	2,500
Lesbian/Gay Rights of Texas	2,500
National Latino Lesbian and Gay Activists	2,500
National Committee to Free Sharon Kowalski	2,000
Seniors Action in a Gay Environment of New York	1,500
Gay Pride of Chicago	1,000
Gay and Lesbian Community Action Council of Minneapolis	1,000
Parents and Friends of Lesbian and Gays	1,000
International Gay and Lesbian Archives	1,000
Pink Triangle Political Coalition of Kansas City	500
Out Right: Portland, Maine, Alliance for Gay Youth	500
AIDS Assistance	
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Alabama HIV Prisoner Support Project	2,000
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Special Projects	
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Southern California Women for Understanding	1,000
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Perry Watkins Video Documentary	1,000
NOW of New Jersey	1,000

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The USS Missouri's Shipshape Crew

Continued from page 1

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The opportunity for more came when a group of swabbies tried to top each other in a push-up competition (photo, lower right), a scene reminiscent of the closing lines to the poem "I Am a Missouri Sailor": *I am grateful to serve / I have steamed into the Gulf and kept peace alive and I am a better man for it.*

For local naval nuts, the Missouri may be part of the annual October 14-20 Fleet Week celebration. Among other features of the week-long festivities are a special Dial-a-Sailor Hotline. Dial-a-Sailor is set up to help encourage local residents to invite a sailor home for... dinner.

The Missouri cruisebook, a full-color taxpayer-financed publication, includes the name and photo of every crew member, a guide that may help the more discerning homemaker decide whom to invite over for a visit.



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SAN FRANCISCO



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Screaming into the Wind

Continued from page 1

Saxxon's newest role in the war on AIDS is as interim director of the East Bay AIDS Project, a multiethnic program based in Oakland. He is also spearheading a project called Zulu that's "by and for black sexual minorities." With the SF AIDS Foundation acting as the project's fiscal agent and the SF chapter of the National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays providing sponsorship, the emerging group hopes to produce AIDS education materials in the Zulu and Shona languages for distribution among South Africa's black gays.

Saxxon has many ways of talking — high or honey-voiced, in feigned aristocratic British or deep Southern black — and a knack for coining a phrase or a metaphor. A tall, 220-pound man, a practitioner of native African religion and a recovering alcoholic, Saxxon has many ways of describing himself: "a well-educated, goodlooking black man" or one of the "dynamic four" black AIDS activists of Northern California early in the epidemic or as a kind of prophet screaming into the wind. "What was it, the Oracle of Delphi," he asks, "that the gods gave the ability to prophesy the future? But because she had insulted Zeus, he said, 'I'll fix your ass, I'll give you the ability to prophesy, but I'll also curse you with the curse of no one believing your prophecy.'"

The prophecy he refers to is the coming toll of AIDS on the black and brown community. "It's the first thing out of my mouth in my AIDS presentation, whether it's 15 minutes or two hours: 'The face of AIDS around the world is black and brown. The majority of the people in the world with AIDS

are black and brown, and you better wake up and get the spirit before it hits you in the ass while you've got your head stuck in the sand!'"

Saxxon thinks black gays, bisexuals and lesbians are in danger of being "bulldozed over" by the black heterosexual service providers "if we don't start opening our mouths more and speaking up for ourselves." One of his professional hats is "consultant," providing grant-writing, AIDS training and technical assistance to minority AIDS and AIDS-related programs through his private business, Saxxon-Quinn Associates. In that capacity he has met black program administrators around the country, many of whom "do not assume that I'm a faggot."

Gays and blacks "need to unite and become a power force — not as servant-masters — but as equals in the social revolution."

"They get real comfortable with me," he says, "and they start telling me things that they really ought not to be telling me. Stuff like, 'We're really trying to deal with them sissies, but we don't know what to do! We can't be writing up this kind of AIDS literature about male-on-male sex, and besides, what do two women do anyway?' I listen to this as a clinician and a professional, and then I immediately come back and say, 'By the way, you are aware of the fact that I am bisexual living a gay-identified life and I'm very much involved in the gay revolution?'" In most cases, Saxxon reports, it becomes "an ideal learning opportunity"; in a few "they get this glazed look on their

faces." Saxxon spent his earliest years in Maryland, where he, his sister and a baby brother, who died in infancy of a rat bite, were all born. His parents, like his grandparents, picked green beans, okra, cotton, oranges and peaches on a migrant circuit through the South. In the late '50s they decided to "get hitched" and to "get away from it all." They landed in a neighborhood of Miami, Florida, called Little Korea that had gotten its name during the Korean War, when the first black families integrated the neighborhood and were bombed by local whites.

He remembers seeing the Klan ride, both in Maryland and in Florida, and getting his ass whipped for crossing the tracks into the white neighborhood. He remembers his mother working under "shitty conditions" as a cook at a local chain cafeteria and his dad becoming

the first black in the Southeast to secure a gas station franchise from the Exxon Corporation.

Saxxon came to the Bay Area in 1975 after giving up a complicated personal arrangement that involved a common-law wife he first met in high school and a male lover from Holland. It was that man, Saxxon says, who "taught me that I was beautiful. He had not seen many black people prior to coming to America. I'd never felt beautiful before. I'd always felt like having this black skin was an unfortunate dilemma that I was going to have to live with all my life. Interestingly enough, through the eyes of a white man, I found validation in my own beauty. And I began to see



Larry Saxxon.

that this is pretty skin. I had difficulties in my own family because I was the darkest one. There were little pet names that they called me that weren't very kind, that would remind me that I was the dark berry on the bush."

Hitting the San Francisco gay scene "full force, because I had never seen anything like this in my life," he partied hard, worked as a male hooker and came to understand "the excitement, the danger, the persecution" of prostitutes' lives.

It was in the early '80s that word began to circulate in the black gay community about a "weird illness" striking white gay men. The rumor, Saxxon remembers, was that "only the white ones were getting it," and people were saying, "I'm gonna cut down my number of white tricks because the white guys are carrying some shit." Gradually the epidemic moved closer, claiming black friends as well as white ones.

In late '84 or early '85, after a stint with the Department of Social Services, Saxxon got a job as a social worker at the San Francisco AIDS Foundation. There were no other black social

workers there at the time and only a handful of black clients. But "the word got out: 'There's a black guy at the AIDS Foundation working in the social work department,'" and the black people with AIDS started coming out of the woodwork!"

In '85 Saxxon met the black AIDS activist Celue Lester, who "was ranting about 'people of color need special services.'" Saxxon says he kept telling Lester they should use the system already set up for gay men and see if they worked.

But the systems weren't working for black clients, he discovered. "I started looking! I saw how black people that I would send to Shanti would start leaving. They'd come back and they'd say, 'I don't like it there. They don't understand me. If I says so-and-so-and-so-and-so in the black vernacular, they think I want to fight, and it means something else. And I'm just sick of people telling me, 'How do you feel about this? Let's process this.'"

"A lot of black people aren't taught to communicate that way, particularly to whites," Saxxon says. "We're taught to keep it in, never let white people know how you feel. That's the number one rule of the South: Never let a white person know what's inside, never let them in. 'Cause therein lies your protection.'"

Almost inevitably, whenever he talks to black audiences about AIDS, the question arises: "Where does AIDS come from?" Many blacks in the US are convinced that AIDS was purposely introduced by the government. So heated is the debate, and so numerous the theories, that an audience will miss the essential AIDS 101 prevention information unless he eventually cuts off further discussion of the issue.

"I think the fascination is that it

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plays into the planned genocide feelings that a lot of black Americans have toward this country," Saxxon speculates. "Remember, they did experiment on us with syphilis, forcible involuntary syphilis injections. That was during the lifetime of a lot of black people. They remember that because it was a major scandal." They also remember medical experiments to perfect lobotomy procedures, forced sterilization of unsuspecting black women in the South and genocide against Native Americans.

"A lot of black people feel there is this inherent potential for genocide that America's capable of carrying out," says Saxxon. "And I'm not convinced that it's not there myself. I'm mindful of the fact that they did lock the Japanese up recently and that people are running around trying to quarantine HIV carriers. The AIDS epidemic is changing, it's becoming a more and more black and brown epidemic. And it seems the more black and brown it becomes, the more aggressive all these laws get. From Prop. 64 on down: on prisoners, prostitutes, foodhandlers, immigrants..."

Though he discovered early on that people of color need special services, Saxxon also stresses the power, and necessity, of joint action by the "eliminateables" and the "niggerized." At the recent Lesbian and Gay Health Conference in Boston, Renee McCoy, executive director of the National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays, said that we should be focusing on oppression, not AIDS. "We have made AIDS our only agenda," she warned. Saxxon agrees.

"The agenda definitely is to fight AIDS like a full-blown battle, because this is war! But when AIDS is over," he predicts, "I will still be called a 'nigger,' and I will still be called a 'faggot,' and my lover will still be called a 'honky' and a 'faggot.' Oppression in general is what it's all about, AIDS is a part of oppression."

Attempts at minority/gay coalitions around AIDS are "still clumsy," Saxxon thinks, but we're starting to understand "through people like Jesse Jackson, the need to cross over. Jackson was able to elucidate on it so clearly that a

lot of common Americans hear it and understand it." Gays and blacks "need to unite and become a power force — not as servant-masters — but as equals in the social revolution," Saxxon says. "Because that's ultimately what we're

cities like Detroit, New York, Washington, Baltimore and Miami — cities where dope, and AIDS, are as easily obtained as a bus transfer. He becomes impassioned speaking of those places. "I wish you could become invisible and

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talking about: how to carry off a social revolution American-style. And we need to look at the women's movement and have them on as equal, strong partners and give them the power that goes with that position. We need to go to each group that is not represented in this WASP, male, straight-run society that we live in in America."

Saxxon's work has taken him to

walk up those streets with me and see what I see on a daily basis: how it's so easy to go and get dope. It's just! — he pops his fingers — "just like that! You want it, you got it! It's easy to sit there and blow your mind away with chemicals and inject and give your needle to your girlfriend, who gives it to her boyfriend, who gives it to this one, who gives it to a child. It's so easy to have a

baby with AIDS!" Now he talks of prophecy and of screaming into the wind and of sometimes losing his voice. "I thought I'd lost my voice when my sister died," he says. "When she died I thought, 'What am I doing? I've been working in this field all across this country, and I couldn't save my own sister's life, who meant more...'" He is quiet; emotion has caught him by surprise; he waits to regain his composure. He picks up where he left off, talking about Martha and what she meant to him. "I still have my fight in me," he asserts. "I'm still driven to do what I know is right. But I've lost a lot."

The mood shifts, and the ground gives to politics. To worries over a system that doesn't value "the life of one black woman," of gay men, drug addicts or black and Latino children. To Ronald Reagan's Hitler-like policy on AIDS. To the timing of Nancy Reagan's "Just Say No" to drugs campaign, which came on the heels of the White House china set scandal when

Million-Plus Estate Contested Gay Lover Painted as Paramour

by Alex MacDonald

Bennett Moase, the beneficiary of a \$1.3-million estate bequeathed him by his lover of eight years, San Francisco Zach L. Ogg, claims that he has become a target of "civilized fag-bashing." The will leaving the estate to the 28-year-old Moase, a juvenile counselor in Sacramento, came under challenge from his lover's sister, Mary Ogg Bennett and the San Francisco Law School.

Bennett and the law school allege that Moase exerted undue influence on his lover "in that Moase had, over a period of eight years up to and after the execution of the purported will... obtained thousands of dollars in gifts from the decedent through constant importunities and the giving of and/or the withholding of his friendship and of the incidents of his special relationship with the decedent."

In short, according to Moase, "They paint a picture of a paramour." They also claim that an earlier will, made during a period in 1986 when Moase and Ogg were separated, is the only valid will. The earlier will left nothing to Moase and awarded one-third of the estate to the law school, Ogg's alma mater. An even earlier will, made in 1984, left everything to Moase. The latest will left nothing to the law school,

\$25,000 to the executor of the estate, another \$25,000 to Ogg's sister and the balance of the \$1.3 million to Moase.

Ordinarily, the latest will takes precedence over any prior testaments, and the court bases its ruling on the intent of the testator. Further, a spouse, or the equivalent of a spouse, has a strong case against the claims of other relatives.

Moase and his attorney, Scott Bassin of San Francisco, feel confident that they can prove that Ogg knew what he was doing during the last days of his life when he drew up the third will. Subsequent to writing the will on December 28, 1987, Ogg worked in his office and conducted negotiations for his clients. He died of cancer on January 9.

Moase is concerned that his claim may be clouded by what attorneys for Ogg's sister and the law school call his "special relationship" to Ogg, who, says Moase, was so deeply closeted that he even had a "beard," a woman with whom he was never intimate but whom he squired about on public occasions when he felt it necessary to appear straight to clients, family, friends and

colleagues. He kept his relationship to Moase invisible.

Bassin intends to lend visibility — and validity — to the relationship through a photo album the lovers kept over the years. Although attorneys for the sister demanded that the album be turned over to them following Ogg's death, Bassin successfully denied their claim and will introduce it in evidence, along with testimony from Ogg's clients as to his mental condition after the writing of the last will.

The will itself may also pose a problem for Moase. A so-called holographic will, it was drafted by Ogg himself, who relied on his skills as an experienced attorney. No witnesses signed the document, which was written in Ogg's own hand. Apparently without exception, attorney's advise against the practice — although most of them readily acknowledge its temptations.

Mary Ogg Bennett could not be reached for comment. Jack Bonanno, the attorney for San Francisco Law School, refused all comment on the case.

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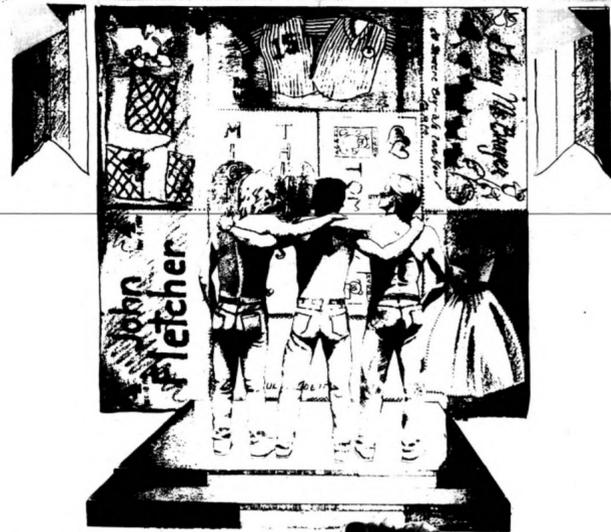
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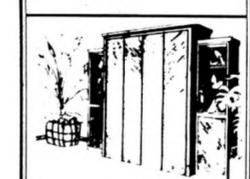
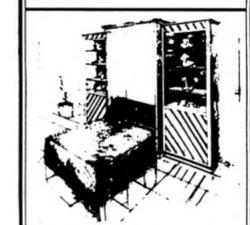
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Castro Blood Drive Location Pending

Following last week's disruption of the Arm in Arm blood drive in the Castro, officials from Irwin Memorial Blood Bank, the Harvey Milk Club and Arm in Arm met Tuesday in negotiations that both sides described as "very productive." At issue was whether future mobile blood drives will be held in the Castro in the wake of criticism from San Francisco surgeon Dr. Lorraine Day that the location attracted "high-risk" donors.

"We haven't made a permanent decision on whether the Harvey Milk Club Women's Blood Drive will take

place in the Castro," said Dr. Herbert Perkins, executive director at Irwin Memorial. Perkins said that the decision would be made by Irwin's board of directors, and that he was trying to reach Washington Burns, the board president, to call an emergency meeting to resolve the matter. A decision in favor of the Castro location may not be reached until after the Milk Club's August 20 Women's Day Blood Drive.

"I think we saw very much eye-to-eye," Perkins said of his meeting with blood drive administrators. "They are obviously being very careful. . . . The important point is not the area but who's trying to donate."

"It was a very productive meeting," said Bob Sokol, administrative director of Arm in Arm. "Perkins seemed very, very open to discussion. He seemed impressed by the fact that we were informed, intelligent, capable people, and that as much as lay people could, we were cognizant of the screening process.

not some wackos off the street. I believe he is favorably disposed to getting us back [in the Castro]."

Sokol said the group discussed what they would do in the event that Dr. Day continued "to crucify us in the press." He said the group decided that "we would just as soon not validate her by mounting our own media blitz."



There is still no final decision whether Irwin Memorial will require future Castro blood drives to shuttle participants to the Masonic Avenue headquarters.

Lenore Chinn, coordinator of the upcoming Women's Day Blood Drive, said, "I don't think a decision will come in time to help us out." But Chinn added that Perkins seemed "extremely supportive" and that with enough letters of support to take back to his board, the decision could swing in favor of returning the drive to the Castro.

Support for keeping the blood drive

in the Castro was voiced by Mayor Agnos, who wrote to Perkins this week. Noting that there are sufficient safeguards to protect the blood supply, Agnos said, "The first line of public health defense has been the extremely strong cooperation from the lesbian and gay community that no one possibly infected should donate blood." He con-

LaLiberte's Contra Costa County house, which was sold last year because Rehm could not keep up the \$1,138 monthly mortgage payments.

"This case highlights a nationwide trend of special discriminatory treatment of AIDS claims by insurance companies," said Paul Wotman, the plaintiff's attorney. "This procedure of post-claim underwriting seeks to blame the AIDS sufferers rather than to fairly compensate them under the terms of the insurance policy. It runs contrary to the general policy's sense of compassion and fairness for sufferers of a disease and compounds the tragedy of AIDS."

Wotman called the case "an example of a company trying to avoid responsibility and victimizing people with AIDS." He said the papers were to be served to the defendant last Monday. But Minnesota Mutual spokesman Jon Ahlberg declined to comment on the case because he had "not yet received a copy of the summons and complaint."

According to the complaint, LaLiberte, a former senior systems programmer, applied for and received mortgage insurance in early 1986 on the three-bedroom suburban home he had bought in Hercules, California, a year earlier for \$123,000. Six months after receiving a certificate of coverage, LaLiberte was diagnosed with AIDS and immediately hospitalized. He died after a short illness.

In August 1986, Rehm, as executor of his lover's estate, made demand on Minnesota Mutual to pay the mortgage insurance. Unable to keep up the payments alone on the house, Rehm was soon forced to leave the house he and his lover had worked on together. Meanwhile, the insurance company took a year to investigate the claim and then told Rehm they would not pay on it because they believed the decedent "had a preexisting condition."

"There's no way that he would have known [that he had AIDS], because I would have known — that much is certain," said Rehm. "He didn't have ARC at that time either. . . . He bought the insurance just in case — so I would be set for the rest of my life. We had hoped to spend the future together."

Rehm, a Saks Fifth Avenue retailer, said that the couple went to see a doctor in mid-1986 about his lover's eye problem. At that time LaLiberte was diagnosed with AIDS, and after a brief stay in the hospital, he returned home where he died of an AIDS-related brain tumor. "I stopped working to take care of him. There were a lot of memories in that house that weren't all bad ones. We still slept together. . . . If I could I'd

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

like the house back." Last year Hamilton Savings Bank foreclosed on the house and sold it to other residents. Since that time Rehm has been renting an apartment and trying to put his life back together without his lover of four years. "It's been a terrible time," said Rehm. "[The experience with the insurance company] has been throwing it back up in my face every day. It really messes up your life. I don't want it to happen to other people if it can be helped."

Wotman, an attorney with expertise in other AIDS-related cases, is confident that the matter will be resolved in Rehm's favor within a year. "As far as our defense goes, I think we're in excellent shape," he said.

Gay Attorney Reappointed Parking Chair

Mayor Art Agnos reappointed attorney Todd Dickinson to his post as chair of the San Francisco Parking Authority last week. Dickinson, 35, will be joined by four new members of the commission: attorney Arnold Chin, publisher Sonia Melara, restaurateur Angelo Quaranta and businessman Dar Singl.

"I'm very pleased and proud the mayor has asked me to remain as chair of the Parking Authority," said Dickinson. "I'm looking forward to working with the mayor in solving one of San Francisco's most difficult problems."

The new commission will work closely with Doug Wright, deputy mayor for transportation, parking and infrastructure, to develop an effective parking policy for the city.

"I'm really a big fan of Todd Dickin-

son," commented Supervisor Harry Britt. "People around City Hall recognize Todd as one of the most effective commissioners in the city. His reappointment furthers the goal of having lesbian and gay men in positions of responsibility who the rest of the world will listen to and respect."

Britt said that Dickinson is working with him in developing the Parking and Traffic Improvement Charter Amendment slated for the November ballot. "His reappointment is a credit to Art, because Todd supported Jack Molinari in the mayoral race," said Britt. "Art wanted him because he is recognized as a qualified leader with a bright future."

Dickinson, a corporate attorney with Chevron, is co-chair of the Bay Area Nonpartisan Alliance and chair of the Bay Area Chapter of the Human Rights Campaign Fund.

The Parsonage Focuses on the Gay Community

The Parsonage, a ministry of the Episcopal Diocese of California serving the lesbian and gay community, last week elected the new officers for the coming year. Jack Fertig will serve as the ministry's chair, Frederic Millen as vice-chair, R. Ginger Brooks as secretary and Glenn Thomas as treasurer.

"Jack has a great many skills," said outgoing chair Bill Lowe. "He comes to us with a rich background. I'm sure he'll be an excellent chair."

Fertig approaches his new post with two goals foremost in mind. First, he hopes the Parsonage can grow by reaching out to the gay community. "We've been successful in promoting the gay community within the Episcopal

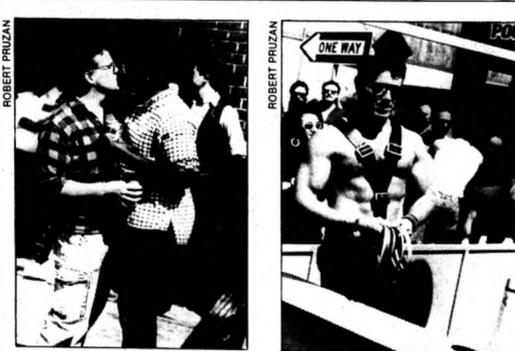
Church, but then we've turned our backs on outreach to the gay community," said Fertig. "We're not out to proselytize or win converts. Our focus is to provide spiritual services and a listening ministry to the gay community."

"The problems began seven years ago when it became clear that the big party of the '70s was coming to an end. The focus was on AIDS, and people opened up to New Age stuff — which has been wonderful. But I'd like to make the resources and options provided by the traditional church more open to people."

The 33-year-old's second goal is to address the spiritual concerns within the Parsonage's existing membership — overshadowed. "AIDS has siphoned off so much energy, and there's still this basic spiritual work to do — issues relating to partnerships, our history, isolation, self-esteem, giving people space."

A self-professed pagan by upbringing, Fertig came to Christianity two years ago. "I felt God calling me to the church, and my reaction was 'Girlfriend, you've got to be kidding!'" Fertig, *Coming Up!*'s astrology columnist, believes that the Episcopal Diocese retains "strong ritual and tradition and is still wonderfully open-minded and non-sexist."

Gay issues occupied much of the floor during the National Episcopal Church's general convention last month in July, according to Lowe. A Sexual Morality resolution passed, affirming the loving, committed context of all human relationships — rather than only Christian marriages. A second resolution calling for the ordination of openly gay persons was passed by the House of Bishops and Priests but defeated by one vote by the laity.



Up Your Alley

Gail Wilson and City Swing set the tone for a festive day at the annual Dore Alley Street Fair. The South of Market soiree caught the spectators in a variety of attitudes and compromising positions.

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KAREN EVERETT

place in the Castro," said Dr. Herbert Perkins, executive director at Irwin Memorial. Perkins said that the deci-

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On Saturday, August 20 from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM, a mobile blood donation unit will visit the Castro to serve women participating in the Women's Day Blood Drive. For your convenience, and to save time, we ask you to call now to schedule a specific appointment and receive additional information.

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A project of the Lesbian Caucus of the Harvey Milk Lesbian & Gay Democratic Club, in conjunction with the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank of San Francisco and Most Holy Redeemer Catholic Church.

AIDS Suit Charges Breach of Contract

Mike Rehm, a man whose lover died of AIDS two years ago, filed a \$5-million lawsuit against Minnesota Mutual Life Insurance Company for bad faith and breach of contract by failing to pay on his lover's mortgage insurance policy, his attorney announced Monday. Rehm was the beneficiary of Stephen

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Alice Says Yes to Lucky Four

The Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club approved early endorsements for four gay candidates on Monday, thereby freeing up the candidates to solicit support from other community bases.

By an overwhelming margin, Alice members endorsed Pat Norman and Harry Britt for the Board of Supervisors, Tim Wolfred for Community College Board and Robert Barnes for the Board of Education. All four candidates are Alice members.

According to Ron Braithwaite, Alice's president, Pat Norman's third

attempts with a plea for campaign funds. "We can have our own say, we can have our own representation. I know [the city] well. I know how it runs. I know how it doesn't run. I hope with your support, your energy — and your money — I'll be on that board."

Last week Norman received the labor endorsement of Cesar Chavez, leader of the United Farm Workers of America, which is currently campaigning against the use of dangerous pesticides. Norman is the statewide director of training for AIDS intervention in the IV drug community. She was co-chair of the National March on Washington, and she recently returned from the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta, where she served as an elected Jackson delegate.

Britt, an incumbent supervisor known for his progressive stands on vacancy control, domestic partners, the Olympics and *Missouri* issues, has Alice's support to be the first gay president of the Board of Supervisors.

Britt quickly tried to link the agenda of the lesbian and gay community with a larger social agenda, saying, "Our agenda is to be a voice for the great social movements of the 20th century, of which the lesbian and gay movement has been an important part."

The self-effacing Britt acknowledged he is not an enthusiastic glad-hander, adding, "I'm not a big campaign freak, as you know." But he added his showing in the election and his viability as a candidate for board president will be indicators of the clout of lesbian and gay

voters. Wolfred, currently running for his third term on the Community College Board, serves as executive director of the SF AIDS Foundation.

Longtime activist Robert Barnes hopes to be the first openly gay person elected to one of the four seats on the Board of Education. He boasts a strong list of endorsements and a solid history of leadership, including presidency of the Golden Gate Business Association.

Braithwaite presented special community service awards Monday to Pat Norman for her work as chair of the Lesbian/Gay Caucus of the Democratic National Party and to Pam David for her work as chair of Lesbians and Gays for Jackson.

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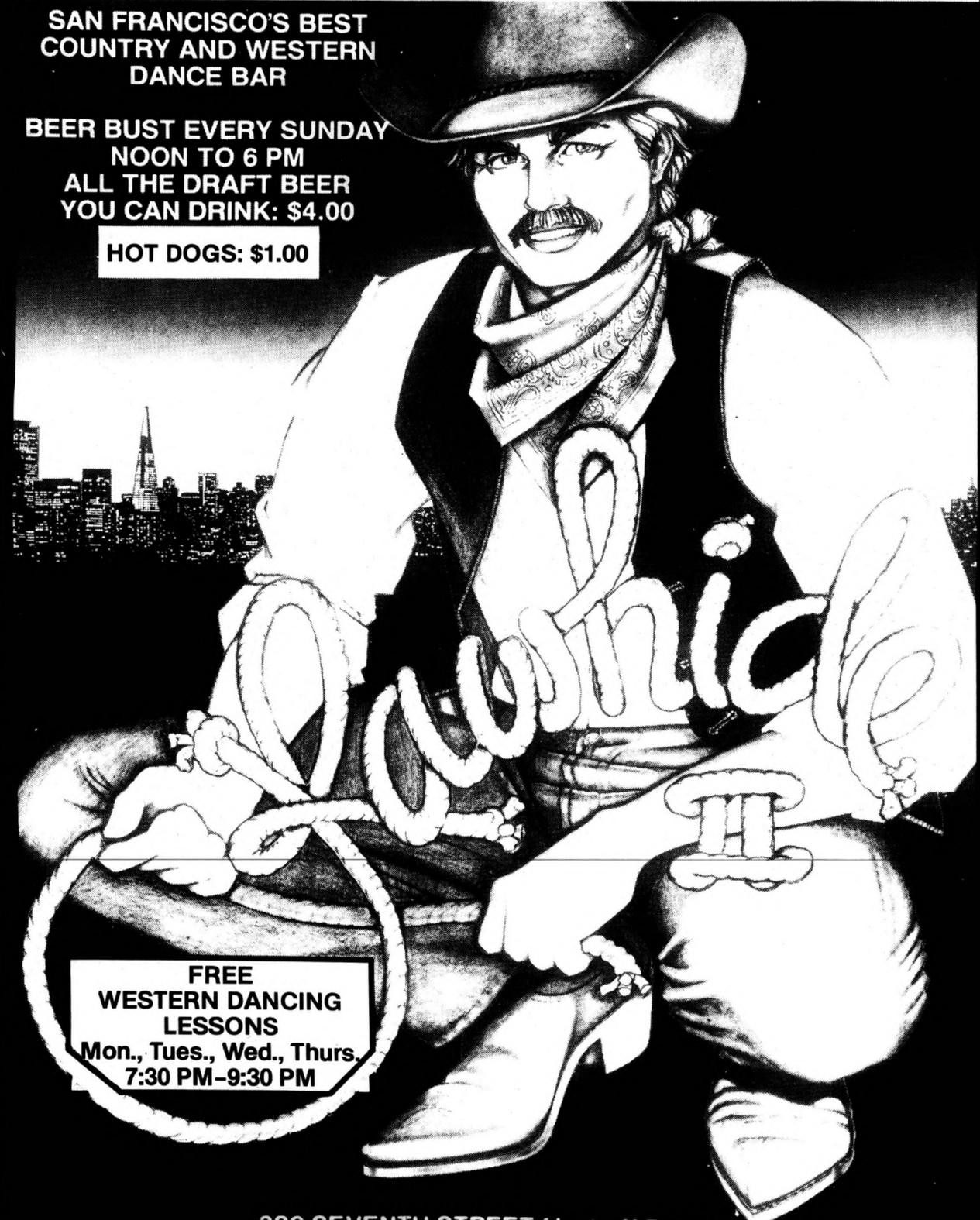
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Gay Man Sentenced in Controversial Trial

SEATTLE, WA — A widely publicized, controversial Seattle trial ended in early July with a sentence of 7½ years (90 months) for the accused, a gay man named Steven Farmer. Farmer was convicted of two counts of sexual exploitation (for taking nude pictures of a minor) and two counts of patronizing a juvenile prostitute.

Unusual aspects of the Farmer trial included not only the severe sentence (41 months is what is generally recommended for the crimes in question) but a court-ordered HIV antibody test for the accused. It was then made public that Farmer had tested positive. Farmer is the first person in the state of Washington to be mandatorily tested. Members of Seattle's gay community were incensed by the role of local mainstream newspapers and television stations, which fanned the flames against

tional Values and with California Business for Traditional Values. □ — *Frontiers* (Los Angeles)

Reading Public Pans Portrait of Lesbian Moms

MINNEAPOLIS, MN — Calls reportedly ran seven to one against an article on lesbian mothers titled "One Family, Two Moms" that ran recently in the *Minneapolis Star Tribune*. The writer of the article, George Monaghan, said he was "surprised at how emotional the responses were." Six people canceled their subscriptions. Seventy-five percent of the complaints were from women, including one who said she "almost threw up at her breakfast table." □ — *Equal Time* (Minneapolis)

Gays Across Asia Plan for Fall Conference

TOKYO, JAPAN — The second Gay Asian Conference will take place in Tokyo November 19 and 20, rather than in Hong Kong as previously planned. As of June, gays from Singapore, Indonesia, Australia, South Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan, India, the Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand and Japan had all indicated plans to attend. Asia is in the midst of an explosion of gay organizing, and the conference is expected to contribute to the trend.

The conference's sponsoring organization, the Japanese International Lesbian and Gay Support Group, has expressed its hopes that European and North American groups will send observers or delegates. For more information, write JILGA, 201 Hohyu Bldg., 2-11-9 Yotsuya, Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160, Japan. □ — *Philadelphia Gay News*

Fundamentalist Educators' Lobby Targets Gays, Liberals

SACRAMENTO, CA — A newly formed group of California educators interested in putting the Judeo-Christian God back in the classroom has at the top of its hit list a Los Angeles school program designed to raise the self-esteem of junior and senior high school students who think they might be gay.

The lobbying organization, California Educators for Traditional Values (CETV), recently held its inaugural reception in Sacramento, where Executive Director Jack Parks spoke on the group's philosophy and its concrete objectives. Parks called homosexuals and liberals, who he said are taking over the schools, "the powers of darkness."

CETV lost its first battle against the LA school program, Project 10, when it attempted to get the California legislature to withhold Los Angeles school funds until the project was scrapped. But it plans to keep up its efforts against the program, which it calls "a recruitment program for homosexuals," and to pursue a broader agenda that includes getting curriculum reviewed in order to ensure that fundamentalist values are properly represented. It claims to have succeeded in changing the sex education guidelines that would have included a positive discussion of homosexuality in grades 7 through 12 and to have influenced the governor's veto of AB 1 — the Assembly bill that would have banned discrimination against lesbians and gay men.

CETV figures that at least 10% of the state's 175,000 teachers and 15,000 administrators share its values. It has set up offices in the state capital and plans to develop a grass-roots network that would work through fundamentalist churches statewide. The lobby group is aligned with the Coalition for Tradi-

incest, self-defense strategies and related subjects. Says Carolyn Gage, one of the project's founders, "There is a museum in Hiroshima and there are several of the Holocaust. The museums acknowledge the ongoing need to keep people aware of the horrors of war, of the devastation of nuclear weapons and of the dangers of prejudice. Our museum, like those war museums, is a necessary reminder."

The museum will serve as a counseling center, healing place for rape survivors and a source of audiovisual and reading materials on rape. Those interested in the project may call (503) 232-4641 or write 2238 S. East Madison #2, Portland, OR 97214. □ — *Lavender Network* (Portland)

'Torch Song Trilogy' on Its Way

NEW YORK, NY — The filming has recently been completed on *Torch Song Trilogy*, in which Harvey Fierstein stars as a former drag queen in the screenplay adapted from his Tony award-winning stage play. Anne Bancroft plays his mother; Matthew Broderick plays his lover. A back-room sex sequence has survived, Fierstein says, despite the squeamishness of the production company. The release date is set for December. □ — *Philadelphia Gay News*

Mexican Authorities Test HIV Rates in Gay Bars

TIJUANA, MEXICO — In a move termed "too little, too late" by some Tijuana gay activists, the Mexican government recently launched a program of testing gay men for HIV antibodies in the border city's gay bars.

The Los Angeles gay paper *Frontiers* reports that on a recent Saturday evening, the Public Health Department of Mexico turned the rear of El Taurino, a gay bar in Tijuana's red-light district, into a mini-clinic where voluntary anonymous HIV tests were administered. A government spokesperson said that with a sample of some 150 tests it could estimate the rate of infection in the border city's gay male community.

The government's preliminary results were showing an infection rate of nine percent among gay males and nine cases of AIDS in the city of some two million people. Tijuana gay activist Emilio Velasquez suggests, however, that those estimates are low and that the rate of infection may be close to that found in US gay communities. Velasquez says that although the government recently distributed tens of thousands of condoms among female prostitutes, it has done nothing of the sort among gay men. □ — *Frontiers* (Los Angeles)

Portland Feminists Plan Rape Museum

PORTLAND, OR — Feminist organizers in Portland are planning to open a Women's Rape Museum to educate the public, women and girls especially, about the historical and modern implications of rape. The museum will feature displays and exhibits on sexual harassment, date rape,

'Ugly Clothes' Linked to Soviet Lesbianism

SOVIET UNION — Ugly clothes and too many rules are to blame for women prisoners turning to lesbianism and



drugs, according to the Soviet newspaper *Sovietskaya Rossiya*. The theory was formulated by a former college lecturer, who was herself a prisoner in a Soviet penal colony.

"Marching in formation, ugly clothes, commands, meanness diet, this makes one insipid, dull, leads one to search for emotional relief at any price," she writes. She goes on to say that prisoners are able to fight off a "breakdown for up to five years," but "then the organism catastrophically weakens" and the women inmates turn to smoking, lesbianism and narcotics. □ — *Chicago Outlines*

FDA Seizes Stock at LyphoMed Plant

ORLANDO, FL — Agents of the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) recently seized the entire stock of the LyphoMed drug company's Orlando, Florida, production plant, saying

LyphoMed had violated good manufacturing practices. LyphoMed is the Chicago-based company that holds a monopoly on the AIDS drug pentamidine and has been the target of protests for jacking up the price of the drug by 400%.

Other seizures took place on a smaller scale at LyphoMed distribution sites in Dayton, New Jersey; Vernon, California; Atlanta; and Dallas. Company officials say over 1.1 million vials and ampules of injectable vitamins, nutrients and other drugs were confiscated in Orlando alone. The seizure is reportedly one of the FDA's largest ever.

The federal agency alleges that LyphoMed's drugs were "adulterated... and might not have the safety... quality and purity characteristics which they are presented to possess." Alleged transgressions in Orlando include broken glass and debris in a sterile filling room. Last November, the company closed a Chicago plant rather than invest in production improvements. □ — *Philadelphia Gay News*

International Gay Group Holds Tenth Annual Meeting

OSLO, NORWAY — Over 100 delegates representing 21 countries came to Oslo in July for the Tenth Annual Conference of the International Lesbian and Gay Association. Organizers said the conference included a record number of new membership applications, especially from Latin America and Eastern Europe.

For the first time Chile, Nicaragua and Hungary had representatives at the conference. Latin American delegates stirred up controversy when they demanded that the European-dominated organization give more resources and attention to the needs of new groups in Latin America, Africa and Asia. □ — *Washington Blade*

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Just Say Yes... to Libraries

Proposition A, the \$109.5-million bond measure to build a new main library and improve existing branches, is the kind of do-good issue that most everyone agrees on but few really fight for.

The need for a new library is clear. The existing main library was filled to capacity back in 1944 and now holds double the number of books it was designed for.

Four different studies over the last 24 years have all reached the same conclusion: It is not feasible to remodel and expand the existing library for library purposes.

The conceptual design of the new structure echoes the Beaux Arts style of architecture characteristic of the Civic Center.

LETTERS

Who's Afraid of Eileen Hansen?

To the Editor: Thanks to the Sentinel and Cathy Cockrell for her article on Jim Hickman, the radical botanist.

I remember another story Cathy Cockrell wrote (Jim's thoughts reminded me) on lesbian feminist and AIDS activist Eileen Hansen.

She knows that some gay white men have honorable histories of battling racism and sexism, and yet she still asks all gay white men to broaden their AIDS focus to include all people hurt by AIDS.

Can Jim say this because he is a gay white man and we'll listen? What's happened to Eileen? Her own organization, the organization she formed, doesn't even ask her (the most obvious choice) to speak at their Women and AIDS Forum.

speaker on women battling AIDS. More examples exist. Is Eileen so far ahead of her time that we won't ask? A true leader comes along, and we're so afraid of "radical" ideas we can't accept her?!

Nameless Stars

Without any disrespect toward the artist Rudy Lemcke's design for a proposed AIDS Memorial Garden at the Harvey Milk Plaza, (Bay City Beat, 8/5), I find Lemcke's rendering uninspired, unattractive and an inappropriate use of \$250,000 at this time in the struggle against the disease itself.

When the battle against AIDS has achieved its turning point and victory against this killer is in sight, a national competition should be instigated for some gay or lesbian artist to create an AIDS monument.

In the meantime, why not think about a plan to put bronze stars in rows of four inland along both sides of Castro from Market to 19th and along both sides of 18th from Noe to Eureka?

Shabby Desecration

A disgrace is occurring. To save money, the county has started a new "un"administrative system which is surely meant to decrease the patient

\$109.5 million for long-neglected improvements to the branch library system.

No one should fear that the money slated for the library is taking funds from the city's deficit-plagued budget. Prop. A's general obligation bonds can be used only for capital expenses such as building a library and cannot be devoted to everyday expenses in the city's operating budget.

We believe gay men and lesbians should not look upon the effort to build a modern library as a peripheral issue. As a minority, we have suffered from the fate of most oppressed peoples: The majority has tried to strip us of our dignity by denying us our history.

It is no accident that the most important civic institution to be named for slain gay supervisor Harvey Milk was one of the branch libraries. Milk had been a devoted library supporter, sitting on the board of directors of the Friends of the Library before his election.

The campaign for the library is now getting underway. Organizers hope to raise \$200,000. They are planning to reach the public through direct mail, phone banks and person-to-person contacts.

We believe it's important to have a visible gay presence in the campaign for Prop. A. Such a presence will once again show the greater community that gay men and lesbians are more than stereotypes would indicate and that we are responsive to issues that do not have a "homosexual-only" label on them.

make your check payable to Yes for Libraries and send it to Yes for Libraries, 3382 Clay Street, San Francisco, CA 94118.

FULLFRAME by Marc Geller



population of poor people at San Francisco General Hospital. The new system is clearly structured to get rid of the people who we (social workers and medical personnel) already know are the most likely to fall through the cracks.

I refer to the new county public health policy of having the eligibility of all Ward 86 patients "reviewed" by nonmedical, low-level clerical help. Specifically, I am referring to the use of the plastic patient card as the potential door through which forgetful patients may now be ejected.

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POINT OF VIEW

KEITH GRIFFITH

AIDS Activist Opposed to Memorial Garden Lemcke Project Needs Community Input

The recent announcement of plans to create an AIDS memorial garden in Harvey Milk Plaza is certainly a sincere attempt by local artist Rudy Lemcke to fulfill a personal dream, but I find myself opposed to this particular project at this point in time.

One of the first concerns that came to mind is the question of just how appropriate it is right now to create this memorial in our neighborhood. If we are to believe the Department of Public Health, the worst of this epidemic is yet to come.

After the fact primarily because only afterwards do the survivors have the time and resources to devote to creating a special memorial to remember their dead.

CITISENSE

TIM TAYLOR

A Blind Spot for Antigay Bigotry A World of Difference

A good idea — to develop a Bay Area campaign against bigotry — has fallen off track because its key organizers have a myopic view of who comprises our local minority communities.

Understanding, in the literature and attitudes of the campaign, is solely a straight affair. The muscle behind the campaign is provided by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, which sponsored similar efforts in Boston and Miami.

ADL's discomfort with lesbian and gay issues was evidenced in minutes of an organizing meeting held June 6. They read, "Fred Persly (of the Contra Costa Human Relations Commission) asked if prejudice against the lesbian and gay community would be included in the project.

of all the kind and competent people who worked heroically to facilitate the necessary paperwork. This duplicate card was kept there for the purpose of speedily processing the patients who cannot keep track of things.

deed the larger community of San Francisco, cannot accept this shabby desecration of the formerly good service provided by the people working in Ward 86.

East Bay Body

To the Editor: After reading Marc Breindel's article, "How to Play in the East Bay," we were surprised that the Body Electric School in Oakland was not mentioned.

The Body Electric School was created in February 1984 by Joseph



best use our time and money while in the midst of this calamitous epidemic. AIDS agencies are clearly telling us that the seemingly endless financial backing of our community has reached a serious turning point — downward.

Given this fact it seems that this particular project may have to wait until the battles are behind us and the epidemic is conquered. I would personally rather see the \$250,000 projected to carry out the Lemcke memorial raised to make certain our people can afford to purchase the treatments the FDA

now says we can mail order from abroad if one has the financial resources.

Another equally troubling concern with the Lemcke project is the process that has been used to get the memorial to this stage of planning. The decision to erect an AIDS memorial in our neighborhood should clearly come from the community, but more importantly, the community should be involved in defining and preparing any memorial that is to be erected.

The community should be involved in defining and preparing any memorial that is to be erected.

ty's liberation struggles might be just as appropriate, but we will never know what the community wishes to do unless the project is inclusive.

If our community is expected to lay claim to any project and then take care of it, the process of organizing must be community based. To the best of my knowledge, there was little if any significant community input for the Lemcke project.

I was recently in Boston, where I had

an opportunity to view a beautiful outdoor mural in Chinatown that tells of the history of the Chinese people in Boston. The project director took great pride in explaining how every detail of the mural had resulted from the input of the entire Chinese community.

If our community does wish to take

that untended spot at Harvey Milk Plaza and create something out of it we can all feel a part of, why not develop a process that can be community based and serve to unite us for something — as opposed to our all too frequent uniting against something?

Keith Griffith is a local AIDS activist who acknowledges that he has no artistic talents.

in on-air time — will be produced by KGO. Planning for the spots is still in its infancy, so there is plenty of time for input.

Noting that the national ADL format was not applicable to the Bay Area, Topping said, "I would certainly include lesbian and gay issues. What I want to be held accountable for is what we put on the air on Channel 7. That absolutely has to include lesbian and gay issues."

Hopefully, Topping will not be a solitary voice in the planning of A World of Difference.

And for an initial project, Hirschhaut and the other recalcitrant organizers of A World of Difference might apply their themes to their own house and develop a little understanding of a minority community that they would treat like second-class citizens.

Pelosi's Grudge

Harry Britt's campaign for reelection to the Board of Supervisors, a bid which promises to put him in contention for board presidency, has won the endorsement of most of the members of the remnants of the old Phil Burton political machine — with one notable exception: Nancy Pelosi.

Backing Britt are Mayor Agnos, Assemblyman John Burton, Speaker Willie Brown and Lt. Governor Leo McCarthy.

But Pelosi apparently still harbors

resentments that Britt dared to wage a competitive race against her for Congress.

Withholding an endorsement of Britt only serves to tarnish Pelosi's carefully cultivated image as a political pro.

A footnote to the Britt-Pelosi contretemps: Britt demonstrated class when he invited Pelosi to ride with him in last June's gay pride parade. Britt took some flak for the goodwill gesture, which now appears to have been one-sided.

Duke's Token

Dean O'Leary was appointed to the Democratic National Committee by presidential nominee Michael Dukakis, and the designation is a nice thing — if somewhat tokenish — for our community.

But why did O'Leary make the press announcement on the letterhead of the National Gay Rights Advocates, which is supposedly a nonprofit, nonpartisan, tax-exempt organization?

O'Leary has one of the more hyperactive mimeograph machines in the business. Hopefully, she'll show better judgment on the DNC and keep her apples separated from her oranges.

'Missouri' Battles

The maneuverings over homeporting the battleship Missouri will move to the November ballot, where two competing initiatives will go head to head.

One, put on the ballot by the Board

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



AT THE COURTHOUSE

KEN CADY

AIDS Forum Draws 200 City Workers

A near-capacity crowd of 200 Hall of Justice employees came to the police department auditorium last week for the AIDS Information Forum sponsored jointly by Public Defender Jeff Brown, District Attorney Arlo Smith and Municipal Court judges, including Mary Morgan. The event, several weeks in the planning, had been expected to draw approximately 100 people.

Speaking to the crowd were Pat Christen, public policy director of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, and Glenn Coltharp. Christen gave a short "AIDS 101" lecture and then answered many of the questions which employees had been able to submit anonymously in the days preceding the event. None of those present should have any lack of knowledge on condoms, transmission or the risk of mosquito bites.

Coltharp spoke of his own experience as a person with AIDS, telling the audience that PWAs want to be treated the same as anyone else. He put the question of individual risk in the workplace to rest by saying, "If you don't have sex with your colleagues, share needles with them or have them give birth to you, you can't get AIDS."

In response to Coltharp's question, most of the audience raised their hands when asked if they *did not* know anyone with AIDS. It was then that he identified himself as a PWA and pointed out that it wasn't so easy to tell who did or did not have AIDS. He then answered questions from the audience.

Public Defender Brown had told the *Sentinel* several weeks ago that AIDS education was long overdue at the hall and quickly obtained the support of other department heads to prepare for last week's program. Brown was seen on several floors of the hall posting announcements of the event on bulletin boards.

Judge Morgan has herself been involved with educating the judiciary throughout California on AIDS and

related legal issues. She is spearheading the follow-up programs for the Hall of Justice which will deal with more complicated legal matters involving testing and confidentiality. The large turnout included District Attorney Smith and his chief deputy, Robert Podesta; Municipal Court coordinators Bob Curl and Rich Boles; Superior Court Judge Timothy Reardon; and Municipal Judge Alex Saldamondo.

As was expected, many who might have benefited from the program did not attend. However, with 200 more educated persons working throughout the hall, some of it is bound to rub off. Knowledge is contagious, isn't it?

The sidewalks of the Castro have been cleared of those annoying A-frame signs in front of various merchants, thanks to Officers Bob Miller and Dennis Tomason. Acting on advice from headquarters, the officers enforced Municipal Ordinance Section 63, which states that "any article or substance which shall obstruct the passage of such street or sidewalk" is unlawful.

The officers advised merchants personally of the crackdown, and all but one "graciously" complied. One merchant was arrested after being admonished about the ordinance when the officers noticed that an offending sign had been chained to the adjacent building.

It'll be interesting to see if this ordinance is enforced consistently or quickly forgotten.

At least we don't have this problem in the Castro: A San Francisco police officer working undercover reported seeing several males "conjuncting" in the middle of the block in another city neighborhood. Maybe it'll catch on!

Did I read this correctly? Last week the *Examiner* reported that not only had a Berkeley Municipal Court judge lowered the bail of Enrique Zambrano after he was charged with the savage beating of a UC Berkeley professor and

he would be influenced or compromised by his son's employment.

A nurse in Santa Monica has been sentenced to nine years in state prison after pleading no-contest to a charge of attempting to kill a lawyer with AIDS. Hal Speers Rachman had taken the lawyer to the hospital when assigned to his care. There an insulin injection was given, causing the lawyer to fall into a coma. Even though he was revived, he died several days later of AIDS-related illness.

Assistant District Attorney Julie Tang, a former candidate for super-

None of those [Hall of Justice employees] present should have any lack of knowledge on condoms, transmission or the risk of mosquito bites.

his wife, but after the state's key witness disappeared, the Berkeley police stood and watched as the released suspect packed suitcases into his car. The key witness has now been found dead, and the suspect is nowhere to be found.

Another case that must raise questions in the minds of the public is the refusal of federal judge Robert Aguilar to disqualify himself from hearing a case where the Hewlett-Packard company is a party. The judge's son works for the company, but the jurist says it is "simply not plausible" to conclude that

visior, is again a candidate. This time, however, it's for reelection to the Community College Board, where she has served the last eight years along with gay member Tim Wolfred. Many thought that Tang would have a good shot at the board this time with Molinari's retirement and the poor performance of the board's only Asian member, Tom Hsieh. With only one nonincumbent running for the College Board, that contest won't be for Tang over the hotly contested supervisory race.

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

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Joseph Kramer, Owner/Director
Michael R. Hartlaub,
Student Director
Barbara Phillips, Staff

Ready for LaRouche

(The following letter was sent to Benjamin Schatz, director of the AIDS Civil Rights Project.)

Dear Mr. Schatz:

After reading your article in the *Sentinel* (Point of View, 8/5), I feel that it is time for me to get involved. Starting a new business with little income I feel that it is necessary to inform you that money is a problem, but I have many abilities, one of which is word processing.

I am more than willing to devote what time (aside from the business) and energy I have to help stop the LaRouches of this world. I along with many other people of this city have been infected with this deadly disease. My spouse has been diagnosed for a year now, and we have been very lucky. He is able to carry on a (for the most part) normal life. I am not a native of this state but have enjoyed the ability to finally be free from the stigmatism of being gay. Now I feel it

is time to give back, in whatever way I am able, what help I can for being able to live my life with respect!

If we let a bill like this pass and be activated in the state of California, the nation is in deep trouble, not only the gay community, but the whole population. I stand ready to defend the rights of my brothers and sisters of this nation and ready to stop this bill from being passed. Please help me to help you in whatever way I can.

Randy C. Loper

Cruel Words

(The following letter was sent to the San Francisco Examiner.)

To the Editor:

The *Examiner* has given us fair and accurate news coverage of the George Smoot case and charges sustained against four police officers by the Office of Citizens' Complaints (OCC).

Warren Hinckle's column (8/4/88) also offered some useful insight. However, I strongly object to the final quote that was falsely attributed to me. I would never use a hate term like "faggot" to describe a gay murder

victim. Such cruel words dehumanize and divide people.

This is a serious civil rights case involving grave issues. There has been a strong community response from a substantial number of San Franciscans, both straight and gay. This is not the result of efforts by any single individual, but rather an expression of our civic conscience.

Bill Paul, President
Stonewall Gay Democratic Club

Dangerous Employee

(The following letter was sent to Mayor Art Agnos.)

Dear Mayor Agnos:

I am shocked that the intervention of one city employee, Lorraine Day of San Francisco General, could subvert a Castro area blood drive.

In the past Ms. Day has insisted all surgery patients at SF General be tested for HIV. Her rationalization was that she was free to withhold or dispense medical care on the basis of her personal preferences and that there was a danger to her by blood during

LESS TALK

DAVE FORD

Homo Highlights from the Road

It's 11:50 am on Sunday, July 24, and a turgid Georgia sun beats down relentlessly on Route 78. My lover Patrick is piloting the Prelude toward Charleston, South Carolina, where we plan to flop on a beach or two for a day or two. After the madness of Atlanta during the Demo Convention, even an actionless evening last night in Athens, Georgia — home of REM and the B-52s — didn't calm us none. So we're flying down the highway again, The The sounding loud on the tape deck, the wind whipping at us through the open sunroof.

Ready to Jab

And that's the joy of the road: After four days anywhere — and one day some places — we're ready to jab our finger at a page in the Rand McNally road atlas and aim the car thataway. That way, we shake off the doldrums and reignite the furious curiosity that — along with the Prelude — drives us on. We've been out a month and face six more weeks of flat-roofed gas stations; slant-floored country stores; twangy accents; motel rooms smelling like yesterday's wishes; eggs and grits and toast; Cokes in gigantic rooster cups; and the neverending surprises that break your heart, spirit and wallet.

Sometimes we win, sometimes we don't. Athens turned out to be a sleepy little town sustained by the summer-empty University of Georgia — Santa Cruz without the beach, Austin without

"They work hard every day!" Texas state treasurer Anne Richards cried out during her savvy, swanky keynote address to the Demo Convention last week. (Citing a litany of the disenfranchised, however, Richards mentioned blacks, Hispanics and women — but not lesbians and gays.) "You are part of a large quilt!" Jesse Jackson exulted the next night. (Jackson very bluntly said what came to be called by lesbian and gay delegates, "the L and G word.") It made sense to hear that by night; by day we passed the tidy little brick houses and shambly Southern shacks where the Demo's "people" live and breathe.

And for a media mole like me, congenitally buried in a stack of newspaper and garnering his impressions of the world from the secondhand funhouse

None of the people we meet knows we're gay; some would despise us if they did. But they are, to a person, kindly and curious.

the scope. Five young gay guys hanging out on the corner of College and Clayton streets (listed in the invaluable Bob Damon guide as one of Athens' three "cruisy areas") told us the town's one gay bar closed a while back and, though it threatened to reopen recently, hasn't uttered a peep since. They said there's no student group — hard to believe at a school 30,000 strong — and that gays in town just hang out, hang out on that corner, dishing and smoking and cruising. "If someone follows you in their car, that means they want you," sniffed one.

Sometimes not. As Patrick and I strolled up one of the town's tree-lined streets, a 90-foot high, fat-tired, black pickup pulled up at a stoplight nearby. The three buzz-cuts inside snickered, and one said, "Hey, isn't one of 'em a girl?" (Referring, I assumed, to me: I have the prettiest long hair now.) The driver, leaned out of his window: "Hey, are you a girl?" I frumped my wrists onto my hips and lisped campily, "Which one of us, darling?" Patrick took a less prosaic approach. "Does that mean you want to see my dick?" he snarled. A barrage of "goddamn asshole faggots" issued from the disappearing cab.

Savvy, Swanky Address

But for every one of those, there are a million heartwarmers on the road. At the risk of sounding, I don't know, ur-lib unctuous, this country, as we've seen it so far, brims with decent people and pointed paradoxes. One minute, they ask all about our trip, the next they mutter about the "niggers" down the road, and the next they send us off with a free Coke and a "y'all hurry back, hear?" None of the people we meet in country stores, at gas stations and in the Denny's and Shoney's and Waffle Houses knows we're gay; they would despise us if they did. But they are, to a person, kindly and curious.

The Hyatt lobby, all tasteful chrome and glass, hummed with suits and ties and dress-for-success skirts and hair swirls. I perused a *NY Times*, sipped a Coke and watched as a jacketless, harried Mario Cuomo staggered by, accompanied by various thugs and political heavies.

Over at the World Congress Center, home of the some 15,000 accredited media personnel, my editor and I slanted down a couple of escalators and into the convention hall-sized basement. It was partitioned by colored curtains into offices for the various news organs. In the Hearst Papers office, three long tables sat covered with stacks of paper, phones, computers and typewriters, empty styrofoam coffee cups and a stuffed toy or two. A Fax machine barfed up copy from the home office — including copy of John-John Kennedy with Ex editor Greg Brock's scrawled mash notes.

Skinheads Didn't Walk

I spent the next two days in a frenzy of interviews, running between the WCC and the Hyatt, where a coalition of three gay-rights groups had their fourth-floor "action center." I missed Wednesday's AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP) demo, but Patrick saw it, and reports that ACT UP members laid out a New York quilt section in the "official" protest area (and thought that two skinheads present would defile it by walking across it; they didn't). I also missed the Tuesday Kiss-In, during which the Georgia Riot Squad, in an act pleasantly reminiscent of Chicago in '68, moved in with batons bared and bashed some of the 40 kissers.

The confrontation engendered an apology from Atlanta mayor Andrew Young Wednesday morning — which he spoiled by excusing the police action because of the heat and saying that "any group with a name like ACT UP is going to mean trouble." (That's a paraphrase.) ACT UP demanded a second apology, which Young duly issued Thursday morning. He also granted the group 15 minutes outside the Omni Hotel (across from the Free Speech site) that afternoon to complete the kiss-in that had been so rudely interrupted by the fools in black. But by then, everyone was wiped; a laggardly group of about eight kissed desultorily as, for the first time all week, rain bucketed down. "This is so anticlimactic," shrugged ACT UP member Neal Broome. "We shouldn't push the issue."

Still, the 40-member delegation of the New York-based activist group proved the perfect complement to the hard-working gay and lesbian caucus politicizing inside the convention. ACT UP's "Silence=Death" stickers and buttons proved the pervasive symbol of the convention, and the group garnered

SQUAT THEATRE by Kris Kovick



enough media coverage to ensure that, though there seemed a general press (and political) blackout on gay/lesbian issues, the world saw some loud and randy queers.

A Light Break?

In terms of strict press coverage, I'm at a loss. The WCC Media Center proved a news junkie's haven — free countrywide newspapers and magazines cluttered the aisles — but I never had time to indulge. Hats off, though, to the *New York Times'* Maureen Dowd,

for color coverage; I only saw one of her reports, but it had all the L.E. trademarks — including the nicotine rasp. Hey, Ted Turner — hire her! Now!

Band Moons, Houses Squat

And so this report drips to a close, as clouds obscure the noonday sun, Dream Academy moons on the tape machine and pillared plantation houses squat on bluffs overlooking this bumpy two-lane country road. Some days,

For a media mole like me, actually seeing the country is a bold new step in reality-mongering.

whose Reporter's Notebooks were a light and hilariously back-stabbing break from the earth-moving political reporting and analysis glutting the rest of the rag.

And CNN — which, with the humility characterizing all of owner Ted Turner's efforts, bills itself "The World's Most Important Network" — lived up to the coverage it received in the print media. (It's the fave story just now: the little news network that could.) Most excitingly, the network corralled the ever-smug Linda Ellerbee

Patrick and I look at each other — when, that is, we're speaking; no one said car travel's easy on a relationship — and wonder how we'll make the next town, much less the next month. But then we aim the car thataway. That way, we shake off the dull dumb stuff and reignite the back-burner spark that keeps this trip — both the literal one and the metaphorical one — glowing. It's just another mile in the life of homos-mobile, criss-crossing the country and living the tangents as we go. And so we go.

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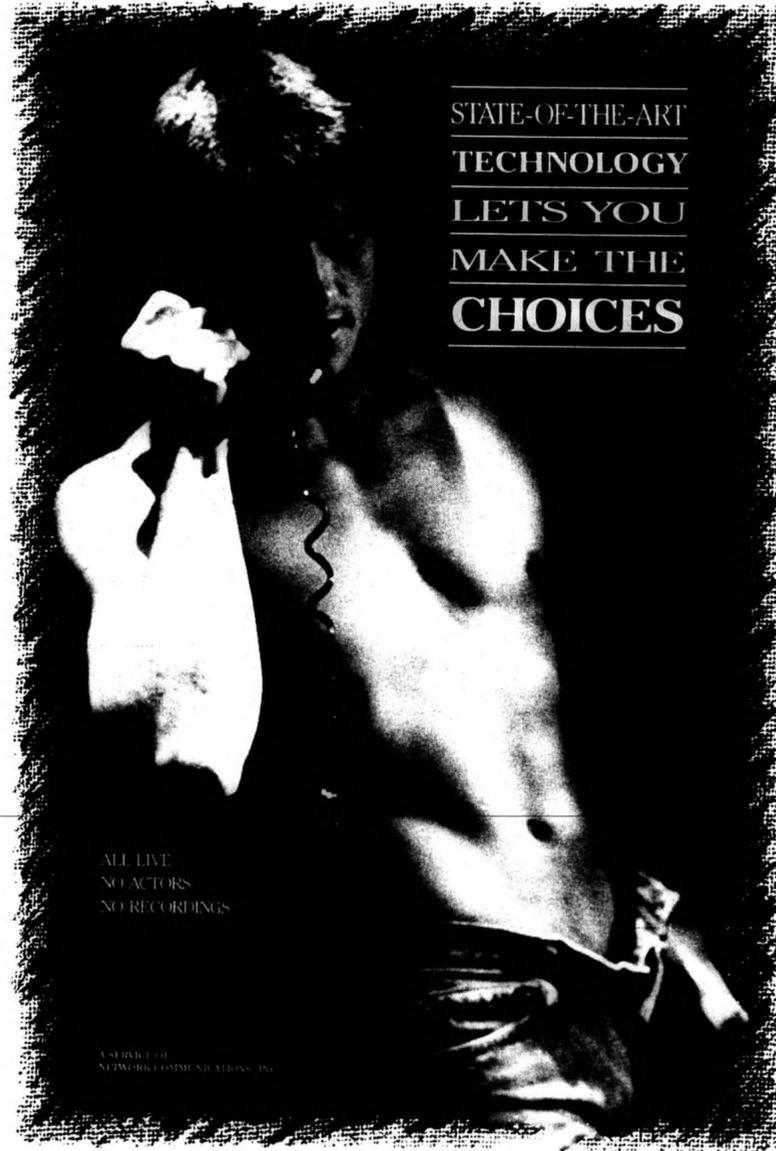
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Legal Challenge Fails

Dannemeyer-Gann Initiative Remains

by Charles Lineberger

On August 9 a Sacramento Superior Court beat back legal challenges to the Dannemeyer-Gann initiative, an action which effectively ended efforts by gay and AIDS activist groups to stop the proposition in the courts before the November election. Now Proposition 102 will be put before the state's voters in the fall presidential election and, if passed, will end anonymous HIV testing in California and institute forced reporting of all positive HIV tests and contact tracing of the sex partners of those testing positive.

"It means we're going to have to vote on it in November, and I think that's bad," said Matt Coles, an attorney with the San Francisco Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) who had argued that Prop. 102 be taken off the ballot.

Coles, who is best known locally as the author of the city's gay rights law, added, "Any initiative process requires a lot

whether we put in a herculean effort. But that's not true here."

Ben Schatz of National Gay Rights Advocates co-argued the legal case against the Dannemeyer-Gann initiative. Schatz told the *Sentinel* that on August 10, in a separate action, State Attorney General John Van de Kamp agreed that Prop. 102 had to change its title and ballot description to meet criticisms of it

"People are tired of working against stupid initiative campaigns and giving money to fight stupid initiative campaigns."

— Matt Coles

of money and effort, but this is not a sure thing. People are tired of working against stupid initiative campaigns and giving money to fight stupid initiative campaigns."

But Coles said he believed it was still possible with only 2½ months left before the election to defeat the proposition. "I think most of us feel it can be done. With Proposition 69, LaRouche II, a lot of us felt it would be defeated regardless of

the gay and AIDS activist communities. According to Schatz, the initiative will now be forced to add a sentence to its title and description that talks about ending confidential testing and "the repeal of the prohibition on the use of the AIDS virus test for employment and insurability purposes."

Schatz agreed with Coles that the fight against Prop. 102 is going to be hard going. Said Schatz, "We have a real uphill

battle ahead of us. If there has been anybody who has been sitting on their hands hoping the lawsuit will solve the problem, well, they have made a mistake."

The effort to fight Dannemeyer-Gann is being coordinated by Californians Against Prop. 102, which meets every Tuesday at the San Francisco AIDS Foundation. Schatz pointed out that this was a major move by the respected AIDS service provider into the realm of AIDS civil rights battles. "I think they realized that their fight against AIDS would be harmed irrevocably if this thing gets passed," said Schatz.

Schatz said that the legal battle will begin again if Prop. 102 passes in November, but he cautioned, "Many of the worst parts of the initiative will be the most difficult parts to challenge."

Coles also told the *Sentinel* that he believed passage of the initiative would harm efforts against AIDS. "The best education against AIDS we have goes on at the test sites, and if people think that their names are going to go on a list at the health department if they test positive, they won't go in to be tested. And that will mean that lots more people get infected and lots more people will get sick."

CITISENSE

Continued from page 11

of Supervisors, will require the city controller to honor a memorandum of understanding passed last year that will commit the city to spend \$2 million out of the general fund if no other money is available to dredge the harbor. Other city expenses on behalf of the Navy would follow, if the measure is approved.

The other proposition, authored by Mayor Agnos, would forbid the expenditure of any city money on the *Missouri*. Agnos wants the federal government to foot the bill.

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FDA Drug Approval: Major Reform Considered

A behind-the-scenes effort to reform the federal drug-approval process has recently become public through an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal* (August 2) and a major article in the *New York Times* (August 7).

The effort, spearheaded by Vice-President George Bush and his Presidential Task Force on Regulatory Relief, apparently seeks the following changes:

- Regulatory hurdles could vary with the severity of the disease. For example, a treatment for AIDS, cancer or Alzheimer's disease could be approved more quickly than a new cold remedy or sleeping pill.
- For life-threatening diseases, the current "phase III" testing (large-scale efficacy trials) could be eliminated. This phase takes the longest, yet it contrib-

effective or do more harm than good. The issue isn't whether drugs should prove efficacy, but whether drugs that probably work should be denied to patients in an emergency, pending lengthy final proof.)

• The FDA would also work more closely with companies during phase I and phase II to design trials which could lead quickly to approval and avoid the need to redo trials because of ambiguities in the results.

Comment

These reforms could be very important in many ways. Meanwhile, the AIDS community must remain vigilant to see that the needs of persons with life-threatening illnesses are addressed.

The forces which wrecked previous reform attempts like the "treatment IND" could sabotage this one too. A process as complex and delicate as drug approval inevitably leaves room for obstructionism. Could the proposed reforms deal with the depth of problems which have occurred?

Time and again the AIDS drugs closest to approval have had extraordinarily bad luck:

• Going into the recent Stockholm conference, the only drug close to approval was Imreg-1. Four days later it was so vilified by exaggerated criticism that the researchers were terrified of the loss of their professional reputations. Criticism of the research design was legitimate. However, the crowd lost the perspective to ask whether — even if all the criticism were true — the drug still should be available to patients.

• A year and a half ago, ribavirin was closest to approval. Early release of questionable data led not only to justified criticism, but to extraordinary vilification of leading researchers who were completely innocent of wrongdoing.

• Imthioul (DTC) looks good in every way. But the US trial results on

which US approval depends are being kept secret, probably for well over a year now, pending the completion of the last straggling arms of the multicentered trial. Apparently, the developers fear that what happened to ribavirin could happen to them if they do not wait for full completion. What they are doing makes sense if the existence of an emergency is ignored.

• DHPG (ganciclovir), the only accessible treatment for AIDS-related blindness, got caught in regulatory limbo long ago because after compassionate use in thousands of cases everybody knew that it worked — and that scientific trials to "prove" it worked would require deliberately letting people go blind. When the FDA acted against this drug, apparently to punish the company for not doing the scientific trials, other compassionate-use treatments such as fluconazole for cryptococcal meningitis suddenly became less available. It is well known that the FDA does not like compassionate use for AIDS drugs.

The common factor in each of the cases above is that the drugs were close to approval. All were threats to AZT, which takes in more money than anything else in AIDS and, therefore, has more clout.

The corporations victimized by these abuses seldom dare to speak out for fear of retribution not only against the drug in question, but against their non-AIDS drugs as well. Government agencies will not speak out. Researchers dare not, for doing so would damage their career prospects with almost any potential employer, public or private. Funded AIDS organizations have feared loss of funding if they speak out about treatments not already approved by the FDA. In short, no major institutions nor any of their employees can tell the public what is wrong — which is why these problems were not recognized, addressed and corrected long ago.

For these reasons we are only cautiously optimistic about the proposed reforms. The AIDS community must be cautious about fine print which could destroy the goal of faster approval — such as the rumored proposal to start the reform by moving all AIDS drugs back to phase I, requiring that all the trials be redone.

And the FDA is not the whole problem. The NIH and private drug companies have done no better. Few major drug companies even have an antiviral program. Almost all of the ballyhooed business interest in AIDS research concerns only new tests or other non-treatment products — and much of the rest is stock manipulation.

The fundamental problem has been a pervasive lack of political will to save

the lives of people with AIDS. During the last year we have seen the beginning development of this political will. But still it must overcome the legacy of previous years — the inertia of legions of officials and professionals less inclined to do the job than to argue why it can't be done.

Ultimately, this battle will be won; this country will not sit still while hundreds of thousands die from public neglect. The question is how long victory will take — and that depends on the effort we bring to the struggle.

CD4 Treatment Test Near?

An article in the August 9 *San Francisco Chronicle* reported that Genentech, a biotechnology company in South San Francisco, had been granted permission for human tests of CD4, its genetically engineered AIDS treatment. Neither the company nor the FDA would confirm the report. The company applied for permission in January.

In the week before the article, two people who were considering volunteering had asked us what we knew about the treatment.

CD4 is the protein found in the CD4 receptor site on T-helper and certain other cells. In the laboratory, manufactured CD4 provides an alternate target for HIV, preventing it from infecting new cells.

There will be a risk for the first person or first few persons who try this treatment, however. Some experts fear that injecting CD4 could cause the body to develop antibodies against its own T-helper cells, making AIDS symptoms worse. Animal and laboratory tests have been successful, but because this drug is so specific for the human immune system, these tests cannot rule out the possible danger.

Despite the risk, CD4 represents an important potential treatment for many people. It should be tested quickly. San Francisco General Hospital and other medical centers are now preparing to run initial trials.

PCR Test Warnings

Our July 15 column described the new PCR test, a very sensitive biochemical test for HIV. After reading the article, Joseph Sonnabend, MD, called to alert us to the controversy over whether this research test is ready for clinical diagnostic use because of the unknown risk that it could produce false positives or false negatives. Dr. Sonnabend and others, some speaking off the record, alerted us to the following information and concerns:

• The PCR test is so sensitive that sometimes it can detect a single molecule of the DNA being looked for. Therefore, it is also extremely sensitive to even the tiniest contamination of laboratory glassware, re-agents, etc.

• Even small variations in the chemicals used in the test can cause large differences in the result. And no one has yet made sure that the test works in a standard way when performed in different laboratories.

• Although at least 200 people have already been tested with the PCR, this number is too small to provide very accurate data on the risk of false positives or false negatives.

• It is too early to be sure of the clinical meaning of a PCR test.

Most experts seem to agree that the PCR should not be used by itself for diagnosing patients and that this very important research test may also be useful for diagnosis after more is known about it. Whether the PCR should be used at all at this time for diagnosing patients remains controversial.

Roads to Recovery: Resource Book for Persons with AIDS

Roads to Recovery, an 860-page loose-leaf compendium of AIDS information from a PWA perspective, has been compiled by Jeremy Bell and published by Face to Face, an AIDS service organization in Sonoma County, California.

The articles selected represent many points of view, including mainstream medicine, minority medical views such as some of the syphilis theories and spiritual approaches. Most of the material concerns treatment options, especially nonapproved or alternative treatments. Chapters on "AIDS 101" (basic background information), coping, doctor-patient relationships, legal issues, a glossary and resource lists also are included.

The high price, mainly to pay for photocopying over 800 pages, and the mass of material and mixture of different viewpoints will deter some from using this book.

We think that *Roads to Recovery* will be most useful as a reference. Libraries, service organizations, support and study groups, and individuals who want in-depth information or who have limited information available in their localities may want a copy.

Roads to Recovery, provided in loose-leaf form to allow future updating, is available for a \$50 donation (\$65 for hospitals, institutions or physicians) from Face to Face, Roads to Recovery Project, PO Box 1599, Guerneville, CA 95446; or call (707) 887-1581.

Continued on page 18



The founder of Project Survival, Kent Bulloch.

Kent Bulloch's Project Survival PWAs Share Their Success Stories

We keep reading in the mainstream press and hearing reports on the network news about the "always fatal" illness AIDS. Yet more and more of us are coming to realize that that simply needn't be the case. We can survive — if we choose to.

In the August 5 issue of the *Sentinel*, Van Ault conducted an inspiring interview with lovers Wil Garcia and George Melton. These two men had trans-

catalyst for Project Survival. "Jim was like a son to me," Bulloch commented in his Church Street apartment. "He never really had a chance, never gave himself a chance. From the moment of his diagnosis, he gave up. He refused to fight. Resigned to death, Jim died within six months."

In April 1988 Bulloch visited San Francisco and was impressed by all the AIDS awareness and support that exists here. None of these resources had been available to Jim, who had lived in Hawaii. "I felt that I had been denied access to resources that would have helped my friend change his attitude and save his life. All we had ever heard was how hopeless it all was, how exposure to HIV meant a surefire decline into illness and death. In San Francisco this was obviously not the case."

Bulloch set about the difficult task of gathering data on long-term survivors and the alternative treatments they had applied to their lives. He now has a computer filled with such information and is busy connecting PWAs with one another so they can share and benefit from each other's information.

"The project is solely informational," Bulloch points out. "The service is not intended as a substitute for any medical or health services, but is rather an adjunct to each person's own health care program."

It is a service that Kent Bulloch is qualified to provide. Possessing a master's degree in communications, he worked for several years as a reporter for various daily papers in New Mexico and also ran the Action Center in Dallas, Texas.

The Action Center was a liaison between people who needed services and

those government agencies that provided resources. This was in the days before AIDS, so it was a networking service that met all kinds of needs. Bulloch is now going to apply that same technique to Project Survival, but the focus will be AIDS exclusively.

"So far, the community has been very supportive," says Bulloch. "I've been given a computer with which I can process information. People are donating time, money, etc. But now the time has come to let PWAs know that this service is available to them. The newly diagnosed, the worried well or the long term PWA encountering difficulties can obtain added perspectives on their situations and increase their chances for survival through the service."

Project Survival costs \$15 for each referral session, but is free to those in need who are unable to pay. Aside from minimal administrative overhead costs, all monies will go to PWAs, PWARCs or HIV-positive persons who share information with their peers. Clients will be asked to pay only for sessions that have been of actual value to them.

As with all grass-roots organizations, donations of time or money will gladly be accepted.

Anyone in need of AIDS survival information or who has personal survival experiences with AIDS can contact Kent Bulloch at Project Survival, (415) 861-8737, or you can write to: 269 Church Street #7, San Francisco, 94114.

Strategies for Survival

On Wednesday, August 17, Project Survival will present a public forum featuring AIDS survivors and physicians who have had experiences with patient survival. Speakers include Tom O'Connor, author of *Living with AIDS: Reaching Out*; Wil Garcia and George Melton; and Christian Haren. Also speaking will be Laurence Badgley, MD, author of *Healing AIDS Naturally*, and Bob Owens, author of *Roger's Recovery from AIDS*.

The forum will take place at 347 Dolores Street, room 201, in San Francisco, from 7-10 pm. Suggested donation is \$10; scholarships are available. All donations go to direct services for persons with AIDS/ARC. For more information, call Project Survival at 861-8737.

AIDS Foundation Food Bank

On Saturday, August 13, the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Food Bank will hold a food collection drive at Cala Foods on 18th Street near Castro in San Francisco. The following Saturday, August 20, there will be a food drive at Cala's store at California and Hyde streets in San Francisco. Both food drives will begin at 10 am and continue to 4 pm. For more information, call the food bank at 864-4376.

Macrobiotics in the East Bay

The East Bay Macrobiotic Center offers lunch and dinner seven days a week at a cost of \$6.50 and \$8.50 respectively. Their macrobiotic grocery offers a full range of organic vegetables, grains, etc. — plus a large selection of books, kitchenware, tapes and cosmetics. Discount books available. Call 653-6510 for more information. The center is located at 1050 40th Street, Oakland, CA.

Diablo Valley AIDS Center

Be My Friend, a benefit for the Diablo Valley AIDS Center in Concord, is this Sunday, August 14, from 4-8 pm, at the Hub in Walnut Creek. A \$5 cover entitles you to all the beer and soda you can drink. For more information, call 938-4550 or 686-3822.

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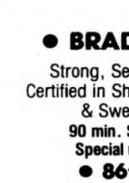
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ON GUARD

JOHN S. JAMES

utes the least, since the great majority of drugs which begin phase III are eventually approved (after several more years) for marketing. These drugs have already been proved safe in phase I and probably effective in phase II.

• The FDA would be allowed to require a "phase IV" or post-marketing monitoring of the drug. This step is important because one of the current obstacles to earlier approval is that once approval is given, the FDA loses control of the drug and the company has no further incentive to complete its research. Instituting phase IV could allow the FDA to let patients get the drug while the research continued.

(The importance of finishing the research is illustrated by the problems in surgery, where new procedures do not need to prove efficacy. Some experts believe that a large number of operations are unnecessary and that some accepted procedures may not be

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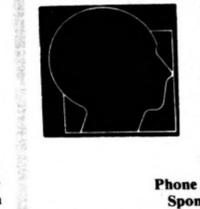
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ON GUARD

Continued from page 16

AmFAR Guide to AIDS Educational Material

The American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR) has published the *AIDS Information Resource Directory*. It includes descriptions of over 1,000 AIDS brochures and pamphlets, videotapes and films, curricula and instructional programs, posters, public service campaigns, manuals and periodicals.

A panel of 34 experts reviewed the material for medical accuracy, appropriateness to the target audience and production quality. The directory divides material by target audience, for example, "Gay and Bisexual Men," "Black Community" and "Health Care Professionals and Service Providers."

The *AIDS Information Resource Directory* costs \$10 and can be ordered by calling 800-992-2873. Persons outside the US can call 212-333-3118.

'The Emperor Has No Clothes'; Interview with Nathaniel Pier, MD

This interview, on why the current system for testing AIDS drugs is not working and how it can be made to work, was too long to run in this column. You can obtain it by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: John S. James, *AIDS Treatment News*, PO Box 411256, San Francisco, CA 94141. Ask for issue #62. ■

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by
Eric Hellman

Perhaps your tutu is looking tired? Or you've decided to finally indulge that secret passion for a Southern belle's hoop skirt? Or possibly you've been reading too much Alexandre Dumas this summer and can't resist slipping into a *Three Musketeers*-inspired, 17th-century doublet? Regardless whether couture crisis or simple dressing-for-success compels, solutions abound this coming Sunday when San Francisco Ballet holds its first-ever costume sale. But, please, when you're sifting through all the lace, tulle, satin and silk — stop and ever so gratefully remember: the man behind all the Halloween-in-August festivities is George Elvin, the ballet's genial, ten-year-veteran wardrobe master. Last week I stopped by the Ballet Building on Franklin for a quick preview of sale

requirements include making sure dancers are properly — and happily — fitted in their costumes. "They have to be able to move, they have to feel comfortable," he explains. "Especially, some of the men have to be fitted so that when their chests expand — a phenomenon that's very real when performing — the costume expands with them. They need some extra space."

And what about difficult or temperamental dancers, I ask? "Truthfully, most dancers are a delight to work with — that's one of the biggest pleasures of my job. Of course, most dancers hate wearing hats, and occasionally, I've had temperamental people who throw costumes and say they refuse to wear them. But eventually — after I've had to get the artistic director — they always went out with the costume on."

"The company is like a family. The dancers really depend on us. We function as Mom and Dad. I find that to be very enjoyable."

offerings (no, I did not take the size 9, blue Tagliioni-length tutu missing from rack 27). I also wanted to find out exactly how one advances to the position of wardrobe master and what responsibilities — and joys — this particular job might entail. I was further anxious to know why the ballet is suddenly dispensing with so many material ingredients of its illusion-making, pleasure-giving, theatrical magic.

Elvin, 38, a boyishly charming, articulate and almost-shy sort of man, tells me it was all, really, an act of fate. Although those aren't his words, that is the picture that emerges of this 1972, UC Santa Barbara history grad who, in the summer of 1977 already "burned out and tired of the public and migraines" from life as a travel agent — decided it was time for a career change. He started working as a part-time "dresser" (an individual who assists artists with costume changes during performances) with the SF Opera. This led to similar work for the SF Ballet, and after demonstrating "a lot of hard work and common sense," Elvin was promoted to wardrobe master in 1982.

Today, Elvin works with his associate, Pat Tibbins, the ballet's costume supervisor, and together they are in charge of the storage, inventory and care of an estimated 4,000 costumes valued at around \$3 million. More specifically, Elvin is the head of men's costuming and fitting for the ballet; he personally handles all shoe dying and fabric coloring; he coordinates costume assignments and care during performances (and when the company is touring); he also hires and supervises several part-time dressers. And besides all that, he adds, "You also basically do whatever management tells you to do at any given time."

I gather, however, this is a statement more of pride than a complaint. Elvin explains, "When I started working in the theatre, I discovered it's a whole different environment — it's not like the 9-to-5 world. There are times when the electricity backstage is flowing and you feel lucky to be a small part of such a thing. For me, this isn't just a job, it's my life."

Elvin's "life" is not a typical one. Routine

Elvin tells me that the biggest headache his job entails is not people but particular costumes that prove unexpectedly troublesome. "The breakaway costume for the beast who becomes a prince in *Beauty and the Beast*, now that was a nightmare. You never knew if the thing was going to work — sometimes parts fell off prematurely because of the velcro snaps. Or the caterpillars in *Papillon* — those were sweatboxes for the boys and difficult to get into and often the zippers would jam. Or the hats for *Stars and Stripes* — they have a tendency to fall off.



Make-believers: Wardrobe Master George Elvin and SF Ballet School students (top to bottom) Michael Friedmann, Cosima Borrer and Duncan Cooper.

Sunday's costume sale — coordinated by Elvin — is designed to fulfill a host of company objectives. In part, the ballet needs more space at its warehouse. "We're very much out of room," Elvin tells me. Also, given Helgi Tomasson's new reign at SFB, the company's repertoire has been substantially re-thought and updated. "There are lots of costumes here that are in good condition that we will never use. Some, in fact, have not seen a spotlight in ten years and some are part of productions that we'd like to forget about," Elvin explains with candor.

Other options include Cynthia Gregory's flowing tulle dress from *Serenade*; a complete set of men's Confederate Army uniforms; a Groucho Marx-lookalike costume from *Peter and the Wolf*; 17th-century party dresses from *Cyrano de Bergerac*; Russian folk costumes from *Heart of the Mountain*; and a diverse assortment of colorful tutus from *Divertissement d'Auber*. Elvin mentions there is also a limited selection of loincloths available from a now-forgotten production of *David and Goliath* "that might," he cautions, "look good on some people."

All of the sale costumes have been thoroughly laundered — a routine part of Elvin's — and his assistants' — work. "Basically, anything that touches the skin is cleaned after every performance," he explains. "We wash whatever is possible, and most of it we do in the theatre. There are three washers and dryers in the Opera House. We also do spot-cleaning and dry cleaning when time permits. Believe me, there's a lot of laundry."

But besides the laundry — or possibly in spite of it — I ask Elvin what he likes most about his job amid the tutus. "Well, there are several things. First, I find it very satisfying that we're always aiming for a standard of perfection — that's our goal and that's what I like working toward. Also, the company is like a family. The dancers really depend on us. We function as Mom and Dad. I find that to be very enjoyable, very satisfying."

"And finally, the atmosphere around here right now — artistically — is very positive. I have great respect for the people I work with now, and I couldn't have said that four or five years ago. In the ballet world, this is the place to be right now. It's very exciting. Of course, you're always worn out at the end of a season, but this year it was such a success. I was so high, I didn't really want it to end."

San Francisco Ballet's costume sale will be held on Sunday, 8/14, from 11 am to 4 pm, on the first floor of the Ballet Building, 455 Franklin Street, SF. Call 861-5600 for more information.



Chivalry for a day: SF Ballet School students Duncan Cooper, 17, and Cosima Borrer, 17, model sample couture from Sunday's costume sale.

And I just don't like mistakes happening." One of the secrets to a wardrobe master's success, I surmise, is a quest for perfection. When Elvin is watching a performance — and if he's not preparing for a specific costume change — he's often checking to see whether any dancer is having a problem with movement because of the costuming. "I'm often asking myself — 'Is something falling apart?' — and if something does go wrong, I want to know what it is and why, so it doesn't happen again."

"And, let's face it, every company is always looking for some extra dollars." Prices for the sale range from \$5 to \$225. The top price includes elaborate hoop skirts (hoops included) from the ballet's abandoned production of *Richmond Diary*. Elvin estimates the cost of making a similar costume today would average around \$1,000. At the lower end of the scale, the aspiring vamp can obtain sequined, Art Deco-style, '20s hats once used in *Mistletoe Bride*.

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul," proclaimed Whitman in *Song of Myself*, inviting future generations to celebrate their own bodies without shame and to acknowledge the yearning in their secret hearts as the well-spring of authentic creativity. Whitman's challenge retains its subversive vitality. Consider this statement typical of the opposition, a pull quote from last week's *Time*: "Between childhood and adulthood lies the treacherous territory of adolescence, a region full of brainless impulses, hormonal furies." In a culture that thus instructs youth to divorce body and spirit and fear passion, simply trusting heart's desire is a revolutionary act. Poet-filmmaker James Broughton is a hero of Whitman's compassionate revolution.

Broughton's films and texts are best appreciated as complementary aspects of a single creative impulse, like the words and images in Blake's illuminated manuscripts. The slow-motion camera that records with loving accuracy the minute pulsations of Joel Singer's erect penis in *Hermes Bird* is the eye of the same self that attends "the quiet call/ of Yes and No singing together" in "I Heard in the Shell." The homoerotic archetype that is the subject of the verse-play "True & False Unicorn" finds its fleshly embodiment in *Devotions*, the most tender and un-self-conscious depiction of male couples ever filmed.

Broughton is a truly local artist who found the surrounding landscape of sufficient glory to serve as the backdrop for his films, as in *The Bed*, where the permutations of desire unfold on a Victorian cast-iron bed that glides by itself over the Marin hills bristling with oak and madrone. Broughton's campy, affectionate anecdotes are a gossip history of the San Francisco avant-garde, drawing on friendships and creative collaborations with Alan Watts, Lou Harrison, Pauline Kael, Robert Duncan and many others.

1988 has been Broughton's jubilee year. He led the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day parade down Market Street as grand marshal with Holly Near and received tributes and standing ovations at both the San Francisco international and lesbian and gay film festivals. A chapter of Neeli Cherkovski's *Whitman's Wild Children*, to be published this fall, is devoted to a study of his work. The Broughton film canon — from *Mother's Day*, filmed in Laurel Heights in 1948, which helped launch independent filmmaking in America, through this year's *Scattered Remains* — has just been released on video, and Broughton has published two books of poetry, *Hooplas* and *75 Life Lines*. On November 10, Broughton will celebrate his 75th birthday at the Art Institute with a screening of his films and accolades from his friends comprising a "This Is Your Life"-style living *Jestschrift*.

Interviewed Broughton in the home he shares with Singer, a photomontagist and Broughton's loving companion of 13 years. Their home expresses their collaborative interests, from the honorary degrees and commendations that adorn the walls of the editing room to the photomontage over the bed depicting Eakins' bathers receiving the Michelangelo god-spark from Cocteau's fingertip. Broughton and Singer wear wedding rings crafted for them by a goldsmith named Andromeda, each containing the same elements — suns and moons and ocean waves — but in different configurations.

In conversation, while Singer is modest and temperate, Broughton is exuberantly expressive, his voice modulating from a confiding whisper to feline purr of contentment punctuated with a lilting "marvelous!" When the photographer asked Broughton to stop giggling and strike a pose befitting a serious poet, he replied, "I'm not a serious poet, I'm a great one."

In your introduction to *A Long Undressing*, you recount your initiation into your life-identity as a poet, being awakened at three by "a glittering stranger... who is the most interesting poet I have ever met." When you were three did you know what a poet was?

No, but there is a great difference between people who are born poets and those who take it up as a profession or a lark, which is the majority. This was the experience of being told what one's fate was early on, that my being here in this new world had really nothing to do with the people in the next room — the family, the parents — so I had a detachment from them very early.

Granting you permission to be your own soul and pursue your own path.

Yes. In a sense, marked, like a spiritual birthmark. And the experience of that glittering stranger, who was a god, or a projection, whatever you want to call it — the beautiful poet, the Orpheus, the Dionysus, the Apollonic figure, but very tender — was my secret. I never dared tell anybody.

It was also the blessing for my feeling for my fellow man. It was a male, loving creature, where my mother was possessive and only wanted me to behave in a certain way. My father died very quickly, when I was five, in the influenza epidemic after the war, when people were dying like flies and we all had to wear masks. He was not supposed to get out of bed. I always thought it was a deliberate escape. I had a very strong connection to him, and his being taken away was very difficult for me.

mother was mainly interested in money and social prestige. Children were only objects that would reflect back to her. She would say to me, "All I want is to be proud of you," period. You don't quite know what you're supposed to do to provide that. Anything out of line approached criminality.

When she remarried, the man she picked was a self-made reactionary businessman bigot with absolutely no use for me. His ultimatum was he would marry her if I was not at home — I offended him so, this sissy person. So, to cure me of my passions for ballet and poetry and general nonsense, they sent me to military school.

When did you start writing?

When I got to the school, and that was the culmination of three things. One was that the headmaster loved to recite poetry, and every morning we had chapel, and he would read things from the '20s, like "The Highwayman" or Vachel Lindsay, or Masfield, "I will go down again to the sea." And Whitman, "I Hear America Singing." He had a wonderful orotund voice — he'd studied for the ministry, I think. I'd wait for these recitals every morning.

And then we had those Louis Untermeyer anthologies, *Winged Horse* and all those things. My closest friend was the son

Androgyne Journal. I would write him six or seven sonnets a day — [whispering] but I didn't ever show them to him. He was captain of the baseball team. We were terribly intimate in bed, but we didn't communicate much around the campus.

He really taught me how to make love and the joys of foreplay. He was like a god. I'd never seen anybody like that — he was golden! He had golden eyebrows and golden eyelashes, golden pubic hair, like the shimmering bath of gold of Danae. He also looked directly at one, and he had the most fantastically intoxicating body odor. In the myth of the labyrinth, the maidens who were sacrificed were first overcome by the fragrances. I've met a lot of nice men with beautiful smelling bodies, but this was something extraordinary. All the boys talked about it, they couldn't not.

What did they say?

Oh, "He has the best B.O. in the place," "What B.O. he has," I remember that so well. One of the boys said, "My, you're lucky to be pals with him."

So there was — if not open acknowledgement of the sexuality — at least open acknowledgement of the buddyship?

Heavens, yes. I feel puzzled when people talk about how nowadays everybody's finally coming out. That school was... you wouldn't believe it. The homoerotic atmosphere was very healthy because it

TRANSCENDENTAL GAIETY

A Conversation with James Broughton by Steve Silberman

Photographs by Marc Geller

That was the first real male contact.

Palpable.

Very palpable — the way he would take me out when he went fishing and carry me on his shoulders. My mother always resented him. When she heard he was dead she jumped out of bed and started a busy life. These things are very significant. I think it was one of those initially passionate relationships, but they were not soulmates.

By my part in it, my birth, was the greatest experience she ever had, and she spoke of it that it was the most beautiful and easiest thing in the world. A psychic told me, "I have seldom seen a birth like this. It was a great creative triumph for your mother, you just sailed in from another world. Everyone was so happy when they saw you," and so on. Maybe this is the source of my cheerfulness.

My mother had to take on the job of raising us before she married again. She was a stern disciplinarian, wanting us to be very respectable and marry rich girls, and everything I was interested in offended her. She hated that I loved to dance, which was my original passion. I'd go leaping about and that was terrible. That and poetry. We were always reading. "Why don't you go play golf?" So, I was hopeless. Fortunately, my brother, three years younger, loved sports and games and doing the right thing.

How did you start reading?

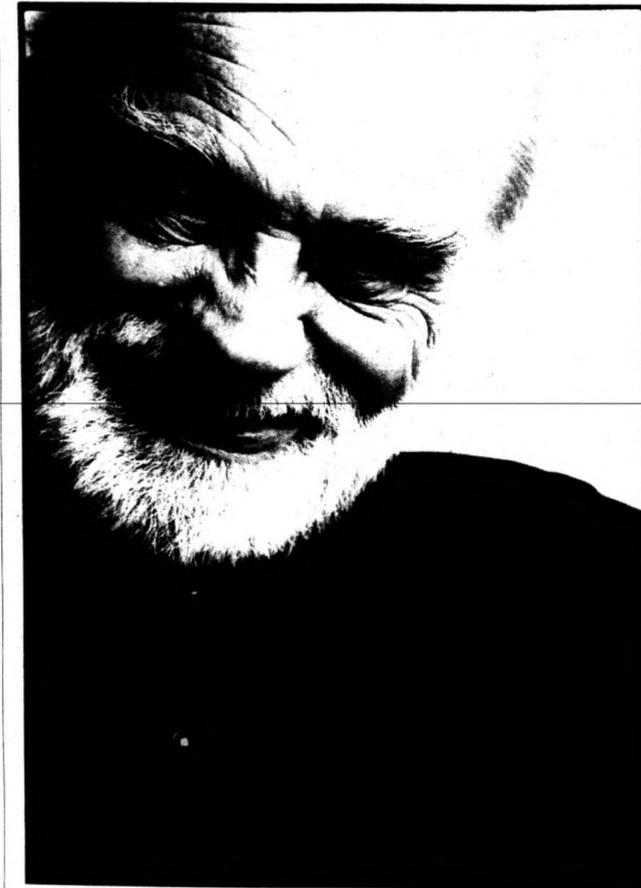
Mother Goose was my real mother, because she was a cheerful mother, the mother I always came back to. Not only did she have a marvelous sense of song and language, but her view of the world was full of crazy people outraging the neighbors.

A happy soul, as mine was, did come in singing, so I have had always a strong response and delight in song forms. All the funny things you get when you play with rhymes or with sounds in the language.

Funny stretches of logic or imagination because the rhyme calls forth the word.

Of course. "Who Killed Cock Robin." Naturally it was the sparrow that rhymes with "bow and arrow." And all the puns.

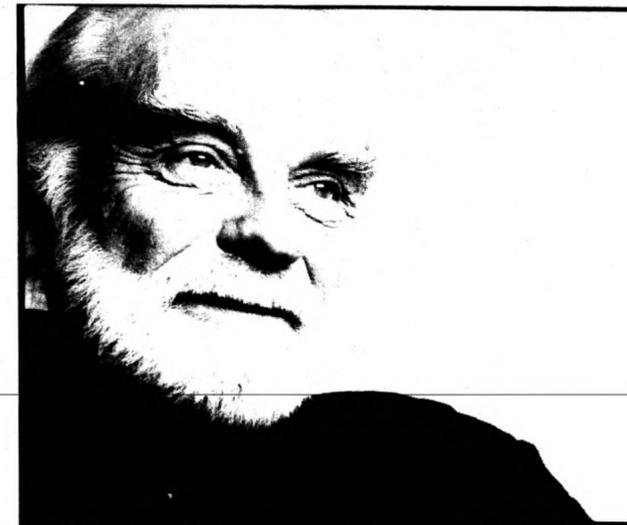
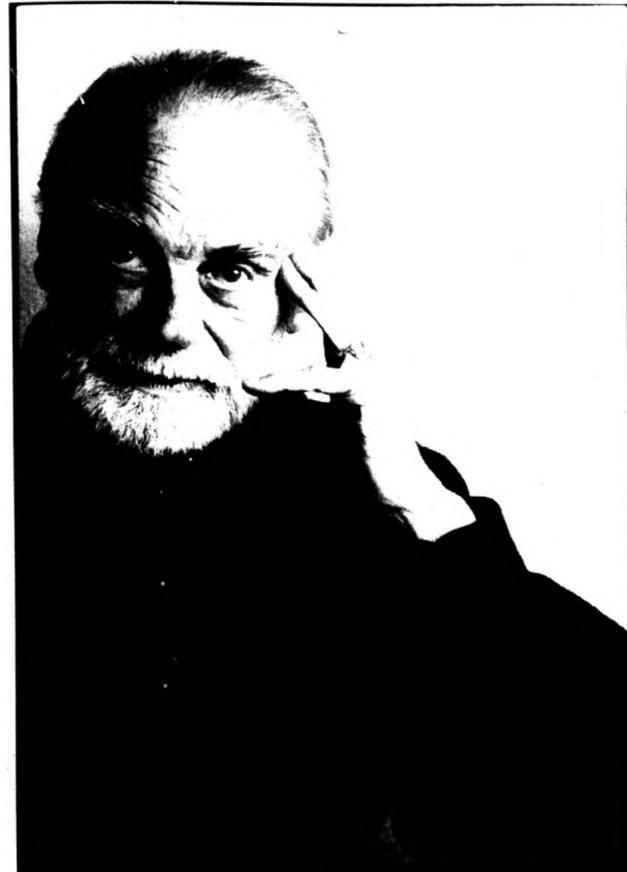
My aunt was the literary one, who gave me *A Child's Garden of Verse*, Edward Field, as well as several Mother Goose books. And she would read to me. My



of William Rose Benet, who was the poetry editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. We became intimate friends, and we used to write poems, trying out old forms.

But the strongest force was falling in love with the boy I call Littlejohn in *The*

was left to be very natural and expressive. I can think of three different pairs of lovers who would get together and fuck in the afternoon and evening, and nobody had locks on the doors in the dormitory, so you often — "Oh, excuse me." Just like in the baths.



We used to go arm in arm and arms over shoulders, very close, and nothing ever came down from the headmaster or even these teachers who lived in the hall and who were supposed to be disciplinarians. They may have all been queer themselves. In other words, it was a kind of paradise for comrades. I'm always stunned when I hear people who haven't realized any sexuality until they're 28. I think, where were you? I was kicked out of the family — that was a big help.

I've come to think that the only education that would solve the world's problems, or rather the main one, which is that the whole world is engaged in civil war — until men recognize they are one body of creature and that the planet is their home and that they can all feel loving toward one another, by which one means lenient and respectful — is all boys should be sent to some kind of boarding school or place where they can experience loving one another early in their lives as a positive force and carry this into their adulthood. That that's *primary*, and that's why I

wrote "Shaman Psalm" and insist on trying to say this. **In Greece, there was the older "inspirer" and the younger "hearer," and the vehicle of enculturation was the older man's experience and desire to nurture the younger man.**

Yes. This is the same thing as in New Guinea, where the boys live in the men's house, with the men sleeping there with them. So there's that sense of male harmony and specialness. The young boys get their strength from the older men. But this means fathers have to be part of this. And fathers in our culture are only out to make money.

The fathers are out making money and the sons are fighting one another on the playing field. We have the perfect educational system now to create warlike capitalists.

Well, this is my solution. The boys that were at the school have all been very sweet.

Do you know what happened to Littlejohn?

I've seen him twice, and the last time

was 16 years ago. I went through the floor, because he still carried that mystery for me, that magic. I think one's angel or the guardians or whatever you want to call them take different forms in one's life. It's very hard for me not to think of Joel in terms that have nothing to do with our ordinary psychological reality but with some — destiny factor — an embodiment that had been arranged. He was born just at the time when I really had found my own identity and began to publish, in 1948, like they decided, "Okay, he's going to be all right, we'll get a mate ready for him," something crazy like that.

Because somebody who comes into your life loving you with no reservations whatever, like a messenger of fate, and says that I'm sent here to make you happy — I don't think he's kidding. There's nothing kidding about Joel, he's absolutely on the level all the time. There isn't anything malicious in him. So you can't help thinking this is fate, maybe I earned this finally.

In the third section of "Fruits of Experience," you say, "A cop says No/ a priest says No/ but a little boy hardly ever." Generals go by/ and Popes go by/ but little boys last forever." Which is the answer to "Just Say No," though the poem was written 30 years ago. What is it about little boys you believe in?

I believe the divine child in us is the thing closest to the truth — the spontaneity, living out the values that are most important. My own two children were so wonderful, and then when they went to school it was gone. They were alive, they were creative, they responded to everything in fresh ways, but once the collective was joined, all that beautiful spiritual delight and unique vision was gone. They took on the values of their peers, of their society, and they're dull people today — it's very sad. They were geniuses when they were three and four.

How were you able to retain your original genius?

I think it's the angel, I think it's the strong birth, because my ex-wife used to say, "I don't know how you survived your childhood." I was so punished for everything that was good about me, including loving. Having my instinctive talents debased or torn up and being whipped. **Literally whipped?**

Literally. Yes. By my mother. And being sent away to military school, and then when I fell in love being yanked out of

that and locked up. I admit I had to have the help of the other kind of gurus of the 20th century — Freud, Jung and company — to help me get back to my original nature.

So much so that I went way beyond what the analyst wanted. When he read my book, *The Androgyne Journal*, the analyst said, "Oh, you should never have published that." He was horrified. He thought it was the sort of thing you should keep to yourself. But then, my merriment, my transcendental gaiety of spirit, is also the thing for which I am constantly criticized by the serious-minded. Dismissed as being frivolous, never to be taken seriously.

Has that hurt you? It's amazed me, especially people who you would think would be responding to your poetry, or who are not only critical but disdainful. That plus homophobia. Like *Ecstasies* — that beautiful book — the dead silence from people who said, "I'm interested in your book," and I never heard from them, it never got re-

viewed, and so on. And the tapes. The people who distribute those tapes won't touch them.

I think you're often misread, in that even the poems that sound — on the level of language play — like nursery rhymes are tempered with a poignant kind of darkness or sadness. In other words, your transcendental gaiety doesn't exclude tragic knowledge.

No, I've had my share of it. But I don't regret any of that, because I feel I've lived out the mandala of being — having had lovers both male and female, having had children, having created the wonderful children with Joel in recent years....

Creative children.

Yes. And Kermit Sheets and I for eight years made so many wonderful things, and that's a form of marriage with children. I feel that very strongly.

You will be 75 this year.

Let me tell you about age. Up until 70 I felt each decade I was getting younger. Certainly my first years with Joel were a complete rejuvenation. I believe that Joel has actually extended my lifespan. And then it becomes this business of — you nod off, you can't help it. You can't remember where you put anything or the name of somebody sitting across the room, or what you were supposed to be doing in this room when you came in. You don't jump up and down, you can't dance like you used to, and you get out of breath.

On the other hand, there is a very nice sense of letting go. You become very much more Taoist, letting things flow by, because you've seen it all. You don't have to run around and keep track of everything new that's going on. You've been through those cycles and cycles, the way they change fashions, and you've eaten a lot of wonderful meals and had superb wines, and you've traveled, and you have a wonderful sense of *contentment* which is very different from eagerness to experience.

Do you still have erotic yearning?

I have as much desire to embrace and kiss other people as I ever did. I don't have any desire to go to bed with them. Nothing could begin to improve on Joel and me because we have a fantastic experience.

I get into trouble sometimes, I can't keep my hands off people. It's in my poetry and in the films — touch is very important to me. To connect, only connect, the connection is very important. I have a deep homoerotic yearning for the fellowship of men, for mankind. A word I love, mankind. Hoping it will someday be realized.

Poetry is for me a question of essences. It is the language the angels speak, of course, and it's also the song and dance of the universe. The rhythm of the dance and song is for me basic, not only to poetry and music but to life itself. I say, dance all the way to your death. Which means be lightfooted and that the whole planet is your dance floor, and all the people in it are your potential partners. Swing your partner!

What do you look forward to most in the next year?

This year has been my jubilee, with so much public tribute and recognition that it gives me courage to tackle the greatest thing I have ever done yet, whatever that is. I don't feel I'm finished. I might say that all I want to do is sit in the garden but that isn't true. I feel my real masterpiece hasn't been done yet.

These things we've touched on, that have to do with the spirit, the oversoul, the entities, with the dance of life, with living poetically — somehow I would like to find a way of stating all of that in the most memorable way that would move other people, make some difference in their awareness and in the fulfillment of their own lives. Then I could feel fulfilled. Whatever the angel put on me in the beginning, to live that out. I don't feel I can die until I've made the best effort possible to say as intensely and precisely and vividly as I can what I have learned as true to the vision of the whole. Every year I hope I'm going to be able to do this. Fortunately, I know that I have, say, ten more years. So maybe there's still time to do the really important work.

Schneebaum Among the Asmat Subjective Science

WHERE THE SPIRITS DWELL: AN ODYSSEY IN THE JUNGLE OF NEW GUINEA by Tobias Schneebaum. Grove Press, New York, 1988. 240 pp., hardback, \$17.95

Where the Spirits Dwell is Tobias Schneebaum's singular re-creation of life among the Asmat, a region and culture at once far removed from, yet increasingly intertwined with Western civilization. In an occasionally fanciful manner, the book traces Schneebaum's initiation into a society whose customs not only accept but expect sexual relations among men. Perhaps not surprisingly, Schneebaum experiences an increasing fulfillment as he delves into sexual exploration with the Asmat.

Safe from his own homophobic culture, the author tends to romanticize the "liberated" sexuality of the Asmat. Treating the Asmat as a primitive culture — one that is not (yet) sexually repressed because it has not become "civilized" in the Western sense — Schneebaum explores his own erotic needs and attachments in a differently structured environment, which is on some level also more accepting.

Suggesting that he is no different from the Asmat men "in that one way," Schneebaum believes the Asmat cultural dictum that "no male be without his male companion, no matter how many wives he had or how many

women he might be sleeping with" facilitates his integration into Asmat society. This interpretation is tenuous at best; Schneebaum's provisional integration is, it seems, the Asmat culture's response to an outsider.

Sex — or rather specifically sexuality — is, for Schneebaum, the great communicator which transcends cultural difference. Yet by offering this interpretation, Schneebaum overlooks an important fact: Located near the southwest coast of Indonesia, the Asmat have endured and accommodated themselves to repeated, often hostile, interactions with the outside world. This contact, perpetuated by Schneebaum, has given the



Asmat — who are still a substantially self-contained culture — a familiarity with change and difference.

As Akatpitsjin, Schneebaum's main informant and *mbai* (the Asmat term for male "bond friend"), explains, "Everything is in change now. Sometimes, it is good. Sometimes, I do not understand what is happening." But always the culture reinterprets these "assaults" through known ways of experiencing the world, protecting itself as much as possible from further destruction. Unable to avoid modern economies, for example, the Asmat now make artifacts for a museum that were once designed for warfare, clearly a survival-oriented tactic. Despite the fact that Schneebaum cares deeply about the

Schneebaum uses the Asmat as his psychiatric "couch" to process the guilt he has accumulated in our homophobic society.

Asmat, his account indicates a tendency to project his subjective experience of homosexuality onto a culture which acknowledges these relationships in a way very dissimilar to his own. Homosexual relations are a constituent part of the Asmat system of bond friends, but the cultural context in which these relationships are experienced provides for a unique way of understanding them. By treating male homosexual desire as an essential property which occurs outside of culture, Schneebaum not only reveals his own culture's beliefs about sexuality, but he also masks real cultural difference by suggesting that sexual liberation can release some sort of nebulous universal connectedness among men.

Paradoxically, the intrusion

of Schneebaum's subjective experience undermines his "scientific" objectivity. Precisely because his culture has offered him the "objective" and "scientific" sexual category of "homosexuality," he ignores the Asmat's subjective understanding of *mbai* sexual relationships. This subjective intrusion also marks Schneebaum's contribution to cultural exploitation: to an extent, he uses the Asmat as his psychiatric "couch" to process the guilt he has accumulated in our homophobic society.

As a culture continually disrupted by others, the Asmat, rather than actually incorporating others "like" them, strive to maintain stability — a need that is mirrored in the *mbai* relationships. During one of their nights together, Akatpitsjin tells Schneebaum, "I want balance," a phrase that meant nothing to me until he turned around so that he reversed positions and he was on top. It was a startling moment, full of implications I could not then begin to think about."

This is, perhaps, a final gesture of inclusion with which the Asmat accept Schneebaum as someone who is "like one of us." Whereas the top man simply dominates, the one who maintains balance helps reestablish harmony and respects the culture in which, in spite of his sensitivity, Schneebaum is nonetheless an intruder, an outsider.

Faced with cultural change — Catholicism, the regional museum that displays local artifacts to visitors, the Indonesian police and army, tobacco, canned foods — the Asmat have re-

Continued on page 32

The Ace Cafe Cool Communion

At 8:30 pm, the Ace Cafe wasn't yet happening. Fixed in the glare of interrogation lights above the front door, Bret and I looked helplessly at our own reflections in the glass, gazed blankly at the paper menu taped to the window, made our hands into shades and scrutinized the half dozen couples who were drinking or laughing inside, in the hip mineshaft of wood and metal and concrete. The last thing we wanted to see here was uncool. Maybe we'd have a drink first.

Across the alley, the old Stud glared like a carnival ride at night. We hadn't been on this very corner in ages, since before the old place flushed everybody out onto the sidewalk for the last time and closed its doors for good. It made us nostalgic, and I remembered a line from Octavio Paz: "Man is nostalgia and a search for communion." If we couldn't have one, we'd settle for the other.

Inside, the old room was blond, clean, deserted, depressing, the Rathskeller of every college town west of Cambridge recreated in this particular place South of Market. The bartender was trying to reactivate his gel. He turned from the mirror, peeled a couple of cocktail napkins from the stack and slid them at us across the bar. "Can I get you a drink?" We waffled, shot each other a look and split.

We consoled ourselves up the street at Above Paradise, slouching in the sling chairs, sucking the last taste of vodka- tonic from our ice cubes. We nearly 86ed our plan to eat at the Ace: The last thing we needed was a nervous meal in the newest incarnation of the new South of Market, a roomful of acid-washed dudes and ladies in leather minis partying in the ashes of our Bohemia.

And at first the Ace did make us feel uncomfortable. Our waiter looked like a bouncer from a Bowery Boys movie, with a broad, wise-guy face, big ears and a painted tie as wide as a bib. Everything we did seemed to piss him off.

The only open table was in Siberia, washed in stinging fluorescent light from the kitchen doorway. We said we'd wait for another, but since there are only seven (as well as a dozen perches jutting out from one wall and a kind of lounge up front), turnover promised to be painfully slow.

We waited at one of the perches. Would we have a drink? Well, maybe — give us a minute. "Decided?" W-e-l-l, maybe no drink. A shrug, raised eyebrows: "Okay." Could we order food from our perch? The nostrils flare: "No problem — lemme get my pad." Ordering accomplished. A table opens up. Bret complains that the edge of his wooden stool, the seat of which is only slightly smaller than an album cover, is digging into the back of his thighs. By now we're timid and apologetic. "We're sorry — do you think that maybe it would be possible for us to move to that table?" A kind of upper-body spasm: "Hey — you got it!"

The butterfly bucket chairs are way comfortable, perfect foot-holds from which to ogle the scene. The Ace Cafe looks great, a post-modern luncheonette

from a Michelob commercial, with five or ten years shaved off and a haircut at Pink Tarantula. But here the night belongs to Newcastle Brown Ale on tap (\$2.75 a pint), suave and malt-sweet, and oaky '86 Neyers' Chardonnay (\$5.50 a glass). For what saves the Ace from being merely a trendy tarpit like the Warehouse was, a scene without a heart, is a discerning beer and wine list and a serious kitchen that turns out fine sandwiches and salads. That and a triumvirate of young owners who know the scene (one's a DJ, another worked the door at DNA and the third managed the Cafe Flore) and who seem genuinely nice.

Head cook Bruce Hill giggled



State of the hip: The Ace Cafe.

done up in black and bare wood, with beautiful, Memphis-industrial style furniture. On weekend nights there's live music, a saxophone and guitar filling the air with stylish squiggles, the "Perry Mason Theme," or Wayne Shorter's "Infant Eyes." Kill time waiting for a table in the lounge, flipping through *The Face* from back to front.

The clientele is younger, prettier and better coiffed here than around the corner at Taxi. Four girls hog a table near the front, all white dreadlocks, bleached Debbies and carefully cultivated pallor. Local chanteuse Connie Champagne shows up and schmoozes with the sax.

Everyone looks like a walk-on

with Jeremiah, and the Stars' influence shows in a positive way. This is the restaurant Caffe Esprit wanted to be, a place where the food is simple and tasty and never distracts you from socializing or being pretty.

There are problems. The half-dozen Oysters (\$7.00), for instance, turned out to be tired, sitchy Malpeques served with three dipping sauces that were two too many (go with the mignonette and forget the cloying, wasabi-spiked cocktail sauce and wan salsa). The Gruyere Melt (\$6.25), a plateful of little vegetables blanketed with gluey molten cheese and more garlic-rubbed toast than you can eat, needs rethinking.

Skip the pallid Guacamole (\$4.00), an occasional special.

But another special, a plate of Gravlax (\$7.00), was a delight, a pleasing coalescence of cured briny salmon and the chlorophyllid pungency of dill. A Mixed Green Salad with Bleu Cheese and Bacon (\$4.75) was keen and salty and perfect with the beer.

The sandwiches are superb, like the perfectly Poached Chicken (\$6.25) with rocket, pecans and prunes on a salty olive oil bun from Il Fornaio, ac-

redeem, like Just Desserts' clumsy product line, the Ace makes a nice try. (Toasted Poppyseed Cake with Peaches and Creme Fraiche isn't bad, but all the berries of your summer couldn't save the New York Style Cheesecake with Fresh Berry Sauce from being gummy. Both are \$4.25.)

Dig deep enough under the Ace's self-conscious stylishness — the secondhand suits altered to fit, "House Joe" on the menu board and "So What" on the stereo, the porkpie hats and CCCP clubwear — and you find

The Ace Cafe looks great, a post-modern luncheonette done up in black and bare wood, with beautiful, Memphis-industrial style furniture.

compared by a clump of apple cole slaw slathered with ginger creme fraiche. Or wonderfully oily, peppery, pork-sweet Molinari Salami and Coppa with Provolone (\$6.25), served with a salad of tiny French lentils. Or my favorite, Seared Ahi Tuna (\$6.75), the strips of fish charred on the edges but quite raw inside, thin slices of tomato and cucumber cooling as sea water. All are delicious, conceptually right, fresh without seeming trendy, exactly.

And even if there are some things that ingenuity can't

a place drenched with hospitality and general good feeling.

So that by the time we licked the last film of creme fraiche from our forks, Bret and I thought our waiter was okay, a dude, a mensch. I left him a big-hearted tip. These days, in this neighborhood, it was an act of pure communion.

The Ace Cafe, 1539 Folsom Street (at Norfolk Alley), SF; 621-4752. Open for lunch Monday through Friday, 11:30 am-3 pm; for dinner every day, 6 pm-1:30 am.

Dear Ken,

Thanks for worrying about me. Now that I'm over the shock of learning that I'm HIV positive, I'm actually doing OK. I was really scared at first, until I found a medical group that specializes in the management of HIV infection. Don't get me wrong-- I still wake up each morning wondering if every ache and pain is related to AIDS. But having my immune system periodically monitored helps put my mind at ease. That way if I need it, I can make sure to get special treatment that could save my life.

I feel like I have so much more control over my future now, and I'm doing everything I can to stay healthy. It's nice to know that if I experience some change in my condition, my medical group will be there to help. It's great to have a place to go to get answers to all the questions I have. I wish you would visit San Francisco to talk to the people at ViRx too. Besides, I miss you.

Jeff

ViRx is a healthcare organization committed to making a decisive contribution to the fight against AIDS. We provide the most up-to-date information on the treatment of HIV infection and related diseases, and programs of ongoing clinical and laboratory monitoring for HIV seropositives. ViRx healthcare fees and laboratory costs are generally reimbursable through your private insurance. Give us a call at 415-474-2233. ViRx MEDICAL GROUP INC.

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**Studio Rhino's 'One Fool'
Love's Reward**

Terry Baum's *One Fool*, currently at Studio Rhino, is a one-woman master's thesis on the lexicon of romantic error and terror. Entering in a rather horrible, red, maternity-style dress (more disfiguring than the eventual gag payoff is worth), Baum immediately makes her desperation to please known by throwing herself at every available audience member, proclaiming true love at last with a reckless abandon usually reserved for used car purchases.



Feeling foolish: Terry Baum as *One Fool*.

"Darling! Love! Darling! Love!... Something is wrong. I'm bored," she mood-swivels, attention span laid bare. Women in general and lesbians in particular are renewed (especially among themselves) for their ability to wildly outstrip most men in the self-abuse department at the altar of Love. But *One Fool's* slapstick-masochism decaathlon is universal enough to amuse all who have ever found themselves on the paddle end of a bum relationship, their brain flashing a stop signal as the lips independently shape the words, "Yes, beat me — we both know I deserve it."

Her audience-accosting prologue having left Baum histrionically heartbroken, she decides to move to Amsterdam, away from the incestuous gravevine of Bay Area lesbianism. Determined to congeal in the *Well of Loneliness* jello of noble suffering, her celibacy lasts about two minutes. Once cruised by an attractive/intelligent/et al Dutch woman, Baum is immediately on fire in heart and loin.

The resulting sex scene is certainly *One Fool's* most excruciatingly funny episode.

Her lover portrayed by a hat rack, Baum reinvents the term "love handles" as she applies digital and tongue polish to those brass knobs, yelping, "Oh! Ah! Baby, you're so wet!" No matter that her new love reveals herself to be an alco-/worka-/everything-in-the-worlda-holic. "She's so honest!" Baum gushes in ad-

miration. "You say you need a lot of love? What a coincidence! I have a lot of love to give — and I don't need much in return!" Needless to say, this begging for punishment gets its reward pronto.

At 90 minutes, *One Fool* jams in every disaster of the heart known to woman and man, with room to spare. About 30 minutes' room, to be exact, that could have been trimmed for maximum impact. With her Zasu Pitts-meets-Julie Andrews facial mobility and droll Sad Sack/Little Mary Sunshine persona, Baum is always an engaging performer — if not always an inspired one. She milks the central idea here a bit longer than absolutely necessary, but there's no doubt that it is a great idea.

Endlessly rationalizing ("Oh well — at least I don't live in a dictatorship") and with a full repertoire of withdrawal strategies (from non-ringing-telephone paranoia to the ever-popular I'll Stay in Bed Until I'm Happy Again), Baum catalogues the ways we misdirect and mess up love with alarming thoroughness. Watching her agonies is a good deal cheaper than therapy and a lot funnier than going through it all again yourself.

Terry Baum's *One Fool* continues at Studio Rhino, 2926 16th Street, SF, through August 21. Performances are Friday/Sunday at 8:30 pm, Saturday at 7:30 pm and 9:30 pm. Tickets are \$8. Call 861-5079.

'The Miracle of Television'

Carl Dellano's *The Miracle of Television* at the Zephyr starts out so dimly that one feels an inordinate surge of gratitude when it shows signs of lifting itself into the realm of the Not Half Bad. Those signs, however, are all clustered in the



Dried out: Megan Butler (left) and Patricia Teeter star in *The Miracle of Television*.

latter parts of Act One — and get so thoroughly betrayed by Act Two — that they might consider suing the rest of the play for divorce.

The initial horror-in-the-void feeling is due mostly to some painfully uneasy acting. The eventual wipeout is due to some painfully uneasy writing. In between, *Miracle* is a stew of big mistakes and modest pleasures. Stuck between campy '50s pop-culture nostalgia, O'Neill-of-the-suburbs family angst and some pure weirdness, this script has a lot of ideas. Unfortunately, few are worked out well, and none is suitable for cohabitation.

The nuke family here lives in a grimly efficient bungalow in Titusville, USA, circa 1953. They spend their days in hot pursuit of an "I Love Lucy/Life with Father" homey complacency that everyone's too miserable to realize — so, of course — they pretend to be blissful. Most fierce in her delusions is beautician Mom (Megan Butler). Slavish devotion to a fantasy life of movie mags and the idiot box has conveniently cleansed her consciousness of unpleasant confrontations with the realities of death, failure and (worst of all) "marital relations." She's given to wisdom along the lines of "Have more coffee — it'll calm your nerves" and admonishments like "I am asking as a personal favor that

have a shot at becoming a thinking person, but only if her mother gets nailed by a bus soon.

There's a good scene when Mom and her elderly salon customer Miss Titus (Patricia Teeter — Ruth the psychic on those TV commercials) have a serious afternoon tittle, their inhibitions comically peeling away to reveal the innocent vacuities beneath. The next scene, a few grim minutes in the ongoing bedroom war between Mom and Dad, complicates the satire by abruptly and not unpleasantly jumping into a black-humor dream sequence. For a moment or two, it looks like *The Miracle of Television* might turn into something more than a junior league *Sharon and Billy*.

It doesn't. Author Dellano's local interviews made it clear that the play is largely autobiographical, and it suffers from the usual pitfall of such things — the guy clearly doesn't have a clue that just because things happened a certain way in real life, it is no guarantee the same elements will work dramatically. So, *The Miracle of Television* lurches from fair to crude satire to some really ill-advised high drama. A number of rather surprising horrible secrets about Mom and Dad are unveiled with deadly sincerity. Mom's abrupt conversion from a bitch Lucy Ricardo to a harridan Blanche DuBois of the Kitchen has no weight — you can't squeeze blood out of a cartoon.

Leading actors Butler and Dickerson struggle earnestly, though they lack the technique to realize the author's eventual bogus depths. The actors playing the kids have very little to work with, admittedly, but their performances made me wish they'd had rather less still. Dellano, the director, has spoon-fed this limited talent pool some nice comic business. Dellano, the writer, however, is several drafts short of a coherent evening.

The Miracle of Television continues through August 28 at the Zephyr Theatre, 25 Van Ness Avenue at Market, SF, Tuesdays through Sundays at 8 pm. Call 861-6895.



Hippie hangover: A '60s survivor meets the nightmare of the '80s in the SF Mime Troupe's *Ripped Van Winkle*.

you please be genteel in the breakfast area!"

Dad (Craig Dickerson) is by contrast a sour realist, disgruntled by his wife's iron matriarchy and padlocked vagina. The teenage children are a parental circus of horrors. There's Marcie (Erika Jones), aka "Princess," "the best dollmaker in Home Ec" and a perfect terror of premature ultra-femininity, and hamster-torturing, all-American moron Ken (Ben Ellis). Tomboy Rocky (Caitlyn Toropova) may yet

'Ripped Van Winkle'

The SF Mime Troupe's first new show in three years, *Ripped Van Winkle*, has a conceptual base so absurdly perfect for its established stance and audience that the result seems a bit stale on arrival — you may feel you've already seen the show as you're watching it. That doesn't really detract from the pleasures at hand, but it

Continued on page 32

**Fall Opera Preview Continued
Voices on Disc**

Last week we began our survey of the recordings of the upcoming opera season with three relatively unfamiliar and unrecorded works. This week we launch directly into the thick of three frequently roasted chestnuts: Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*, Mozart's *Così fan tutte* and Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*.

There is not ideal choice among the currently available CDs of Wagner's first great success, though the leading contender in the field is, undoubtedly, Herbert van Karajan's darkly shadowed reading of the score on Angel with Jose van Dam as an intense and searching Dutchman. Since van Dam is to be San Francisco's "fliegende Holländer," you might as well preview this opera with its greatest modern protagonist.

The other reason to snap up this set is the liederlike polish with which Kurt Moll performs the comic role of Daland. However, getting this performance does mean that you will have to endure the rather squalid Senta of Dunja Vejzovic and the drab Erik of Peter Hoffman. I assume Karajan favors this soprano for her intense dramatic stage presence; why he favors the tenor, I don't know.

Among the other performances that have reached CDs, Georg Solti's account on London boasts the incomparable Chicago Symphony in the pit. Even when placed next to Karajan's Berlin Philharmonic, the Chicago players excel: The strings have a singing tone known to no other recording of *Dutchman*, and the brass makes even a howling gale sound beautiful. Norman Bailey's fated hero is rock-solid, tonally sumptuous and perfectly on pitch. But Janis Martin makes only an ordinary Senta, which, however, is a more valuable accomplishment than one might hope: Martin remains, unfortunately, the finest of all the modern exponents of this role on record. Martti Tavela sounds old and ill tuned as Daland, while Rene Kollo makes heavy weather of Erik.

Hans Knappertsbusch's 1955 Bayreuth includes Astrid Varnay, giving a characteristically searching and uncharacteristically accurate account of Senta, Wolfgang Windgassen in a truly poetic reading of Erik, and Ludwig Weber as a magnificently overscaled Daland. The problem for me with this set is the rather pale Dutchman of Hermann Uhde; besides Van Dam, Uhde seems lost in the eye of the storm.

Several other older recordings wait reissue. At the top of this list is the 1968 performance by Otto Klemperer, which the conductor himself meant as a tribute to Wieland Wagner. This set began the custom of recording the opera in Wagner's one-act version, which both Karajan and Solti repeat. It was Anja Silja's second attempt at Senta, and though there is a loss of security since her 1961 account with Sawallisch, there is also an added fire. Theo Adam is a very human, but nonetheless compelling title figure, and Tavela, the Daland, was then in his prime.

The grim advantage of this recording, however, is Klem-

per's symphonic conception of the score, which expresses the eternal mystery and builds up the tension from the beginning to release it only with Senta's fate-

register break are often out of tune. The greatest account of this score, for me, is the 1954 Angel recording that encased Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's radiant Fiordiligi, Leopold Simoneau's unsurpassed Ferrando and Rolando Panerai's musical Guglielmo. Great as the singers are, the star of the show remains Karajan, conducting with a light, bright and sparkling hand. However, this version is severely cut, and to add insult to injury, it is quite difficult to find. In 1956 Guido Cantelli led much the same cast in a La Scala performance that was captured through a radio broadcast and is now in the catalog as a Cetra issue. If you can't find the Karajan, it is well worth investing in it.

Nor is Schwarzkopf's second version with Karl Boehm to be

ignored. Alfredo Kraus is a little dry of voice for Ferrando, but he phrases magnificently. Christa Luwig could be the greatest of all recorded Dorabellas, accurate in all her runs and flourishes, yet melting in her adagios. Walter Berry is a bluff and confident Don Alfonso and Giuseppe Taddei a mild-mannered but sympathetic Guglielmo. Boehm is a little more abstract than either Karajan or Cantelli, but he judges every tempo aptly, with a knowing smile behind the tears.

By all means avoid Erich Leinsdorf's leaden account with the plush but boring heroines of Leontyne Price and Tatiana Troyanos. For Te Kanawa fans, her version with Alain Lombard is back in the catalog on Pantheon. If you don't care about the words or the conducting, it's a must, for the mellifluous pairing of Te Kanawa and Frederica von Stade as the deceived ladies.

Caballe fans can feel more justified in indulging themselves in the soprano's DG recording. It is led by Colin Davis, whose way with the score is rhythmically pert and dramatically telling, and it contains Ludwig's closest modern rival as Dorabella: Janet Baker. Yet, by 1974 Nicola Gedda was too old for Ferrando, and Wladimir Gazarov was, despite his youth, too rough and coarse to be considered a true Mozartian.

Tonally, the most sumptuous pairing of the sisters remains Margaret Price and Yvonne Minton for the Klemperer 1971 set on EMI; though slow, it is an engulfing performance, with Hans Sotin sounding like the voice of fate as Don Alfonso.

The *Manon Lescaut* field is littered with stirring performances. The most luscious account is by Caballe and Placido Domingo, with Bruno Bartoletti leading the New Philharmonia Orchestra. It stems from 1973,

when both superstars were in their youthful prime. Caballe floods the score with rich, oozing beautiful sound, and Domingo is an ardent, tonally plush hero. Caballe particularly enjoys the coquetterie of the second act.

However, if you think the opera was meant to stir your soul rather than just excite your ears, I recommend turning to Maria Callas' 1958 reading with Giuseppe Di Stefano and Tullio Serafin. Serafin is quietly compelling, and Di Stefano, though he is in the process of tearing himself apart, does it with passion and conviction. By 1958 Callas had learned how to make an opera vivid, even if only for the microphones; her insights are everywhere compelling, and in the Louisiana desert she raises to incomparable heights. This mono performance has been reissued on CD by Angel.

With her magnificent performances of *Manon Lescaut* here still ringing in my ears, I expected more from Mirella Freni's recent recording on DG led by Giuseppe Sinopoli. The soprano is neither as insightful as I had remembered her from the stage nor as vocally at ease. The conductor drives his orchestra, the Philharmonia, towards chaos rather than, like Serafin, toward anguish. Domingo is less inspired as Des Grieux than he was for Caballe, though if he did not have his younger self for competition, I'm sure no one would be quibbling.

Not to be forgotten is the old RCA version with Jussi Bjoerling and Licia Albanese. It is, together with the Beecham-De los Angeles *Boheme*, Bjoerling's greatest complete opera recording: the voice veritably weeps through the microphone. Albanese, however, is a little under-characterized as the flirtatious Manon. Yet Bjoerling's performance makes this set certainly worth a CD reissue.



Memory Lane: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Fiordiligi from a 1954 performance of *Così fan tutte* remains the finest.

ful jump into the sea. There are times when I wish that at the end of his life Klemperer had given us a Wagner cycle instead of the Mozart one.

Among the CDs of *Così fan tutte*, I would recommend the new release by L'Oiseau Lyre with Arnold Oestman leading the members of the Drottingham Court Theatre Orchestra, who play on original instruments. It's a light, sometimes ridiculously fast, but always playful account with Rachel Yakar and Alicia Nafe as the sparkling sisters, Goesta Winbergh and Tom Krause as the capricious lovers, and Georgina Resick and Carlos Feller as the irreverent plotters. Considering the depth of the competition, however, perhaps this new release is a better choice for someone who already has an older recording of the opera and is looking to reengage with this work. Sometimes playing the same recording again and again can rob the listening experience of its requisite freshness and interest. You stop hearing the music, because you already know every nuance of the performance.

The great virtue of this new recording, besides the fineness of the orchestra and the interest of their approach, is Yakar's exquisite Fiordiligi. Though both she and Nafe can yip a bit in the fast passages, in the long, legato melodies Yakar spins out a shimmeringly beautiful sound. Winbergh, however, is disappointing as Ferrando; though the top is bright, the notes around the

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ILM CLIPS

ANDREW O'HEHIR



Rite of passage: *Love Is a Dog from Hell* includes a 12-year-old's bewildered introduction to the mystery of sex.

'Love Is a Dog from Hell'

Every time I start thinking that the tide of Charles Bukowski's self-mythologized literary reputation is ebbing at last, some European comes along and makes a genuine film out of his obsessions. Barbet Schroeder's bawling *Barfly* was mostly saved by the fine performances of Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway, but Belgian director Dominique Deruddere's new *Love Is a Dog from Hell* is a sweet, sad and cogently designed setting of three miniature tales of male sexuality.

Deruddere has taken the unprecedented step of transliterating Bukowski's fictions to a European setting, especially bold in light of the author's reputation as some sort of quintessential American. The first episode covers the familiar ground of a 12-year-old's bewildered, even mortified introduction to the alien language of

toilet paper, he asks the "blonde angel" of his dreams to dance with him, and she does.

Deruddere sees in these stories what Bukowski may not completely understand: that they are scarcely at all about relationships with women and almost entirely about those among men. The last of these is based on Bukowski's notorious "The Copulating Mermaid of Venice, California," in which Harry (now in his thirties) and another male companion steal a bottle of Scotch and a corpse, which turns out to be that of an unreasonably beautiful girl. People have focused on this story's necrophilia for entirely the wrong reasons. It's a metaphor, of course, and a revealing one — Harry's dead lover is no more nor less alive than any of the other females in Bukowski's perceived universe.

Love Is a Dog from Hell plays at the 4 Star, Clement at 23rd Ave., SF. Call 752-2650 for times.

'Pascali's Island'

This classy early-century intrigue will hold your attention for several reasons, but one of the finest is the unleashed talent of



Unanswered letters: Ben Kingsley (right) delivers a remarkably fine performance in *Pascali's Island*.

cinematographer Roger Deakins (*Sid and Nancy*, 1984, *White Mischief*). "Painterly" is the film critics' word for this style, but Deakins turns the film's alternated blinding Aegean exteriors and dappled natural-light interiors into a vertiginous art history lesson. Byzantine icons, impressionism, 19th-century landscape painting, neoclassicism, arabesque geometries — each has its moment.

That sounds sneeringly eclectic, but it works because *Pascali's Island* depicts a world collapsing upon itself, depicts the money and power of modernity foreclosing on the Mediterranean realms of decorous antiquity. Ben Kingsley gives an unforgettable performance as Pascali, an Ottoman Empire spy ensconced on a remote Greek island in 1908. His devotion to the sultan in Constantinople knows no bounds, although it seems he and his mission have been forgotten in the empire's accelerating degeneration. No one ever answers the letters he faithfully sends, each addressed to the monarch with all the ardor of a spurned Proustian lover.

Onto Pascali's island of ancient beauty and unrequited love comes a blond English interloper (Charles Dance) who wants something and deceives everyone. Maybe he wants archeological treasures; maybe he wants mineral rights; maybe he wants the local attenuated European artist (Helen Mirren), whom Pascali also silently adores. Maybe he just wants to swindle a bundle off the regional pasha. He gets it all.

There's such an abundance of craft to this film it's a shame it has nothing to say beyond large vague homilies. Dance's character wears a mask of Anglo rectitude through which his eyes burn with decadent languor. As always, Kingsley creates a character buzzing with inner life without resort to trickery or showiness — Pascali's beleaguered anxiety is evident in every haunted glance, every guilty motion. Writer/director James

Deardon (author of the *Fatal Attraction* screenplay, believe it or not) has a storyteller's sense of pacing, and he pushes the triangle toward their violent climax with melodramatic fervor.

Pascali's Island plays at the Clay, Fillmore at Clay, SF. Call 346-1123 for times.



Monkey on drugs: Don't ask; read the review.

'Monkey Shines'

I'm sure glad George Romero's films don't come with smell-tracks, since most of us have whiffed enough stale sweat and piss in our lives without having them foisted on us by artists. If George were younger and more adventurous, his new movie would probably be a two-hour point-of-view exploration of live burial.

Monkey Shines clearly belongs in Romero's corpus (*Day of the Dead*, *Dawn of the Dead*) of cinema paranoia and claustrophobia. Young actor Jason Beghe works hard and amiably as Allan, the jockeyed-out law student confined to a wheelchair after getting smeared by a truck. (The moral is: Avoid jogging.) But Beghe cannot develop the depth or introspection required in the central character of a "psychological" thriller, so Romero must go out and seed the field with external evil, which he accomplishes with customary gusto.

Continued on page 32

ROCK
DON BAIRD

Miss Connie Delivers at DNA Champagne Tastes

I would like to dedicate this song to all my friends at the Man-Boy Love Association," said Connie Champagne as she led her ace combo into a stunning version of "Mecca" by Gene Pitney, a song tailor-made for older gentlemen who long for the touch of that bronzed, full-lipped Adonis who lives in a brownstone building across the street. Jimmy Somersville of the Communards seemingly rewrote that song of wanton admiration from afar and called it "So Cold the Night" on his group's first LP, *Red*.

Mournful longing seems to be a big part of being gay, whether the unfulfilled seek solace in Streisand and stuffed animals, Joy Division and bootleg quaa-ludes, or Matt Sterling videos. I'd like to think that for every melancholy song of unrequited homo love, ten men were actually able to cut the sad-eyed pining and, as Morrissey says, make the dream real. It must happen. If it didn't, who would fill the many pages of true homosexual encounters in Boyd MacDonald's high-priced *STH* collections?

At any rate, Connie and her tiny bubbles were superb on Saturday night. Miss Champagne was the epitome of the bedroom-eyed, valium-popping, sultry cabaret singer, all the way

She was correct on both counts.

Depending on her material, Connie's voice crosses a broad spectrum of qualities. Some songs she wrenches out dramatically, more like a character actor than a vocalist. On others she sets a mood of weariness, a chanteuse trained in the school of hard knocks, heroin and low-down men with pinky rings and magic smiles that will never light up the hazy morning after.

Finally, Connie's finest moment occurs when her voice eclipses all else, grabbing hold of a song like a \$100 tip and living up to the reward with passion paid in full. It happened on Saturday when she did "Cry Me a River." I can't think of a single reason why the rest of Connie's

Miss Champagne was the epitome of the bedroom-eyed, valium-popping, sultry cabaret singer.

down to her comic spoken intro (a la Barbara Parkins) for the "Theme from the Valley of the Dolls."

Connie also paid tribute to Nico, the vocalist who captivated the Warhol-headed New York scene in the mid-to-late '60s with the Velvet Underground. Her enchanting voice was likened to a cross between Greta Garbo and an IBM computer — calm, cold and aloof. Nico unfortunately met her demise a few weeks ago: a brain hemorrhage after a bicycling accident. Before Connie moved in to a loving rendition of "All Tomorrow's Parties," she quipped, "All you guys in business suits out there don't even know who Nico was, but you'll probably like this song."

run at the DNA shouldn't be packed to the rafters. She deserves it.

Jonathan Richman

Mr. Richman has been kicking around in rock for nearly 20 years. He's revered by many young bands and artists as a big influence, sort of the way Alex Chilton is worshiped as seminal by others. Richman takes the spookiness out of psychedelia and replaces it with Captain Kangaroo. Buck Naked does a fine version of his song "I'm a Little Airplane." Live he can be disarmingly bratty and fun. (8/12, Kennel, 10 pm, \$11)

Spot 1019, The Muskrats

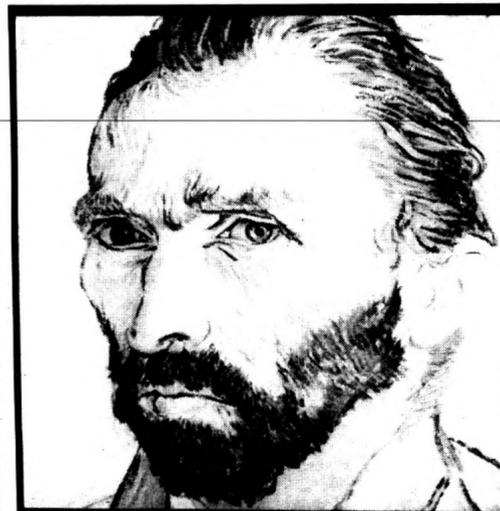
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dangerous creaturez by Gentry Johnson

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Written, produced and directed by PAUL COX
Narrated by JOHN HURT
A ROXIE RELEASE
ROXIE CINEMA
117 18th St. San Francisco 94107

Spot 1019 pays homage to adolescence with an energy and humor that lights up those years well enough for those too entrenched in adulthood to remember. The Muskrats have expanded from a duo to a full band and are no doubt up to mischief. This is a fun double bill. (8/12, CW Saloon, 10 pm, \$5)

Touch Me Hooker, Cathouse

Tonight's headliners have reformed with a new vocalist and are hot on the trail of Guns and Roses, LA Guns and other such LA metal. Cathouse is from LA with good reports, a fine name and a chance to prove that all LA bands don't sound like Guns and Roses. Hmhmhmhm. (8/12, Chatterbox, 10:30 pm and midnight, \$4)

Jon Sugar, Jai Jai Noire

After a year of getting more press for a broken wrist than most people get for dying, tonight Jon Sugar celebrates his 39th birthday and the release of his cult rap classic, "Gay Type Thang," a litany of oppressive homo bummers and personal-anatomical shortcomings. Local lesbian troublemaker Jai Jai Noire and gay-type thang Bambi will fill the bill. (8/12, Walt Whitman Bookshop, 8 pm, free)

Housecoat Project, Steelpole Bathtub

HP consists of local graduates of the Mabuhay Finishing School of Punk Survival with an LP out and a live set that burns. Steelpole Bathtub is a relocated Seattle band with a logo bearing the image of Colonel Sanders with skulls for eyes and the motto "Finger Fucking God" included. They're a tight thrash unit with a handsome vocalist. They come recommended by Bomb, who must have reunited because they made the front page last week. It said, "Bomb Hits Schultz Motorcade." Way to go, dude! (8/13, CW Saloon, 10 pm, \$5)

The Dead Jacksons, The Ramonas

There are seven Dead Jacksons and they create a trashy metal-type noise, not to mention an active physical stage presence. The Ramonas are an all-girl Ramones cover band who will undoubtedly set the tone for a night of shamelessly rough fun. (8/13, Chatterbox, 10:30 pm and midnight, \$4)

The Church, Peter Murphy, Tom Verlaine

Verlaine is the gifted guitar hero who formed Television and will never reach widespread acclaim in spite of his huge influence on the likes of U2 and others. Peter Murphy used to head Bauhaus, claims a very loyal cult following, and is too artsy for my hole. The Church is made up of nondescript weenies and I mean it. (8/14, The Orpheum, 7:30 pm, \$18.50)

Rod Stewart

"If you like hair implants — and you dig my facelift — c'mon sugar, buy a shirt." (8/14, Shoreline, 8 pm, \$18.50)

Sugarcubes, Hugo Largo

Of tonight's headliners, outspoken Irish vocalist Sinead O'Connor says, "The Sugarcubes are fucking brilliant, there's no two ways about it. Bjork is the greatest singer in the history of the world as far as I'm



Takin' care of business: Elvis is remembered at a special benefit, Tuesday, 8/16, at DNA.

concerned." From Iceland, the Sugarcubes have turned the world of pop music on its ear with their debut LP, *Life's Too Good*. They're fresh and intriguing, and after one listen to their first single, "Birthday," who could remain unmoved?

Bjork's voice is resonant with a power not based in a single conventional style of vocal training. It bounds forward hungrily with ancestral strength, lurking beyond context of song and century with growls, wails and cries — set free to run, crack, explode and float like a naughty child's playful ghost, whispering rhymes and secrets. This band is phenomenally enchanting.

Hugo Largo is from NY: a bit artsy, drumless, and their first LP was produced by Michael Stipe of REM. Expect the ethereal. If you haven't a ticket, get one right now. (8/15, I-Beam, 10 pm, \$12)

Elvis By the Living

The Lord knew Elvis was tired, so he took him to rest on this day 11 years ago. Well, last year, the King's tenth death anniversary oddly coincided with the new age hoax called the Harmonic Convergence. That auspicious eve, I perused the Pink Section with two friends, and to our astonishment, there wasn't jack shit going on commemoratively for Elvis. There were lots of purifying crystals on sale, maps to mountainous power points

available and carpools to Mt. Tam in the offing — but nothing for Elvis.

We sadly sipped drinks from our Graceland plastic patio tumblers and vowed that number 11 would be different. Well, hang on to your pharmaceuticals, Elvis fans, because tonight's the night. The legendary Memphis G-spots have grabbed Elvis' musical backlog bull by the horns and will serve as the house band for a multi-star tribute to the king. Chris Isaak's guitarist Jimmy Wilsey will do an instrumental tribute, and the vocal lineup includes Chuck Davis, Gary Claxton of the Bird-killers, Steve Yearkey of Non-Fiction, the Muskrats, Miles and Andy of Kingsounds, Hunter Davies, Big Lou of the Hellhounds, Connie Champagne and perhaps a few special guests.

You know, in Elvis' heyday, he wore a big ring with three initials on it, TCB. Those letters stood for a favorite phrase that the King used often. It was "Takin' Care of Business." With your help, Elvis, from beyond the grave, we'll take care of some very important business tonight. All proceeds from this fine tribute will go directly to the AIDS Emergency Fund in Elvis' name. Like the King said, long before the Pet Shop Boys did, "You were always on my mind." Don't miss this event. (8/16, DNA, 10pm, \$5)

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The next Practical Support Training begins September 16th.

The next Emotional Support Training begins September 23rd.

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WEEK AT A GLANCE

EDITED BY JOHN FRANK



Gleeful tidings: The Golden Gate Men's Chorus (formerly the Dick Kramer Gay Men's Chorale) holds its summer concert on Saturday, 8/13, at 8 pm at St. Francis Lutheran Church, 152 Church St., SF; and Sunday, 8/14, at 4 pm at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, 2300 Bancroft Way, Berkeley. Concert selections will feature traditional four-part harmonies used by glee clubs, creating an especially melodious, possibly levitating type of sound. Other concerts are scheduled for 8/20 and 8/21. Tickets are \$6 in advance; \$9 at the door. Call 584-9805 for fix and info.

12 AUGUST FRIDAY

Old First Concert series presents a **Celebration of Bach and the Italians**, featuring the Bay Area baroque music ensemble I Concertisti. The program includes Bach's Brandenburg Concerti nos. IV and V; his Trio Sonata in G; plus works by Monteverdi, Vivaldi and Turini. 8 pm. Old First Church, 1751 Sacramento St. (at Van Ness), SF. \$7/\$5 seniors, students. Tickets: STBS or at the door. Info: 474 1608.

Honoring the great Salvadoran poet **Roque Dalton**, Codices presents *El Meeting*, a play in one act, as well as a poetry reading of Dalton's works. 8 pm, tonight and tomorrow. Mission Cultural Center, 2868 Mission St., SF. \$5. Info: 648 5510.

That strange creature, homo sapiens, is constructed, deconstructed and reconstructed by its greatest friend and mortal enemy, the human being, in a display of works on canvas by **Raegan Kelly**. Through August 26. Reception for the art at 7:10 pm. Artists' Television Access, 992 Valencia St., SF. Info: 824-3890.

You can never have too many orifices. Increase the number of yours this weekend at August's series of piercing clinics by Jim Ward of Gauntlet. Tonight there's a **Leather/Pagan Piercing Ritual** for those who consider piercing a spiritual act. Sincere support persons are welcome to call Mark at 621 6294 for info and reservations. Tomorrow Mr. S Leathers hosts a clinic, noon 5 pm, 1779 Folsom St., SF. Appt: 863 7764. And finally Castroites can get stuck at **Image Leather**, 2199 Market St., noon 5 pm. Appt: 621-7551. Proper hygiene strictly observed. All clinics open to women and men. General info: 621-6294.

L'amour, l'amour: The Paramount's successful Hollywood Movie Classics series continues with George Cukor's **The Women**, starring Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell and Joan Fontaine. An evening of entertainment presented in the style of Hollywood's heyday. Doors open at 7 pm; show begins at 8. Paramount Theatre, 2025 Broadway, Oakland. \$5. Tickets: 465 6400, 762 BASS.

He's not straight enough for KQED's "Comedy Tonight," but the *New York Times* gave his one-

man show, *Wrist*, glowing reviews last month. Everybody's favorite nelly, **Tom Ammann** is back home and on stage at the Holy City Zoo tonight and tomorrow, 409 Clement St., SF. Info: 866 4242.

Theatre Telos presents two rarely staged one act plays by Sam Shepard. **Icarus's Mother** dredges up the underlying fabric of friendship. Five friends prove that those who know you best can expose you. In **Red Cross**, the chilling reality of a man's daydream is mapped by his stream of sub-consciousness. The play brings insight to dreaming yet warns against further explanation of them. Through Sept. 4, Thurs. Sun., 8 pm. Intersection for the Arts, 766 Valencia St., SF. \$10/\$5 seniors, students. Res: 753 4474.

13 AUGUST SATURDAY

EVENT OF THE WEEK For strong stomachs only: The Sweethearts of Smarm, **Steve Lawrence** and **Edie Gorme**, play the Concord Pavilion tonight with co star **Jerry Van Dyke**, who rivals Sheeky Green in comedic virtuosity. All this for only \$18.50. Call (415) 762 2277 or (408) 998 2277 for details.

Designing Men Production Company hopes to raise more than \$30,000 for the AIDS Quilt's return to Washington this fall with **Care to Dance**, a '70s style extravaganza with music, dance and entertainment by Angela Boffill, Magda, New York's "Energy Queen," **High Voltage**, and a presentation by Mayor Agnos, 9 pm 2 am. Gift center Pavilion, 888 Brannan St., SF. \$25 adv/\$30 door. Tickets available at Headlines.

Options for Parenting Together is a workshop for lesbians and gay men who want a safe environment in which to discuss legal, logistical and emotional concerns about sharing parenthood with a gasp! the opposite sex. Sponsored by the Lesbian and Gay Parenting Project. Noon-4:30 pm. Women's Health Care Inc., 6333 Telegraph Ave., Oakland. \$25. Res: 641 0220.

Feets, don't fail me now: The Foundation for SF's Architectural Heritage is sponsoring a series of **neighborhood walking tours**. Research by Heritage on 19th century real estate development in the Haight is the basis for today's walk high lighting the neighborhood's cohesive architecture and its history. 1 pm. \$6. Call 441 3000 for details. Not tired yet? Cafe Walks offers a **Dinner Walk** in North Beach and Russian Hill, beginning at 6 pm. Includes dinner. Res/info: 751 4286.

The symmetricron is a projecting kaleidoscope which surpasses the hand held model in the variety and quality of its images. The most recent version of the instrument is demonstrated at **Mandalas and Music**, a one hour benefit display of breath-taking full-screen images in brilliant colors and patterns accompanied by music. Drop a hit of acid, slap some early Pink Floyd into the Walkman and float on in at 8 pm, Earth Time, MCC, 150 Eureka St., SF. \$5.

Those of the tofu/soy milk persuasion are invited to Gay & Lesbian Vegetarians' **Gala Potluck Picnic**, where you can feast on meatless hotdogs and dairyless potato salad. Yum, yum. There'll also be music, games and a discussion on the beneficial effects of vegetarianism on the immune system. Bring a dish or beverage to share. 10 am 5 pm. Lindley Meadow (near 50th Ave, on JFK Drive), Golden Gate Park, SF. Free. Info: (415) 931 6585, (408) 336 3255.

14 AUGUST SUNDAY

Dance to the Brazilian jazz of Viva Brasil in El Rio's patio under the friendly eyes of a 12 foot Carmen Miranda. 4 8 pm. El Rio, 3158 Mission St., SF.

The Hub in Walnut Creek hosts **My Friend**, a benefit party for the Diablo Valley AIDS Center. 4 8 pm. \$5. Info: 938-4550, 686-3822.

Organizing for the **Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Celebration** continues year round. Anyone interested in working on next year's do, the 20th anniversary of the Stonewall Uprising, can meet today at 5 pm at 1519 Mission St., SF. For wheelchair



Loverboy: Billy Ocean joins forces with pop singer **Brenda Russell** on Friday, 8/12, at the Concord Pavilion for a reprise of past hits ("Caribbean Queen," "Love Zone") and current favorites ("The Color of Love"). Call 762-2277 for tickets and more info.

access, call 864 FREE in advance to make arrangements.

Feminists for Animal Rights sponsor a **Vegetarian Potluck** for women. Call Barbara at 420 0686 for details.

Vocalist **Laurie Amat** performs "Out of Hiding: Music by Real Living Local Composers" at the New Performance Gallery. Accompanying her are cellist Mark Summer and J. Raoul Brody on key boards. Amat has appeared locally in *Deer Rose*, *Actual Sho*, *Rocky Horror Show* and *Dick Dines Out*, but this is her first solo appearance. 7 pm, 3153 17th St., SF. \$7. Tickets: 753 2760 or at the door.

Cynthia Chaiken cabarets her way into your heart at the Galleon. Tonight she's joined by Donald Eldon Wescot at the piano for an evening of song and laughter. Part of the proceeds benefits the AIDS Emergency Fund. 8 pm. The Galleon, 718 14th St. (near Church & Market), SF. \$8. Res/info: 431 0253.

Lu Read hosts **MOMA's and DADA's Marshmallow Roast** at Above Paradise. Acme Famous Players' **Lori Naslund** in various hilarious guises. **James Campbell** on piano and special guests performing original songs and outrageous comedy. 8 pm. 1501 Folsom St., SF. \$2. Info: 282-2363.

15 AUGUST MONDAY

Tonight's a moviegoer's nightmare: rarely seen films at two different theatres, plus the beginning of a film course. Too much of a good thing! First there's **Barbara Peters' 'Bury Me an Angel'** (1972), "a howling hellcat humping a hot steel hog on a roaring rampage of revenge." With the help of her hog and her sawed off shotgun, Dixie Peabody, a

six foot blonde bombshell, goes after the person who killed her brother. Probably the only biker film directed by a woman. 7:30 pm. York Theatre, 2789 24th St., SF. Then you'll have to drive or take a cab to the Castro (don't depend on Muni to get you there on time) for **Night Nurse** (1931), in which nurse Barbara Stanwyck inadvertently gets caught up in a hideous scheme to murder wealthy children. 9:40 pm. Castro Theatre, Castro & Market Sts., SF.

If the above films are not your cup of tea, unlikely though that may be, consider registering for City College's Film 102C, **Evolution of Film Expression: Homosexuality on Film**. Tonight's opening class features a screening of *Club de Femmes* (France, 1936). Subsequent classes examine the treatment of homosexuality in mainstream as well as gay/lesbian film. *Sentinel* writer Daniel Mangin of Frameline is the instructor. 6:30 9:30 pm. Everett Middle School, 450 Church St. (at 16th), SF. \$15 tuition. Register in Everett's lobby prior to class. Info: 861 5245.

16 AUGUST TUESDAY

Gay/Lesbian sierrans have been an official activity section of the Sierra Club since January 1986. Its membership of 1,200 is split evenly between men and women members. If you're interested in hiking, camping and ecology, maybe you should check them out. Meetings are on third Tuesdays at 7:30 pm at the Sierra Club headquarters, 730 Polk St. (at Ellis), SF.

17 AUGUST WEDNESDAY

It's **Comedy Night** at El Rio, with Danny Williams, Teresa Holcomb and Bill Burnett. Yuck it up! 8 10 pm. 3158 Mission St., SF.



Crafty business: The Pacific States Craft Fair opens Friday, 8/12, and continues through Sunday, 8/14, at Fort Mason Center, Piers 2 and 3, Bay and Laguna Sts., SF. More than 350 artists are included, featuring work created from clay, glass, wood, paper, metal, leather and fiber. Admission is \$5. Call 896-5060 for hours and more info.

Josef Aukec performs **A Self-Peeling Orange**, original poetry and monologues, with the help of electronic friends including characters who reveal the dilemmas of relationships and alienation. 9 pm. A very '80s event at a very '80s venue: SF's only water bar, The White Room with a Blue Glow, 559 Haight St. (betw. Fillmore & Steiner), SF. \$3. Info: 864 8870.

Good question: Christopher Knight lectures on **Andrew Wyeth and the Helga Pictures: Who Cares?** as part of SF Art Institute's conference on art criticism. 7:30 pm. SFAI, 800 Chestnut St., SF. \$4/\$2 students.

18 AUGUST THURSDAY

Bay Area writers, publishers and booksellers who attended the third International Feminist Bookfair in Montreal present a **roundtable discussion** about the fair and the state of feminist publishing. Everyone's welcome. 7:30 pm. Old Wives' Tales, 1009 Valencia St., SF. Free.

The SF chapter of Bay Area Network for Gay/Lesbian Educators (BANGLE) holds its monthly meeting tonight at 7:30 pm, 655 14th St., SF. Info: 285 5078.

Can feminist politics and theology be discussed intelligently in a sci fi story of spaceships, spells,

snow tigers and psychokinesis? Local author **David Felden** (*Children of Arable*) thinks so and tries to persuade you in a discussion at Modern Times. 7:30 pm. 968 Valencia St., SF. Free.

The labor cable show, **On the Job**, addresses the question of drug and AIDS testing on the job in tonight's broadcast. 8 pm. Viacom Cable Channel 25.

The South Bay/Peninsula's new lesbian and gay video magazine **Outlook**, can be seen every third Thursday at Club St. John, 170 W. St. John St., San Jose. 8 pm. \$2 cover. "Outlook" is looking for help in editing, publicity and marketing. If you fit the bill, call Paul Wysocki at (408) 296 3968.

Ken Alexander talks about his years with CUAV at Black & White Men Together's West Bay Rap. 7:30 10 pm. 1350 Waller St., SF. Free. Info: 931 BWMT.

The *Sentinel* welcomes submissions of community, political and arts events for possible inclusion, as space permits, in our weekly calendar. Please submit your announcement to us by Thursday, 4 pm, two weeks prior to the week of your event. Send items to: *San Francisco Sentinel*, 500 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94102, ATTN: John Frank.

SPECIAL EVENTS

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SPORTS

The Mint, Amelia's, Pendulum Favored

Gay Softball League Looks Toward World Series

by Peter Djordjevich

Gary Broga's Mint team slugged Cassidy's 13-1 and the Rawhide Men 20-5 to establish itself as the odds-on favorite to win a trip to the first Recreational World Series. A victory over either the Rainbow Roos or the Rawhide Men will send the team off to Dallas in two weeks.

Who does the lineup for the Rainbow Roos? That's a question many fans were asking last week as the Rawhide Men humbled the heavily favored Roos 13-7. Efron Mendietta's steady pitching and Charles' three-run homer spelled victory. Prior to that game, the Rawhide rang up the division-winning Phone Booth. Operators lost to Cassidy's, 7-2, to



The Pendulum's Freeman Best doesn't look too fat, too old or too slow.

become the first team eliminated from the championships.

Are the Rainbow Roos ready to win? We will find out Saturday when they face the Rawhide once again to see who goes to the finals against the Mint. The Rawhide Men had to play three games and were no match for the rested Mint squad, but they'll get their chance for revenge if they get by the Roos.

On Sunday, the upper echelon of the GSL play-offs got underway, and there were very few surprises. The Pilsner Inn led by Mike Beckman's five RBIs paced the Penguins to an easy 14-5 win over the Galleon. "John Boy" got the Kokpit ignited in the sixth inning, as the "Pits" scored nine times to come from behind and edge Uncle Bert's Place, 12-9.

High-flying Amelia's stomped on the Rawhide Women, 13-3. Defending women's champion, Superstar Video, downed a feisty Cassidy's, 9-1, and kept its slim hopes alive for another trip to the

spot in the series. Superstar then eliminated Cassidy's from the title chase by a surprisingly close 9-7 score.

The Endup pounded Cafe Sn, Marcos with 27 hits and scored an easy 25-7 win over the outmanned Cruisers. The Pendulum Pirates pounded the Kokpit 14-6. Earlier, the SF Eagle met the same fate as they were beaten, 15-2, in a game that saw Bob Viereck return to his "old" form.

One of the best games of the day was between Uncle Bert's and those same Eagles. The seasaw game was decided by a three-run homer in the eighth by none other than Rick "Rita" Brattin.

The other nail-biter saw Cafe Sn, Marcos go up 7-0 on the Galleon only to have the Crewmen come back and go ahead 10-9 in their half of the seventh. However, Jonathan hit one of his patented left-field blasts with a man on, and the rest was history.

World Series. "Slim" may not be a good choice of words, because the very next game Amelia's walloped "The Beaches," 7-1, to practically seal their

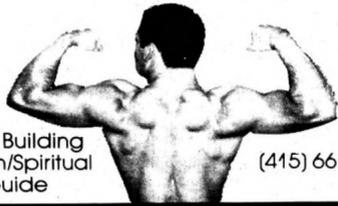
GSL Play-Off Schedule

Saturday, August 13, Rossi Field, Turk & Arguello Sts.
9:30 am Rawhide Men vs. Rainbow Roos
11:30 am Pilsner Inn vs. The Endup
1 pm Uncle Bert's Place vs. The Kokpit
2:30 pm Cafe Sn, Marcos vs. Pilsner Inn/Endup Loser
4 pm Winner #3 vs. Winner #4

Sunday, August 14, Jackson Field, 17th St. & Arkansas.
8:30 am Pendulum vs. Pilsner/Endup Winner
10 am Losers, Bracket Game (TBA)
11:30 am Amelia's vs. Superstar Video
11:30 am The Mint vs. Rainbow/Rawhide Winner
1 pm Men's Championship
1 pm Recreation Championship (if necessary)
2:30 pm Women's Championship (if necessary)
4 pm Men's Championship (if necessary)

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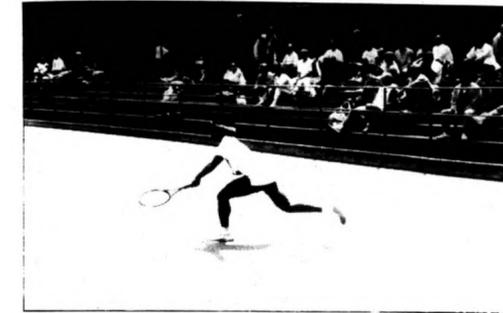
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1988 Season Fulfills Important Goals Gay Tennis Federation Comes of Age

by Andre Lalias

The GTF (Gay Tennis Federation) is marching down the final stretch. Halfway through the year, this club has already realized many goals. One of President Jeff Greenfield's goals was to get more people at all levels of play involved in club activities. Vice-President Linda Hladek wanted to have more women come into the organization. The GTF can now boast of having its largest membership ever — and also the most women ever.



The first important event of 1988, the March 27 tournament, was won by the newly formed doubled team of David Lewis and J.W. White, two outstanding singles players who surprised everyone. Some refreshing teams (such as Clare Potter/Mario Mora) and some old "hag" teams (Tom Neville/Kelly Rice) also made for a very entertaining weekend.

Team tennis, the second major event of the year, got off with a bang thanks to director and GTF sergeant-at-arms, Kenneth "Mr. Lebanon" Najour. The Silver Fox, led by cunning Chuck Gee, took the early season lead, but ended one win short of the play-offs. Nos. 1 and 2 seeds, Leticia's and the Galleon, squared off in the final round of the play-offs. Helped by three 6-0 scores, the Galleon

aced Leticia's and handily won the 1988 tennis season. Congratulations, Galleon! Halfway through the team tennis season, the GTF hosted the most impressive US Gay Open ever, Rick Raggio, Jeff Greenfield, Chuck Gee, Karl Baum and former president Chris Walkey organized the best tournament yet. Players from around the country gathered for this festive event over the Memorial Day weekend. Despite a few minor weather snags, Bill Nissley of LA took the gorgeous trophy home, defeating new GTF member Rich Ryan. Abi Jeung upset top seed Kathleen Jones to win the women's event, then teamed with Jones to win the doubles.

Interest in the GTF has grown tremendously and is expected to continue growing. Some of the exciting upcoming events include the GTF Club Tournament, September 17 and '18, where Michael Robinson will defend his title; the exhausting but extremely fun Mixed Doubles Tournament; the Russian River "Drunken" Doubles Tournament, last year a fundraiser for AIDS charities; the Los Angeles Open being held over Labor Day weekend; and the most awaited one of all: the third annual California Cup (team challenge between SF, LA and San Diego). Defending champ SF plans to take its strongest team and descend upon LA with top players Rich Ryan, Jaime Espada, Glenn Strome, David Lewis and moi, among others.

If you enjoy playing — or just watching pretty men and handsome women play — we welcome one and all to any of our events. See you on the courts! ■

From the Pocket's Mouth

by Rick Mariani and Colin Bradley

For over ten years, members of the San Francisco Pool Association have been toting their cue sticks each Tuesday evening to numerous bars in the city. The game is eight ball, but it is played a little differently than the game league members refer to as "bar pool."

Terms such as safe, foul, time-out and strategy are uncommon among the typical bar pool player. Tactics like deliberately fouling by hitting your opponent's ball to tie it up or place it in a poor position would cause a commotion in a bar pool game, but in the wonderful world of "league pool," you would hear cries of "great shot" or "way to go" when a strategic move improves a player's position.

It is similar to comparing checkers and chess. One game is an all-out attempt to score, while the other is more controlled. The keys to good play are strategy and exact positioning. League players are comfortable switching roles from bar pool to league pool and vice versa; however, for your average bar pool player, it takes time and patience to learn the step up to league play.

Another difference between the two is that league pool is a team sport with emphasis on individual play. This increases the pressure on a player when lining up critical shots. A miss means facing your teammates with only one

hope of the opponent allowing you another turn. On the other hand, if you make the ball, the high-fives and backslaps create an instant of glory that everybody enjoys.

This season began August 4 and will attempt each week to report the current standings and news both accurately and in an unbiased manner. Next week — our predictions! ■

major beer companies and their distributors for a number of the league's tournaments make the SPPA a quality group.

The league also participates in the West Coast Challenge, an event where top teams and individuals from SF, Los Angeles, Long Beach and San Diego compete in a three-day affair. This tournament is the ultimate goal for league members and takes place at the

SPORTS CALENDAR

Softball	Gay Softball League championships continue Saturday, August 13, 9:30 am, Rossi Field, Turk & Arguello Sts. Gay Softball League championship finals Sunday, August 14, 8:30 am, Jackson Field, 17th Street & Arkansas.
Golf	Boundary Golf Course, Walnut Creek. Info: 282-9874.
Track and Field	Practice, San Francisco State, Every Sunday at 10:30 am. Tuesday and Thursday at 6 pm. Info: Rick at 641-1786.
Pool	Info: Tim at 621-5702.
Football (Flag)	Every Thursday, McAteer High School. Info: Clay at 821-1851.
Basketball	Every Friday, 6:30 pm, Haight Street Gym, corner of Haight & Belvedere. Info: Tony at 621-2710.
Team San Francisco	Info: 626-1333.
East Bay FrontRunners	Three-mile loop, Saturday, August 13, 9:30 am, Sequoia-Bayview Trail in Joaquin Miller Park in Oakland. Info: 939-3579 or 261-3246.
Lesbian/Gay Sierrans	Monthly meeting, Tuesday, August 16, 7:30 pm, Sierra Club, Polk at Ellis St.

Calendar entries should be submitted no later than Monday of any given week. Mark entries "Sports Calendar."

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THEATRE

Continued from page 24

does speak to the notion that the brink of the '90s marks a transitional point for the troupe, one at which past polemics are getting familiar enough to appear nostalgic and future directions are uncertain.

Ripped (Arthur Holden) took one hell of an acid trip just prior to the '68 Chicago Convention, and wakes up in Golden Gate Park 20 years later to find the revolution squashed, his hippie ideals now "quaint" at best. (If he'd awakened in Berkeley, the transition might have been easier.)
His ex-flower child "old

lady" (Sharon Lockwood) is now in the final stages of an unhappy yuppie sellout. With nouveau consumerist cuteness and regressive politics at every turn, it's no wonder Ripped spends most of the show convinced he's still bumming on that brown acid.

Joan Holden and Ellen Callas' script provides lots of predictable but satisfying confrontations for the time-warped Ripped with such '80s spectres as crack-dealing homeboys, nihilist teen punkoids and guppie California cuisine waiters. The outrageous stereotypes purveyed here are softened by the Mime Troupe's self-aware, non-discriminatory form of satire. After all, irony is the true opiate of the '80s. Great moments here are few (though a sung condensed "update" on two decades' political backsliding and a pseudo-metal band's "No on Mo" tune are pretty inspired), but energy and good will are high as usual. Callas and Holden manage to pull their many strings together with an anti-Missouri finale that does get the old rah-rah progressive blood pumping a bit.

With the Reagan years thankfully drawing to a close, *Ripped Van Winkle* stands at an

acknowledged crossroads — caustically viewing the present, cautiously hoping for a future where Ripped's idealism will seem less antique. No doubt the changes of the next year or so will give the troupe fresher material for dissection. Let's hope their optimism is borne out.

SF Mime Troupe's Ripped Van Winkle plays at area parks through September. Call 285-1717 for locations and times. Admission is free, donations welcome.

IFLM CLIPS

Continued from page 26

There's the evil doctor who misdiagnoses Allan's spinal injury and the evil ex-girlfriend who deserts him for selfsame evil doctor. There's the evil harridan nurse hired to care for Allan (and she's got an evil budgie or something that wants to peck out his eyes). He's also got a consummately evil mom who descends upon him from some Midwestern hellpit (it's Joyce Van Patten in real-estate-lady clothes and an evil wig). And quadriplegic Allan has just got to stew in all this until his evil mad-scientist pal gives him what he

needs — an evil monkey slave!
This quite adorable capuchin named Ella has been trained as an aide to the disabled by the aching good Melanie (Kate McNeil), who later gets crazy with Allan in the only cunning-in-a-monkey-house scene in cinema history! But the mad doctor has injected Ella with human brain cells, so naturally she's become telepathic and can transmit Allan's impotent rages into practical violence, starting with the damnable budgie. While she acts as his untethered id, chopping people up in the gothic gloom like a gargoye slasher, he begins snuffing like an ox and having out-of-focus monkey-vision dreams.

Romero has never been big on either science or philosophy, and you'll do well to ignore the tendentious atavism vs. civilization rap he plays with here. Similarly, the sudden solution to Allan's paralysis is an obvious plot convenience (and rather offensive to real disabled people, I should think). There's one final bloodcurdling shock — but it's only a dream, alas.

Monkey Shines plays at the Galaxy, Van Ness at Sutter, SF (474-8700); the Coliseum, SF (221-8181); and the St. Francis, Market between Fifth and Sixth streets, SF (362-4822). Call theatres for times.

BOOKS

Continued from page 22

tained their culture even as they have altered it to survive. Schneebaum's willingness to bring balance reconciles him to the Asmat without actually making him an Asmat. In spite of his adoption into an Asmat family, he is only like one of them.

At the same time it creates interpretive problems, the constant intrusion of Schneebaum's subjectivity does, however, lend *Where the Spirits Dwell* a significant appeal. Although we can learn much about the Asmat from this narrative, the academic anthropologist's need for objective distance is significantly and consistently undercut even as it makes repeated demands on Schneebaum's time: "Again I wanted to separate myself into two people, the one easily, scientifically recording all on film and in journal; the other, the sensitive man, who was beginning to understand the life and mood of the people around him." It is this ambivalence toward the possibility of successfully — if temporarily — separating himself from the culture which allows Schneebaum to submerge himself emotionally into the Asmat and to learn secrets about them (and himself as well) that would otherwise be unshared and inaccessible — even as it hinders our understanding of Asmat sexual culture.

The details of Schneebaum's account relate not only his coming to know the Asmat, but also a cathartic journey into himself as he discovers, explores and resolves his own troubled relation to the world. Despite its flaws, *Where the Spirits Dwell* weaves a complex narrative out of repeated encounters with the realities of cultural difference and adaptation. However, the subtleties of this communication often escape Schneebaum; he is too cloaked in his own cultural trappings to appreciate the Asmat's sides of their interaction.

Scott Bravmann is a graduate student at UC Santa Cruz.

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THE EXCHANGE

ANNOUNCEMENTS

AIDS BULLETIN BOARD

As a community service the SF Sentinel offers AIDS Bulletin Board listings free, space permitting.

AIDS, ARC, HIV + SOCIAL GROUP
Now more convenient than ever, meeting near Castro and Market Streets, 6 pm to 9 pm on Wednesdays. In a comfortable cozy atmosphere you can meet new friends and maybe a lover. A personals list is available at the meeting. Call Michael, 255-0614, for details and location. (p35)

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NETWORKING MEETING
for gay male psychotherapists working with AIDS, ARC, HIV. Saturday, September 10, 9 am to 1 pm. Operation Concern, 1853 Market Street. This event is not wheelchair accessible. Call 626-7000 to RSVP (by 9/2/88) or for more information. (36)

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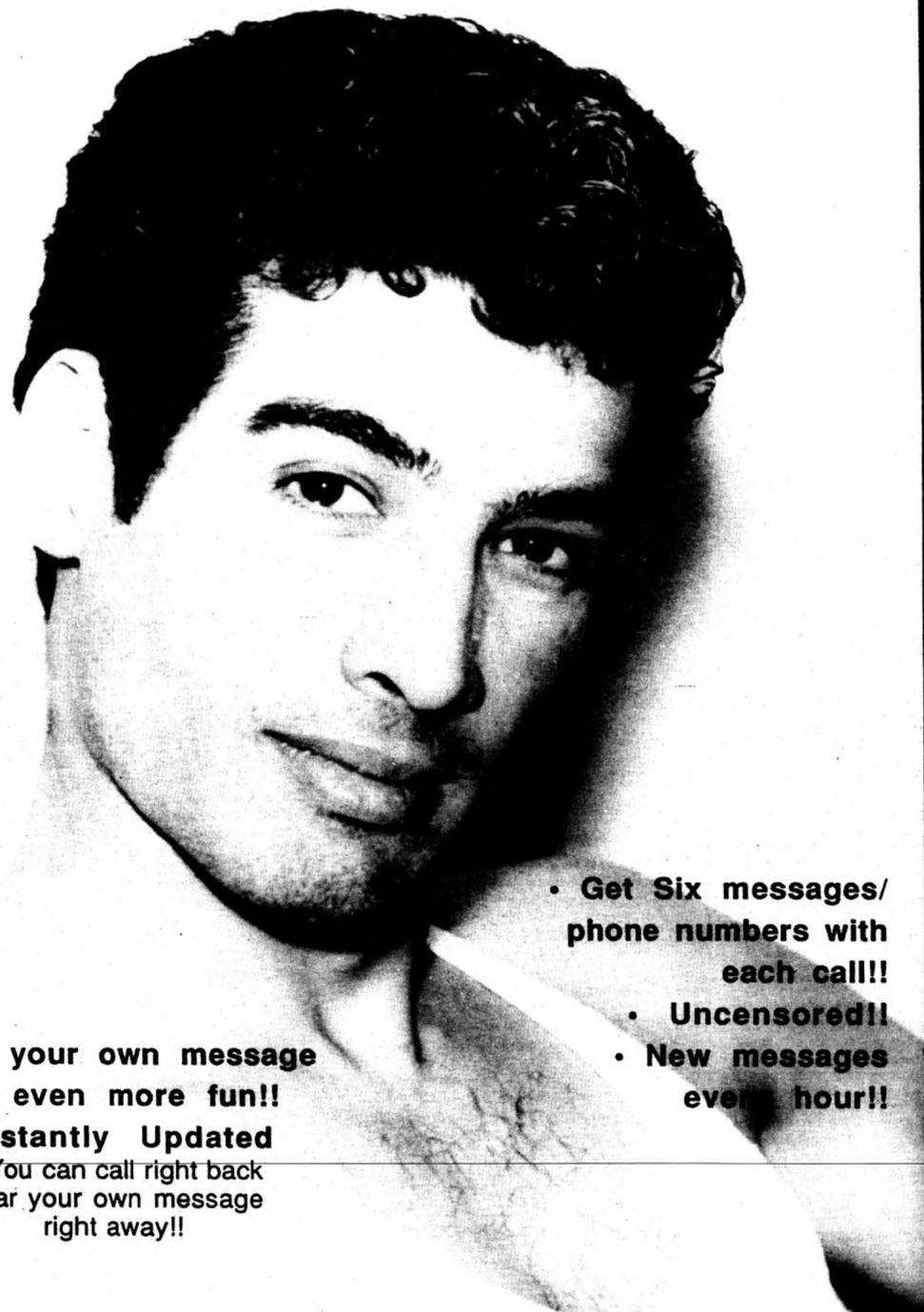
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REAL ESTATE/RENTALS

RENTALS TO SHARE

MARINA APARTMENT
2-bedroom apt. to share with straight-acting, athletic GWM, 31 yrs. Hardwood floors, sunny, bay view. Prefer similar health-conscious male. No cigarettes, drugs or alcoholic tendencies. \$425/mo. + util. 1st/last/dep. Avail. immediately. 775-2452. (32)

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\$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, available now thru 12/31, possibly longer. Sunny, spacious, handsome flat, huge kitchen, safe neighborhood, mucho transit. Share with affable, active gay male writer/professional in late 20s. Consideration and stability only prerequisites — sex, race, etc. irrelevant. Third bedroom we share for storage/guests. 771-9179. (33)

RENTALS TO SHARE

RICHMOND
Prof. GM seeks roommate for 2BR; 2BA twnhse. Large BR with cable, phone 12 miles north of Bay Bridge. Near mall & public transit. Includes pool & tennis. Must like pets, and be responsible! No drugs! Central to SF, Marin, Concord and Berkeley. Call 223-7499 for more info. (33)

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Prof. GM seeks roommate for 2BR; 2BA twnhse. Large BR with cable, phone 12 miles north of Bay Bridge. Near mall & public transit. Includes pool & tennis. Must like pets, and be responsible! No drugs! Central to SF, Marin, Concord and Berkeley. Call 223-7499 for more info. (33)

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Prof. GM seeks roommate for 2 bdrm apt., nicely furnished, view, laundry, deck, MUNI to door/easy parking. \$375.00 mo. + dep. 641-0920. (33)

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Some ads in the Personals are followed by "Reply Sentinel Box XXX." This indicates that the advertiser wants responses to come to the Sentinel office to be picked up or forwarded to a home address. To respond to one of the ads, simply mail your letter to SF Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., SF, CA 94102, ATTN: Sentinel Box XXX. We'll see that it gets into the right hands.

PERSONALS—MEN

PIANIST seeks cellist, violist, violinist for sight-reading. I can read most baroque music but later music only if simple or slow. My rhythm is very accurate. I am patient and love to play. Don, POB 31519, SF 94131. (34)

KABUKI MAN
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ASIAN & ASIAN-AMERICAN MEN
Masculine, intelligent, reliable, mentally mature WM, mid 30s, slim, handsome, health conscious, informal, wants to meet masculine, mature Asian men, 25-40 y/o for friendship, etc. Not into bars. Pls respond: 585 Geary Street, Box 104, San Francisco, 94102. (33)

DISCRETION PLEASE
Very attractive (married) man seeks buddy for passionate, ongoing safe, friendship. Attitude more important than size of equipment. I am mid-thirties, masculine, HIV-, likeable, shy. Reply with photo to P.O. Box 31622, San Francisco, CA 94131-0622. (34)

R U RELATIONSHIP READY?
This good-looking, GWM, blond, 6', moustached, 37, 150#er is! I'm good natured, intelligent, caring and passionate; enjoy film, cooking, current events, and conversation. Seek GWM, trim, handsome, moustache a plus. There's a real man behind this ad. Let-ter/photo please. Sentinel Box 33C. (34)

AIDS, ARC, HIV +
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CHUBBIES AND/OR CHASERS
GWM, 46 years old, 6'11", 320 lbs seeks hot, safe, daytime sex. Vers. W/S any age, race, size. Want sexual relationship only. Write Suite 120, 2966 Diamond St., SF 94131. Write soon and let's get it on soon! (34)

Naked slave in chains needed for apt. cleaning twice weekly. Lash applied to bareback and butt, by 39-yr-old master. Military discipline, boot service, CB & TT expected (35 & under). Reward is Marlboro, Bud and JO. No drugs! Box 32B. (34)

JOCKSTRAPS, JOCKEYS
Hiding your big thick dick turn me on!! Kick back, relax while GWM, 47, cut big dick eagerly sniffs around; worships your balls and man meat. You're tops, always!! All ans'd. Box 761, SF, CA 94101. (35)

DOMINANT SON WANTED
Goodlooking, professional Dad, 30's, bribe, seeks love and/or a slap on the son. Fantasies about your teacher? This ad's for you! Send photo and reply Sentinel Box 32A. (33)

ASIAN SEX PARTNER WANTED
WANTED: Asians interested in meeting for sex and friendship. Strictly for sex and fun, not interested in relationship. Write me, we can have some fun. Me: WM, 35, 5'11", 180#. You: ASIAN, rest unimportant. PO Box 22584, SF, 94122. (33)

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PERSONALS—MEN

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CHUBBIES WANTED
GWM, 42, 5'11", 200 lbs, seeks big men for safe sex and possible relationship. Send photo and phone. 808 Post St. #716, SF, CA 94109. (33)

WILD COMPOSER
Goodlooking workaholic wants lover who is masculine, ambitious, into music and long, long sex sessions. S&M (both) would be great. Chuck at Box 33B. (34)

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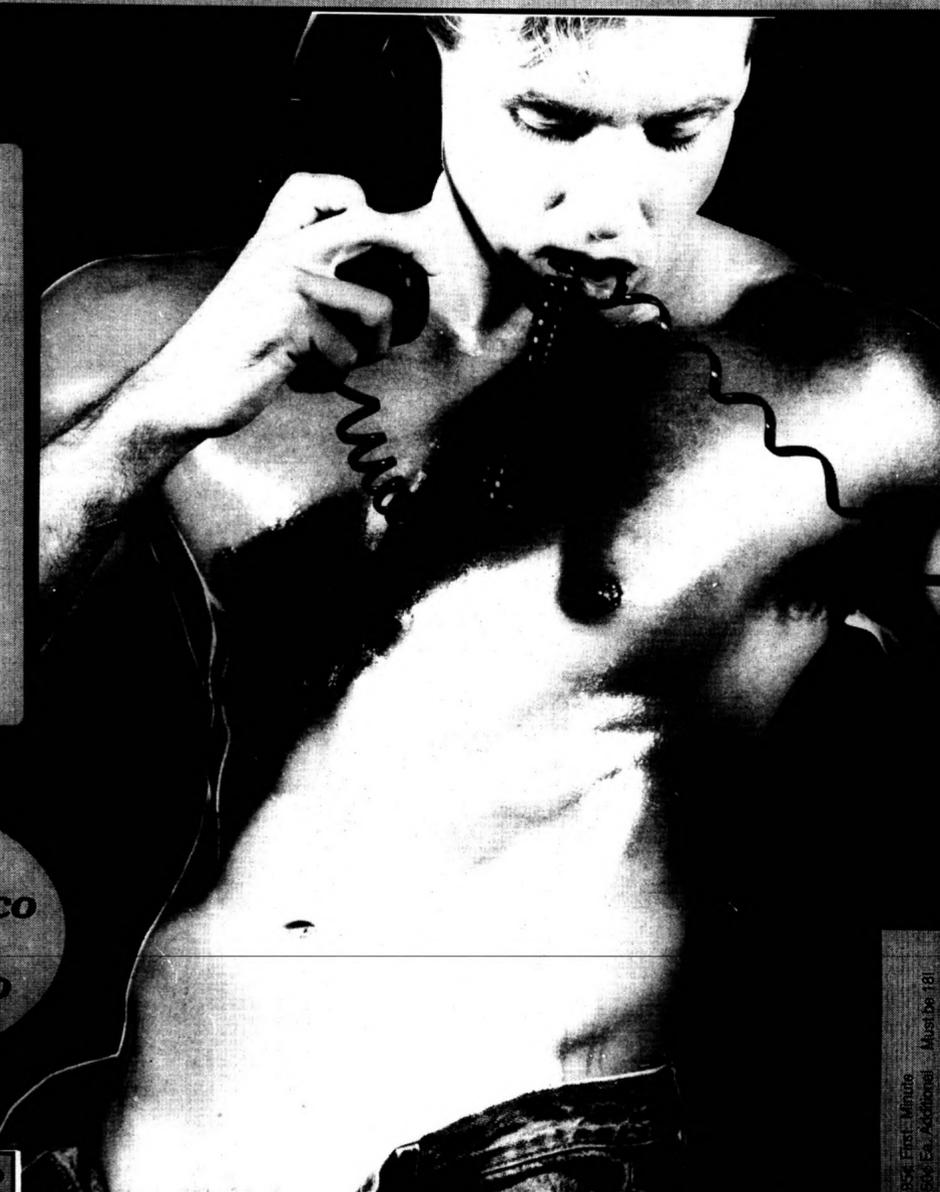
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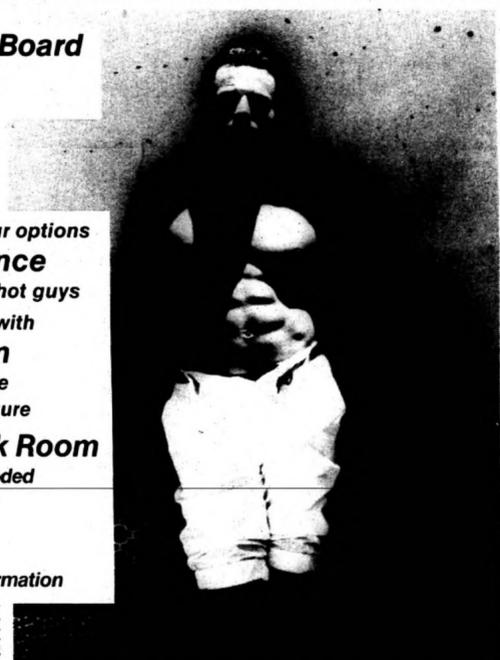
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