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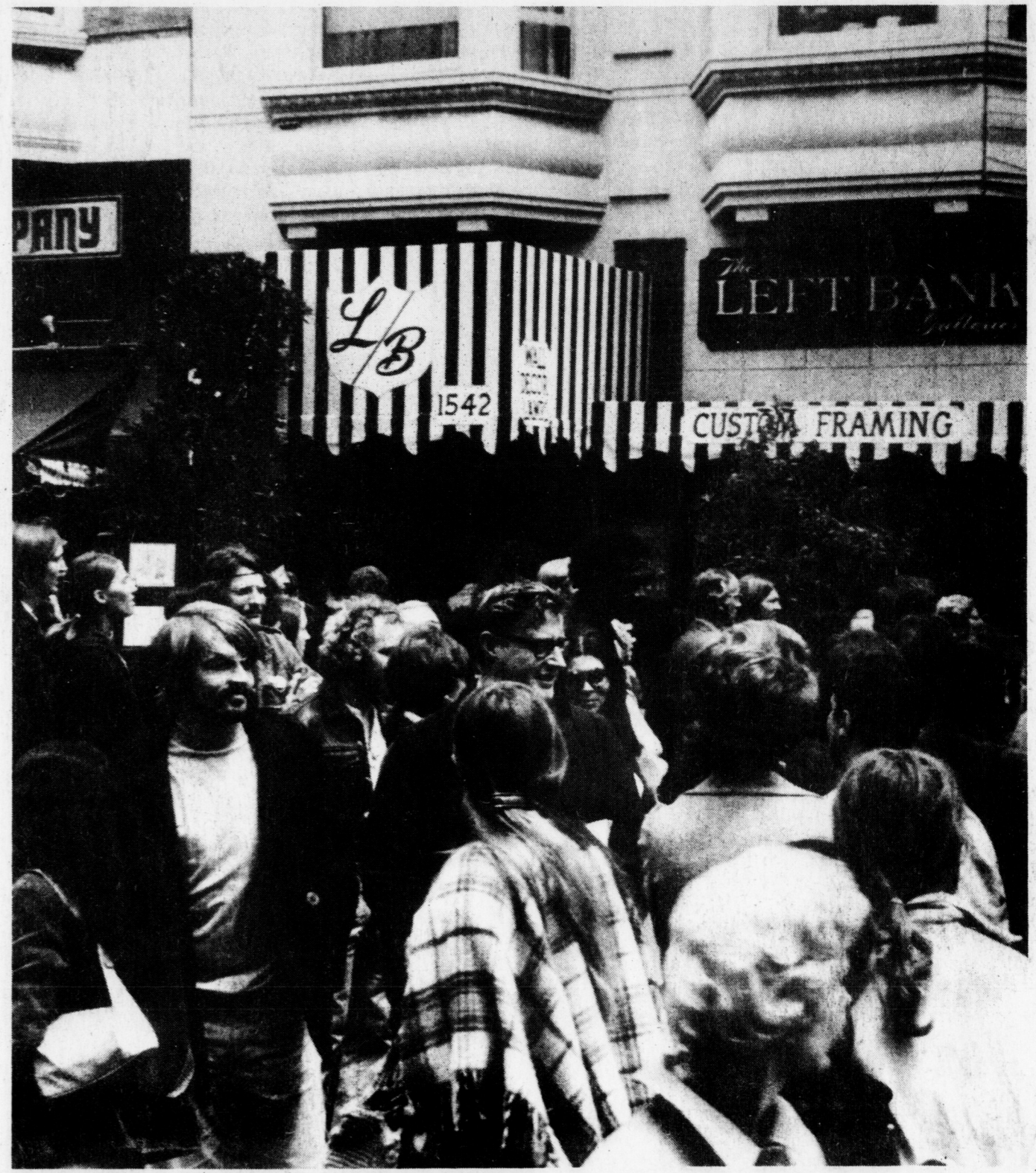
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B.A.R. ^{FREE} YOUR COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

BAY AREA REPORTER

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 4

MAY 15, 1971



AN EVENING OUT



Diki, The Court Jester



The Ever-Lovin' Sweetlips

Three days have passed since the Royal Coach exhaustedly crawled to the front door of the Kokpit from whence it left only days before. The Royal Court and Her Royal Highness had returned from an enjoyable and also eye-opening sojourn to *The City of Roses* Portland, Oregon.

There were no heralds to welcome us home, and if there had been we might not have recognized them anyway. Tired, a little tipsy, and slightly dazed in dis-belief, we disembarked.

Sweetlips invited us in for one last tiddly to celebrate the kidnapping, or should I say the arrival of a new Czar, from that same city. Any further information on that topic I must of course relinquish to the Czarina herself, since anything I could say would only be hear-say.

The flight to the North was probably one of the most enjoyable, well planned, and may I say *damp* week-ends in my short career. Portland managed to come forth with an extravaganza which San Francisco normally divides into four separate functions. The evening started at 6:30 P.M. and went on until

2:30 I believe. The Court left a little early so as to see a little more of the city by night, as it were. During the presentation of royalty, the Courts of Spokane, Wash.; Seattle, Wash.; Takoma, Wash.; Vancouver, B.C.; East Bay Area, Peninsula, and San Francisco were presented prior to anything else. Then their first annual Academy Awards presentation and show followed. Immediately thereafter a groovy guy contest occurred with a most handsome winner, only to be followed by a Princess Royal contest which ended in an unbreakable tie. Now doesn't that take your breath away? Well I must say, the mere thought of such an occurrence in our city boggles my mind.

The Czarina of The Miracle Mile had her title enlarged while in the North. Honorary Miss Garbage Can of Portland. I'm quite sure she can explain in her column better than I, what a thrill she felt upon winning this award.

Certain of our Dowagers who chose private modes of travel seemed to enjoy themselves also. There were times however we were worried whether they might ever return. Have you ever had

your own parade by night in only one car? Well, they seemed to enjoy that very much. I hope they choose to have one here, you should all see it, it is a real joy to watch. However, I hope one wouldn't fall for the Spanish charities hat trick. I believe it has been done here already.

I have received several calls since my return, thanking us and re-inviting us. They also plan to come to the Royal Scandals in July. I hope to see San Francisco there too. The Dowagers are more than welcome also, but I hear from an old, or should I say past, grape vine, they feel this isn't so. Remember . . . no one can shake the foundation of your past Royal House except you yourself. So put aside your self-inflicted

personal affronts you genuinely believe you feel and grow up. It doesn't hurt at all . . . The previous opinions are those of the Court Jester, me, Diki, and responsibility for them rests with me. Close hand observation my source. Any similarity to Dowagers living or dead is purely intentional.

I believe I am the newest member appointed to Her Highness's Court and hope I won't be beheaded before I get to cover another exciting Royal Tour to another province. Court Jesters often dance to the tune of a different drummer while opening mouth and inserting foot. Until next time when this will be

Dizzy Diki Saying,
Kissy Kissy



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VOL. 1 NO. 4 MAY 15, 1971

BAY AREA REPORTER

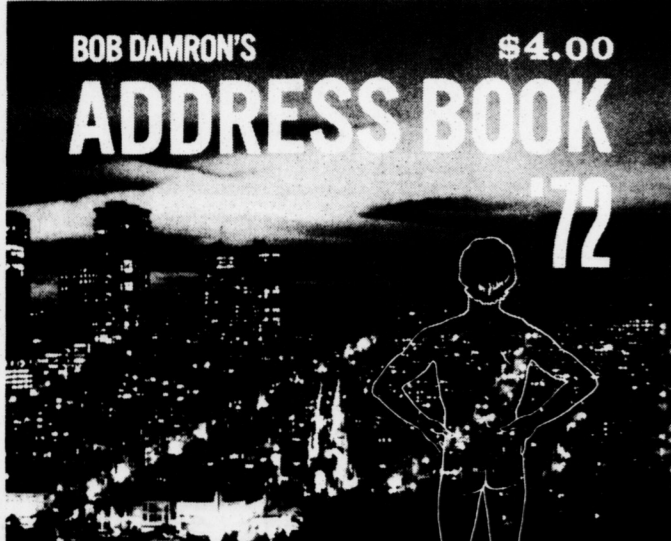
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The editors and publishers would like to correct a mistake that appeared in the May issue of Vector (S.I.R.'s excellent magazine). B.A.R. is not now, nor has in the past been published by the Tavern Guild. This paper is an independent venture, published and funded by private individuals.

We would like to remind you all to attend the meeting with Dianne Feinstein at S.I.R. Center, 83 Sixth Street, on Wednesday, May 19th at 8:00 p.m.

Editor of B.A.R.:

Why not call your paper "Bay Area Drag Reporter"? Why all the drag articles? You think everyone cares about Sweetlips, "Empress", et. al.? The majority of us are just people who happen to be homosexual. The Bay Area is crowded with talented people who could improve the quality of articles in your paper. Give us something more than the news of gad-about bar hounds.

Sincerely,
Mr. H. Casey
810 Eddy Street
S. F.

P.S. I write this as helpful criticism, because I think some of the articles are good and the paper has potential.

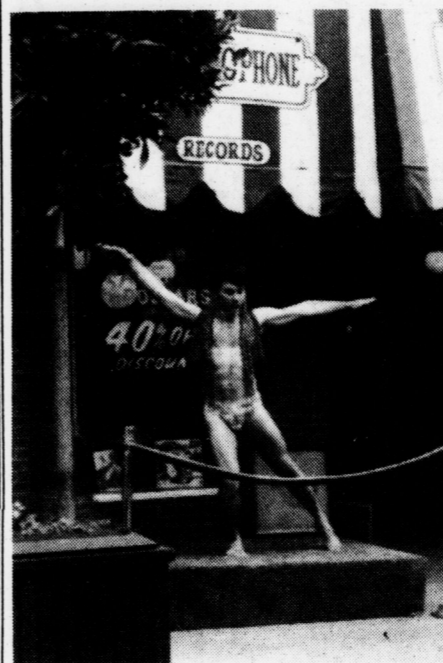
Dear Empress Cristal,

Just a note to say thank you for all those fun columns that you and your Court write. B.A.R. certainly is too serious in some of their articles. If it wasn't for you and your Court's fun and campy articles, B.A.R. would sure be dull. Keep up the good work.

R. Donohue

(Ed. note - there are two sides to every coin.)

POLK STREET 'GAYLA'



Polk Street is probably one of the most famous streets in the world. It is in this area that our community's heaviest concentration of businesses is to be found. What happens when you turn the people loose, and let them do their thing? For one thing the outpouring of leather, lace, feathers and levis is unbelievable. Bizarre attire, outrageous mannerisms and just plain camp hi-jinks make for a marvelous day. Mix this whole group with straight people, and you will have trouble, so one might think. Not so, this was proven at the Polk Street Gala. People when given a chance, tend to be tolerant, and when a lot of fun is happening will also join in. This is what happened at the city's largest GAY-In to date.

On Saturday and Sunday (May 1st & 2nd.) Polk Gulch hosted an extraordinary affair. The Board of Supervisors, believe it or not, decreed that Polk St. be closed to all traffic from Sutter to Jackson. (We must thank the Polk St. Merchants Assn. for their perseverance.)

Although both days were typical San Francisco days, weather overcast with a threat of rain, the crowds were large. We walked the entire length of the fair on

both days. On Saturday the crowds were hushed and seemed to be just "window shopping", however on Sunday the noise was loud and the populace were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Some of the highlights were the children's zoo, the animals courtesy of the S.F. Zoo, the poor kids couldn't get near the animals what with all the adults fondling the pets. We stopped and had our fortunes told, this seemed to be a very popular concession and the fortunes very clever and well done. On the block between Bush and Pine Sts. was a well received concourse of antique and vintage cars. The Town Squire also on this same block was presenting excellent chamber music. WE never thought we would see a harpsichord on Polk St. (Anything else, yes. Harpsichord wow) The City fathers erected a bandstand on the corner of California St. This was well used by several excellent groups, including the "RED GARTER BAND". The rock group "THE FLOWING MANE" however was the best and the audience really responded, wild, wild, music. I don't believe the audience was ready for the "COCKETTES", but on they came. WE must say that theirs is quite a show, and the straight as well as gay crowd really got right with it. (If you have never seen the COCKETTES, suggest you take in one of their mid-night soirees at the Palace Theater on Powell and Columbus.) On this same block is the Gramophone Shop, and what a show they presented. Most of us



have seen many go-go boys in our bars, but the straight people haven't. Of all the activity on the street none drew bigger crowds than the go-go boys. We must also compliment Neil of Jaguar Bookstore. He did a very funny camp drag go-go, and was well received.

The entire length of the gala was covered with artists and craftsmen of all nature. Our community was very well represented and all seemed to be doing well. If you missed Tony's wild candles, you can drop in at THE MINT and purchase same. It is good to see everyone doing their thing, and no one being offended. Thanks must be extended to the Police Dept., who while being around, maintained discreet distances and handled the whole affair handsomely. We sincerely hope that while this is the first of its kind, it is not the last and there will be many more to come. This was indeed good public relation, and we need more of this. Thanks again to all the Polk St. merchants for giving us two fun-filled days.

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Sondheim's "Follies": Musical Coming of Age

Stephen Sondheim. Who? He has been an important figure in the musical theatre since 1957 and is now the most important . . . and very few people know who he is. But they're learning. After writing the most brilliant lyrics in town to seven shows and ingenious music to four of them, he has finally won two "Tony" awards (one for lyrics, one for music) for "Company", his sixth show. With his ego on his shoulder and a typical writer's caustic tongue, he accepted the awards with "I've never had much respect for awards, but it's nice to win one." This was prefaced by his long-overdue praise of orchestrators—Jonathan Tunick, in particular—"without whom there would be no score." He went on to state, in his emphatic arien fashion, that Mr. Tunick's orchestrations were "the best in the history of the musical!" I agree. With his first show, "Promises, Promises", Mr. Tunick went nearly unnoticed *because* of his brilliance. He had emulated Burt Bacharach's "sound" so perfectly, most people thought Mr. Bacharach had done his own orchestrations. For "Company", Mr. Tunick's second show, Stephen Sondheim gave him "lead sheets" (i.e. a simple melody line with chords, written for the piano alone) and Mr. Tunick did the rest.

Five Year Old Show

Now we have "Follies", Mr. Sondheim's seventh and latest show and Mr. Tunick's third and best. Why it is Mr. Tunick's best is readily apparent if you know the chronological order of



DOROTHY COLLINS, better than ever

Mr. Sondheim's musical creations. First was, of course, "West Side Story", music by what's-his-name. You know . . . the virgo. Second was "Gypsy", music by Jule Styne. Third was "A Funny Thing Happened On the Way to the Forum", music by Mr. Sondheim (and a reasonably commercial score). Fourth was "Anyone Can Whistle", music by Mr. Sondheim (with a brilliant, very advanced score: sort of an abstract mixture of Schoenberg and Hugh Martin). When the show closed, the musicians literally cried, because they had loved playing such an innovative (for Broadway) score. The show closed because it was ahead of its time in music, lyrics (studies in logic and psychology) and book (about a small-town mayoress, played by Angela Lansbury, in her first Broadway musi-

cal, who saves the town from poverty by inventing a miracle—specifically, water from a rock via hidden pipes and a pump). As Sondheim said, "Someday, after I'm dead, it will be revived and be a smash." Fifth in Mr. Sondheim's creative chronology was "Do I Hear a Waltz", music by Richard Rodgers (with hackneyed lyrics, written in about a week's time, as sort of a public temper tantrum over the failure of ". . . Whistle". It usually takes him nearly three years to craft the lyrics for a show, when he's up to his own, demanding standards.) Even though "Com-

a fantastic album if only because it records this transition for posterity. "Follies" begins right out of the ". . . Whistle" score: the dissonance and the resulting, nightmarish quality (which are absolutely right for the faded "Follies" personnel). Then, we have the attempt at recapturing the songs of the period (written at a time when he didn't care for the period: "Melody is always derivative—except for Irving Berlin," he would often say), which show a disdain for the period (although, after several replays, they seem to fit into the show since the characters, themselves, are



YVONNE DE CARLO, fantastic "I'm Still Here"

pany" was his sixth *produced* show, over five years later, and revealed an artistry in both music and lyrics that even die-hard Sondheim enthusiasts didn't expect (nearly every critic quoted his lyrics in their reviews, coupled with the statement that these were the best lyrics in history), "Follies" was written before—in the transition period between ". . . Waltz" and "Company": a period where he learned to bend his musical principles toward the demands of the theatre-going public and write lyrics with barbed-wire edges that, somehow, touched the heart with their truth.

Disdain for Period

Mr. Sondheim's transition period runs through "Follies" and it would be

often brilliantly entertaining (like his lyrics usually are), especially with Yvonne De Carlo's fantastic "I'm Still Here": "I've been through Reno; I've been through Beverly Hills and I'm here. Reefers and vino, rest-cures, religion and pills . . . and I'm here."

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Multilevel Lyrics

But suddenly, we're home, it's 1971 and Sondheim has written a series of post—"Company" songs to satirize a "Follies" show. Lyrically, it's the most phenomenal sequence of songs I've ever heard: brilliance far beyond "Company"'s score. His lyrics here are working on a multitude of levels all at once and never does he lose the commercial aspects. In fact, this sequence may be more entertaining than anything he's done. The complexity is staggering: at once, he's duplicating the original lyric-type, making profound comments on the personal lives of the characters (*and* the performers), the validity of the "Follies", the changing times and the need to exorcise that type in order to create the new.

Melodic Accuracy

Musically, he's come home, too. His music was initially (even in "A Funny Thing . . .") simply a rhythmic bed for his lyrics to lie on (his brilliant metric patterns dictated such exciting music as Bernstein's "America" and Styne's "Rose's Turn"). They were exciting scores, but basically unmemorable. All of ". . . Whistle" is that way and the first

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2/3 of "Follies" as well. But come the "Follies" themselves and he's got it. The music is an *exact* duplication of its genre and the lyrics have more support than ever. When Dorothy Collins sings "Losing My Mind" (and you won't believe how great she's become since the "Icky Goo Hit Parade"), she'll tear you apart with the accuracy of the music, lyrics and her rendition. You actually can believe the song was written way-back-then. And its an example of the best of its genre. But it was written just a few months ago.

Yes, Mr. Sondheim, you've come home and Mr. Tunick has orchestrated your public transition with such brilliance as to give your score an over-all consistency of style, as well as an accurate accounting of the orchestration of all the potpourri of musical styles, filtered through ingenious touches of his own.

The recording of "Follies" is a natural-born collector's item and—my God!—with the transition by-passed, can you imagine what a fantastic listening experience the next Sondheim score will be?!



Bullsheets

Once again with great pride we say thank you to the beautiful people with overwhelming odds, and with the chips down, they shine . . . their camp, humor and goodwill represent San Francisco as it is . . . they keep the spirit of what we are, they overcome what we are not. We are proud of Her Majesty's Imperial Court . . . and believe, Portland loves you . . . what a roaring success . . . Here's to the beautiful people . . .

MAY 14th, 15th, 16th—FRI., SAT., SUN. Whoever set the type for the last calendar must have had a hang over . . . sorry Vinnie. Fri., Sat., Sun., The fabulous Vinnie presents the show at the Magic Garden . . . Fri., Sat., Sun., . . . If you have not seen "Once Upon a Mattress", this is the time to go to S.I.R.

MAY 19th—WEDNESDAY Do not forget this . . . S.I.R. has arranged to set her up, and it is high time Miss Diane tells us where it *really* is, that is in her eyes. This should be a must for all of us. Let's forget the camp and double talk and find out where she is.

MAY 23rd—SUNDAY Get out the baskets girls, we are off to another T.G. pick-neck. We can hardly believe it is Spring again and time to pick flowers, and I'm sure there will be plenty of flowers again this year. It is our information this year it will be held in a rather intimate surroundings. Isn't that heaven . . .

MAY 26th WEDNESDAY Ho-ho, hay-hay. Away to the Gangway, it's anniversary time. Joe and the gang are really great and a lot of fun.

MAY 29th SATURDAY Did you hear, there is going to be a wedding at

the Golden Door. There will be a grand opening and a wedding. Let's go and see who marries who, or what.

Around and around and around we go, where we stop, who wants to know. Like the once famed golden statue queen said. "It is so lovely at the top". We see it that way too, only in the sense, it gives a person a chance to see. To see what it is really about. It gives you a chance to really know what people and some groups are about. It gives you a much broader scope of life. It gives you a chance to see thru the phonies and be able to choose the good, which we here at home have so much of. United we stand, divided they will pick us up one by one.

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FeBe's Auctions

The last two auctions for Fe-Bes' legal fund were a great success, but there is still a long way to go towards the goal of \$2,500 plus. It is heartening to see our community backing this worthwhile cause. We can remember, and not that long ago, when Fe-Be's sponsored many auctions for our community and/or individuals in dire need. Perhaps a little background information on what these auctions are about will help you to understand why your support is asked and how they might benefit our future. The A.B.C. is an omnipotent branch of our "Ronnie Baby's" office, and as such enjoys the quasi-legal state of "a court of limited jurisdiction". This means that this department acts as prosecutor, judge, and jury, as well as having its own built-in system of "final appeals". Unfortunately the courts do not wish to be bogged down with as much nonsense and perjury that this department hands down that they have literally let them get away with damn near anything. A.B.C. agents go anywhere and have the art of entrapment down to a fine science, and when the charges are filed against you, (as much as three years later) they are sometimes so far-fetched as to be ridiculous. What Fe-Be's attorneys are doing is challenging the A.B.C. on their complete disregard for the first, fifth and fourteenth amendments of the Constitution of the United States. They have finally gotten a case into the

Federal courts. Unfortunately, the first justice felt it wasn't worth his time to do a decent study of this case and passed it off. Now Fe-Be's must apply to the next step in our legal structure, i.e. the Ninth Court of Appeals. This requires more legal paperwork, attorneys, filing fees and of course salaries for all. It is not the fact that Fe-Be's was closed on this department's findings, but the fact that we as a minority are once again being put upon, and as such the A.B.C., by acting as a judge of public morals (as interpreted by each agent, so it seems) steps outside of its main purpose of enforcing State liquor laws to suborn and harass any and all they don't like.

So if you would like to help and don't want to get involved (it is truly unfortunate that so many don't wish to get involved until it's too late), drop off your cast-offs for the next auction. Better yet, drop in and spend a couple of bucks.

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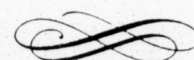


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WORLD OF BOOKS J. D. MILLER

A SEPARATE REALITY, Further Conversations with Don Juan, by Carlos Castaneda. Simon & Schuster. \$6.95

In 1968, the University of California published *The Teachings of Don Juan: a Yaqui Way of Knowledge*. This was the thesis of UCLA anthropology student Carlos Castaneda. He had filled his notebooks and reeled his tapes among the Yaqui Indians of northwestern Mexico. There he also found a rare teacher, Don Juan, an elderly medicine man and sorcerer, and a man possessed of a well developed and highly sophisticated wisdom. Under his tutelage, Castaneda had begun an apprenticeship.

But this proved too much for Castaneda, and with all the material he had amassed, he quit and wrote his first book. Then, with some pride, he returned to show Don Juan his book and to reluctantly resume his investigations into the world of "non-ordinary reality." The result of these further dialogues is the present book, parts of which were recently a cover feature article in *Esquire Magazine*. *Esquire* bridged the gap between the two books and presented the more sensational experiences encountered in this second period of apprenticeship. What is missing from the article and so powerfully apparent in the book is the counterpoint of one of the most fantastic teacher-pupil relationships.

Castaneda, the anthropologist, is not front and centre. In this book he is the seeker after knowledge which will expand his own mind. He knows that in the ways and teachings of Don Juan lies the answer and the only way to a fullness of understanding. And as the trained scientist, he cannot help but attack it with his tapes and his constant note taking, with his scepticism, with his pickiness, and with a certain amount

of paranoia. Nor will he accept anything on faith, but continually questions and attempts to rationalize. His questions are surely enough to try the patience of a saint. And he sees nothing wrong with his approach. So far as he can see, Castaneda is seeking this knowledge he knows really exists, but he cannot pass over some unknown obstacle into that degree of deep perception he so much desires to attain.

Don Juan's friends, fellow sorcerers and knowledgeable men, see Castaneda as another of themselves, as one who "sees." But both teacher and pupil are aware that this is not so. Far from being sorely tried, Don Juan does everything within his power to pass this knowledge on to Castaneda. Don Juan, with his own depth of intuition and perception, searches the spirit of his pupil. Together they decide it is not fear that is holding him back. Perhaps it is a vow he made to himself many years previously, and this is now holding his spirit back from the vital step. It may even be that Castaneda fears to lose his scientific clarity should he find himself capable to obtain. He does not want to leave his rationale for a world where insight and intuition have the upper hand.

The experiments of this book and this apprenticeship involve the use of peyote-mescaline. Not in all the previous literature of this usage are the realities so clearly and shakingly brought out. Perhaps the most frightening of these is the loss of motor control, the lack of ability to communicate, the absolute need for a mentor. And Don Juan proves himself the ideal mentor and even the body servant of his pupil. Sure of his knowledge, well disciplined in it, patient and not without humour, he does everything he can think of to help his pupil along. When he feels Castaneda is in some spiritual danger, he dunks his pupil in a cold stream and brings him back to consciousness.

Mind expansion is the natural goal of the thinking man. His approach to it cannot be an aimless experiment achieved without preparation or by one quick high. It must involve a whole attitude, a warrior stance, and an effort of supreme will. In whatever discipline mind-expansion is sought, be it Yoga, Zen, or Don Juan's Yaqui Way to Knowledge, the great teacher and mentor must be at the start of it, and the pupil himself must be ready for it. Any meeting with spiritual development is a dramatic encounter, and, if Castaneda has permitted his bumbling self to show in this book, he still records a highly intense and personal experience, suspenseful and shattering in impact.

Catholic Church Takes Stand

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

The Archdiocesan Commission on Social Justice has recommended to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors that it add a prohibition of discrimination on the basis of "sexual orientation" to the City's Nondiscrimination Ordinance in Employment.

The Commission stand was taken following a meeting with the Religious Committee of the Society for Individual Rights.

The Commission has combatted various forms of employment discrimination during its seven year history. The Commission has lay, religious and clergy members, both men and women, from various ethnic groups.

In a letter to Board of Supervisors President, Mrs. Dianne Feinstein, Commission Chairman Rev. Eugene J. Boyle urged the Board to "conduct hearings on this subject and then proceed to corrective legislation." Father Boyle noted that "if the Human Rights Commission is to implement such legislation, it must be given adequate staff."

The Commission also urged State legislators to remove from the California State Code "all laws dealing with private sexual acts between consenting adults."

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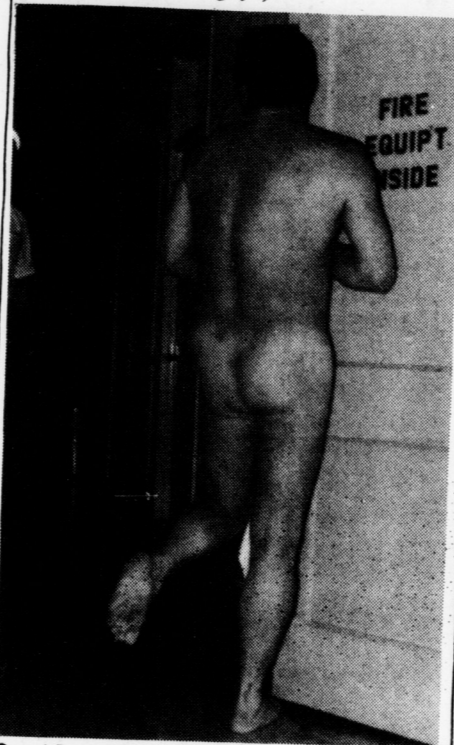


CZARINA de MIRACLE MILE

The Barbary Coasters Academy Awards was without a doubt the best show of this kind put on to date. The stage setting was beautiful and the show moved at a very fast and funny pace. Well done B.C.'s! News just out that the Covered Wagon and The Stud are taking the In B-Tween—good luck. The David & Gary Show may soon be in Redwood City. Later this fall they plan to enlarge the show and go to the Village again. Now that warm weather is here, more bike riding will be seen. Mine is a wreck just from being pushed in and out of the bar. It has one mile on it in a year. (or more).

I want to thank the people of Portland for my new title, honorary 'Miz' Garbage Can. I have been invited to attend the Speakeasy Auction Monday as the Czarina De Miracle Mile. I will wear the same costume I wore when I got the

title in Portland. Don't call me a drag queen. That I'm not. I'm just not too up tight to have a little fun. As long as someone laughs I think its worthwhile. Try to attend May 17, Monday. I need your moral support. I was very pleased to see some of the Border Riders up North. (such nice guys).



Portland's newest Go-GO 'boy'

For some reason I thought there were an awful lot of short people in Portland. Tall guys should be very popular there and they have more than their share of beautiful people. I understand the New Frontier Club closed because of some type of permit. Any other rumors are not true.

Had a delightful dinner at the Riff-Raff this week. Just Great.

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Weekend Planets

This issue by-passes the most recent Full Moon, so we find ourselves in a weekend which has some chance to do everyone some good, a weekend not too fraught with rotten luck. The planets are in little groups all around the chart. But the weekend gets off to a fine start with a Grand Trine in the Earth signs. The speedy Moon is in Capricorn fast approaching Mars in Aquarius. Bed might be the best place for everyone as soon before the wee hours of Monday morning as possible.

The Sun is in Taurus, and in those wee hours after midnight and going into Monday morning, it comes conjunct to Saturn. But Venus and Mercury are also right there. Still, best get to bed early and not to expect too much of Sunday evening.

Pluto is in Virgo now, still, and will be there the rest of the year, just as Uranus will be in Libra. Jupiter and Neptune are in Sagittarius. So there are a lot of signs in which there are no planets right now, but these planets in their current positions can still effect you. Your natal chart may have planets there, and the current transits will still affect you.

ARIES: Friday is a good day with some slight gains possible, but the day gets better toward evening. On Saturday think of others and be objective rather than personal; in the evening see old friends. Sunday is a good social day, but as it goes along be mindful of tomorrow's finances.

TAURUS: This is a very good Friday, improving with time, and becoming a fine day for old friends. Saturday is a duty period and a good time to keep your personal plans to yourself. Sunday should be devoted to home or family.

GEMINI: Friday is for finances. Watch yours and let the other guy pay. Look for financial improvement possibilities. Saturday is a good time for reorganization. Do not let all the life around you be a serious drain on you. Devote Sunday to your long-range plans and interests and have a thinking man's morning. Limitations become more prominent later in the day.

CANCER: Let others arrange things for you and sit back on Friday. Try to welcome some change. Saturday share yourself with people but do not rely on them. Sunday really overhaul yourself.

LEO: Do not let things slide or procrastinate. Try to work to some purpose on Friday. Keep abreast of things Saturday and do not go off on wild tangents. The evening will be good for you. Sunday let others run your life but avoid overdoing. Just let things take their course.

VIRGO: Friday is very fine for romance so step out and enjoy yourself for the evening can be fun. Keep it going into Saturday, but take no risks and be helpful. Sunday morning is good also, so help out and do not take a back seat. Prepare for a rough Monday.

LIBRA: Things are tense Friday morning but improve as the day goes on. Be domestic during the day on Saturday, but enjoy a very social evening which will prove pleasant. Sunday stays on the same good plane all day, but the evening may drain you.

SCORPIO: Friday is a very fine day for the social whirl. On Saturday, if you can manage, take a day trip, but return home in the evening. Sunday is an at home day, a day for home cares and possible problems of a close partner.

SAGITTARIUS: Watch the money going out during most of Friday, but things get better in the evening. Again on Saturday do not overspend. Your social time is Sunday morning, but be prepared to hibernate in the evening.

CAPRICORN: A moody and erratic morning soon passes into a much better Friday evening. Be positive on Saturday

and follow a logical line of reasoning. Avoid spats and quarrels. Sunday morning is fine, but watch spending in the evening.

AQUARIUS: Help comes from behind the scenes on Friday and you do best by catching up on the backlog. Be prepared for sickies on Saturday but avoid the mentally disturbed. The Moon goes into Aquarius this afternoon, so you get deserved attention later in the day. Sunday continues very well for the progress of personal plans, but devote the evening to domestic interests.

PISCES: Friday is a fine day for meeting new people and for furthering your hopes and wishes. Saturday you are bound to overspend, or at least to want to. Get rest and quiet in the evening. Hibernate on Sunday, catch up on things around you, and do not let others worry you with their problems.

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What Is The CRH?

The Council on Religion and the Homosexual started in 1964 as an outgrowth of a three-day meeting in June of that year which placed male homosexuals and Lesbians from the Bay Area with ministers from throughout the country in a face-to-face confrontation for three days. The stereotypes which were dissolved (on both sides) in that meeting encouraged the local contingent of gays and ministers to hold further meetings and finally develop CRH. From the beginning the membership of CRH has come primarily from that of San Francisco's other gay organizations and for that reason CRH has not seen itself as a social group, but rather as an action and educative organization. There was no desire to step on toes by duplicating services for the community already available through Daughters of Bilitis, SIR, Tavern Guild, or other groups.

The public became aware of CRH with a bang following the showdown at the Mardi Gras Ball on January 1, 1965. Six homophile organizations in the City had joined forces to present the ball to raise funds for CRH. As persons walked into California Hall they crossed a picket line of cops buttressed by floodlights and police cameramen taking movie and still pictures. It was like a very grim Academy Awards night. Present in the hall were about 12 ministers, most with their wives. This very graphic demonstration of the oppression of homosexuals was not lost on these people. The next morning it was an angry group of clergymen who called a press conference to accuse the police of "intimidation, broken promises and obvious hostility." For the first time the homophile community and a segment of the religious community stood as one, formed out of the matrix of unjustified harassment and bound together by their common humanity.

The publicity attendant on the ball (plus the subsequent pressure of a million dollar suit filed against the city and the police) forced a change in the

attitudes of the San Francisco Police Department and many, many other clergymen and church men and women. Though not perfect by any means, the relations between the SFPD and the homophile community have been better since the time of the ball. Relations with churches and denominations are improving all the time, but there is still a long way to go!

The Council was begun with its primary objective "to promote a continuing dialogue between the religious community and homosexuals and to endeavor to understand better the broad spectrum of variation within human sexuality." To promote this CRH set up the following goals and purposes:

1. To orient members of religious communities (both lay persons and clergy) on aspects of homosexuality (i.e., physical, economic, legal, emotional, etc.) in accordance with homosexual testimony and available scientific data;
2. To encourage members of the religious communities to provide opportunities for homosexuals of both sexes to present their views of homosexuality to various religious organizations;
3. To open up channels of communication so that members of the religious communities may engage in dialogue with homosexuals in order to bring about new and deeper understandings of sexuality, morality, ethical behavior, and the life of religious faith;
4. To study systematically the deeper dynamics of authentic human relationships from biblical, theological and social science perspectives;
5. To engage in research which will further understanding of homosexuality within the larger framework of the present sexual revolution;
6. To enlist the aid of religious publications and other media in working toward a broadened editorial policy including more accurate and objective articles on homosexuality;
7. To provide an effective voice throughout the nation in matters of

laws, policies, and penal reforms governing consenting sexual behavior;

8. To help professional people (clergymen, social workers, etc.) working in mental health and counseling fields to understand better their roles in dealing with problems of human sexuality in our society with special reference to young people; and

9. To instigate the formation of similar councils on religion and the homosexual in other areas of the nation and the world.

CRH has worked hard toward accomplishment of its goals. It has an active speakers bureau (and a rule that both sexes be equally represented on all speaking engagements) which sends speakers to high schools, colleges, church groups—anywhere there are people wanting to know more about homosexuality. An outgrowth of the speakers bureau are the symposia, of which CRH has now presented four. These three to four day sessions have been of immeasurable help to the professional persons who have been involved in them, and have also been mind-blowers for the homosexuals who participated.

In cooperation with other homophile groups CRH has joined in publishing such booklets as "The Challenge and Progress of Homosexual Law Reform" and "Homosexuals and Employment." In addition, CRH has published "CRH: 1964/1968" and "Churchmen Speak out on Homosexual Law Reform." CRH maintains stocks of other publications and sells them widely throughout the country to libraries, churches and interested persons.

A new action arm of CRH is the Homosexual Action Forum which currently is supporting "Gay Raps" in Oakland and plans to expand this program throughout the Bay Area. H.A.F. hopes to experiment with new programs as needs arise; to counsel and refer; to influence social agencies (recent successes include the San Francisco Family Service Agency and the Mental Health Association) to put gay women and men on boards and staffs, and into program and budget considerations; a Public Information Committee challenging negative assumptions about homosexuality which pop up in books, the media, etc. H.A.F. can be reached at

848-7540 or 533-8107.

Another important function of CRH is that it maintains an office at 330 Ellis Street in San Francisco (in The Glide Foundation building) which is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays. The telephone number is 771-6300. Countless phone calls from people seeking counseling, referral, information, etc., are received weekly, and the volume of mail seems to increase daily. In addition, persons drop into the office for the same reasons they call—for some kind of help or assistance.

As is true of all homophile organizations, CRH is always in need of money. It is tax exempt, so all monies donated are deductible. Membership is \$5 per year and there is no age limit.

Newly elected officers of CRH are: Sally Gearhart, president; Phyllis Lyon, vice-president; Rev. Charles Lewis, secretary, and David Clayton, treasurer. It is hoped that within a month the structure of the organization can be changed so that the president will be replaced by co-chairmen—at which time Gary Titus will be co-chairman with Ms. Gearhart.

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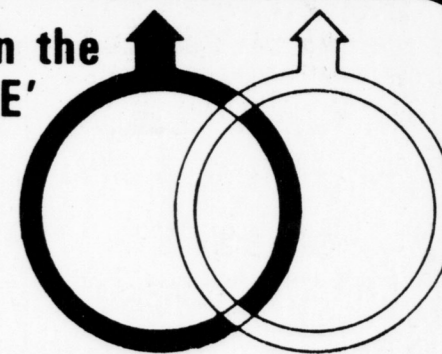
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THIS-a & THAT-a

by Lou Greene

May 15th will be a great day in San Jose at the Galley. The Empress of San Jose will turn over her Crown to Rachael the new No. One . . . Storm became quite stormy when she called Monte of Le Cabaret an S.O.B. in public at the Cote d'Azur, tsk, tsk . . . Yours truly attended a dinner with Empress Cristal VI, her lady in waiting Johnny, Empress Fido III, Henry 'Pin Chin' L., Paul Bentley, Bob 'Jacksons' Ross, Sweet Lips; the talk that went on would absolutely shock your cotten picken' ears, and if you don't hear of a real Royal Scandal after this session, I'll eat the hind-end of a pig. . . . The high lite of Le Cabaret's anniversary show was Sir Michael of the Marsh (their current bartender) who made a first appearance, better than most pros; Her/his rendition of Swan Lake in ballet and on skates along with her mime singing of Barbara Streisand's version of Swan Lake was absolutely hilarious. Gabriel opened the show with four lovely escorts singing San Francisco and Bashka was at his usual best. . . . I caught the show Saturday nite at the Bayou featuring Jay Sutherland. If you want an evening of real entertainment, don't miss the very, very funny act which will be reappearing on Saturday nights.

Since this is not a Monthly publication, I can't talk about the Chef of the Monthlies, so will talk about my choice of Chef of the Week, none other than



Monty Whitley, born in Houston, Texas. He came to S.F. in October of 1963, where he has been cooking ever since. He started dishing up those succulent hamburgers at the Hippo, then on to the Missouri Mule, the Libra and then On the Levee where he remained for 2-1/2 years. He has recently moved to Page One where he is serving some mean

dishes including a fantastic desert which he and Bob conjured, consisting of Creme de Menthe in a half grapefruit. (What a satisfying way to end a meal.) Monty loves baseball, football and balls in general. He's fond of bowling and ice skating and loves to camp (both out and in). Next time you're at Page One, step into the kitchen and say hello to Monty. . . . Fanny of the Trapp was scheduled to go to Portland with all the Nobility for the Coronation, but got into a fight with Reba the night before and couldn't make it even tho her nose wasn't broken again. . . . SCOOP!! PERRY WON! At long last. She took all prizes during the Easter Hat Contest held at the New Bell Saloon, Gold Street, Magic Garden, The Corner and the Pendulum. The Hat was designed collectively with/and made by Chic o'Frisco. Prior to entering the contest, someone remarked to Perry "If you don't win, you can always build a hamburger stand, put the hat on top of it and sell it to McDonalds". . . . Charles Pierce who recently won an award in Los Angeles remarked, "I had to come to L.A. to be recognized, even after I made San Francisco what it is today". For your information Charley my Boy, San Francisco was made long before you were even a twinkle. Don't you think the myriads of your fans who came to see you week after week and year after year were evidence of San Francisco's appreciation? . . . You haven't seen anything until you have seen the Czarina of Folsom St. walk into the K.C. Hickory Rib joint on Haight Street with Hair Piece, Poils and Hot Skirt and not an eyebrow was raised. How disappointing. . . . What Lady Godiva (formerly Operatic Star of the Black Cat) fell off her horse and is now the Office Girl in a glass shop on Union Street. . . . Don't miss the Third Anniversary Celebration at the Gangway on May 26th. . . and as if you haven't seen or heard about the Tavern Guild Picnic, DON'T MISS IT. A few of the Bars will offer Bus service for \$2.00 a head. If you don't know how to get to the picnic or who will be offering Bus service call 861-5019 or see your favorite bartender. Until next time, Peace.

with Brush in Hand

Made the scene to the Upper Market Street Gallery, for the one man show of Mr. William Rowe. The linear and pointellase style in the etching-like plates were unique and very penetrating. There were shades of E.A. Poe seeping through the visual imagination of Mr. Rowe, especially on his take-off on the plates in the garden insect community with a visiting Alice, who is seduced by a giant garden bug while in a swoon from the sight of it all. The poems that accompanied the plates were right on time.

Congratulations Mr. Rowe, will not miss the next show I promise. I was tripped out on some of the expressions on some of the viewers' faces. It would have made an interesting study. The Art Nouveau quality was another interesting point I must mention. I felt shades of Mr. Damanada and some of his expressions I have come to enjoy, in viewing many of the vine-locked-in borders.

Speaking of Art Nouveau, there is an interesting paper bound slick covered magazine out on this century's art experience by: Dover Publications, Inc., New York, N.Y. Selected by Edmund V. Gillon Jr., a San Franciscan, I believe, of not too many moons ago. It sells for \$2.50 and is well put together in black and white.

Douglas Dean of 'Jackson's', recently found a prize in the print gallery next to 'Michaels' on Mission near second. They are going out of business and have been selling very collectable items at prices that most can afford. Doug bought three of the first colored print plates to be run off. Subject: notables of the late nineteenth century acting out certain classical satires of the period. Good show in the effort-looking department.

'Mills College' just had a budding art exhibit. passe . . . was informed that Dali mezzo prints will be shown in several galleries in the bay area, but as of yet, no information has been forthcoming from any of the more notable European galleries in the area. I sometimes think that someone just starts rumors, and then enjoys the inquiries.

This is about all for this trip, so adios.

A Casual Observer

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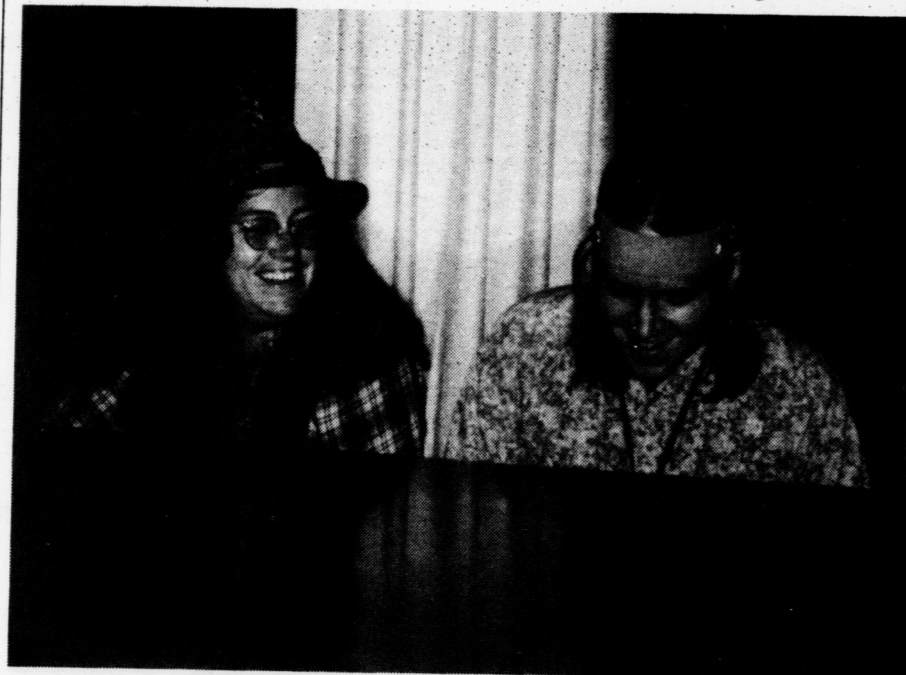
'The Gangway' Piano Bar:

Getting It All Together

by Terry Alan Smith

Willie and John are insane. I mean stark, raving, out-of-their-minds insane. You don't believe me? They look like such nice kids, you say? True enough. They *do* look like nice kids and I have no reason to believe that they aren't. But that doesn't prove anything. After all, most of the nicest people are insane (if you consider the horrors being perpetrated in the world today by the so-called, "sane" people). But why else

again. They don't play rock. They play 1950's Country and Western . . . with a piano, guitar, zither and two kazoos . . . deadpan. Now that's insane. You're still not convinced? Well, what if I told you they do Tom Lehrer-ish numbers (like "Vatican Rag") every now and then . . . deadpan. Well, they do. And how in the hell can anyone deliver Tom Lehrer's delicious insanity deadpan (the only way to deliver it) without being insane himself? If they played "Tennessee Waltz" with their tongues in their



WILLIE and JOHN, connoisseurs of communication

would two far-out "heads" like Willie and John sit in the corner of a conservative bar like *The Gangway* and do their thing? And, even more to the point, why would they do it with a piano, guitar, zither and two kazoos?! They're camping it up, right? Wrong. Deadpan. Absolutely stone-poker-faced deadpan. Ah-ha, you say, they're the Keely Smiths of the hip set, right? Wrong

cheeks, it would be funny to see; if they did it seriously, it would be nostalgic memorabilia. But they do it deadpan and just let the lyrics kick their own syllables along. You hear each song as though for the first time and they're delightful. Funny? Only if they're meant to be. When the lyrics are giggling, suddenly we laugh with them. But if the lyrics are searching for our

hearts, they connect. Willie and John see to that. Even their kazoos refuse to laugh at the songs. Instead, they establish a mood and convey a joy in the music you have never noticed before. Do you hear it? Sure you do. And you find yourself sitting in *The Gangway* and not wanting to go home. Willie and John aren't exploiting the songs, they're communicating them. And that's what *rock* is all about, isn't it?

So, it shouldn't surprise you at all to see long hair and cashmere sweaters, left and right, young and old, guys and girls all clustered around the piano bar like so many old friends. You see, Willie and John are getting it all together: the fifties and the seventies and, most important, the split factions of the gay community and *The Gangway* sort of becomes a womb for them all: a soothing, relaxing place for easy listening and the rarity of communication. For the first time in longer than we should be proud to admit, everybody's into the same thing and then taking something individual from it. Now that's as good a definition of peace as I can think of and Willie and John are bringing it from an illusive ideal into a beautiful reality.

The bringing together of the most wide-split factions, the guys and the girls, is due mostly to Willy. What's that you're thinking? Why do the girls come to hear Willy? Oh. Didn't I mention it? Willy is Mary Jane Williams and she's wonderful: lovely voice and delightful musicianship (guitar, zither and one kazoo). John Gooch, her inmate at *The Gangway*, plays piano and kazoo with a delightful boogie-woogie-what-year-are-we-in savoir-faire.

The only thing I can't decide is whether they're truly fond of the songs or find them secretly amusing. Their poker faces will never indicate what cards they're holding, but they're selfless enough to let the audience win every hand.

They hold community get-togethers every Friday and Saturday evening from 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. and Sunday afternoon from 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

In summation, they're offering songs you can't hear anywhere else in the Bay Area and, in so doing, are helping to provide an oasis of peaceful co-existence in the midst of the battleground. Insane? No way.

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TWO ON THE AISLE by Jay Noonan

Once Upon a Pea There Sat a Fairy Princess

HILARITY (hi-la'-ri-ty) n. merriment; boisterous joy [Gk. *hilaros*, cheerful].

Hear ye! Hear ye! Be it known that laughter and mirth reign supreme on Sixth Street and the Kingdom of the Bay should be thankful, because S.I.R. is presenting its Spring fairy tale, "Once Upon a Mattress". Heroes, villains, shy maidens, Court jesters, Kings and Queens are running comic riot this weekend coming up (May 14, 15 and 16) as they did last weekend.

Laughs Still Fresh

This is an hilarious fantasy not to be missed by anyone who enjoys musical comedy and laughs. In most "once upon a time" stories, Princes, Princesses and evil Queens are entangled in the "eternal triangle" and everyone ends up living happily ever after. This one is no exception. *Once Upon a Mattress* was freely adapted, from the fairy tale, *The Princess and the Pea*, by Jay Thompson, Marshall Barer and Dean Fuller, with music by Mary Rodgers (Richard's daughter) and lyrics by Mr. Barer and it

landed Carol Burnett into your living room. Remembering how hard I laughed ten years ago, I journeyed to S.I.R. Center, 83 Sixth Street, on Sunday morning, at 2:30 a.m., for the breakfast show and laughed just as hard, if not a little bit more.

Fun Parade

the fun-parade starts as soon as the curtain parts and we come upon our little Kingdom in a rich tableau: all are assembled in the Great Hall of the Castle, presided over by a mute King Sextimus (Charley Davis) and an evil Queen—and we've all known at least one—Aggravain (beautifully played by Faye, who is seated on a throne, center stage and, from that moment on, wherever Faye is, center stage is hers). Mama Queen is a tyrant and proclaims so in a monologue of some length (here Faye shows her ability to the fullest) where she lays it on the line as to who she is, why she's Queen and how nobody does nothin' unless it has her okay. Miss Faye's regality engulfs us under her Royal robes as she brow-beats her son, Prince Dauntless, the Drab (Vern Becker, who plays the mama's boy with efficient



Faye as Queen Aggravain

ease), while he seeks the fair Princess. But Mama will have no wooing because Dauntless must marry a Princess of good quality and breeding. So a search is made for candidates since the Kingdom has exhausted its supply. We have just witnessed Princess Number Twelve (Jimi Prince) go down in vain, but be admitted to the Court as a consolation prize, only to be chased by the King the rest of the evening (Mr. Prince's facial expressions and movements are a joy to watch.) Sir Harry (Wally Rutherford, who has a fine voice and moves with much dignity and grace) comes to the rescue because he is deeply involved with a Lady-in-Waiting but no one may



A real Princess after all

marry until the good Prince does. And he must hurry, as the good Lady, Larken (Henry Soares, who is a vision in blue and gives the right amount of coquettish quality), is with child. Sir Harry returns with a candidate: Winnifred of the Swamps (Nancy, who stumbles in, out of the moat, flippers and all, to give a stunning performance. Miss Nancy has and shows an assortment of tricks and, judging from the performance I saw, she has a bag full. I sat and laughed, but as I was laughing, I marveled at her face: she is a cunning mixture of Fanny Brice and Joan Davis, voice quality of the latter. Her timing was superb, as was displayed in her musical numbers, "Shy", "Song of Love", "The Swamps of Home" and "Happily Ever After". But her best moment was the bed scene, a difficult chore for any actress and Nancy pulled it off beautifully. Miss Burnett would have cheered loud and long.) As we all know (or don't), the Queen arranged a test for each candidate and this one is a toughie because Prince Dauntless is much taken with Winnie (or Fred, as she's known in the Swamplands). The smallest of peas is secretly placed under a mattress (in this case, twenty) and, if she sleeps through it, all fails. No Princess could be considered if she weren't sensitive enough to feel the pea. The Wizard (looking owlish and strongly played by Brandon Bazzo) has the secret and our Minstrel (Chuck Waltz, who has much charm and a good voice) slyly finds out what mama has cooked-up for Winnie. All's well that ends well: Winnifred can't sleep and, next morning, with everyone waiting, tells that she didn't sleep a wink all night. An old curse is lifted when mama's boy becomes the mouse that roared and mama becomes speechless and father is no longer a mute (and I might add that Mr. Davis gives a delightful and enchanting performance in a role that could easily be lost).

Chorus Girl Standouts

From beginning to end, *Once Upon a Mattress* delights. The ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble were in good voice and provided us with many laughs. Stand-outs were Ellie, the oriental

Lady-of-the-court and Neil, the Dance Princess. the show is a romp and all deserved and got our heart-felt thanks and applause for a well-done job.

Special mention to Pat Campano for his costumes and to Jane Grey Deere and Charles E. Largent who co-directed with style and pace to bring off a beautiful show.

So, if you're sitting around wondering what to do this weekend, don't think—journey to Fantasyland with S.I.R. and have a happy.



Princess of the Swamps



Lady Larken, Sir Harry and cast

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POETRY

In the green
of her mansion
a turtle glided
flustering feet
aquatic in me
yes, there, in me

Jiminie Cricket's head
wiggled from parents shell
and toenails and webs
oh, elephant's trunk
looking at me.

me, me I say
I, bed, and Jiminie
mother he was green
preordial green
deep sea-weed
in me.

look mother
a turtle lumps between
white sheets grey
wet and sticky preordial
salivated a pointed
mother's tongue.

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you'll be pleasantly surprised.
Saw the Hayloft show in L.A. Sunday. Ken Kane did a great job. Hope they bring the show up here. We need new talent and faces.

Some people are missing a great thing by not going to the Covered Wagon—11th and Folsom at nite—One dollar admission entitles you to all the coffee or soft drinks you want. They also feature a Covered Wagon Burger—1/4 lb. of meat, with French fries that is delicious. Instead of going to dull late restaurants after 2 a.m. that don't appreciate your business— why not try to patronize our own—besides the groovy people that are there are fun.

Hope to see one and all at the Tavern Guild Picnic on Sunday the 23rd of May. This should be a really great one.

What price notoriety!!! See page 144 of the June issue of *Playboy* magazine. Congratulations to Kim—bartender at Roman's Bar in Portland. He has been appointed as the Ambassador of the Black Swan Court—Cristal, Empress de San Francisco VI to the Imperial Court of Portland. He was the friendliest bartender we met in Portland.

The trip to Portland was great. Too bad the elevator at the hotel was overcrowded and went four feet below the basement—better lose weight Paul. (and quit dancing on my cocktail tables.)

By the way—what San Francisco institution is now peddling glass instead of wearing it! The same party took up a collection in Portland (charity!!) to pay the fine for her driver who was arrested for conducting a parade without a permit—three old drags are a parade??

Remember: United we stand, divided they will pick us up, one by one.

Contrary to public opinion the Adonis is still the place to go for books etc.

Stop in at the 'P.S.' some Sunday afternoon and hear Mary McGill—I think

Thank you Boo from the New Bell Saloon! Never thought you'd make it from Polk St. to the Kokpit.

Why don't some San Francisco restaurants take a look at Los Angeles' Valle Haus—their brunch was great—with a diversified menu and excellent service.

Surprise—(Minni) Dick Doire Darling has photographic proof—she did wear Jockey shorts in Portland (No trials).

Nice to see Danny from the "Q.T." back—hope he mends soon—he is an asset to the "Q.T."

Is it true that Charlotte and Lenny are opening a dinner house on Polk St.—probably be a marriage too!

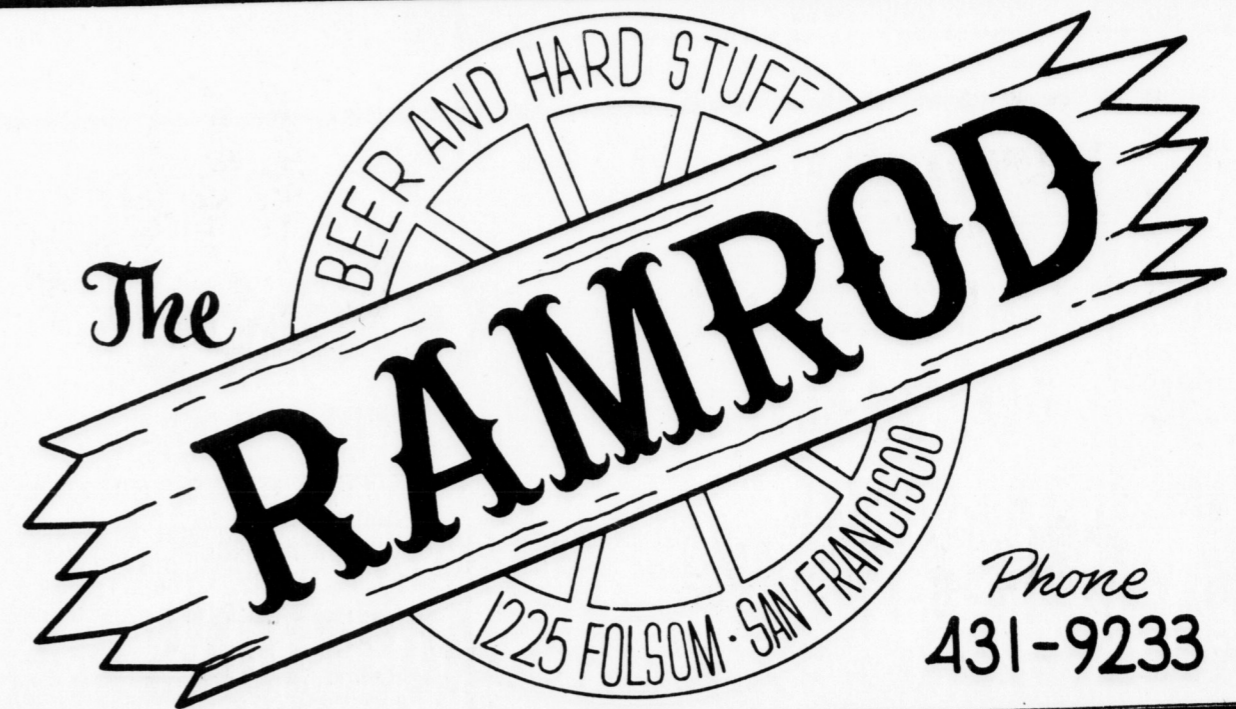
Lenny and Sweet Lips are related—their lovers went together years ago—Hi sister-in-law!



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THE ARCHER

Nonsense, Trivia, Drivel and a toke of Fantasy will be the basic ingredients of this column.

My target is any female. Because of the many diverse contemporary attitudes toward such heavy words as girl, woman, lady, dyke (with or without digital reference) and lesbian, I will endeavor at all times to substitute names out of diffidence to the various ages, organizations and sexual proclivities of our culture.

Softball is upon us.

Kelly of same Saloon tells me that her team will be called Kelly's Kookies—do that Klass! Our very own Sharon, Miss Cordial at the Saloon, is also the K.K.'s coach and manager. I guess that makes her Top Kookie!

Directing the vim, channelling the

vigor and expending vitality for Maud's team is cautious JoAnn who, I'm told, is spending many a sleepless night laying plans to Krumble Kookies!

Her most high Swamie, Lady Lanie, got herself a wig and will be conducting nightly tours to Stinson Beach once again.

Tie-dye Jeanne has revitalized that ole-Southern charm and directed it at J!

Daisy's dilemma—to commute or not to commute.

Mr. or Mrs. Pet (has anyone ever figured out which is which) is sporting a new ring, with sparklers already.

Please mail or leave items and comments addressed to The Archer in care of Maud's. We newspaper women protect our sources to our death, but raise hell with the content to our joy.

Remember: It is very difficult to contemplate draining the swamp, when you're up to your ass in alligators.

LOCO WEATHER REPORT

by Cecil Knockherworst Weatherbee

Earthquake Tremors were felt quite strongly in the last few weeks . . . seismographs recorded earthy movements in the POLK GULCH and the PANHANDLE . . . Also a slight tremor of Royal proportion in the TENDERLOIN . . . Scientific individuals in the know have named the SOUTH OF MARKET split, which resulted in new boundaries, the LENNY FAULT . . . DIAMOND HEIGHTS has also felt spasmodic vibrations but this could be caused by volcanic gases rather than seismic . . . Disturbances were felt as far away as SAN JOSE . . . Future trends see rough air passages in the SIR area caused by hot and cold gusts, but in general the BAY AREA REGION will feel sunny and warm, ideal for group therapy sessions and weddings . . . Watch out for whirlsmogs moving about . . . The TRADEWINDS of OAKLAND (GERALDINE, RHODA AND JEANETTE) are all southerly and very live and enjoyable, worth basking in . . . May the sun shine on you, enjoy.

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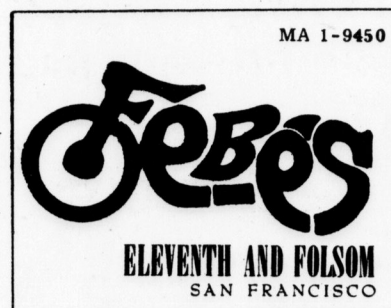
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Auntie Mildred's Gourmet Capers

Riff-Raff

Waited much too long to visit Bill Beardemphl, formally of 'L'Etoile', 'Jackson's' and 'The Fickle Fox'. Among Bill's many talents, he is one of the few people in gay San Francisco who can live up to the word *chef*.

Now let's straighten a few things out about some of the rumors that have certainly not helped these nice people achieve the success that I feel they deserve. The place is clean. I have always felt that clean is something you feel when you walk into a room, and you get that feeling here. Clean mirrors, clean bar, floor, restrooms, etc.

Admittedly, the neighborhood could be called unsavory; or if you would like to be more elegant, you could say its *location* could be compared to the Left Bank in Paris. The boys tell me that they have had little or no trouble as regards to the neighborhood, except that an awful lot of people seem to use it as an excuse for not going there for dinner. I would just add that, sad as it may be, there are few, if any, neighborhoods left in San Francisco where you can consider yourself safe.

I am not quite sure what this burning desire is to turn back the clock, but all

of us indulge in a little nostalgia now and then. And indeed, the 'Riff-Raff' is a trip—the dining room looks like a Polish parlour. Of course, being born and raised here in America, all I needed to make it complete was 'oil cloth' on the tables and linoleum on the floor; and if you listen very closely, you can hear Ruth Etting on their Victrola. You are limited to beer and wine in your choice of liquor, but I found it a delightful change—a lovely Dry Sherry and my friend had Dubonnet, which he discovered he liked.

The menu, which runs from \$2.95 to \$6.95, is a camp. 'Breast of Chicken Fire Island', 'Shrimp and Veal Randy Agnew' and 'Pork Chops Ruth Etting'. Started with a lovely Potato Dill soup; then a butter Lettuce, Cherry Tomato, Radish and house dressing salad. For an entree, I had 'Tournedoes Riff-Raff', beautifully prepared, served on Croustons and garnished with Mushroom caps. And the 'piece de resistance' is a 'Baked Potato Kate Smith'. I do not usually eat a lot of food at one sitting, but this Potato is so nicely done that you can't resist it.

Ron, the waiter, who was once at the 'Early Bird' when they were serving food, tries a little too hard, but is terribly sincere. It was nice to see Chuck

Thayer, who was tending bar and I believe is one of the owners. Gentlemen, if you see this column, I have one small suggestion to make. We have discussed 'overhead' and cost of operation, etc., but to me there are some things you can't sacrifice, and dinner calls for a linen napkin. My one wish to you, the readers, is that you enjoy the 'Riff-Raff' as much as we did.

What a Bore

I am sure most of you have heard the tired rumor about the conspiracy against the Adz Gayzette. My one purpose in mentioning it is to clear the air, because many friends of mine are being accused unjustly of something that I feel is not true. Further more, if there was a conspiracy and I wasn't part of it, I'm furious. No, really, I'm pretty close to the heart of the Community, and I find this totally unbelievable and mostly a waste of human energy. I personally feel that the boys from that newspaper came on the scene from out of nowhere, had a good thing going and were doing one hell of a job. Then they were going statewide, then nationwide—they seemed to me to be moving awfully fast. I, for one, wish them well, as I'm sure the B.A.R. does, but if they develop problems because of internal reasons—too much or too little business—they should also clear the air, as this name calling serves no purpose.

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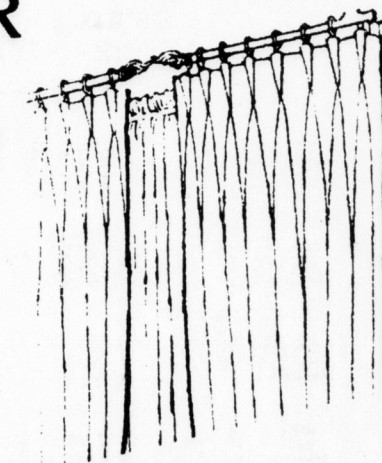
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Hors d'Oerves

Wedding bells are ringing for the lovely "Freda", but how sad he won't be able to wear white (you know the rules). He has been to the altar so many times, they say, that he has decided on a 'rainbow-colored' dress.

That marvelous "Charles Pierce" was seen having dinner at the *P.S. on Polk Street. He and his cast of thousands were here casing Bimbo's for their show which is to open around the 16th of June, we hear, for a week. Hurray! I'm a Charles Pierce fan, and I'll never forgive L.A. for taking him away from us. 'Art's Cavern', out on Valencia, seems to have gotten off the pot, they hired that very attractive and talented "Ron" that used to be with 'Fe-Be's'; and Kelly's, on 20th off Mission, is really swinging—with boys and girls.

Started out the other night to see "Waterloo" and before the evening was over I had met it. Plugtime—I was in the company of that marvelous octogenarian, "Ray Sancts". When he isn't baby sitting he sells autos, and right now he's

dealing in Chevrolets. In all seriousness, I can vouch for this guy, having bought several cars from him. Even if you don't buy from Ray, and are interested in a car, call and talk to him—he will not pressure you and may be able to save you some money. He has an ad in the B.A.R. with his number. Well, it was early for the movie, so we stopped at 'Tycon's', on Lombard right off Van Ness. A very nice room, but the bar is much too small and I wonder if they have given any thought to a different physical arrangement. I must admit that I sometimes look a little too closely and perhaps see a little too much, so if this room works for them that's all that is really important. I understand now they are serving food, and we wish them the very best of luck. Your place has a nice, elegant feeling—please try to keep it that way. We left there and went over to the grand opening of the 'Q.T.' where "Voodoo" was reigning supreme, while "Cristal", quiet as a mouse in male attire, was having a ball at the bar. Didn't have a chance to try their buffet, but from the looks of the crowd and the comments, it must have been quite nice.

Missed the lovely affair at 'Jackson's'. For about a hundred people the occasion was the annual awards for the Bowling Teams. Frank Molnar accepted the first place award for the 'Fickle Fox' Bowling Team. Congratulations to Don Kunesh and his fine team.

I shall have to pass on my comments on the 'Lancer's' in Oakland, I'd rather wait until I can say something nice. See you lovely people in about a week. Where is "Shirley"? We miss seeing her. "Once Upon a Mattress" at S.I.R. this Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 14, 15 and 16. Please try and support these people, they do so much good, and it's a shame that they have to fight so hard for your support. From all reports, I hear it's going to be an outstanding production. Rumors have it that S.I.R. will soon be moving to a new home. I, for one, will be happy to see this. Also, don't forget "Diane Feinstein" will be at S.I.R. next week, May 19. Tear yourself away from your TV set and let's make a good showing.

Well, I must get this bit of nonsense to the B.A.R. so they can start the presses. May I close with this, that the ideas and opinions in the column are indeed my own. I mean to offend no one and would much rather write something complimentary than something bitchy, but so often, the customer does we people in the business a *disservice* by not telling where we could improve or what we may have done wrong. So, through this column I hope to be a small voice for both sides.

Love,
Millie

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Gentlemen:

No pun intended - oh, hell why not - but your lay-out editor and proofreaders deserve special recognition for their precision. As one who has published in PLAYBOY, EARTH TIMES and bizarre straight newspapers such as the St. Paul Pioneer Press and the Minnesota Daily, where technical facilities are supposed to be far more professional, I must say B.A.R. did an incredible job (again no pun) on my work! Someone apparently took enough time to set up the poems exactly as they appear in my book, "Patriotic Poems of Amerikka."

Although your accurate and very competent reprinting, with my permission, of those two poems has already brought me some minor hassles from super-puritanical sources - including some bookstores, "friends", publishers, etc., I am elated to have been up-front about publishing in your funny, funky, beautiful, informative publication. It has graphically illustrated to me, a fact that I always suspected was true - that there are a lot of people ignorant and prejudiced of gay life and people.

Many gay people may not agree with the political satire in "Patriotic Poems of Amerikka" or on many of the

questions that are raised in the book, but I doubt very much that their minds would be as closed as those who insist on a "straight" missionary-position of copulation attitude in society. Or, for that matter, the right to have fun and laugh at ourselves.

Among other courageous merchants, I am told by my agent that Brentano's, City Lights and Doubleday Books are undaunted by the "gay stigma" now being attached to the book and have ordered it. PEACE THROUGH PEACEFUL MEANS.

Love,
Brother Todd S. J. Lawson
1561 Pine Street
San Francisco, California
94109

181's Splashow

The gay capitol of the world, and only one drag show? Unfortunately, that is the case (excepting the touristy, and straight, Finocchio's) but we are lucky to have a bunch of hard working kids putting on a splash of a show at the '181 Club' on Eddy. The show moved pretty much intact from the old Frolic Room, but they now have a bigger stage, more seating and a little classier atmosphere.

Pat Montclair, Terry Taylor, Vicki Marlane and Tonya pantomime a series of songs and skits in a dazzling array of costumes and dance numbers. The four go-go boys: Malcolm, Jess, Kevin and Joe ably assist the other performers, and also get a chance to show off their own talents. The next time you're downtown bar-hopping, stop in and catch some of the show, you'll really enjoy it. Shows start at 8:45 every night of the week.



Pat Montclair

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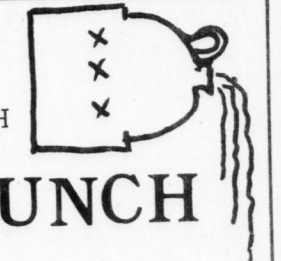
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BAY AREA REPORTER

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 5

JUNE 1 1971

