THE QUEER ISSUE:

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Hell, no! Same-sex marriage may be legal, but our outlaw past still seduces. Homocore punks, riot grrl art, the clone revival, a gay pornocopia, and more. Plus: Charo’s cuchi-cuchi and scandalous Pride events p16

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Down with legitimacy

OPINION We all remember Gavin Newsom’s stunt four years ago, when he emerged from a tight election race against Mark Gonzalez and promptly “legalized” gay marriage, sending his approval ratings soaring and guaranteeing him a second term. Back then 80-somethings Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon became the first smiling gay couple to marry in honor of L.A. Newsom, before then a politician known mostly for cynical, anti-poor rhetoric (remember “Care Not Cash?”).

Now that the California Supreme Court has struck down the ban on same-sex marriage, everywhere we hear of couples who’ve been together 10, 20, or 30 years (or six months) rushing to tie the knot and proclaim: “finally ... it’s ... legitimate!” It’s hard to imagine a more wholehearted rejection of queer struggles to create defiant ways of living and loving, hustling for and caring for one another — methods not dependent on inclusion in the dominant institutions of straight privilege.

Gay marriage proponents now declare that finally gays and lesbians are “full citizens” — as opposed to half-citizens, one imagines, or — gasp — non-citizens! As Immigration and Customs Enforcement conducts the biggest raids in history, the gay establishment celebrates its newfound legitimacy. Sure, for a few of the most privileged, the right to get gay married might be the last thing standing in the way of full citizenship. But there are certainly a legion of impediments for the rest of us.

Let’s step back for a moment and imagine what it means to be a full citizen of the foremost colonial power, bent on bombing rogue states to smithereens, exploiting the world’s resources, and ensuring the downfall of the planet. As same-sex marriage becomes the new normal, it’s all about matching platinum Tiffany wedding bands, the Macy’s bridal registry, and a prime spot on the Bechtel float in the Pride parade — now that’s progress!

While San Francisco has a long history of sheltering dissident queer cultures of incendiary splendor, the rush for status within the status quo threatens to delegitimize everyone who isn’t ready for the Leave It to Beaver lifestyle.

Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore

Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore (mattildaberstein@nymail.com) is most recently the editor of an expanded second edition of That’s Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation (Soft Skull Press, 2007). Her new novel, So Many Ways to Sleep Badly, will tantalize this fall.

Forget it (unless you’re ready and able to tie the knot). Need to stay in this country, but you’re about to get deported? Should’ve gotten married while you had the chance!

Want to define love, commitment, family, and sexual merrymaking on your own terms? Honey, that’s so last century.

Newsom’s backwards budget

EDITORIAL The San Francisco city employee union that represents front-line workers has come up with a remarkable document. It’s an analysis by the city controller, requested through the office of Sup. Aaron Peskin, that shows how many jobs have been added or cut in the past 10 years, broken down by bargaining group.

Since almost all San Francisco employees, including managers, are unionized, and different categories of workers have different unions, the analysis paints a clear picture of where hiring has taken place and where job cuts have hit hardest. It is, in many ways, a snapshot of the budget priorities of Mayor Gavin Newsom. And as Sarah Phelan reported this week on sfbg.com, here’s what it shows:

As direct public services have been hacked up and eliminated, as homeless shelters close and nursing services for elderly shut-ins vanish, the city has hired a whole lot of new high-paid managers.

In fact, in the past decade, the city has added 334 high-level jobs, paying an average of $140,000 a year. That’s a 45 percent jump. Under Newsom’s administration, during tough budget times, 166 new managers have been added. In this year’s budget alone, Newsom is calling for 52 new managers.

Professional and technical jobs increased by 781 positions, a 23 percent rise.

Front-line jobs, on the other hand, have grown by less than 10 percent.

Of course, the city needs managers and technical staff. Some of the new positions are entirely legitimate and justified. But these high-level jobs are also where political patronage is placed, and management jobs in this city have always had a political patronage element. And when the budget is deeply in the
red, it doesn’t make sense to lay off the people who are doing the day-to-day work and hire more people to supervise a reduced staff.

Let’s look at the numbers. The total tab for new managers amounts to about $46 million a year. The increase — just the increase — in management positions in this year’s budget would total $7.8 million. That would save a lot of services: Newsom shut down Buster’s Place, the city’s only 24-hour drop-in center for the homeless, to save $300,000. Keeping public health nurses to serve sick seniors would cost only a few hundred thousand more.

The daily newspapers have ignored this story so far, but it’s the blockbuster of the budget season. It shows where the mayor puts his priorities, what he really cares about. He’s got exotic positions like a director of sustainability, in his own office — which is a wonderful idea, but with a budget deficit of more than $300 million, is it really worth $160,000 a year? (Don’t we already have a Department of the Environment?)

He’s got people out at the airport who collect six-figure salaries and do very little visible work. And yet he can’t manage to keep basic services for the needy — services that can make the difference between life and death on the streets — from vanishing in a whirlpool of red ink.

Peskin has made some noise about cutting high-end jobs instead of rank-and-file positions, but with the budget coming to a head soon, that ought to be one of the top priorities. In fact, the board’s Budget Committee ought to issue a challenge to the mayor: before another homeless program is cut, before another public health service is eliminated, before another city agency that does on-the-ground work to help low-income people is gutted, Newsom should demonstrate, job by job, why so many $140,000-a-year positions are critical to the city.

The other glaring problem with the budget is that it includes no plans for increased revenue.

Newsom is happy to blame Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger for terminating aid to cities, but let’s face it: with Republicans in Sacramento and Washington DC, San Francisco is going to have to solve most of its problems on its own. This is nothing new; Newsom should hardly be shocked by it.

If the mayor wants his budget to be taken seriously, he should immediately announce that he’s supporting Peskin’s two revenue-generating measures on the November ballot and do all that he can to help them pass. Then he can add another $50 million or so to his budget, based on the projected revenue, and save a lot of crucial services that are now facing the ax. | SF08
LETTERS

WHAT ST. ANTHONY’S CUTS MEAN
I have been a client at St. Anthony’s Senior Outreach Services for 10 years. During that time the personnel of Senior Outreach have materially and spiritually enriched my life. I live with ALS (Lou Gehrig’s disease). My social worker arranged for me to get a power wheelchair and a hospital bed. Both have greatly improved the quality of my life and general health. Getting both items required detailed and difficult negotiations with Medi-Cal.

I am very sure there are many other seniors who have benefited from the hard work and dedication of the social workers at Senior Outreach. The impending closure of the department will, I fear, have a very adverse effect on the health and welfare of seniors living in the central city area.

The most severe consequence of the closing for me will be the loss of a most important source of psychological and spiritual support. The negative consequences of such a loss are impossible to predict. However, the inevitable instability forced into my life situation can only have unfortunate results.

Paul W. Bloom
San Francisco

PELOSI’S PRIMARY FOE
What’s the matter with you people, not endorsing Shirley Golub in her run against the spineless Nancy Pelosi in District 8 (Endorsements, 5/28/08)? Are you as cowardly as Pelosi herself? When the White House is occupied by war criminals and we have a real chance to do something about it, why does the Guardian sit on its hands?

Sure, you can endorse Cindy Sheehan for the general election, but wouldn’t it have made a stronger statement (not mention been more fun) to take Pelosi down in the primary? And even if a primary take-down was impossible, don’t you think the publicity you would have given Golub might have gotten a few people out there to wake up?

Tracey Y. Queripel
San Francisco

NO FREE PASSES
I heard on the afternoon news that Congress overwhelmingly supported legislation exempting the telecom industry from any liability for illegal surveillance of private citizens’ communications records. While Speaker Nancy Pelosi is smoothing the road for George W. Bush and blocking change for Barack Obama, perhaps she could railroad through legislation guaranteeing that Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, et al. forever be held harmless for their many acts of treason the past eight years.

Telecom companies, after energy, insurance, and finance firms, are about the biggest political spenders on the planet and have gotten what they want from both parties.

Most Americans want the deception and disgraceful demagoguery of the Bush administration gone from the stage, as do the vast majority of human beings from every other nation on earth, yet the democratic congressional leadership keeps propping up Bush and Cheney as they give telecom, Big Oil, defense contractors, and money changers anything and everything they want.

Change is in the air, and I believe change includes dispatching tired, sycophantic politicians who serve themselves and the special interests that lobby and enrich them. My fervent hope is that Barack Obama will sweep this muck up and start rebuilding the Democratic Party the same way Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, and Bill Clinton did in their respective times in history. No more free passes for traitors and criminals.

Stu Smith
San Francisco

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EDITOR’S NOTES

(continued)

city, something even the Chronicle now puts on page 1). A green energy and public power measure (which would shift energy policy toward renewables and bring in millions of dollars). Two new revenue measures that tax the wealthy. Six seats on the Board of Supervisors, including three swing districts that will determine whether the progressive majority that has controlled the board since 2000 will remain intact. And all of that will happen in the context of the Obama campaign and a massive statewide mobilization to protect same-sex marriage.

We are a fractious crew, the San Francisco left, but if we can come together this fall, share resources, and run some sort of large coalition campaign for progressive values, this could be an election for the ages.

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The commissioner’s conflicts
Planning Commission member Michael Antonini lands in hot water over ethics rules

By G.W. Schulz
› gwschulz@sfbg.com

Before the June 5 special meeting of the San Francisco Planning Commission got underway, Michael Antonini had an announcement.
Dressed in a charcoal suit and red-checked tie, with his white hair combed back over his skull, the longtime commissioner disclosed that he was a part owner of a condominium in the eastern neighborhoods, where a years-long rezoning effort is nearly complete. That means Antonini is among the people who could benefit from increased land values due to zoning upgrades.

As a result, Antonini begrudgingly declared that he would have to recuse himself from hearings involving the eastern neighborhoods until the potential conflict is dealt with.

“Hopefully this can be resolved in the next few weeks and I’ll be able to participate at later hearings,” Antonini said at the meeting.

But it was a bit late to be complying with the state’s conflict-of-interest laws. Antonini had already actively taken part in meetings in which the plan was discussed. And Antonini also neglected to mention that after he and his son purchased the condo, he voted on two other projects that are part of the rezoning effort.

Public records show that Antonini bought the $515,000 condo at 200 Townsend Street in 2003 with his real estate agent son, John. Commissioner Antonini and his wife own a 25 percent stake in the property, he made clear to the commissioners. There’s no rent generated from it. He’s a mere minority holder in a family trust that controls the property through a family trust created in 1997. His son holds the majority interest.

Antonini worked hard to play down his stake in the condo at the June 5 meeting. It’s not an investment property, he made clear to the commissioners. There’s no rent generated from it. He’s a mere minority holder in a family trust that controls the condo, and it was purchased as a residence for his son and his wife.

“Because I did not believe our fractional interest in John’s condo represented a conflict, I did not consider reclusing myself from projects near the condo,” Antonini wrote to the Guardian.

But the laws on this are pretty clear. The state’s Political Reform Act of 1974 prohibits public officials from participating in decisions that will have a “foreseeable material financial effect on one or more of his/her economic interests.” It also states that any “direct or indirect interest” worth more than $2,000 poses a potential conflict.

Planning Commissioner Michael Antonini purchased a condo at 200 Townsend Street with his son in 2003, near two projects that required city approval. । GUARDIAN MAP BY BEN HOPPER

By Janna Brancolini
› alerts@sfbg.com

UNRELEASED DAWKINS INTERVIEWS
Before his widely-read book The God Delusion (Houghton Mifflin, 2006) came out, the BBC spotlighted Richard Dawkins in Roots of Evil (2006). The documentary highlights the dangers of religion in the 21st century and interviews people from around the world. See the full versions of these interviews and some cut interviews at a screening of the DVD.
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www.humanisthall.org

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The Community Alliance with Family Farmers celebrates the release of the second edition of its Bay Fresh Bay Local Food Guide Bay Area (CAF, 2008). Sample local foods and wines, meet area food producers, and join in a panel discussion about benefits of eating local. The evening ends with dessert and a retailer networking opportunity.
4:30 p.m., $30 (free for food-related entrepreneurs)
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Guide by localtoria.org

RADICAL QUEERS DISCUSSION
Join Radical Women for a panel discussion about how the LGBTQ community can fight for true equality rather than acceptance in mainstream politics. “Marriage Is Not Enough: Radical Queers Take Back the Movement.” celebrates legalizing same-sex marriage and brings together a roundtable of activists.
7 p.m., free (6:30 p.m. dinner, $7)
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Elbo Room
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(415) 282-3925, www.e11bo.sf.com
Conflicts cont. 

conflict, for which a 25 percent stake in a half-million-dollar condo would seem to qualify.

RECEIVE ME 
Other public officials in similar situations have recused themselves long before the issue became a potential political liability.

Sup. Bevan Dufty bought into a three-unit residential property on Waller Street with two co-tenants in December 2006. He immediately sought advice from the city attorney, who told him he no longer could vote on the Market-Octavia Plan, a series of land-use changes in Hayes Valley, Duboce Triangle, and elsewhere that was similar in scope to the current rezoning efforts in the eastern neighborhoods. The supervisor also couldn’t vote on a major Laguna Street redevelopment project or on legislation making it easier for seniors to convert rental units to condos.

Antonini told us that “only in the last month” did the city attorney warn some officials involved with plans for the eastern neighborhoods that if they held property in the area, there could be a conflict of interest.

“We’ve been working on [the eastern neighborhoods] for the whole six years I’ve been on the planning commission,” he said at the meeting. “It’s a little troubling that this issue of conflict is raised now rather than at the very beginning.”

The law does make an exception when the economic interests of the “public generally” could also be enhanced by a government decision such as those that have an impact on a large section of the city like the eastern neighborhoods. But the city attorney’s office concluded for now that the condo indeed may pose a conflict. And in the meantime, Antonini told us that the Fair Political Practices Commission in Sacramento, which helps enforce the state’s Political Reform Act, is being consulted to determine “whether our fractional interest in the condo truly represents a conflict of interest.”

The eastern neighborhoods planning process isn’t the only legislation that created a potential conflict for Antonini. The commissioner voted in January 2007 to approve construction of 26 new single-room occupancy units at 25 Lusk Alley, not far from his property at 200 Townsend. The project’s sponsor, Michael Yarne, is a land-use attorney who today works for the mayor’s economic development office. The project was approved, according to meeting minutes.

The project itself relied on a contentious legal loophole in which developers claim their units are “single-room occupancy,” a necessity because the area permits residential efficiency hotels where the poor and working-class used to live. Allowing such SRO hotels in areas zoned for light industrial uses enabled the city to preserve some forms of affordable housing. But builders and lease can turn around and lease the opulently large units such as the ones at 25 Lusk, which bear little resemblance to genuine

CONTINUES ON PAGE 15.

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First comes love,

Then comes marriage,

Then comes baby in a baby carriage.
The whole notion of reserving SRO rooms, to well-heeled clients.

“They are allowed where normal residential units are not allowed, because historically SROs were always extremely affordable housing,” community organizer Calvin Welch said. “The whole notion of market-rate SROs is a new invention, and that’s why they’re controversial. They’re basically the new version of live-work lofts.”

In November 2006, Antonini also voted to approve a liquor license for a new full-service restaurant and wine bar at 216 Townsend, even closer to his son’s condo.

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

State ethics laws say that a public official has a conflict if his or her property comes within 500 feet of a project the official will be scrutinizing and voting on.

Conservatively measuring from the furthest corners of each property, Google Earth puts both the proposed restaurant and SRO within 500 feet.

Bob Stern, president of the Los Angeles–based Center for Governmental Studies and co-author of the state’s Political Reform Act, said a public official could face $5,000 in civil penalties for each conflict-of-interest violation. But it’s not common for the chronically under-resourced FPPC to go after local officials, he said.

Mayoral spokesperson Nathan Ballard wrote in an e-mail that “we take any allegations of conflicts of interest seriously” but added there is a disagreement over whether the “public generally” exception applied to the eastern neighborhoods and that the City Attorney’s Office was seeking additional input from the FPPC.

As for the two projects he voted on near the condo, Antonini apparently told the mayor’s office he had looked into whether 25 Lusk fell inside 500 feet. “Based on his understanding at the time,” Ballard wrote, “they didn’t.”

That’s a stretch, at best. The projects are in the same block. We walked them off and found that Antonini would have to be splitting hairs to argue that they are outside the boundary — and even in that case, it would be only by a few feet. The rusty red paint job, black trim, and stylish, outsize windows of 200 Townsend are easily viewable from the backside of 25 Lusk.

“If there is a legitimate argument that they did fall within the 500-foot radius, this should be clarified,” Ballard stated. “However, given the relative insignificance of the two projects cited in your e-mail and Antonini’s long-standing reputation as an ethical and hard-working commissioner, we don’t have any reason to believe that he would have knowingly and/or willingly violated the state’s Fair Political Practices Act.”

But the Lusk Street project was by no means insignificant. “They are highly regulated,” Welch said of SROs. “You cannot convert them to tourist hotels without going through a very long and cumbersome process. They are valued for affordable housing so highly that the city regulates their conversion to tourist uses.” So instead, the “corporate suites,” as Welch calls them, masquerade as SROs. The project was approved in the end, but two commissioners — Christina Olague and Sugaya Hisashi — voted against it.

Antonini told us that he believes 25 Lusk is more than 500 feet away, and as for the restaurant, planning staff recommended approval.

The commissioner told us, “I was the one who brought public attention to the issue of my possible conflict. I believe it is a small issue when compared to my body of work on behalf of San Francisco over the last six years.”

The June 5 meeting where Antonini made the disclosure about his son’s condo was part of a long and detailed process that will determine the fate of vast sections of Potrero Hill, SoMa, the Mission District, and Dogpatch. The official planning process for the targeted 2,200-acre area began back in 2001, and the commissioners could approve new zoning plans next month before sending the proposal to the Board of Supervisors.

For much of San Francisco’s history, the city sections poised for rezoning have been home to light industry and blue-collar jobs. But housing has encroached over the last 15 years, and the planning commission is prepared to allow between 8,000 and 10,000 new units over the next 20 years. That will almost certainly increase the value of land in the area.

Residential developers built thousands of pricey condos in the SoMa District during the 1990s, exploiting another divisive zoning loophole that created waves of animosity across the city and aided in a takeover of the Board of Supervisors by a progressive bloc of candidates.

Live/work lofts, as developers called them, were built in areas zoned for light industrial commercial purposes. Wealthy buyers would ostensibly operate businesses out of their homes or live in them as working artists as the zoning required, but few have complied with the letter or — having found ways to narrowly abide by it — the spirit of the law.

“The city turned its head,” housing attorney Sue Hestor said. “We have 3,000 units that are supposed to be occupied by artists and probably 90 percent of them are not occupied by artists at all. It’s blatantly illegal.”

Antonini has managed to maintain friendships with local moderate Democrats over the years despite being an elected member of San Francisco’s Republican Party County Central Committee. Willie Brown first appointed him to the powerful planning commission in 2002, and he’s been a reliable vote for developers and other large business interests. Mayor Gavin Newsom reappointed him in 2004 and earlier this year tried to engineer Antonini’s election as president of the commission.

On June 3rd, The San Francisco community voted to support our children, teachers, and schools.

THANK YOU

For voting YES on Prop A and ensuring quality teaching and learning for the 56,000 children and young people who attend the city’s public schools.

Yes on A Campaign ♥ San Francisco School Alliance

www.sfschoolalliance.org
Looking ahead with a cute behind

Our annual Queer Issue has it both ways

By Marke B.
marke@sfbg.com

THE QUEER ISSUE Oh, hai, happy Pride! Time again to lean back languidly and reflect — not just in your makeup mirror lined with curlicue lavender CFLs, but on where we are as a community. As usual, we straddle an odd queer moment. Yes, legalized same-sex marriage, California-style, is all the rage. Even my radical queer eye teared up when happily hulled and chained couples streamed out of City Hall June 17. And you can bet I’ll be on the front lines fighting that awful November ballot initiative, defining marriage as exclusively between one tree and one Mormon.

Yes, they’re gay brothers, which is like, totally hot. But even if they weren’t related, their individual artistic creations would have us on the hook. Heads of HomoChic (www.homochic.com), the new gay mafia collective that combines gallery shows, fashion design, and nightlife craziness into mind bogging events, they’re inspiring the latest generation to revel in its scandalous past. Leo’s photography mixes porn with historical reference to dizzying, stimulating effect. Allan’s costuming and styling brings bathhouse and backroom gay culture to light. Currently the Chihuahua, Mexico-born siblings have pieces in the queer Latino “Maria” show at Galería De La Raza. Leo features pants-raising boy-pics and a video installation centered on Harvey Milk. Allan, whose Money Shots underwear line graces many an alter-naqueer’s backside, displays a chandelier made of 2,000 pink condoms.

ALLAN AND LEO HERRERA

Who’s the superbusy M-to-F artist and activist stirring up trouble with the mighty force of a Dirt Devil — the one they call Annie Danger? She’s sketched flora and fauna for environmental manifesto Dam Nation (Soft Skull Press, 2007), appeared as a blackjack-playing nymph in a shit-stirring Greywater Guerrillas performance, dressed like a wizard at a recent Gender Pirates party, and just played Pony Boy in a queer-ed-up “Outsiders.” Right now at Femina Potens gallery (www.feminapotens.org), you can see her as Sister Wendy, the wimpled PBS art nun, in her video for “Untold Stories: Visual and Performatifc Expressions of Transwomen.” In a rare occurrence, you can meet Annie Danger as herself at the National Queer Arts Festival’s edgy “Transforming Community” spoken word event. Who she’ll be when she MCs Friday’s thrilling Trans March (www.transmarch.org) is anyone’s delightful guess.

ANNIE DANGER

I worry not just for fashion, but for the future of television,” this multi-talented fashion designer, stylist, hair and makeup artist, model, and Oakland native told us with a laugh backstage at the Vans Warped Tour, where he was frantically preparing bands for the stage. “There’s a cheesy aspect creeping in right now because of fashion reality TV that scares me. It looks too easy, and creates too many followers. Wise people want one-of-a-kind, personalized looks. That’s why I love San Francisco, he adds. “It’s small but big — global even — and it likes to take risks.” Dexter’s company, FLOC (www.teamflocouture), formed with his best amigo Lauren Rassel, has been taking local runways and nightclubs by fierce, feathery storm since it was formed two years ago, and local rockers like Von Iva and Svelt parrot named The National Anthem of the Sister Spit all-girl spoken word road show, and a fashion designer with her very own eponymous line of eminently wearables — there are just so many ways to love her. This week she’ll find time to spin at upteen Pride parties, as well as at her very own special Pride edition of Hot Pants. “I’m also a twin, a Gemini, and a cookie monster,” Chelsea tells us with a wink.

Dexter Simmons

Some queers want to get married (see “Tie the gay knot,” page 21), some don’t (“Down with legitimacy,” page 5). Others, like me, are simply hiding from their boyfriends. It’s yet another great diversity among us. The overall feeling at City Hall, though, besides sheer jubilation, was one of relief more than revolution. Four years ago, during the Winter of Love, rebellion — even talk of secession — crackled in the city’s air. But that scary “M” word, marriage, won the way of The L Word long ago into mainstream territory. Wedding rings were the new septonums; now they’re just the new freedom rings. “What’s the big deal?” is the whole point.

The weird thing is that right as we’re being carried over the threshold of legal normalization, our outlaw history is roaring back in a big way. Eight years ago, a DJ named Bus Station John set out to highlight gay men’s bathhouse and...
hi-NRG disco heritage by playing records he’d amassed from people who’d passed on from AIDS. This was a revelation to the new queer generation, raised with effective HIV meds but led to believe that gay musical history started with Madonna. It was a return of the repressed — an inspiring, AIDS-obscured swath of yesteryear suddenly came to light.

Now you can’t go anywhere without seeing mustaches, aviator glasses, and hipster variations of the clone look. The filming of Gus Van Sant’s Harvey Milk biopic Mûle this winter costumed the city in pristine White Riot chic. Wonder of wonders, we even have a brand new SoMa leather bar, Chaps II, named after Miracle Mile’s infamous ’80s watering hole, Chaps — joining the great new retro Truck bar, expanded Hole in the Wall Saloon, Eagle Tavern, and Powerhouse (see “Potty Portal,” page 18). Take that, Internet! Queercore homeboy innovators Pansy Division (“Queercore, many mornings after,” page 34) get canonized with a doc at this year’s Frameline Film Fest. Most intel queer I know are gobbling up Terence Kissack’s recent tome, Free Comrades: Anarchism and Homosexuality in the United States, 1895–1917 from Oakland’s AK Press.

But the past isn’t just for gay men. The Fresh Meat festival has been breaking transgender performance ground since the millennium began (“Rare, medium, well-done,” page 52). Nineties riot girls are making strong artistic marks (“Heart shaped box,” page 49), and I can’t step into a dyke bar lately without being immediately corralled into a Journey sing-along by Runaways look-alikes. The turbo-awesome current exhibition at the GLBT Historical Society (www.glbthistory.org), “Dukeys on Bikes: 30 Years at the Forefront,” reminds us not only that books are still illegal, but that rad women of all shapes and colors have led us from Gay Freedom Day to this week’s Pride. And it’s no surprise that the original Daughters of Bilitis, Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, were the first couple to get legally married here, 53 years after starting the first official, highly persecuted, lesbian organization.

As we move into our seemingly inexorable future of mainstream acceptance, however tenuously, it’s nice to know that the heroes of our struggle, people who did things differently, are still fresh in our minds. This year the Guardian’s Queer Issue pays tribute to the LGBT underground past and present, and raises a toast to our deliciously scandalous future.

THEHOTPINKLIST2008:QUEERSWELOVE

by Deborah Giattina, Johnny Ray Huston, and Marke B.

MONISTAT
She’s everywhere, lately, this feisty mistress of the night. Trash drag fanatics, glamorous electro freaks, after-hours hipster hot tub revelers — she’s a muse to many, with a sharp tongue and handmade Technicolor outfit for all. Plus, just in general, hot Asian tranny fierceness. “I’m thoroughly inspired by the pigeons in the Civic Center,” she tells us. “Also, parties full of beautiful people worshipping me.” She’ll be hosting the Asian and Pacific Islander stage at this year’s Pride festivities. But first this plus-size supermodel, trainwrecking DJ, oft-blacklisted performer, and dangerous skateboarder will be throwing a slaezoid party called Body Rock on gay-historic Technicolor out fit for all. Plus, just in general, hot Asian tranny fierceness. “I’m thoroughly inspired by the pigeons in the Civic Center,” she tells us. “Also, parties full of beautiful people worshipping me.” She’ll be hosting the Asian and Pacific Islander stage at this year’s Pride festivities. But first this plus-size supermodel, trainwrecking DJ, oft-blacklisted performer, and dangerous skateboarder will be throwing a slaezoid party called Body Rock on gay-historic Technicolor outfit for all. Plus, just in general, hot Asian tranny fierceness. “I’m thoroughly inspired by the pigeons in the Civic Center,” she tells us. “Also, parties full of beautiful people worshipping me.” She’ll be hosting the Asian and Pacific Islander stage at this year’s Pride festivities. But first this plus-size supermodel, trainwrecking DJ, oft-blacklisted performer, and dangerous skateboarder will be throwing a slaezoid party called Body Rock on gay-historic Technicolor outfit for all. Plus, just in general, hot Asian tranny fierceness. “I’m thoroughly inspired by the pigeons in the Civic Center,” she tells us. “Also, parties full of beautiful people worshipping me.” She’ll be hosting the Asian and Pacific Islander stage at this year’s Pride festivities. But first this plus-size supermodel, trainwrecking DJ, oft-blacklisted performer, and dangerous skateboarder will be throwing a slaezoid party called Body Rock on gay-historic Technicolor outfit for all. Plus, just in general, hot Asian tranny fierceness. “I’m thoroughly inspired by the pigeons in the Civic Center,” she tells us. “Also, parties full of beautiful people worshipping me.” She’ll be hosting the Asian and Pacific Islander stage at this year’s Pride festivities. But first this plus-size supermodel, trainwrecking DJ, oft-blacklisted performer, and dangerous skateboarder will be throwing a slaezoid party called Body Rock on gay-historic Technicolor outfit for all. Plus, just in general, hot Asian tranny fierceness. “I’m thoroughly inspired by the pigeons in the Civic Center,” she tells us. “Also, parties full of beautiful people worshipping me.” She’ll be hosting the Asian and Pacific Islander stage at this year’s Pride festivities. But first this plus-size supermodel, trainwrecking DJ, oft-blacklisted performer, and dangerous skateboarder will be throwing a slaezoid party called Body Rock on gay-historic Technicolor outfit for all. Plus, just in general, hot Asian tranny fierceness. “I’m thoroughly inspired by the pigeons in the Civic Center,” she tells us. “Also, parties full of beautiful people worshipping me.” She’ll be hosting the Asian and Pacific Islander stage at this year’s Pride festivities. But first this plus-size supermodel, trainwrecking DJ, oft-blacklisted performer, and dangerous skateboarder will be throwing a slaezoid party called Body Rock on gay-historic
Glamazonia The Uncanny Supertranny in: "Potty Portal!"

by Justin Hall

What are you doing here?

WELL, LEATHER, LADY. BLINING, WE CAN'T BE FIGHTING ALL THE TIME. NEXT-CENTURY PASSENGER.

Sometimes a girl just needs a drink.

Yeah, it's great there are finally new places opening up, but girl, it's still not live in the '90s.

Folks used to call Miracle Mile, and it was 100% bars, clubs, and bath houses. It was a gay sex paradise.

 Bedsides, I wanted to check out the new bars south of Market.

YOU REMEMBER THE '70s? Uh, then don't you think you're a little old to be called "lad"?

Hey, this is a strange bathroom. For a leather bar...

Where are the trouble locals full of reclaiming trans queers?

Ah well... At least a lady can have her privacy.

AAAAA MY COCKTAIL!

HA! GOT IT!

AAAA!

AND YOUR ASSHOLE?

THE UNCANNY SUPERTRANANNY NEVER Loses a drink!

On going after it...

Wait a sec... I'm popping out of a closet.

There hasn't been one of those in a bar south of Market in years...

Ramrod

Sweet Jesus on a stick! All these sexy men, all the trash, feathered hair... This must be a miracle! I'm in the 70s!

I've got to get on the internet so I can hook up with one of these studs!

What? No reception. But...

How can I meet a guy without logging on to Transhunt.net? Mother Mary's panties?

I've got to get back to the future!
SNAP ON SMILE!
Call our office for details on how to perfect your smile!
No cementation • No drilling
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ACCREDITED BY THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES
Charo gives a pluck

The flamenco maverick and Pride celebrity grand marshal spills the cuchi by Matt Sussman

The Queer Issue: My first exposure to Charo was in a high school-era Christmas gift from my parents, The Encyclopedia of Bad Taste. There she was: strawberry blonde Peabody hair framing a face that defined pert, a guitar poised scepter-like, and an impressive décolleté shrink-wrapped in enough sequins to cover all of Carnaval.

I think Charo would laugh at being included in such a Who’s Who, which also included Liberace and Chesty Morgan. The singing, dancing, and “cuchi-cuchi!” spouting Castillian sex kitten that prattled with the best of 1970s television, the Vegas institution who wound up in that sub-A list purgatory The Surreal Life, is the Charo America knows and loves. But according to this 40-year show biz veteran, the other Charo — a classically trained musician with serious Spanish guitar chops — is just getting warmed up. A Pride celebrity grand marshal, she’ll be performing on the main stage Sunday, June 29 at 12:40 p.m. after riding on a parade float full of Charo look-alike drag queens, followed by a show at the Herbst Theatre.

San Francisco Bay Guardian: How does it feel to be coming back to San Francisco after three years?
Charo: I call it Planet San Francisco because it’s different from everything else in this country. And I am honored and very glad [to be a Pride grand marshal], due to the fact that all my life I have detested oppression, dictatorship, and discrimination. ‘Cuz, you know, my early learning years were under the fear and dictatorship of [Gen. Francisco] Franco. I was surprised when I came to America that people used such titles as black, fag, skinny, Catholic, yellow. None of this exist in my education.

[Being a grand marshal] is also perfect timing because I am introducing my new single, “España Cani,” as remixed for the dance hit. It’s just so funny because here’s Madonna trying to play guitar on tour and she’s pretty terrible, but right out of the gate you were a classically trained guitarist who could also write hit dance singles.

San Francisco Bay Guardian: What can we expect from your new show at the Herbst?
Charo: The show is faaabulous. I am going to play as much [guitar] as the audience can take of the new me. I will do it until they ask me to stop. I am a musician in high heels, in case I have to run and the fire department guys can’t find me. I am 5 feet 3 inches, and I wear heels all the time. The bottom line is that I am a musician. I am an entertainer number second.

San Francisco Bay Guardian: Are they going to be the same drag queens you judged at the Transyback Charo night back in 2005?
Charo: That was a hot-hot-hot evening! But I think this time they will be different. I think that one is better-looking than I am, and I am pissed off because that means I have to put a lot of push-up to have bigger tits. And he’s a 30-year-old boy!

San Francisco Bay Guardian: Your publicist told me that you lost a Charo look-alike contest in Puerto Rico.
Charo: That was the lowest point in my career [laughs]. I made a big mistake since I dressed like a look-alike. I had a big, big wig instead of my natural hairdo, and instead of dancing like me I tried to copy them. The idiot judge said, “Number 3 — which was me — needs more practice!”

San Francisco Bay Guardian: On a few of the episodes of The Love Boat your character April Lopez plays guitar for the passengers, no?
Charo: I went to producer Mr. [Aaron] Spelling and said, “OK, in this episode can I play a little of the guitar?” And he said, “OK, but don’t be too good. Don’t destroy the character of April, because April is a wetback and she’s not supposed to know so much music.”

San Francisco Bay Guardian: It’s just so funny because here’s Madonna trying to play guitar on tour and she’s pretty terrible, but right out of the gate you were a classically trained guitarist who could also write hit dance singles.
Charo: [Laughs]. Yes, Madonna used to be my neighbor. But then she moved to England. I would be very happy — and this is not bragging, because I like Madonna — to say to her how to play the guitar. I think I could help her with “La Isla Bonita.”

The Return of Charo and Her Las Vegas Show
Sun/29, 8 p.m., $40-$100
Herbst Theatre
153 Kearny, SF
(415) 392-4400
www.koshercomedy.com/charo
Tie the same-sex knot

Get married already, why don’t you? A guide to quickie queer nuptials

By Maria Dinzeo

THE QUEER ISSUE For opposite-sex couples, getting married never had to be difficult; it was as simple as a jaunt to City Hall for a marriage license or a flight to Las Vegas for a midnight ceremony.

As of June 17, San Francisco became a worthy competitor for same-sex couples. Since the California Supreme Court ruling legalized same-sex marriages that day, choices for weddings have begun to expand.

Indeed, if you’re in town for Pride Weekend and you feel the urge, the decision to marry may not call for any planning at all. For a spontaneous ceremony, head to the Heart of the Castro Wedding Chapel (4052 18th St., SF; 415-626-7743, www.heartofthecastro.com).

Designed to offer the convenience and accessibility of a Las Vegas–style wedding chapel, the Heart of the Castro was founded by the Rev. Victor Andersen after he learned of the Supreme Court’s ruling. “Las Vegas was the original inspiration for the chapel, but we’re definitely trying to make it classy and more San Francisco,” Andersen said. “But we adopted the convenience aspect of Vegas, and we’re trying to keep it affordable for people who just want a sweet and simple wedding.”

The Heart of the Castro already has booked several couples for ceremonies, and Andersen projects that plenty more will arrive during Pride Week, when the chapel will serve couples on a walk-in basis.

“We have a notary on hand for couples who can’t get an appointment at City Hall,” Andersen said. At the Heart of the Castro, the ceremony can take place as soon as the license is issued in as little as 30 minutes. The chapel has two rooms connected by double-doors and can comfortably seat 30 to 40 guests.

Andersen says the two rooms will enable simultaneous ceremonies during Pride Week.

Future wedding ceremonies can be as extravagant as couples wish, including costume and theme weddings, and ceremonies in Spanish. “In the future, we will work with couples to plan more elaborate ceremonies,” Andersen said. “We encourage couples to take their weddings to a more playful place.”

If couples want to take a short drive south, Kate Talbot of California Marriages in San Mateo (www.californiamarriages.com, 650-571-5555) can perform the ceremony and issue a marriage license. No witnesses are required, but couples can bring guests. Talbot, a licensed notary, has been performing weddings for 10 years, and is excited that she is now able to provide same-sex couples with her services.

“I take great pride in making each ceremony really special,” said Talbot, who offers a variety of poems and blessings to be read at the couple’s request. “I can reduce everyone to tears if they want, or I can make the ceremony all bang-bang in one stop,” she said.

While small ceremonies can be held in her San Mateo home, many couples choose the public Japanese Friendship Garden across the street. For an additional $25, Talbot will go anywhere the couple chooses. “People can come anytime,” said Talbot, who can carry out a couple’s nuptials as little as an hour’s notice. “I can issue the license and perform the ceremony the same day.”

Although Marcinho Savant recommends that couples “seriously consider planning” their weddings instead of marrying impulsively, a couple can still show up at City Hall for quickie marriage.

Savant is the senior events coordinator for www.savvypanners.com, a wedding-planning service that caters to same-sex couples. “In theory, couples can get married instantly,” he said. “But in practice, that depends on the number of people who have the same idea at the same time.

“The challenge is that there are so many couples trying to do this,” Savant said, recalling the enormous crowd at City Hall in 2004 when Mayor Gavin Newsom first legalized same-sex marriage in San Francisco. “It’s completely dependent on the crowd that has amassed.”

Theoretically, a ceremony can be scheduled at City Hall 30 minutes after the license is issued, provid-
Go-go cub Justin (left) and hella cub Heklina (inset) get cheeky at Sunday’s Big Top party, right after Juanita More! (right) hosts her annual post-Pride poolside affair. Photo collage: Justin by Molly Decoudeux, Heklina by Austin Young, Juanita More! Illustration by www.arieldraws.com

THE QUEER ISSUE

Planet Unicorn

Touch your magical horn to these cosmic pride events

BY IAN FERGUSON, MARIE B., AND DUNCAN SCOTT DAVIDSON

> culture@sfbg.com

Ongoing

Frame Film Festival Various locations; see web site for dates and times, www.framefilm.org. The humongous citywide queer flick fest is still in progress, but in past years the site has been a sanctuary and hangout for trans, gender-queer, and travesty folk. See the listings for some notable events. The festival is a fundraiser for www.arieldraws.com.

Performance and Events

San Francisco Civic Center, Carlton
22 Larkin, SF; (415) 864-1278. 7pm, $7 donation. Meet-and-greet with the actors. Mention “Out with ACT” of queer revelations continues.

San Francisco Trans March
Dolores Park, Dolores
24th St., SF; (415) 581-1600. www.queerballroom.org. Same-Sex Salsa and Latin Ballroom Dance Contest that’ll shine your spurs and get you swin’.

San Francisco Dyke March Dolores Park, Dolores and 18th Sts, (415) 441-5794, www.sanfrantrans.org. 3pm, stage 7pm, march 7pm; free. Join the trans community of San Francisco and beyond for a day of live performances, speeches, and not-so-military-marching.

SUNDAY 29

Big Top The Transfer, 198 Church, SF; (415) 863-7649, www.myspace.com/holohula. A circus-themed hot mess, with DJs Ladymat, Saratonin, and Chelsea Starr, plus Heklina’s “best butch munch” contest. Will she find the third ring? Dykes on Bikes Afterparty Lexicon Club, 3464 19th St, SF; (415) 896-8292. 1pm, free. How do they find the time to ride with all these parties on the same day? Juanita More! Gay Pride ’08 Bambuddha Lounge, 601 Eddy, SF; (415) 864-9793, www.javantourage.com. 3pm, free. A celebration of the Harvey Milk City Hall Memorial, with DJs Robot Hustle and James Glass, and performances by fancy-pants Harlem Shake Burlesque and the Diamond Diggers. Fill it up, baby! StarCity Harry Denton’s, 434 Polk, SF; (415) 395-8995, www.harrydentons.com. 6pm–midnight, $7 high stop the SF Francis Drake Hotel, with DJs from all over the country. Jt. Heklina’s patented brand of diverse and soulful street dancing.

Sundance Saloon Country Pride Hotel Whittomb, 1231 Market, SF; (415) 777-0393, www.franknix.com. 8pm–midnight, $25 & $40. The men’s men of San Francisco’s Mr. Leather Committee want you to join them. Join the fun! San Francisco Trans March
Twin Peaks Vista, Twin Peaks Blvd parking area, SF; (415) 247-1100, ext 128, 9pm–1am. The world’s only annual parade following a pre-parade AIDS Memorial Candlelight Walk. This year’s march is dedicated to the legacy of Sister Roma. Bring a hammer and your work boots and help set it off and make history.

Bee: We Exist and We Thirst Porn Park Café, 3226 18th St, SF; (415) 626-5925, www.myspace.com/beeexistwethirst. $5. A “beer and books” open mic for writers and drinkers. Also includes DJs Mamsel, Joe, and Montana. Bee: No Pride No Shame
Vertigo, 1160 Polk, SF; (415) 674-1407. $8, doormen at 9pm. DJ Khruda, heklin by austin young; Juanita More! illustration by www.arieldraws.com.

Tuesdays

“Out with ACT” American Conservatory Theatre, 415 Geary, SF; (415) 749-2228, www.act.sf.org. 8pm, $17.50-$75. ACT presents this series for the second year, featuring theatrical readings and panel discussions on queer topics.

WEDNESDAY 25

Hollerair Happy Hour: “Pullin’ Porn for Pride” Piller Inn, 225 Church, SF; (415) 621-7058, 6pm–midnight. Hosted by Rachel Bailey.

“Out with ACT” of queer revelations continues. The afterparty serves up drag naughty from Holy McGrail, Cassada Ciss, and more. Uniform and Leather Ball Hotel Whittomb, 1231 Market, SF; (415) 777-0393, www.franknix.com. 8pm–midnight, $25 & $40. The men’s men of San Francisco’s Mr. Leather Committee want you to show up to dress to the nines for this huge gathering, featuring men, music, and more shiny boots that you can kick on a dance floor!

SATURDAY 28

Bearcrua Pride deco, 510 Larkin, SF; (415) 346-2025, www.bearcrua.com/pride. 9pm–3am, $9 before 10pm, $10 after. Hot hairy homos generate serious body static on the dance floor at this big bear get-down.

Boutie Presents The Monster Show DNA Lounge, 375 1st St, SF; (415) 626-1409, www.bouti.com. The city’s giant mashup club hosts a drag queen bootleg mix extravaganza, as Cookie Dough and her wild Monster Show crash the Boutie stage.

Colossus 1015 Folsom, SF; (415) 431-1200, www.guyspressents.com. 10pm-8am, $40. The beats of mainstream club favorite DJ Manny Lehmohn throb through the longest and loudest... uh... dance party of Pride week.

Deaf Lesbian Filmalot Dyke Ball San Francisco LGBTQ Center, Rainbow Room, 1800 Market, SF; (415) 965-6555, www.dls.org. 8pm, 440. Feel the music, close your eyes, and dance to the rhythm of your smoker’s partner at the Deaf Lesbian Filmalot first ever Dyke Ball.

Devotion Endul, 401 Sixth St, SF; (415) 397-0827, www.devotionendul.com. 10pm-5am. This year’s regimented dance party is back with “A Classic Pride.” Djs Ruben Mancena and Pete Avila spin all-class soulful and stirring house tunes for a sweaty entryway into your weekend.

DYKES ON BIKES...Oddball haunts and warm-up houses that ignite the queer revelry before the parade.

THE QUEER ISSUE

Planet Unicorn

Touch your magical horn to these cosmic pride events

By Ian Ferguson, Marie B., and Duncan Scott Davidson

> culture@sfbg.com

Ongoing

Frame Film Festival Various locations; see web site for dates and times, www.framefilm.org. The humongous citywide queer flick fest is still in progress, but in past years the site has been a sanctuary and hangout for trans, gender-queer, and travesty folk. See the listings for some notable events. The festival is a fundraiser for www.arieldraws.com.

Performance and Events

San Francisco Civic Center, Carlton

Pansy Division Eagle Tavern, 398 12th St, SF; (415) 221-9380. 10pm, $5. Homeo-cosmo band Pansy Division plays a live set with the handsome help of Glen Meadmore and Winsome Griffies following a screening of the film Pansy Division: Life in a Gay Rock Band.

Friday 27

Same-Sex Salsa and Latin Ballroom Dance Festival and Competition Magnet, 4122 18th St, SF; (415) 885-3600, www.queerballroom.com. 7pm-12am, free. With $1000 awarded to the winning couple, this salsa and Latin ballroom dance competition is sure to be a foot-tapping and galloping fun time.

San Francisco Dyke March Dolores Park, Dolores and 18th Sts, (415) 441-5794, www.sanfrantrans.org. 3pm, stage 7pm, march 7pm; free. Join the trans community of San Francisco and beyond for a day of live performances, speeches, and not-so-military-marching.

SUNDAY 29

LGBT Pride Celebration Civic Center, Canton B, Goodlette Place and McAllister, SF; (415) 864-9734, www.sfrpde.org. Noon, free. The celebration hits full stride, with musical performances and more.

LGBT Pride Parade Market at Davis to Market and Eighth Sts, SF; (415) 864-9734, www.sfpride.org. Noon, free. With 200-plus dykes on bikes in the lead, this 38th annual parade, with an expected draw of 300,000, is the highlight of the Pride Weekend in the city that defines LGBT culture.

True Colors Greek Theatre, UC Berkeley

CLUBS AND PARTIES

WEDNESDAY 25

Hollerair Happy Hour: “Pullin’ Porn for Pride” Piller Inn, 225 Church, SF; (415) 621-7058, 6pm–midnight. Hosted by Rachel Bailey.
SEE THE HOW NIGHT PLAYS OUT

Responsibility Matters
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Bud Light

Keeps it Coming
Free solar power?

By Sarah Phelan
> sarah@sfbg.com

GREEN CITY San Francisco’s new solar incentive program just might make the conversion to green power almost free to city residents when combined with other state and federal programs, some of which expire at the end of this year.

This is an unlikely city for such a dynamic, as we reported a couple months ago (see “Dark days,” 04/16/08), given our small lot sizes, high costs, and the fact that we have about twice as many renters as homeowners. The solar program also hit some political snags.

Promoted since December 2007 by Mayor Gavin Newsom and Assessor/Recorder Phil Ting, the Solar Energy Incentive program has been struggling to get Board of Supervisors approval since January when Sups. Chris Daly, Jake McGoldrick, Ross Mirkarimi, and Aaron Peskin objected to the use of public money to fund the program, which would subsidize solar installations on private homes and businesses.

These San Francisco Public Utilities Commission funds were intended to expand publicly owned power projects such as solar panel installation on city property. But as the SFPUC’s Barbara Hale explained to the Guardian, new laws prevent cities from qualifying for state rebates if they convert municipally owned buildings to solar, making those conversions a comparatively losing financial equation.

So on June 10, the board approved Newsom’s program in an 8-3 vote, with Mirkarimi lending his support after he secured funding for a complementary $1.5 million, one-year solar pilot program targeted at nonprofits and low-income families. The San Francisco Solar Energy Incentive program will provide $3 million in solar rebates annually for 10 years.

As Mirkarimi aide Rick Galbreath told the Guardian, “Nonprofits can’t always move as fast as the private sector, and solar advocates, who have been pushing other programs since December, have already got things in the pipeline.”

Some of those other programs combine with the new city one in interesting ways. “What if solar were free? Then everyone would install it, right?” was the question posed by Tom Price, whom we profiled in January (see “Solar man,” 01/02/08) for founding Black Rock Solar, which does large public interest solar projects using volunteer labor.

Now Price thinks the free solar power that he’s been able to leverage for schools and hospitals just might be available to the average San Franciscoan. “This program inadvertently could make solar in San Francisco the cheapest it’s ever been,” Price told us. “At least for a short window of time.”

Under the city’s program, solar rebates begin at $3,000 for homeowners — and rise in $1,000 increments to a maximum of $6,000 if residents use local installers, hire city-trained workers, and live in city-designated environmental justice districts. For private businesses, the rebate cap is set at $10,000. But that amount can rise if combined with the state and federal incentives that expire at the end of the year.

“I’m one of three tenants. Each of us has an electrical meter, each of us is eligible for a $5,000 rebate under the city’s program,” said Price, who rents on Potrero Hill and hopes to pull off an almost no-cost conversion with his landlord.

Price estimates the solar conversation will cost about $15,000 per tenant. So, if two conversions are done (there’s only space for two conversions on most of the city’s Edwardian and Victorian homes), Price’s landlord can subtract two $5,000 cash rebates, plus the Pacific Gas and Electric Co.–administered California solar incentive, plus a $2,000 federal tax credit.

Price said landlords can also take advantage of a 30 percent investment tax credit on top of a 60 percent tax deduction that Dave Llorens of Next Energy found buried deep within the economic stimulus package signed by President George W. Bush earlier this year. Landlords can then arrange to sell cheap, renewable power to their tenants.

“What if I sign an agreement with my landlord to pay $50 per month for the right to have access to his solar system?” Price said. “So now the money that would have been going to PG&E goes to the landlord.”

And it’s clean, free power, rather than PG&E’s expensive power generated largely from nuclear and fossil fuel sources.

“This makes San Francisco the first place a tenant and a landlord can really work together to make solar power affordable,” Price said. “And that in turn will help drive adoption of renewable energy.”
The new privacy

By Annalee Newitz  
> annalee@techsploitation.com

TCHSPLAIOTATION It’s shocking, how quickly we’ve all gotten used to the idea that the government can and will listen in on everything we say on our telephones, as well as everything we do on the Internet. Case in point: the FISA Amendments Act passed in the House last week, and is predicted to pass the Senate this week. This is a bill that grants telecoms retroactive immunity for illegally giving the National Security Agency access to the phone calls and Internet activities of millions of US citizens.

What this bill ultimately does, aside from not holding companies accountable to the Constitution, is open the door for future mass infractions.

We’re looking down a fiber-optic cable that leads to a future where US spies can snarf up everybody’s data without warrants, combining it for potential suspects in an ongoing digital witch hunt for terrorists or other “bad guys.” I’m not saying anything new here. This is just a quick recap of every progressive futurist’s nightmare: it’s an Orwellian world where nothing you do goes unseen.

And in most cases, people will rely on crowds to hide them, hoping they will be drowned out by multitudes, but anyone who is determined to spy on my most private life will probably be able to do so—without a warrant.

So what do we do? Develop new standards of propriety, becoming as formal and controlled behind closed doors as we are in public? I think that will have happen in some cases. And in most cases, people will rely on crowds to hide them, hoping they never fall under sustained scrutiny.

The more noise all of us make, the more we can help to hide the innocent. There will be a kind of privacy in the crowd.

But there will also be a private class of people who never have to rely on crowds. To return to my earlier point, I don’t buy for a minute the idea that at some point everyone—including the rich and politically connected—will be subjected to the same scrutiny as those people whose phone records were illegally handed over to the NSA by AT&T. The powerful will continue to have old-fashioned privacy, while the rest of us must get used to living without it.

Well, it sucks to admit, but I’ve never publicly expressed my love for running because runners are fucking dorks. Have you seen their shoes?! Before the Nike Free-Everyday was released, the only running shoes you could get—good ones. I’m talking about—looked like they’d been designed by colorblind robots from the planet Zorton.

—From “Semi-conscious consumerism: Nike + American Apparel + what, exactly?” by Justin Juul in the Pixel Vision blog

Second looks

Buy, sell & trade: Diesel / Banana Republic / A/X / Chloe / Gap
Marc Jacobs / Prada / L.A.M.B. / Lacoste / Anthony Vaccarello / 032c
Coach / Free People / Vans / Betsey Johnson / Bobbi Brown / Trovata
American Apparel / YSL / Burberry / Tory Burch / Ben Sherman

Gas and insurance included.

Free-Everyday was released, the only running shoes you could get—good ones, I’m talking about—looked like they’d been designed by colorblind robots from the planet Zorton.

—From “Semi-conscious consumerism: Nike + American Apparel + what, exactly?” by Justin Juul in the Pixel Vision blog

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O BOYD
By Johnny Ray Huston
johnny@sfbg.com

The cover of Parc Avenue (Secret City, 2008), Plants and Animals’ first full-length disc, looks like a freeze-frame from a celluloid acid trip. Nearly two dozen people stand in the woods Mid-Moon Dance, as if they fell down the rabbit hole in 1973 and were only just rediscovered. The picture was probably taken in Mont Royal, the Montreal park where hipsters, families, and Rastafarians congregate every Sunday to join a drum circle, have picnics, play acoustic guitar, and get really high. This Montreal trio would fit in perfectly there. They’re just three dudes who want to play melodic, folkly jams for some friends, with an occasional electronic loop kindly provided by modern technology. (Laura Mojonnier)

O BOYD
By Johnny Ray Huston
johnny@sfbg.com

With Scrabble and Greg Ashley 8 p.m., $10
Rickshaw Stop 155 Fell, SF (415) 861-2011
www.rickshawstop.com

Babylon Falling
Year One Anniversary
Babylon Falling is what an independent bookstore should be. The Nob Hill gem displays a unique mix of vibrant art, provocative literature, and original, revolution-themed memorabilia. A typical visit consists of browsing through pamphlets calling for uprising at one end of the store, and strangely cute collectible vinyl toys on the other. When Babylon Falling is not showcasing books on history, political science, and philosophy, it serves as a gallery where local artists exhibit their work. Many of them contributed to a new Babylon Falling T-shirt line that will be unveiled during the anniversary celebration. The free beer should ensure mingling among artists, avid readers, and anarchists. (Kevin Lee)

With DJ David Choong Lee 7 p.m., free
Babylon Falling 1017 Bush (415) 345-1017
www.babylonfalling.com

MUSIC
Amber Asylum
How might it feel to be entombed, conscious, within the translucent bust brilliance of amber? Peaceful, warm, contemplative, romantic, haunted, fragrantly ancient ... much like the dark lullabies slowly churned in the ambient assault of Amber Asylum. Considering the explosion of local heaviness with which Bay Area metalphiles are blessed, it’s easy to forget that intensity doesn’t necessitate bludgeoning loudness. Amber Asylum proves this gracefully, favoring cello and violin over the ubiquitous guitar, a distinction that likely earned its latest record, Still Point (Profound Lore Records, 2007), a spot in Terrorizer’s Top 40 of 2007. (Kat Renz)

With Trees and Drain the Sky 9:30 p.m., $7
Hemlock Tavern 1331 Polk, SF (415) 923-0923
www.hemlocktavern.com

Q-Baret Spectacular
"Wilkommen transportieren!" The real star of Cabaret was not the gaydar-lacking Sally Bowles, but the decadent gender-bending of Germany’s nightclub culture in the 1930s. Yet when it comes to nouveau burlesque acts — Pussycat Dolls, I’m talking to you — conventionally sexy Maxim girls are the only ones wearing the fishnets. SF Boyesque, an all-male revue, takes it back to an era of sensual performance not constricted — unlike those ladies in corsets — by traditional notions of gender. They perform with San Francisco’s all-queer showgirls, the Twilight Vixen Revue. The Kit Kat Club in SoMa? “Outside it is summer in San Francisco. But in here it’s so hot ... welcome!” (Allene Sankur)

8 p.m., $10–$15
Garage 975 Howard, SF (415) 885-4006
www.975howard.com

FRIDAY
JUNE 27
VISUAL ART
"Auto-De-Fé: New Work by David Grenard Romero" David Grenard Romero gleans atmospheric depth from baroque-era painting, comic book energy from DC superhero iconography, and a sense of gay playfulness from life. (Though admittedly, a baroque figure like Caravaggio knew a thing or two about gay playfulness.) The banner-span splendor of his 2006 painting Metamorphosis — which proves he can be his very own Vivian Girl — is a product of an eye for beauty and a (rare) hand for embellishing it. Now Grenard Romero’s digging deeper, working in collaboration with Zapotec clothiers to create Luchador costumes from his designs. In keeping with the wrestling theme, the works in his new show confront pre-Columbian and colonial influences. (Huston)

Through August 31 7–10 p.m.
Bucheon Gallery 398 Grove, SF (415) 863-2891

MUSIC
Panther
It’s hard to believe Panther is the brainchild of one multi-instrumentalist, Charlie Salas-Humara, and not the work of four or five scrappy indie rockers. The Portland, Ore., act bears none of the signs of an artist unchecked.
no loop-pedal excesses or misguided flute solos — just noisy, frenetic art rock at its finest. The recent addition of drummer Joe Kelly only amplified Panther’s rhythmic intensity on its Kill Rock Stars debut, the recently released 4 Kt Gold. One can imagine he’s done the same for the now-duo’s live shows.

(Mojonier)

With the Botticellis, Pickwick, and Winter’s Fall 9 p.m., $10
Bottom of the Hill
1233 17th St., SF
(415) 621-4455
www.botttomofthehill.com

MUSIC/PERFORMANCE

EnviroSonic

Since puberty, two noisy disturbances never fail to turn my easily distracted head: the clickety-clack of a well-manipulated skateboard and shreddy guitar distortion. Such being the case, I may just melt away at EnviroSonic, the season opener of the auditory exploratory series, MOVE>SOUND. Canadian artists Sam McKinley and Christian Nicolay mic a custom-made handrail, run it through assorted overdrive, distortion, and delay effects, grind the hell out of it (this is all on stage, mind you), and see what sorts of unholy noises emerge. It’s live grindcore at its literal best. Patches and switches will be available for highly encouraged audience participation. (Renz)

With Diana Burgoyne and Beno + Minnie
8 p.m., $8–$15
LAB
2948 16th St., SF
(415) 864-8855
www.theblab.org

MUSIC

Robert Plant and Alison Krauss
A less likely pairing is tough to imagine: who would have pictured Robert Plant, the “golden god” O of a rock legend, with his latest partner in song, Grammy-riddled country-bluegrass golden girl Alison Krauss? But perhaps premonitions of the duo’s wildly successful platinum CD, Rising Sand (Rounder), were always evident, provided one read the tea leaves of Krauss’ respectful openness to contemporizing tradition or sightings of the ever-curious Plant rummaging through the racks at Amoeba Music. Producer T Bone Burnett leads their band on this, the May–December musical marriage’s first tour. (Kimberly Chun)

With Sharon Little
8 p.m., $39.50–$89.50
Greek Theatre
Gayley Road at Stadium Rim Way, Berk.
(415) 421-TIXS
www.ticketmaster.com

SATURDAY
JUNE 28

MUSIC

Tea Leaf Green
It was June 2007 and I was at the opening night of the Bonnaroo music festival, enjoying a muggy summer night in rural Tennessee. A friend sold me a $5 brownie, which I thought was steep for a modest-size cocoa-based confection. I devoured it and navigated my way through the crowded fairgrounds, allowing my ears to lead me. They led me straight toward a stage where a fountain of intoxicating sonic energy emitted from Tea Leaf Green, a San Francisco rock outfit known for merging Pink Floyd–esque psychedelia, sophisticated songwriting, and electrifying live performances. I took a seat on the grass, tuned in to the music, and experienced an epiphany of sorts: the brownie I had paid $5 for was an absolute bargain. (David Crockett)

Also Sun/29
With Izabella (Sat) and Jonathon McEuen (Sun)
9 p.m., $25
Great American Music Hall
859 O’Farrell, SF
(415) 885-0750
www.gamh.com

EVENT

“Plenty: A Potluck of Books and Beats”
We all read “Stone Soup” in elementary school: hungry travelers come to a village, put a stone in a pot, and begin cooking. The curious villagers each add something to the pot. In the end, everyone happily shares the stew and we learn a lesson.

CONTINUES ON PAGE 28”
PICKS CONT’D

about sharing. La Peña brings back the Grimm notion of community exchange with “Plenty: A Potluck of Books and Beats” where attendees bring unwanted books, DVDs, and CDs for someone else to take. A DJ spins as your new friends paw through your old crap. You might even find someone who wants those Coolio discs. (Sankur)

Noon; $5 with books, $10 without
La Peña Cultural Center
3105 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley
(510) 849-2568
www.lapena.org

SUNDAY
JUNE 29

MUSIC
James Cotton
The blues don’t eat; the blues don’t sleep; and the night hours leave the blues leaning against shadow-shrouded, smoky street corners, half-drowned and heavy-hearted. Somehow the blues find a way into everyone’s life, and in short time finds their way out again. Unless you build a home in the blues. Over half a century ago, harmonica legend Sonny Boy Williamson apprenticed the nine-year-old James Cotton and raised him as a bluesman. After recording with Sam Phillips’ Sun label, touring with Muddy Waters, and pocketing a Grammy, few others can claim such prize real estate in the blues as Cotton, perhaps because few others discovered so much land. (Ferguson)

7 p.m; $18; 9 p.m., $12
Yoshi’s
510 Embarcadero West, Oakl
www.yoshis.com
(510) 238-9200

MONDAY
JUNE 30

EVENT
Chris Hedges
While a foreign correspondent, Chris Hedges produced two decades of investigative accounts from hot spots like Sarajevo, Kosovo, and the Middle East, including a stint as the Middle East bureau chief for The New York Times. Hedges also earned a Pulitzer Prize in 2002 as a member of the Times team that covered terrorism. Now a senior fellow with the Nation Institute, he comments on international affairs and the dynamics between society and religion. In his latest book, this year’s Collateral Damage: America’s War Against Iraqi Civilians (Nation), Hedges and journalist Laila Al-Arian peer at the effects of the war in Iraq through first-hand accounts from soldiers. (Lee)

6 p.m., $15
World Affairs Council
312 Sutter, SF
(415)293-4600
www.itsyourworld.org

TUESDAY
JULY 1

MUSIC
Mighty Underdogs
When three Bay Area indie hip-hoppers — Headnodic (Crown City Rockers), Lateef the Truth Speaker (Latryx), and Gift of Gab (Blackalicious) — formed a band, they called it the Mighty Underdogs, as if they stood in the shadows of other hip-hop greats. Yet the members’ reputations attracted the likes of MF Doom and DJ Shadow for 2007’s EP The Prelude (MU), and their upcoming full-length debut Dropping Science Fiction (Def Jux) culls the collab credentials of Damian and Julian Marley, K-Os, and Lyrics Born. Betting on the underdog offers the highest returns; why should this performance be any different? (Ferguson)

8 p.m., $20
DNA Lounge
375 11th St., SF
(415) 626-2654
www.dnalounge.org

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN PICKS

Amber Asylum
(left; see Thurs/26);
Tea Leaf Green
(right; see Sat/28)
AMBER ASYLUM PHOTO BY
DANA RENNINGER

LOCAL ARTISTS
Guillermo Gómez-Peña and James Luna
TITLE
Photos of El Mexican’t and The Shame-man
THE STORY
Chicano performance artist Gómez-Peña’s and Native American conceptual artist Luna’s ongoing project The Shame-man meets El Mexican’t challenges stereotypes, assumptions, and lazy thinking about race and culture. Their latest collaboration within the series, La Nostalgia, reveals how that term can be used as a mechanism of cultural defense, as a stylistic device, and as a way of revising the artist’s careers. In a pair of performances last year, the artists staged their ritual deaths inside coffins and then engaged in a poetic dialogue while Luna cooked Indian stew and Gómez-Peña played roulette.
SHOWS: La Nostalgia Re-mix (Best hits and outtakes for an imaginary bar).
Thurs/26, 8 p.m.; $10–$20
The LAB, 2948 16th St., SF
(415) 864-8855, www.thelab.org. (Also, on July 11, Gómez-Peña’s group La Pocha Nostra will present four performance/installation pieces at the de Young Museum.)
WEB SITES
CONCERT UPDATE

FEATURED SHOW

PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS
RICHIE CUNNING

6/26 INDEPENDENT
MYSPACE.COM/PEOPLEUNDERTHESTAIRS

THIS WEEK

PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS
RICHIE CUNNING
6/26 Independent

DILATED PEOPLES
THE ALCHEMIST
6/26 Mezzanine

BILLY IDOL
6/26 Fillmore

GREG BROWN
6/27 Great American Music Hall

GRAND MASTER FLASH
6/27 Mezzanine

ROBERT PLANT & ALISON KRAUSS
6/27 Greek Theatre

BIG SANDY & HIS FLY-RITE BOYS
6/28 The Uptown

MIGHTY UNDERDOGS
7/1 DNA Lounge

A DECENT ANIMAL
7/3 Amnesia

MODEY LEMON
7/4 Hemlock

STEVIE WONDER
7/6 Shoreline Amphitheatre
7/6 Sleep Train Pavilion
WE ARE SCIENTISTS
7/6 Independent

RATATAT
7/10 Slim’s

KING KHAN & THE SHRINES
7/11 Great American Music Hall

20 MINUTE LOOP
7/11 Bottom of the Hill
TRIPLE COBRA
7/12 Bottom of the Kill

RYKARDA PARASOL & THE TOWER
7/12 The Uptown

THE LAMPS
HAUNTING GEORGE
7/12 Hemlock Tavern

SARA BAREILLES
7/12 Fillmore

LYFE JENNINGS
7/14 Fillmore

THE POLICE
ELVIS COSTELLO
7/14 Shoreline Amphitheatre
7/16 Sleep Train Pavilion

MASTERS/SLAVE
7/16 Rickshaw Stop

WOLF PARADE
7/17 Fillmore

THE LONG WINTERS
7/17 Independent

HARRY AND THE POTTERS
7/18-19 Bottom of the Hill

BOY GEORGE
7/18 Grand Ballroom

MEVING
BIG BUSINESS
7/18 Slim’s

THE GROUCH
BATLIONS
7/19 Slim’s

FEIST
7/19 Greek Theatre

MARTIN LUTHER
7/20 DNA Lounge

JEFFERSON STARSHIP
THE ZOMBIES
7/20 Grand Ballroom

YARDBIRDS
7/20 Red Devil Lounge

MAGIC BULLETS
7/23 Rickshaw Stop

WYCLEF
7/23 Mezzanine

EMMYLOU HARRIS
7/26 Nob Hill Masonic Center

PERSEPHONE’S BEES
7/26 The Uptown

JAMES TAYLOR
7/27 Greek Theatre

EL GUINCHO
7/27 The Uptown

THE HOLO STEADY
7/29 Mezzanine

JAY REATARD
7/29 Independent

BLOCK PARTY
DOES IT OFFEND YOU, YEAH?
7/30 Fillmore

EL VEZ
7/30 Slim’s

THAO WITH THE GET DOWN STAY DOWN
7/31 Independent

MINIPOP
8/1 Independent

FILM SCHOOL
8/3 Cafe du Nord

DOLLY PARTON
8/5 Greek Theatre

THE FAINT
8/5 Grand Ballroom

BOW WOW
8/6 Fillmore

OR, THE WHALE
THE FEDERALISTS
8/8 Great American Music Hall

ROCK THE BOWLS: A TRIBE CALLED QUEST
MOST DEF
8/9 Shoreline Amphitheatre

OUTSIDE LANDS MUSIC & ARTS FESTIVAL
8/22-24 Golden Gate Park

THE HOT TODDIES
THE MURMURS
8/23 The Uptown
8/27 Independent

SLIM CESSNAS AUTO CLUB
8/30 Great American Music Hall

NINE INCH NAILS
DEERHUNTER
9/13 Bottom of the Kill

THE LEDGE
9/15 Bottom of the Hill

THE LAMPS
HAUNTING GEORGE
7/12 Hemlock Tavern

SARA BAREILLES
7/12 Fillmore

LYFE JENNINGS
7/14 Fillmore

THE POLICE
ELVIS COSTELLO
7/14 Shoreline Amphitheatre
7/16 Sleep Train Pavilion

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9/15 Bottom of the Hill

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It was 1988 when the original Ninja Gaiden began emptying the coin-purses of arcade addicts with its relentless difficulty and catchy soundtrack. Twenty years and roughly eight installments later, the series should be winning prizes for consistency. In the new Ninja Gaiden II, the player once again takes command of über-ninja Ryu Hayabusa and his trusty Dragon Sword, wading through-first into a merciless onslaught.

The 1989 NES port reputedly introduced cinematic cut-scenes to the console medium, though unfortunately the visual innovation was paired with decidedly lackluster plotting. Nine years have elapsed, yet it’s no different this time around: a coalition of malefactors has teamed up to awaken an unspeakably powerful evil, and it’s up to you to stop them.

Despite this creative stagnation, gamers and developers keep coming back to Ninja Gaiden for one thing: the combat system, which has been consistently satisfying and incredibly hard in every version. In 1999 a Tecmo developer named Tomonobu Itagaki marshaled “Team Ninja” and began work on the first modern, 3-D iteration of Ninja Gaiden, which was released on the original Xbox and PlayStation 2 in 2004.

Itagaki’s initial combination of state-of-the-art graphics and unforgiving difficulty resulted in what has been hailed by many as the greatest action game of all time. And it often makes you want to smash your controller against the wall, mastering the fluid, frenetic combat is eventually quite satisfying. Breaking with longstanding action-game tradition, the number of enemies back familiar weapons and combo attacks as well as Ryu’s traditional enemies in the form of the malevolent Black Spider Ninja Clan. The graphics engine is snazzy and modern, and the health bar system has been made more merciful by Ryu’s ability to automatically regenerate some health after the conclusion of a fight.

One new feature sets the game apart from forerunners: the gore. While the 2004 version made it possible to dispatch enemies with a well-executed decapitation, the player now has to actually get good at it. For better or worse, Ninja Gaiden II picks up roughly where its predecessor left off, bringing gamers will be grateful for the "path of the acolyte." Despite this and other sanity-saving measures, like the addition of automatic save points before boss battles, the game can still be enraging. Ranged attackers know where you’re going to be before you do, and the third-person camera remains uncooperative. One boss even explodes after you defeat him, killing you instantly until you figure out the thoroughly asinine solution.

There’s really no point in complaining. Fiendish difficulty will always be the order of the ninja day, and the “game over” screen might as well be replaced by a picture of Itagaki’s smug, stunna-shaded face. By the time you ascend Mount Fuji to do battle with the final boss, however, the sense of accomplishment is huge. And for those looking to master the best melee combat modern gaming has to offer, Ninja Gaiden II is the only serious choice. For those looking to acquire a frustration-induced medical condition, it’s also a great option. (Ben Richardson)
Where there's Will ...

By Kimberly Chun
kimberly@sfbg.com

SONIC REDUCER

The cormorants know, the red-winged blackbirds have heard, and the quail would wall: the Marin Headlands and surrounding environs are imbued with more than a little magic. You don’t need to spend much time there to know this, rolling through pebbly Rodeo Beach or tromping down Tennessee Valley Road, soaking up the sagey scents and painting the digits dark red with crushed blackberries, as little girls wander by talking on seagull-feather faux cellies. They will testify, as will Will Oldham — a.k.a. Bonnie “Prince” Billy, a.k.a. ace Palace Brother, singer-songwriter, and star of Old Joy (2006) and Matewan (1987) — to the area’s healing properties and the way its fresh breezes, rippled clouds, and hills in every hue of green ignite the imagination. After all, until recently Oldham was squirrelled away at the Headlands Center for the Arts as an artist in residence. In one of the few interviews he’s consented to lately, Oldham told me he ended up doing much songwriting, including a commissioned piece with his Supernova partner Matt Sweeney intended for a new Wim Wenders film.

“I felt super-fortunate,” said the jovial, easygoing Oldham from Louisville, Ky., where he’d driven to from the Bay Area only three days previous. No matter that tornado warnings were all over the local media as he cast his mind back.

“It was kind of a dream situation, because out there in the Headlands, there’s no cell phone reception. And once you cross through that tunnel, you’re in something you can imagine — snakes and skunks and turkeys and deer and coyotes and bobcats and seals, which, if you choose to, you can see more of than you see any human being on any given day.”

He’ll be back in the Bay after touring Europe and playing a handful of US dates, ending in San Francisco. The occasion is Lie Down in the Light (Drag City), Oldham’s worthy, rootsier follow-up to the transcendent The Letting Go (Drag City, 2006). If the latter is colored by the otherworldly ambiance of its Icelandic origins, then the new album is touched by the tender humility of its Tennessee recording site, encompassing, according to Oldham, “a couple songs that sort of address — using terms of love, devotion, and even lust — songs themselves.”

“I think,” he offered, “at the end of the day, sometimes it can be the truest form of comfort, especially if you’re a singer. You can find in music just about any ideal emotional landscape you crave, whether it’s angst or rebellion or celebration or union or dissolution. It’s all there, and none of it’s going to call you back or text you at four o’clock in the morning or blame you for any thing you did or didn’t do or slap you with a paternity suit.”

Not that Oldham can speak on paternity suits. “My lawyer says I’m not worried at all. “But I’m not the one who gets to unhinge it — I have to sign it.”

Now that Oldham can speak on paternity suits. “My lawyer says I’m not worried at all. “But I’m not the one who gets to unhinge it — I have to sign it.”

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Dilated Peoples
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Queercore, many mornings after
Pansy Division’s Jon Ginoli and Camper Van Beethoven’s Victor Krummenacher

THE QueER ISSUE Call it a harmonic convergence of two queer legends of indie rock and queercore. Victor Krummenacher of Camper Van Beethoven and Jon Ginoli of Pansy Division got together recently to talk about the way it was, coming out in the repressed 1980s and coming into their own experimentally, politically, and musically in 1990s San Francisco — each, as Krummenacher puts it, a "gay guy suddenly in Candieland." Life is still sweet — and hella active — for these old friends: Krummenacher celebrates Camper’s 25th anniversary with a June 28 show at the Fillmore, and Ginoli is unleashing Pansy Division’s new documentary, Pansy Division: Life in a Gay Rock Band, at Frameline June 26, complete with an afterparty performance at the Eagle. And naturally, this won’t be the last you’ll hear from these prolific players: Pansy Division is working on a new album and Ginoli has a memoir coming next year on SF’s Cleis Press, while Krummenacher is recording as McCabe and Mrs. Miller with the Sippy Cups’ Alison Faith Levy and recently completed a fifth solo full-length.

JON GINOLI Before I started Pansy Division, I’d been actively trying to find other gay musicians’ records. I’d listen to records, listen for hints, and it just seemed like I was always getting disappointed in that there were musicians I heard about who were supposed to be gay that would flat-out deny it in interviews. I thought, OK, if all these people who I think are lying are not going to come out, or really aren’t — that’s when it finally dawned on me that I should do this band. At the same time I had that idea, so did Tribe 8. It was Tribe 8 and us and Glen Meadmore in Los Angeles. When we started that’s what was going on in queer rock. The only other thing I knew about — and I didn’t know about this till I started playing — was Fifth Column in Toronto.

There really wasn’t much you could point to, and that’s partly why I wanted to be as out and blantly as I could. Because it seemed like if you were gay and you liked rock ‘n roll, it was something you had to hide and it was something that there was some shame attached to.

VICTOR KRAMMENACHER It was an interesting time. From my perspective, we had the [Michael] Stipe rumors and we had the Hüsker Dü rumors. But it was kind of, like, don’t ask, don’t tell. Kid Congo was always out. He was always what he was, which I admired a lot.

I remember meeting him in New York, in ’94, ’95, and by that time, I knew he was gay. But I’d been a fan of all bands he’d been in — the Gun Club, the Cramps, and the Bad Seeds — and I didn’t know he was gay until 10 years after I’d started buying his records.

VK A lot of the reason I was attracted to punk rock was because I knew queer people in it. My friends were gay, and I was coming out, and it was just really easy to deal with because they liked the same music, and it was fun. But it was a hard time, and the ’80s sucked. I’m 43 now, and I deal with people in their 20s who have no clue how much it sucked.

JG Only the highlights have filtered down to them.

VK There was Phrance, and there was some chatter about Morrissey.

JG It’s interesting — I was thinking, OK, it’s like a ladder. You’re taking a step at a time to reach a certain place, and I was thinking about the women’s music scene, the lesbian music scene, from the late ’70s. The folk scene.

VK Which seemed a little bit more coherent.

JG But it also seemed more insular, especially when I talk to people from that period. It was about being separate, and the thing about me wanting to do Pansy Division was that I wanted to engage by using rock music. It was kind of like taking the music that’s popular but doing something that people would consider subversive with it.

People were dying, and that’s why — even though I was horny and wanted to sing these pro-gay songs — we sang about condoms a lot. We had some songs that were cautionary tales. But for somebody who was born in 1987, there’s no way that they could have much of a clue about what we’re talking about, because they didn’t want to be seen as role models. The problem was to me, well, you’re already role models to people and some of them are gay and some of them are straight.

My own thought about it was, well, if no one is going to come out and be out in music playing the style I like, then I’ll do it. I mean, I had nothing to lose, and I do respect that other people have a lot of pressures, record companies.

VK The truth of the matter is, you guys did a lot of legwork that did ripple up.

JG So now you’re doing Camper, and you’re out, and you’re in a long-term relationship.

VK I wind up with gay contingents usually in the strangest, most unexpected ways. It’s been more than once that I’ve gone home with a guy, and he figures out, “You look familiar.” Anonymity can be something you can thrive on. Or I guess, bluntly, it’s nice to fuck around and have people not know who you are — because I’ve frequently been hit on because of who I am.

What I’m interested in is, where do you see younger people going?

JG We came along pre-MySpace, pre-Internet, really. It’s so different now. It used to be a guessing game where you’d trade rumors with other gay people about how you heard that were gay. Now Pansy Division has a MySpace page, and I’m getting messages and friend requests from other queer bands all the time and a lot of straight bands, too, that like our music. So I think it’s not that big of a deal anymore unless you’re trying to make it in the mainstream. Then there’s still a wall where you can’t make it unless you’re already successful to some point, or you set out to be. Look at Rufus Wainwright. He’s on a major label, but it was obvious from the outset that he was going to be a cult figure.

VK Especially if he’s going to be doing the Judy Garland things. Not to dig too hard, but I did actually see it the other night [on PBS], and it was, like, “Why did you do that?” In a certain way, ironically, it’s great progress — “Oh, yeah, a gay guy doing all of Judy at Carnegie Hall at Carnegie Hall.” My mom used to play Judy at Carnegie Hall, and I’ve always loved Judy Garland, but then I was just going, “That’s not Judy Garland. That’s just Rufus Wainwright.” I feel like he’s better in his own context.

JG Given that I’ve always chafed against the gay identity that posits show tunes as part of the essential experience, I made myself sit down with the Rufus Does Judy at Carnegie Hall double CD, and, you know, his between-song patter was campy but he didn’t camp those songs up anymore than they already were. But I don’t want to hear anybody singing “The Trolley Song.” I really don’t.

PANSY DIVISION: LIFE IN A GAY ROCK BAND Screening Thurs/26, 7 p.m., $9–$10
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The San Francisco Bay Guardian, the nation’s largest independently owned alternative newsweekly is
Back to the land
Fleet Foxes tear back the centuries

By Todd Lavoie  
@a&cletters@sfbg.com

I hold no truck with keeping too firmly tethered to the here and now. A little let-go does the soul a world of good, and nothing beats floating off on a cloud of question marks as time and place melt from view. I already have the local sound track for the occasion: Fleet Foxes (Sub Pop), the debut by the Seattle band of the same name, could very well offer the deepest decade-leaps and bluestirring geographical-muddles you’re likely to encounter this year.

In their quest to fuse pre-rock ’n’ roll sounds with indie-rock sensibilities, Fleet Foxes don’t simply settle for 20th-century American Music 101. Rather, their time-travel extends all the way back to the Black Plague. Along with offering fresh takes on the smooth sounds of ’70s SoCal pop the baroque folk whimsies of Crosby, Stills, and Nash; and the hillbilly twang of your great-great-grandparent’s barn dances, the quintet is also more than willing to get medieval on your unsuspecting ears. Listen closely, and the odd madrigal flutters forth now and again. Little wonder, then, that the Peirre Buelge painting on the album cover hardly feels like an anachronism. Instead, it arrives thoughtfully recontextualized, much like the pan-decade musical explorations the group pulls off so effortlessly.

Mountains, rivers, birds, and forests — these are the main signifiers of Fleet Foxes’ pastoral, pre-Industrial Age mood-making, along with plenty of references to family and death. On paper, most of their lyrics could pass for traditional folk songs. Translated to plastic, however, the words take on a different character. Wafting and drifting in goose bump-raising harmonies and vocal rounds cloaked in hilltop echo, they at times evoke an agrarian Beach Boys or a less lustful My Morning Jacket. Vocalist Robin Pecknold is endowed with an equally hall-filling tenor as that of MMJ’s Jim James, and fluent in a full range of ghostly falsettos, tear-jerking howls, and sweet rally cries — each has been steeped in delicious reverber by producer Phil Ek (Built to Spill). Combined with the remaining members’ soaring vocal arrangements and deft instrumental work, Fleet Foxes manages to somehow feel comfortably familiar yet bracingly fresh and new.

From its wordless sighs-from-county heaven introduction to the heartbreaking Ronettes melodrama of its chorus, “He Doesn’t Know Why” might be the band’s most immediately persuasive pairing of otherwise perfect strangers, musically speaking. It’s also the recording’s most full-blooded rock moment, along with “Ragged Wood,” a transcendent country-rock shuffle powered by Pecknold’s exhalting mountain cries of “You should come back home, back on your own now.”

Lest they leave us too anchored to the modern age, Fleet Foxes peel back the centuries without a hitch on the spectral lilt of “Tiger Mountain Peasant Song,” a spooky madrigal in which Pecknold ponder, “Dear shadow alive and well, how can the body die?” in harrowing echoes while

Why? The duo’s obviously interested in space, but they also have a natural sense of drama, something left over, perhaps, from their metal days. When a loose drum beat emerges after three heavy tracks of their handsomely designed LP, From Our Mouths a Perpetual Light (vinyl on Not Not Fun; CD forthcoming from Digitalis), there’s a sudden focusing effect; when a gigantic guitar chord thunders out of nowhere a few seconds later, it’s seismic. A clear-eyed freeze of acoustic guitar takes on extra potency within the duo’s minimalist architecture.

Barn Owl’s current tactic of frequent releases on a few sympathetic labels suits their constant recording habit, though their growing reputation means Aquarius Records can’t keep these limited editions in stock for long. “The home aesthetic is what the majority of our work has been based off of, and I’d say we definitely prefer that,” Caminiti says. “Especially with free music, it goes along with having the freedom to explore.”

Of course, this freedom is on prime display in concert, in which the duo push-es dialogued concepts into chancy, sculptural terrain, forging a physical relationship with the audience in the process. “That’s our ultimate goal,” Porras opines, “a room full of people just being consumed by this wall of energy.” And inspiration is everywhere, or so it seems from a story Porras relays about being awakened by a terrifying sound a few weeks earlier: “In the middle of the night, the water heater just started making this insane noise... it was definitely a dron... he says, laughing. “When the terror dwindled, we just started listening to it, and it sounded so cool.” (Max Goldberg)

BARN OWL
Tues/1, 9:30 p.m., $6
Hemlock Tavern
1131 Polk, SF
www.hemlocktavern.com

Talking to Barn Owl is something of an evangelical experience. Longhaired duo Evan Caminiti and Jon Porras confess they’re often mistaken for brothers, but their kinship actually began when they met at San Francisco State University, where they both played in metal bands.

“I guess it was through folk music and roots music and Indian classical and some other things that we started to see the validity of the drone — what it was besides this new experimental genre or whatever,” Porras recollects. The three of us are hunched over tea and coffee outside a sleepy Outer Richmond café, and I keep thinking about how it’s been a long time since I’ve talked to rockers so plainly obsessed with refining the kind of music they play. “I’ve definitely reached a point where I’m not interested in music that doesn’t take risks of some sort,” Caminiti says.

“Having this new freedom is almost like an addiction.”

Droning music is as old as Tuval throat singing, though many of the modern Western incarnations refer to the vibrationally attuned literature and compositions of mid-20th-century minimalist composer La Monte Young, who Barn Owl has studied up on. Unlike Brian Eno’s electronically-based tone poems, Barn Owl’s West Coast drone is distinctly earthy, it’s a Metal Machine Music from the organic aisle, with smoky landscapes of guitar and vocals hovering in heated sustain.

Though layered effects overlap, the overall sound still bears the imprint of guitar strings, in keeping with predecessors like Charlabdies, as well as heavier hitters like Om.

“Just having that hand directly on what’s making the vibrations really appeals to me,” Caminiti explains. “There’s something about starting with that organic element, and then adding effects upon that to do something else, rather than having it completely computerized.”

Antiquity now: Fleet Foxes get medieval on your 21st-century indie sensibilities.

A DRONE SUPREME: LOCAL DUO BARN OWL SOAR ON VOLUME AND TONE

The duo is obviously interested in space, but they also have a natural sense of drama, something left over, perhaps, from their metal days. When a loose drum beat emerges after three heavy tracks of their handsomely designed LP, From Our Mouths a Perpetual Light (vinyl on Not Not Fun; CD forthcoming from Digitalis), there’s a sudden focusing effect; when a gigantic guitar chord thunders out of nowhere a few seconds later, it’s seismic. A clear-eyed freeze of acoustic guitar takes on extra potency within the duo’s minimalist architecture.

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grooves

**HARVEY MILK**
*Life. The Best Game in Town* (Hydra Head)

“Life is the best game in town and death goes to the winner,” bellows Harvey Milk guitarist/vocalist Creston Speirs on this album’s opener. It’s a line that kind of makes sense and kind of doesn’t, much like the song and the band’s music in general. That track, titled “Death Goes to the Winner,” begins with a delicate piano-guitar intro and hushed falsetto vocals before it abruptly breaks into a cavernous fuzz-bass riff, ultimately finishing with a distortion-wrecked guitar solo and twisted references to the Velvet Underground’s “I’m Waiting for the Man” and the Beatles’ “A Day in the Life.” Basically it’s Harvey Milk doing what they’ve always done: juxtaposing serene lullaby melodies, pummeling sludge-metal riffs, and moments of sheer head-scratching strangeness.

What’s surprising is that they’re still doing it this well after all these years. Their landmark full-length, *Commitment and Good Will toward Men* (Reproductive/Relapse), came out in 1997, and they broke up a couple of years later — permanently, for good — before remerging a few years ago. Life shares some of Courtesy’s tendency to frustrate expectations and make you wait (and wait) for the big payoff, but there’s more old-fashioned hard rock going on here — even if most of it takes place in slow motion. The highlight on this recording, “Motown,” sounds like a summer-time classic rock anthem crawling through quicksand, and is the kind of song that makes you realize these guys are just on a different plane. (Will York)

**WOLF PARADE**
*At Mount Zoomer* (Sub Pop)

Am I the right listener to cock a cockade toward the second full-length by the Montreal indie darlings? I, who preferred to roll in the “Disco Sheets” of Wolf Parade’s self-titled EP to their hot-on-the-heels debut, *Apologies to the Queen Mary* (both Sub Pop, 2005)? The band’s more diffuse, longer offering seemed to lack a firm identity that made it rise above all the Nationals and Walkmen on the street.

After the first few songs, I was ready to consign *At Mount Zoomer* to the same ol’-sameola bin, but then songs began to cohere: the eccentric and occasionally waltzing rhythms, the determinedly foregrounded rhythm guitar, vocalist Dan Boeckner’s arch Bowie-isms, the humming and whirling synth, and the creamily augmented yet hard-on-the-beat production by Arlen Thompson. “Call It a Ritual” triangulates at a guitar-and-piano-propelled, Spoon-like clip, while the baroque-flavored “Bang Your Drum” stitches together contemporary indie classicists the Shins with high-70s Brian Eno. Judging from *At Mount Zoomer*, Wolf Parade is turning to less-listened to LPs by ’80s art-rock primitives for new musical routes: “All this work / Just to tear it down,” bemoans Boeckner on “Language City.” It’s tough reconstruction work, years after such a big splash. And even when Boeckner’s tremulous vocals err on the side of blanditude, his feature-free qualities begin to evoke notions of Wolf Parade as indie rock’s everycband, for every procession. (Kimberly Chun)

**DOMINIQUE LEONE**
*Domine Quaestione* (Strandland)

Wow, Domine Leone crams a *Guinness World Records* number of ideas into a single composition. His debut is worth buying simply for the hilarious, helium-inhaling chants at the megasyncopated end of “Nous Tombons Dans Elle.” Yet that manic moment is just one of 100 quailerado interludes and kinetic attacks within 11 songs. Domine Leone’s cycle of romantic discontent includes old alarm clocks and cuckoo hoots, German children’s voices, Spanish men’s voices, off-kilter or wuzzy keyboards, and tooth-drill guitar frequencies — oh, and full-bodied falsetto, if such a thing is possible. The falsetto is a head voice, yet Leone makes it as rich and strong as a man possibly can. Lyric after lyric proves he’s girl crazy — even girl tortured — but make no mistake: he also has a mad soprano inside him.

The often exhaustingly explosive talent on display in this album is enough to make you think Leone is the Mission District’s — maybe San Francisco’s — biggest musical secret. At least Norway’s cosmic disco and neo-prog rockers know to love him (see “From Our Bay to Norway,” 10/24/07). Yet for all its fantastical, genre-hopping reach, I like Domine Leone best when the duke of strangosphere it’s named after sits down in front of the keys for a ballad. Even then, he can’t help but make an important word — for example, the titles of “Goodbye” and “Conversational” — for the harmonies that stretch as far as a rainbow. (Johnny Ray Hudson)

local grooves

**THE GROUCH SHOW YOU THE WORLD**
*(Legendsary Music)*

After a five-year gap since his last solo project, the Grouch from the Living Legends crew returns with a lyrically and musically rich, well-balanced hip hop album. A lot has changed in the life of the Los Angeles artist in the past half-decade — notably the birth of his daughter, Rio, in 2006. Not only does the two-year-old’s image grace the album cover and her voice open the disc, but fatherhood has clearly shaped the Grouch into a more mature MC. Still, the rapper hasn’t lost his edge: he’s merely refined it, as displayed on such winning cuts as the supersmart “Artsy” and the destined 2008 summer slumber “The Bay to LA” with fellow Legend Murs. (Billy Jam)

**THE GROUCH**
*With the Baylens.* July 19, 9 p.m., $16–$20. Slim’s, 333 11th St., SF. (415) 522-0333

**DOMINIQUE LEONE**
*With Anne Hege.* Fri./27, call for time, $5. Oakapolis Creativity Center, 447 25th St., Oakland; (510) 663-6920

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*W/ Keith Terry & Evie Ladan*

Voted #1 a cappella band in the U.S. and last year’s Harmony Sweepstakes winners, the four members of **VOCO** create post-folk, improvisation-built songs while digging into old American and Eastern European sounds; as well as Barock and original music.

Bay Area musical heroes **Keith Terry (Crosspulse)** & **Evie Ladin (Stairwell Sisters)** is a dynamic rhythm duo performing on box, bells, banjo and body music, featuring creative and energetic music and dance that encompasses the unexpected with humor and skill. $16 adv/$18 door

Fri. July 11, 8:15PM — The BAGUETTE QUARTETTE $16adv/$18door

For information (415)454-5238 or www.noevalleymusicseries.com
Sure, I came up in the age of rock star divorces like those of Tommy Lee and Heather Locklear or Locklear and again and Richi Sambora. So I vow that if I were a rock, I’d be jade — because I no longer have faith in the so-called sacrament of marriage. Still, I say if straight people want to live in acrimony, they should be able to. But ear candy beat eye candy for the night-creatures in attendance amid the polyamorous union of DJed new ravs, goth, indie, and Brit-pop, and club hosts Marc Blinder and Virginia Suicide’s rousing gay marriage-themed sing-along, which culminated with the inspiring “We’re the Champions.” Truth be told, I think it’s great that the happy couple, nonetheless, my more disillusioned half wondered what all the commitment-phobic gay partners, who previously only showed up with “Darling, I don’t marry you if I can’t,” will do now. (Joshua Rotter)

ROCK CANDY First and Third Thursdays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m...$5. Stud, 399 Ninth St., SF. www.elasticfuture.com

Music listings are compiled by Duncan Scott Davidson. The music items are Ian Ferguson, Laura Mappin, and Kat Renz. Since club life is unpredictable, it’s a good idea to call ahead to confirm bookings and hours. Prices are listed when provided to us. See Picks, page 26, for information on how to submit an item to listings.

WEDNESDAY 25
ROCK/BLUE/HIP-HOP
Casualties, Time Again, Pullout, Destroy Everything Parade. 8 p.m., $12.
Colossal Yes, Tim Cohen, Donovan Quinn Rite Spot. 5 p.m. free.
Debbie Davies Biscuits and Blues. 8 and 10 p.m., $15.
Disgust of Us, Downfalls, Hey Young Believer, Superfins VTO Hotel Utamサロン, 9 p.m., $6.
Le Duke, Voller Strifer Band 5th. 8 p.m., $20.
JPF, C-Note, MC Flow, LDB 8:30 p.m. $6.
Knyfe Hyts, Jonas Bonnheur, Death Commando Hemlock Tavern. 9:30 p.m., $5.
Maggie Cucur, Simple Pleasures Café. 9 p.m. free.
Neptune’s Favor, Mayfield, Out Dam Spot Grant and Green. 9 p.m. free.
Plants and Animals, Scrabbel, Greg Ashley Rockshaw Stop. 9 p.m., $10. See Picks, page 26.
Removal, Part Time Christians, Olehio. Annie’s Social Club. 9:30 p.m., $7.
Savannah starring Johnny Foley’s. 9 p.m. free.
SPTF Unplugged $7 Red Devil Lounge. 8 p.m., $10.
Sweet Revenge, Air Show Disaster, Solid State Logic Bottom of the Hill. 9 p.m. $8.
US Air Guitar Championships–SF Regional Independence 5 p.m., $18.
BAY AREA
Jesse Colin Young Band Sweetwater Station, 500 Magnolia, Larkspur. 9:30-11:07 p.m. $8.
Learning Curve 19 Broadway Nite Club, 19 Broadway, Fairfax. 4:49-1091 p.m. $10.
Redwood City Blues Jam Little Fox Theatre, 2209 Broadway, Redwood City, (650) 369-4119. 7 p.m.
Lunatic Strait Oakland City Center, 12th St at Broadway, Oakland; www.oaklandcitycenter.com. Noon, free.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC
Karina Allyson Yoshio’s 8 p.m., $16-20; 10 p.m., $10-14.
Ben Mercando and the Mundo Combo Top of the Mark. 7:30 p.m., $10.
Michael Chase Rite Spot. 9 p.m. free.
Collective West Jazz Orchestra Jazz at Pearl’s. 8 p.m., $25, $10.
Gaucho, Mitch Marcus Session Anemia. 8 p.m., free.
Tin Cup Serenade Le Colonial. 20 Cosmo Place; 9/11-9/20. 7 p.m. free.
Joan Jeanrenaud great American Music Hall. 8 p.m., $20.

BAY AREA
Mikko Lee and Amber Beckett’s. 10 p.m. free.
Steve Tyrell Yoshi’s. 8 p.m., $24.

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY
“Acoustic Guitar Showcase” Bazaar Café, 5927 California. 8/31-9/20. 7 p.m. free. With Taia Gerken.

BAY AREA
“ Freight Open Mic” Freight and Salvage Coffee House. 8 p.m., $5-20.
La Verdad Shuttuck Down Low. 8:30 p.m.. $5-10.
Taarka Jupiter. 8 p.m. free.

DANCE CLUBS
Ana Mandara (Ghirardelli Square, 891 Beach, 771-6600. 10:30-2 a.m. free. DJ Trevor Simpson spins dance tunes.
Bondage PlaySpace Gas Kakt. 9:30-2:30 a.m. $7-9. Sex discos, dirty pop, and go-go dancers.
Boothe Call The Bar, 456 Castro. 6/27-7/20, 2-5 a.m. $5. Juanita More brings you rotating discos and fab fags, drag, fems, and daddies.
Cat’s Corner Swing Party Savanna Jazz. 6:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m. $8. Dance lessons and live swing band.
Club Shooter EBO Room. 9-2 a.m. $5. DJs Volo, Nak, and justin open and other stuff your parents warned you about.
Coo-Va’Hoo’s. 9-2 a.m. Free. Dancehall and reggae with DJs Green B and Danetah.
Frat House 440 Castro. 9-2 a.m. Free. Gay club
with paddles and hard-drinking college bros in tiny whitecaps slapping one another’s asses. Grateful Dead Night 12 Galaxies. 9pm-2am, $7. Darkstar Dan spins Dead jams as well as anyJerry-related freakouts.

Infatuation Vessel, 85 Compton Place. 429-8835. 8pm. DJs J and J. mod dance party. Qdol 111 Mila Gallery. 5-10pm. $5 Pan-techo lounge w/Os 5mph, GJ, Hyper D, and bone. RedWire Social Gala. 10pm-2am. Free. DJ Topline and guests spin jazz breaks, '80s, and electro.


Stay Gold Make-Out Room. 10:30pm, $3, last call 4am. Charly Bliss. Queer dance night.

Synchronize Il Prata. 2007 16th St. 626-2626. 9pm-2am. Free. Psych-trance with DJs Zul, Sentient, and Ross.

Wax Wednesday. 10pm. Vintage beats, funk, rock, alternative, and disco.

THURSDAY 26

Rock/Blues/Hi-Pop

Acaphalas, World Eater, Beijuniu Parkside. 9:30pm, $7.

Amber Asylum, Trees, Drain the Sky Hemlock Tavern. 9-11pm, $7. See Picks, page 26.

Big Light, Apollo Sunshine 12 Galaxies. 9pm, $15.

Butch Wheels and the Glass Parks Boston’s 365 Club. 8pm. 45. Through Sat/28.

Diluted Peoples, Alchemist, Acylacne, 88- Keys Mezzanine. 9pm, $10. Fleet Foxes, Dutchess and the Duke, Mist and Mustard Limelight. 9pm, $10.

Hunters, Greenring, Drunkin Public Grant and Green. 9pm, free.

Billy Idol, Hootch 42nd Street. 9pm. 4949. Also Fri/27.

Alan Iglias Biscuits and Blues. 8 and 10pm, $15. “tribute to Steve Ray Vaughan.”

Monophonics, Kapakahi Café du Nord. 9pm, $10.

My First Earthquake, Young Moderns, Dirty Dishes Anywhere. 9pm, $10.

Pancake Division, Glenn Meadmore, Winsome Griffoes Eagle Tavern. 8pm.

People Under the Stairs, Richie Cuning, Ayskin Independent. 9pm, $10.

Spill Canvas, Luio, Steve Chain, Liam and Me Simmons. 9pm, $15.

Trifonics Red Dirt Lounge. 8pm, $8.

Bay Area

Cast of Clowns Atekian. 9pm, $15.

Ruddy Capel 19 Broadway West Pub. 8pm.

Broadway, Fairfax. 408-791-995. 9pm, free.

Jazz/New Music

Eric Kurzrock Trio Ana Mandara, Shredded Square. 9pm, $10, free.


don meg & dJ b.j. on the wheels of steel, 2pm - 5pm.

gary panter

accessible to listeners unfamiliar with contemporary musician too! Devin Flynn & Gary Panter are performing amoeba

Strange Toys

on the day of the in-store & receive a limited trade credit you'll find anywhere.

ALL shows are free & all ages welcome!

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FRIDAY 27
ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP
AC/DRe Red Devil Lounge. 8pm, $20.
Black Futures, Destroy Everything, Dead Ringers, Grace Alley Annie’s Social Club. 9pm, $15.
Quando

Phaxel the Homiey DJ bust you out of the closet with queer punk and rock ‘n roll for the revolution, with $2 PBR if you bring a mason jar.
Toppa Top Town Thursdays Club Sw. 9pm. Jh Yer, lil Yer, and lil Dole spin the reggae jams for your maximum ire.

MUSIC

Stone Cold Soul Grant and Green. 6pm, Free. Unauthorized Rolling Stones Kings, False Gods Café Du Nord. 9pm-10pm. $15.

BAY AREA

Bay Reun’s. T-Bone Burnett Greek Theatre, Gayley Road at Stadium-Kem Way, Berk. 8-10pm. $99-99. See tickets, page 20.

Jazz/New Music

Black Market Jazz Orchestra Top of the Mark. $9pm, $10.

Craig Browning Rite Spot. 9pm. Free.

“*Envision*” The Lab, 2944 16th St. 8-11pm. $8-11. See tickets, page 26.

Eric Kurtzrock Trio Ana Mandara, Gharrell Square. 8-11pm. 771-6000. 8pm. Free.

Invaders Red Poppy Art House. 9pm. $10-12. Just in time for Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Juniell Helin Trio Cafe Claude. 8pm.


Realistic Orchestra, Kim Nalley Jazz at Pearl’s. 8 and 10pm, $25. Also Sat/28.

Savanna Jazz Trio Savanna Jazz. 7:30pm.

Aram Shemon, John Berman, Kenny Henderson Mandarian Gallery, 535 Powell, 398-7228. 8pm, $5-10.

Terry Oleisy Experience Shanghai 1930. 8pm, Free.

Steve Tyrell Yoshi’s SF. 8 and 10pm. $28-32. Through Sun/29.

Pamela Z Royce Gallery, 2901 Mariposa, 621-8772. 8pm, $10 “The Pendulum”. Through Sun/29.

BAY AREA

Kennie Neal Yoshi’s. 8 and 10pm. $20. Also Sat/Sat.

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Beards Brothers Simple Pleasures Café. 8pm, Free.

“Breakfast with Enzo” Presidio Dance Theatre, 1158 Gorie; 561-3998. 10 and 11am, $5.

Greg Brown “Pick” The Lab, 2944 16th St. 8-11pm. $8-11. See tickets, page 26.


“Mollena en el Museo” De Young Museum, 50 Hagiwara Tea Garden Drive. c/o Koyu Toys & Mollena Mollena museum.org. 6-30pm. Free.

Fitto Reinacl, Sunnyside, Educa Navia Peña Pachamama, 1630 Powell, 646-0018. 3:30pm, $15. “Cuban Nights.”

BAY AREA

Cory Lynn and Zydeco Trouble Eagles Hall, 2368 Arlanda, Arlanda; (510) 522-7626. 9pm, $15.

Johnny Dills and the Country Soul Brothers, Dave Glasgow, B-Starts Starry Plough. 9-10pm.

Orquesta la Moderna Tradicion La Pella Cultural Center. 9pm. $12.

Palefghter, Ka-Chi Nomad Café. 7-3pm. Free.

President Brown 23 Broadway Night Club. 23 Broadway, Fairfax, 459-1091. 9pm. $18.

Rebecca Watts Freight and Salvage Coffee House. 8pm. $18, $20. Trio Furka Ashkanian. 9.30pm, $17.-20.

DANCE CLUBS

Blow Up Kickshaw Stop. 9pm. $10. Indie-pop disco noah presented by Jefordis and Emily Betty.

Bruno’s 10pm-2am. $10. DJs Ian Lan and Platnum spin funk, dance grooves, and hip-hop.

Cancun Club Gles Kat. 10-3am. Salsa, merengue, reggaeton, bachata, rock en espaňol, Latin pop, Mexican, hip-hop. 6th and school with Tony O. Radio Active, Chuy Gomez, DJ Maticio, and Sammages.

Colombia Elbo Room. 10pm-2am. $5. DJs Vinnie Esparrazo, Beto, and Guiller mo spin Latin, camba, and dance jams.

Directions in Stereo Daiva. 9-11pm. DJs Circuit 7, Dave Bicz, Wrong? and Subzone from everything from punk to disco.

The Dream Queen’s Revue Aunty Charlie’s. 133 Turk. 441-2922. 10pm. Drag cabaret hosted by...
SILVA'S

1135 4th St., San Francisco, CA 94109
(415) 781-3850
www.silvas.com

12th Annual Oktoberfest!

Saturday 11/03, 11:30am-11pm

$3.95 German Bratwurst Dinner Special

Bavarian Beer Garden

Live Music & Entertainment

"The Boys of July"
11:30am-12:30pm

"Blues Masters" w/DJ "Pauly" from Radio Germany

Tina's Ribs w/ live music
1-2pm

"The Boys of July"
2-3pm

"R&B Masters" w/ DJ "Pauly" from Radio Germany

Tina's Ribs w/ live music
3-4pm

"The Boys of July"
4-5pm

"Blues Masters" w/DJ "Pauly" from Radio Germany

Tina's Ribs w/ live music
5-6pm

"The Boys of July"
6-7pm

"R&B Masters" w/DJ "Pauly" from Radio Germany

Tina's Ribs w/ live music
7-8pm

"The Boys of July"
8-9pm

"Blues Masters" w/DJ "Pauly" from Radio Germany

Tina's Ribs w/ live music
9-10pm

"The Boys of July"
10-11pm

"R&B Masters" w/DJ "Pauly" from Radio Germany

Tina's Ribs w/ live music
11pm-12am

Silva's Oktoberfest will feature:

- German food and drink
- Live music throughout the day
- Bavarian beer garden

This annual event is a celebration of German culture and is one of Silva's tradition. Mark your calendars and join the festivities!
**SAT/28**

**JAZZ/NEW MUSIC**

CONT’D

Eric Shifrin and in the Crowd Laurel Court, Fairmont, 950 Mason; 772-5152. 7pm.

**Ayako Hosokawa, Savanna Jazz Trio Savanna Jazz:** 7pm, $5.

Andrea McAdie Rrazz Room, Hotel Nikko, 222 Mason, (415) 433-6899; 8pm, $42.50.

Rainfall Quartet Dogpatch, 2496 3rd St, 643-9656: 8pm.

Realistic Orchestra, Kim Nalley Jazz at Pearls. 8pm and 10pm, $25.

Sasha Jacobsen Trio Café Claude. 7:30pm.

Ricardo Scales Top of the Mark. 9pm, $10.

Steve Tyrell Voyu’s 5F, 8 and 10pm, $28.50; Through Sun/29.

Craig Ventresco, Meredith Aderled Atlas Café. 4pm, free.

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**Make Out Room**

**Music**

**FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY**


Robin Gallante Simple Pleasures Café. 8pm, free.

Moira Smiley and Voo Nee Valley Ministry.

8:35pm, $12.

Mummy Sheets Site Spot. 9pm, free. Walter Morciglio’s Café, 2871 24th St; 206-0274. 8pm, $10.

Chuck Ragans, Kevin Seconds, City Bottom of the Hill. 10pm, $12.

Sukay, Edvy Naya Peha Pachamama, 1630 Powell. 646-0018. 8pm. $15. “Carnaval del Sur.”

**BAY AREA**

Larry Steff Jazz Trio Albarros Pub. 9:30pm, $3.

Kenny Neal Voyu’s 5F, 8 and 10pm. $20.

Orion’s Joy of Jazz Spuds Pizza, 3290 Adeline, Berke. (510) 597-0976. 9pm. $7-10.

Terry Disley Experience Miramar Beach Restaurant. 131 Mirada, Half Moon Bay. (650) 726-9056. 8pm, free.

**BAY AREA**

Ali al Dahl, dell Kanai ICC East Bay. 1414 Walnut, Berk. (510) 848-0273. 8pm. $15.


La Colectiva La Peña Cultural Center. 9pm, $10. Dawn Drake and Zaposie Jupiter open, 9pm, free.

Dick Di Dia, Aireen Espiritu Freight and Salvage Coffee House. 8pm. $12.50.

Mestiza, Los Chochinos Little Fox Theatre, 2209 Broadway, Redwood City. (650) 369-4114. 8pm. $14.

Mirabal Ensemble TakaMarake, 704 Addison.

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**ASUNDER**

**PREVIEW**

Listening to Asunder is freaking me out. It’s the middle of the night, the moon is full, and I was barely paying attention to the plodding funereal doom. That is, until I glimpsed a foreign movement from the corner of my eye and, sensing a phantasmatic force, my heart plummeted into my guts. If John Gossard’s eerie chants, likely effective at summoning Lucifer from the bowels of a very cold hell, didn’t raise ghosts previously unheard from in my creeky Victorian, what did?

It’s no secret if you’re even passingly attuned to local music happenings, or ever pick up this paper — that the doom-death community on both sides of the Bay is close-knit and as prolific as a war graveyard at the height of collateral damage. But Asunder just might be the darkest, dreariest, and most melodically melancholy of them all. But it’s too simple to relegate their metal dirges to the staid realm of the38
glacial and miserable; Asunder begs the question, “Can doom be dynamic?” and answers in the affirmative. Patience and subtlety, reverence and yes, the spiritual, are conjured in equal parts by down-tuned strings and minor keys. When their sophomore release, 2006’s _Works Will Come Undone_ (Profound Lore Records) — produced by the East Bay’s esteemed Billy Anderson (High on Fire, Saros) — filled 72 minutes and 45 seconds with two epic tracks, it was risky but the foursome added enough slow complexity to make it work. Let their chilling arrangements and a newly upgraded sound system tempt your ghosts at the Oakland Metro Opera’s grand reopening. (Kat Renz)

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**ASUNDER**

With Trees, Necrite, Skin Horse, and DJ Bad Jew. Fri/27, 8 p.m., $6.
Oakland Metro Opera House, 630 Third St., Oakland. (510) 763-1146, www.oaklandmetro.org
MUSIC

and more.

Tigers with Double Dutch. 10pm-2am. Hip-hop, rock, funk, and new sh.t.

SUNDAY 29

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Felix Dukes, Tinkture, Foxtails Basketball Hotel Live at The Diggers.

Lloyd Gregory, Fred Ross Biscuits and Blues. 8 and 10pm. $15.

Lucha Vlovom Fillmore. 8pm. $27.50

Mute Socialite, Wah Wah Exit Wound, Times

and Ectasy Hemlock Tavern. 9:30pm. $6.

No. 9, Fractured Fairytales, Disco Rife Range.

Bottoms Up Cafe du Nord. 7:30pm. $12-20. “Blue Bear Band Showcase.

Pigeon John, Luckyan 12 xanways. 9pm.

Pimps of Joytime Boom Boom Room. 9:30pm.

Ralph’s World Bimbo’s 365 Club. 4pm. $18.

Jonathan Segel, Vicente Utahmogender Band,

Pointong Wranglers Bottom of the Hill. 8pm. $10.

Surprised of Spite, Let’s Do Boxing Lesson Make-Out Room. 8pm. $7.

Tea Leaf Green, Jonathan McCluen Great

American Music Hall. 9pm. $25. See Picks, page 26.

Tellurian Amnesia. 9pm. “Curse of the Goddess Ship Send-Off Cabaret.”

BAY AREA

Bun-tah Maxwell’s Lounge, 314 12th St, Oakland.

(510) 899-6169 6:30pm. $15-20.

James Cotton’s 7pm. $18, 9pm. $12. See Picks, page 26.

Jeb Brady Band 19 Broadway Nite Club, 19

Broadway, Fairfay. 4:15-10:30, 9pm. free.

Jefferson Starship Sweetwater Station. 500

Magnolia, Lakspur. 924-6107, 8pm. $60.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Sony Holland Razz Room, Hotel Nikko, 222

Maorin, (510) 448-9399. 7pm. $25. Alba Mon-90.

Kurt Ribto Trio Riptide, 3639 Taraval, www.rp

index.com, 7pm. free.

Mitch Marcus Café Royale, 800 Post, 641-6033.

6pm, free.

Mila Mijokovic Jazz at Pearl’s. 8pm, $20, 10pm,

$15.

Rob Modica and Friends Simple Pleasures Cafe.

3pm, free.

San Francisco Symphony Sigmund Stern Grove,

15th Ave at Stanyan, www.sterngrove.org. 2pm, free.

“Savanna Jazz Jam Session” Savanna Jazz.

7:30pm. $5.

Steve Tyrell Yoshi’s SF. 7 and 9pm. $28-32.

Through Sun/23.

Vincent Lamoso Quartet Deguague, 2496 Third St.

643-8952, 9:30pm, $5.

Pastoriz Joyce Gallery, 2901 Mariposa, 621-6277.

8pm. $10. “The Pendulum.”

BAY AREA

Bob Braino Expressions Gallery, 2035 Ashby,

Berkeley. (510) 644-4983. 8pm, free.

Kat Parra Jazz on High Street Presbyterian

Church. 3946 High, Oakland. www.highstreetpresby

terian.com. 3pm, free.

Rebecca Griffin and Her Trio Ann’s Jazz Island.

9pm. $15

Jackie Ryan Bach Mrantine and Dancing Society,

Douglas Beach House, 307 Miranda, Half Moon Bay,

(650) 726-4413.

Swingtime! Sunday Night Swing. 230 Grand,

Oakland. (510) 654-9579. 6pm. $7-12.

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Georges Lammam Ensemble Peña Pachamama,

1630 Powell, 644-0108. 8:30pm. $10.

Lost of the Blacksmiths, Bowmanow, Amy

Blacksheir Spot. 8pm, free.

Nicole McCarry Johnny Foley’s. 9pm. free.

Porch Pies, Johnny Walnet Parkside. 9pm, free.

“The Return of Charo and Her Las Vegas

Show” Hetber Theatre, 421 Van Ness, 3424-4000.

8pm. $40-100.

BAY AREA

“Fiddlefidds Faculty Concert” Freight and Salvage

Coffee House. 8pm. $19.50

.49 Special Jupiter 5pm, free.

Robert Marinage, Ingrid Rubis Ashkanan. 3pm, $4.

Sauce Fiqueuse Nomad Café. 11am, free.

“Starry Irish Music Session” Starry Stuffy.

8-11pm. With Shalby Black.

Elo Vilefrancz, Juan Santos Quarta La Peña Cultural Center. 7pm, $16.

DANCE CLUBS

Big Top Stud. 6pm-2am. $5. Hekina is the hostess

with the mostess at this special Pride edition of

Big Top. Featuring the Earl Brown Circus Contest, -

and DJs Joshua J, Lady Meat, Saratunnel, and

Chelsea Sturr.

Bruno’s 10pm-2am, $10. DJs Headnodic and

Daymitreous spin funk, dance grooves, and hip-

hop.

Club Havana Jelley’s. 4pm. $10. Live salsa

bands plus great Cuban BBQ.

Dub Mission EBoo Room. 8pm-2am. $6. Dub,

roots, and classic dancehall with special guest

DJs Slaffit Jankin’ and Ivery.

Endup 6pm-8pm “Sunday T-Dance,” with DJs

Vince, Adriana, Nikola Batalya, Nikola, and Jim

Hopkins and weekly guests. 8pm-8am. $12.

“Super Soul Sundays” come back to Sunday

church with DJ David Harness and guests.

Salsa Sundays El Rincon. 8pm-2am, free. Salsa

lesson plus DJ dance party with Super Chino, De la

Clave, and guests.

Salsa Sundays El Rincon Rio. 3pm. Live salsa

by Mazario, plus free BBQ and dance lessons.

Sun-Daze Double Dutch. 10pm-2am. Hip-hop and

old-school with DJ B Love.

BAY AREA

The Freiheits ICC East Bay, 1414 Walnut,

Berkeley. (510) 848-0297 7-10pm. $10-20.

Yiddish dance kingpin Bruce Bierman shows you

the steps while Hugo plays live klezmer tunes.

Industry Night Kingpin’s Lucky Lounge. 5pm-

2am, free. Soulful grooves with DJ Franchise.

For service industry workers.

King of Kings Shattuck Down Low. 8pm-2am.

$16. Smoke-One and Ashants Ha-Fi play reggae,

dancehall, roots, and lovers rock.

Noches de Vudu Luka’s Toproom and Lounge,

2221 Broadway, Oakland. (510) 452-8777 9pm.

Free. Salsa, samba, reggaeton, and Latin hip-hop

with DJ Erick Santerio and rotating DJs.

MONDAY 30

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Chaos, Wild Bill and the Uppercuts, Obamarama,

Now Up Cafe du Nord. 7:30pm. $12-20. “Blue Bear

Band Showcase.”

Neutral Boy, Jack Saints Hemlock Tavern. 8pm.

$5.

Yvonne, Smiles, Rampage EBoo Room. 9pm, $7

BAY AREA

Blind Boys of Alabama Yoshi’s 8pm, $10.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Contemporary Jazz Orchestra Jazz at Pearl’s.

8pm, $15, 10pm, $30.

For Comers Rite Spot. 9pm, free.

Sony Holland Razz Room, Hotel Nikko, 222

Mason, (808) 468-3399. 7pm, $15. Last

Weekend Biscuits and Blues. 8 and 10pm, $15.

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Chicago Afrobeat Project Yoshi’s SF, 8pm. $10.

Dami Johnny Foley’s. 9pm. free. Burning

Embrellas Amnesia. 9pm, $15.

“I Don’t Like Mondays” Blended’s Bar and No Grill,

540 Valencia. 8:44-2:43, 9pm. Live music

showcase with local talent.

“Open Mic with JJ Schultz” Hotel Utah Salon.

7:30pm, free.

President Brown and the Solid Foundation

Band, Andrew Diamond Independent. 9pm, $10.

BAY AREA

“Derek Smith’s Open Mic” 19 Broadway Nite

Club, 19 Broadway, Fairfay, 459-1291. 9:30pm, free.

“Songwriters Symposium” Blakes. 8:30pm, $2-3.

Acoustic open mic.

“Traditional Irish Music Session” Stuffy Plough.

9pm. free.

DANCE CLUBS

Block-Party Double Dutch. 10pm-2am.

Underground hip-hop and break-dance. With DJ

Veronica and special guest.

Cash: little Redhead, 3309 19th St, 643-3558.

10pm-2am, $3. Reggaeton, dancehall, and more

CONTINUES ON PAGE 46}
MON/30 DANCE CLUBS

with DJ Joe Quaxx.

Club Dreads Club Six. 9pm-2am. $10. Reggae, brah!

Club 39 Rock. 9pm-2am. $3. Virginia Slims host as DJ Jay-R spins the greatest ‘90s rock, hip-hop, and who-know-what-all.

Death Guild Grill Kat. 9:30pm-2:30am. $3-$6. Children of the Twilight Guild present this dark dance club.

Dollar Monday Club Six. 9pm-2am. $2. DJ Jenny Hayston spins hip-hop, 80s, and punk. Why’s it called Dollar Monday if it costs $2? ‘Cause the PBs are $3 a carl Dohlan, dollah bill, y’all.

High Rolling Low Budget Tunnel Top. 9:30pm. free. Acid jazz, rare grooves, nu jazz, and deep house with DJ Hovfugen and friends.

Mainroom Mondays Annie’s Social Club. 9pm. free. Live the dream. karaoke on Annie’s stage and pretend you’re Jello Biafra.

94117 Madrone Lounge. 2pm-midnight. free. With board games, BYO food, videos, and movies, it’s just like your living room, if your living room had a full bar.

Punk Rock Sideshow Hermit Tavern. 10pm-2am. free. Get punk by DJ Tragic and the Duchess of Hazard.

TUESDAY 1

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Bridge Crawl Slow Motion Red, Johnny Selman El Ro. 9pm-2am. $5.

Cobra Skulls, Nino Zombie, Krush Klamath, Banda Newsense Knockout. 9:30pm. $6.

Elia Hotel$, Bitchy, 80s. 9pm.

Forthcoming, Subtle Wave, Riots of Eighty (bottom of the bill). 9pm.

Heavy Winged, One in Seven Dead, Barn Owl Hermit Tavern. 9:30pm. $5.

Mighty Underdongs, Raazhan Ahmad, Kat GSO, Joyo Velarde, Chief X-Cel, Da Boss DNA Lounge 8pm. $20. See picture page 35.


Wau Wau Sisters 12 Galaxies. 9pm. $8.

BAY AREA

Swamp Coolers Ashkanaz. 8pm. $10.

Danny Udovetsky 19 Broadway Nite Club, 19 Broadway, Fairfax. (415) 459-1091. 9:30pm. free.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Eric Reed Trio Yoshi’s SF. 8pm. $16, 10pm. $10.

A Fine Line Quartet Simple Pleasures Cafe. 8pm. free.

Mark Robinson Trio Shanghai 1930. 7pm.

Ricardo Scales Top of the Mark. 7pm. $5.

Stumpy Jones Vedi Club, 2442 Mariposa. www.organology.net/tuesday.html. 9:30pm. $12.

Terrence Brewer Quintet Intersection for the Arts, 446 Valencia. 6:30-9:30pm. $10-$20.

Vince Latevano Trio and Jam Session Savannah Jazz. 8pm. $5.

BAY AREA

Jenny Ferris, Laura Klein Cafe Trieste, 2500 San Pablo, Berkeley. (510) 548-1188. 7pm. free.

“Jazzschool Tuesdays” Hunter. 8pm. free.

“Singers” Open Mic with Ellen Hoffman” Anna’s Jazz Island. 8pm. $5.

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Macabea Elbo Room. 9pm. $7

Alice Russell Independent. 9pm. $15.

DANCE CLUBS

Argus Lounge 9pm-2am. free. DJs Fickley and Trashed Tracy would make a great detective duo. Instead, they’ve decided to play punk rock records for you.

Drunk Monkey Annie’s Social Club. 9pm-2am. free. Rock ‘n roll for inebriated primates like you.

Hoodies-N-Heads Double Dutch 10pm-2am. free. Hip-hop, funk, and sucka-free soul with DJ Visrol and special guests.

Lost and Found Make-Out Room. 9pm-2am. free. Deep and sweet ‘60s soul 45s with DJ Lucky and friends.

Soul Africa John Collins, 59 Natoma. 543-BARR. 9pm-2am. free. RIb, soul, reggae, Latin, and soulful house with DJ Tissue and co-residents Madison, Witzke, and Marcella. area.

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Sun 6/29
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Thu 7/10
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Fri 7/25
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Fri 6/27

Sun 6/29

Thu 7/10

Fri 7/25

Club List

CONT'D

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292 Mcllister
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550 Barneveld
(415) 550-8266

STUG
399 North St
(415) 252-7833

SUEN
383 Bay
(415) 399-9555

SUGAR LOUNGE
377 Hayes
(415) 255-7144

SURF CAFE
181 Eddy
(415) 345-9900

SUPPERCLUB
685 Folsom
(415) 348-0900

TEN-40
1015 Folsom
(415) 491-1200

THE CASTLE
330 Ritch
(415) 541-9574

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(415) 864-7977

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3202 Mission
(415) 626-7578

222 CLUB
222 Hyde
(415) 664-2288

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56 Laiden
(415) 677-9242

WARFIELD
920 Market
(415) 775-7722

WISH
1539 Folsom
(415) 843-1461

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San Francisco
Fillmore Heritage Center
1300 Fillmore
(415) 655-5600

BAY AREA
ALBATROSS PUB
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Berkeley
(510) 841-6272

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1317 San Pablo
Berkeley
(510) 525-5054

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(510) 647-1790

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2467 Telegraph
Berkeley
(510) 848-0866

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1621 Telegraph
Oakland
(510) 769-7711

Down On
2020 Shattuck
Berkeley
(510) 649-3810

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711 Fillmore
San Francisco
(415) 554-4044

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1111 Addison
Berkeley
(510) 548-1761

Jazzschool
2007 Addison
Berkeley
(510) 845-5373

Jitterbug
2181 Shattuck
Berkeley
(510) THE ROCK

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3172 Grand
Oakland
(510) 465-KING

Ma BuZZ Cafe
2318 Telegraph
Oakland
(510) 465-4073

Broadway
19 Broadway
Ferry Building
(415) 549-1091

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Project
924 Gilman
Berkeley
(510) 525-9996

Nomad Cafe
6500 Shattuck
Oakland
(510) 595-5344

Paramount Theatre
2625 Broadway
Oakland
(510) 466-6400

Ruby Room
132 14th St
Oakland
(510) 444-2724

Shattuck Down Low
2964 Shattuck
Berkeley
(510) 549-1159

Starlight Phlou
3101 Shattuck
Berkeley
(510) 841-2082

Stork Club
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Oakland
(510) 444-6174

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153 Throckmorton
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Concord
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Oakland
(510) 451-8100

White Horse
6551 Telegraph
Oakland
(510) 652-3820

Yoshi's
555 Jackson
Embarcadero
West
(415) 226-9782

S Rancho
A different light
Gay photographers review the urban landscape

By Johnny Ray Huston
johnny@sfbg.com

THE QUEER ISSUE It’s best to begin at the edge. Gay urban photography has a fleeting yet reliably revelatory home at those places where water laps up against land. On the East Coast, from 1973 through 1986, Alvin Baltrop explored the Hudson River side of Manhattan, capturing black-and-white visions of sex, murder, and architecture by cruising the piers as a peer rather than as an exploitative outsider. On the West Coast, during the ’50s and ’60s, Denny Denfield used Baker Beach and its nearby wooded areas to invent an Adam-only Eden best glimpsed during the ‘50s and ‘60s, Denny Deitcher identifies its facets and explores the Hudson River side of Manhattan. It could draw from pre-Giuliani, pre-Disney liberal time of Baltrop and the closeted era of Stone is evident in their views of waterfront lazy sunbathers. Perhaps the brightest — in tone and in quality of light — of the Baltrop photos showcased in Artforum is a window-size hole in a warehouse wall — suggest an edge of menace that Baltrop’s photos of body bags make plain. An unauthorized space for gay sexuality in a bomb-ed out urban zone, the piers were ripe with dangers unknown.

Stone’s and Baltrop’s photographs could form chapters in their views of waterfront lazy sunbathers. Perhaps the brightest — in tone and in quality of light — of the Baltrop photos showcased in Artforum is a window-size hole in a warehouse wall — suggest an edge of menace that Baltrop’s photos of body bags make plain. An unauthorized space for gay sexuality in a bomb-ed out urban zone, the piers were ripe with dangers unknown.

February 2008 Artforum piece.

The difference between the liberated time of Baltrop and the closeted era of Stone is evident in the picture’s dominant darkness and the roughness of its light threshold — a window-size hole in a warehouse wall — suggest an edge of menace that Baltrop’s photos of body bags make plain. An unauthorized space for gay sexuality in a bomb-ed out urban zone, the piers were ripe with dangers unknown.

Alan B. Stone’s 1954 photo Untitled (Lachine Canal) (left) is characteristic of the gay photographer’s vision of the edge of Montreal during a time of sexual repression and homophobia. Photos from Alvin Baltrop’s series “Pier Photographs, 1975-1986” (center) reflect the increased freedom and danger on the waterfront of post-Stonewall and pre-Giuliani New York. Tammy Rae Carlard’s My Inheritance (right) critiques notions of value from a feminist, queer perspective.

“Let’s pretend we own the world today,” Kathleen Hanna sings midway through the uncharacteristic Bikini Kill ballad “For Tammy Rae.” In her new solo show “An Archive of Feelings,” the woman Hanna was singing for, Tammy Rae Carlard, breaks down and reframes some of what she owns from a queer, feminist perspective that upsets emotional and financial conceits. Carland can vitally point out the beauty of mold and frame it in gold, but her show’s largest C-prints are perhaps the most powerful. My Inheritance presents 21 objects that belonged to her late mother. The wildly varying forms of worth that might be ascribed to bingo memorabilia and domestic objects take on a tough, acidic irony here — through the piece’s title, and through a presentation that resembles and critiques the kind of white-page auction presentation found in Sotheby’s catalogs. One Love Leads to Another similarly presents the tape culture (via cassettes such as Let’s Rock from the 1980s that kick-started K Records in Carlard’s onetime home of Olympia, Wash. Like Carlard’s mother’s keepsakes, these punk feminist objects have a colorful Yard Birds’ aesthetic specific to Washington state, but their countless communal and creative connections showcase the power of sisterhood beyond bloodline. (Johnny Ray Huston)

AN ARCHIVE OF FEELINGS
Through July 27
Tues.–Sat., 11 a.m.–6 p.m., free.
Silverman Gallery 804 Sutter, SF www.silverman-gallery.com www.tammyraecarlard.com

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN
visual art

BALTROP PHOTOS COPYRIGHT 2008 THE ALVIN BALTOP TRUST. USED WITH PERMISSION; MY INHERITANCE COURTESY OF SILVERMAN GALLERY

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Art listings are compiled by Duncan Scott Davidson. Because of space limitations, new art shows are listed the week they open (thereafter, shows are listed on a rotating basis). See page 13, for information on how to submit items to the listings. For complete listings, go to sfbg.com.


**GALLERIES**

**OPENING**

Academy of Art University Galleries 688 Sutter; 346-4600 Mon–Fri, 9am–6pm; Sat, 9am–5pm. Oil paintings by Hyun-In Jung: “Sacred Space,” multimedia installation by Isabel Rofferty. Through Sun/29. Group show by the Society of Western Artists. July 1–29.

**African American Center** San Francisco Public Library, Main Library, 100 Larkin, third floor; 557-4400 Mon, Sat, 10am–6pm; Tues–Thurs, 9am–8pm; Fri, noon–6pm; Sun, noon–5pm. “Spirituality Photo Project,” works by the 16 members of Black Brothers Extern. July 1–Aug 7. Also at the library’s James C. Hormel Gay and Lesbian Center.


**Creativity Explored** 3245 16th St; 863-2108 Mon–Fri, 10am–6pm; Sat, 1–6pm. “Insects” group sculpture show (reception Thurs/26, 7–9pm). June 26–Aug 6.

**Diego Rivera Gallery** San Francisco Art Institute, 800 Chestnut; 771-2020. Daily, 8am–6pm. “If the Smoke Don’t Get You, the Meatball Will,” new works by Tom Borden, Eric Gabbard, and Khysup Mustafarad (reception and artist lecture Tues/5, 6pm). June 30–July 5.

**Filipino American Center** San Francisco Public Library, Main Library, 100 Larkin, third floor; 557-4425. “One Story at a Time: Rebuilding the International Hotel and the Memory of Manilatown.” historical photographs and artifacts. July 1–Aug 31.

**Fisher Children’s Center** San Francisco Public Library, Main Library, 100 Larkin, second floor; 557-4277. Mon, Sat, 10am–6pm; Tues–Thurs, 9am–5pm; Fri, noon–6pm; Sun, noon–5pm. “5-0 Stories,” ceramic works by Helen Canin. July 1–Aug 27.

**Gamma Photographic Labs** 445 Clementina; 864-8155. Mon–Fri, 8:30am–6pm. “Portraits from the San Francisco International Film Festival,” photographs by Pamela Gentile (reception Thurs/26, 6–8pm). June 26–Aug 29.


**James C. Hormel Gay and Lesbian Center** San Francisco Public Library, Main Library, 100 Larkin, third floor; 557-4400. Mon, Sat, 10am–6pm; Tues–Thurs, 9am–8pm; Fri, noon–6pm; Sun, noon–5pm. “Spirituality Photo Project,” works by the 16 members of Black Brothers Extern. July 1–Aug 7. Also at the library’s African American Center.

**REVIEW**

Remember those jazzy Raymond Scott tunes that accompanied many Depression-era Bugs Bunny cartoons? The rhythmic tinkling of the xylophone, the metronome and piano one-two-ing, while the trumpets and clarinets wha-wahed to our wise-ass rabbit scrambling to free himself from the inner workings of a factory. Those images merged Technicolor fantasy and swinging wackiness to the dumb, impersonal nature of mass production, a cartoonish combo that comes to mind when entering Matt Gil’s exhibition at the Marx Zavattero Gallery. Residing over the majority of the space is Gil’s kinetic work _Conveyor with 24 Sculptures_ (2007–08), a nonstop catwalk of coffee-table-size ceramic forms parading in a loop for the viewer. The slip-cast, candy-colored glazed shapes are straight out of the space-age Google design era: it’s kind of quirky, biomorphic, and geometrically surreal commercial art our parents and grandparents bought at department stores. Gil’s mechanism rotates smoothly, though the forms occasionally wobble. Nothing like wobbling ceramics to make one nervous in a gallery. This carousel, however, leads one to imagine that — like Schroeder’s closet full of Beethoven busts — there might be a replacement or two in the artist’s studio. What transforms Gil’s piece further is that it’s underlit by floodlights, generating Dr. Seuss–like shadows and space for precisely what they are.

“Matt Gil: Reel to Real”

“Matt Gil: Reel to Real”
Beyond belief

The Busy World Is Hushed questions love, family, and faith

By Robert Avila

THE QUEER ISSUE

Aurora Theatre takes on — reportedly — its first gay-themed work with a West Coast premiere of Keith Bunin’s almost-too-smart The Busy World Is Hushed, a play that ultimately has as much to do with questions of Christian faith and the mixed blessing/burden of family as with sexual orientation.

The play, which debuted off-Broadway in 2006 amid a fracas in the Episcopal Church over the issue of homosexuality, concerns a middle-aged Episcopalian minister, scholar, and single mother named Hannah (Anne Darragh) who hires a young writer, Brandt (Chad Deverman), to ghostwrite her book on a newly discovered gospel that may represent more faithfully (ahem) the “authentic” Jesus.

Both characters have personal reasons for being interested in this project. Hannah was widowed when her husband walked into the sea in a possible suicide, leaving her pregnant and alone. Her sharp intellect leaves plenty of scope for criticism of the institutional and historical construction of God and the bigotry of the Church, but her faith — which she grounds in her own suffering and isolation as a way of giving them meaning and purpose — is only refined in the process. Meanwhile, Brandt, a lapsed Episcopalian, long ago moved away from a church that invalidated his identity as a gay man. But with his father dying in the hospital and unable to concentrate on his own writing, he’s eager to lose himself to act on his feelings for her son, it’s with something less than unalloyed Christian spirit. Director Robin Stanton’s actors deliver their lines with too pat and too constructed, at times almost Socratic, so that soon belief is too smitten, is kneeling before Thomas dons a big leather toolbelt to plucking out one quill after another. Meanwhile, Brandt, clearly smitten, is kneeling before Thomas. Soon Brandt, clearly smitten, is kneeling before Thomas. Soon Brandt, clearly smitten, is kneeling before Thomas, in their next meeting, morphs into another about as preposterous when, in their next meeting, Thomas dons a big leather toolbelt to put up a couple of shelves). Hannah’s delving into Christian history and exegesis mirrors her equally solitary gregarious and promiscuous son’s own restless quest to understand his real-world father — which holds out for him a similar promise of existential meaning, moral guidance, and a quieting of the soul. But their quests, while similar, are also in conflict. A battle is being drawn between mother and son — in some sense over, and in the name of, the father(s) — so that when Hannah practically begs the hapless Brandt to act on his feelings for her son, it’s with something less than unalloyed Christian spirit. Director Robin Stanton’s actors deliver their lines with conviction, but the dialogue gets both

THE BUSY WORLD IS HUSHED

Through July 20
Wed–Sat, 8 p.m.; Sun, 2 and 7 p.m.; $60–$42
Aurora Theatre
2081 Addison, Berk.
(510) 843-4822,
www.auroratheatre.org

While The Busy World Is Hushed’s Thomas (James Wagner, front) plays with model planes, Hannah (Anne Darragh, left) and Brandt (Chad Deverman) are all work. At center, Brandt and Hannah head to church — despite the distractions at hand. At right, Fresh Meat Festival founder Sean Dorsey proved a standout performer at this year’s event.

PHOTOS OF BUSY WORLD BY DAVID ALLEN; PHOTO OF SEAN DORSEY BY LYDIA DANILLER

RARE, MEDIUM, WELL-DONE

When Sean Dorsey started the Fresh Meat Festival in 2001, transgendered artists were sequestered inside the alternative club scene. With this new event, Dorsey threw the doors wide open. While transgender and queer performances still have a special attraction for their constituencies, the festival’s need to move to Theater Artaud, its largest venue yet, proves its broader appeal.

This year’s presentations ranged far and wide, and so did the quality. That’s one of the perils of this type of focused programming: the desire to be supportive and inclusive can mean presenting artists who may not be experienced or even talented enough. The San Francisco Ethnic Dance Festival went through similar growing pains. But Fresh Meat — which is fun, balanced, and thoughtful — is on the right track.

Five groups received commissions. The Barbary Coast Cloggers and Na Lei Hulu I Ka Wekiw presented excellent premieres; the first joyously clichey-clacking; the other lyrically flowing through new interpretations of passed-down dancing. In trying to show the breadth of its repertoire, however, Colombian Soul attempted too much. The troupe presented undeveloped, under-rehearsed fragments, including a religious procession and a same-sex partnered maypole dance. Musicians Nejla Baguio and Prado Gomez’s artistic partnership looked young. The tentative Who’s Your Daddy?; musings on being a parent, had a few sparks but ultimately fizzled. Also respectfully but unenthusiastically received was the transgendered Transcendence Gospel Choir and its invitation for a community sing-along.

Two artists I would like to see more of were the outstanding countertenor Jose Luis Muñoz, who sang a powerful aria from Juana (an opera-in-progress by Carla Lucero), and Scott Turner Schofield, a FTM word artist. In an excerpt from Becoming a Man in 127? EASY Steps, he performed a smart, witty audition. This year’s presentations ranged far and wide, and so did the quality. That’s one of the perils of this type of focused programming: the desire to be supportive and inclusive can mean presenting artists who may not be experienced or even talented enough. The San Francisco Ethnic Dance Festival went through similar growing pains. But Fresh Meat — which is fun, balanced, and thoughtful — is on the right track.

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Still, the evening belonged to Dorsey, and not just because he founded the festival. Lost/Found, a duet he performed with Brian Fisher, showed again how nuanced a thinker, writer, dancer, and choreographer he is. I can’t think of anybody, no matter their identity, who creates works about growing up as theatrically cogent and as tremulously alive.

(Rita Felciano)
little girl in the audience. (Avila)


Heist a Crow Stage Werx, 553 Sutter, 385-6296, www.helpwithalot.com. $15. Fri/27 Sat/28, 8pm. Sean Kelly, founder of the now defunct, formerly crazy Spanganga Gallery venue, revises his 2006 comedy about the afterlife.


Jihad Jones and the Kalashnikov Babes Thick House, 3695 18th St; 401-8081, www.goldenthread.org. $15-25. Thurs/26-Sat/28, 8pm, Sun, 2pm. Witnessing the internal conflict of a reluctant seduction is not what it’s about any more. Considering award-winning playwright Yussef El Guindit’s latest world premiere, hilarious.

Enjoying another world premiere by Golden Thread Productions, Jihad Jones fulfills its mission of presenting Middle Eastern perspectives — in this case, that of an Arab American actor offered a career-breaking role as ... an insane, hostage-holding, sting-and-pilaging terrorist. Kamal Marayati plays the struggling actor, Astraf, and the audience suffers (with lots of laughter) his futile attempts to convince himself that the “dream role” is truly real and not a gross derision of his entire culture. Directed by Mark Routhier (most recently of Magic Theatre’s “The Moslem Room”), this farcical comedy about stereotypes hosts its own cast of caricatures: there are times when you wish Astraf’s obnoxiously unscrupulous agent, Barry (played by David Sinaiko), was off the stage, and the haughtiness of actress Cassandra Shapely (Cal Thompson) is redeemed only after giving Astraf some feminist-inspired advice. Jessica Kirshen’s over-sexed receptionist provides perfectly timed doses of comic relief, while Julius the director, played by Mark Rafael Truett, remains oblivious to the offensive script. In the midst of these types, Astraf must grapple with his principles and his desire to join the “slag heap of has-beens.” Again, not a pleasant sight, but definitely a thought-provoking 90 minutes. (Kat Renz)


Men with Microphones Dark Room Theater, 2263 Mission; www.menwithmicrophones.com. $15. Fri/27-Sat/28, 8pm. Everyone has a secret to keep in Aaron S. Luk’s new play about a film fest screening stolen reels.

Out of This World Eureka Theatre, 215 Jackson; 255-9207, www.42ndstreetmoon.org. $22-30. Thurs/26-Fri/27, 8pm; Sat/28, 8pm; Sun/29, 3pm. Musical theater company 42nd Street Moon performs the Cole Porter show that supernaturally sets Greek gods and Hollywood royalty in 1930s Athens.


Squeeze Box March, 1006 Valencia; 826-5750, 1-800-838-3006, www.themarsh.org. $15-35 sliding scale. Sat, 5pm; Sun, 7pm. Through June 29. While other kids longed for stardom and riches, writer-director Ann Randolph says she dreamed of being a nurse and getting on the cover of the Missionary Gazette. Many footloose years later she winds up instead working the graveyard shift at a Santa Monica shelter for mentally ill homeless women, barely making ends meet herself and

CONTINUES ON PAGE 54. — KEN LOUIS

BAY AREA


Miss Me Kate Contra Costa Civic Theatre, 951 Pomona, El Cerrito, (510) 524-9112, www. cct.org. $15-24. Opens Fri/27, 8pm. Runs Fri-Sat, 8pm, Sun, 2pm. Through Aug 3. This greenroom comedy about a musical produc-
tion of Taming of the Shrew won the first Tony award for Best Musical in 1949.

ONGOING

Beach Blanket Babylon Club Fugazi, 678 Beach Blanket Babylon Blvd, 421-4222. $25-75. Wed-Thurs, 8pm-Fri, Sat/30, 6:30 and 9:30pm. Sun, 2 and 5pm. Ongoing. The long-running musical comedy revue that sports popular culture continues with new characters,hits, and skits.


Darren Romeo: the Voice of Magic Post Street Theatre, 450 Post, second floor; 771-6900, www.poststreettheatre.com. $40-65. Tues-Sat, 8pm (also Sat, 2pm). No show Sun/29. Additional matinee Wed/25, 2pm. Through July 13. Sure enough Siegfried and Roy showed up on opening night to urge on their protégé, magician-singer Darren Romeo (billed as “the voice of magic”), but you won’t find any animals or even any very original illusions in this overly slick and quickly bor-
ing Las Vegas act, which at times seems to have landed in San Francisco by some ter-
rible mistake. Romeo is not a singer to write home about and his renditions of pop classics are often difficult to recognize. Much like the magic acts themselves, they came too distorted by “production values” (the whole show read like TV, only bigger) to be very compelling. A skillful and personable enough guy, Romeo was probably at his best when doing a masterful no-frills card trick for a
Oooh! Lookie up here on the dirty gay porn rag shelf. Past the Out, featuring a very strange half-naked photospread “dedicated to the memory of Georgia O’Keefe” — think nipply model and cow skulls — and The Advocate, giving you full-on yawnsville with ho-hum marriage and “reality gays” stories. Past Genre’s insectoid white boy snaked in the Stars-and-Stripes cover and Instinct’s insightful “Exposed! Mario Lopez Rocks Your Bod!” tell-all.

Up here in the anal bleachers, Inches parts hunky Russki Nickolay Petrov’s iron curtains, and shoves anti-model Herman’s head in our gaping eyeballs. Black Inches leads with “Hellá 8 Black Brothas Boney Up!” and showcases Quentin (“9 inches — Cum Taste the Flava!”), while Latin Inches outsizes ’em with Carlos (“13 x 6 — Extra Thick ‘n Juicy!”). Alas, a quick scan reveals no Asian Inches or Eskimo Inches or even Arab Inches, although they’re all the rage. (Inch allah?) With Playguy you also get a bonus Inches from 1996, so it reeks of meth and dial-up modems.

We’re a soft target for hairy Honcho cover hunk Alex Corsi’s “heat-seeking missile,” although the “Bobbin” for boners” and “Bareback rimming” how-tos seem like mere excuses for pretty pictures. Celebratory 100th issue Unzipped model Antonio Braggi’s tagline says everyone wants him for his “11 x 6,” but we’re pierced by his steely gaze and perfect facial hair formation. Another can’t-miss in this issue: “Weapons of Ass Destruction! The Battle of the Celebrity Replicocks?” We’re dismayed by the dearth of bear-porn magazines this month, and that Mandate’s “9 Hot Hunks Butt Naked!” is full of too-familiar faces. But we’re perfectly pleased by Advocate Men’s dreamy “stallion in a suit” — and a hair suit at that — Matthew Cameron. Grrrr. (Marie B.)

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SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN | JUNE 25 - JULY 1, 2008

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25
6PM - 9PM
Pilsner Inn
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Bay Guardian
“Best of the Bay”
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Radio Free Valencia

By Paul Reiding<br>• paulr@sfbg.com

Restaurant archaeologists might not have much occasion to use carbon dating, but we do have the space at 1199 Valencia Street as a window into the past, and therein hangs a tale of the city. A decade ago, the occupant was Radio Valencia, a cheerful boho cafe that served art displays, live music, and ecologically sensitive sandwiches. It was, in its faintly grubby coolness, the epitome of the 1990s Mission District. But it closed around the turn of the millennium, first giving way to a Thai restaurant (J.J. Thai Bistro) and then to the Last Supper Club — a nice place and cool in its way, but not at all grubby, just as Valencia Street itself lost much of its jagged urban edge on the way to being the flâneur-friendly promenade we know today.

The Last Supper Club changed hands in 2005, when the original owners, Joe Jack and A.J. Gilbert, bowed out to Ruggero Gadaldi, whose other concerns include Antica Trattoria and Pesce. There is some evidence Gadaldi didn’t like his new restaurant’s name, since earlier this spring he gave the place a makeover and a re-christening. It’s now called Beretta — a name perhaps too redolent of weaponry for some tastes, but less overripe than the other one — and its interior has been given a slick minimalist treatment. The Last Supper Club’s baroque cherubs and fountain are gone, replaced by SoMa-esque black-topped tables, including a large and rather Chaucerian community table in the middle of the dining room, where you might find yourself sitting next to complete strangers with whom you can build some spontaneous social capital.

The menu, meanwhile, is like the love child of SPQR and Pizzeria Delfina. In other words, it hosts a wealth of exquisite small plates — known here by their traditional name, antipasti, since traditionally they’re served before the pasta course — along with salads, risottati, and an impressive list of pizzas. There’s also (in an echo of Gialina) a main course that changes nightly. But for many — if not most — of the tables (not to mention the community table), a pizza is the main event, to judge by the pizzas that seem to come sailing out of the kitchen like Frisbees.

The antipasti divide into vegetable, fish, and meat sections, the last consisting of such usual cured-flesh suspects as prosciutto, mortadella, and soppressata. The vegetable choices are more varied and seasonal. We practically inhaled a plate of bruschetta ($6) — the correct pronunciation, by the way, is “bru-SKATE-ah,” not “bru-SHETT-ah” — slathered with a spring-green purée of fresh fava beans and sprinkled with salt-snap pecorino cheese. And while quarters of artichoke heart ($6), roasted alla romana, are commonly filled with seasoned bread crumbs, they are less commonly spiked, as they are here, with that dynamic duo of spicy Italian-style sausage, hot pepper and fennel seed.

And a tip of the locovore cap to the Monterey Bay sardines ($7), a set of luxuriously plump and oily fish, grilled and plated “en sauté,” a Venetian technique that combines slivers of white onion and red bell pepper, a generous splash of extra-virgin olive oil, and an equally generous blast of white vinegar.

If white rice strikes you as a little boring, you’ll probably approve of the squid-ink risotto with calamari rings ($13). The briny-sweet flavor is direct, for that matter, and the rice grains themselves are cooked nicely al dente — as are the tentacles, for that matter. But it’s the color that commands attention: a purplish-black with a sheen of green, like summer thunderheads billowing over the Mississippi. The color is so profound and unusual as to become tasty.

While the pizzas aren’t precious, they do reflect a thoughtfulness about ingredients. Even more, they remind us that pizza-baking has its subtleties. I was especially pleased to find, when a prosciutto-arugula pie ($14) reached us on its little wire stand, that those two delicate ingredients had been added after the pizza had emerged from the oven, crust bubbling with tomato and mozzarella. It would have been simpler to throw everything on at once, but that would have cost the prosciutto and arugula something of their distinctive characters.

Desserts tend heavily toward gelato, and, surprisingly for an Italian restaurant, there is no tiramisù. For those who can’t do without that deathless warhorse, the babà al rum ($8) might do; it consists of spongecake leaves soaked with rum and topped with a cap of simple cream gelato (not even vanilla added as a flavoring, just cream) and a pinch of orange zest looking like bright orange sawdust. Tasty, but plenty of fumes; you would not want to light a match until the bowl had been emptied and cleared and several minutes had passed.

For those who can’t do without chocolate, there’s a dish of chocolate gelato ($7), given textural interest by crumbs of amaretti (the famous almond biscuits) and few squirts of caramel sauce. The sauce cools and becomes chewy on the slopes of the gelato blob, like lava turning to rock on the side of a volcano.

The crowd: familiar-looking. It seemed to me that I’d seen the same group in recent visits to Spork, Dosa, and Range — all of which are within two or three blocks, as the flâneur strolls. Median age I would guess to be in the early 30s; median income, considerably higher. If, like me, you’ve noticed that traffic across the Mission has hugely thickened in the past 10 years and wondered who’s living in all those loft-style buildings that have sprung up as if by magic, the Beretta clientele suggests some answers. Now where did I put my Beretta? sfgus

BERETTA<br>Dinner: nightly, 5:30 p.m.–1 a.m.<br>Brunch: Sat.–Sun., 10 a.m.–3 p.m.<br>1199 Valencia, SF (415) 695-1199<br>www.berettasf.com<br>Full bar AE/DISC/MC/V<br>Noisy Wheelchair accessible

M B O R E  S A T E B L E R D E R
(1) 40 oz. Mickey’s and Flaming Hot Cheetos<br>(2) Soave-braised pork with polenta, Ottimista-Enoteca Café, SF<br>(3) Bananas Foster chocolates, Christopher Elbow, SF<br>(4) Mac ‘n’ Cheese, DeLessio, SF<br>(5) Mint chip ice cream, Roy’s Place, Huntington Lake

FOOD + DRINK 57
Cans and can’ts

By L.E. Leone
> le_chicken_farmer@yahoo.com

CHEAP EATS There’s a reason you don’t see electric can openers anymore. They’re completely idiotic. But maybe you have arthritis, or a wrist-related disability. With you (and lots of money) in mind, some cat in Hong Kong invented the One-Touch can opener, which runs on batteries. I came across one in an able-bodied young friend’s kitchen drawer. To her credit, the battery was dead, or MIA. Ergo, I couldn’t figure out how to work it.

Which wasn’t, by the way (and speaking of idiocy), for lack of effort. In fact, we got into a bit of a brawl, me and this nifty, innovative, as-seen-on-TV assemblage of plastic and metal parts. It won. After about an hour and a half — bloodied, bruised, and fuming — I swallowed my pride, along with four teeth, and asked my friend’s Willow if she needed a battery. There should be a “real” can opener somewhere in the same drawer, she said. Oh.

I limped back to the kitchen, found the familiar, trusty, stalwart hand-crank Swing-A-Way, and after about 38 minutes to finish the job that my old $2 opener would have finished in less than 10 seconds (I checked). And the mangled can, afterward, looked very much like a weapon.

So I verbally abused our lovely and gracious hostess for keeping such a thing in a house with small children, and she said it was the only kind they had at Rainbow Grocery.

Ah. Leave it to my favorite kind of people, vegetarian hippies, to turn can opening into a bloody, beany battlefield, and in the interest of what? Safety? Ergonomics? The environment?

Look, if they don’t have a $2 can opener down at your local thrift store, you can order one brand new online for $6. I’m sure of it. I really did check: eight wrist-twists and five seconds opens a standard-size can. And if that sounds too exhausting, too time-consuming, or somehow dangerous to you, get the hell out of the kitchen please. I’ll cook.

My new favorite restaurant is Puerto Alegre. I was eating something crunchy there with Earl Butler, my brother, and my nephew when it occurred to me that I’ve been eating here pretty consistently for longer than I’ve been pretty consistently eating anywhere else. It’s not the best Mexican food in the Mission District, but I love the atmosphere. And if you show up right at 11 a.m., you can sit right down.

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VEG OUT

Did You Know...
That tomatoes are very high in the carotenoid Lycopene; eating foods with carotenoids can lower your risk of cancer? Other vegetables high in carotenoids are carrots, spinach, sweet potatoes, and collard greens.

15 HYDE 50

Tourists eat sourdough bread.
San Franciscans eat sourdough pizza.

July 5, 10 AM – Noon
Live from the San Francisco Ferry Building, in the Port Commission Hearing Room
With guest host Mike Greensill
Reading of the Declaration of Independence
Also: Katie Hafner – Miriam Goodman – Wesla Whitfield
The Gay Men’s Chorus’ Lollipop Guild – Larkin Gayl
Tom Brady and Asa DeMatteo get married (officiated by Rev. Sam Barry)
The Mike Greensill Trio

July 12, 10 AM – Noon:
Live from the San Francisco Ferry Building’s Port Commission Hearing Room

Real San Franciscans know what makes this town special. Things like Goat Hill Pizza’s sourdough crust. Everybody in the City knows us for our Monday night “all you can eat” special on Potrero Hill, but now you can get that same deal weekdays at lunchtime at our new Howard Street location. You can also get our sourdough pizza delivered to your door by calling 974-1303.

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BEST FAKE MEAT SANDWICH

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Welcome to the jungle

Apichatpong offers bliss from a distance

By Matt Sussman

Mark Twain’s observation (cribbed from poet Thomas Campbell) that “distance lends enchantment to the view” could serve as a guiding axiom for the languorous, enchanting films of Apichatpong Weerasethakul. Apichatpong shows more than he tells, and his camera often obscures rather than explicates the minute, alchemical operations taking place before it.

Somnambulant features such as the day-tripping Besojdely Yours (2002), the shape-shifting gay fable Tropical Malady (2004), and the double-exposed parental portrait Syndromes and a Century (2006) have left many critics bewildered but entranced. Others just seem confused by the elliptical, dream-like logic of the films, in which locale and landscape shape the narrative as much as characters’ peripherally observed actions. Viewers hoping for glints of elucidation in Apichatpong’s juvenilia and nonfeature pictures will probably be disappointed by his short films, such as Malee (2005) and into the dead center of a badminton court, then switching to footage of hospital visitors. Whereas Malee suggests a leap of faith, Malee just feels indecisive.

The program’s heart is Worldly Desires (2005), a half-hour trek across the same superstition-laden terrain of Tropical Malady. Dedicated to his “memories of the jungle,” Worldly Desires is Apichatpong’s most meta yet: a music video, a romantic drama, and a composite document crafted from “behind the scenes” footage.

In the opening sequence, a forest’s nighttime choir of insects is interrupted by a bossa nova groove. Suddenly a spotlight washes out the middle ground, illuminating the camera and lighting rigs trained on a singer and her background dancers as she lip-synchs a love song with familial undercurrents. The next few shots follow a man and woman as they hurry through the brush. It takes a few seconds before one can disambiguate the crosshairs in the center of the frame from the dense foliage.

Apichatpong keeps us at the periphery. Each re-shoot of the video is from the same, distanced vantage point. The couple’s arduous journey to find an enchanted tree unfolds through playback monitors, the director’s instructions, and the grumblings and random musings of an exhausted crew. We’re never told if the lovers cross paths with the pop star, or whether what we’re watching is the staging of something staged or a video diary.

Though Tropical Malady’s first half focuses on a gay love story, it feels somewhat disingenuous to pin a queer sensibility on Apichatpong, even if he is gay. However, with its humorous foregrounding of the labor-intensive means by which the pop culture industry packages “normal” heterosexual love, Worldly Desires certainly invites queer labeling — if not at least queer readings such as this critic’s.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS
Thurs/26, 7:30 p.m. (program 1) and Sun/29, 7:30 p.m. (program 2), $8 Yerba Buena Center for the Arts 701 Mission, SF (415) 978-2787, www.ybca.org

No one makes films quite like Apichatpong Weerasethakul (left), whose dreamy short works, including Worldly Affairs (center) offer hints of a 21st-century queer sensibility. Werner Herzog ponders the end of the world — literally and figuratively — in his new film, a documentary he’d rather be viewed as “a feature film in disguise.”

THE QUEER ISSUE
Chop Shop

FRI/27

FRI/27


SAT/28


SUN/29

CASTR: “Fun in Girls’ Shorts” (shorts program) 11:30am. “Fun in Boys’ Shorts” (shorts program) 1.30. Breakfast with Scot 7.30.

OPENING

BRICK LANE Adapted from Monica Ali’s 2003 novel, Brick Lane is a clichéd, romantic, finding-one’s-home story. Nazneen (Tanishtha Chatterjee) submits herself to the unrelenting life of pre-married arrangements until she meets Karim (Christopher Simpson), who sweeps her off her feet. One of the most aggravating things about the film is that Nazneen finds the power to take charge of her life through her affair alone. Apparently her daughter’s constant plea for Nazneen to start verbalizing her will was of secondary importance. (1.41 Clay; Komodore)

Chop Shop See pick box.

Encounters at the End of the World See “Encounters,” page 60. (1.99) Lumiere, Shattuck.

Finding Amanda The creator of Rescue Me directs this autobiographical tale, starring Matthew Broderick as a television writer seeking to redeem himself after a lifetime of bad behavior. (1.30) Embarracadores, Shattuck.

Savage Grace Tom Kalin’s 1992 Swan was a signature feature from the New Queer Cinema movement. Its dramaticats is somewhat complicated and Leopold and Leopold case seemed arresting for both its crisp black-and-white photography and flagrant disregard for still-prevalent sentiments that gay screen imagery need always be case-pleasingly positive. It certainly got him enough attention to leg-up a career. Year’s only new and a 2.0: Savage Grace, another true-crime dramatization involving murder and decadence within the social elite. Kain has a Dominick Dunne-like nose for bloodlust among the powerful and uninvigiled, and it led him to the 1972 murder of socialite Barbara Daily Baekeland by her son Antony, an act that subsequently exposed years of incest, adultery, substance abuse, questionable parenting, and rampant craziness—all within the glittering A-list milieu of the Beneficiaries of the Bakeley Plastics fortune. The 1985 book Savage Grace used interviews, letters, and diary entries to tell the gruesome story in first-person pastiche. Redirecting that saga toward conventional dramatic narrative, Bahrani’s portraits (using nonprofessional actors and an ambien soundtrack) prove so highly attuned to character and evocative of place that you might overlook what a good storyteller he is. Cassavetes, Bahrani’s portraits (using nonprofessional actors and an ambien soundtrack), prove so highly attuned to character and evocative of place that you might overlook what a good storyteller he is. Like a New York City Ken Loach with the anxious psychic interiors of a sociopath, Bahrani’s portraits (using nonprofessional actors and an ambien soundtrack) prove so highly attuned to character and evocative of place that you might overlook what a good storyteller he is. (1.37) Albany, Embarracadores, (Harvey)

WALLO Robots are cuter (3.38) Grand Lake, Orinda, Shattuck.

Wanted Part action-suspense flick, part superhero creation myth, Wanted stars James McAvoy as Wesley Gibson, a depressive, self-hating office drone with a photographic memory, who, with the help of a mysterious figure (Angelina Jolie in a role created for director Timur Bekmambetov (Night Watch, 2004) is deliberately mimicry this premise for comedy or just happening to stumble upon a rich vein of absurdity as Sloan explains the situation to the two. However, it — and the generally patchy dialogue — has a deflecting effect on the mood of the movie, which is full of clever visual and symbolic details (including a lost dog). A scene in which Wesley, on a literal adrenaline rush, embraces his new identity is genuinely funny. But after a handful of subterfuge roles, McAvoy is unsetting to watch during the film’s testosteronically-injected moment. Problem Bekmambetov might have been avoided by forging such clichés as the apparently requisite sto-mo shot of Wesley charging forward, guns a-blasting, with a yell of battle rage in his throat. Angelina Jolie costars as Fox, the smirking badass tasked with looking sexy while Wesley gets whipped (as well as pistol-whipped, blade-doused, gassed, and psychologicially tortured) into shape by his fellow crew members. (1.53) Orinda. (Rapport)

MAY/JUNE

Ongoing

BIGGER, STRONGER, FASTER Competition is seemingly bred into Americans, along with an obsessive-compulsive desire to win that neighbors around the world find variably admirable, amusing, and bewildering. Recent US cultural attitudes toward sport and sportsmanship have caused even thesetere to become focused on arrogant and overpaid (CONTINUES ON PAGE 62)
ONGOING

“GRAND SCALE MOVIE MAKING”
“A REALLY SOMETHING TO SEE”
— rare, THE NEW YORK TIMES

**ACADEMY AWARD NOMINEE**
**FOREIGN LANGUAGE FILM**

*The Fall* (2007), Kabuki.

Get Smart! Fans might be aggrieved by Get Smart’s lack of fidelity to the Cold War-era TV show, but the spirit of the original is kept intact, with myriad catchphrases (“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”), references to old favorite toys (“shoe phone”), and other homages that, if you weren’t already a fan, you might not get: when Agent 99 (Arne Hatleberg) and Maxwell Smart (Steve Carell) find themselves at a ball, Hathaway disguises herself as Barbara Feldon (the original Agent 99). Along with nods to the show, references to today’s politics are equally represented.

**ON THE UNTO THE RISE OF GENGHIS KHAN**

**FILM**

“ABALO FESTA OF MONEY, KINKY SEX AND MURDER”
— John Powers, VOGUE

“SAGELY MOVING, JULIANNE MOORE’S TOUR-DE-FORCE PERFORMANCE IS UNFORGETTABLE.”
— Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

“A SENSUAL AND GRAND DECADENT TOUR, A MEMORIZING PORTRAIT OF A RUN WILD, TRAGICALLY AMOK.”
— David Ansen, NEWSWEEK

“VERY PROVOCATIVE. THE SEX SCENE IS REAL TALKER.”
— Lis Lumenick, NEW YORK POST

**FILM**

**ON THE UNTO THE RISE OF GENGHIS KHAN**

Mark, developed a childhood fascination with size and strength training that continues to this day. Even back in Siezne, Bell — whose mid-’30s wastline is now as expansive as his biceps — provides an ingratiating everyguy perspective to steroid-related conflicts. He’s not so quick to judge, either. Bigger, Stronger, Faster emphasizes the thrust for Superman and Superwoman excellence by any means. It also debunks many myths regarding “roid rage” while spotlighting the still-unclear health consequences of long-term use. But the biggest drawback of this ambitious project is that Faster is no apologista. Ultimately it’s less about steroids than about the never-ending American drive to grow taller, masculine and dominant — a conviction applicable to select varieties of self-women as well. The narrator of this trivially entertaining documentary winds up encompassing a much larger cultural truth. (1.46) Opera Plaza (Harvey).

“baddie Sigfried (Terrence Stamp) plans to blow up a building housing the president’s official car, but the Black Angel will destroy a heavy handful of celebrities — is described by the villain as a democracy, because “what’s a democracy without a democracy?” And MURDER is no apologista — his suffering is magnified when he learns that one of his former stars has been killed by his ex-wife.”

“MONGOL Comparisons could be made between Sergei Bodrov’s Mongol, depicting the life of Genghis Khan, and Oliver Stone’s movie about another historical conqueror, Alexander. Bodrov, though, accomplishes something that Stone did not — he successfully manages the movie’s action you expect to see in a movie about the legendary Mongol leader with rich, emotionally affecting drama. It’s Bodrov’s attention to this dichotomy, and really his mastery of it, that sets Mongol apart from Alexander and many other historical epics. The year is 1276 and nine-year-old Genghis Khan, born Temudgin, is traveling with his father to the lands ruled by the Merkits where the boy is to choose a bride — the union will quell the long-held feud between the races. Despite the plucky girl from a tribe they happen upon en route, impresses the already-held Temudgin. Genghis chooses her as his bride instead. Peaceful moments are few and far between from there on out, and the movie’s many nominating bodies for a Best Foreign Language Academy Award, Follows Temudgin’s journey to his rise to power by focusing on his rise in military prowess, while examining his profound love for Borte, ultimately showing him to be not only a skilled warrior and conqueror, but also a man with a heart. Unfortunately, not your eighth-grade social studies Genghis Khan. (2.04) Elmwood, Embarcadero, Kabuki,ocks, Piedmont, Smith Rafael. (Humphrey)

“ROMAN de GARE (1.49) Opera Plaza, Smith Rafael

Sex and the City: The Movie Carrie and the gang are back — desirable labels intact, fruity cocktails in hand, flying that Jax urban fantasy of a girl’s-night-out-forevermore. But how relevant is Sex and the City in 2008? Though on one level the franchise is as much a cartoon as King Pu Fu Panda and the other animated fare these days, a SAGTC continues to stand out, like a maraschino mini and flying-saucer-massive picture hat, in the cinemepa. What other chick flick revels so unabashedly in girl-bonding, cocktails, and shoe shopping, as well as the terrors of aging and still being single? (Sarah Jessica Parker’s Carrie Bradshaw does lack to especially hag- hikes and makeup-free during her post-heartbreak scenes — kudos for not burning off that mole at the chin, though I couldn’t stop looking at it.) What other movie wallops in such blatant, equal-time objectification of the bare male posterior? One can’t help wondering, however, that the lopsided amounts of needed screen time in by Cynthia Nixon, Kim Cattrall, and — interestingly — David Eigenberg and a few others) What other leading man would sport much guyliner, lip, and strangely immobile features (Chris Noth, whose silky Donald Trump–like lothario persona, Mr. Big, doesn’t quite translate from the go-go ’90s? Longtime executive producer-writer Michael Patrick King crucially updates the HBO series as self-consciously frothy and indulgently bubbly can the zeitgeist get in cash-strapped 2008? — and, at times, surprisingly sobering, as befits a big-screen makeover. But aside from the all-boy boot-calls — and Cattrall’s ever-horny Samantha — one puzzle, where is the sex in this city, years after everyone has happily coupled up? (2.10) Elmwood, Kabuki, Oasis, 2000 Van Ness, Piedmont, SF Centre. (Chun)

Surfing the (90) Lumiere

**FILM**

“A THOUSAND MARRIAGES” (3.86) Elmwood, Smith Rafael

Up the Yangtze Chinese Canadian filmmaker Yung Chang’s documentary is part portrait study, part poetic inquiry for a considerable slice of mainland China that’s currently in the process of being swallowed whole — by a Three Gorges Dam, the world’s largest hydroelectric power source. Whole cities, countless villages, and farmlands are being submerged as the Yangtze River is CONTINUES ON PAGE 64"
“A SUMMER SMASH!”
— Larry King

“FUNNY AND EXCITING.”
— Roger Ebert

“COMPIC CONVULSION.”
— Gene Shalit

“STEVE CARELL AND ANNE HATHAWAY SPARK OFF EACH OTHER.”
— Peter Travers

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1939

Mark Johnson

“China is hard for common people,” he says. Among them are the parents of Yu Shui, a 16-year-old who has to leave their soon-to-be-defunct riverside shack to work because the family can’t afford high school. Instead, she begins a job on one of the many luxury cruise ships currently selling “fearless tours” of the vanishing Yangtze to tourists, primarily Western retirees. Sullen and unsophisticated, she seems an odd fit for the job, unlike cocky middle-class 19-year-old Chen Ruo Yu, a tall and handsome lad who quickly learns how to hustle guests for tips. Up the Yangtze doesn’t touch on controversies involving the dam’s environmental impact or erasure of archaeological sites — perhaps the price paid for government film permits — instead focusing on the microscopic human side of a vast Earth-altering project. Like it or not, our protagonists are going to be part of the new capitalism-driven, keep-up-or-get-moved-down People’s Republic — though you might be surprised by who, in the film’s short-term view, sinks or swims. (1:33) Lumiere, Shattuck, Smith Rafael. (Harvey)

The Visitor When successful actors turn to directing, you can often gauge how long they’ve been immersed in fiction by the degrees of confession and cliche in their movies. Ethan Hawke is an unfortunate recent example. I’d say John Cassavetes is the classic one — and then people would hunt me down and kill me. Tom McCarthy isn’t as famous an actor, despite working steadily (on Boston Public, The Wire, and several George Clooney movies) for a decade. This low profile may be an asset: while his 2003 writing-directorial debut, The Station Agent, sounded too precious, it turned out to be wonderful. McCarthy’s directional follow-up, The Visitor, isn’t as successful. Still, it’s an uneven, gracefully crafted, emotionally rewarding (to a point) miniature that suggests he has a reliable second career option. Walter Vale (Richard Jenkins) is a dour Ivy League professor dwelling in a Connecticut house too big for anyone who has such a shrunken soul. His department forces him to deliver a paper at a New York University-sponsored conference, and thus he reentiets, for the first time in years, his Manhattan apartment. Walter is surprised to discover Senegalese émigré Zinab (Dania Gurira) in his bathtub; her screams nearly bring Walter a beat-down from Syrian boyfriend Tarek (Haaz Sleiman). It’s sorted out that a scam artist has rented Walter’s prime piece of real estate to the couple in his absence, and Walter eventually invites them to stay. Then he starts to enjoy their company, or at least that of Tarek, a percussionist with an ingratiating personality who starts teaching him how to drum. It’s all good — until the NPD (Profiles Tarek one night and he’s thrown into a windowless correctional facility, with deportation imminent. The Visitor is beautifully acted and admired plot. But in the last laps, McCarthy has Walter deliver a big speech to low-level governmental authorities, complete with an ironic fade-out on Old Glory. This movie is a respectable follow-up to The Station Agent. But its suit-finds-groove response to globalization and deportation ultimately feels a little like a formula McCarthy should have already seen beyond. (1:30) Alamo, Embarcadero, Empire, Piedmont. (Harvey) War, Inc. (1:47) Opera Plaza

When Did You Last See Your Father? (1:50) Opera Plaza, Shattuck, You Don’t Mess with the Zohan (1:48) Kabuki, SF Centre

REP PICKS

“Mysterious Objects: The Short Films of Apichatpong Weerasethakul” See “Welcome to the jungle,” page 60. Yerba Buena Center for the Arts. apbb

San Francisco Film Society presents “The Short Films of Apichatpong Weerasethakul” See “Welcome to the jungle,” page 60. Yerba Buena Center for the Arts.

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FILM

Ongoing

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San Francisco


Bridge Geary/Blake. 267-4899, 777-FILM, #025.

Century Plaza Noor off El Camino, South SF. (650) 762-9200.

Century 20 Junipero Serra/John Daly, Daly City. (650) 994-7469.

Clay Filmers Clay, 267-4899, 777-FILM, #086.

Embarcadero Center Cinema 1 Embarcadero Center, promenade level. 267-4899, 777-FILM, #124.

Empire West Portal/Vicente. 661-2539.

Four Star Clement/23rd Ave. 666-3486.

Kabuki Cinema Post/Film, 929-4650.

Lumiere California Polo, 267-4899, 777-FILM, #097.


Metreon Fourth St/Mission. 1-800-FANDANGO.

Metro Union/Webster. 931-1685.

1000 Van Ness 1000 Van Ness. 1-800-231-3907.

Opera Plaza Van Ness/Golden Gate. 267-4899, 777-FILM, #028.

Presidio 2940 Chestnut. 776-2918.

San Francisco Centre Mission between Fourth and Fifth str. 538-3456.

Stonestown 19th Ave/Winston. 221-8182.

Vogue Sacramento/Presidio. 221-8183.

Oakland

Grand Lake 3220 Grand, Oak. (510) 452-3556.


Parkway 1834 Park, Oak. (510) 814-2400.

Piedmont Piedmont/41st St, Oak. (510) 464-5980, 777-FILM, #020.

Berkeley

AMC Bay Street 16 5614 Shelmound, Emeryville. (510) 467-4262.

California Kittridge/Shattuck, Berk. (510) 444-5980, 777-FILM, #015.

Emery Bay 6330 Christie, Emeryville. (510) 420-0107.

Oaks 1875 Solano, Berk. (510) 526-1836.

Orinda 4 Orinda Theater Square, Orinda. (510) 254-9060.

Rialto Cinemas Elwood 2966 College Ave. at Ashby, Berk. (510) 439-9730.

Shattuck Cinemas 2230 Shattuck, Berk. (510) 446-9880, 777-FILM, #024.

UA Berkeley 2274 Shattuck, Berk. (510) 843-1487. sfbgeo

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- **DOCKET LETTER TO THE CITY COMMISSIONERS:** The Board of Supervisors is scheduled to vote on a resolution that would allow car pooling in San Francisco. The resolution, introduced by Supervisor John Avalos, would create a new category of car pooling under the city’s rules. It would allow car pooling in areas with high demand for transportation, such as downtown and near the streetcar line. The resolution would also require car pooling operators to register with the city and pay a fee. The fee would cover the cost of registering and maintaining the program. The program would be administered by the city’s transportation department. The resolution is expected to be heard at the Board of Supervisors meeting on Monday, February 8, 2021.

**psychic dream**

**JUNE 25-JULY 1**

**ARIES**

March 21-April 19

It’s certainly you need to move forward, but as you bust new moves, be careful not to temper your enthusiasm so you don’t come on too strong. An open heart is the balance between assertion and aggression — and who doesn’t want to be balanced?

**TAURUS**

April 20-May 20

You are en route to major changes regarding how you relate to yourself and others. As you get more involved in your neediness and emotional baggage is likely to rise to the surface. Rise to the occasion and step into more authentic ways of running your game.

**GEMINI**

May 21-June 21

Anxiety is running the Gemini show this week. Your old habit of loving and trusting people who bring bad vibes and negative dynamics into your life is back — and in the red zone. Get clear about your limitations, so you can make some important changes and accept good energy.

**CANCER**

June 22-July 22

You may have planned the perfect picnic for a day in the park — food, BFF, Frisbee — but this is one of those times when shit is out of control. If you find that your metaphorical picnic has been rained out and your BFF’s dog ruined the Frisbee, try leaving go and making a new plan.

**LEO**

July 23-Aug. 22

You’re on the right path at the beginning of 2022, and you’ve done your emotional homework. Now is the time for change that all articulates with including discarding relationships you’ve outgrown. You’re ready to say yes to success — but no one ever said that freedom is completely free.

**VIRGO**

Aug. 23-Sept. 22

If you repress your emotions, even for the best reasons, your fear that the risk of screwing things up. Indeed, you’re probably overwrought and confused because of all the energy you’ve spent trying to keep other feelings down. Get to the control and try to be in the moment until the fog lifts.

**LIBRA**

Sept. 23-Oct. 22

Your sign usually governs indecision, but this week it’s off the charts. By overworking an idea in your mind, you’ve tapped your energy resources. Now you resent doing work you didn’t ask to do (except yourself). Take a moment to leave details behind and reflect on the big picture.

**SCORPIO**

Oct. 23-Nov. 21

Now is the time for new beginnings, Scorpio. Use your strength to transform limitations of the past. If your energy isn’t high, call on your peeps to recharge you. You have the chance to move into glass-half-full thinking and act from there. Don’t waste it!

**SAGITTARIUS**

Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Stay aware of your tendency to slip into certain roles to manage relationships with others. You need to take your patterns into account so you’re not just “performing” the way you should, but actually acting as your best and brightest self.

**CAPRICORN**

Dec. 22-Jan. 19

It feels as though your ego and your self-effacement are in some sort of celebrity death match. But don’t forget that thinking the worst in the world is self-centered thinking you’re the best. Don’t let your insecurities turn you into a narcissist on either end of the self-love spectrum.

**AQUARIUS**

Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Use your formidable intuition and wisdom to make some plans. You’re flirting with real clarity about your deepest feelings. If you stay checked-in, you’re likely to access and develop your potential — especially within relationships.

**PILES**

Feb. 19-March 20

Clear vision! Direction! Increased self-confidence. You can have all this and more if you stay grounded. Eat well, nurture your body, and keep in mind that the more you give, the more you receive. Real success is not about having stuff, but about having meaning, serenity.

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No depression

By Andrea Nemerson
> andrea@altsexcolumn.com

Dear Andrea:

I'm 30 and have been married for five years. I do all the cooking, cleaning, and shopping. My wife does a few things around the house, but not many. We do not have any sex at all; she doesn't have the drive any more. The last time we did it was two years ago. My wife has even told me to find someone else and to stop wasting time on her. I just don't know what to do.

Love,
Big Gay

Dear Big:

As much as I don't feel like playing Quincy (the wrinkles!), I might be willing to declare your marriage dead for you, except for one thing: I think your wife is probably depressed, which means she can probably be treated. And if she can be treated, maybe your marriage can be helped too.

I had to check twice to make sure you'd really written "30," and not the 50 or 60 your sad, resigned little note put me more in mind of. If you're really 30 and didn't marry your grandma's longtime mahjongg partner, then your wife, too, is presumably young and was, presumably, not like this when you married her.

So something has happened in a mere five years to transform her from whatever vibrant young thing you married to this limp, tired, and rather bitter-sounding dishrag. Would you please sit down with her and talk about seeing someone? And listen: just leave the no-sex part out of it for starters. “I'm not getting laid and that bitter-sounding dishrag. Would you please sit down with her and talk about seeing someone? And listen: just leave the no-sex part out of it for starters. “I'm not getting laid and that means you're broken” is not a recommended opening move.

Love,
Andrea

Dear Andrea:

In my early 30s, single, and have never been with a professional sex worker. I have traveled to all kinds of poor third world countries, so I've had infinite opportunities, but I've never wanted to do it. I'm a relationships kind of guy.

However, my work has taken me to a new location where I am basically of no value in the dating market. I'm interesting, not bad looking, fit, tall, and have lots of other good qualities, but the women here are looking for a cool local guy with lots of free time on his hands. Dating is flat-out impossible for me while I'm here.

In my period of involuntary celibacy, I have learned something: men (and probably women too, but I can only speak as a man) are not designed for celibacy. It's not just sex that I miss. It's some indefinable part of the experience of being with a woman. The smile, the pheromones, the cuddling, the long hair...

I know that a pro's smile is not the same thing as the smile of a woman who really likes me — which can never be bought — and I don't like fake things. Should I suspend my disbelief for a few hours and just enjoy it? Would I feel rotten afterward? And, even more important, is this an ethical thing to do? Is there anything else I can do in my situation? I wish I could go somewhere where a woman would occasionally return my smile, but I am stuck here for now.

Love,
Lonely (without) Abroad

Dear Lonely:

You sent this letter quite some time ago, so let's hope you're out of No-Love-Land by now. Since you asked, though, I have no ethical qualms about people paying for sex as long as the person doing the selling is as fully empowered to not be a prostitute as she is to be one. Whether or not you believe that this condition can ever be met, especially for women, depends on your broader sexual-political viewpoint. I am rather a middle-of-the-roadish feminist these days and neither believe that many women really are in a position of being too imperfect to yield one.

Is it ever ethical to pay such a "professional"? Many would say of course not. Others, including myself in some moods, would choose the practical over the ideal and point out that while such transactions may be distasteful, if nobody pays her she will starve, or be beaten, or both. This is one of those situations that has no perfect answer, the world in which it occurs being too imperfect to yield one.

I don't think hiring a street prostitute in a poor country is really your cup of weak yak-butter tea anyway. A better idea, in your location where I am basically of no value in the roadish feminist these days and neither believe that many women really are in a position of being too imperfect to yield one.

Andrea is home with the kids and going stir-crazy. Andrea is also teaching two classes: "You've Really Got Your Hands Full" — a realistic look at having twins — at Birthways in Berkeley.

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The Warm Library at Indiana University sinks over an inch every year because when it was built, engineers failed to take into account the weight of all the books that would occupy the building. Dulling is legal in Paraguay as long as both parties are registered blood donors.

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It’s never too late to get rid of your built-up stress from your busy life. Treat yourself!

Emus and kangaroos cannot walk backwards, and are on the Australian seal for that reason.

The Monongahela River’s name translated into English means “high banks breaking off and falling down in places.”

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MICHELLE, 36, white, seeks all masculine individuals. She is a computer programmer, and lives in the SF area. She is chatting, carefree, straight, and enjoys a friendly computer environment.

She is looking to find a safe and caring home, and is willing to travel as needed. She is seeking a caring and loving relationship, and loves to be with her computer and friends. She enjoys the outdoors and is always ready to explore new experiences.

She is available to chat all the time and is happy to have a conversation. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

RESPECTFUL SWEETHEART
She is 25, N/S, and seeks a person who is respectful and caring. She enjoys a friendly and loving relationship, and is looking for a caring and loving partner.

She is available to chat all the time and is happy to have a conversation. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

SARAH, 30, white, seeks a 30-40 year old man. She is a computer programmer, and lives in the SF area. She is chatting, carefree, straight, and enjoys a friendly computer environment.

She is looking to find a safe and caring home, and is willing to travel as needed. She is seeking a caring and loving relationship, and loves to be with her computer and friends. She enjoys the outdoors and is always ready to explore new experiences.

She is available to chat all the time and is happy to have a conversation. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

SUSAN, 35, white, seeks a 30-40 year old man. She is a computer programmer, and lives in the SF area. She is chatting, carefree, straight, and enjoys a friendly computer environment.

She is looking to find a safe and caring home, and is willing to travel as needed. She is seeking a caring and loving relationship, and loves to be with her computer and friends. She enjoys the outdoors and is always ready to explore new experiences.

She is available to chat all the time and is happy to have a conversation. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

UNIVERSAL LADY
She is a 45 year old woman, looking for a mature man, 60+, who is looking for a relationship. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

She is available to chat all the time and is happy to have a conversation. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

WILMA, 35, white, seeks a 30-40 year old man. She is a computer programmer, and lives in the SF area. She is chatting, carefree, straight, and enjoys a friendly computer environment.

She is looking to find a safe and caring home, and is willing to travel as needed. She is seeking a caring and loving relationship, and loves to be with her computer and friends. She enjoys the outdoors and is always ready to explore new experiences.

She is available to chat all the time and is happy to have a conversation. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

YO, 28, white, seeks a 30-40 year old man. She is a computer programmer, and lives in the SF area. She is chatting, carefree, straight, and enjoys a friendly computer environment.

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She is available to chat all the time and is happy to have a conversation. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

ZACH, 36, white, seeks a 30-40 year old man. She is a computer programmer, and lives in the SF area. She is chatting, carefree, straight, and enjoys a friendly computer environment.

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She is available to chat all the time and is happy to have a conversation. She loves to chat and is always ready to connect with new people. She is looking for a caring and loving relationship.

ZOE, 35, white, seeks a 30-40 year old man. She is a computer programmer, and lives in the SF area. She is chatting, carefree, straight, and enjoys a friendly computer environment.

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