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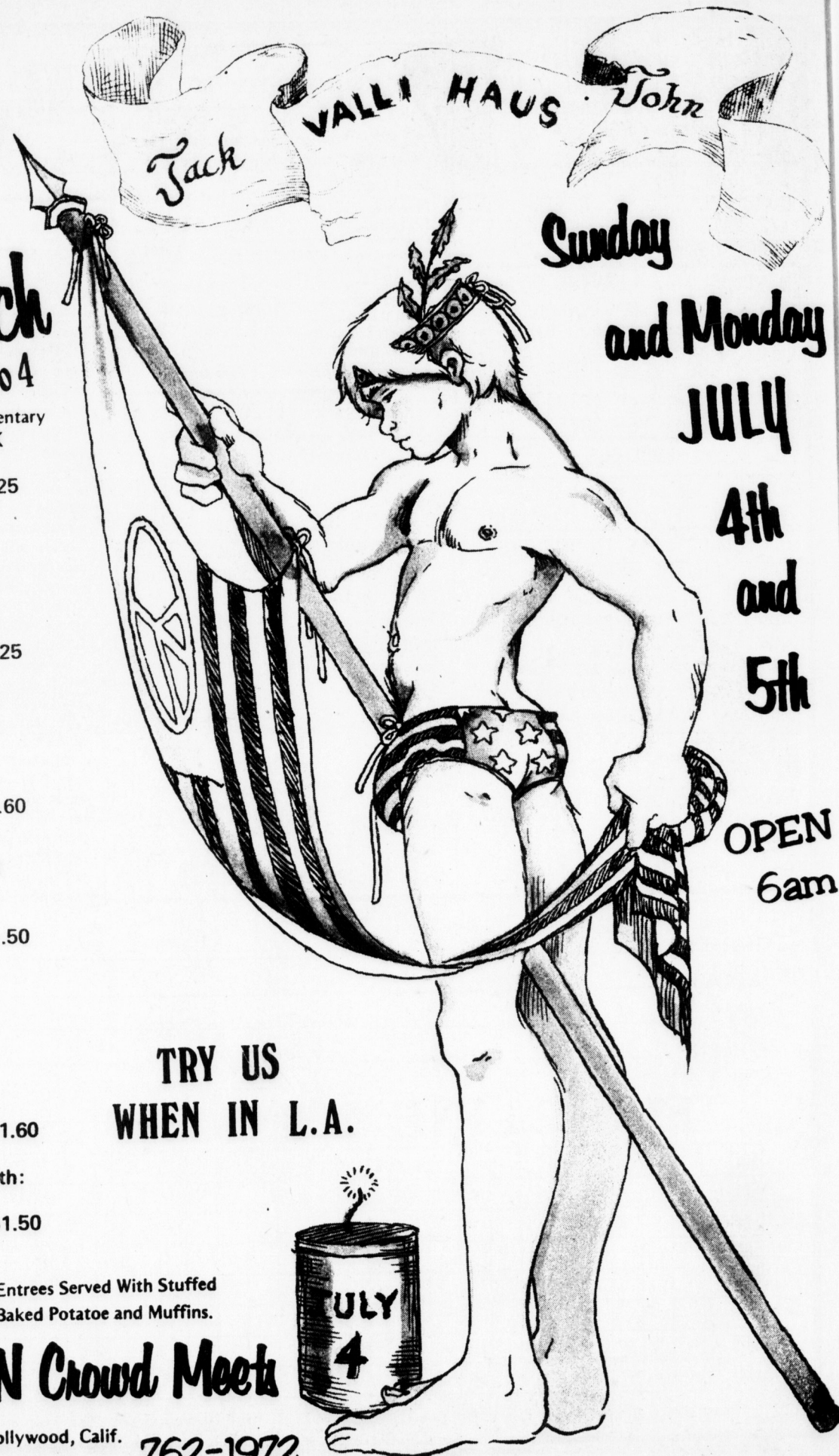
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FREE
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BAY AREA REPORTER

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 8

JULY 15, 1971



A Regal Romp...

Photography Courtesy Eddie Van

A Passing Show

By Jay Noonan

Unity (u-nit'y)
State of oneness; agreement; coherence; combination of separate parts into a connected whole or of different people with a common aim.

If Flo Ziegfeld or George White of Follies and Scandals fame were alive today they would be in unison saying Bravo, and after the cheering stopped Sunday night, one reflected on what he saw and only laughter could be remembered. What transpired over the fourth of July weekend at the COVERED WAGON was pure joy—and anyone who missed it or passed it over were the losers. For the three hours plus, the Royal Scandals lasted, the laughter rolled on with it and the only sad note of the evening was the fact that the curtain came down and we won't see it again. My hat is off to Cristal and the Imperial Court for bringing this laughter and joy into our realm. This reviewer has seen many a show of this type over the years. Some good, a few excellent ones but at best most were mediocre or bad. The Royal Scandals proved a number of things, and I think all who are or have been in shows or are planning on it

to take note.

The Royal Scandals was a big show for its type and it took many hours and many people working together towards a goal. This was accomplished by everyone doing his bit, regardless of his standing in the show or the community, no matter he be Empress or Chorus, all did his part and the end result was evident. And I can't stress the unity and togetherness enough, because along with it came the joy of the cast performing it for us. Thus there was no wall between cast and audience.

In scanning the program one must consider the fact that the majority of the performers were never on the stage before. The credits are many and numerous, (as the costumes, beautifully



executed by Shirley who also later gave us a cooking lesson in the art of How to marinate one's meat—gently, gently, Shirley).

The production numbers that followed each had their own special fun and it afforded each member of the cast to do his turn. Henry, Sweet Henry, was a delightful opening. It was logical that the Imperial Propaganda Minister should start the proceeding with his spreading of mirth and joy from the beginning—Oh, Sweet Henry, Sweet Henry.

As to the vision in red that engulfed the stage—it was not an illusion it was the Czarina de Turk Street with "Kiss of Fire" or known to the realm as Sweet Lips. "Yes Virginia there is still time to be a chorus girl. How old is Van Johnson anyway?!!" But to all who witnessed the extravaganza, Sweetlips was a gas—as she moved easily through the Georgia Gibbs goodie and when the boys hoisted her skyward—I said, "When, not How"—not one knee buckled and as she gracefully descended earthwards there is no truth in the rumor that the Richter Scale at U.C. Berkeley, registered a 2.5.

For sheer sultriness and sexy gyration, the Contessa Jonni, Lady in Waiting, provided us with all of the above and then some, as she slithered through the Eartha Kitt favorite "I want to be Evil". Noticable on this number was the wig and the simple, but effective staging that made it a winner.

The Ziegfeldian opener of the second act "His Love Makes Me Beautiful" was brought off with the grandeur and



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ALLEN LLOYD AND
NEWLY ACQUIRED FRIEND

humor for which it was meant. The staging was precise and everyone moved through it gracefully. Allan had a twinkle in his eye as the pregnant bride which would have made a Ziegfeld, Brice or Streisand chuckle.

And while speaking of Streisand, the Imperial Minstrel, Dennis, was quite impressive in "Like A Staw in The Wind" as he went from pillar to post, but someone should have put a splint on the lamp post. For sheer camp and cleverness "I've Got To Be Me" and "Underneath It All" was a gem. His Imperial Highness, Prince Consort Daniel (try and get all that on a marquee) sent shrieks of laughter through the house and the stomping of feet was well



PRINCE(SS?) DANIEL

deserved. Dressed in an outlandish leather outfit and riding a scooter, Danny went through one of the funniest bits of comedy to be seen on a San Francisco stage and at the number's end the whole cast was in leather. Well if that won't shake the foundations of Miracle Mile nothing will.

"Why Was I Born So Lovely" was a coup for The Empress De San Francisco, VI, CRISTAL as she went from a tacky plain Jane, curlers and bad teeth to the lovely Empress she is today. Kudo's, kudo's Cristal. One wondered as the show progressed if we could laugh anymore but on it came—Yes my dear—There is a Ruby Keeler—and she's alive and well and dancing her heart out on Folsom Street—The Czarina De Miracle Mile in a great virtuoso performance brought the house down with the "I Want To Be Happy" number from "No, No, Nanette" and if Ruby wants to go on vacation, Paul Bentley should get an agent and apply for the part. It was a neat bit of footwork which was not overdone and as Ruby has exclaimed many times—"It was simply grand." From Ruby Keeler to Shirley Bassey there lies a generation gap. But for Allen Lloyd it was just another Bravo performance. Mr. Lloyd is a very talented man and on the stage performed to perfection, "The Lady is A Tramp", and held the audience in rapt attention for the Bassy smash. The cheers were many and well deserved, there is no substitution for talent and Mr. Lloyd has a bag full.

All shows have finales and this being the fourth of July what else could be expected but "Red, White and Blue", George M. Cohan and fire crackers. It was a stunner with the entire cast and the Prince Consort Danny brought the happy audience to its feet.

Tying all these people and musicians together was the fine chatter and personality of the Imperial Court Jester, Her Royal Highness, Diki, Dowager Rose, Empress of Portland VIII.

As Craig the Imperial Guru of Upper Grant did his thing with Kerry, A cherished minstrel, and treated us to a Victor Herbert standard. Ah, the golden days of operetta. The keeper of the Pot took the lid off on this choice tidbit and we were all under their spell.

The technical end of Royal Scandals was super—Direction by Richard Myhre



MAXINE, CRISTAL - THE
FLYING NUN & SHIRLEY

was clear and visual and uncluttered. Dick Nelson's staging used all available space including the roof to its best advantage and keeping all those happy feet in motion were Dick Myhre and Dusty. All did their jobs with care and aptitude.

All things must end, and so shall this column. But if what has gone forth on these pages has led you to believe I loved the show. You're damn right I did. And if I have forgotten anyone, I am truly sorry. I hope at least, I got their personages right As the captain of a ship might say—"well done"—As Shakespeare would say, "All's well that ends well"—For me—may I say a simple thank you, Cristal. *Photography Courtesy Eddie Van*



OUR OWN "RUBY KEELER"

B. A. R.

VOL. I NO. 8 JULY 15, 1971

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CHARLES PIERCE

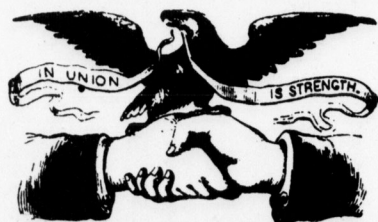
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a good community effort deserving our
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lot for us.

For this reason, we the Editors of
B.A.R. urge you to support this event.

Tickets are Available at S.I.R.
Center. 83 6th Street San Francisco
Phone 781-1570

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NOW!

an editorial

LAND'S END

It is impossible for us to understand the pig headed stupidity of some people. Every publication, every organization, and most responsible people in our community issue warnings about Land's End. Like talking to a brick wall the warnings are completely unheeded, and ignored. Every day somebody is arrested. Those arrested are persons from every walk of life, and seem to have the stupid misconception that they alone won't get picked up. Most come running for help, screaming that they were framed. Maybe so, but why in heaven's name did they go out there in the first place. We know of one person arrested on Tuesday, arraigned on Wednesday, arrested again on Thursday—same place—same crime—same cop—talk about sheer stupidity. These charges are serious and can ruin one's life, job and reputation. The district attorney and the police department use these types of arrests to keep up the felony statistics. This enables them to show the good citizens how overworked they are, and that they need more manpower and money. Do your thing, but do it at home and not in public places.

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On Saturday night, June 26, the Coits hosted their fifth annual Coitillion at the VILLAGE the affair was well put together and running along quite smoothly, when some uptight egotists, decided to do their thing. Charges of racism and prejudice were hurled at the Coits. How ridiculous can some people get, the Coits have had two black debutantes in the past and needless to say will probably have others in the future. The contest has nothing to do with color or creed. Also we must point out that this is supposed to be a fun, camp and entertaining affair. If you take your drag and yourself seriously in this type of function, we suggest you not attend and that you apply for some kind of job in the impersonator's field. The same black drags who hurl the charges of racism and prejudice at the Coits themselves would not be caught in the same sack with another black, so how dare you cast stones. If you are a poor loser then stay home and commiserate with yourself and don't spoil the evening for others. Racism has not until this time been a serious problem in our community, but it seems that some people wish to make it so. Don't be a fool, no one cares what the color of your skin is, and if you wish to make an issue of it, do so by yourself. The Coits are to be commended for their handling of a very ticklish situation.

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Advertising information in B.A.R.
Telephone: (415) 861-5019

Voter Registration

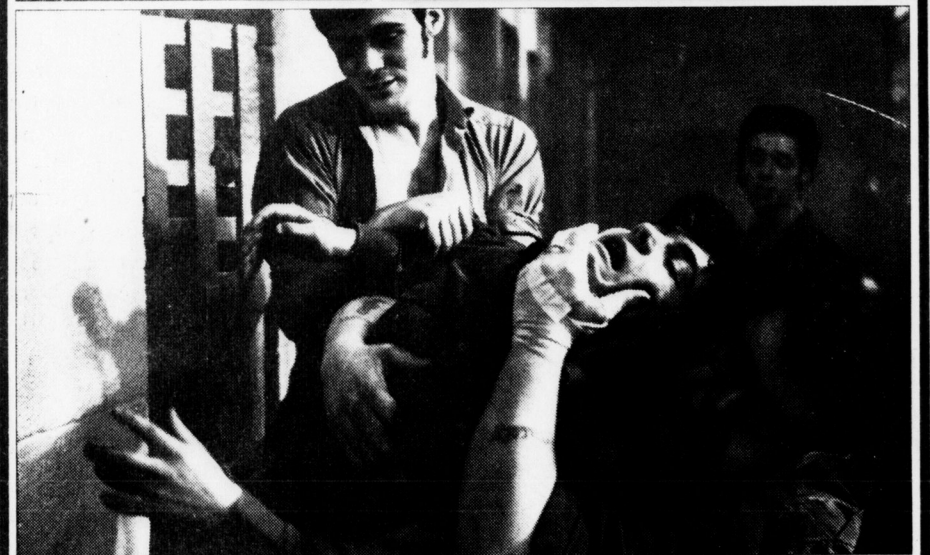
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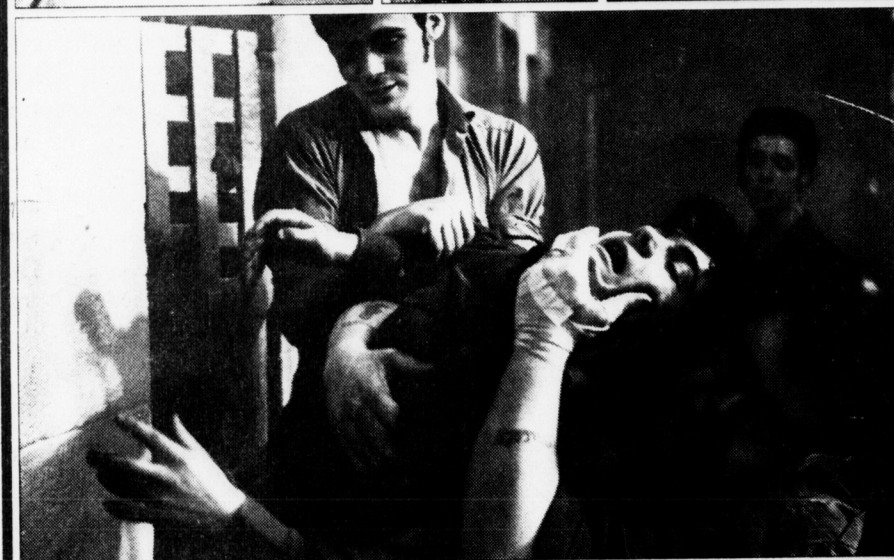
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the Living Stage

by Terry Alan Smith

The Battle of the Sugar & the Medicine

SPOONFUL OF SUGAR, produced by James Valentine, starring Eileen Gallagher and Fred Howell, with Jaye Sutherland and Vassily le Gros, featuring David Kelsey, choreographed by Don Cavallo, musical director, Denis Moreen, set design by Charlie Cravalho, lighting and effects by Raleigh Waugh, costumes by Mr. Sutherland, at THE VILLAGE, Columbus and Lombard, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 16, 17 and 18, at 8:30 p.m.

At the beginning, it looked like the medicine would win out. The band was anything but together, the opening, "Comedy, Tonight", which is written with all the tricks opening numbers ever use: modulation after modulation, sudden tempo changes from frenetic to lethargic which do an about-face and pound the insistent rhythm into the audience on its way back to frenzy, was



EILEEN GALLAGHER

performed with every opportunity missed: the tempo never changed and, though there was much sound and movement, it all added up to "Sound and fury—signifying nothing!" David Kelsey, an enormously under-rated performer (in spite of his over-coverage), whom I personally admire and respect, was out

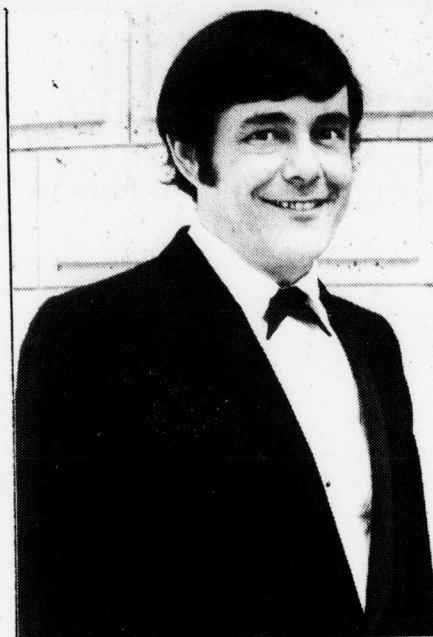
of it. Eileen Gallagher, of whom I had heard so many great things, sang an unimpressive medley. Then, a series of inter-connecting satirical sketches on television commercials: the first, on forgetting a phone number, was dreadful (if you read the final number, gentlemen, and *then* announce what it is, it might work—but don't announce what it is first and *then* go on to read it anyway). Of the next sketches in this category, half weren't bad and half were excellent (with an analysis of the inner timing, there is no reason why they can't all work). Then came Fred Howell. **MAGIC TIME...AT LAST!**

Then, half-way through the first act, the chorus came on. Now any composer or musical director worth his salt knows there is no sound on earth as stirring as an all-male chorus belting to the rafters (witness "Nothing Like a Dame" and the Soviet Army Chorus). And belt they do, a Russian melody, yet (no fool, this Denis Moreen), with exciting vocal arrangements by Mr. Moreen, and the sound produced lifts the audience three feet out of their seats. Then, in the same number, they add Vassily le Gros to do a quite creditable tenor counterpoint to the chorus and our spines start to tingle. Then, they add Don Cavallo's wonderful choreography with a Russian flavor and you have a show-stopper! A genuine, bona-fide, blockbusting show-stopper! "My God," you think, "maybe all is not medicine, after all!" (A note to Mr. Cavallo: an hour or two of rehearsal this Friday afternoon should get the absolute precision required out of the chorus. I know they can do it, because

they do in every other number.)

Then, Eileen Gallagher comes back and, in the Irving Berlin counter-puntal duet, "You're Not Sick, You're Just in Love!", she proves that, in her first number, her voice simply hadn't warmed-up yet. She sang beautifully, with warmth and feeling and—most important—fun. She seems to have been born on the stage and you don't want her to leave it now. Oh. She does the duet with Fred Howell. She walks one step toward him, singing of love, and he walks two steps away from her. She clasps his hand as though she meant it, he hooks two fingers into hers as though he hopes he'll lose her along the way. She sings and performs as though there were no effort to it at all (the art of the professional), he winces and grimaces as though singing were an absolutely pain (for *him*, I mean) and is quite obvious as he strains to listen for the band (which, incidentally has gotten together and is sounding pretty good by now), so he'll know where to come in (he never finds out). Miss Gallagher, wonderful. Mr. Howell...

Then. Oh, wow! The chorus again, this time with Miss Gallagher doing the counterpoint. It's the first act finale and it *guarantees* you'll be back after intermission. The sugar is winning at last. The medicine is forgotten as soon as he goes off stage. Miss Gallagher, by this time, is singing fantastically, the chorus is in absolute precision, the music is gloriously beautiful. This number, *alone*, and I mean this, is worth the



VASSILY LE GROS

admission and more.

Everything works in the second act except Fred Howell: the comedy numbers are hilarious, the dancing is fabulous, the music is glorious. Jaye Sutherland has a fine sense of comic control—always—and presents himself as a thorough professional. He is a delight. Vassily le Gros is always a good comedian, often brilliantly funny, and sings with a pleasant sound. Miss Gallagher is as good a comedienne as she is a singer—and that's saying a lot.

The second act opening, a medley of children's songs, with the entire cast as

children, is brilliantly conceived, brilliantly staged and movingly and hilariously performed. In deference to Mr. Howell, he *does* have a couple of fine moments in his silent comedy. In this number is one of them, in the dinner scene is another. But when he opens his mouth—to do anything—he is embarrassing. He has trouble getting through Frank Loesser's "Inchworm" in the children's scene, so where does he get the nerve to attempt "Vesta la Giuba"? He has a range of about *one* full octave that is legitimate, spends most of his time cheating in falsetto, has no bottom and sings "sotto voce" so as not to lose what little control he does have. Needless to say, he would have sent both Leoncavallo and Berlin into monasteries. And he keeps coming on! And after polite applause, he keeps singing song after song after... God! Each time he begins, the audience starts laughing behind their programs (earlier, they had been groaning, but by now, the whole scene was too sad to be serious). His comic *verbal* relief sends a pre-opera sketch (done beautifully by Jaye Sutherland) plummeting below third-rate burlesque and the only relief is the blackout.

But forget all that. Don Cavallo's brilliant staging is worth the price of admission, the chorus is worth it, Miss Gallagher, Messrs. Sutherland and le Gros are all worth it. Add it up and that's a fantastic bargain, even if the money situation weren't tight.



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William Edward Beardemphl
— comments —

Hypocrisy

"UNITED WE STAND. DIVIDED THEY WILL PICK US OFF ONE BY ONE." has become hypocritical shit for most persons in the homosexual community. Particularly the younger gay person is turned off by this nauseating "do as I say, not as I do" slogan of muckraking homosexuals. Even many of the *B.A.R.* columns show that unity to persons using "United we stand, etc." means unity on the terms dictated by that particular writer. "Either it is MY unity or it is not unity," the older establishment "leadership" keeps repeating.

One columnist in *B.A.R.* had down right libelous content in his column before it was edited out. Then he had the gall to end his column with the "United we etc." phrase. Another prominent "leader" states, "...we have only pity for you." who do not think and act as he wishes and has the effrontery to end his column with the "United we etc." phrase.

The hypocritical specter of the first Empress of San Francisco who created the phrase in question, still haunts the younger gay mind. All too vividly they

remember Jose leading a screeching troop through bars in San Francisco preaching boycotting a gay business because Jose did not approve of their particular deviancy. This group of dissension spreaders became the standing joke of the gay young set a little over a year back. These activities ruined drag balls for a long time.

Not until this last Coitillion have the younger homosexuals turned out for a drag ball again. The Coitillion, as we all know, demonstrated the unity and togetherness of San Francisco's homosexuals in dramatic terms. When the chips were down, where were these "leaders" who could have and should have stopped the ensuing riot? Disgrace and shame should be heaped upon the "leaders" of the drag community that let this affair get out of hand.

It does not take a gigantic intellect to realize that the leather set won't associate with the teen set; that drags won't be caught dead with a head; that gay women cannot care less about the super-masculine body freak; and that the homosexual intelligentsia can't abide any other homosexual. The divisions within our community are real.

Five years back, a senior editor of *Look* magazine, Jack Starr, quoted me in that national publication. I said to homosexuals then, "When we seek change, we must begin by changing ourselves."

In the ensuing years, it appears, not very many gay persons understood what I meant.

The present UNITY drive among certain homosexuals will fail until they change themselves. One cannot preach unity and practice disunity themselves or their whole trip becomes a sick, sick joke.

One cannot ask for unified community action and then demand that their uncompromising standards are the only standards for action.

So let us as a homosexual community stop all the double standard shit. If we are to have unity, let "leaders" say *nothing* but *practice* unity with a strong dose of pride-swallowing and compromise.

And remember, there is only *one* issue that binds all homosexuals together and that is homosexuality.

the Orpeum Circu(it)s:

By Don McLean

FOOTLIGHTS AND FANTASIES, a one man show starring David De Alba, at the Orpheum Circus, Sunday, June 27, 1971, at 5:00 p.m.

For one performer to hold an audience for over an hour is tremendously difficult at best. Jim Bailey or Charles Pierce can do it successfully. David De Alba can't!

For openers, Mr. De Alba came on in half-drag and sang "live" over a taped orchestral background. His singing voice isn't half-bad and sounds very feminine. *Something and Raindrops Keep Falling..* were quite effective. All told, he sang five numbers live, closing his first segment with a disastrous rendition of *My Way* that became a case of "follow-the-bouncing-key-change".

That concluded his live segment. Now, in a stunning display of versatility, he pantomimed a cha-cha number, miming not only the girl singer's part, but also the entire male chorus background—no easy achievement. Next followed a bare-chested interpretive dance that reminded me to send a contribution to *Multiple Sclerosis* this year.

And finally, as advertised, David De Alba in his special tribute to the late Judy Garland! There was a very nice off-stage reading of *The New York Times'* editorial tribute, then the usual Garland overture and, at long last, Judy. Or is it? Mr. De Alba certainly looks like Judy, has all the superficial hand-gestures of Judy, but there's something missing. That fantastic inner energy and intensity that made the great Miss Garland so compelling to watch just isn't there, so we are left with a pleasant, but unexciting, Judy. Eight numbers and one costume change later, Judy/David bows off and I am left with the feeling that Mr. De Alba would do well in the future to add a couple of other acts to his show, sing two or three numbers live, cut his Garland tribute to a less exhausting length (for *us*, not him) and not confuse over-exposure with versatility.

THE BEAD READER

Hey, Do You Smell

Crow Feathers Burning?

You know, someone ought to write a book on opening lines. One liners, for when you're cruising.

The other night I was checking out the Noe Valley area. It was Saturday or Sunday, I've forgotten which, three-day holidays confuse me, anyway I was in TOAD HALL about 12:45, and that's getting close to the desperate hour, and man, the place looked like the REN-DEZVOUS grown up. I felt like a kid in a candy store (Remember when you only had a nickel to spend?). Well, here I was smiling at this number and he was smiling back. I mean wow, is he really smiling at me? He was, so I smiled back. He smiled, I smiled; I'm thinking; this is getting us nowhere. He was standing close to the bar, so I figured I'll just order another one and maybe he'll say something. I elbowed my way through, knocking two guys to the floor and kicking a third, all with a smile on my face, so they wouldn't know it was me, and casually pushed my way between the number and someone else.

I ordered.

"Sayy, make it a double." Nothing like a little dutch courage.

"Hi" I said.

"Hi"

Christ it's 1:25. If I ran into your grandmother on the street we could talk begonias for hours, I can rap about crabgrass with suburbanites, the pros and cons of raked suspension with the kids in the neighborhood. I can even converse with the guys in the lube room for Gods sake (I know the difference between Roger Maris and Roger Penski). But I'll be damned if I can strike up a conversation in a bar.

1:35 A.M.
"You from L.A.?"
"No."
"Oh."
"You enjoying you're stay in the city?"
"Yea."
Shit, what do I say next? I decided to take the bull by the horns.
"Do you smell crow feathers burning?"
"What?"
"Do you smell crow feathers burning?"
"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"
"Do you want to go home and f—k?"
"Well yea, sure, but what's this about crow feathers?"
"Oh nothing, I was just trying to be clever, let's go."
We did.
Moral: If anyone comes up to you and asks if you smell crow feathers burning, for Christ sake, help him out.
P.S. If anyone does write a book, please, please tell me where I can get a copy.

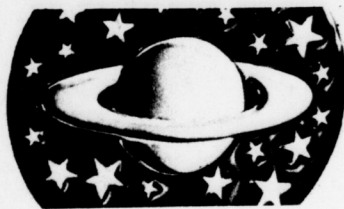
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ASTROLOGY

by El Scorp

Now that a rough weekend and an interesting full moon period are past, most people can rest back with only a few minor upsets until the next full moon period. Remember always that, no matter what happens, good or evil, the blessings of which we should make the most, and the evil toward which we should not respond negatively, are both only temporary occurrences. This column is for the weekend of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth. The paragraphs are written for each of the twelve signs and may be read for the sun sign. However, if your ascending sign is known to you, it is best to read the paragraphs according to your ascending sign.

Astrology works best of all when the ascending sign is known. The ascendant is that point by particular sign and degree which was rising on the eastern

horizon in the latitude of birthplace at the exact moment of birth. It is therefore important that you know that degree and sign which you personally have rising. And this can be found only by having your personal chart cast for the time and date and place of birth.

In the following paragraphs, when we speak of Aries, we are speaking as if the Aries person were born at six o'clock in the morning, and his Sun and ascending sign are both Aries. The same with Taurus, and with Gemini, and all the rest. But, of course, not every Aries or Taurean or Gemini were born at six in the morning. By knowing your own chart, and then knowing where the planets are this weekend, in relation to those in your own chart, you can get a better idea of what is rattling around and where your personal affairs will be affected.

We know that this weekend the Sun is just halfway through the sign Cancer. Friday the Moon went into Taurus in the early morning, but, since the Moon moves so quickly, by Sunday brunch it will be into Gemini. Mercury will be in Leo, but Venus will be in Cancer. Mars is in Aquarius, Saturn in Gemini, Jupiter is in Scorpio, Uranus is in Libra, and Neptune is in Sagittarius. Pluto is in Virgo. In addition, Mars, Jupiter, and Neptune are all still in retrograde motion. This means that the benefits usually derived from these planets, energy from Mars, abundance from Jupiter, and idealism or deception from Neptune, are not operating to their fullest extent, and some of these benefits may, in fact, be denied to all of us in some measure, but more especially to those of us who have those planets strongest in our individual charts.

And those who will feel this most are Aries, Sagittarius and Pisces, for they are ruled, each, by these planets. Of course, on Sunday, Jupiter changes direction by coming into an area in the heavens where it will again seem to be going in the same direction as earth instead of sliding backwards. Then, Sunday, Sagittarians should feel things easing up for them, and all those due the blessings of Jupiter will start coming out of the woods. Mars, which has just gone into retrograde, will remain so until the middle of September. Neptune will so stay until the middle of August.

All these things must be taken into account by the astrologer. And a great deal more, if everyone's individual rising sign were known. Why not read every one of the following paragraphs and see which one most applied to your weekend after the weekend is past? Then next time around, again read the paragraph which this time most applied to you. Perhaps you will find that you are Leo rising or Scorpio rising. But you should really have your own chart done as the simplest and easiest way to find out what your proper rising sign really is.

ARIES: You should be working around your home, and, if you have accomplished anything, fixed things up a bit, this might be just the time to have friends in. But put it off until Sunday evening. Finances are going to pre-

occupy you Friday and Saturday evening. Take care not to spend more than you can really afford.

TAURUS: This is not a very good weekend for you. You will not be feeling at your peak of performance on the job Friday, and will be moody both Friday and Saturday. So you may well let yourself in for a disappointment on Saturday. Money problems will bother you on Sunday.

GEMINI: Something behind the scenes will disappoint you this weekend. The mind will not be at ease, and even Monday will be no better, may well be worse. There will be limitations and obstacles, and these will stem directly from your own personality and quite afflict your thinking. If it is any consolation, the money should be pretty good now.

CANCER: Your disposition is easy and fine this weekend. You are preoccupied with friends, and you may have guests in your home this weekend, but be prepared to some disappointment in all that you expect of them. Only you can pull this weekend together so that everyone gets the most and best from all contacts.

LEO: Business and career matters occupy the back of your mind this weekend, and your attention to friends is limited. But everything in the background of your life is going smoothly. Do not let your partner disappoint you on Saturday. Sunday will be your easiest day of the weekend.

VIRGO: There is much talk behind the scenes, but you may be able to get away for a trip over the weekend. Devote your time and thought to serious matters and take care of your health Saturday. Sunday you will prepare for the week ahead with better confidence.

LIBRA: The job goes well and the

money is easy, although you may not think so until next month or the one after. But you are restless and are likely to devote the weekend to hunting up new faces. Saturday is not very good for the love life. Sunday is better, but by then you will have other things on your mind.

SCORPIO: Whatever you do this weekend, devote as much time as possible to your partner. Home life may be disappointing, so you are probably better off going out. Beware of arguments and keep things on an even keel. Your mind should be in its finest stages for planning and thinking things through. A good weekend for using your head.

SAGITTARIUS: No matter how you can deceive yourself, take care of your health both Friday and Saturday. People will be nice to you this weekend, and you may not be able to take it, for your head will be easily turned. Watch the simple routine matters around home.

CAPRICORN: There should be nice harmony in your married life or in partnerships with other people. You will be preoccupied with love and money, although the latter may not be all you wish of it. Rest on Sunday.

AQUARIUS: Try not to be too fiesty this weekend. You may stay home, but if you do, watch any tendency to get into disputes and disagreements. It might be best if you keep to a well planned routine that you will have thought about prior to the weekend.

PISCES: Your routine is sure to be upset this weekend. Help people around you. This will be a good weekend for your love life. Do not fight with friends on Saturday. Your secret life will suffer if you do. Do not have friends over Sunday. In fact, it is best you should go out on Sunday and make up your mind to return to your own home alone.

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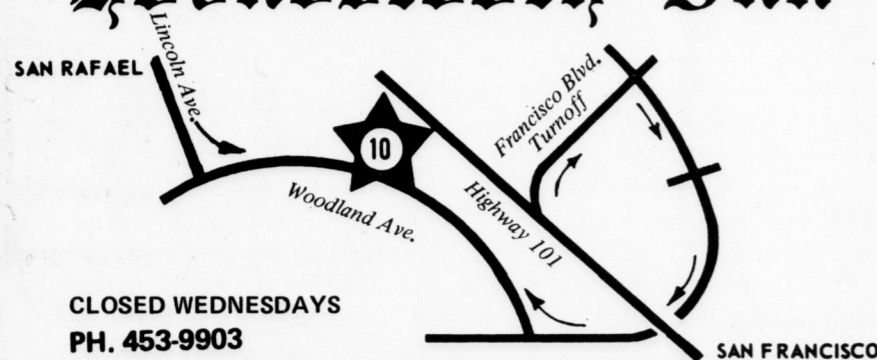
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Sweetlips
Sez



Only one comment... how come Roger Hall of THE GANGWAY called it "The Royal Shambles" when he was not even present to see the show... "C.M.C." run was his "bag" that weekend. Hear they had a great show too!!!

The lovely group from Portland—Scarlet O'Hara—amongst others left the swimming pool or THE COVERED WAGON in shambles—earrings, wiglets and false eyelashes are still being salvaged.

Thank you Hank of PAGE ONE for the flowers. Also for bringing Maxine Weldon back for four nights. She's great.

Belated birthday greetings Roxie—hope you got enough pink champagne.

Flash! Flash! Encore—Same management—same promotion—same sponsorship—same RESULTS. Perry for what!!!

You would have thought Alan Lloyd would have been exhausted after the show—but no—Diki carried him on his shoulders into THE KOKPIT doing his

hit number all over again—Good luck on your P.S. engagement.

What about the sex symbol of Sacramento Street who has a "buddy rider" called A.L.E.X. for funsy.

What currently European traveling restaurant owner is called "Jennifer Jumpsuit" by "De De Faye Darling" and don't you forget it!

Contrary to popular demand I have given up dipping and drinking Black-berry Brandy—O.K. Chuck!

"Rattlesnake" Reba should stop dropping her pants in front of juke boxes—after all this year it is just another dead ass.

One south of Market Street restaurant owner must need money—raised the rents on his elite rooming house over double—or was that to evict a nice person.

THE RAMROD is getting a great bunch of guys again. Guess it's the movies that George has going—or is it the new decor or great bartenders.

Understand that "Broadway Jay" of CLUB DORI has something to do with "Spoonful of Sugar"—if true it is a must for me to see 'cause Jay has great talent—and can cook too!

Caught Dear Old Millie sampling the shrimp basket and having a beer at THE COVERED WAGON pool last week—of course Henry was with her.

Certainly were a lot of nice people in San Francisco for the fourth holiday.

Those from Baldwin Park were great people—especially Jack. Portland was really represented too—even Kim made it.

THE NITE CAP on O'Farrel is having its grand opening this weekend. So is the new AMBASSADOR CLUB run by "Dirty Edna". Should be a busy weekend.

The "Dog Lady" has a lot to learn—especially the spelling of KOKPIT—when putting out flyers.

Must thank Jimmy Quinn for doing my hair between each number—never looked better.

Glad to see that Gene from THE CLUB BATHS lets the older stars in. Had fun.

Last call for bars that want to be on the new map. It's FREE. It has to go to press the first of August so please contact me at 775-3260.

It was nice to see the people that responded to a call for help. When you work nights and get up at 6 A.M. to be in Sonoma by 9 A.M. that's devotion—and real people. Guess there is great truth in "United we stand, divided they pick us OUT one by one."

What PENDULUM bartender called Kenny is making it with a shipping tycoon called Billy.

Thanks to "T.J." back at THE FICKLE FOX—knew Henry would do the right thing.

BYE

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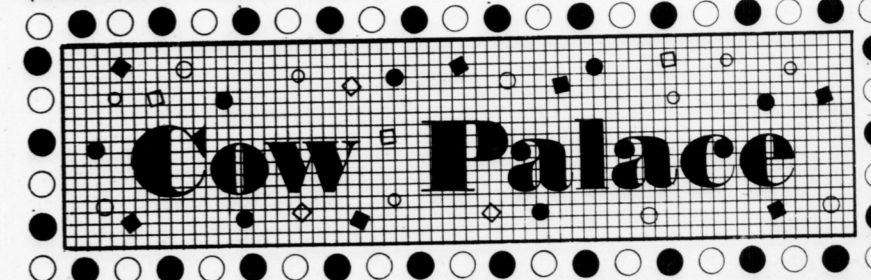
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GOURMET CAPERS

ORPHEUM CIRCUS

I have never been one for movies at a bar or restaurant, but a couple of weeks ago, we were invited to join some friends for dinner and a movie at THE CIRCUS. They have a Monday night movie scene. The movie we saw was *Marie Antoinette*, with Shearer, Power and John Barrymore, one of the classics. For information on what they are showing, the number is 863-9250.

That big "Teddy Bear", Bill Plath, has a way with a place. It becomes a little cluttered, but somehow, at the same time, has a lived-in feeling that is rather homey. Our meal started with a great Split Pea soup. We were served a salad with little imagination. My entree was a "Stuffed Chicken with Cheese",

which was freshly prepared—not frozen. It was so very good. I would just suggest to Bill (who is also the Chef) maybe a nice clear sauce to go over the chicken. It was a little on the dry side. We had a fresh vegetable and macaroni salad (which made me feel as if I were on a picnic), but it went very well. Our Host was most attentive, which is Bill's style, and he does it very well. The service could not have been better. Bill was experimenting with a "Peirrot" wine, which is "Bercuts" private label. We tried both a Cabernet and a Pinot—delightful. Thank you, one and all, for a lovely evening. Reserve me a table for July 19: the showing of *Old Maid*, with Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins.

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BROADWAY JAY'S or CLUB DORI

This place is still under the same ownership. They seem to be trying on a new face. The room itself, I, for years, have felt was very cold and very uncomfortable. This in no way is meant to reflect on anyone's taste. Now then, I feel they are on the right track. It is sort of a poor man's *Sardi's*. Much of the new feeling is built around the theatre: wonderful photos decorating the walls of the room—of all of our favorite people from stage and screen. The menu covers are old playbills and I don't know how they are going to keep people from stealing them. Clever idea, a simple menu and horribly underpriced. I enjoyed a "New York" steak. The soup and salad could use some improvement. Everything else is really "right on". The evening we had dinner was the opening of *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, with Michael Greer. After the preview of the movie, Michael and friends arrived. I wanted to stand and applaud this very talented young man. It was very exciting. Jay, Dori, George and your wonderful crew, thank you. You people run a good show.

UNDERGROUND ROOSEVELT CAFE

If you enjoy good Mexican food, you cannot do much better than the Roosevelt, at this same location since tamales were a nickle. The place, by no stretch of the imagination, could be described "decor" wise, but it is very clean and well run. The menu is standard, with a daily special. Everything is prepared on the premises and top quality is used throughout. I warn you to stay away from the "Green Death", a liquid-type hot sauce they prepare themselves. Wow. Located on 24th Street off of Bryant and straight.

HORS D'OEUVRE

Has Shirley finished the Royal Roast yet? Why didn't "Rex" from TOTIE'S wear that glorious outfit she wore to the COITILLION? Has Paul really been signed for the S.F. Production of *No, No, Nanette*? Is it true that that North Beach bar owner had to check the program to see how much space he got before he would buy a ticket? Is Randy going into THE P.S.? Was the scene at the COITILLION really planned ahead?

Are things really back to normal at THE FICKLE FOX? What is a Charles Pierce? Does Bob Ross really have a twin? Did Henry L. really say that, that way? Is Jose' finally getting the message? It must be hard to be Empress and not step on a few toes, I guess? Is Don Deel really that age? T.J. has gone back to work? The ROYAL SCANDALS broke even? Is there anyplace else but the LEFT BANK for framing?

Don't ask me.

A QUIET REBUTTAL

About that person—the one who lords herself over what is known as Metropolitan S.F. I am well aware of the Union Contract that was broken by THE TRIDENT. I still believe that it should be up to an owner to do as he damn well pleases as far as the poor darlings that may have been laid off. We all know that qualified people never remain out of work long. As for my jury of one—better known as Sweetlips—I guess he will soon be able to frequent Sausalito as the *Statute of Limitations* is soon up and he won't have to pick up all the bar tabs he left a few years ago when he was lovingly called "Acid Mouth". I will not, at this time, comment on his "Ghost Writer".

THE POWER OF THE WRITTEN WORD

I sometimes am overwhelmed at how much influence the different columns in the Gay rags have and some of them are very good. I think that Jay Noonan's column in the *B.A.R.*, reviewing the theatre in the Bay Area, is outstanding and Cristal and Sweetlips could hardly be called dull. Lou Green does a fine job in *Vector* and they usually have some very fine articles. The *Advocate* Editorial is very together and really informative. *California Scene* just did a fine article on the Society for Individual Rights by Mark Green. Also Hellinger and McAllister do a good job reviewing movies and the theatre for all of California, which is quite an undertaking. San Francisco is again out front when it comes to keeping Our Community informed as to what's happening and where—everything from the price to the quality. Where else in these United States can you find that much information and, in many cases, free, except YOU, the guy out there, does help by supporting the people who advertised.

JESTER

SHAME

It's JESTER-SHAME Perry couldn't sit through the ROYAL SCANDALS. Especially after an emergency 11th hour call to CRISTAL for just one more reserved ticket. Seems she was cold. We sat through DEARIE bored as we were. I guess cold does overrule bored. Her action proved to be a definite COLD move.

It's JESTER-SHAME Grand Mere Jose' could not have known sooner the aims of our current Empress. He proved on Sunday, July 4th, at Brunch at JACKSON'S, that he can be real and open minded. He also made good use of his own line, "UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED THEY'LL PICK US UP ONE AT A TIME." Love and Peace, Jose'.

It's JESTER-SHAME the first Lady of the Tavern Guild did such a superb job in the recent ROYAL SCANDALS. I understand she has an agent and hopes to book she and the four gents still able to lift her, in the FAIRMONT. Fairmont grocery on Presidio, that is...

It's JESTER-SHAME we all couldn't have attended the Gay Pride Parade in Los Angeles. I understand it was a smashing success and San Francisco and especially Empress CRISTAL was well received and made an excellent showing.

It's JESTER-SHAME the Empress of the 13th Rose Taleni of Portland could not attend the ROYAL SCANDALS with the rest of her court. They all seemed to have a very good time. Seems there was some mystery as to why she did not attend, but I couldn't get it out of any of them. Even after a few nips.

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Imperial Bullsheet

We are entering into the final half of the year... So little time and yet so much yet to do... Believe it or not, it is time for the application for the candidates for your next year's Empress, to go out. As you must feel, is it time for it already? All applications must be in for approval between August 1 and August 20. Said application will be available in our local bars very shortly.

United we stand, little by little it's

proving to be true. The showing of interest in the Sonoma Court Case was certainly gratifying. No one asks anyone to agree or disagree, all we want is your interest. The interest necessary to be where it is happening to find out what is happening, **FIRST HAND**. To talk and listen, to understand what is going on, **FIRST HAND**, not thru hear say or gossip. We are all as varied in personality and attitude as any other group of people, and it takes all of us together to put together a worthwhile society. We depend on our leaders to speak for us, so we must know who and what they are.

FRIDAY 16th-SATURDAY 17th-SUNDAY 18th-Well this is no time for a diet, at least until after this week end **A SPOON FULL OF SUGAR** is a must. From the work and the professional type of people who are in it, it really should be an excellent offering.

JULY 20th-CHARLES PIERCE SHOW, Benefit for S.I.R.-Tickets at S.I.R. Center.

SATURDAY 24th-We can hardly believe that **GOLD STREET** is a year

old already but here it is. Their first anniversary Royalty night again. Such a beautiful spot. The other evening we dropped in and thoroughly enjoyed a few minutes with Hadda Brooks, a beautiful talent.

SATURDAY 31st-Happy Birthday Madam Propaganda Minister. Hee Hee, I know how old you are...

Oh, Show Biz... It is really something else. Especially when you are working with a dozen so called stars... It is all worthwhile, when you take a moment afterwards and think, and remember the man backstage, without whom you would not have had a show. The man who works constantly, quietly, with the determination, that it would be done well. The man who expects nothing and gets nothing, but still is always there to help. He is there to offer himself to what ever service he can give. We have seen this over and over for years. A thank you is too small. We love you Jimmy Quinn...

We also wish to thank each and everyone of you who took time out on such a busy weekend to support our function, The Royal Scandal. We sincerely hope you enjoyed the moment of laughter we attempted to present for you. We can assure you, we will make every effort to support your events, as they arise in the future... Thank You.

Let us not forget-United we stand divided they will pick us up one by one... A good quote is always worth using, isn't it Jose.

LOVE AND PEACE

Cristal



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Society Of Priests For A Free Ministry

San Francisco Street Artists Guild

All arts are free and artists be to art what art itself is not. For the soul of art is of the spirit, and her mind is of the heart. This truly is a reality that all artists, be they musicians, painters, poets, dancers or craftsmen, live and express every moment. To fulfill this expression is to share it. San Francisco has always been rich and enriched by her artists, building here a unique and colorful spectrum of the arts. And recently, upon our artistic culture, has been the advent of the street musician, artist and craftsman. Truly a color unparalleled in sharing the expression of the arts with more people than ever before. And yet, those local factions that wield the arm of power and darkness, have struck out upon these street artisans. Arrests, confiscations, brutal harrassment and refusal to issue permits are but a few of the blows served against these people. Since January there have been 26 arrests. Thus on January 5, the street musicians started the San Francisco Street Artists Guild, to try and deal with these unique harrassments. Today there are 200 members of the Guild, with legal representation donated by Mr. Robert Kantor and Mr. Peter Kean of the law firm Kantor & Kean, who are working in conjunction with the A.C.L.U. Mr. Kantor informed me that the next hearing is on July 21st. before Judge Axelrod, dealing with the constitutionality of the system and laws governing the issue of permits to the street artist. Also within the next two months is scheduled a Supreme Court hearing on the "Writ of Prohibition of Arrests and Criminology of the Street Artist." Interesting that the arm of power has branded them criminals. (I'm sure we can commiserate with that.) After these hearings all is up to our Board of Supervisors to re-write the processes of issuing permits and the laws governing our street artists. (Again the power of the vote is indeed important—who is in office and when makes a big difference) By the time this article goes to press the San Francisco Street Artists Guild will have received thier non-profit



BEFORE I
WORE MY
TOWN SQUIRE
SWIMSUIT NO
ONE EVEN LOOKED
AT ME.

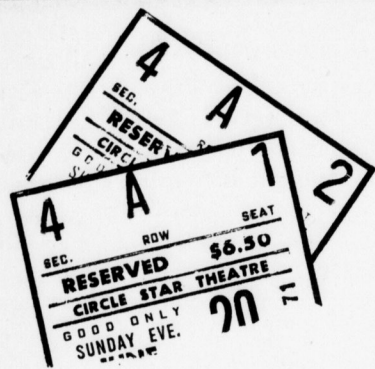
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corporation status. As an organization, their spokesman, Tom, informed me they have solicited over 14,000 signatures on a supportive petition, hoping this to be an effective fulcrum in easing the arm of power. There is however, some fine support of the guild. The Stonestown Shopping Center welcomed them with open arms over the fourth of July weekend, and this was such a success to both the Guild and the merchants that they have been invited to return. This month from July 15th to

the 30th they will be holding a Street Fair at the Embarcadero Center (where that new fountain is?) featuring bands, various musical groups, arts & crafts, jugglers and other forms of entertainment. Be sure you get down and partake of this color and expression that is definately San Francisco. Any support, comments or suggestions you may have should be addressed to-San Francisco Street Artists Guild, 120 Pierce Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Douglas J. Dean



TWO ON THE AISLE

by Jay Noonan

An Adult Fairy Tale

Orchestration (noun)

Awr'-kis-tra-shun—To arrange music for performance by an orchestra, to make music sing, to make music dance.

"Experience is the best teacher," say many, and I suppose it's true. Whether it applies to musical comedy or not is another story. The second light opera attraction of the season has arrived at The Curran and whatever it's short coming—and there are many—*Candide*, whatever else it is called, can be called a splendid evening of music. One could just as easily sit in his seat and close his eyes and enjoy, but who can do that for three hours? Actors, dancers and scenery are constantly getting in the way, so we watch as well as listen and watching can be tedious. This was so the other evening. This production had a lot going for it. For one thing, it has the voices of Mary Costa and Frank Porretta that are required to carry off the near opera score. We have Oliver Smith for sets, Freddy Whittop for costuming and Peggy Clark's lighting. But the real stars to emerge from *Candide* are Leonard Bernstein and Hershey Kay. Hershey Kay? More of Mr. Kay later. Mr. Bernstein has given us a sumptuous score. From the opening bars of the overture, we settle down to a fine richness of sound.

The story, for those of you who may not be familiar with it, concerns a young man, *Candide*, Frank Porretta, who searches for the impossible dream and, on his way, encounters all the pit-

falls of reality, always believing his schoolmaster (Douglas Campbell, who narrates our story, and also turns up as Martin and Pangloss to guide young *Candide* through the storm. And the storm starts just as *Candide* is to marry his Cunegonde, Mary Costa). There is a war with Hessians and all are killed, but are they? So off we go to Lisbon, Paris, Buenos Aires, the Atlantic Ocean,

MARY COSTA



LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Venice. The trials and tribulations that ensue are not very noteworthy, other than the Paris sequence where Miss Costa shows her brilliance in the *Glitter And Be Gay*. *Candide*, in searching for his Cunegonde (somehow that name never sounded very romantic, but I should quarell with Voltaire?), finds her as a



RAE ALLEN

pick pocket and a kept lady. "Are everybody's morals as bad as this?", he thinks. "Is this the best of all possible worlds his good school master has taught him?" But all turns out as *Candide* and Cunegonde return to Westphalia, their homeland, and start anew, to the most effective and stunning finale to any show, *Make Our Garden Grow*.

The performers are first rate, Mr. Porretta—boyish and convincing as the young *Candide*, Mary Costa—pretty and strong-voiced as Cunegonde, Douglas

Campbell—utterly charming as the good doctor, master and Pangloss. For what humor there was, Rae Allen has stolen it all. By the time the Los Angeles or New York opening rolls around, she will have stolen the show completely. Miss Allen, as the old lady and companion to Cunegonde, is just a bit too Jewish, but conveys her humor with a skillfull, deft feeling.

The settings by Oliver Smith are no more than serviceable and this is too bad as one would think Mr. Smith could have been more imaginative, especially the ballroom scene in Paris. The chandeliers were plentiful, but no beauty is backing them up. Mr. Wittop's costumes seemed a little pale—for all the colorful people who were represented all blended too much, nothing stood out. In all, the evening belongs to Mr. Bernstein and Mr. Kay. Mr. Kay's title is orchestrator and for *Candide*, he did a powerful job. He's the man who makes all the orchestra sing—and sing they do. This is what makes *Candide* work and Mr. Bernstein and Mr. Kay are responsible for its beauty.

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AN EVENING OUT Marvelous Marin

This being the time of year for warm days and pleasant nights we decided to spend a couple of days in marvelous Marin. Towns and bars in Marin County remain quiet during the week and the bars for the most part do a fair business, but weekends are a different trip. On Saturday night we decided to have dinner at THE HOUNDSTOOTH INN in San Rafael. The food was superb and the service was even better. Kay the waitress is delightful and for a refreshing change most attentive to her customers. We were also very happy to find Momi Starr ensconced at their delightful piano bar. If anything Momi seems to improve with age, and his entertaining songs and chatter were quite pleasant. The bar and dining room were very busy and everyone was enjoying themselves. Eddie and Carl, two very busy hosts (they also double as chefs) have a new bartender, his name is Aldo. Do drop in and say

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OVER" —
DONT THROW
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RAY SANCTS 824-3322
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hello. They are restricted at this moment by a ten P.M. closing but they are going to change this in the near future.

Being full of good food, they serve too much, we decided to go dancing and work some of it off. Drove over to Fairfax to visit our old friend, Vi, of VIPS CLUB DRAKE. Glad to see that old Hawaiian back from vacation. It looks like he ate too much poi on his vacation and really built up his opu. Welcome home Ron, I'm sure you know who, will work off the excess weight quite rapidly. The joint was really jumping and the band was good. Vi was sitting on her favorite stool and being her usual congenial self. Where this lady gets her energy at 71 years of age is beyond me. Back to the band, Vi's features live bands and dancing every Friday, Saturday night and Sunday afternoons. Seems as if a lot of city folk are aware of this fact, as many friends were in attendance. We danced right up to closing and were invited to an after hours party at a fun pad up in the hills.

Got up Sunday, feeling not too well, can't understand it, guess I'm not as young as I used to be. Anyway we decided to have brunch at THE SAUSALITO INN. Talk about crowded, wow! I think everyone had the same idea at once, and we all descended on this bar at the same time. We didn't mind waiting, what with all the good looking people to stare at. Brunch was nicely served and was excellent. We went back to the crowded bar after brunch to rap with their aging ingenue cocktail waiter, Bob Randall, remember him. Bob used to own one of the city's better bars many moons ago, DOLAN'S (it was where the Welfare Department now stands, on Sutter and Stockton). We must admit he still looks good. It was also nice to visit with Jimmy Stapleton the very capable bartender and manager. We were asked to stick around and listen to their new combo. We did and were well rewarded. Great sound. It is truly amazing how fast time flies when one is enjoying themselves. It was after seven o'clock when we remembered we had a dinner appointment in the city.

Marin County is a fun place to go, and we heartily recommend a weekend trip for fun, pleasure or just plain relaxation.

windmills of my mind

Since June 26th right on through the 4th of July weekend, these windmills from whence I speak, have been spinning and spinning. A time of introspection I guess you could call it. Introspection both public and personal.

I'm certain each of us, after a whirl wind period, try to sit back and look at the previous happenings in retrospect. Sorting, dissecting, and mentally filing said information in the proper corners of our mentality.

A week just such as this has just passed for me. I find myself still sorting but by and large I have most of the data in its proper corner.

Some of the questions that arose I would like to pass on if for no other reason than to see where *you* might file them and their answers.

1. What happens to a community that is constantly screaming UNITY UNITY—and in one evening at an annual event, there appears to be a split? I speak of the Coitillion. I'm certain everyone who reads this knows of the incident and to rehash it would be redundant of course. This same community has begun to stand up and be counted on most every issue I can think of including the Black Power struggle. Why or how then can one individual step forward and in essence, speak for

Gays and Blacks, using her selfish injured ego as the wedge for such a split? Of the forty contestants I'm certain many experienced disappointment. As I remember however, that is the name of the game! Win a few, lose a few. As a spectator, I did feel she could have at least been nominated but not being a judge, I couldn't know what they saw, that I didn't. When chairs started flying, and innocent drags began being beaten in the face with high heeled shoes *this* drag decided that this was not the place to stay and remain pretty. The irony of the whole episode lies in the fact that Miss Injured Ego was escorted by someone who appeared to be Caucasian, while the winner Miss Deb of '71 a caucasian, was escorted by someone who was black. Now *you* tell *me* where it's at. It started out to be the best, most beautifully organized Coitillion ever, only to be tarnished by one individual with hurt feelings. I think that is where it should stay in my mental file. One individual and not a split in our community.

2. My next question comes out of thoughts of The Royal Scandals. To those who didn't see the production, it was the total effort of our constantly busy and involved Empress de San Francisco VI CRISTAL and her court and a few other willing hands and strong backs who's names at the moment escape me. The total thanks of the court reach out to hug each one of them though. But on to my question, which may not have occupied anyone but me

having been so closely involved. Opinions and comments are what makes the world go round. To each his own by all means. That is why there is chocolate and vanilla. Most comments and opinions have been more than favorable which delights me of-course. Now my question!!! What ever happened to Patriotism??? Is it dead??? Is it a dirty word??? Do some of us still have it??? Near the end of rehearsals for the show, I made some strange observations. One evening, a man none of us knew, sat through the last act seeming to be enjoying himself. Upon finishing the Finale, (The George M Overture) he stood up screaming something about hating the war in addition to many obscenities. He apparently felt we were condoning said war. I don't feel this is true but *is* irrelevant. What better kind of finale to do on the fourth of July weekend. The second evening of the two day run, the audience appeared thrilled and saw some of the camp but no disrespect intended, while others were brought to tears by the impact of just such an end to a beautiful weekend. It really proves that the human being, straight or gay, is a most strange and complex animal.

I would like to add my sincere thanks and love to 12 of the most scandalous *but* together people I know. You too, Jimmy Quinn!! Call it togetherness, call it humanism, call it love, I like to think of it as a complete groove where I would hope to remain always.

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YOUR HOSTS: BILL and FRANK

THIS-a & THAT-a

by Lou Greene

We have so many columnists writing, that it's rather difficult to write without repeating what everybody else has said two or three times. As a matter of fact I missed the last issue so that I could sit back and analyze who and what is being said.—At the close of the Royal Scandals, a recent musical show at the COVERED WAGON, I had no intention of reviewing the show as I felt there would be all sorts of coverage; however, I have been approached by so many of my readers as to my opinion that I decided to put it down in writing. Dick should have confined his talents to writing and directing; as a narrator there was much to be desired. The part of the Court Jester should have been given to someone whose verbalization was more glib and entertaining. Although the show seemed to drag in some parts, I found many of the numbers most enjoyable. I think the cast, mostly amateur, did a splendid job. My main quarrel with this and other shows is that too often we hear the same numbers re-

peated. How refreshing it would be if the entertainers would come up with new numbers rather than try to out-do other performers in the same material; and in case if any entertainers reading this column can't find new material I'm sure that I can suggest any amount of recordings that have not been done. Anywho, bouquets to the cast who worked so hard on the Royal Scandals.—Last Sunday I attended the G.G.T. Picnic (Guys and Gals Together) Given by the TINKERS DAMN and THE SAVOY on the Peninsula. Whoever says that guys and gals can't get along are certainly mistaken. This was one of the finest outings I have attended in quite some time where guys and gals ate, drank, and joined in games without one single flare-up at an attendance of 300. Everything seemed to fall in place so nicely, the weather, the surroundings, and all the beautiful people. It would be wonderful if the San Francisco Tavern Guild could attract the girls as well and make for as equally an enjoyable picnic.—A recent surprise birthday party which I attended, for Rachel Reigna III in San Jose was held at THE GALLEY. The cast of the CHANCES R entertained all evening and not a dull moment during this entire well attended affair.—Did you know that a well known Peninsula Bar Man has recently signed a ten year lease on a proposed swank Sauna?—Jaye Sutherland will appear at the BAYOU LOUNGE in Redwood City on July 11th with an all-star cast. THE SPOONFUL OF SUGAR will be at THE VILLAGE on July 16, 17, and 18. During a sneak preview the chorus of twelve people sounded like fifty. Go see it!—The Coit-illion Ball turned out to be a 'Black and White Brawl' instead. Shame on those of you who made such animals of yourselves. It's really too bad in this day and age and especially in a group such as ours, that we are obligated to police our affairs. Any perpetrators of violence with intent to divide our community should be 86'd from any future functions.—The San Franciscans, a South of Market pseudo bike club, will be holding their Maiden Run July 31st and

August 1st. This will be an overnight camp-out and camp-up event which shows every earmark of being an exciting affair.—The Barbary Coasters will be holding their annual Gold Rush Run one week later. Needless to say it will also be an exciting event.—It's so easy to misunderstand one another when we speak let alone understand everything that is written. I try to read all of the various publications and have a tendency to scan. In so doing I found that on two occasions I misread two items in Auntie Mildred's column. Fortunately I expressed myself verbally before my writing and saw the error of my ways. My purpose in mentioning this is to caution you in your reading habits so that you will interpret what you read more accurately.—Jose did it again! His performance of "South Pacific" at THE JUG O'PUNCH was most enjoyable. Unfortunately I will not be able to write about his second performance "Showboat" as this writing will be submitted before his appearance.—Have you heard about the new Pathfinders Club headquartering from the ROUND-UP at 6th and Folsom? The first function was a round trip bus ride to Juanita's which included drinks, buffet, swimming and fun in general; however, by the time the bus arrived in Boyse Springs, the group of 48 were feeling pretty good and although we all had a magnificent brunch and enjoyed our dip in the pool, there was little time for anything else. The next function on July 11th, sounds very exciting. This includes a round trip to a nude beach with beer and food. Need I say any more? And until my return from this excursion I bid you all a happy, happy, and remember whatever you do, you go; united we stand and divided we will be picked off one by one.

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**Lou
Greene**
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with
Brush
in Hand

Here is something of note and weighs in as something more than just casual interest: A not too obvious agent, from out of the immediate area, went sleuthing for prospective openings for the artists he represents, on the Gallery Faire of Sutter Street and before he could show his credentials and samples of the art and artists he rep'ed, he was coldly turned down.

He could not understand the cold shoulder he was getting. Even with introductory letters to the various galleries, he was turned away. After several days of trying to figure the apparent problem out, and while having a cup of coffee at the new Sutter Creperie, he noticed a clerk-salesman who had previously waited on him at one of the unmentioned (at his request) galleries. He approached the salesman and, being diplomatic, pursued the subject of his apparent problem with the gallery the salesman worked for.

The salesman listened with apparent amusement and after listening to the agent, informed him the gallery was an established gallery in San Francisco, for the last twenty-five years, and wanted no dealings with agents whose morals were questionable.

The young agent left.

I type this with a sick feeling of finality.

I wonder how many talented fruits must rot on the vine before someone with a little insight picks them. It reminds me of an answer that Liz McClaughlin gave to the question that was put on her: "How would you feel if you found out your son or daughter were of the homosexual community?" Her answer: "Well, in the first place, they are not of that community, but I can imagine that it would be a fantastic experience. I have met hundreds and everyone of them has something to say and at time, too much to say, each an individual with his own standards, and I must respect that, but then, there are

few people I dislike, I just don't have time to wonder if I like the way they talk or carry themselves. Yes, if my daughter or son were of the homophile community, I could only say that it would be an experience and being their mother I would love them more and try to block for them if you know what I mean."

Well, enough for that trip. It really gets me going.

There is an exhibition of drawings by Steven Arnold at the Upper St. Gallery, 2323 Market, 864-6289. Congratulations on that out of sight photo-poster.

Victorian and Post-Victorian San Francisco homes, by Patricia Wommack, at the Periwinkle Art Gallery, 303 San Pedro Road, Pacifica, California, 359-5230. Out of sight...

The Monkey Tree Gallery is at it again with unique boutique art peices by Vicki Lavorini. Unique, pleasant and completely refreshing. Especially the framed butterfly paintings. Enjoyed every one of them, Vicki. It's always a pleasure to stop in at Mackeys and see you. Marlyn O'Hare is now on display at the Monkey Tree, with several other excellent and moderately priced artists.

The miniatures of Mr. J. Beach are not to be forgotten. Excellent renderings and caricature studies on the water side of lifes many kingdoms.

Macrame', by Mrs. Greta Karsin of Lincoln High, are on display and for sale at reasonable prices. Stop in at the Tree and say hello to Pam and Vicki. (they are always interested in new talent and showings would be easily handled).

Until I see you, watch the canvas. It can change before your very eyes.

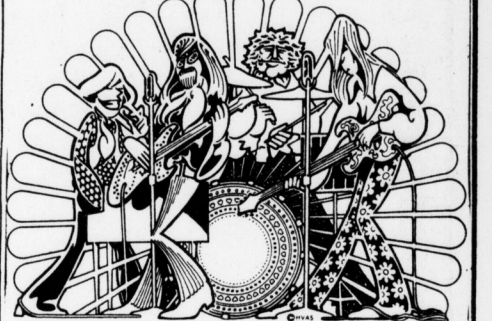
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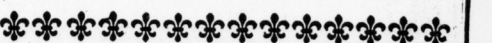
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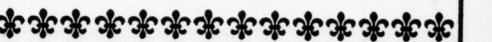
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LOCO WEATHER REPORT

By Cecil Knockherworst Weatherbee

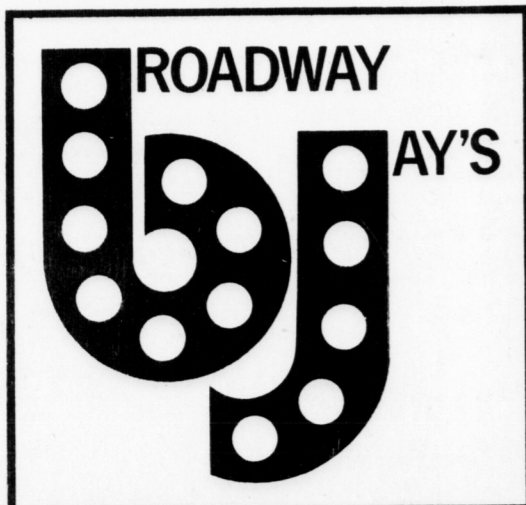
Normal temperatures should be presiding over VALENCIA since the BIG WINDS of the FICKLE FOX settled their judicial gusts—Understand the former tornado of Polk Street—Floyd Jackson will be in charge of the flavorful tradewinds emanating from the Fox Galley.—And speaking of winds, Jack Rosenbaum of the San Francisco Examiner put his foot into it when he made the comment of racism in the gay community—We are all one and in our own community of gay people we have a few of the sick and self centered egotists to contend with—Black power is beautiful in its right text—Martin Luther King was a very beautiful person—and, a few sick black egotists who claim to be gorgeous street drags is pure sick and have nothing in common in any cause—That's what you call STORMY WEATHER—To be a camp is a camp and that's FUN WEATHER—It's interesting to watch PERRY AND HER COURT from San Jose at so many gay functions but, I don't think she is happy

with her court since she is giving away Mr. San Francisco titles to EVERYONE (That's what you call "Hoar Frosts")—A meteorological phenomenon is George Banda of JACKSON'S and CLUB DORI. He has been involved in more fun camp events than any other straight weathered bar owner—By the way the food is great there, ask the President of the Tavern Guild—Another BEAUTIFUL WEATHER person is Hank of PAGE ONE who has financially supported thru advertising the many gay events—The "GUSHER" Ray Rule has a new title "Entrepreneur of the Folsom Trail"—His shadow is like a cloud flurrying from THE CORNER to THE PALACE from THE PALACE to THE CORNER—KARL KAY on being offered a run in Chicago was floored when his benefactor belittled him for not asking for more cash. He is a fun person and a joy to watch—Another beautiful fun person but, not usually on the stage, is Jimmy Quinn. He has helped more stars become stars.—And speaking of stars since when do the stars have to change light bulbs at THE P.S. for the Allen Lloyd Show. Obviously that big beautiful bubbly Bonko (Sweetlip's understudy) must have gone on vacation to Vera Cruise—That's a light windy comment—That aging able Portuguese Cavallo, is creating a beautiful Sirano

with his colorful choreography for Spoonful of Sugar.—A straight show???—GOLD STREET is contemplating a staight act—anything for a change in their weather—Printing presses for sale—Inquire Lou Green???—Polk Gulch is at it again adding to their list of variety bars they now have a Western Bar— PÖLK ALONG and a closet queen's bar (silent storm)—Ma Voo Doo is back on Polk beating her drums—Such thunder—According to Sweet Henry, the whirlwind, who was having dinner with an X Empress—Chinese food at THE MAGIC GARDEN???—Gene Peck is back permanently at THE GANGWAY—AGAIN—Such a current—Who is the big beautiful blond bombshell at OFF THE LEVEE— Is Emmaus House going militant—Drag out the costumes. Wind has it that civic auditorium will again be approached for the Tavern Guild's Beaux Arts Ball—Chances are favorable, Ask Supervisor Feinstein (if it does it will be one of the biggest affairs in San Francisco)—Tongue Twister from a bit of sunshine, Michelle "Which Czarina cannot smile and count her tap steps at the same time"—Such drizzle—The biggest laugh that Perry ever received at one of her affairs was the total nude scene with the Vector Boys when she was asked to show her pecker—Ever hear of small craft warnings—Dowager Bella, the dust storm of Castro Gulch, creamed in her jeans at the Scandals show which was held at THE COVERED WAGON (A short run but fun event)—Gay kids are missing the boat when they don't attend gay functions—They are fun, they give you something else to do, they add variety and they give an awareness as to what is on the scene.—S.I.R. is busy contemplating remodeling again now that they have spring blood in their veins.—The Polish Prince(ss) for Empress???—That Mexican tornado Jose' is at it again on Mission—Rumor has it that she pitched such a high note in one of her famous oper-ated numbers that the local neighbors are taking up funds for ear muffs—Remember united we stand divided they will pick us up one by one—Register and vote—Be part of society, do you thing in the ballot booth.

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THE ARCHER

Question: If Noah's Ark was setting sail today and you were one of the chosen few, what THREE things would you take along?

Chris—a case of cold beer, a bottle of aspirin and any stray nymphomaniac.

Mandy—any young lady, a portable T.V. and a pin-ball machine.

Mickey—a young, young lady, batteries for Mandy's T.V. set and "The World of Zen".

Drew—cigarettes, my dog Morgan and a record player.

Martha—Drew, cigarettes and my hair dryer.

T—some grass, a little hash and Barbara Y.

Jo Ann S—Krishnamurtis "The Only Revolution", my lover and my briefcase of astrology paraphenalia.

Whitey—Vivien's head, Requel Welch's body and Liz S's (nee W) legs.

Liz S nee W—1 lbs. of grass, metaxa and forty tall dykes.

Casey—Aretha Franklin, Cutty and 10 lbs. of uppers.

Morgan—a chess board, poems of Edna St. Vincent Milay and Carol.

Toni K—life jacket (cause I can't swim), some warm clothes and my dog Kelly.

Jane—booze, someone I haven't slept with and a book.

Phyllis—a french woman, a case of V.O. and a picture of a woods.

Peggy B—a good friend, a lot of food and my own bird to test the receding waters.

Margo—magic mushroom spools, some good earth and a fishing pole.

Susan—Wanda, some dope and my astrology book.

Wanda—Susan, lots of dope and my drums.

Lanie—a kilo, my wardrobe and a pool table.

Pat P—Chris, a lifetime supply of Cuba Libras and a dictionary.

Michelle S—a box of matches, a cloth and Val.

Dixie—Carol, a case of J & B and something to fight of Barret.

Remember: A bore is a person who opens their mouth and puts their Feats into it.

"THE HOTTEST ACT IN THE CITY!"

Jerry Belcher, S.F. Examiner

"There's nothing wrong with showbiz that talent can't cure. By talent I mean Male Actress Charles Pierce, who, outrageously gowned... filled Bimbo's wall-to-wall five nights running last week. He returns July 20, and don't miss him! Unless you think that camping is something that belongs only in the great outdoors. Charles is an indoor camper and the best!"—HERB CAEN



"A phenomenal occurrence! Pierce did all the favorites—Bette Davis, Mae West, Talullah Bankhead, Joan Crawford, Katherine Hepburn—and did them brilliantly. It was a virtuoso performance. The place, quite simply, freaked. Frank Sinatra should get such audience response!"—JOHN WASSERMAN, S.F. CHRONICLE

"Classically camp, deliriously happy and funny! Utterly unbelievable... the Charles Pierce show was rich, ripe and grand theatre!"—PHILIP ELWOOD, S.F. EXAMINER



"Tom Jones is a hot ticket. Elvis is a hot ticket... according to the Downtown Center Box Office, the most scorching ticket since Elvis Presley last fall, is Charles Pierce."—WASSERMAN, SUNDAY DATEBOOK

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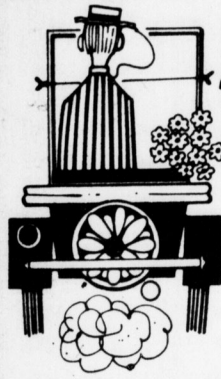
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Hectic Fourth: Fun & Friction

These past two weeks have been hectic for everyone. It had to have been one of the biggest fourth of July's the city has ever seen.

On Saturday July 3rd, the cast of the ROYAL SCANDALS dined at the PAGE ONE before the show. Speaking of the ROYAL SCANDALS, MAXINE (The Royal Princess) from the TRAPP did the wildest ballet you have ever seen

and I've heard nothing but accolades as to the performance. I understand that FANNY (The Princess Royal) was serving drinks at the TRAPP Sunday morning still garbed in her royal gowns worn to the Scandals opening night. That must have been some party.

There is a rumor circulating that in the near future a large private Gay Boy Club will be opening on Eddy Street. It will be an after hours club with doors opening at 10 P.M. Besides snacks, coffee, etc. there will be dancing, sauna baths, exercise rooms and what have you. I'm amazed that it has taken this long for such a place to open and as soon as I have more information I will dispense it freely.

There is an awful lot of friction within the crew of the 181. I think the production numbers are great and they have worked hard to keep the material to a current status but I understand management wants to return to the Go-Go boy routine of the old FROLIC ROOM. Giving full credit to Kevin and the others, I'm sure they would agree that anyone can get tired of seeing Go-Go's and nothing else. I hope that the matter will be closely studied before

any changes are made.

Drop in on TOTIE'S sometime for fun and relaxation. They have a game there where Totie or Al will get on the phone to Joe Roland of THE GANGWAY and play Boss Dice for rounds for both places. One can get awfully tittly while observing this.

SWEETLIPS remarks regarding the "Dog Lady of O'Farrell Street, aroused my curiosity to the point I ventured up to the new bar, THE NITE CAP on the corner of Hyde and O'farrell. It's a warm bar with plenty of personality. Bill, Gordie and Frank go out of their way to make you welcome and are only too happy to introduce you to the canine mistress—Drop in and meet her.

By invitation a group of us visited the POLK GULCH SALOON the other night. Although a small bar, I have never seen so many people having a ball. It is all spontaneous and so friendly. Jim, Tom and John the bartenders go out of their way to make you feel like a regular.

There have been many remarks made about different events lately and most of them by people who "don't want to get involved."

These same individuals are among those casting sour grapes as regard the ROYAL SCANDALS. I would like to ask these individuals what have you done or committed yourself to for the community. What have you done toward unification no matter what group you feel you represent? Each of us has our own thing and should utilize it for the strength of all. Support—unqualified is our answer.

See Ya
Minnie Motormouth

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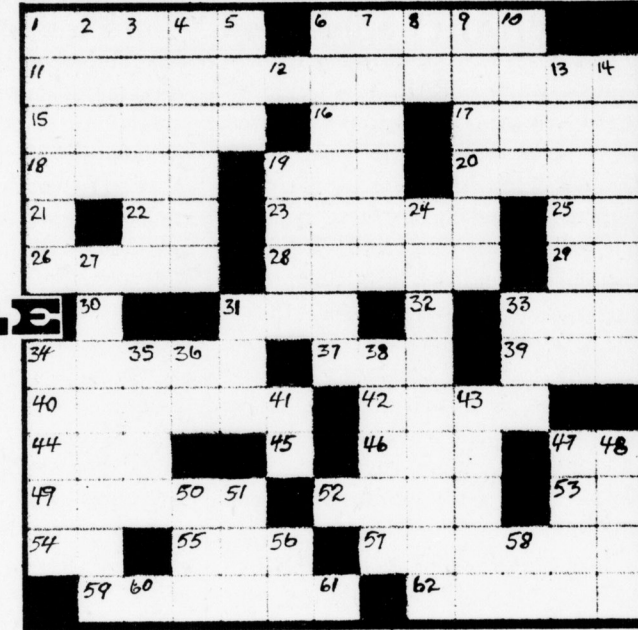
1. famous statue
6. — bird
11. favorite pastime at Toad Hall (2 wds)
15. European drink
16. — tu brute!
17. rotate
18. observe

**DOUBLE
CROSSER**

19. oriental sash
20. cure
22. French article
23. favorite pastime at Alley Cat
25. — Bell
26. failed to score
28. pomp and circumstance
29. exclamation
31. German title
33. cooking additive
34. buns
37. — on it
39. command to a horse
40. Russian area
42. bitch
44. Italian numeral
46. actor
47. thoroughfare (abbr.)
49. sticks
52. French roast
53. U.S. territory (abbr.)
54. body of water (abbr.)
55. pen point
57. to the —
59. fun bar
62. hold back

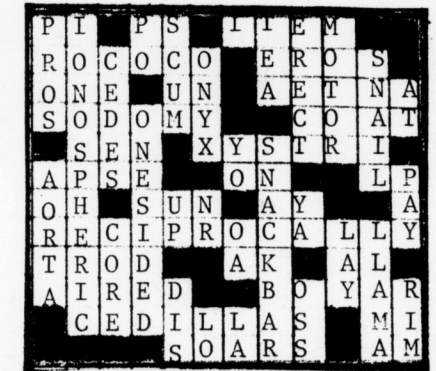
DOWN

1. Miracle Mile
2. bacchanalian cry
3. smooths
4. removes
55. see 47 across (plur.)
6. cruises
9. in drag
8. mode of transportation (abbr.)
9. richer
10. exclamation
13. pussycat
14. uses sizeometer
19. German river
24. renders imperfect
31. sixth sense
33. popular sportscar
34. — turf
35. prophet
36. initials of Budwiser salesman
38. blood of the Gods
41. printer's measure
43. religious sect.
47. famous tenderloin bar of the fifties
48. chestnut
50. busy insect
51. 52 roman num
56. personal possessive
58. large firm (abbr.)



(Answer next issue.)

(Answer to last issue's Double Crosser)



**CZARINA
de
MIRACLE MILE**

SCANDALS

Well, the SCANDALS are over, I guess. Many cries for another show, but some of the stars can't get off from work for it. I think it would be nice to do a cut-down version on a Monday or Tuesday in Redwood City. Away go my tap shoes for 20 more years. Thank you, PAGE ONE, for the beautiful flowers. I love you, Hank.

RODEO IN SALINAS

This I attended two years ago and it was really fun, so I'm on my way again. If you are going, I will be at the SALINAS MOTOR LODGE. No special bar—it's just which place we take over.

THE HYATT HOUSE is usually wild, with two bands playing at the same time and dinner is served there. Very large crowds to wander around in. Hope to see you. Next issue, I'll have a full report with pictures.

Next issue, my heading will be changed from CZARINA DE MIRACLE MILE to FLOWER OF THE DRAG STRIP.

So many nice people down from Portland, I can't mention them all. During their stay, I had my MISS GARBAGE CAN title taken away and got a new one: PRIMA DANSEUSE. Isn't that something.

UNITED WE STAND

In many of the articles in this paper, you see "United we stand". What we are trying to do is get people involved who don't do anything. When you see the poor turn out for some of the marches, etc., you should understand that the job of freeing the Gay People can't be done by a few. Everyone is happy when something great happens or is accomplished. Get out and be counted. It will make you feel good deep inside. Try it once and see what I'm talking about. The best feeling I ever had was the trip to Sacramento, on the Capitol steps. The strangest thing I ever saw was the round rainbow (or whatever) that circled the sun directly over the Capitol, as if it were a sign of some kind. At first, I thought it was a reflection of the Capitol dome, but it was too high for that. Maybe it was a sign. If not, I'd like to believe it was.

Had a lovely dinner at THE HOUNDSTOOTH this week. The food was great. Off then to VI'S CLUB DRAKE for a drink, then to THE COVERED WAGON for the climax. Nice evening...

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431-1541

Council on Religion and
The Homosexual
771-6300

Daughters of Bilitis, S.F.
861-8689

Emmaus House, S.F.
441-2181

Gay Liberation Front, Berkeley
843-6982

Gay Rap
931-3939

Gay Rap—Hayward
886-9785

Gay Switchboard, Peninsula
964-7268

Mattachine Society
474-6995

M.C.C. Center
864-3576

M.C.C. Information
864-3536

Night Minister, S.F.
986-1464

Psychedelic Venus Church, Berkeley
845-9130

St. Valentine's Catholic
Parish Church
441-4799

Sex and Drug Forum
771-6300

S.I.R.
Society for Individual Rights
781-1570

Street Minister
771-3366

Tavern Guild
781-1571

Hospitality House

Celebrating its fifth year of service to the young adults in the Tenderloin, HOSPITALITY HOUSE, at 148 Leavenworth Street, will open a free medical clinic in July. Started in 1967 by a handful of volunteers from Glide as a vanguard project, HOSPITALITY HOUSE opened in borrowed quarters in the long-gone Everyman's Club on Golden Gate as a drop-in center which was open for a few hours each evening before the after hours club needed its premises. After a few months in its borrowed quarters, it moved to temporary quarters on Ellis St., and then moved into part of its present location on Leavenworth Street.

From its start, HOSPITALITY HOUSE made its facilities available to everyone in the Tenderloin between the ages of seventeen and twenty-eight, welcoming them all—straights and gays, drag-queens and leather crowd, hustlers and hustled, asking no questions but accepting everyone as human, who needed a place to go. Staffed originally by volunteers, it gradually enlarged its services, learning from the people who used the premises, what they needed. At the beginning it was little more than a living room for those who needed it—those whose homes, if they had one, was usually little more than a Tenderloin hotel bedroom.

It soon became obvious that more than a drop in center was needed and in 1968, the house affiliated with E.O.C. and made use of a paid director, and a small staff of counsellors, who could

make referrals for crash-pads, free meals, outside medical help, etc. For a while it offered crashing facilities, but its premises were not suited for the purpose. In 1969, thanks to a grant from the Rosenberg Foundation, the available space was enlarged and an arts and crafts shop was opened, along with a small youth store as an outlet for the work done in the shop. This component has now grown to the point where leather garments are made to order, as are carved table tops, jewelry, macrame, ceramics, and other well made items are now available.

Last July (1970) an additional section of the house was opened, thanks to a staffing grant from the National Institute of Mental Health to the Northeast Mental Health Center. Additional staff were obtained in order to make available to the community, counselling in other areas. From early morning until early evening a trained staff is available for individual and group therapy, for group raps and individual raps on many of the problems of daily living—the problems of sexual identity, of drug use and abuse, of despondency and of isolation.

In addition to these services, HOSPITALITY HOUSE offers employment counselling daily from nine to four, with the expert help of Dick Baltz. In view of the number of hires made through his efforts, it should really be called employment placement.

The director of the House, since early this year, is Beatrice Schutz, who at present is assisted by a staff of twenty full and part time persons.

The House has telephones for each service: for employment 771-4287; for help with psychological problems (and after July first with medical problems) call 558-2588; for the drop-in center 776-2103. All members of the staff and its Board of Governors are in agreement on who uses the House—anyone who feels he or she want to or need to use it, and they ask only one thing, please leave your hang-ups outside the premises.

Despite the help it receives from the Rosenberg Foundation, the Mary A. Crocker Trust and the United Bay Area Crusade, the House runs at a loss and is in need of outside funds for food, clothing, and most of all, its rent.

Letters from You

July 3, 1971
The Editors:

Through B.A.R. I would like to say thanks to the entire gay community of San Francisco. I moved to San Francisco from Denver Colorado the 18th of June. Since my arrival, everyone has been fantastic about helping me getting settled here. Not only with an apartment but with a job as well.

Through Bob Damron's '70 Bar Guide I have been able to get around in the gay community quite well. No matter what I was in search of in a particular bar everyone was extremely helpful, especially the bartenders. Coming from an area of great bigotry I was looking for a place of love and freedom. I have not been disappointed in my search. I thank everyone I have come in contact within your community.

I would also like to take this opportunity to say that the El Scorp Astrology in your July 1 edition on Cancer was fantastic. I have never read a description of Cancer that fit every facet of my life.

Everything I ever dreamed of finding in San Francisco is here. It is truly a city of love. I will never regret leaving Colorado and will certainly enjoy my new life here.

To one and all I again say thanks.
Love and Peace
Tony Tanner

COMMUNITY UNITY?

All too often lately we are subjected to complaints and worse regarding the failure of all members of the Community to unite into one organization or support a particular activity.

The foolishness of this attitude is exceeded only by its stupidity!

Where in the history of man and his institutions has there been total agreement on the procedures necessary to

achieve the desired end?

One might review the insinuations of Government and Religion to realize that mankind has failed in his search for the perfect institution for all mankind in these two areas. While man may have failed to find perfection in these two areas he has learned that he has the right to choose which institution best serves his needs, and still seek perfection.

Dedicated people in our Community have banded together and formed many organizations, some of these organizations are very active and reflect the approach of their members in resolving the problems of the Community. The fact that these organizations still exist is proof that organization is fulfilling the needs of its members. And hopefully, helping to solve some of the Community problems.

There seem to be a number of cry-babies on the loose now. They dream up a pet project, valid or hair-brained and expect everyone to follow them to the promised land. Their approach appears to be, accept my project or I will bad-mouth you all over town. There is no doubt that their attitude does more harm than good.

The Community has many organizations and individuals working for us.

The approaches are many and valid. We are testing laws in the courts, working to change or remove laws now in effect, establishing contact with elected officials or removing those, with our vote, who refuse to be contacted, we have established contact with many Churches, we have marched and protested, we have made our voice heard in many forums and class rooms, we have helped our own in their time of need and have given toys for needy children, we have had Drag Balls, motorcycle runs, picnics, stage productions and carnivals. What we have done we have done well. We have gained local, national and international recognition of our cause and our activities.

We have every reason to be proud of our past successes and with that pride unite for future achievements. Whether we march or pray, put on a ball or address the Supervisors we have an individual or organization to do the job for they are skilled and motivated.

The Community is united with its many organizations, for within each organization the membership has found an activity they believe in and can advance.

Anyone on a white horse is most welcome as a leader. All he has to do is demonstrate his ability and he will have a following beyond his dreams.

Let's shove a crying towel in the big mouth of the cry-baby. If he was as great as he thinks he is, he would have no problem in gaining recognition for we are a very astute group.

UNITED WE ARE! LET'S GET ON WITH OUR WORK.

A Reader
(Name Withheld)

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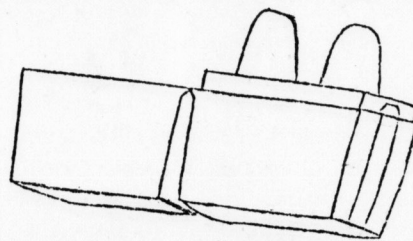
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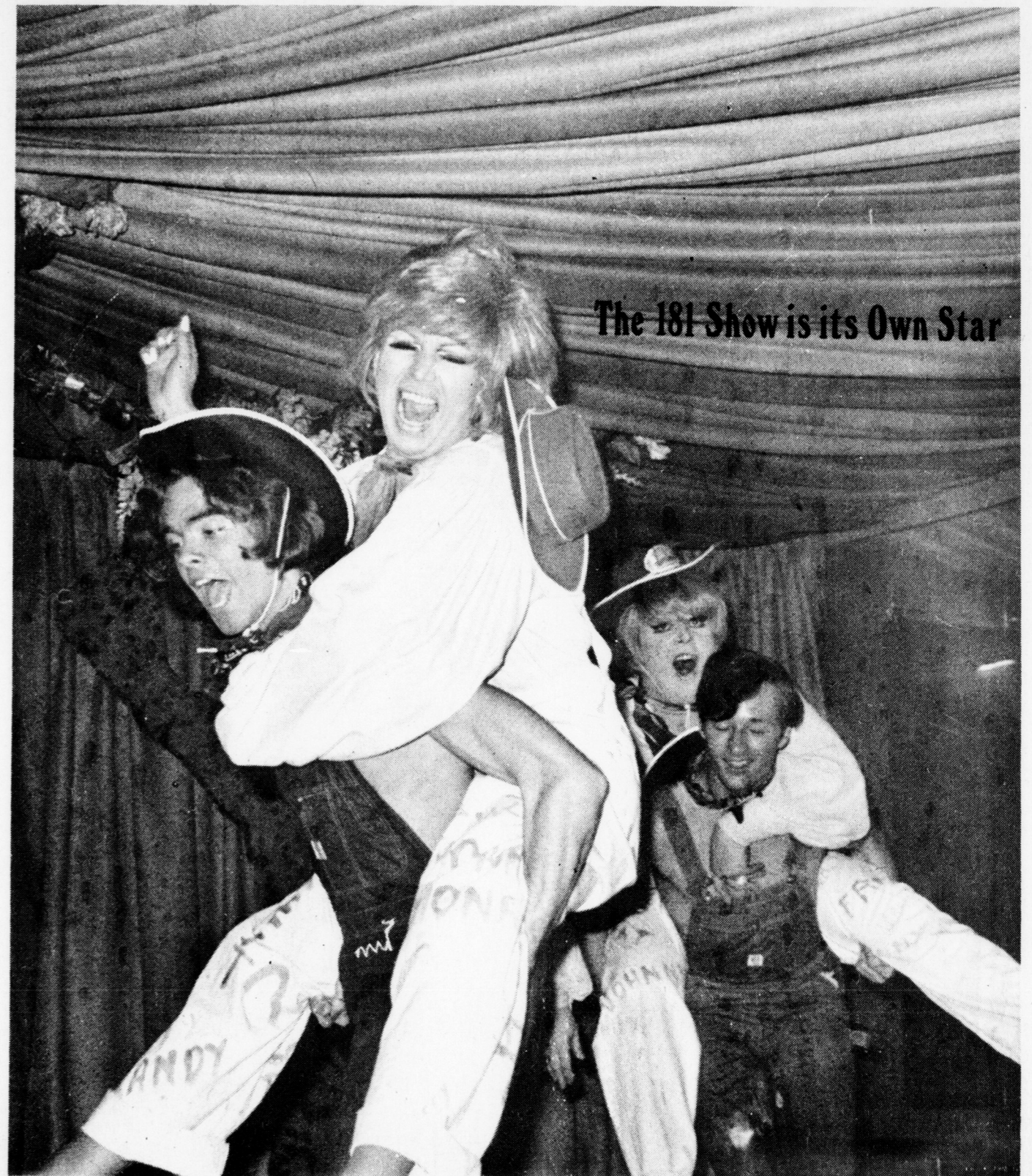
B.A.R.

YOUR COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

BAY AREA REPORTER

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 9

AUGUST 1, 1971



The 181 Show is its Own Star