

**as in nature**  
**for all good**  
**growing things**

# **B.A.R.** YOUR COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER **BAY AREA REPORTER**

**FREE**

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3

MAY 1, 1971







## DAVID, GARY & FRIENDS:

### High Camp in the Afternoon

There is always a lull in the bars on Sunday between Brunch and Dinner. However, this Sunday past, that lull was taken hold of and two hours of pure, riotous enjoyment was offered. It has been a long time since we have been offered a late afternoon diversion of just good clean fun. The Village had a good crowd of people, and when the cast made their first appearance, it was obvious that this was a group of friends out to wish their idols success.

After a brief introduction David and Gary sat down to a duet. This was followed by a riotous piano skit with other members of the cast. Two more solos followed by Gary and David. After an-

other funny piano skit, David and Gary did their Sisters routine. If you have never seen two Nuns camp it up, you haven't seen anything. This was followed by some very funny backstage commercials. Then, our two intrepid stars did a duet on the organs and a tap dance routine - needless to say this brought the house down. I might interject at this point that Eileen, the singer in the show, made several brief tries to sing and was yanked off stage at each try. Very funny indeed.

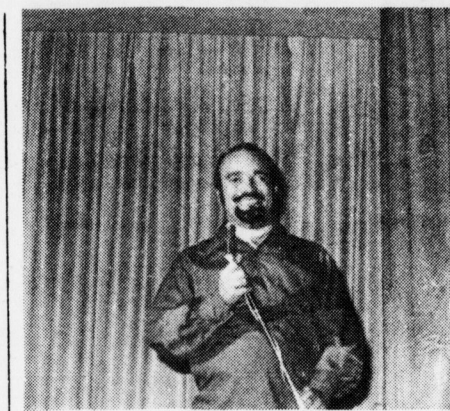
After a brief intermission, David returned to the stage as a hobo. He sat down at a small piano and started to play, and as he played the piano spoke back



to him. It is difficult to describe this funny skit to anyone who didn't see it. Gary then returned to the stage and introduced a special guest, Oscar of Grandma's House in Oakland. Oscar gave us two very fine songs, "The Street Where You Live" from "My Fair Lady" and "Summertime" from "Porgy and Bess". He was rewarded with a long ovation from the audience for a job well done. David came back, this time to a Grand Piano, and did a Rachmaninoff study. This was piano at its best, and the standing ovation he got was ample proof of this. Finally, after being yanked off the stage many times before hand, Eileen finally got a chance to sing. She gave us an excellent rendition of "Dance Gypsies". This was followed by a hilarious bit of camp nostalgia - Eileen was joined by Fred and took off on some Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy duets, which brought the house down. Eileen's hat was so big, poor Fred had trouble getting next to her. We might also mention that David and Gary were also done up in picture hats for the bit.

The highlight of the evening followed with David doing a complete take-off on Ethel Smith. Some of the members of the audience participated by tossing bananas at him. The whole cast was on stage for this rendition of "Tico-Tico", and were joined by Gary as Carmen Miranda. The audience by this time was applauding and stamping so loudly, that the cast did an encore of, you guessed it, "Melancholy Baby".

I don't remember how long it has been since I have laughed so long, and so hard. The show was excellent from the performers, costumes, and the presentation of each number. I speak for the entire audience when I say thank you for a job well done, and for bringing a little laughter and joy into our lives.



1203 POLK (AT SUTTER)

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COCKTAIL HOUR - 5:00

YOUR HOSTS..BOO,ART,DICK,TEDDY & LINDA





And this is the end — there is no more.



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VOL. I NO. 3 MAY 1, 1971

## BAY AREA REPORTER

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Articles herein represent the opinions of the writers, and are not necessarily the opinions of the publishers.

The editors are pleased to announce that with this edition we have increased to 32 pages and our printing will be 15,000 copies, and our distribution will be from Vancouver to San Diego. Again, our many thanks to you, our public.



### *an editorial*

On Saturday, April 24th, over 100,000 persons joined in for a massive peace march and rally. Of the many groups represented, one of the most outstanding was that of the Gay People. It is heartening to see many hundreds of Gay People marching en masse. This was an orderly and well organized bloc. It is hoped that these same persons who marched proudly as Gay People also march proudly to their polling places in the Fall and vote. Remember, these same politicians who perpetrate this war also block all attempts at changing our archaic and inhuman laws regarding Gay People. Even if you are a quiet member of our community, remember they haven't yet taken away our right to vote, so exercise that right. Perhaps, in the near future, we won't have to march to protest our rights, nor strike out at a system that is basically sound, but is being used to further the aims of a few.

*the editors*



## *Imperial Bullsheet*

We had the needed opportunity to enjoy the Academy Awards at home. A first this year, I believe, for us. TV has been a no-time word in our lives.

We particularly enjoyed the very serious few minutes which defined the humanitarian. One of the most beautiful words in our language.

There seemed to be a complete and obvious lack of the use of the words "I" or "I did" in conjunction with this word 'hu-

manitarian'. It is a selfless word - lets keep it that way. Don't let bad acting fool you.

When they said there was going to be a Royal Scandal, they meant it. Wow, they are telling it like it is!

Saturday, May Day (1), There is so much going the first few days of May. The Cabaret anniversary with a show by the Czarina Gabby and the Grand Duchess of the Theater, Bashka. It really should be great. The Hayloft in Los Angeles is doing a show, which I hear is going to be something else. I am so happy they decided to do it for two weekends in a row so we could attend, and we intend to. And, of course, we are off to Portland for a weekend not to be forgotten. Parties, crownings, groovy guys, shows, and on and on and on...

Tuesday, May 4th, off to see Scottie at the Pit for the T.G. meeting.

Wednesday, May 5th, Cinco de Mayo at the Lonely Bull. This has always been a ball.

Friday, May 7th, 'Once Upon a Mattress' opening at the S.I.R. Center.

Sunday, May 9th, Off to the Hayloft. What groovy, groovy guys. We won't miss this show.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 14th, 15th and 16th, the Royal Troubadour is opening a show of shows in the Magic Garden. We have been waiting in great expectation for this.

May I leave you with this thought that has been proven over and over again: "With patience you cannot lose, for those who dish out evil will always have it returned to them two-fold." This has been proven again in the last few weeks.

*Cristal*

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# WITH BRUSH IN HAND

Received an announcement today that the Upper Market Street Gallery, 2323 Market, is having two one-man art shows from April 20 to May 23. Laura Atkinson (April 20 thru May 2) and Willyum Rowe (May 5 thru May 23). The announcements were rather unique. Will make the scene (or better yet, make it yourself. It promises to be diverting.) and give you my impressions of same.

The wood-worker I mentioned in my last article is no longer on the Sixteenth Street location. It was, I guess, his time to leave this scene and departed. Goodbye, friend, rest in peace. He was in that location for thirty-some-odd-years and definitely doing his thing, and turning many people on by it.

As of yet, I've not received answers to my correspondence on glass art. This should be a very interesting article, so I'll have to put it off until a later date.

The Heather Branch Children's Hospital is sponsoring another art show this coming week in Port Costa across the Bay. Last year it was a burst of effort on the part of all the people and was beneficial to all the artists involved. This year, it is being held for the Bar Association and the A.M.A. of Oakland, California. It draws many professional people and is a good show to be part of, not only for the artist in regards to being noticed, but is good for the children that is helps in the medical facility. If any are interested, please contact Mrs. Lindeman of the Heather Branch of the Children's Hospital in Orinda, California.

It seems that the City is on another trip, this time it's the sidewalk gallery scene in the Wharf and Cannery section of North Beach. I feel that I must comment on this latest effort to keep down the right of the individual to make a living by selling his art or trade.

I think there is something in the Constitution about the right of an individual to sell his wares, trade or art if it is his living, as long as he has a license to do same. Perhaps some well worded letters to Mrs. Feinstein and the Mayor's Office would be of some help to these artists. If you have nothing in particular to do, the envelope can be addressed to City Hall, San Francisco, etc...

Watched the ceremony of the new fountain at the foot of Market Street and the turning on of the water. The artist received forty thou for the inspiration, and is from Quebec, Canada. Now, how is it, that this City, with all its bubble, went outside the community. After all, we are the ones that have to look at it. Is there one damn thing in this city outside of architecture that was created and built by a San Francisco artist through a city commission? No shades on Bufano, but even he 'gave' the City most of his art. Very little was commissioned. I take that back, there was the Exposition in 1915 or thereabouts and the T.I. Fair in the Thirties, but even then, the pieces were stuck away in remote corners of Golden Gate. It would have been wonderful to see a fountain designed by a San Francisco artist and even more wonderful to have the City Fathers proud of it. In fact, it is the same with most of the Arts in this City of Art. I am continually amazed at the trip from City Hall to the privately owned galleries. I guess I got a little carried away with this last one. All for now, adios...

# ONLY GAY MARRIEDS

A graduate student in the School of Social Work at Sacramento State College is working toward a potential Master's Thesis on gay 'marriages' in an effort to scientifically demonstrate the positive and healthy benefits of such relationships with an eye toward increasing society's acceptance of Gay Life. She has developed a questionnaire and is now seeking to administer this to couples who are presently involved in a relationship which has been in existence for 3 years or longer. Volunteers who are willing to complete the questionnaire either drop a card or call (916) 383-7185.

All replies will be held strictly confidential and all responses will be anonymous. She would greatly appreciate your help as the success of the project is dependent upon the cooperation of the respondents. P.A. Kaufman School of Social Work Sacramento State College 6000 Jay Street Sacramento, Calif. 95819

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# WHO GETS V.D.

Human beings who make love with other infected human beings, regardless of race, census tract, profession, age, marital status or sexual orientation, can get infected with a venereal disease. In short, the venereal diseases are equal opportunity diseases. They are sexual accidents and there should be no more stigma attached to them than to the fractured tibia resulting from a skiing accident; but we still bad-mouth GC and Syphilis. Indeed, in spite of sexual permissiveness, militancy, promiscuity, and liberalism, the San Francisco City Clinic (at 250 Fourth Street), after more than 30 years of existence, does not proclaim itself a V.D. Clinic - there being no indication of such on its building or doors.

Sixty-five thousand normal (for the sexual drive is a normal, healthy, inherited biologic process like hunger, thirst, etc.) persons visited that free facility in 1970, 8% of which were non-residents of San Francisco.

What can we do about the current local and national epidemic?

(1) We can go to our private physicians or free clinics in our communities if we have symptoms or have been sexually exposed to an infected sex partner.

(2) If we are diagnosed, we can see that our contacts are brought to examination or treatment UNDER MEDICAL SUPERVISION. It is impractical to tell your friends to see a doctor. Many of them

won't, or if they do go, they may not get the proper care. It is the Health Department who should see that they get the proper examination and treatment at the Clinic or doctor of their choice.

(3) We can urinate immediately after sexual contacts. This will "wash" many of the Gonorrhea germs out of the urethra and minimize the chance of an infection. Washing the genital area might minimize the possibility of catching Syphilis.

(4) We can wear a rubber (condom). If we're the receptor, insist that our partner wear one, ("No deposit, no return").

What has the Gay Community contributed to the control of V.D.? Starting with the "L.C.E. News" and "Mattachine Review", V.D. articles were printed. Officers of the Mattachine Society oriented and helped train Public Health V.D. personnel. The Tavern Guild of San Francisco and S.I.R. have rendered financial assistance (V.D. pamphlets, posters). The Tavern Guild of San Francisco and its customers contributed the waiting room chairs in the

new Clinic. The Tavern Guild of San Francisco recently purchased a V.D. Training Film to be shown in the San Francisco Public Schools. S.I.R. currently gives (the Clinic) a free ad in their monthly publication of "Vector", just as this newspaper, "B.A.R." does. Free V.D. Booths have been donated by C.M.C. and the Tavern Guild for their Carnivals. In turn, what has the V.D. Clinic done for you? They have tried to run a confidential, non-judgmental, good medical facility for you, the taxpayer. They have given freely of their off duty time. They have not always succeeded, for they too are human beings and are dealing in a commodity YOU don't want, Gonorrhea and Syphilis.

It would appear at times, some of you don't want to get rid of it either.

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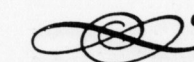
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# WORLD BOOKS J. D. MILLER OF

## The Season of the Witch, by James Leo Herlihy. Simon and Schuster, Publisher. \$6.95

Everyone who read 'Midnight Cowboy' or saw the movie will expect any book by James Leo Herlihy to be a very different type of novel. Any book by this author is sure to treat a modern story in a special light, with familiarity, and with sympathy that is not blind.

The witch of the title role is Gloria Random, seventeen, brought up in an affluent Detroit Suburb with all the opportunities to herald and investigate all the props of the Aquarian Age. She is a child of her times, lively, interested, ready for any new experience, and clinically honest in assessing her own reactions.

Back when she was twelve years old, an Uncle, influenced by too much alcohol, lets the skeleton out of the closet. Gloria is her mother's love child by a Polish-Jewish refugee college professor. As many another girl in similar circumstances, she decides that someday she is going to find and meet her real father.

The boy next door is her special friend. John is the motherless son of a very busy and successful psycho-

analyst. He, too, has had every advantage. A special lair in his home is his alone, filled with all the books and records of today. A housekeeper who likes her job has been coerced into cooperation. It is in this lair that Gloria turns John on to pot when they are sixteen. John, however, is gay, and since they do not turn each other on physically, their high helps them evolve a special relationship to fit the empty holes in their lives. Gloria sees that she is John's Earth Mother, and he is her guru.

The most pressing and immediate problems of their young lives are the disasters of the world, war and famine and not enough love. John is daily expecting a summons to appear for a pre-induction physical. They do not want him to go off to war and kill beautiful Vietnamese. The only solution is to go underground, run away to New York, run away to Canada. On the day he gets his notice to appear, they impulsively decide to run away to New York.

Off they go by Greyhound bus. Deeply involved in the trauma of running away from home, John studies a map of New York and memorizes the names of the streets while Gloria writes and writes in her diary, for she is someday going to be a writer. It occurs to them that, if they are to go underground

successfully, they must change their names. Gloria's real father was Hank Glyczwycz. Gliz Witch backwards becomes Witch Gliz, formerly Gloria, and John becomes Roy.

Young and naive, they soon become aware of the predatory opportunists who permeate their world of soul brotherhood. For as well as they have exposed themselves to the world, they still have been rather well-sheltered from it. It is not all a world of Zap and wow. Like, it's full of bummers and bad trips and senseless petty crime, and handouts to strange brothers and sisters soon deplete their finances. Witch soon lets her Moon in Scorpio, her cool-cookie realism, come to the fore, and she delivers a speech to a handout seeker about how asking for handouts is undermining the movement.

Then they meet Sally Sunflower while they are all waiting for money from home at the Western Union. Sally has marched everywhere and knows all the big names in the hip movement. She takes them home with her to a communal apartment on Canal Street. This apartment comprises three floors over a store. It is rented by Peter who is a drop-out psycho-analyst, and his former patient Doris. They are away in California, but there are others there to greet them and take them in. With some security, Witch-Gloria now begins her search for her father.

With Sally's help, Hank Gliss is soon found teaching history in a junior college. He is middle-aged, slightly disillusioned and

the end-product of that age when the enlightened carried party cards, organized strikes for oppressed labor. He was a member of the thinking youth of forty years ago, which makes him older than the story requires. But he is given a voice in the story which is not too often heard nowadays. It is not the voice of the up-tight parent or the half-dead money-grubbing parent. But his, and all the voices, have previously appeared in history and in literature, and we are hardly removed from Alice in Wonderland.

Witch-Gloria sees her world without pity for herself. She sees it when it is groovy and the vibes are right, and she sees it when she is being just a bit phoney. Her diary packs a punch which is left somewhat open-ended. But, then, only in the books of yesterday were there pat endings where everyone lived happily ever after. The blurb writers have described Herlihy as the first of the Aquarian novelists, but his book would not be half so good if it did not have the firm roots it has in past literature. For he has achieved all the irony and verisimilitude which makes a novel of importance and impact.

**A Rage for Opera**, its anatomy as drawn from life, by Robert Lawrence. Published by Dodd, Mead and Co. \$5.95

Artificially elegant but artistic in all its facets, the world of opera, with its classic roots, is a world

unlike any other. Its theatricality and its music are so stylized that even its audiences are special. People who go into raptures over opera are too often not really considering the opera in all its facets. Only the very unimaginative or the very tired could fall asleep and risk missing a rare high-spot or a moment when all the arts of opera are suddenly at a balanced peak of perfection.

So much criticism of opera is based on prejudice against high style, ignorance of the elements of opera, or evolves in plain nonsense. To opera fans who get their opera on the Saturday Matinee Broadcasts, the author's name is familiar. Robert Lawrence is a conductor and teacher and has long been a knowing commentator. He has also long been on the panel of intermission quiz experts. His experience in opera goes back some fifty years, beginning in the Old Met and working under several opera managers and with many, many great singers. Yet he has not written a book of reminiscences or previously untold back stage anecdotes, nor does he seek to interpret opera.

On the other hand, his book is not one of heavy criticism. It is an urbane dissection of the elements which make up that world. It discusses the audiences, conductors, producers and designers, and the impresarios. And he discusses the repertoire and the singers. There is no particular axe to grind. It is simply his well-loved world, and he is seeking to make it fully understood.

The center of the book has a collection of pictures of some fifty singers. Those he loves and has sincere affection for are numerous. Nilsson, Ponselle and Flagstad he especially admires. The esteemed include Milanov, Warren and Price. The singers he views with reflection are Tebaldi, Horne, Merrill and Corelli. With Maria Callas he is at complete empathy.

No matter how knowledgeable one may be about opera, this delightful book is one book which will prove both interesting and enjoyable. Yet it is a book for the amateur and the record collector. One does not have to be a music graduate to enjoy the author's smooth and witty commentaries which make this book relaxing reading.

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## PENINSULAR GOSSIP

by Roger Thomas

Peninsulites who want to be cocktailed early can do so inexpensively now at the "Cruiser" and "A Tinker's Dam". Both bars sport cocktail hours from noon to 7 P.M...The second of two very socially splashy Peninsulites as found himself at odds with the law. He seems to have confused the childhood lesson of the importance of stretching money with the lesson about not bouncing checks. Wonder if the Princess Royale will succeed in retrieving her wigs, etc. from the jailed man's apartment. It seems that everything in the apartment was confiscated, whether his or not...An

The Editors wish to offer their apology for some photos that were run in a prior issue. No damage was intended nor meant, again our sincerest apologies.

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exuberant young man reports that 5th Ave. in Redwood City has become an increasingly more interesting place to walk if you happen to be fourteen years old. Apparently, on several occasions an 'old man' (nicknamed "the Mad Hacker") has stopped boys in that age range on the street and insisted that they stand there and watch as he unzips himself and, how do you say, "abuses" himself...The Peninsula Gay Switchboard wishes to inform the 'breathless' caller that the telephone is one of his social mediums, not his sex medium. His sex medium is his lover... Perhaps the man on 5th Ave. and the 'breathless' caller should contact the Switchboard for one of the services available through it. Namely Psychiatric help. Joel has the names and addresses of two psychiatrists. There are also several gay bars on the Peninsula if you're horny... The two Redwood City events last weekend were both fun and well-attended. Many people, however, wonder why the presence of Grande Duchess Co-co was not acknowledged when microphone announcements were made acknowledging the presence of the other members of the Royal Court. Co-co is petite, fellows, not invisible... The Beer Hive in Redwood City is now operating under new management. All the posters I've seen indicate that everyone is welcome...The Cabaret celebrates its 1st anniversary April 29th, 30th and May 1st. There's to be a different show each night starring Gabby, Bashka and a 'surprise entertainer'.



**CZARINA**  
**de**  
**MIRACLE MILE**

What bar owner lost his lover to a Minister, and the Minister and new lover had to get a Restraining Order against the bar owner so he would leave them alone? Something to do with new chairs or thrones for the Coronation...Recent Empress: "Well, I'll see you later. I have to go bail out Reba and Bella." Better get Reba, it'll cost less...Big surprise today, FLASH! How many people know that Perry for Empress used to be Sweetlips' lover way back in 1947? Well, how old does that make her? Or which one was getting out of Service at that time?...Uh-o, those pretty boys that go downstairs at the Kokpit aren't Sweetlips' tricks, they're making drapes in the basement. FOOLED AGAIN, Ha-ha! ...Well, this week I had the most wonderful dinner at the 'Page I'. Monty is cooking there now and the food can't be beat. You can't find a better priced menu. Try their Stuffed Prawns, they're out of sight...Bob Ross never had his ear pierced because he's a bleeder...Someone has been calling Mike at Grandma's House, groaning and so forth. Of course, Mike asked him if he wanted his body, and it made things worse. Sex on the phone?...Is it true that Mother Voodoo can't use his title in Portland?...Ever hear of Ky. Chicken? (See the Colonel) ...By the way, Bella, they accept Master Charge at Grandma's House...Who will be the first drag to ride

Bart?...At Gordon's (now Sandy's Saloon), there is a painting of Sandy in his Office, with the caption 'Our Founder'...A show this Sunday at the EXIT - 7:30 and 10:00 P.M. The EXIT is Oakland's only after hours place on Friday and Saturday - with dancing, pool and food...Latest people seen on their knees at Church were Perry and Voodoo.

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## ASTROLOGY by El Scorp

# PROMISES or FORECASTS?!

Much is promised for this coming weekend. We end a month and begin another. With daylight saving time, the days are longer. So the cocktail hour is longer, and people will be crowding dinner into the later hours or forgetting to eat, not wanting to dine by daylight.

The weekend begins with the Moon in Cancer, strongest in its own sign. Every feeling and emotion is charged with value, and every experience is of importance. Everyone wants to care and to cherish, and will desire the same in return. Anyone born with the Moon in Cancer will be subject to moods of a kindly and easy-going and sociable nature, but not too willing to make any special exertion.

Friday evening the Moon will be opposite Mars. Mars is in Capricorn and gives the will power some basis in solidity. But with the Moon opposition, moving things around, one needs reasonable control of the passionate nature. If the sense of responsibility is well developed, things will be fine Friday evening. Give praise where it is deserved, and show sincere appreciation. More flies are caught with

honey.

Saturday morning the Moon is well aspected to Neptune and then to Jupiter. Most people will probably still be asleep during the earlier Neptune aspect. They can expect dreams of the wish-fulfillment variety. But arise a little early and get the show on the road. Put your plans into operation by eight o'clock in the morning, and you are more likely to make some gains in whatever you choose to do.

Saturday evening begins a little early. Just after eight in the evening, Venus will be opposite the planet Uranus. With this opposition, it is not too wise to operate on intuition. Venus will be in Aries, and Uranus in Libra. This is an aspect which brings magnetic sexual attractions and inclines one to speculate and take some risks. It is possible to be too impulsive, but some do find love at first sight. There is an absolute craving for romantic adventure. A few minutes later, the Moon and Venus are in good aspect, and consideration and kindness may be found.

Sunday should be easy enough all day long, with possible exceptions for Taureans, Scorpios, and Aquarians. The Moon will

be in Leo both Saturday and Sunday. There is a fine lunar aspect with Mercury, and Mercury is slowing down preparing to change direction. The Mercury aspect with the Moon will give wit and repartee, much very bright talk, and good insight. But insight will be even better on Monday when Mercury goes direct. The doings of younger people ought to occupy Sunday's early hours.

Do not, however, make an effort to stay up and see the change in Mercury's direction Sunday evening (actually in the wee hours of Monday), for you will find yourself running the risk of a poor Moon to Saturn aspect. Conscience is bound to rebel around midnight. Saturn, which represents the sense of duty, will be overruled by the fluctuations of the Moon. This aspect makes for distrust, reserve, and discontent. It might be best to avoid this moody aspect.

**ARIES:** Friday is no day to make any serious changes, especially for those born in the latter ten days of Aries. Be social this weekend, for Venus is in Aries, but be prepared for some tensions. Sunday, which will be the best day, can also have its little annoyances. But you will be sensitive to the moods of others and may ride through this more easily.

**TAURUS:** Pay proper attention to routine and give things time to work out for themselves on Friday. Saturday is a fine day for family and home affairs.

Sunday should be a day of rest, improving as the day goes on to evening. Saturn is in Taurus.

**GEMINI:** Generally the whole weekend will be fine. Friday you will relax only with relaxing people, so find them. Saturday will be a very busy and a very social day. Keep your eyes open for unusual reactions around you. Sunday will be best devoted to personal life, to planning a trip, to writing letters, or to study.

**CANCER:** Use your best judgment and do not allow yourself to be bullied on Friday and it will be your best day. There is a good possibility of gain on Saturday. Watch home developments and expenditures.

**LEO:** Handle private affairs on Friday with kid gloves and be careful Friday evening. Plan to have fun on Saturday, but do not travel and do not write. Although Sunday starts out in low gear, it will improve into your best day. Devote yourself to personal interests.

**VIRGO:** Listen to everyone's side of the story on Friday and be sympathetic. It will be your best day. Saturday and Sunday should be devoted to rest and quiet. Watch both health and money. Someone may cause upheavals on Sunday, but any news should be good news.

**LIBRA:** Friday and Saturday have their tensions. Do not stay angry with stupid people. If you devote Saturday to your friends, do not upset your partner. Sunday will be a fun day, but if you let it last too late,

you are sure to meet with limitations.

**SCORPIO:** Anything other than a positive attitude on Friday will ruin your day for you. Watch your obligations on Saturday, and downplay your social life and romantic inclinations. If you keep yourself firmly in mind on Sunday, you may be able to build your personal prestige.

**SAGITTARIUS:** This is your weekend to show interest in other people. Prepare and plan for this weekend. Social life is good on Saturday, but watch out for touchiness. Do a little more listening on Sunday. You make a better impression that way.

**CAPRICORN:** This is your weekend for other people. Do not push. If you do

not get your way, do not get angry. The focus is on the people around you. Sunday be conservative in your behaviour and watch your finances.

**AQUARIUS:** Help people out on Friday, but get home early. Avoid upsetting those around you on Saturday, for they are going to be upset in some way. Go out and socialize on Sunday to avoid stay at home moodiness.

**PISCES:** Do not make demands on Friday for more freedom than you ought to have. Friday will be a good day. Be cheerful on Saturday, also helpful, but not financially helpful. You may not feel well on Sunday morning, but perk up and do all the things you are supposed to do. The day improves with accomplishment, and you may be rewarded.

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### The professional

You lovely people that have chosen to serve the public. Remember, the choice lies with you, you have placed yourself in the position of servant. However, one should never, when serving the public, allow themselves to be condescending, for this is a profession of which you can be proud. A professional is a man who can deal with any group of people and do it with grace and ease.

Remember what that 'toke', 'tip' or 'gratuity' is all about. Many times the people who leave it are not even sure why. Some people tip because of a person's looks or appearance or the way he acts. I believe that a tip should be based on 'service' (helpful act or acts - conduct that is useful to others); knowing what you are doing and doing it so that the people you are serving are at ease.

It doesn't matter how many plates you can carry, if you can't do it with ease and comfort, carry less. If a man orders a Martini, I believe it's rude to assume that he wants it on the rocks, simply because it's faster and easier. The ritual of the presentation of wine for some people can be a bore, but as long as they are paying the tab, we have to go by the rules.

If you can't find a little joy or pleasure in your work, you either have been

doing it too long or you have chosen the wrong occupation. Being able to take all the knowledge that you accumulate, and develop a manner which only experience can bring. To put it all together and make it work with dignity, not so much for you alone, but for others that are in the industry and, of course, the people that you are serving.

### Bayou Lounge

Drove down the Peninsula last week and had a very nice dinner at the Bayou Lounge. It is always, I think, a bit more difficult to be "on your toes" when business is quiet. Most of us work a lot better when it is busy, but 'oh' how aware the customer becomes of everything when it is quiet.

The Bayou has a nice, interesting menu. I feel they are making a great effort for the dinner action on the Peninsula. They serve an onion soup in a little individual tureen which is very effective. The salad I felt was fair and the dressing was good. They have a couple of different items on the menu. A Shrimp Kabob which was very good, and an Escargot served as an entree in a giant mushroom, which I must say sounds and looks better than is tasted. It did not quite come off, but they are certainly on the right track. The room is quite nice, with a dance floor nearby. Of course, when we were there,

it was during the week and the Dining Room was quiet. We had a California wine and a round of drinks and the tab was about \$20 for four. The service was good.

Saturday Brunch at the Page I was a nice experience. Their Brunch Menu is quite extensive, and very reasonable - you even get a Fizz. Their prices are from \$1.25 to \$1.75. If you have not seen the Page I, it is a very San Francisco type room, beautifully done. And Freddy in the kitchen does a very good job.

I would like to bring something to your attention. Everywhere you go you hear people talking about the cost of living. I am sure that most of you have been to the market and have seen how little a dollar buys.

When you go out to dinner, give this a thought: the restaurant is caught in the middle. Wholesale prices have never been higher and taxes on food and beverages are at an all-time high. Along with insurance rates, wages, and the benefits that go with them, are up considerably.

For many years, a lot of our restaurants were happy to break even on their food sales. But they had the liquor sales in their bar to make the whole thing worth while. Now, we have a situation where more and more bars open and so the customer that used to sit around and have before dinner cocktails and after dinner drinks now has many places to go for 'dessert'. The profit margin for the food houses gets slimmer and slimmer. So what happens? For survival, you find some houses going for 99¢ dinners, free

after dinner drinks, two for one drinks and other gimmicks. Quality just doesn't happen by accident, it takes choice cuts of meat and other products prepared by people that know what they are doing to bring you a descent meal.

You may say to yourself that it is not your concern, and be happy to see the 'price war' in some of our restaurants. But look at it this way. 100% of the people employed by gay bars and restaurants are our people. If a house does not survive, that means that our Homophile unemployment will go up or wages will be cut. Only you, the customer, can let the people in the industry know how you feel by supporting the ones that give you a good meal, at a fair price and in a clean atmosphere, served well.

I believe in the Homophile dollar. If it's the 'Left Bank' for a framing job, or the 'Town Squire' or 'Casual Man' for clothes or 'Jugs Liquors' for booze. I personally will spend my money with my own kind. We should all make an effort to find out 'who', 'where' and 'what' the Homophile Community has to offer, for we every day are becoming freer and have a more powerful voice in the whole community. Our economic power has a lot to do with it.

Sad to report that until further notice 'Gold Street' will no longer be serving food; and also 'Sandy's', formerly 'Gordon's'. They will, however, be open for business.

Love,  
Millie



# THE KOKOPIE

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# AN EVENING OUT



Storm



Czarina Sally the First



Mr. Tyrone



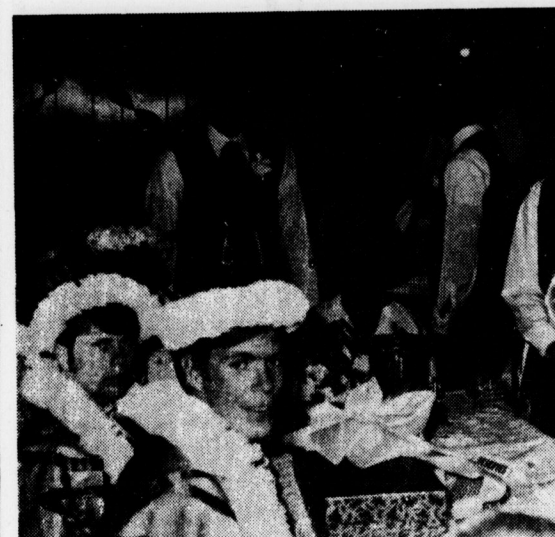
The gals from the Savoy

Stopped by the Mint on the way to the Peninsula Sunday. They were having a fashion show emceed by the one and only Michelle. Needless to say, the bar was jammed. The clothes were quite interesting, but the models were something else. Michelle was in good spirits and it was a shame we couldn't stay longer to listen to his marvelous repartee.

We arrived at the Bayou Lounge in the middle of their first anniversary party. The bar was really jumping. We sat around and chatted, then partook of their excellent buffet. After settling ourselves down, we waited for the floorshow to begin. While chatting with Sally the First, we heard the Conch Shells blowing. This heralded the arrival of the Grand Czarina Gabrielle and the Chief of the Sandwich Islands and their respective Courts. When the Royal Parties were

seated, the show began. The star of the show, Storm, opened with an excellent pantomime and was rewarded with a hearty round of applause. Storm was ably assisted by the popular dancers, Dallas and Lucky, and by another favorite, Lori Shannon. The fifth member of the show was new to this writer, a Mr. Tyrone. He performed quite well and we hope to see more of him in the future. Despite a little trouble with the sound system, the performers and dancers rose to the occasion and gave the audience their best. After the first show broke, we decided to visit some of the other Peninsula bars we hadn't yet been to. Our thanks to Fred and his crew for a nice, warm, fun-filled evening.

For this trip, we enlisted the assistance of Lou Greene as our tour director. The first stop we made was at the Savoy in Cupertino. This is a warm, friendly bar, presided over by some of the nicest gals I have ever met. Contrary to some rumors, this is not an all girls bar. This was proven by the fact that there were more guys than gals. They have a nice dance floor and, although we haven't yet had dinner here, serve excellent food as attested to by the patrons. Trying to get Diki, the Royal Jester, off the pool table took some doing, but we managed only to find that Johnnie, the First Lady in Waiting to Cristal,



Grand Czarina Gabrielle and friends



Jon and Diki exchange bites

had found romance on the dance floor. So we decided to have another drink (and a free Sunday night hot dog) before we went on.

Our next stop was "A Tinker's Damn" in Santa Clara. Talk about a bar full of good-looking people, it was Seventh Heaven for this 6-pak of jaded roue's. Right off the bat Johnnie was on stage dancing with some number while Diki was in the Billiard lounge shooting a game of pool surrounded by a group of admirers. I later found out he bought them all drinks to keep them nearby. This is quite a large bar, with friendly help and some of the most courteous service we have ever had. As we were ready to go, we discovered that we had lost Ray of the Covered Wagon. Last we had seen him he was busy handing out passes to his evening swim parties. We finally located him over in a dark corner with a new found friend. He told us to be on our way as he had his own transportation back. We missed Ray on our trip back

to Redwood City, and the Czarina de Miracle Mile would like to know where to deliver the half-eaten cold Pizza he left in her car?

Back to Redwood City and the Cabaret, our last stop of the evening. The bar was still jumping from their evening's festivities. As it was close to the witching hour, we only had time for a drink, and Johnnie found time for 10 dances. Le Cabaret is still one of the Peninsula's fun places and



Lori Shannon

we think it should be a must on anyone's Peninsula tour. Monte, the genial host here, invited what was left of our group out to breakfast. Talk about blowing minds as we walked into this straight coffee shop. The waitress, who was ninety, was a camp. She thought the girls were in show biz ( she asked Johnnie if he was a stripper) and proceeded to tell us all about her days in Vaudeville. Can't understand how Johnnie and Diki can keep those 'Faye Raye' waists of theirs - 3 orders of Blueberry pancakes each heaped with whipped cream apiece. We almost got ill just watching them stow all that goop away. It was a weary crew that returned to the City (at 5:00 A.M.). But we had such a fun night we decided we must do it again, and soon. Thanks again to all of our gracious hosts and their employees for a fine evening.

Hoping to see you all on our next evening out!

*Connie*



TWO ON THE AISLE by Jay Noonan

# NOSTALGIA THE TRIP BACK

Nos-tal-gia/1. Return home. 2. Wistful yearning for something past or irrecoverable. 3. Homesickness.

In this year of grace, 1971, with cocktail lounges in the sky and a Colonel Saunders at every bend in the road, what is this pre-occupation with looking back over our shoulders at other times and other places? Are these voyages back into the past necessary? You bet every last Wheaties box-top they are! Nostalgia is sweeping the country faster than you can say, "Oh, you kid!" or "23 skidoo!"

Going on a nostalgic journey is a simple and usually pleasant experience. Climbing the stairs to the attic, looking in that old trunk in the closet, watching Katherine Hepburn in "Bill of Divorcement" on the late show - each has its own special moment of time. But if you lack an attic or a trunk or even a "telly", you don't have to be left out. Journey quickly to the Savoy-Tivoli and there, beyond the

potted palms in the upper bar, is your passport to memories via a revue called "Four on the Floor", which navigates through the songs of Irving Berlin, Noel Coward, Cole Porter and others to present its version of "Memory Lane".

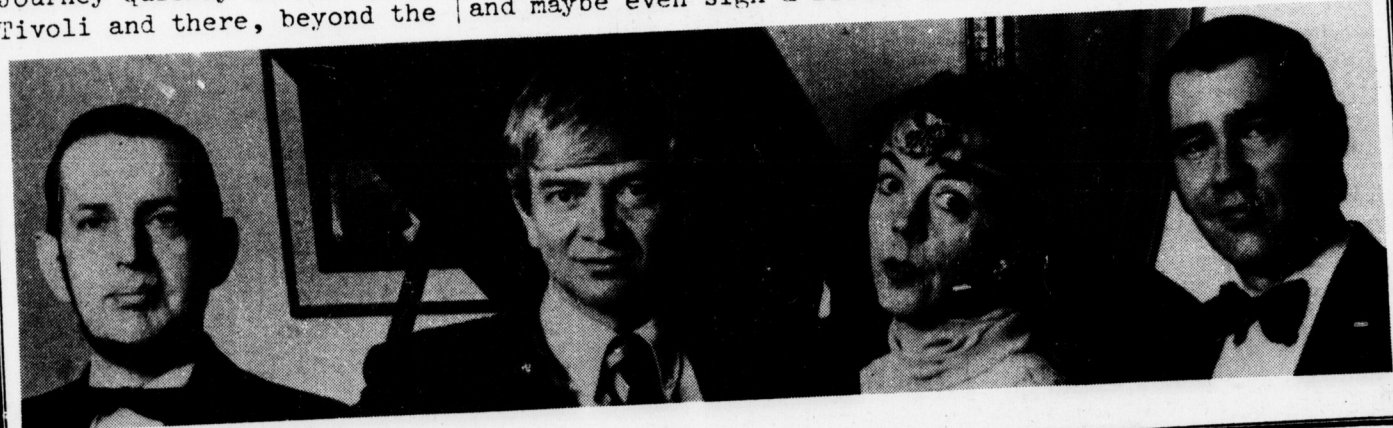
The show is broken-down into three segments: the songs of Irving Berlin, songs of the "Talkies" and a medley of Noel Coward. All have their own special charm and Don Sheffey has done a first-rate job in selecting, searching and securing the fine material. All four people do an excellent job of interpreting each song period.

Mr. Sheffey and Larry Vincent are the musical accompanists on the twin grand and also join-in on production and their own specialty numbers.

Kenneth Morgan and Elinor Anderson do most of the vocalizing. Mr. Morgan has just enough Dick Powell in his voice to make you laugh and maybe even sigh a little

and it takes some of us back to "dish night" at the old neighborhood Bijou. He also has an exceptional ear for interpreting a lyric-line of a song. Coward's "We Were Dancing" was superb as was "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" from a Busby Berkley epic. Miss Anderson fills in the other half of the vocalizing with just the right amount of rubber in her face and sweetness in her voice that makes each song a delight to the ear and also fracture your "funny bone", such as Berlin's "Everybody's Out of Step But Jim" which brought heaps of laughter. Between acts (as there is a continuous entertainment policy), Miss Anderson does solos of little dittys. One song about the Emporium was a sheer delight. Her pronunciation of words are also great fun (How does one pronounce "arcade" or is it "ar-COD"?).

"Four on the Floor" is the name of this happy group and entertainment is the name of their game. They should pack the Savoy-Tivoli for months to come as these



people cavort and create illusion.

This brings me to my one negative thought on their show: going back in time and the creating of illusions can be great (or as Ruby Keeler might say, "simply grand"), but while watching the parade of songs, I felt they had left something out - the illusion was not complete, such as when Mr. Morgan announces a Fred Astaire song. Top-hat and cane are immediately thought of, but it wasn't forthcoming. Why not an old army hat for Miss Anderson and Mr. Vincent in "Everybody's Out of Step..." and "You Can Still Find a Little Sunshine At the Y.M.C.A."? Since we are dealing in songs of the 20's and 30's, why the mod dress, Miss Anderson? And why not a tux for Mr. Morgan? These are minor trivialities, but if you take us back, take us back all the way and complete the memory.

With all kinds of trips being taken these days, I think this one will be most enjoyed and with nothing but good after-effects. Trips may be taken any Thursday, Friday or Saturday evening, commencing at about 9:00.



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## Gertie's Glamour and Advice to the Lovelorn

One of the easiest things to catch in restrooms, or just by being near someone that has them, is crabs. They jump from one person to another or can be found on walls of restrooms. If you think you can pick them off and smash them with your fingernails, forget it. You'll never get them all that way. Once they lay eggs on the hair, they hook them so tight, so close to the skin, you just can't see them unless you are in the bright sunlight with your pants down. Sometimes, in bad cases, people have them under the arms and in eye brows or eyelashes. To

get rid of them is very simple and costs about 37¢. I'm not trying to give you the cheapest method, but the best way. Campho-Phenique Liquid comes in a small green bottle and can be found in almost any store that has Band Aids. Now don't get excited.... it doesn't say anything about Crabs on the label, but it will kill them all and the eggs in one application. It has a very cool feel when you put it on, so rub it all over and get it good. After it has been on for about 5 to 10 minutes, take a good shower and say good-bye to Crabs for months. One treatment will be sufficient if you don't miss any spots when you put it on. A certain amount of the oil goes in the skin and Crabs won't come near you for months. Why go around for several days with several of the slow treatments that have to be put on several times? Remember, it's no sin to catch them - but it is to keep them.

If you have any advice you would like to share with our readers, please drop me a line and maybe we can write a column on it.

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Seems funny that William Randolph Hearst went into the newspaper business and bought two swimming pools, while Paul (Wilted Flower Lady?) Bentley had to sell a pool to publish a newspaper.

Bob Patterson, of the famous Baj, was in such a hurry at the last T.G. meeting that he shaved his nose...really Bob! "Dickie Dare Darling" saved the T.G. meeting again - thanks 'Minnie' (nit-picker).

Barbara Ball, recently returned from Honolulu, set up the bar at the Kok-pit. Thought she was the last of the big spenders, only to find out she had a five dollar complimentary ticket.

Have you heard 'I Want To Be Happy' by Ruby Keeler and Co.?...great. It's coming in July - The Royal

Scandal - a complete Royal cast...NO STARS.

Jack Kline is alive and in San Francisco.

Seems as if Joe Roland of the Gangway always has at least one former romance on the payroll...welcome back John, bye Joe C. The Gangway also has a swinging new group on Fri. and Sat. nights and Sun. afternoon - John Gooch on piano and Mary Jane Williams on guitar - really great sound.

Individuals that cannot take any active part in T.G. should not be the ones to spread malicious gossip, especially when they do not know what they are talking about. Speech is silver - silence is golden.

Met the charming 'Miss Gayzette' at the 'Q.T.' the other afternoon - nice person, nice bar...especially Danny the bartender.

Hans of the Saturnalia must be mellowing...acted almost human at the T.G. meeting and served a very nice buffet.



"What do you mean, Paul? Make-up by the Plasterers's Union!! I am beautiful!"

Sweetlips is entering Jackson's Roller Derby this year. The event takes place in June, and remember, Fern challenges all!

Everyone had better start marking their calendars - Sunday, the 23rd of May - FIRST TAVERN GUILD PICNIC, HURRAY!

Seems as if a famous oil tycoon and former bar/restaurant owner of Sausalito has moved to S.F. - hope he can navigate the hills here with his glass of Vodka as he did there.

How come the aging Wilted Flower Lady was being hand-fed Blueberry and whipped cream pancakes after hours on the Peninsula by Diki?

Thank Cristal for all the info on the qualifications for Empress candidates, thank God no age limit, Perry.

What Dowager San Francisco landmark, a legend in her own time, was seen on Monday afternoon last - dirty, unshaved, hair hanging down in front of her eyes, DRUNK, groping and kissin' - in her own establishment no less!

*bye*

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FILM by Terry Alan Smith

## EXCEPTIONAL irrelevance 'Andromeda Strain' & 'Claire's Knee'

There is a plethora of criticism available today on nearly every motion picture released. This being the case, the editors of B.A.R. felt it would be superfluous to add just another film critic to the ever-growing list. But, in the area of in-depth commentary on homosexually-relevant films, there is too little being published. In the Establishment news media, the often-present homosexual critic, paranoid about exposing himself, is the most destructive of all: dismissing the homosexually-relevant film as trash or, if he finds it impossible to deny its obvious quality, scrut-

inizing it until he finds a flaw - however miniscule that flaw might be. For this reason, it is the policy of the Bay Area Reporter to devote its film column to this much neglected area.

However, there are films which, though they have no direct homosexual relevance, are relevant indirectly (e.g. relevant to all Mankind as in "The Andromeda Strain" or relevant by association with relationships common to both the homosexual and heterosexual ways of life as in "Claire's Knee") and exceptional enough to warrant our redundant recommendation.



L. to R.: David Wayne, Kate Reid, Arthur Hill and James Olson in a scene from "The Andromeda Strain"

"The Andromeda Strain" is a science-fiction masterpiece and ranks with the best of that genre. It is totally credible in its logic (in fact, the first thing on the screen - after the "G" rating, is a statement declaring the film to be an accurate accounting of a recent event which the government will shortly announce) and utterly realistic in its production. The special effects may well be the finest done in any film in any genre - at times to the point of duplicating in the viewer the exact shock-reaction one would have in real life. The acting is so fine that the "suspension of disbelief" takes place almost immediately and the suspense is unrelenting from the very first frame until the very last.

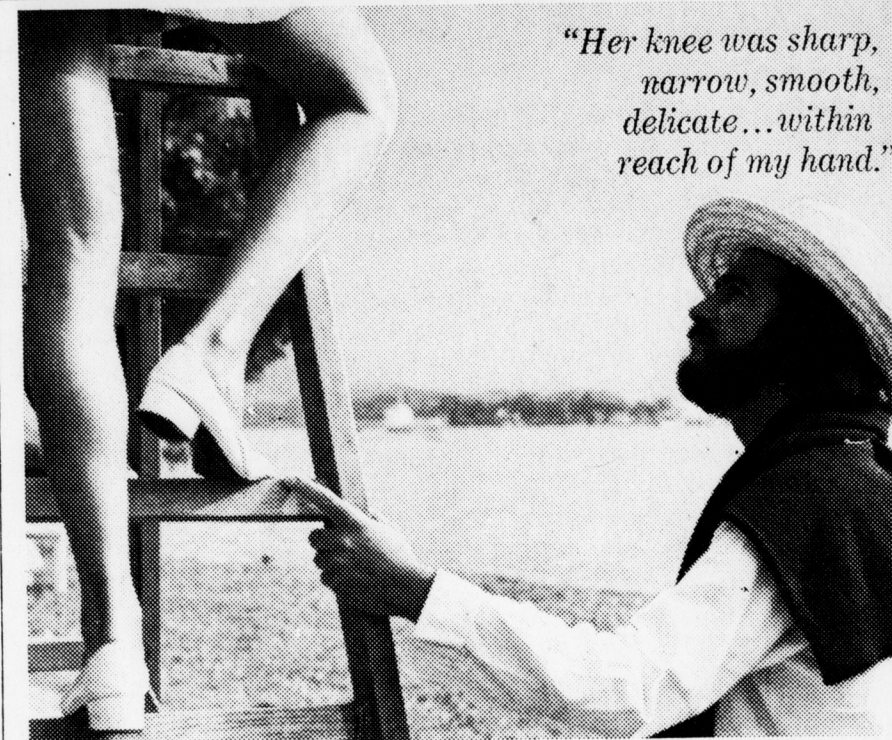
In passing, I should like to praise the intelligent and sensitive portrayal of a butch, lesbian scientist by one of Broadway's most brilliant (but under-recognized) actresses, Kate Reid.

In short, Robert Wise has made "The Andromeda Strain" with as much care as that of his finest, most highly-acclaimed films.

"Claire's Knee" is a simple, delicately-drawn film of

a human reaction/counter-reaction which has been largely ignored. It is the detailing of the few moments it takes to resolve a man's lust for a young girl he can not attain: a resolution brought about by the attempted destruction of the girl's love affair with a boy near her age. How often have we vented our frustration in like manner? We'd like to forget, I know, but "Claire's Knee" is charming and funny, which makes it all somewhat bearable and - who knows - might give us a little insight into ourselves through its disarming objectivity.

"Claire's Knee" opens May 5th at the Vogue, Sacramento and Presidio.



"Her knee was sharp, narrow, smooth, delicate... within reach of my hand."

## & relevant TRASH

## 'Dorian Gray' & 'Music Lovers'

It is my own, personal policy to review only those films which I feel are worth discussing in depth, in the hopes such reviews might whet the appetite of you, the reader and motivate you into becoming you, the viewer. I also see these commentaries as sort of a silent dialogue between you and me. To further the dialogue, I would welcome any comments you have to make. That way, we might possibly learn from each other.

But there has been some praise of late, by other critics writing in homosexual periodicals, of films which, by the very receipt of such praise, do more damage to the homosexual than these critics - obviously - are capable of imagining.

Condoning such warped views of the homosexual as these films convey must be the product of a non-thinking mind who is under the ridiculous assumption that he is perceptive. "A little bit of knowledge in the hands of a fool" is the applicable phrase.

"The Music Lovers" is one of these: an ignorant, prejudiced, narrow-minded view of a homosexual genius (which makes it all the more destructive in the defamation of such a man) made without compassion by an obviously heterosexual film maker who lacks any understanding and is clearly exploiting a famous "queer" for financial gain alone. Adding people like Glenda Jackson (giving her worst performance in memory) and

Richard Chamberlain (fresh from his victory as the Great Dane) and multi-million dollar sets (which are truly magnificent), Ken Russell gives the film a false sense of "class" and stature which can fool the heterosexual public into believing that Tchaikovsky actually did climb the walls and chew the carpet at the first sight of his wife's genitalia; that he actually was so schizophrenic as to see her, upon their first meeting, as a princess (actually and in full Cinderella regalia), when she was obviously a whore to everyone else in town. There wasn't a scene rooted in truth anywhere in the film. That this man could have existed in such a fantastic life-style is the penultimate of incredulity. (cont'd)



The performance I saw of "The Music Lovers" was roundly booed at the end. And, despite the misguided praise it received, its first run was mercifully terminated in a short time (Audiences know what's happening!). Undoubtedly, it will show up on a double-bill in the near-future with something like "The House That Dripped Blood", which would be a shame. I mean, the latter film having to cohabit the screen with such trash as "The Music Lovers"...the supreme indignity.

"Women in Love", Ken Russell's film immediately prior to "The Music Lovers", was undoubtedly the best directed and written film of those nominated by the motion picture Academy for 1970. That it did not win either could mean to prove that old theatre axiom, "You're only as good as your last piece of work."

Poor Oscar Wilde. To paraphrase an old Burlesque

joke, "If he were alive, this would kill him!" It was a good idea to update "The Picture of Dorian Gray" to modern times (Lord knows it's relevant now and is, in fact, so universal as to be a novel for all seasons) and a clever idea to cast Helmut Berger in the title role after his recent, brilliant performance in Lucino Visconti's "The Damned". But who had the unmitigated stupidity to think he could re-write Wilde and improve upon it?!

Albert Lewen's film version, made in the 1940's, used nothing but Wilde's original lines and each scene, as a result, was alternately devastatingly funny, powerful, pathetic, frightening, incisive, delicate, poignant, urbane, philosophical - drawing all of the audience's emotions into play, one after the other, giving them a totally satisfying motion picture - satisfying every emotional need that a film can satisfy.

In the current version, Dorian is seen seducing a black male in a public men's room (if you like realism, here it is - in spades), making love to Lord Henry in the shower (the whole key was the Mephistofele/Faust relationship between Lord Henry and Dorian, which only works on a platonic basis), hustling his body off to elderly matrons, raping his friends' wives, etc., etc., ho hum. Helmut Berger's clothes fly off at the drop of a clap board and even his beautiful frame becomes a bore (like sitting through three days of stag films with the same central character). In short, this is a Radley Metzger-ish sex film (not to defame Mr. Metzger who, in comparison, has infinite taste) attempting to exploit poor Mr. Wilde for financial gain. They failed. Applause, please.

One final thought: what are such fine actors as these doing in such trash? Can't they read?!

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## Bowling League

On Wednesday night April 28th, the League had its annual bowling banquet at Jackson's Penthouse. About 75 persons showed up for this special occasion, for this is when the team's trophies are awarded. In first place this year was the team from the Fickle Fox, followed by the Cream de Mint (the Mint) in second and Fe-Be's in third place. Among the special awards also given were the following: high games went to E. Wickberg, high series to L. Overman, high handicap game to C. Brown, and high handicap of the series to D. O'Neil. Special awards were also given to the following girls: Dina Dominik, Leslie Orr and Sue McFarland. The highlight of the evening came when the sportmanship trophy was awarded to Bob Lawrey of Jackson's team. Congratulations to all the winners of this year's series, we are looking forward to another great league this coming year.

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## LOCO WEATHER REPORT

by Cecil Knockherworst Weatherbee

Local disturbances South of Market continue to draw cold and warm fronts. -- Polk Strasses remains in its Temperate Zone except in the close vicinity of the Imperial Palace where whirlwinds continue undiminishingly, resulting in extreme spasmodic movements (Maria). -- Turk Street area, normally the warm belt, has passed a period of downcasts, one of those unfortunate storms. -- Watch for turbulent layers of hot air sweeping in from the Panhandle, this could be caused by voids. -- East Bay tends to be calm and cool. -- The Peninsula continues to blossom with meteorological personalities bringing glowing warmth for all to enjoy. -- Current Bay Area forecasts tend to see a flow of the turbulent winds and hot airs moving towards the Northwest, reducing pressure and making for a pleasant weekend, ideal for cruising. However, watch for sudden changes in the next few weeks...enjoy!

## YOUR GUIDE to PORTLAND

Kissy. Kissy from Diki-Rose Empress VIII. Current Court Jester

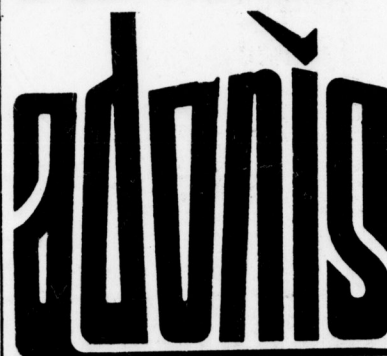
With all the hustle and bustle of finding wig cases tall enough and jewel boxes large enough for the forth coming sojourn to the Rose City, I thought I'd take a moment to point out a few highlights of the City for your cruising and drinking enjoyment.

Portland's bar scene is unique in one respect, especially for the traveler. All the bars are located in one square mile area in downtown Portland. This makes everything easy to find and one needn't drive all over the world for a change of scene.

Bar hours differ depending on whether it's hard liquor or beer you enjoy. Beer bars, or Taverns if you will, close at 1.00 A.M. Hard liquor bars close at 2:30 A.M.

If these few facts are now clearly stenciled on your mind, come with me on a brief tour. I'm sure

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we'll find something for everyone. Our first stop takes us to the TAVERN, one of Portland's oldest, if not the oldest bar in the city. It is a beer bar located on 2nd and Yamhill. This is an all-round type place certain to be enjoyed by all. Pop, as he's known to all, is always on hand to greet and serve you.

The OTHER INN, located just two blocks away, is another very popular beer and wine bar run by the famous Mama Bernice. Mama, a rotund and jolly lady, loves all her 'blue birds' as she calls everyone. Here we can find some Western types and pool is the favorite sport.

The DEMAS, on the other side of Burnside, is another fun beer and wine bar. Boys and girls go there to play pool or whatever one might like to play.

DEMETRIS, on N.W. 6th near Burnside, is, or would hope to be, a leather bar. A city as small as the Rose City, however, naturally has

less leather types of any quality, as we know them. Of course, this can't discount their warmth and friendship, and again I'm certain one can enjoy, enjoy, enjoy.

Moving right along, we drop in at ROMANS, very popular with everyone. Always crowded with any number of types and trips, ROMANS keeps you hopping with one surprise after another. ROMANS is on 9th and Yamhill.

ZORBA THE GREEK is probably the newest and most beautiful bar anywhere. It is done on many levels and the atmosphere is very Greek and very warm. Again, beer and wine are served along with lots of Portland warmth and friendship.

THE ANNEX is another groovy bar run by one of my favorite people, Derek. At one time known as DEREK'S, I understand that by the time we arrive it may be changed again to THE APARTMENT. At any rate, it can be found right across the street from the Telephone Company, which I'm certain

excites everyone right down to their toes. Again, beer and wine.

THE RIP TIDE, a very swinging dance bar with a cast of thousands, can be found a few short blocks away on Burnside. A liquor bar serving goblets of fun and danger and madness at all times. I really recommend this one if you have the stamina.

Last, but not least, we have DAHL AND DENNE at the foot of the Morrison Bridge. Another liquor bar with kind of a leather crowd. However, again you will find just about anyone and everyone there. Food is served.

This is but a brief list which I hope can help those new to the North get a start on their bar tour. One need only get to any one of these places and bartenders and patrons alike will be more than delighted to show you any and all the nooks and crannies of vice and sin. Have a wonderful trip, the City of Roses awaits you.

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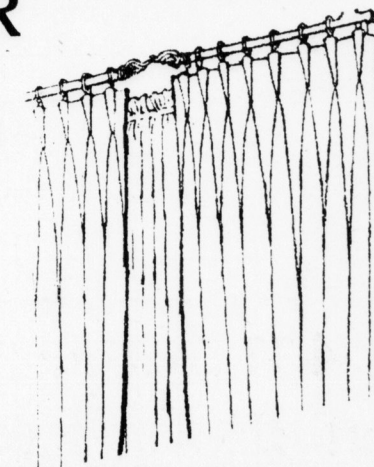
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