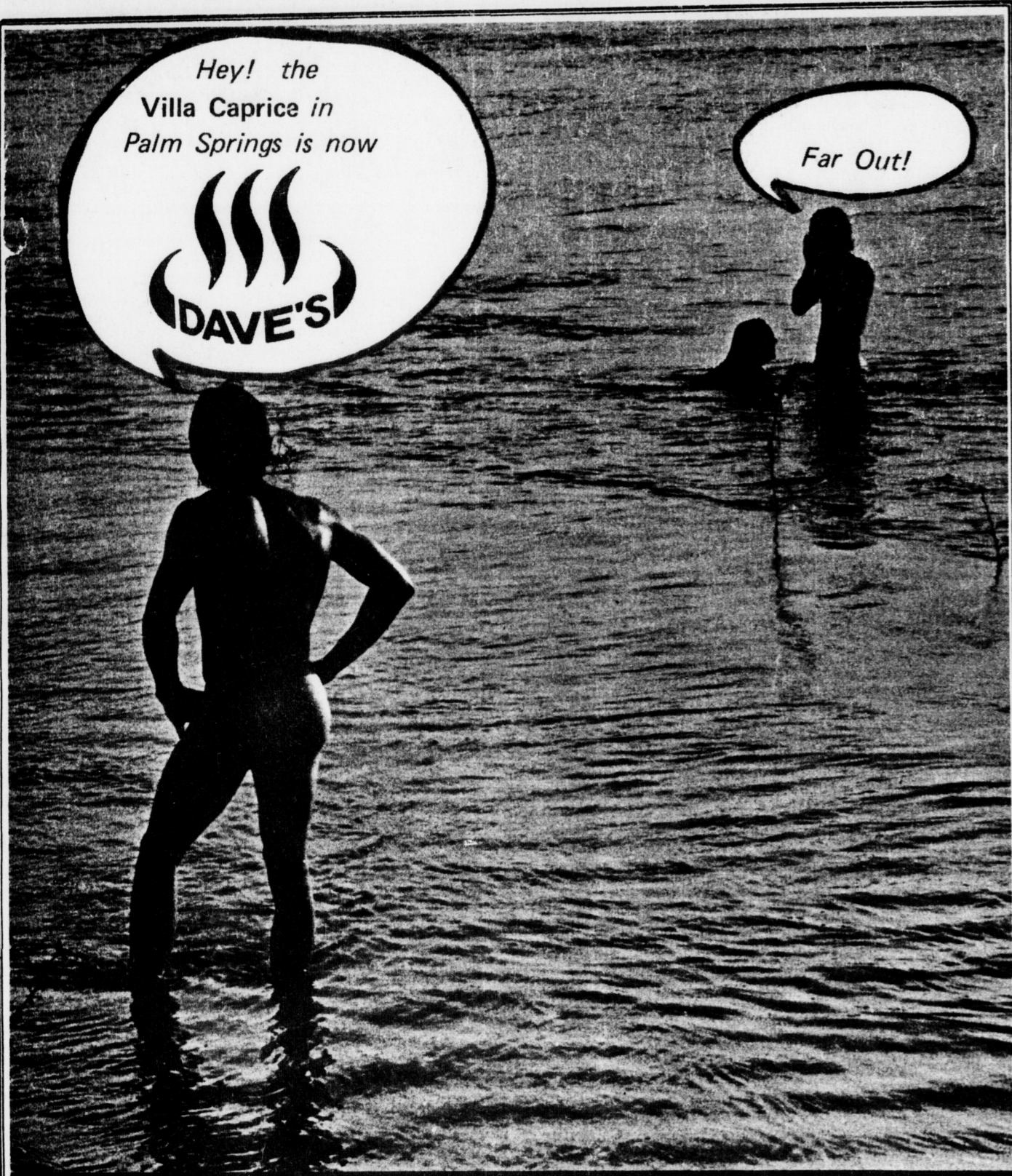


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B.A.R.

YOUR COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

BAY AREA REPORTER

VOLUME I NUMBER II

SEPTEMBER 1, 1971

THE NEXT EMPRESS ?



The MIDNIGHT SNOOP

by Donald McLean

Jose' Sarria in a one-man performance of Giacomo Puccini's *Tosca*, on Sunday, August 22nd, at 4:30 p.m., at the ORPHEUM CIRCUS; accompanied by Maestro Tommy Eubanks and his ten-fingered orchestra; diffused lighting and special "Doris Day" filter by Harold F. Marosh; zippered and cinched by Gary.

They say you can't keep a good man down, and Jose' is back to prove it. Not that he's ever really been away, but as of August 22nd, Jose' is performing every Sunday afternoon at the ORPHEUM CIRCUS in the grand old tradition of the BLACK CAT days, presenting his one-man mini-operas in the grand old manner of Florence Foster Jenkins. And if you've never seen him perform, you're in for a totally new experience.

The show started ten minutes late—which for Jose' is on-time—to a capacity-filled room. Maestro Eubanks

gave the downbeat, his ten tiny talented fingers flew madly across the keyboard, and a couple of notes filled the room. Oh, I forgot to tell you about the piano! An old up-right in the grand old tradition of Joe "Fingers" Carr, the piano is definitely not well. It's dandy for sitting on or resting drinks on, but for actual playing... Well, this piano could make Beverly Sills sound like Minnie Pearl. You ain't never heard Puccini 'til you've heard him played on a honky-tonk piano with every third note missing. For those who hate opera, it opens a whole new world. Mr. Eubanks gets a great big "V" for Valiant effort.

Now Jose' appears. And he looks great! Those windshield-wiper lashes sweep over the room, and Jose' proceeds to welcome his star-studded audience. Reputations vanish within seconds. He's got some little tidbit of dirt on almost everyone there and isn't about to deprive you of knowing it. But it's all in good fun and no offense is

meant or taken. And isn't it interesting to find out that Dowager Empress Shirley is actually the Royal Imbibing Seamstress? For shame, Jose'! Next he sings a specially re-written lyric to *I'm Going Back* to tell us just what is in store this afternoon, and then we're into the thick of it: Jose's interpretation of *Tosca* (Mr. Puccini begins slowly rotating in his grave at this point!).

Before we discuss his interpretation, a few technical difficulties should be noted. Besides the aforementioned piano, Jose's scheduled accompanist became ill less than 24 hours before the show, and Mr. Eubanks was thrown-in with virtually no rehearsal. And the microphone definitely resents being pulled about, so it fights back with a succession of squawks, bleeps, or dead silence. Does Jose' rise above all this? Of course he does!! You were a bore to even ask! When the microphone spits at him, he spits right back. In fact, some of the best dialogue of the afternoon was between him and that microphone. And if he finishes a few bars ahead of the piano, a fast soft-shoe will tide him over, or perhaps just a dirty glance will suffice. This point is—Jose' basically is a showman and a trooper. If the stage suddenly collapsed, Jose' would rise from the ashes and lead us in a community sing. And there aren't too many performers left with that kind of chutzpah.

As for poor *Tosca*, Jose's operas are like dry martinis: they're an acquired taste. The first time you see one, it may leave you completely baffled, but after the second or third, you begin to understand the way this Empress of High Camp thinks. The basic plot of *Tosca* is taken, jazzed-up from a Gay point-of-view, the best-known arias are retained but given new, racy lyrics, and I absolutely guarantee the heroine will die in the third act. Jose' would kill off *Little Mary Sunshine* for the sake of a good death scene. In *Tosca*, Jose' played all the roles—male, female and sweaty extras. The plots are totally irrelevant in any of his operas—they simply provide a framework for him to camp to the fullest. And that's what he does best! He is truly an outrageous entertainer. He says things on a stage any other performer would be turned into a pillar of salt for,

but he can do it inoffensively. He may or may not reach that high note—if he doesn't, he'll mug or ad lib and crack you up; if he does, he'll hold it long enough for you to phone a few friends and tell them about it.

It doesn't matter if it's *Tosca*, *Carmen*, or *Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath*, Jose' will triumph just because he is Jose'—and there's only one Jose'.

ON THE PROWL

If you're sitting home bored these evenings, it's your own fault. There's entertainment for almost everyone's taste all over the city, and more events coming up.

In case you were one of the select invited guests for Ken Marlowe's opening at the NOB HILL THEATRE, I hope you checked in advance. The show could not open on the 27th due to some difficulty about an entertainment license. Maybe in the near future, but I wouldn't suggest fasting 'til then.

Understand Empress Cristal has surprise entertainment planned for the gala ball on the 5th. But really, Cristal—one tired tap dancer and a string quartette?!

Memo to the Golden Awards Committee: I think there should be a new category this year—best supporting bridesmaid. The Rainbow Girls tripped down the aisle again on Monday, the 24th, at the 181 CLUB when Michael Johnson and Charles Katznelson were married in a "hot pants" ceremony. What next? Chain mail and chastity belts? Best wishes to them both.

Over at the *P.S., Allan Lloyd bade a fond farewell to his ingenue' days on Friday the 13th. Decency forbids the actual figure, but Golden Age Benefits start September 1st.

Speaking of age, a certain over-developed impersonator at the 181 was none too thrilled when her bridegroom blabbed her true age to a reporter from *The Chronicle*. She professionally admits to being just past puberty.

At that same club, Chuck McAllister was chosen THE COW PALACE nominee for MR. SAN FRANCISCO on the 20th, amid fierce competition.

Rumor reaches me A.J. Esta may soon revive that highly successful production of a few years back, *The Women*. Might the marvelous Michelle re-create the role of Sylvia?

My nomination for hardest-working entertainer: Bob Sanders at the NEW BELL SALOON. Bob tinkles those ivories seven nights a week. He now has no fingerprints, but retains his great repertoire and personality.

Mark down September 6th as a busy day for show-seeing. Starting at 4:30, the MAGIC GARDEN will present Perry and the Vector boys, plus the new addition of Lori Shannon (making his fifth comeback so far this year). And later that evening, Warren Roberts of the CHANCES 'R' in Hayward will bring his revue to PEKE'S NIGHTCAP. Also on hand will be the new Empress Candidates (save me a seat, Bill and Gordie).

Anything-for-a-friend: BOB'S GRILL, formerly on Haight Street, has moved to 57 Jones Street, Monday through Friday. (Where is it Saturday and Sunday?)

Sando' (henceforth known as the Battling Belle of Market Street) of the ORPHEUM CIRCUS is currently auditioning new drag acts. The ALL-MEN-NETTS are down to two and replacements are needed, so time to take those

rice tits out of retirement and hit the boards! Apply any weekend.

You-had-to-be-there scene: late one night last week at Miz Brown's on Polk Strasse, a demented older gentleman sat raving loudly to himself about "all those fags" and recommended homosexuals ought to get the death penalty. One straight hippie-type, tiring of hearing this, calmly reached over and threw his glass of water right in the guy's face and went back to eating, never saying a word. Bless you, brother!

It's that time of year again. *Sir-lebrity Capades* has finished casting and begins rehearsals on September 14th. And I'm assured this year Miss Melanie will sing a medley of her hit.

Karl Kay to Pat Montclair after the wedding: "See? I told you you could work live."

And my favorite line-of-the-week: an entertainer whose photo adorned a recent B.A.R. cover walked into DAVE'S BATHS, saw a copy of B.A.R. lying in every room, and screamed, "My God! They're coming all over my face!!"

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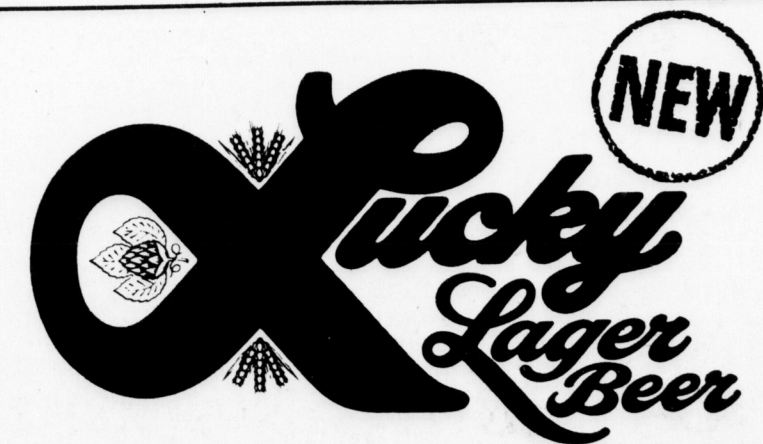
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B. A. R.

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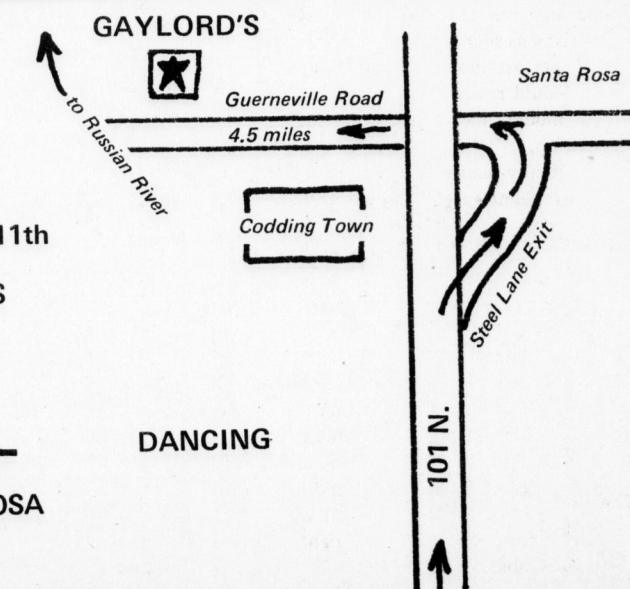
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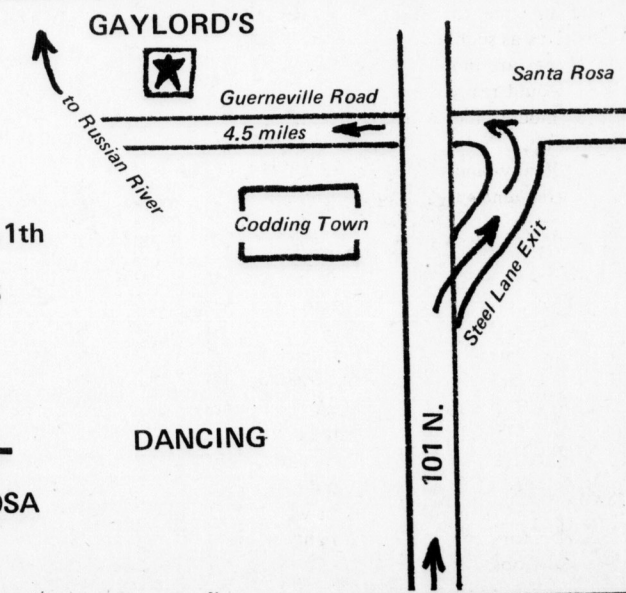
SUNDAY BRUNCH 2—5

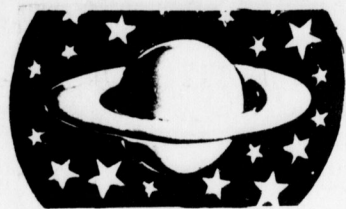
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ASTROLOGY

by El Scorp

The Care and Feeding Sign

Like all basic facts, the basic facts about members of the Virgo rising or Virgo sun are cold and meaningless. If Virgo is the sign of the virgin, it is so only in the purest allegory. Virgo is an earth sign, and it is an adaptable sign. It is ruled by the planet Mercury. Now, normally, an earth sign is practical, being ruled by Mercury makes it mentally active. However, since Mercury is easily influenced by any other planet which comes close or in any aspect to it, it is a very good thing that Virgoans are adaptable.

The main thing to remember about Virgos is that they require quite a bit of care and feeding. They require this in every way possible. The next thing to remember about Virgos is that they are intensely interested in hygiene and in cleanliness. These things go hand in hand. The Virgo is most likely to be a food fadist and a constant customer of health-food stores and carrot juice counters. He can be sure the food is clean and that it will do something for his physical well-being. Yet, within the boundaries of his food fads, he manages to bring to the gourmet and gourmand worlds a hearty and interested appetite.

So, you care for the Virgo by providing good, clean and interesting food. Already you are conveying interest in his well-being. Now you have to follow that up by being interested in what he thinks, what he has been doing, what he wears, how his career is going, his secretary, his car, his family, his hobby, his friends, and on and on forever. You can expect only that he will have minor interest in these things on your side. Usually only if they are somehow connected with a major discussion in which he is the featured player. For the Virgo has got to be one of the zodiacs greatest monomaniacs and egocentrics. Unless he himself is rushed, you never get away from a chance meeting with a Virgo on a mere hello-goodbye basis. He inevitably feels slighted if you do not ask about whatever is uppermost in his mind at the very moment of meeting. And, if you have the care and feeding of Virgo especially at heart, or, unless you are a good guesser, you are going to have to stop a while and find out what your Virgo friend wants to be asked about.

Virgo is a thinking sign, a practical thinker who likes to put his ideas into practice. Usually his ideas work very well, each idea going on to produce another idea, for the original idea has been carefully thought out from every angle. Virgo is an analyst and a critic. At his worst he can be a very picky critic, and since

he does it in your best interest, he is the first to be shocked if you are hurt by his criticism. But, if he is being positive in his attitudes, he will work long and hard and give his work more than is required of him. His ideal job is as an independent trouble-shooter very effectively getting things done. Yet, with his innate conservatism, he fits quite easily into the business world, especially in positions which do not tie him down to an in-office schedule.

If he is conservative in business, he is usually also as conservative in matters of love and sex and can be rather calculating in these things. The Virgo is capable of little hold-out games, especially the female Virgo. And as a female Virgo, who will give the brightest parties, with no pre-planning she will manage to bring together a group of the most interesting and compatible people and feed them a few simple exotic things with memorable simplicity. She is also very conscious of her own worth. The Virgo man usually has a small inferiority complex.

The Virgo man is, therefore, not the most successful social animal. In social things he must be motivated, and into them he must be pushed. He must be kept interested, and he tends to creep into his rut very easily and permit himself to be bored by it extensively without doing anything to change the situation. Neither the male nor the female of the species Virgo is particularly a sexual person. Both are too picky and choosy to suit everybody. What the Virgo prefers is a constant companion who will keep him or her on the ball. Virgos are fond of learning and never stop learning. They tend to be mentally nervous, and, along with their food fads, are somewhat inclined to allergies.

Now, let us look at the month of September. On the fourth Mercury resumes direct motion which could be a load off everyone's mind. On the twelfth, Mars resumes direct motion, and goes on to a degree which usually indicates earthquakes between the 22nd and 27th of the month.

On the 19th, Saturn turns retrograde and stays that way through the end of the year. Those born with Saturn retrograde will feel their work loads become lighter, while those born without Saturn retrograde will have heavier work loads the rest of the year. Since this retrograde is working into an opposition with Jupiter, Saturn holding back the Jupiter of plenty, the economic situation will get worse before it gets better. This worsening should start showing by the middle of the

month. There will be a brief inflationary period around the 16th when Jupiter and Neptune come together.

There may even be earthquake activity when Mercury resumes direct motion since it does so in a degree commonly associated with the solar eclipse we just had in August. Not only do we have this possibility, but we are looking at a Labor Day weekend with a Full Moon around nine o'clock Saturday evening. We should have a couple of weeks of labor problems more extensive than they are now, and also some problems with schools and education involving crime and revolutionary descent.

A look at the planetary positions for Labor Day weekend. Let us consider Saturday as the median date, since it is Full Moon Day and the day that Mercury turns direct. The Sun is, of course, in Virgo, and will start Friday at ten degrees, eleven on Saturday, twelve Sunday, and thirteen degrees on Monday, proceeding one degree per day. The Moon leaves Aquarius on Saturday morning, goes into Pisces through the Full Moon, and into Aries on Monday morning. Mercury is at 27 degrees Leo. Venus is at 12, 13, 14 and 15 degrees Virgo, Friday to Monday. Mars is still retrograde at 12 degrees Aquarius. Jupiter is at 29 degrees Scorpio. Saturn is at 6 degrees Gemini. Uranus is at 11 degrees Libra. Neptune is at zero degrees Sagittarius. And Pluto is at 28 degrees Virgo.

Place these planetary positions around your chart and see which houses the planets fall into. Then check to see if the weekend planets make any of the principal aspects to any of the natal planets in your chart, allowing only a difference of one degree either way of being right on.

ARIES: Keep your weekend plans open and avoid misunderstandings with friends. Plan your details carefully. Lay low on Saturday as it certainly will not be a particularly good day for you. Stick close to a partner if you are going to find anything which has been hidden from you. By Sunday evening things get back to normal, and both Sunday and Monday will be better days for you to enjoy yourself.

TAURUS: Get all the work out of the way before taking off on Friday. Then on to a fun weekend. You may not think much of the situations around you on Saturday, but try to keep up good relationships with your friends, and continue to be nice to them through Sunday. Be conservative in your behavior. Things are easier on Monday, situations resolve themselves, and you may get some help from others. Retire somewhere by yourself rather early Monday evening.

GEMINI: Follow through on Friday for the best results. Saturday will not be the day of decisions for you. If you have to make any, leave yourself a well-considered way out. Saturday evening gets better, and Sunday promises to be a nice easy-going day for you to relax and enjoy yourself. Monday will be an interesting day, so make the most of every opportunity which comes your way. Be

pleasant and let the day end naturally without any undue stress.

CANCER: Keep a sharp lookout today and do not let anyone take advantage of your material resources. Make no loans. Use caution and watch your temper on Saturday; this is not a good day for making trips or deciding issues. Sunday you can relax and let the world be pleasant to you. Things go along just fine into Monday and Tuesday. This is a time when the most positive approach will do the most for you.

LEO: Watch the social situation around you and let your partnership affairs evolve easily and naturally since they will respond to your best attitude. Saturday is not a good day to attend to the finances of others, especially those of a partner. Do not be analytic of the emotions you note in yourself and those around you Sunday. The evening improves nicely, and you are once again your sunny self. Monday is a very good day for socializing among interesting people, a good day for a brief day trip, and for future planning. Monday evening could have an unexpected element.

VIRGO: You will operate well on Friday, but avoid imagined slights. If you do not feel well, give yourself the best of care. Saturday points to the making of some adjustments so use your adaptability. Still try to manage to stay on top of relationships with your partner. Everything is bright and sunny on Sunday and a good time for you to step out with your best foot forward. Stick with your partner Sunday evening. Watch the money on Monday and keep any expenditure within sensible range. You may have to devote some time to business Monday.

LIBRA: Work hard today, keep your nose to the grindstone, and things may come out fine for you today. Communicate with friends. Saturday will not be a good day, so do not be disappointed. Try to stick to your plans, but be prepared to change them; to back down if changes are demanded of you may be the best way out. On Monday get help from those closest around you. This will be one of those days of unexpected events. Keep your temper and good sense.

SCORPIO: Any problems Friday will center around your home life and your own inflexibility which will meet its match. Be logical Friday, for Saturday does not hold good when others continue to restrain you. Be helpful to the young but do not expect much in return until Sunday. Sunday will be a fine day for some travel and a romantic attachment may bring adventure. Do not push too much; your friends will help you. You may have to work on Monday, but take it easy and do not overdo. Watch health.

SAGITTARIUS: Take things easy on Friday, and Saturday work around your home since there may be a block to romance. Sunday is a fine day for expansion and expansiveness, so let yourself go. Monday will be a very good day for creative and career-minded Sagittarians. A friend may surprise you Monday evening.

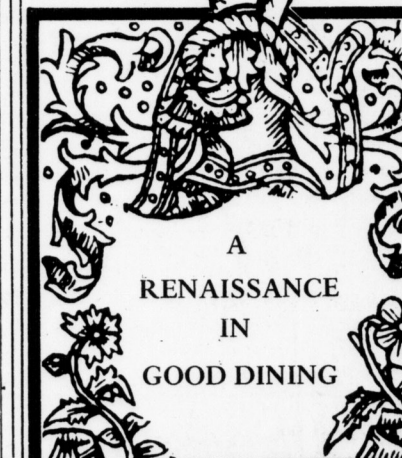
CAPRICORN: Tend to chores on Friday and do your shopping and weekend preparations. Your plans may be upset on Saturday, so leave an escape hatch open for yourself. Do not get off-course. There will probably be much to do on Sunday. Avoid negative suspicions. Do your entertaining at home Sunday evening. Monday should be a day for rest and regrouping; make any changes work for your own betterment.

AQUARIUS: Work Friday until your work is done, and do not sacrifice things which deserve your attention just so you can get an early start into the weekend ahead. Saturday will not be all you would wish. Watch expenses and do not expect too much of those around you. Lay low on Sunday until the evening hours, and then try to be with old friends. Monday is a fine day for a short trip, for meeting new people, for being interested in new ideas.

PISCES: Spend Friday taking your own counsel and do not permit others to throw you off base. Saturday will bring problems which you can tackle only if you keep your cool. Rest on Sunday, relax, stand away from the mob. Monday will be a pleasanter day for you, for you will see a way out of your problematic situation, probably with the help of a close partner.

"...all of us indulge in a little nostalgia now and then. ...the RIFF-RAFF is a trip ...the dining room looks like a Polish parlour. ...if you listen very closely, you can hear Ruth Etting on their Victrola."

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Don and Bill, at SUTTER'S MILL, serve great Beer Pancakes with Sausage on Saturdays, from 11:30 to 4, for only \$1.75—which includes a drink. The Saturday brunch crowd has very interesting people...Hi! Ivan.

GRANDMA'S HOUSE, in Oakland, has applied for a liquor license and I hope it arrives soon. Excellent dinner which has a great salad bar... besides Mike, the waiter.

It is true that "L.C." and "Michael" were hung-up and Empress Contender, Paul Bentley, will become a grandmother.

Tony (of THE TOWER fame) is moonlighting Monday and Tuesday nights as a waiter at THE YACHT CLUB, so stop in and let him serve you one of their great meals. Tony is going to Australia with Rome next year. Sure will be quiet on Polk Street then.

You must give Jose' credit! If at first you succeed and never do again—keep trying! THE BLACK CAT OPERA-BALLET ASSOCIATION, starring Jose', is now playing Sunday after-

noons—around 4:30—at the ORPHEUM CIRCUS. A great room for Jose's talents—if he doesn't lose the script. Of course, "Faithful Lyle" is at the grand piano—and the pot will be passed for Jose's favorite charity!!!

The great glass cutter has cut himself a piece of glass to air his new skating act on. Let's hope we all don't get cracked-up over it.

THE SAN FRANCISCANS, whose secretary is Bill Bolger, had Butch Brunch III (should have been Bitch Brunch I) at THE COVERED WAGON last Sunday. Great crowd, good food and lots of F-U-N!

Everyone should be happy. Lenny and Gary are on a vacation—hope a long one. Danny has sold the car and has the house up for sale.

Sweetlips donated a sealed drink ticket for Helen's auction at THE BOOT CAMP—Lenny bid and won, for \$47.50, a \$5.00 drink ticket—such a sport!!

Two of S.F.'s popular bartenders are investing heavily in country property—something we should all know or is it a secret—Debbie and Greta!!

Did you ever see a Peke screw a rattlesnake? It's true—check the records at the LONE STAR MOTEL, outside Denton, Texas—and the Peke paid—for the bucket of sand. What year was that that you were going to be adopted, Reba? ...butch at 14!!

Who told Greta her glass was very impressive—the one on her finger! ...the Vampire knows!

Understand that the Ostrich Lady (nee Dorothy Kilgallen) had a fun, fun birthday and would like to thank all who came.

A beautiful happening last Thursday night—Boo and Roy, from THE NEW BELL SALOON, entertained 16 other bar people for dinner at the *P.S. RESTAURANT—the food and service were both excellent—especially since Bouncing Baby Betty Bonko joined the party. Then we all went into the "show room". And if you can get 18 bar owners to sit through TWO shows of anything, it must be great—and it was. Allan Lloyd, Jae Stevens and Jimmie Little have put together a great, fun-filled show. Much thanks to the *P.S. for bringing such good talent to our city—there is far too little good entertainment around. Sweetlips advises everyone to go see this show for a really delightful time—with much new and funny material. Again, thanks—Allan, Jae and Jimmie.

Incidentally, who is the tuba player?!

Hurry!! Hurry!! The CRISTAL BALL is going to be a BALL and you'll be sorry if you don't get your tickets early—call S.I.R. Who is running for Empress?!! The Vampire knows.

Remember the T.G. of S.F. BLOOD DONORS is open to all. So please go out and donate your blood—you never know when you might need some—Thanks.

Bye

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BEFORE the LENS

SELECTING AN AGENT

Once you have decided that you are able to follow the guidelines mentioned in previous articles, you will be up against the problems of selecting an agent.

There are several types of agencies, depending on the type of modeling you wish to do. Some agents specialize in fashion; others in commercials for television; while others may work in the placement of models as extras in movies. Another area now becoming quite popular today is the model-social companion.

The fashion, television commercial and movie extra model usually pays 15% to the agent for every job assignment. This is extremely reasonable when you consider the amount of time the agent devotes to securing a job for you. The model-social companion agent may receive upwards of 35% for each job assignment, while giving you consideration for out-of-pocket expenses such as transportation to and from your assignment and other incidentals.

In future articles, I hope to explain, in more detail, the varying differences about the specialized agents and the involvements of the model in the particular individual fields.

Selecting an agent may involve a lot of footwork on your part. Some will try to book you right away. An agent may see as many as fifty aspiring models in the course of a day. Most are just pretty faces, and a few exhibit qualities of ambition or perseverance. The latter would be the types who think modeling is easy.

It helps to always be prepared before entering an agent's office. Sending various agents your composite and resume of prior accomplishments always helps to save time for both you and the agent. The agent you finally select should be one who will work for you, not vice versa. Remember that, and you won't go wrong in determining which

agent you would like to be your representative.

Each agent, whether specialized or not, has about the same differences that exist among banks, airlines, and almost any other type of service business. It is the degree of quality and stability, in addition to a long record of serving the public fairly, that makes the difference between model agencies.

As a model, you will undoubtedly want an agent offering the most. But realize that this may be the agent who requires the most from you. It's a two-

way street.

Modeling can be fun! As a model you will be conveying the idea that life can become happier, more glamorous, adventurous and secure when potential clients use your services. The attractive female model or the virile male model seeks to create the indispensable image that will trigger public demand for a new look, product, or service. Modeling is not limited to just the fashion and photographic field as you will find in future articles...

Dick Edwards



The

CRUISER



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This marvelous little "gingerbread" restaurant is located in Oakland, away from the old downtown area, nearer Lake Merrit, a lot of new State buildings and the new Oakland Museum. At night, the area is very quiet. You really feel that you *are* in Grandma's parlor while waiting to dine in their very warm, cheerful dining room. The bill of fare is pretty much the same as you will find in most of *our* eating places, however they have a serve-yourself salad bar with a very nice selection of salads, jello, cottage cheese, desserts, etc. I, for one, have always liked a salad bar—even though I hate to wait on myself. Our dinner was fair and the service was aloof, but good. Up until now, GRANDMA'S HOUSE has had only beer and wine. Now they have their liquor license. From what I understand, they have always done well serving lunch and din-

ner. Now that they have liquor, it will probably be packed, as they are rather small. I can only say, when in the East Bay—whether for a drink or dining—a delightful experience (Look out for the big, bad wolf!).

HORS D'OEUVRE

Dear, beautiful Rod, of the PENDULUM, was injured in a taxi with George. He has been in the hospital with a broken nose and is now out and doing well.

Speaking of the PENDULUM, Mike is home from Ireland.

TOTIE'S Hawaiian Party was a "LWOW"!

The BAJ has redone their dining room and it looks great.

Roger, from the GANGWAY, has hit the high seas. Joe will have to behave now, as he will be running the show.

Helen fell in a hole and broke her

leg... they are having a series of auctions.

If you cannot find our favorite car salesman during regular hours, you can find him helping out at the FOX.

Dee Dee, very talented and beautiful with his new "page boy" hair-do, back at the FOX serving lunch on Saturday.

Does Dusty's little poodle really have his own bar stool at the KOKPIT? I guess Sweetlips is not as cruel to dogs as he is to us.

Big plans underway for the TAVERN GUILD meeting in Reno... WHEEEEEEE!

The Holiday weekend will certainly be a busy one: the CRISTAL BALL, at the VILLAGE, to show-off all the contestants for Empress, '72; the Coits are having an affair at Russian River.

Madam T. (Mike Tressini) is no longer at the GARDEN.

I mentioned, in my last column, CONNIE'S, on Valencia. It is called CONNIE'S WHY NOT?. It's between the FOX and KELLY'S.

And soon to open on Valencia: a new, elegant bar/restaurant and breakfast club (does "The Captain" know?).

Jose' (remember her?), back at the ORPHEUM CIRCUS, packing them in.

If you are a stranger in town, stop by the KOKPIT and pick up one of their free maps. You cannot find a better guide for the city—except that all roads begin and end at the KOKPIT. Oh, well, that's as it should be.

Speaking of "you know who"—without mentioning "Lips" again—in his last column he mentioned the T.G.S.F. account at IRWIN BLOOD BANK. Bring a slip, showing you left a pint of blood, to the FICKLE FOX and they will buy you Saturday lunch or Sunday brunch (a very worthy cause).

Speaking again of the FOX, what a shame that the gentlemen from the Castro area, who is in the business, allowed his guests to make asses out of themselves. He should be advised that any owner, who does not stand behind his help, does not deserve to be an owner. Booze is no excuse. *He* will always be welcomed, I am told. He should leave the other two at the HALL.

POLICE HARRASSMENT (A True Story)

The other evening, at a bar and

restaurant the name of which is not important, we had closed the dining room about 11 o'clock. At about 1:00, a regular customer of ours came in wishing to eat. By his appearance walk and speech, he was very high. Well, we had long since stopped serving food and informed him so. He decided to leave and try elsewhere. He left. About two or three minutes later, he came back in and said, "What is this goddamn Police harassment?!", in a sufficient volume that all 12 or 15 people at the bar heard him. I, of course, asked him what he meant. Well, he had gone out and was going to get in his car and the Police, parked on the corner, told him, "You had better get some coffee before you try to drive that car"! Well, our friend had a Calso and was still quite upset. We then had occasion to leave the restaurant and we noticed the Police car. Well, we stopped and rapped with them and—come to find out—they were there making out a report on a "hit and run". Someone had just wiped-out a couple of cars—one of which belongs to one of our customers. Now think for a moment, if you will. What more is there to say? The outcome is not really important—except that the Police did their duty; our friend, and customer, *still is convinced that he was harassed!*

COMMENT

Nixon, Reagan, Alioto, Nelder. WOW! The power behind these four names, for or against you, they wield a lot of power. Do you think they really care or are concerned and, if they do, will they take the necessary time and "risk" involved with another "minority group" that—to a lot of people—is a distasteful subject? So, let's look at the record: President Nixon totally rejected the committee that was set up by President Johnson on Sex and Pornography. What is there left to say when the taxpayers spend several millions of dollars, in an effort to bring these United States into the 20th Century and an elected official—the highest in the land—sets such an example: by the sweep of a hand, wipes-out months, years of work by *scholars*, because he does not wish to take a stand? Mr. Reagan, better known as our Governor: the less I say about him, the better. So, you see, I, too am prejudiced. This man ("Super Phony")

not only agreed with our President but, in his own State, has a private campaign going against the AB437 Brown Bill. What sickens me about Reagan is he doesn't even have the guts to speak-out about it. Is he so ashamed of the "nude photography" he did while in the Movie Industry?

Mayor Alioto: rich, social, political and tarnished—a very dangerous man indeed—unless he needs you. I am sure he has a calculator in his office whereby he punches a button to advise him as to how he should treat each individual or group that he is confronted with. Our Mayor is much too-close to the Catholic Archbishop McGucken and much too-close to big business' big money in the name of Magnin, Roth and Thireot. The sad thing about Alioto: number 1, he is running for re-election. But, saddest of all, he thinks that, with these special interests, he is in control and he is buying—when, in reality, he has sold out.

Chief Nelder: This man, I guess we, at the moment, should be most concerned with. I, if you will, have been around

long enough to feel and know when the weather is about to change. If you are informed, if you read the legit and not-so-legit rags—everything from *Playboy* to *B.A.R.*—you know the heat is on. And don't shit yourself—something is up. And, here again, everyone is passing the buck (Election time, right?). A Sheriff, a District Attorney, A Mayor, Board of Supervisors... the stakes are high.

Where do we stand? All in all, heart in heart, only a homosexual candidate (who could also cop out) would really work for our cause. Along with many others, we must never give up hope that this kind of individual exists but—even more important—if we cannot have a total commitment, let's settle for someone who at least acknowledges our presence and is not ashamed to be associated with us—as per Messrs. Brown and Burton and the great Diane Feinstein (our great friend and, also, our greatest critic). I am only sorry that it takes so many words to say but one thing—REGISTER AND VOTE!

Mildred

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Bullsheet

COMMENTS FROM THE PRIVIE:

The meeting came to disorder promptly at whatever time they arrived. Bella was absent. The efforts made to contact her were all in vain. We did find that she is busy doing her thing with FLOWER FASHIONS of Sausalito. The Czarina De Turk, Sweet Lips, was gracious enough, or should we say curious enough, to offer his services as hostess for the evening. We spent approximately one hour, rehashing old dirt, the up coming Beaux Arts Ball, and of course laying out the spiders web for the flies, about to arrive. We decided to set another meeting in a week, to continue the ball plans. The theme for the ball has been decided, it will be Fairy Tales.

One by one and two by two the aspiring candidates for Empress arrived. They were quickly ushered into the waiting room. by our hostess, the incomparable, Acid Mouth. After giving them sufficient time to work up a good case of nerves and to have a couple shots to calm them, the interview began. Each candidate was grilled to find what their motives were. Each was questioned, as to what they wished to do for the community. Four of the eight candidates held their composure very well. They had the answers and were capable in all aspects necessary to qualify for a candidate for Empress De San Francisco.

Jose' and Shirley were disqualified, due to the fact that at this time it is unconstitutional. Sweet Lips did not meet the qualification, due to his grace, poise and diplomacy. Perry did not show for the interview. All in all, after a very long evening of heavy conversation and anticipation, the Counsel of Empresses brought forth for the city of San Francisco four qualified candidates for

Empress 1972. The candidates will formally be presented to our community at the CRISTAL BALL. Sept. 5th, at THE VILLAGE. The meeting was adjourned as we all joined hands to sing "God Save The Leather Queens."

WEDNESDAY SEPT. 1—The auction which was canceled at the SATURNALIA on Aug. 24th, due to the no show of its sponsors, WILL take place Wed. Sept. 1st at 9:00 P.M. This auction is for the benefit of Helen from OFF THE LEVEE. She had an unfortunate accident, and like many in our community there is no insurance.

Much madness is planned for the Labor Day weekend. A few of them are as follows:

SUNDAY, SEPT. 5th—The EARLY BIRD is having a beach party, really sounds wild. \$4 round trip, and the bus will have a bar too. Der Fuhrer is really carrying on lately, she has been feeding us enough dirt to keep two columns busy.

Looks to us as if everyone will be out this weekend. In between the motor cycle runs, the bar events, and the CRISTAL BALL, there will be something for everyone. Speaking of the CRISTAL BALL, if you have not got your tickets by now, Call S.I.R. 781-1570. At the rate tickets are going, it looks like there will be only a limited number at the door.

EVERY SUNDAY AT 4:30—The Grande Dowager Jose' is back at it. We thoroughly enjoyed the opening of the Fall Opera Season at the ORPHEUM CIRCUS. The nostalgia is almost more than a body can bare, but she always has much to say of today.

MONDAY, SEPT. 6th—The MAGIC GARDEN is serving a brunch, as many of the bar and restaurants. Plus Miss Perry, of past candidate fame, is presenting another show and the Mr. S.F. Contest.

The NITE CAP has brought the Warren Roberts Show over from the

CHANCES R. We have enjoyed this show on a couple of occasions, when we were able to get over to see our good friends Chuck and Marie, who own the CHANCES R. They are beautiful people and always a pleasure to see them when they are over here, participating in the many activities.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 12th—The group of groovy Penninsula bars have gotten together a picnic. It sounds as if this will really be a ball.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, SEPT. 13th, 14th—The TRAPP is celebrating their 7th anniversary, let's all drop in and see Fanny, Maxine and all the kids.

We noticed that Mr. Beardemphl is displaying a Mendelson for Supervisor banner, you see, we do agree. The information we have received on this matter seems to show this man to be a good choice.

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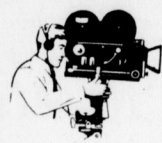
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FILM

by
Terry Alan Smith

From New York, with Love

THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK, produced by Dominick Dunne, directed by Jerry Schatzberg, screenplay by Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne (from the book by James Mills), starring Al Pacino and Kitty Winn, presented, in DeLuxe Color, by Twentieth Century-Fox, at the Northpoint, Bay and Powell Streets, rated "R".

Unfortunately—for me, at least—Needle Park (the place, not the film) is more than an open sore on the body of New York City, it is a cancer threatening to destroy the whole. As such, it is not only a specific location (Broadway and 71st Street), but a living monument to New York; a grotesque to make Miss Liberty weep.

From the time of my earliest longings, I yearned to live in New York City. I studied photographs, maps and books by the score and, ultimately, came to love her from afar—a love to surpass all I have experienced. From the moment I stepped off the train, from Dayton, Ohio, that September 11, 1958, at

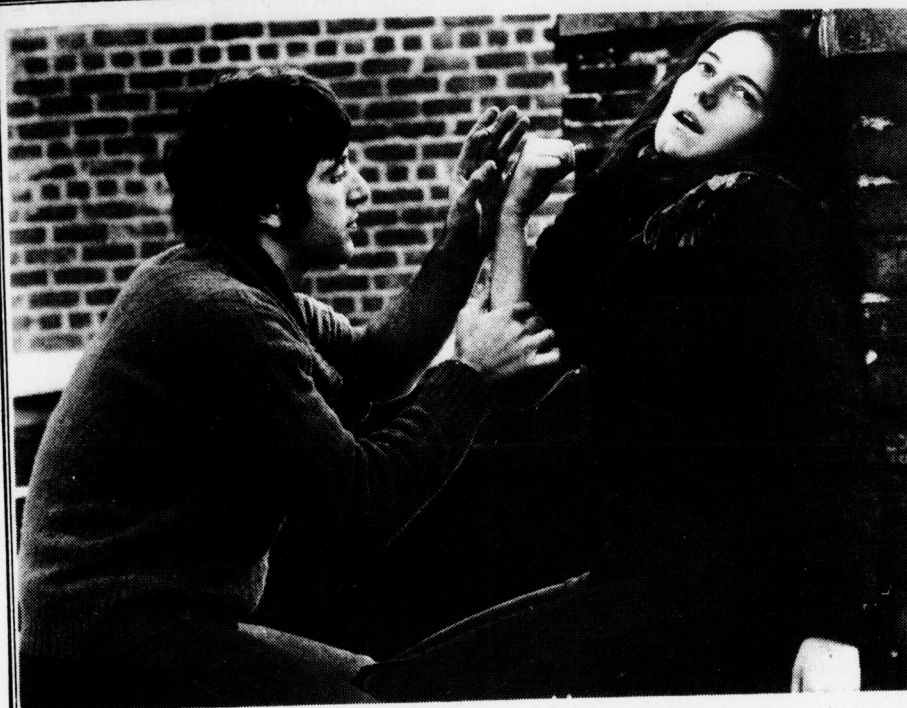
10:15 a.m., I felt at home, secure and exhilaratingly happy in a way I had



This is Needle Park: more than a location, a tragic symbol of New York City herself.

never known. I knew every vein in her network of streets, every artery in her complex of avenues—sight unseen. Even though it was fashionable to joke about New York's hard life-style, harder natives and leech-like tourist-trap entrepreneurs, life was no harder than now in San Francisco, the natives were not so much hard as wary, the entrepreneurs pale in comparison to the North Beach species. The City was wide-open, fun and exciting and I met many wonderful, real friends there who felt the same as I (Michael Greer, Jay Noonan and Donald McLean to name but three).

But The City was attacked—from



Bobby (Al Pacino) and Helen (Kitty Winn) shooting heroin together.

legend proceeding us—for life was harder and, because we began to trust no one, we all became leech-like exploiters of each other, hating everyone around us and, as a result, hating ourselves in the process.

Again, like the proverbial rats, we deserted the sinking city, running in desperation to the only city close to our ideal—San Francisco. One by one, we came: Michael Greer, Jay Noonan, Donald McLean, many friends of mine you do not know...and I.

THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK is not about the drug scene so much as about how it affects those of us who live within its far-reaching effects. The film is, basically, an incredibly beautiful love story (a love story that is worth crying over) set within reach of the tentacles of heroin. At the beginning of the film, neither Bobby (Al Pacino) nor Helen (Kitty Winn) are addicts. They meet, fall in love and, tragically, rather than break the bond between them by running away (she can go back to the Midwest, but he was sprung from the New York rock and is firmly rooted there), and too weak to continue the constant fight for survival, they melt into their environment. The film documents their submission and consequent agony of loving in an environment which is constantly playing tug-o'-war

with them. At film's end, they are together, they are alive and probably will remain so, but—my God!—are they really "living"?!
From one end of the production to the other—from writers to actors to director—it appears, to me, they all love New York as I do. They have chosen to record the disease so the world can see the symptoms. The acting, down to the smallest bit-part, is magnificent, the direction is beautiful and extremely moving, dramatically, and staccato, in the true rhythm of the pace of New York, cinematically—each photographic composition communicating the fading splendor that was, cowering under the towering despair that is.

For these reasons, THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK is the best American film I have seen this year. It is not so much horrible to watch as pathetic. It made me cry—several times, not the least of reasons being it's like watching a dearly beloved friend who's gone insane. Since I shall always love New York from the depths of my heart, seeing a film like THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK is like visiting the asylum to check on her progress. Alas, she's getting worse. So I leave...and remember her, in my mind's eye, for the wonderful friend she once was.

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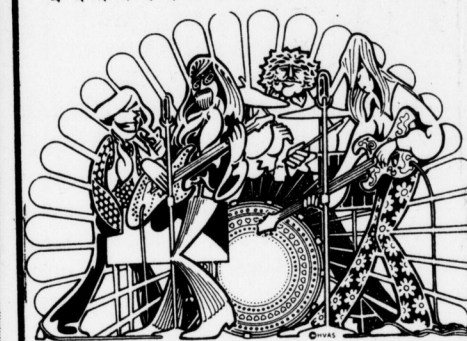
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within. What was once a series of isolated pock-marks grew into Needle Park. Where there were many streets and avenues where you could stroll, contemplatively, in the middle of the night, none remain. Hurrying along the streets between home and work, huddling near the building walls with the insecurity of rats, our eyes focusing in all directions at once, thanking God we made it without being mugged by a junkie, made us less tolerant of the impatient customers we had to wait on, the people standing too-close to us on the subways, the lines we had to wait in to buy anything. And we became, after a while, as hard as the

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AN EVENING OUT

This issue's Evening out started out a little early on Sunday the 22nd with an absolutely insane BUTCH BRUNCH at the COVERED WAGON. Now you have to hand it to the San Franciscans for this one. I have been to brunches and brunches and brunches but this was not to be believed. Casts of thousands were on hand for the merriment which ensued. The menu consisted of Eggs Jeanette MacDonald (cheese Sauce) Hmmm and Eggs Aucapulco (smart tomatoe sauce) scrumptious!!! Can you imagine standing with your tits over a hot stove preparing these dishes to order for almost three hundred people??? Well my dears, it had to be thinning to say

the least!!! Of course the weather out near the pool was perfect for sunning and things, but the mood was so groovy that most stood around admiring each other. Thanks to the San Franciscans and the COVERED WAGON, I'm back on my grapefruit diet.

From there we swooped down to the SPEAKEASY where they were having the end of their third anniversary party. I understand it might have had a slow start but Sunday was a total hit. As we arrived, I was overcome by the music spewing forth from the place and promptly parked my car carefully at a 45 degree angle in the middle of the street and flew to the door, terrorizing my passengers. Regaining my composure quickly, I darted back to old PAINT and parked her properly at the correct hitching post. We Rough Riders try to do things right you know. Upon entering to the melodic strains of the Cleveland Wrecking Company, we were all taken up in the frenzied dancing. Somewhere in the crowd, I heard the quiet tinkle of a, yes you guessed it, a Tambourine. As I knocked the lady

down who was playing it, I thanked her and rushed to the bandstand hoping to be a guest artist!!! Well!!! I guess you know where I ended up. At any rate the entire affair turned out to be extremely successful and we naturally wish the SPEAKEASY and staff many more years of the same.

From there it was a quick jaunt over to CASTRO VALLEY and the PENDULUM where as usual things had been swinging for days and days. I did get a bit of dirt I thought I might pass your way. It seems GEORGE that little devil is having a birthday on Sept. 6th. Now for those of you who don't know it, that is LABOR DAY. Can you imagine being born on LABOR DAY? Well it's true (at least this year it is), so to help George through this laborious double holiday, Rod and company are throwing a birthday party for him. Champagne, Hors D'oeuvres, fun surprises from 6 P.M. til whenever. Don't miss this re-birth.

Wed. the 25th the 527 CLUB held a benefit dinner for HELEN who sustained a broken leg after a bad fall in a MUNI hole. (Can't she sue the city?) When I arrived there was a good crowd forming and hopes were high that the evening would be a great success. The food was very good and the service very groovy. The dinner was \$4.00, 50% of which went to Helen's fund. This included your choice of wine also. I understand that the crowd never quite reached what everyone hoped it might. I'm certain this is no reflection on HELEN since those of us who know her, love her more than life. I feel lack of an organizing foundation could be at fault. It just fell from out of the blue. There are several auctions planned in the near future for her also. The one at the SATURNALIA on Tuesday night was a bomb. Apparently no advance publicity. I guess even the folks that planned it didn't show. Now come on you guys, let's get it together. If you can't come to the auction, there must be something in your basements you might be able to dig out and donate to a very worthy cause. A VERY BIG THANK YOU to the 527 CLUB and all those who did attend. Until next time this is.

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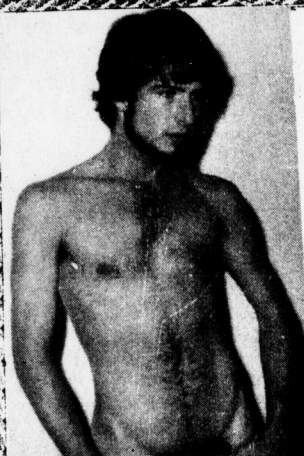
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The Midnight Snoop GOES TO A WEDDING

By Donald McLean

(What's your attitude toward gay marriages? You for them or against them? On August 16th, Mr. Pat Montclair, homosexual, exchanged vows with Mr. Terry Black, homosexual, at the Glide Memorial Church. On August 17th, the straight community registered its favorable reaction on page three of the Chronicle. It now remains for the gay community to express its reaction. The following article is only the opinion of one person—homosexual—who was there.)

Let me state at the outset that personally I am generally opposed to gay marriage ceremonies. I'm still old-fashioned enough to believe that marriage, whether gay, straight or between aardvarks, is something sacred, not to be taken lightly. Of the few gay weddings I have attended, the majority were in bad taste, done as high camp and making a mockery of the wedding ritual. This of-

fends my middle-class morality. It all boils down to a question of attitude. If the ceremony is approached in the spirit of a sideshow, a publicity gimmick, a spit-in-the-eye at heterosexuality, or any reason other than a mutual devotion of two individuals, I am against it. I honestly believe Pat Montclair and Terry Black love each other, and their ceremony was a public acknowledgement of this and was conducted with taste and dignity.

My wedding invitation stated I was invited to "an exchange of vows." Nowhere was the word "marriage" used, so no one can accuse them of sailing under false colors. However, all the rules and customs of the heterosexual marriage manual were observed to the letter, including a surprise shower for the bride—hosted by Carl Berry—and a bachelor party for the groom the night before.

The actual ceremony was carried out in all seriousness exactly as any straight

wedding. Fourteen bridesmaids entered down the side aisles—two by two—in identical lace dresses, each twosome in a different color, giving a beautiful rainbow effect when they gathered at the altar. Then the fourteen matching-tuxedoed ushers, Terry and his best man, Mike. Down the center aisle came the ring-bearer, two flower girls, in pale



The bride, Pat Montclair with the groom, Terry Black

yellow, followed by the bride's real kid sisters, Debbie and Marie. Maid-of-honor was Pat's sister, Helen, followed by his mother. And finally, on the arm of his brother-in-law, the bride. And truly a beautiful bride, in 100 yards of white flowered lace, totally unadorned except for a single strand of pearls at the neck, carrying a spray of gardenias and wearing gardenias in his hair with a flowing white net veil.

The altar was decorated in Grecian pillars and arches of white gardenias. The Rev. Howard Wells performed the ceremony. The use of the pronouns "he" and "she" I thought unfortunate—after all, the bride is definitely a "he" too—but this may have been an inadvertant slip of the tongue. Throughout the ceremony, the invited guests remained silent and respectful, but as the couple exited down the aisle, the standing throng gave them an ovation. Certainly this is not standard; I believe it was their way of saying, "Well done!" No matter what their attitudes when they arrived, no one could say the wedding was not done in impeccable taste.

A major portion of the credit goes to

Gene Boche, who not only did all the floral arrangements and decorations, but also directed the entire ceremony—the guiding hand behind the scene that insured everything ran smoothly and efficiently.

Immediately following the wedding, the guests and bridal party adjourned to the 181 CLUB for the reception amid a flurry of photographers. The guest book read like the "Who's Who" of gay society in San Francisco. All six Emperesses were present, Michelle, the cast of the *P.S., representatives of almost every gay club in town, the Cockettes, etc. The room was so jammed and the flow of people so steady, it's impossible to tell exactly who was and who wasn't there. Champagne flowed, a lavish buffet was served, the bride and groom melted under the glare of flashbulbs, and finally the exquisite five tier wedding cake was cut. Dancing followed, and after three hours, the bridal party dispersed to the NEW BELL on Polk Street. As I was leaving, three beat cops came to the door of the 181 and asked to see the bride. No trouble, they simply wanted to congratulate the bride. At least for one evening, all the barriers were down.

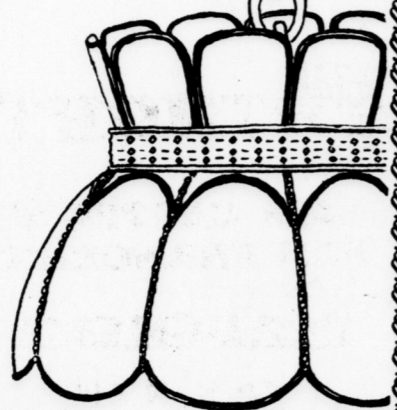
Now what, you may ask, is the point of all this? The point is—it's a first! The first gay drag wedding to take place in a church of God. As the reigning Empress Cristal VI said, "It's a milestone!" Dowager Empress I Jose' said, "It was well done and in good taste. If this is what it takes to make long, healthy relationships, I'm for it." The gay community that attended, regardless of their private thoughts, pulled together on this one occasion. There were no outbursts, no trying to outshine or upstage, the few guests that came in drag came dressed simply and appropriately (no tones of beads and feathers), and everyone behaved with perfect decorum. We did stand united.

And perhaps this ceremony could set a new precedent. Already more gay weddings are being planned at Glide Memorial. Maybe they won't follow the established rules of straight marriages but will find a new type of ceremony that is distinctly unique for the gay people. Let's hope so. Until that time, Pat Montclair and Terry Black have proved that two homosexuals can have as much class and dignity as any heterosexual, and have the same human emotions. I wish them happiness.

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LOCO WEATHER REPORT

by Cecil Knockherworst Weatherbee

Welcome to the Club Herb Caen it's about time you showed your true colors—Humidity is a bit stifling—“There's one good thing about Jose's opera shows she rehearses all the time,” quoted Empress Dowager Fido Shirley III—I wonder if you can classify that as a downpour—Well, we shall see, after J.J. Van Dyke finishes updating that famous opera (?) Peter ate the Wolf—O'kay.—Here's a bit of thunder—The EARLY BIRD had a birthday for an ostrich and der Fuhrer of Polk Strasse (That's the same person who rides a bike with three year old German plates) lost fifty dollars on a giveaway but, don't fret, hand behind the bar made it

up in the booze—J.B. is well so is Henry—Drip-drip-drip-drip—Late April showers brought into August late June love reunions—Sweetlips of the KOKPIT and Totie of TOTIE'S also Bill Plath of the ORPHEUM and Jose' of MARVIN GARDENS—As Shakespeare once said, “All ends in the well.” (?)—Such warm breezes—And, speaking of breezes—Allan Lloyd's show is so great that you can cook with it but, that's not wind that's passing gas—And, what S-T disturber is trying to cause a feud between the *P.S. and 181—It must be an amateur drag—Feel that humidity—Did you know that the Serpents of San Francisco have a set of new royalty titles that will be introduced at the upcoming coronation, word leaked out that Ginny will be introduced as The Princess Royal “Fanny” of Folsom (?) Such a camp—And, the San Franciscans had a wild and successful Brunch III at THE COVERED WAGON—That's warm weather—It's still stormy in Castro Village, it's hard to say whether it's feuding, fighting, dancing or trolloping—

And, speaking of cyclonic storms, S.I.R. has a new home (???)—Ever see the ruins of Rome—Debtor's wanted Perry is contemplating a newspaper venture (?)—Comment overheard in the crowd at Pat Montclair's Millstone Wedding “I felt like I was cheated, those were entertainers?”—Is that what you said Jeanie—No comment—Miss Adz Gayzette after catching a bouquet of flowers at Pat's (Mrs. 181) Wedding quoted “Now that I have the flowers I need a husband, is Perry here.”—Is it true that the groom went to confession at the COVERED WAGON—What song did they play—“Stormy Weather” (???)—If you ever wonder why Melanie of Coits fame is so quiet it happens to be because he brushed his teeth with preparation “H” (by error) and his tongue shrunk (thank God he did not use it for something else) But, he did whisper that Laura (of tape fame) now is displaying a new handle (?)—I don't get it.—How does that song go “Stormy Weather”—Mister Debby of the GANGWAY is on a new scene since he shaved and since Jack Garner has been so busy with the opening of the POLK-A-LONG he hasn't had the time to cut Joe Roland's hair so, now the customers of the GANGWAY call Joe the younger Bob Ross—Here's a lulu of a tremor—Guess who was thrown out of Rome for selling gas stamps (I hope he does not try to assault me with his dead weapon) —Free lay anyone ask some of the Empress contenders (?)—What's an aunt-canoe ask Kerry the new part-time go-go boy at the SATURNALIA—It must be a very humid place—David Kelsey of PAGE ONE made it to second on a Yamaha Organ (musical instrument that is)—Now who said “Bart will do anything to get publicity.” Just because that big beautiful blonde bombshell from OFF THE LEVEE tripped on a hole on Market Street (hee-hee) and broke a leg (hee-hee)—Such a campy performer—But, the auctions held by the BOOT CAMP and SATURNALIA (with what little publicity) netted her a neat little basket—You see someone up there does love you—Poor Empress Cristal. He keeps trying to make it to all the events but keeps passing out—Here's a gust, the no door policy, is the new ruling in that toilet Sonoma—And

speaking of ecology, pelicans, ostrich, vulture, falcon, sparrow and chickens—What next?—Here's a nice way to have a three day vacation—Say you're going away, have a bon voyage party, and then don't go. ...So sorry Imperial Leprechaun—That should cause some thunder—203 and 1109 are adjoining rooms in a polish hotel—Right Michelle—An observation by Jimmy Quinn (of Hair fame) “A Paul Bentley dance step reminds me of a parapalegic waltz”.—“One is never hurt by the consequences one is only hurt by the misunderstandings,” The Polish Prince(ss)—Such a warm person—Mister Craig of opera fame discovered “Tosca” in reality—Such a storm—Someone said that I don't say anything nice about anyone so I will “I think that President Nixon is a beautiful weathered person.”—Dowager Bella (of nowhere) is such a care-free (?) loving (?) person that no one knows where she lives. Letters keep coming back with deceased stamped on it but, a sprinkle of rumor has it that she is working at Willis's rice paddy (she was a past empire) Growing flowers on the side—Feel that humidity—Poor Rose Buckley looking for new drag in a goodwill disposal container found a body instead (it was alive somewhat)—So that's what happened to Millie Motor Mouth (he is a good publicity man)—Who the heck is Lady Patricia and who the hell is Lady Grimey keeper of the pool—What's the name of that song “Stormy Weather”—New, used, borrowed material at the ORPHEUM—That's the bar that runs out of beer on Saturday night, ask Sandy, he rents there.—If you have 25 year old legs and 70 year old knees how old is your ass, ask Allan Lloyd Jose's best friend—Shurluck Holmes (that's Minniee ha-ha) and sophisticated debonair Dick Walters enjoy holding philosophical discussions with each other—Was that gas or a breeze—Cristal's Ball a near sell-out is that what you call a tribute to an Empress—Now here is the quake—Since when does M.C.C. allow its altar boys to make verbal approaches, such as the one to Empress Cristal, to set up the altar for her and her Court if they attend one of their sermons—I know Wells is a showman—But camp (?)—And, speaking on the subject of publicity, during the past

month, many articles were seen plugging gay events—Much publicity surrounded the gay weddings that took place at Glide Memorial Church.—It seems that we constantly fall into the straight-hang up trap, an off shoot of Darwin's survival of the fittest, Look I am butch, by remaining clowns and freaks and having fingers pointed at us in puns but, serious doings such as S.I.R.'s Luncheon Fund for our senior citizens (a little bit of togetherness) or S.I.R.'s legal battles such as with Pacific Telephone, in which the courts sided with S.I.R., but, maybe

these serious events are non-acceptable for the straight world to swallow—For gay people to be responsible seems to be a no-no. How else can they, the straights, prove their masculinity superiority (?) and since you put your foot into it Mr. Herb Caen, why not some publicity for our serious ventures we are a blend of people—But, I suppose life is a lot of noise over nothing like the sound of fury—Oh well, there is some hope for some of us Barbara Ball got married.

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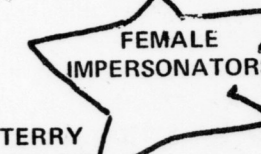
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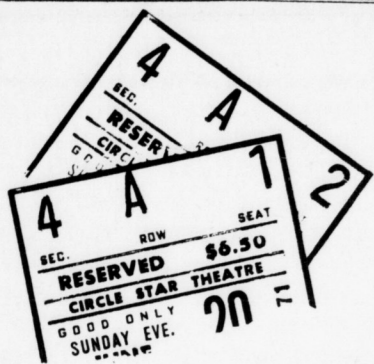
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TWO ON THE AISLE

by Jay Noonan

UHURUH (*freedom*), the Black theatrical experience, book, music and lyrics by Danny Duncan, technical direction by Kuaeleza Furaha, costumes by Richmond Curry and Hattie Cain, musical direction by Charles Hudspeth, directed and choreographed by Mr. Duncan, at the Boarding House Theatre, 960 Bush Street, Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30 p.m. and Sundays at 7:30 p.m. Tickets available at all leading ticket agencies.

Uhuruh? Ask a man that doesn't have it.

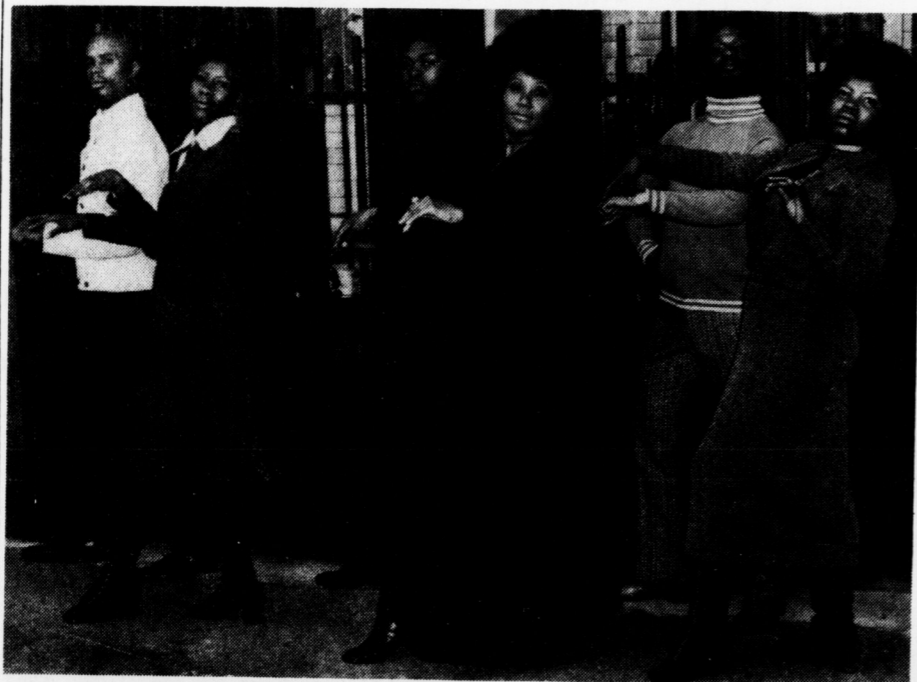
Uhuruh means freedom in Swahili, but Uhuruh also spells exciting theatre and from the moment we hear the opening bars of the title song we are in for 2½ hours of first rate performance. Uhuruh is Black theater at its best. Although it won't be everyone's cup of tea, everyone should see it, be he Negro or white or Chinese, as it has a valid message for everyone. You may wiggle or squirm in your seat but the message does come through.

With a revue format Uhuruh was conceived by Danny Duncan who at 24 is a remarkable young man. He has formed a dance company, written music and lyrics, staged, directed, and performed and I'm sure if Willie Mays can't make it to Candlestick, Danny would probably fill in. But as Uhuruh unfolds you find Mr. Duncan's touch every where in the clever staging and crisp direction. But shining through all this are Mr. Duncan's lyrics to Mr. Duncan's songs. The lyrics of Uhuruh alone put him in a select list of lyricists. The fast, moving pace of this revue never gets bogged down with lengthy dialogue but neither is it wasted. There is humor and sadness but most of all we are aware of



Danny Duncan (top) and David Gardner (below him) Photograph by Richard Boetger

the Black man's feelings toward his own race and this is what makes Uhuruh: unusual as Black theatre as it doesn't hurl all its hatreds and feelings on the white man, but directs it at its own people as



Patsy Cain (extreme right) and David Gardner (center)

well so it doesn't become another play where whitey gets all the blame or brunt of the Black man's grievings, but asks questions of its own people and gives a few answers too.

The performers are all excellent and they deserve all the praise that can be heaped upon them. Outstanding are Ella Jamerson in all she does but especially "Summer Sun" who has a style that one remembers of the late Dinah Washington. David Gardner is a smash in his Two Turns, especially "Salvation" which is sheer brilliance. Patsy Cain is nothing short of sensational as she portrays Angela Davis and in "Ladies on the Hill" is a good comedienne. Blondell Breed in a Punch and Judy routine will make the tear ducts strain for release. I could go on and on, they were all great.

Mr. Duncan has assembled a cast which knows his every thought and moves easily about their work sure footed and secure in the knowledge that Mr. Duncan has taken them down the right road. Uhuruh should be seen not just by San Francisco but in Watts, Harlem, DesMoines, and Topeka. If there ever were a list of plays that were on a required viewing list like those are for books in schools and colleges Uhuruh should top the list. It would enhance a better understanding among people. Uhuruh spells entertainment.

with
Brush
in Hand

"SOME OF DESE
AND SOME OF DOSE,
PLEASE, AND WRAP
THEM TO TRAVEL."

This is obviously the action, and heavy in the majority of the boutique shoppes around the mighty fern of San Francisco. Was meandering up Union (or is it down?), toward Van Ness, from Fillmore, and the prices on most items are staggering to the imagination. The framing is for the veddy rich. A simple 4" by 6" or 8" box frame starts at thirty or thirty-five dollars. I deeply protest this type of pricing and management. That frame, jobbed out, is only five dollars to produce and, if one is making his own, it would cost approximately \$3.50 to make. Shop around, and I am sure you can find frames as comparable, in another part of town, for less than half the price.

The upstairs TAO GALLERY is about ready to have an open house and, I understand, will be very well-covered by the local news media. They have quite a list of local talent presently being introduced and exhibited: John Lykes, Lili Butler (fascinating ink figures and some watercolor washes), Donna Chan, Dorothy Stewart, John Hamilton, Madeline Ellis, Henry Irgang, Robert Hooper and Richard Tracy. Quality craftsmanship, custom framing, some boutique items, candles, etc., photographic portraiture by appointment, classes taught in etching and photography. It is always a pleasure to stop by and see the happenings in this particular gallery on Union, as there is less of a facade on entering and I have yet to be greeted with anything less than a very cordial handshake and welcome. So, if you're not doing anything this coming weekend, stop up at the TAO and say hello to two very charming fellows, Bob and Henry. 1825-E Union Street, S.F. Let me know what you think of their effort. They would

be glad to hear.

Hal Gladdons is now hanging at the MONKEY TREE GALLERY, upstairs in the MACKEY FRAME SHOP, on Valencia—I believe at 489 on Same. Vicci is in charge, and the small, out-of-the-way gallery is doing quite well. Vicci rep's the CALIFORNIA ARTISENS ASSOCIATION and this association is ever on the move with locations and sponsoring advice for the up-and-coming, flowing artists of S.F. Cannot but wish them the very best of luck and success in all they attempt. From doctors' offices to wards in practically every hospital of the area, Vicci has had a hand in placing art and advertising the local efforts of the Community. Her daughter, Pam, is always ready to assist in the MACKEY FRAMING department and is more than a framer: like her mother, Vicci, she is an accomplished artist.

Some old magic happened this way—by sheer accident. While visiting some of the local shops on Castro and upper Market, I spied a very old flick of Minon Darlane, one of Rambova's extra-terrestrial buddies, housed in a German-made frame, of San Francisco about 1936. The proprietor would not sell it, as it belonged to his mama who received it as a gift from Mrs. Ballard, of the I AM MOVEMENT, back when Mount Shasta was being whispered about as a place that housed a secret brotherhood. Well, it is something to think about, isn't it? I have found that there was something that definitely permeated certain people of the twenties and thirties that, I feel, and at times find, has been handed on in some magical sort of way—and they refuse to discuss it. In my heart, I definitely believe it.

The BAZAAR, on Church, between Market and 15th, has an O.C. Clark (18th Century, Royal Academy artist) for sale at about \$250.00. This particular piece has a value that exceeds \$1000.00 and it is a registered piece of art. Go see it.

With light,
a casual observer

THE POLISH DICTIONARY
By The Polish Prince(ss)
CRUISING—That period of time when
you become too old to be cruised.

YOU'LL ENJOY
SHOPPING at



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BAY AREA REPORTER

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

A Feminine Viewpoint

**DON'T BITE MY FINGER
...LOOK WHERE I'M POINTING**
By Marilyn

If you bother at all with the mass media women's magazines you'll have noticed a new attention being given the lesbian, not only in the plastic heterosexual promotion pieces, but also in those last bastions of K.K.K. respectability like *Women's Day*, *Ladies Home Journal*, even the women's pages of newspapers.

This new attention, though somewhat an improvement over the past, focuses on the lesbian mainly within the context of the largely straight women's rights movement as formerly the lesbian, if mentioned at all in a serious as opposed to a snickering, or titillating way, was treated within the context of the male dominated homosexual rights movement.

The point is that the lesbian, in either case, is depicted to a degree as something of an after thought, a

curiosity, an embarrassment aside from the main and central concerns of either movement, feminist or gay.

Unfortunately, the media treatment of the lesbian only reflects a situation and attitudes that do exist to a certain extent within the mainstreams of both movements. While the lesbian certainly has a vested interest in both movements, she is faced with the dilemma that neither movement serves her whole self interest. In either case, the lesbian is a minority within a minority. The gay movement is largely gay male. The women's movement is largely straight female. Male chauvinism vs. straight chauvinism—take your pick. Or as they say in the commercials—what is a girl to do?

The easy choice is to opt for neither movement... stay out and let the guys win the homosexual rights and the straight women win the women's rights. There are of course the wholly lesbian organizations to turn to but the hard fact of the matter is that the power to take effective large scale action resides with the mainstream. Some dedicated dynamos do manage to become actively involved in both groups. For most of us however the choice of where to pitch in with our limited resources remains.

Let me give you one lesbian's personal viewpoint on why the lesbian serves her own self interests best by electing to work with the gay movement.

First of all, we lesbians represent a considerable proportion of the total gay population, if only we would all get out in force and become involved. The opportunity is there for lesbians to be a very large voice in the gay movement. Next let's consider which aspect of our hybrid minority status most threatens our economic and personal security. Gender? Or sexual preference? Granted we're often paid less because we're women, limited in many of our career aspirations because we're women. You can finish for yourself our grievance list. But, because we're homosexual, we also run the risk in countless instances of being denied a plum post we have already won in open competition despite our disadvantaged gender, of being fired

after we've been hired and the "dreadful truth" discovered, *as well as* being paid less, passed over for promotion and limited in our career aspirations. Ever gone through the sweat of waiting for a security clearance, wondering if "they" will latch onto the fact you're gay... wishing to hell you hadn't told so and so who has a big mouth... or some friendly doctor whose records can be called for. Suddenly that list of grievances grows longer.

Then there are the various criminal sanctions. Granted that they are seldom enforced against we quiet private sex life lesbians but they are there on the books, and what's on the books can be invoked anytime it suits the powers that be. Ask some of the women who have been bounced out of the service. Scare an alien this week. Imply you're an undercover agent for immigration and naturalization. Then there's psychiatric railroading. Dear Dr. Socarides is a staunch supporter of equal rights for female as well as male homosexuals.

And how about family. Our parents may have been disappointed because we were born "an inch or so short". But, at least in modern times, parents seldom disown us or reject us because of our unique anatomical structure. Brainwash us—yes. However, the devastating responses from mild moral blackmail to shrieking denunciations to physical violence is reserved for the discovery of our sexual proclivities. We don't have to cover because we're women. We do have to cover because we're gay.

Harking back to the chauvinist bit—I do not doubt that many gay men are as good as their heterosexual counterparts in putting down women and practising all sorts of discriminations—subtle to blatant. Put them in power tomorrow and the lot of women as women would not improve one bit. However, personally, I have found little serious chauvinism in the gay males I know. Go near S.I.R. if you're game. They will pounce on you and push you to run for God knows what offices in their organization—not just the so-called traditional women's jobs. I must admit that they'll also do stupid insensitive things that will irritate the hell out of you... like asking a pretty "feminine" lesbian to serve as hostess at some political shenanigans, neglecting to include her in on the plan-

ning, ignoring the fact that brains went with the beauty. But call them on it. They'll get huffy but usually come around. S.I.R. was one organization actively recruiting women members for its Board of Directors long before the women's rights movement started getting its point home.

Of course, the guys don't want us in the orgy rooms, or their heavy cruising bars. Who'd want to be? It's boring enough leafing past their yards of naked p—k in the gay magazines to get to the articles we want to read.

I guess what it all boils down to is that I am one heiluva lot more comfortable around gay males in the gay movement that I am around straight women in the women's movement. But maybe that's just a personal quirk.

Maybe I de-emphasize the male chauvinism coming from the gay males and overemphasize the straight chauvinism coming from the straight women. Maybe it's because I feel I've accomplished more working with the gay movement than I did around the women's movement.

To give you an example—recently working with Bill Beardemphl, Chuck Thayer, Johnny DeLeon, Steve Cook, Ron Warren and three anonymouses, two of them lesbians, we completed a major study of the reaction of San Francisco voters to a homosexual candidate running for public office in San Francisco in three weeks flat with the study being based on a random sample of 1,780 registered voters. Instigator and funder for the study was Bill Beardemphl. Research designer was a woman Ph.D.

Not that the women's movement hasn't done some effective things—it has. There have also been some notable coalitions of interests as in the case where demands for women's rights and demands for homosexual rights re. job opportunities have been pushed in the same package. Hopefully more such common cause actions will be undertaken in the near future. The research and publicity organization that Bill Beardemphl has been quietly building up could certainly serve women's rights interests along with homosexual rights. In fact next study into the field is on just that line.

So what is a lesbian to do?

THE ARCHER

**ASTROLOGICAL PROFILE
OF A BAR OWNER
BORN JULY 17**

With her Sun in the house of personality and her Moon in the house of profession, the lady naturally leads a very public life. With Cancer rising, she responds to life through feeling rather than thinking. This does not mean she doesn't have good business sense because she has. When she has a good idea or has taken a position, she can maintain it with persistence—plenty of "sticking power". That Aries Moon can be aggressive and somewhat quick-tempered—can jump into things impulsively through the feelings rather than from reason. Her understanding of the feelings of others makes her considerate of them, knowing how much consideration means to her, however, as Cancer, Aries, and Virgo are three most self-interested signs in the Zodiac, and since she has her Sun Moon and Venus

respectively in these signs, she can be quite self-centered as well. She is well liked and people and ideas mean more to her than money. Being a Cancer, her home naturally means a lot. In love, she can be a little fussy, what with Venus in Virgo, but Neptune gives her quite a romantic, gentle nature. There should be some musical or artistic talent there too. Her love life can be stormy at times but Jupiter is casting a protective ray in this department so all should work out in the end. Mars and Neptune give her an incredible, and sometimes bizarre, imagination. This aspect declares loudly, "No Drugs!". They will produce chaotic visions. This lady doesn't need them anyway—not with the thoughts that run through her head. WOW!!!!

Archer's note: For further elaboration, contact Joann Shirley, who will continue with her Astrological insights for your added knowledge and reading enjoyment. BIG BAR-OWNERS BEWARE!!!!

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:
CELEBRATE LIFE—
DON'T ANALYZE IT.

A San Francisco Landmark
Since 1970

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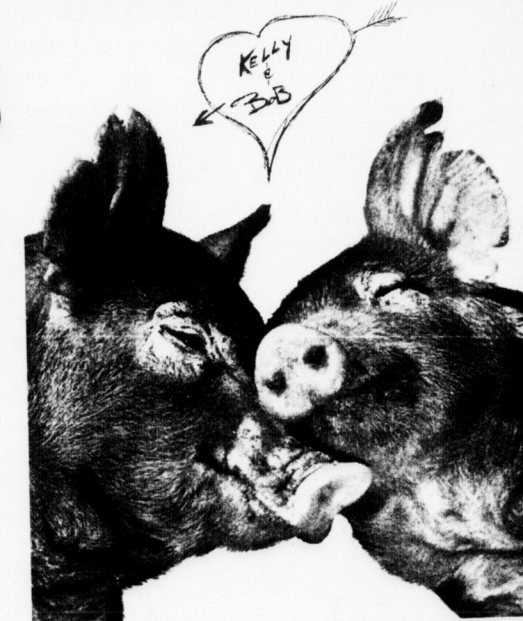
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ALL-MEN-NETTS
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"CHUCK'S WAGON"
KITCHEN NOW OPEN
WEDNESDAY thru SUNDAY

CHEF'S SPECIAL:
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY,
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Bob Kelly

BRUNCH SATURDAY & SUNDAY, 12 - 4

(Price Includes Drink)

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AUCTION

BENEFIT FOR HELEN OF THE "527" CLUB
WEDNESDAY SEPT. 1st. 9:00 PM

THE SATURNALIA - 199 VALENCIA ST (cor DU BOCE)

ON THE Q.T.

1695 POLK STREET 885-1114

*Requests the pleasure
of your company
at a
CHAMPAGNE RECEPTION*

MONDAY EVENING - SEPT. 13th.
9:00 Pm til 11:00 PM
To Introduce

JONNI

*Candidate for
EMPRESS de SAN FRANCISCO VII*



JESTER SHAME

It's JESTER SHAME Michelle's dialogue at the recent auction couldn't have been recorded. Some of the material was absolutely priceless. THE BOOT CAMP will never be the same. The auction, by the way, was held for Helen for the 527. Someone most of the community knows and loves and the rest of the community should get to know. Helen had a bad accident breaking her leg in several places, and hence the auction in hopes of helping with the mounting hospital bills.

It's JESTER SHAME Pat Montclair had such a tiny wedding. Very few people attended as you probably heard. I think it was only the immediate WORLD. Herb Caen never looked lovelier.

It's JESTER SHAME the Czarina of the Miracle's new silver outfit isn't lined in TEFLON. According to Michelle you can cook a peck of potatoes in it.

It's JESTER SHAME there are so many candidates for Empress this year. It is really going to be hard to choose just one from such an array.

It will be JESTER SHAME if you miss the CRISTAL BALL, since I understand it is really going to be the, and I

mean THE highlight of CRISTAL'S reign. Don't miss it if you can help it.

It's JESTER SHAME, Poopsie, Puffy, Monta Goosie, and Mata Hari don't start a musical group. Of course with names like that whatever would they call themselves. The FELT pens, maybe????

DIKI



"SOMETHING TO
DOES YOUR HAIR
OVER" —

DONT THROW
\$\$\$
AWAY!

GALL

RAY SANCTS 824-3322

**FOR THE BEST CAR!!
DEAL IN TOWN!!**

RAMROD

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RAMROD

ALWAYS A CROWD



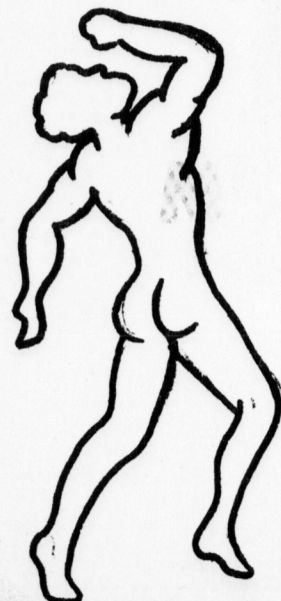
"YOU WILL FIND HIM HERE"

SATURNALIA

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S
ONLY
COMPLETELY FLESH-TONED
"GO-GO" BOYS
7 NIGHTS WEEKLY

AMATEUR GO-GO
EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT
WE DARE YOU ???

REGULAR BAR PRICES ALWAYS.



WE NEED A NEW NAME !!

JOIN THE FUN
with
YOUR NAME ENTRY
\$50.00
FIRST PRIZE!

**199 VALENCIA ST.
863-9652**

COCKTAILS

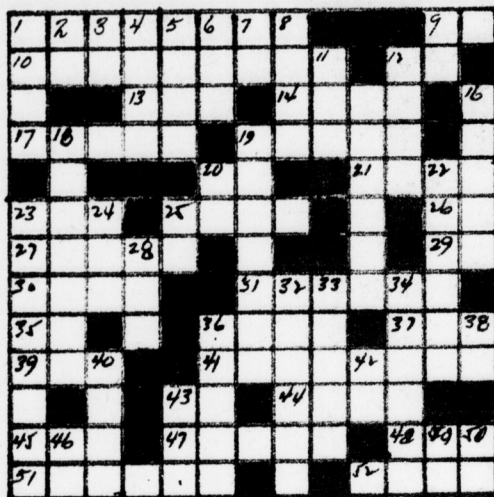


DANCING

CRISTAL BALL
SUNDAY SEPT. 5th. 8 PM

ENTERTAINMENT

THE VILLAGE
COLUMBUS at LOMBARD



DOWN

1. Breaking and entering
2. That man
3. Road curve
4. Ta ta for now
5. Midwest state
6. Run (var.)
7. That
8. Summon
9. Conjunction
11. Dupe
12. Brainwave
15. Stars (lat. pl.)
16. Of circles
18. Selects
19. Multiplies by two
20. Toddler's word
21. Deadly
23. Used to dim lights
24. Sea eagle
25. ---de of Fickle Fox
28. Oriental corn
32. Protoplasm
33. Female fox
34. Stings
36. Taste of tears
38. No show (abbrev.)
40. Row
42. United Artists (abbrev.)
43. Slippery finial
46. Note of scale
49. About
50. Yes (slang)

ACROSS

1. Oratory
9. Indefinite article
10. Artistic
12. He --- here
13. End (fr.)
14. --- Hall
17. Of finance
19. Thick
20. Act
21. Soft stone
23. Caviar
25. Smear
26. Building addition
27. Cowboy's first love
29. Towards
30. Serf
31. Plush
35. Original equipment (abbrev.)
36. Partly
37. Homo sapiens
39. Boeing's dilemma
41. Sexless ones
43. 3rd Ave. had one
44. Grizzly or Kodiak
45. Beverage
47. Mr. Allen
48. Attempt
51. Acidly
52. On a cruise

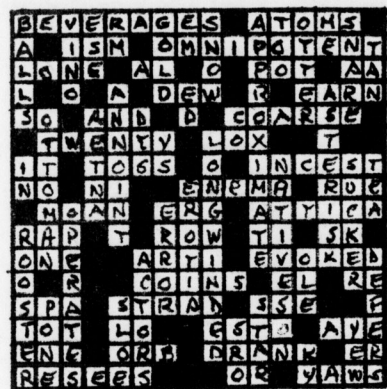
DOUBLE

IN SEATTLE . . .
THE Place is . . .



DAVE'S STEAM BATH
2402 1st Ave. (at Battery)
(206) 623-9338
OPEN 24 HOURS

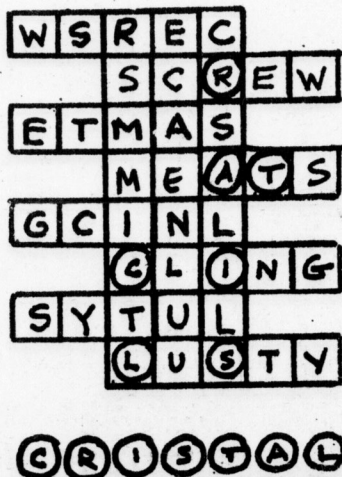
(Answer to last issue's Double Crosser)



(Answer to last issue's Cruise-A-Gram)

- Polk-Along
- Page One
- Jackson's
- New Bell
- Ramrod
- Midnight Sun
- Pendulum
- Baj
- Tottie's
- Kok-Pit
- Bayou
- Leonarda's
- V.I.P.
- Mint
- Mule
- Lonely Bull
- Sandy's Saloon
- Cabaret
- *P.S.

(Answer to last issue's Orgiastic Teaser)



B.A.R.

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The **ADVOCATE** offers news and features of direct interest to the Gay Community. Get a copy. Sample issue, 50 cents to **ADVOCATE**, Box 74695, Los Angeles, California 90004.

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MATTRESS, Dining Room Set, 4 Bentwood Chairs (old) Cash Register, Bric-A-Brac, Antiques and Asst. Household Items—Forced to move and sell. Call 861-9605 after 6:30 P.M.

DON'T MISS OUT—New Western store. Opng. on Folsom. 30 Shrs. Avail @ \$100 ea. Being offered Contact Jr. Mahan by Sept. 7th—498 25th St.—Apt. 19—Oakland, Calif.

TWO AQUARIUMS. 1-5 gal., 1-10 gal., 200 guppies. Complete only \$50 863-4415, X 17.

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HAPPENINGS

"LIBRA" WESTERN NIGHT
All Western Garb 25 cents off
on well Drinks and beer
MONDAY NIGHTS TO?
LIBRA BAR
1884 Market Street

LATEX LILLY'S presents **THE CHUCK LARGENT REVUE** Starring Chuck, Oscar, Faye, Nancy, Grady, John with music by Denis Moreen on Sunday Sept. 12th. Buffet and Dinner and Show \$2.50—Show times—5 p.m. and 7 p.m.—Phone Res. 392-8840.

Can a young man find happiness for the price of a few drinks and a nickel in San Francisco's most dramatic gay bar? Come to **GOLD STREET** located at 56 Gold Street in San Francisco and find out. We've brought back the old-time nickel saloon supper, served from 5 to 7 Monday through Friday. Come and drink a spend a nickel to sample our abundantly delicious cold buffet. On Sundays from 11 to 4 we invite you to brunch. There's a new chef in our kitchen imported from New York City. He cooks marvelously well. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights we present the glamorous all-new **HADDA BROOKS SHOW**. Showtimes are 9:30, 11, and 12:30. And, perhaps best of all, we've installed a dance floor, and we're insisting that you use it. Dance your heart away to both live and recorded music. Can a young man from Anywhere, USA, find happiness...? We can't promise you that, but we do promise you the kind of bar where you can discover happiness for yourself. **GOLD STREET**, 56 Gold Street in San Francisco. Telephone: 397-5626.

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WANTED-WANTED-GO-GO BOYS! 6-10 Nightly. Call 552-0886 for Paul or Gerry.

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PROVOCATIVE MASSAGE BY Good looking guy with Talented hands. Your pleasure is my satisfaction. Call **JON** eves. at: (415) 824-5343.

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MASCULINE, lean and tight. Friendly personality and hung nice. 626-7472 - **ROB**.

HUNKY GUY NO. 22—A picture's worth a thousand words?? Maybe... But...there's nothing like the **REAL THING!** SEE ME in **AUG. 12th GAY-ZETTE**. Keith (415) 647-9134.

A BODY IS A BODY... so if you want a body, go **TO A BODY MERCHANT!** IF YOU WANT A Model-Social companion GO TO:

DIAL-A-MODEL
(415) 863-3331

RUSS: 28 yr. old **STUD!** Handsome, 6'1", 180 lbs. **MUSCULAR AND STRAIGHT.** No deception. East Bay.
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Unusually handsome for a 21 yr. old country blond with sign in **VIRGO**. Blue eyed **HUNG STUD** with semi hairy bod. 5'8", 28" waist, 150 lbs. **HEAVY TANNNNNNN SUPER DELIGHTFUL PERSONALITY** and just recently voted runner-up to **JAY** for contestant in the **MR. SAN FRANCISCO** contest in January... Judging according to clothes style, communication, and handsomeness... **KURT'S** the lad for you...
Day and Eves 863-3331

!!! **LEEDS !!!**

28 YR. OLD HUNG STUD—5'9", 150 lbs. semi-muscular. A real turn-on, hazel eyes. Enjoys music and art; porno to San Gregorio Beh. Let it all hang out... College Grad. available days and some eves.
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Lou Greene
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"QUALITY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER"...

These are among the many mottos, ideas and other methods ORIGINALLY used by DIAL-A-MODEL, the FIRST all male model agency in San Francisco and the Bay Area...

The highest compliment has been made by our competitors using those same mottos and methods...

Others imitate but cannot equal... THE ORIGINAL

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(415) 863-3331

TIM: 160 lbs, 5'10", solid build, HUNG, tanned and ver masculine. Open minded, college STUD...

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The 22 year old Texan with brown hair and eyes who was doing his thing in the GOLD FISH BOWL at BIMBO'S 365 CLUB appearing in the CHARLES PIERCE SPECIAL... Steven, a true Model-Social Companion...

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From the PROMINENT...

BUSINESSMAN!

TO the OFFICE WORKER...

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??? DIAL-A-MODEL ???

1. Over 7 yrs. experience!

More than all of our competitors...

2. Legally bonded males!

Selected for reliability honesty, ability to please, intelligence, looks and endowment...

3. Standard rates!

By the hour, day, week...

4. Close to hotels-motels!

5. Confidential-Discreet!

6. NO insults!

no excuses...

7. No substitutes!

We let the amateur try to send you substitutes, we won't insult your intelligence.

8. You have final choice!

9. Satisfaction guaranteed! with a SMILE...

IF YOU

Want a body... then call a BODY MERCHANT!!! If you WANT A MODEL-SOCIAL

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San Francisco's FIRST all male model agency by Alan Stanford... where "Quality is in the eye of the beholder."

GREG: 24, blue eyed Pisces. SUPER NEW and SUPER HUNG for 5'7" tall... WILD (415) 863-3331

BILL--BILL--BILL
OPEN-MINDED MASCULINE
BUILT - HUNG - WILD
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!!! LASH !!!
MASCULINE - DISCREET
TALL - MOD
YOUR PLAYBOY
(415) 863-3331

??? ??? ??? ??? ???

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW
BEFORE HIRING...

There are many models, masseurs and agencies in abundance today as you can see in various papers.

Some change their names to conceal past involvements in activities aimed against clients of these services. We do not say everyone is out to 'take you', just some... But:

Among all the agencies today, there is one that has withstood the good and the bad. One that has gained and maintained the distinct reputation of being HONEST-DISCREET and above the expected. San Francisco's FIRST all male model agency in the San Francisco-Bay Area; by Alan Stanford...

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??? WHY ???

1. 7 yrs. more experience!

2. Legally bonded males!

3. Standard rates! By the hour, day or week...

4. You have final choice!

5. Satisfaction guaranteed!

6. Travel to your town or in San Francisco...

7. Selected for reliability, honesty, ability to please, intelligence, looks and other endowments...

SO... IF YOU WANT a body go to a body shop.

BUT... IF YOU WANT a MODEL-SOCIAL COMPANION

SPECIAL

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION RATES

DAY-WEEKEND-WEEK

12-36-72 HOUR rates

GOOD ONLY FROM SEPT. 3RD

TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1971

ALL OF US WILL TRAVEL WHEN

NECESSARY

DIAL-A-MODEL (415) 863-3331

PEOPLE

ROUGH AND READY? So are the guys at the Boot Camp. 1010 Bryant (2 blocks off Folsom).

"HOT NIGHTS"

Everyone in Hot Pants

25cents off on Well Drinks and Beer

10:00 to ? Thursday Nights

Libra "Hang Out Bar"

1884 Market Street

SLAVE WANTED - LIVE-IN POSSIBLE with benevolent autocrat in Downtown S.F. (53, 6'2", 220) Call Anytime (415) 775-4806.

DIG FFA? Try the Boot Camp for size. 1010 Bryant (2 blocks off Folsom).

PERSONALS

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All Leather Dress

10:00 to 2:00 Wednesday Night

25 cents off on Beer and Well Drinks.

Hang Out Room

1884 Market Street.

552-0886

THANK YOU-THANK YOU-Just a heartfelt and sincere thank you to all who made the birthday party a great success-Ray Rule and the COVERED WAGON-Bill McWilliams of the BOOT CAMP-and of course our host without whom this party could not have been. Bob C. Again a sincere thank you to all who attended.

With love-Joanne

NEED HEAVY TRAINING? Classes nightly at the Boot Camp. 1010 Bryant (2 blocks off Folsom).

ROOMMATES

GUYS:FOR ONLY \$25. A WEEK, YOU CAN SHARE A LUXURY, LAKESHORE PAD IN NEARBY OAKLAND-if you are butch, but Gay, employed and between 25-45. Own room (refernces and deposit required). Call MERCER at 465-9796, between 1 and 10 P.M. ONLY!

MAN-SHARE-3 bd. rm., vict., Bernal Hts., \$113-+ util., tel. 824-3817.

SHRE 3 BDRM HSE-W/2 yng guys own fur. rm. Outer Missn.-7-11 PM 584-8314.

MAN TO SHARE FURN. HOME-Own rm., Bath near Serramonte, \$110 util. incl. 994-1688.

SHARE-Three Bedroom Castro Market Area \$85. Mo. 861-5950.

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VOLUME 1 NUMBER 12

SEPTEMBER 15, 1971

THE TWO FACES OF CRISTAL



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