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## KNOW/NO ON 9!!

### KNOW NO ON NINE

Proposition Nine on the June ballot endangers your freedom! It is an assault on the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and press in their most sensitive and important application, political activity. Many California citizens have been supportive of this measure because it was sponsored by Common Cause and the People's Lobby. They have considered it another "good government" issue—but it is not. If passed it will prevent utterly the entrance of new people into politics and drastically curtail the ability of those who champion unpopular causes from getting their message to the people of our state.

The measure is so broad in its definition of what constitutes political action and, by extension, a political committee that newspapers and broadcast stations would be subject to prosecution for endorsing either candidates or measures unless they first filed as a committee. Curiously, they do not lobby the Legislature or administrative branch directly. Both newspapers and broadcast stations do lobby in Sacramento through their professional associations!

There is little question that organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union, the League of Women Voters, the State Bar Association would be forced to register as a political committee and open their membership lists to the Franchise Tax Board. In addition to these power specifically granted the appointed commission there are others the commission could take on its own.

After appointment by the governor, attorney general, secretary of state and controller, the five members have extraordinary powers to regulate any and all political activity within the extremely broad purposes of the initiative. A per-

fectly innocent—and commendable—campaign by any individual or organization to generate letters to legislators on a bill is specifically defined as payment subject to regulation under the broad powers granted over lobbyists.

Perhaps as bad as the repressive features are the loopholes which would enable rich and powerful interests to, literally, purchase as many ads in newspapers or on television as they wanted to "communicate with their members and employees" without having to report one cent of the expenditure.

In its severe disclosure requirements—name, address, employer and occupation of all contributors in the campaign records and reported to the state when their contribution is more than \$50—the suggested law would make it virtually impossible to raise funds for a candidate opposing a powerful incumbent—difficult enough already. Imagine a person who works for Safeway contributing to an anti-Prop 22 campaign. Imagine a person who works for a state agency giving to the campaign against a powerful incumbent. How many would contribute to help in the effort to decriminalize marijuana knowing their employer's name will be used in the campaign statement. It is obvious that disclosure of this nature—as courts have always held—protects entrenched power.

In announcing its strong opposition to Nine, the California Federation of Labor, AFL-CIO, called the measure "deviously contrived, anti-labor, anti-democratic, arbitrary and dictatorial." The KNOW NINE COMMITTEE agrees. We need your help to continue our efforts against Nine. The proponents are well funded—through the membership of Common Cause. Read Nine, think about it, and get in touch with us soon.



MEET THE SUPREMES — Three talented ladies who feel 1974 is going to be their biggest year yet, and they may well be right. There's been some changes since those Motown days of Diana Ross, but they're still the top female singing group in the country.

### IN THIS ISSUE:

MEET THE SUPREMES  
(A Personal Interview)  
"BROADWAY" AT A.C.T.  
STORY THEATRE

by  
Donald McLean

THE GREAT GATSBY  
by  
Montezuma

THE BLUES & LORD BYRON  
by  
Paul Francis-Hartmann

PLUS:

COMPLETE COVERAGE OF THE  
GAY BAY!

Next Deadline Wed., April 24th  
Next Issue Out Wed., May 1st



# SEDATIVE CHIC

by  
Craig Karpel  
(Reprinted courtesy  
of VIVA Magazine)

A down is not an up. Depressants, unsurprisingly, are depressing. In a time when the world is speeding up, more and more Americans -- particularly housewives and young people-- are popping pills that slow them down. In the midst of an energy crisis, millions are eating drugs that rob them of all their natural energy. While parents profess to be more concerned than ever that their children will become involved in the drug culture, the dominant drugs in that culture have become the very pills that mom and dad have been popping for decades.

Dr. Donald Wesson is a physician with San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic. "I remember not long ago treating a secretary who came to the clinic because she couldn't go -- or didn't feel that she could go -- to the more straight treatment facilities in the city," he says. "She was very straight-appearing in dress and manner. She claimed that she had hurt her arm. In fact she had a sterile abscess from shooting barbiturates intravenously. During her work day she would leave her desk job several times to shoot up barbiturates in the laides' room. The abscess was very painful. She couldn't for instance, straighten her arm or type. She couldn't perform her usual job. She was shooting three to five capsules a day, which is just under an addicting dose..." Vic Pawlak is head of Do It

Now Foundation, a Los Angeles-based, youth-oriented drug information center. "Yesterday on our hot line," he says, "three counselors talked to 100 people in six hours. Two were people trying to commit suicide by taking Seconals -- a barbiturate down. Fifteen were desperately addicted to barbs and needed a place to kick. Four were near overdoses, all on cheap 'Mexican reds' and Lilly F-40's -- also secobarbital. Eighteen were parents, wanting to know if we could help their kids. Most of these described typical barbiturate - related problems and 'funny little red pills.' Eleven were girls trying to get help for their husbands or boyfriends, all of whom were strung out on downers. Of these eleven girls, four were stoned on downs when they called. Two people wanted to bring in samples of 'reds' they suspected of having been adulterated with strychnine -- rat poison. Three people needed legal help after having been busted for possession of Seconals and other drugs. A heroin addict called to ask where he could get some 'reds' to tide him over. Fifty-six calls out of 100 were about downs, and every other call received was noncritical, informational, and calm."

Harold Miller, the principal of Central High School in Joliet, has said "There are such a large number of students, maybe 25 percent or more, who are utterly aimless... They aren't saying anything, and they aren't doing anything. They just aren't interested. They're like zombies."

Well, whether the principal knows it or not, he is giving a clinical description of the sociopathology of downs. The regular use of downs turns kids into zom-

bies, and if you've noticed an increased number of zombies on your block, then it's an odds-on proposition that they achieved their zombihood through the injudicious use of sedative-hypnotics.

According to the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency headed by Senator Birch Bayh, 8 to 15 percent of students in secondary schools and colleges -- that is, two to four million young people -- have used barbiturates for non-medical purposes. Drug program administrators I spoke to estimated the rate to be from 10 to 20 percent and law enforcement officials in such cities as Los Angeles, Miami, and Dayton, Ohio characterized barbiturate abuse as the single greatest problem in their school systems. The subcommittee's National Survey of Barbiturate Abuse and Illicit Traffic found that the New York City area, Texas, and California have the most serious barbiturate problems in the nation. A recurring response to the survey ranked barbiturate abuse third, exceeded only by alcohol and marijuana. Since it is arguable -- and true in my opinion -- that the moderate use of marijuana does not constitute "drug abuse" at all, while all agree that anything except occasional use of small amounts of barbiturates constitutes a serious form of drug abuse, it is clear that the downs scene in the U.S. today is menacingly huge.

Commonly abused downs include the "short-acting" barbiturates (i.e. the ones that "come on" within fifteen to thirty minutes when taken orally and last from two to four hours) such as secobarbital (trade name Seconal -- also known on the street as "reds," "Lilly F-40's") and pentobarbital (Nembutal -- yellow jackets); the "intermediate-acting" barbitur-

Continued Next Page

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MICHAEL GREER

**THANK YOU FOR A GREAT  
AND SUCCESSFUL FIRST YEAR!**



SEDATIVE CHIC  
BY CRAIG KARPEL

(reprinted by permission  
from VIVA Magazine.)

ate amobarbital (Amtal - "blue devils," "blue bullets") which comes on within an hour and works for four to six hours; and also Tuinol, a combination of secobarbital and amobarbital ("rainbows") Glutethimide (Doriden-Cibas) and methaqualone (Quaalude, Sopor, Parest, Optimil, Bithetamine - all commonly referred to as "Quaalude" or "Sopors" (pronounced "saopers") - are not compounds

(Continued)

of barbituric acid but have similar effects.

All these drugs, pharmacopoeially classified as "sedative-hypnotic" - that is, allaying irritability, assuaging pain, lowering functional activity, and inducing sleep - are depressants of the central nervous system which act by suppressing the ascending reticular formation of the brainstem and pathways in the thalamo-cortical portion of the brain. To find out what all this means in practice, I swallowed two Tuinals, a good dose for a beginning downer

freak. Now, I am normally a rather frenetic, energetic, talkative individual. Usually I work fifteen hours a day, seven days a week. I purposely dropped the "rainbows" when I had rested up and was at my most alert, but within an hour I was lurching around my house like Ray Milland in THE LOST WEEKEND. I felt like a leftover mastodon trying to slog his way out of the La Brea tar pits. I couldn't get one thought to follow another, my mind kept missing fire and my head felt like an overfilled sandbag. When I tried to talk, it seemed that my tongue was on a six-second delay. I was in a word, zonked, which is the way confirmed reds freaks describe their state of inebriation. I felt like a good-for-nothing stumblebum, and was annoyed that I had let my journalistic curiosity get the better of me. I would have kicked myself if I could have lifted my foot without keeling over. I decided not to fight it, immediately forgot what I had decided, remembered again, and went to sleep.

I awoke after eight hours to discover to my dismay that the drug was still working, I was experiencing barbiturate hangover - demoralized, befuddled, and sapped of energy. All I could say that day was, "Whew! Two Tuinals!" - and that rather thickly. It wasn't until the following evening that my capacity for functional activity rose again to a normal level.

A study conducted at the Federal Hospital for drug addicts in Lexington, Kentucky, by Dr. Harris Isbell determined that the effects of barbiturates are directly analogous with those of alcohol. For our purposes it is accurate to think of downs as "solid" alcohol. Downs are even like alcohol in that though both are technically depressants, they often produce what pharmacologists call "paradoxical effects" - extreme irritability, argumentative and violent behavior. The only real differences between them and alcohol is the ease of intoxication. By quickly gulping one Tuinal you can begin to lose your weekend in less time than it takes to fill a tumbler with gin.

Like alcohol, if used regularly over a period of time, downs can create psychological dependence - the subjective feeling that one needs to take them to get through the day - as well as physical addiction. Taking four to eight

times the sleep-producing dose a day over a period of several weeks produces a bodily need for downs that, if not satisfied results in a withdrawal syndrome consisting - in its mild form - of anxiety, sleeplessness, irritability, tremors, weakness, fainting, constipation, abdominal cramps, nausea and vomiting. In its severe form, grand mal convulsions, psychosis, and fever occur. In its severest form, death.

Death from barbiturate withdrawal should be distinguished from death by overdose, which is quite common, particularly when the barbiturates are washed down with a potentiating dose of alcohol. When you're stoned in downs, it's impossible to tell whether you've drunk too much, and when you're stoned on liquor it's impossible to tell whether you've taken too many pills. The fate of such pill-poppers as Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland, and Dorothy Kilgallen is proof that barbiturates and alcohol do mix to make a deadly poison. But we are not talking now of a user who takes too many pills and goes into a coma, but of a user who takes too few pills and goes into fatal convulsions. It is noteworthy that for all the fuss that is made about the dangers of heroin, it is theoretically impossible to overdose on pure heroin, and although "cold turkey" withdrawal from smack is uncomfortable, it doesn't endanger the addict's life at all. There are no convulsions associated with heroin withdrawal, and it is these convulsions that make withdrawal from downs not merely painful but life-threatening.

Is there nothing good to be said for downs? Of course there is: downs do not lead to harder stuff - because they are the hardest stuff there is.

Is this news to you? It is

to lots of people. For instance everyone I've ever met who was addicted to downs says he had no idea the pills were addictive until he began to experience withdrawal symptoms. As late as January of last year, even the experts weren't interested in downs. That month's issue of PSYCHOLOGICAL ABSTRACTS contained sixty three articles under "Amphetamines," thirty six under "LSD," thirty four under "Marijuana," and one on barbiturates. Celebrities don't go around lecturing about "How Downs Killed My Daughter," the way Art Linkletter did with acid. People don't make up dressing slogs about downs, like "Speed Kills" (even though speed doesn't literally kill, while downs do). And all the propaganda about heroin addiction seems to have had the effect of convincing kids that only smack is highly addictive. And so an aura of safety has surrounded downs.

Downers themselves are nothing new; they've been used and - more often - abused for over sixty years. Adults have made up most of the addicts in the past, but abuse among young people, including pre-adolescents, has become widespread since 1968-69. Why, then, has this phenomenon taken so long to come to the attention of the general American public?

Because downs are an underground phenomenon, in fact the only truly underground phenomenon to take hold among masses of youth in the wake of the youth culture of the Sixties.

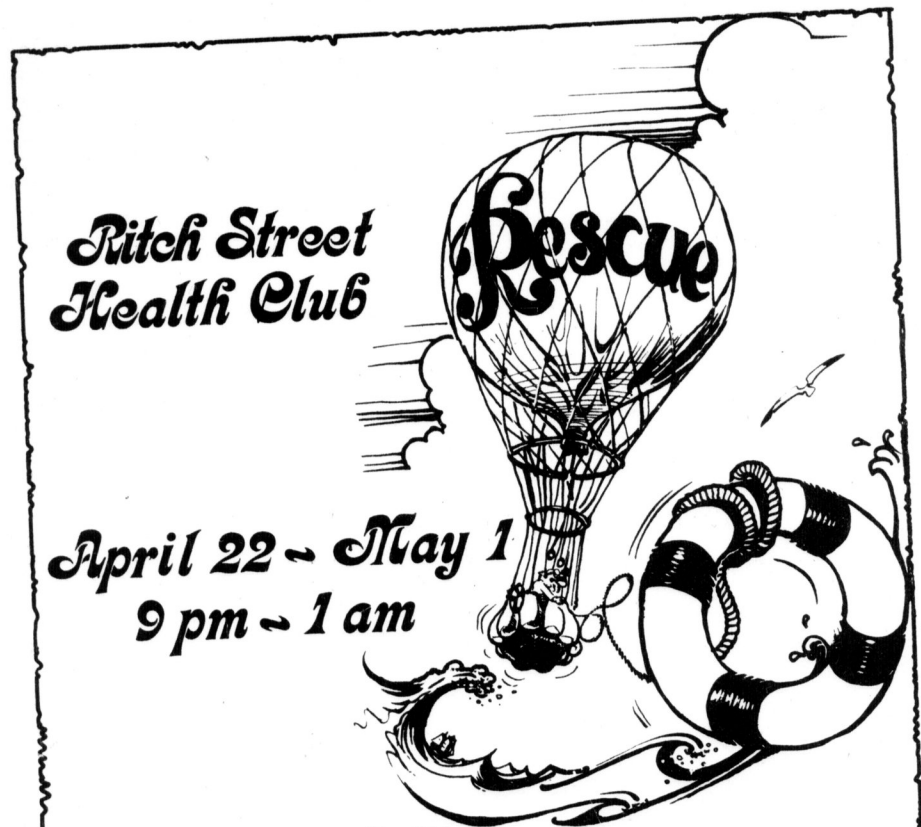
By underground, I do not mean capital U "Underground". Downs have become endemic not only in the absence of the kind of evangelical efforts exerted on behalf of LSD by Timothy Leary and Ken Kesey and on behalf of marijuana by Allen Ginsberg and the legalize marijuans organizations, but also in the fact of universal op-

position from the Underground, which calls them "death drugs." A good working definition of a small u underground phenomenon is one with which the straight world is not familiar and over which the ostensible "leaders" of the Underground have no control whatever.

They have no control because the mass abuse of downs among young people was invented by the lower-middle- to middle-middle-class kids themselves--it didn't trickle down to them from an elite corps of jazz musicians, poet-hipsters, and Ivy League psychologist-groupies. In the face of the stagnation of both the mainstream economy and the alternative culture at the close of the Sixties, many high school kids who, in the words of the Fleischman Commission in its report on education in New York State, "received neither sufficient preparation for college nor sufficient training to be attractive to prospective employers" undertook to make their lot at least subjectively less unbearable by stupefying themselves with downs.

Downs are the perfect drug for the under-employed youth of the Nixon era. Acid would make it clear that the unobtainable work is, in any event, meaningless--small comfort. Grass would allow you to experience your stultification more exquisitely. Speed would energize you, but for what? Heroin would increase your need for cash, so forget that. But downs? Downs relax you, downs make you forget, downs stuff your ears with cotton, downs casue you to slow down, sit down, lie down... they turn your days into daytime television, your nights into a stupid coma untroubled by dreams.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



**Ritch Street Health Club**

**April 22 - May 1**  
**9 pm - 1 am**

The Ritch Street Health Club is proud to present Rescue, a recent rock group who earlier this month performed a highly acclaimed broadcast on KSAN-FM in San Francisco, which placed them second in the listener-phone-in contest. Since then, their engagements have included various appearances in and around the Bay Area at diverse establishments ranging from the Hilton to those "little places where we break in new material."

Featured with the group is the delightfully talented and silver-haired Pianist and Vocalist, Miss Robin Sinclair, formerly of Gold, and Steven B. Martin, formerly of Orpheus and author of "Congress Alley." Also appearing with Rescue is Timothy McDonald, lead guitarist, and Roger Allen Northern, once Saigon's number-one drummer, and Bobby Bradford and David Campbell who last year terrorized the east coast honky-tonks and roadhouses with Ace In The Hole.

Rescue will be appearing on Monday, April 22, and Wednesday, May 1, from 9 PM - 1 AM at the Ritch Street Health Club, 330 Ritch Street, San Francisco.

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## DATELINE: NEW YORK

### AT THE HOP

Golden Ring Jr. High and Stemer's Run Jr. High -- the two junior high schools I went to during the fifties era of rock and roll music. The fifties were fun with the guys playing Brando or Elvis and trying to be the neighborhood James Dean. Guys didn't need poppers, drugs or pot to get laid either. Rock and roll music with stars like the King Elvis, Rick Nelson, Annette, Connie Francis, and Buddy Holly.

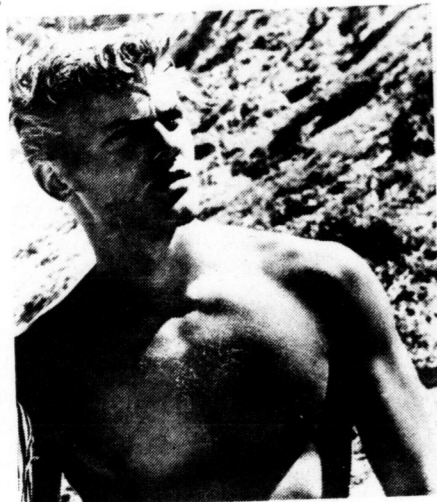
During the last night of the school year in the seventh grade I took out a chick named Patricia. Blond, serious and she dug The Diamonds (remember "Little Darling"?) What else could a guy ask for, huh? I remember getting all dolled up. A white sport coat I didn't wear. Pegged pants, drape haircut ("the ducktail") I did. "Come Go With Me" by the Del Vikings was playing and Pat and I rocked on. Golly, gosh, let me feel your soul, let the good times roll. They were all at the hop... the drapes (those who dug Elvis, James Dean and Brando), the Pat Boones (those guys who dug white bucks and went to school, on time, everyday), the girls in page-boy and ponytail hairdos (remember hoops under their dresses?) and everybody loving Rock and Roll.

As the evening went by guys did the bullshit act of telling each other who fucked who (actually nobody fucked anyone) and girls looking dreamy-eyed. At the end of the hop guys usually walked their dates home or went to a drive-in food hangout for a coke and hamburger.

Remember actor/singers like Tab Hunter? He gave us two groovy hits: "Young Love" and "Ninety-Nine Ways" and was an idol to millions. Tab played a role, just as we all did, I suppose, and was very much a part of the fifties and the dreams so many of us had. For his fans and those who remember him I dedicate the picture of him in this column.

Going to the hop was fun. Living as a teenager did in the fifties was a gas... but living in the seventies is gonna be a ball, too. Right?  
**ODDS AND ENDS:**

Last year I predicted that "The Monster Mash" by Bobby Boris Pickett was going to hit big and it did. I predicted that Billy "Crash" Keep cruising!



Craddock, that great, great Southern singer would continue to hit it big and that his records would come to the Country & Western market here in New York City. He has and they are being sold here. This year I predict that certain records dealing with the fifties sound will continue to be made by big name artists (already Ringo Starr had "You're Sixteen" which hit No. 1 nationally)... the New York Subways did not go on strike, however, I am not happy about that because now that the strikers (or let's say would be strikers) got their way prices continue to go up and that means the subway will continue to go up in price (even at 35 cents the subways are not worth it)... The Tide, a lesbian publication of women's rights is damn good and I recommend it highly... Gay news, in NYC, is finished. It will be dead as of the April 1974 issue. The news article in Screw concerning the death of Gay was very uncalled for and is considered highly anti-gay by many. While Screw has supported my businesses with nice articles recommending both LEGEND GALLERY and ATLANTIS STUDIOS, I would be wrong if I did not come out against their anti-gay stand and it is with my hope that if the article was a joke that such jokes cease and if it was serious then Screw should reconsider and not write such degrading articles again. In the fight for sexual rights and freedom we must all stand together... this means both gays and heterosexuals... if we are to be free as people. Screw still is one of the best, if not the best, heterosexual paper on the market and for this reason alone it is hoped that they continue to stand up for sexual freedom... heterosexual and gay.

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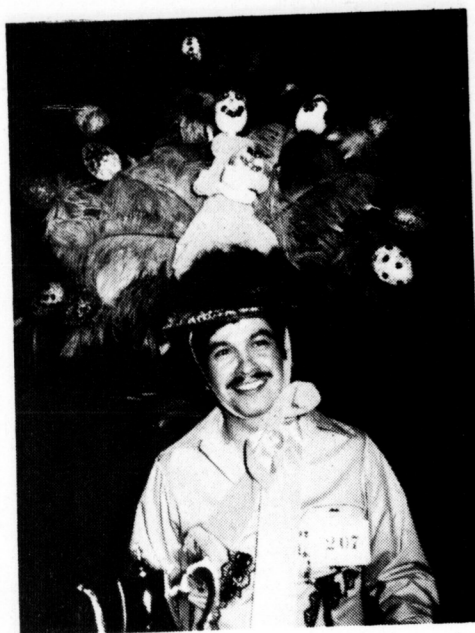
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Fat Fairy was the Most Elegant.

**MADHATTER'S BALL**  
By Luscious Lorelei

The crowd was only fair at the first MADHATTER'S BALL at the Village last Sat. night, April 13th. But there were lots of hats. The prize winners were:

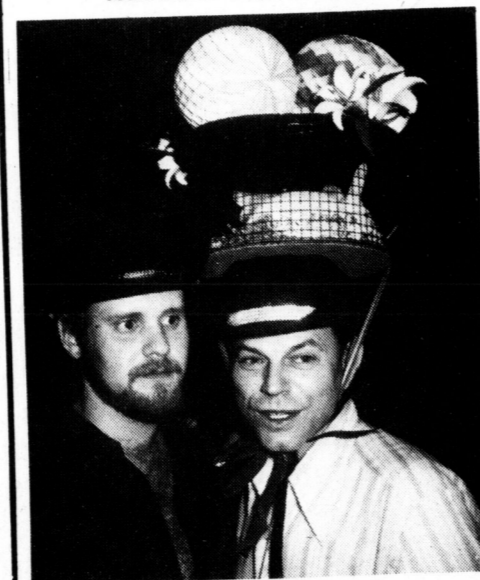
Best Theme and Most Original--Leonard Juarez.

Best Group--Maxine, Empress VIII and Ron, Mr. Gay San Francisco.

Most Elegant--Fat Fairy.  
Most Comic--Marsha Pistol.  
Other interesting hats were Luscious Lorelei wearing a cage with a live rabbit and Noel, the famous male painter who has many pic-



Most Comic--Marsha Pistol.



Lucky, Mr. Cowboy Candidate, with Lorelei and furry friend.

Photos by Bond Shand

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tures in bars around town, wearing a hat made of hundreds of feathers.

Dance music was taped by THE ENDUP and THE RECORD HOUSE and of course, the highlight of the evening was the outstanding job done by Lori Shannon as the emcee.

**EASTER PARADE**

Photos by Staff Photographer

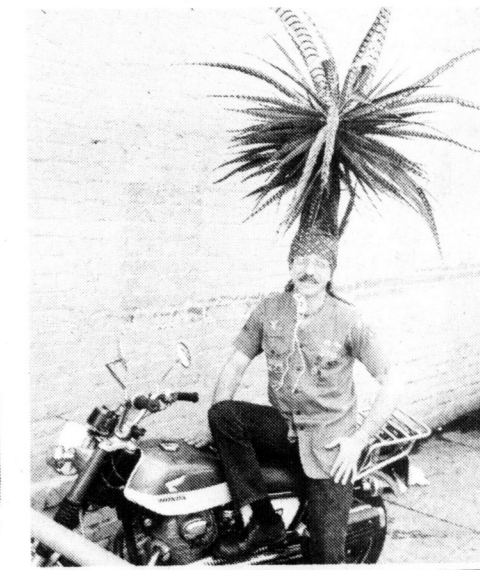


Photo by James Armas

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# COMMUNITY NEWS

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## WHY PRIDE NIXED ELECTIONS

This is the fourth in a series of articles about THE PRIDE FOUNDATION, written especially for the Bay Area Reporter. The three preceding described PRIDE self-selecting Board, its potential for setting sound priorities, and its methods of delegating and supervising authority.

The present article explains why PRIDE is set up under a self-selecting Board, and does not use membership elections as a way to select its Directors and Officers.

PRIDE is not the only self-selecting group to form recently. Clearly, many activists feel the need for such organization, and there are good reasons why this is an idea whose time has come.

In a traditional election, two or more adversary candidates argue their respective ideas of priorities to a large electorate. This electorate includes a wide range of concerns, and also a wide range of understanding. By attracting a majority vote, one candidate wins a powerful office for a fixed period. During his period in office, he operates in effect subject only to a recall.

Such elections are exciting. There are personality confrontations, the formation of caucuses, campaigning, and soon. They gratify the ego of the voter who is called upon to play judge over the arguments presented to him, and of the persons who present them. They give a sense of participation in policy-making, and of control of the selection of officials. Such elections are accepted as generally legitimizing the organization which uses them as representing the community; and as specifically legitimizing the winning candidate to speak and act for the community as its particular representative. BUT...

\*Elections are often won by media control, exposure, image projection, and other PR affects. PRIDE's officials are chosen by a small group, which can investigate, and know.

\*Elections may discriminate against subgroup representatives. PRIDE can reach out to include subgroup representation.

\*Elections exclude talent that lacks a public identity in the community; PRIDE can reach out to include quiet gays in influential

positions, and sympathetic straights, also.

\*Elections are polarizing and therefore wasteful. They exclude constructive people who do not want to confront others in an election; the politicking turns volunteers off. In PRIDE, capable people are not adversaries, and an election is never "against" someone else.

\*Elections distort priorities in favor of internal community organizing and relations, as against external work. But working IN the community is not the same as working FOR the community, an easy mistake for an official with a large electorate.

\*Elections determine priorities by political compromise, often resulting in piecemeal programs. PRIDE's coherence as a self-selecting Board helps develop logical priorities.

\*Elections can confer authority without control. An independently elected President leads and dominates all procedures, and is essentially free of real supervision. PRIDE's Executive Secretary is appointed by the same Board to which he answers; and the meetings where he reports are chaired by a separate parliamentary Chairman.

The basic question is community validation. How can PRIDE validate itself as representing the gay community without having elections? Actually, there are many ways to do this, and the following come to mind:

\*SURVEYS of the community, to help make policy decisions. Presently there is an elaborate survey working in PRIDE's Planning Committee, which will bring a new dimension to the idea of community input. It will be helpful not only to PRIDE but to many other organizations as well.

REPORTS will be published in the gay papers frequently, to keep the community advised of how projects are going. These will be factual, and in detail. Adequate reporting of projects has too often been neglected by gay organizations.

INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS and feedback sessions will allow good communication with concerned persons on an individual basis. Some of this has already occurred in our Friday Dinner Series.

SUBGROUP REPRESENTATION has been indicated above. The PRIDE Board has developed further since our initial article on this in B.A.R. (10-3-73). An update report will follow.

GENERAL OPEN MEETINGS will allow public discussion of reports and problems, and opportunity for formal recommendations to be made.

Such techniques are more personal and specific than marking a ballot for candidates who may not be fully known. Elections focus on persons; PRIDE concentrates on issues, priorities, and getting the job done.

We in PRIDE want to work for the gay community. We do not want to contend against other gays for leadership positions, nor to put anyone down, in order to do what is right and needed. The real enemy is out there; it is not in the gay community; and it offends practicality, brotherhood, and self-respect, to raise a common good from intramural strife. The strength of PRIDE is the coherence of a self-selecting group. It is free of internal politicking and nitpicking. It is a good place for new people, new ideas, new energies, and new talents, because the chief concern is to get on with the work.

Persons interested in membership or volunteering should leave a message at 864-9476, or write to: The Pride Foundation, Box 1983, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.



## JOIN HANDS

JOIN HANDS, a Bay Area gay men's prison support group, needs gay men who would like to write to a gay brother in prison. Our work here is mainly composed of setting up correspondence between gay men inside of prison and those of us 'outside.' Right now, the number of prison letters we have far outnumbers the number of names we receive from people who want to write gay prisoners. Gay prisoners desperately need our support. Although all prisoners suffer many inequities, gay prisoners in particular are doubly oppressed because of their sexuality. Please write us for a prisoner's name. Our address is: Join Hands, P.O. Box 42242, S.F., Ca. 94142. Also, come by and visit us at our office: 121 Leavenworth Rm., No. 402, S.F. (Office hours: M 2-5, W 2-5, F 3-5.

Editor:

Last week an advertisement appeared in BAR announcing a new gay bar, The Phone Booth, at 25th and South Van Ness. "Great!" I said. Now I can trick around the corner as well as down the street, and immediately went to check it out.

Nostalgia freaks will love it. It's a neighborhood bar straight out of the late 1940's. It even manages to carry on an air of subtle repression. A picture of a cowboy (fully clothed) stares out at the sunset over the men's room.

Elbows covertly touching along the bar. The question reaches your ear as soon as you enter. "Is he or isn't he?" Ah, the danger of it all. I felt like I was back in Omaha. Memories of the Army where the CID was always at the next table watching.

Still it is nice to have a place in the neighborhood that is trying. Perhaps a liberating visit from the cockettes could ease their coming out pains. In the meantime I think the name should be changed from The Phone Booth to The Closet Case.

Rick Weylan

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# BAR

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Distributed Free-  
Advertising Rates upon request.

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# MEET THE SUPREMES

by  
donald m'clean

Supreme -- "The highest in excellence" (Webster's Dictionary) Actually, it's not a bad description of the "New" Supremes as I sit watching their act in the Venetian Room at the FAIRMONT HOTEL. From their rousing opening, "T.C.B./Stop in the Name of Love" to their rockin' revival finale, "Love Train," The Supremes are better than ever before, including when Miss Ross was with them. It's an exciting, fast-paced hour of solid entertain-



THE SUPREMES - Scherrie Payne (left), Cindy Birdson (center) and the original Mary Wilson (right).

ment that has the staid Venetian Room audience jumping and yelling "Oh, yeah!". The lone original, Mary Wilson, who previously mainly sang "Doo wahs" behind Diana Ross or Jean Terrell, now heads the act and does a stunning "Can't Take My Eyes Off of You," dropping the mike at the end of the number and that fine voice carrying into every corner of the room with no amplification. Cindy Birdson, after almost a two-year absence, is back in the act with her special brand of twinkling-eyed humor and support, and the newest member is Scherrie Payne. Miss Payne is probably destined to go through life being billed as "Freda Payne's younger sister," but it's unnecessary... she's a beautiful dynamo of talent capable of belting or caressing a lyric with a smooth, full-bodied voice that garners "Bravos" from the crowd. And because of the addition of Miss Payne, The Supremes now have a richer, fuller sound than ever before ("It is isn't it?" says Miss Wilson), making them one of the best club acts in recent memory.

Of special interest to local San Franciscans are the shimmering silver and/or grey sequined gowns (see photos) designed for them by Pat Campano, known previously for his costumes in local theatre productions such as "Mame", "Dames at Sea," and on and on.

The Supremes enter in gowns and matching sequined coats trimmed in tons of turkey feathers, then Mary Wilson slowly sheds her coat to reveal the dazzling silver sequin Harlow-cut gown beneath and the audience bursts into spontaneous applause for the costumes. Mr. Campano is the exclusive designer for The Supremes and a definite asset to their show.

As I enter their suite between shows for a quick interview before they have to go on again, Miss Wilson is drying her hair, Miss Payne is sitting relaxing in an armchair in a wild flowered kimono, and Miss Birdsong is in the bedroom changing. Scherrie Payne is articulate, vivacious and quite open as she relates eye-to-eye. She joined the group October of '73. "Is that all? I feel like I've been with them for years." Prior to joining The Supremes, she sang with The Glass House for Invictus Records from 1968 until early '73. She plays piano and writes music as well as performing "but I haven't written anything for a couple of years now." She speaks quite openly about her sister, Freda, and I gather she's pleased, not envious, of her sister's rise to stardom and feels no competition or comparison with her sister is necessary.

The Supremes originated in Detroit, Michigan, with three ladies: Diana Ross, Florence Ballard and

Mary Wilson. They were brought to stardom by Motown Records (with whom they no longer record) and had five consecutive number one hit records (which has never been beaten) and seven gold records in less than two years. In 1967, the act was billed as "Diana Ross and The Supremes," then Florence Ballard retired and Cindy Birdsong of "Patty and the Bluebells," joined the act, then Miss Ross took off for more individual pastures. To Mary Wilson has fallen the task of keeping the act together, of finding new girls when one leaves, and keeping the quality of the original name at the same level. She's sharp, keen-eyed, gracious but with an underlying toughness that makes her quite formidable, yet there's a fun humor about her as she speaks that you feel she would be a good friend if she liked you and a bad enemy if she didn't.

She alone has kept The Supremes going, and you know it has not been always an easy road. While in San Francisco, they are rehearsing a new act to open in Las Vegas April 24th, but more exciting than that is Pedro Ferrer, the handsome law student from the Dominican Republic that Mary Wilson will marry on May 7th in Vegas. Pedro is quiet, extremely good-looking and rather shy; he plans to finish his law course of study at UCLA next fall, meanwhile travelling with the act as their road manager. Miss Wilson enters the room, shakes hands, senses someone is missing (they travel with four musicians, a secretary, hairdresser, bodyguard/lighting man and manager) and looks around. "Where's Pedro?" Assured he just stepped out for a minute, she resumes conversation. Miss Wilson and Mr. Ferrer will marry in a small ceremony at a chapel in Vegas (bridal gown designed by Campano) but she says, "We're really doing it for the moms... The mothers were very upset... I didn't care at first, but now I like the idea." As she speaks of her forthcoming marriage, she is radiant... and who can blame her.

Aha! Enter Cindy Birdsong, friendly as a puppy and quick to laugh. I gravitate to her, feeling here is a gal who would be a ball to go out and have a few drinks with. How many Supremes have there been total? "Scherrie is our lucky 7!" I ask Cindy if there was a slump when Diana Ross left the act? "No, for a while everything was just fine, then for



The "New" Supremes show off their Pat Campano originals.

a while we went into a slump, but our fans always stuck with us and now, we have more fan clubs than we've ever had." Prior to their opening at the Fairmont, The Supremes were playing in Mexico City when a fire broke out in the club and their entire dressing room, with nine sets ("with us, everything's in threes, so that's 27 costumes") of gowns was totally demolished. "We don't know why, but suspect it was set deliberately... Oh, everybody has their hand

out there, but I was having a good time. But the fire did put a damper on it." They had just shipped several trunks of wardrobe back to the States prior to the blaze, so they were left with not one stitch of wardrobe to finish their booking, until frantic phone calls enlisted a new set of Campano originals to get them through. I ask Cindy what the ultimate ambition of The Supremes is? "We want first to do a new act; this one we've been doing for quite a while. And we'd like another TV special; then we'd like to do a TV series, not necessarily a variety hour like "Sonny and Cher", but maybe a situation comedy about three different girls who work together, and maybe sing one song each show." Sounds like an interesting concept; TV producers, take note. But Cindy's biggest enthusiasm is with The New Supremes. She beams at Scherrie and says, "1974 is our year! We're back to tell the public 'Here we are again!' This is going to be our year!"

And you know something? I believe it. Make way for The Supremes!

(Next Issue—Meet Daphne Davis)

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# a film view

BY MONTEZUMA

## THE GREAT GATSBY

THE GREAT GATSBY is a flawed film to be sure but it's still a film that is well worth seeing and has many a good moment. It is important in that I think this film succeeds in capturing the essence of the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald whereas previous attempts have failed to deal properly with this author's works - notably the

glossy, tepid version of "Tender Is The Night."

True, as has been said about GREAT GATSBY, it does ramble on too long - but yet it's this unhurried pace that creates the languid mood that is much of the "Gatsby" feeling. It is a story of the very rich and the very rich are never very hurried. If it rambles and seems slow, it should be - although it does tire the viewer at times.

For those who may not know anything about the film - which is certainly the most ballyhooed film of the year thus far - it deals with the rich - both old and new rich - of the 1920's in Long Island one summer. The central focus in the film is on the love story between Jay Gatsby and Daisy Buchanan. Also woven into the story are the relationships between Daisy's husband, Tom, and a local girl, Myrtle Wplson - who's also married; and that of Daisy's working class cousin, Nick and wealthy socialite Jordan Baker. But the magic of the book and the lure of the film is not the story as much as the milieu of the way it is told and the reflection on the morals of the past. It's morality is one of the causes of it's slowness, in this day of rush-rush,



Mia Farrow swathed in elegance as Daisy Buchanan.

hurry-hurry, the seemingly frantic 20's are just too slow for many of us.

The book has become an American classic and the film faces much criticism from the readers of the book but I found that this film adheres more to the feeling and content of its source more than any other transfer to the screen that I can remember.

I must in truth admit that I didn't read the book until after I saw the film and I did that on purpose as I wanted to keep an open mind about the film as that is what I intended to review. But I was fascinated by the film - and also a bit bored at times - it's a film that I'm at great odds with as it intrigued me as well as left me dissatisfied to the point of wanting to see if the book would contain the answer - yet I came to realize after reading the book, that it's all there in the film and the book only clarifies in writing what some of the visual aspects didn't quite get.

as far as the performances in the film are concerned, I for one feel that Robert Redford gives an excellent performance. Compared with the ease and overwhelming personality that he's displayed in his recent films, his shadowy Gatsby may disappoint many of his fans, but for this part it is right that he doesn't overwhelm



Robert Redford plays the mysterious, elusive Jay Gatsby in search of a lost love.

as he's a loser in the story and so much of what we want to know about him is not disclosed until he's no longer on screen. The climax of the film is his death and the fact that Redford plays it so low key helps us deal with his murder and not go crazy because a superstar has died not in the classic tradition of tears and "Love Story" but because he is paying for a crime he didn't commit. I can't think of another top name actor today who could have brought the right type of charisma to the role. Redford tries things that he's never done in films before (except for his excellent bit in "Daisy Clover") and some of them work and some of them don't, but he's definitely in there trying. This time it's a role that is more than a wave of blonde hair and a toothy smile. I think he succeeds as much as anyone could with this very difficult role. It's difficult because his aura must permeate the film and yet when it all ends, there is still very little one knows about the mysterious Gatsby.

Mia Farrow brings the right qualities to her role of the ultra rich Daisy. She is the supreme bitch - but terribly, terribly sweet. It's to her credit that she manages to make Nick - the only one who knows just what evil she has done - both hate and love her. While she is the love object of the film, she is also really the villain of the piece. Mia carries this off and I shudder to think what Ali McGraw would have done with the role. You dislike Daisy for what she does but she herself doesn't feel that she's done anything wrong and doesn't feel any guilt about her actions that one summer. It becomes clear in

the final scene as Daisy and Tom and their very rich friends return the following summer, that Gatsby was not the "big love" of her life but maybe just a bit more than a summer fling.

Sam Waterson as Nick is very special in the film. Nick is the narrator of the story and as such he becomes the main "villain" as he could have stopped the series of incidents that lead to Gatsby's death at any time. Nick is the only one who knows the truth of all the inter-relationships, but even at the end, he keeps quiet. He is the social climber who knows that this is his place and he hasn't the right to blow the whistle on the very rich.

Bruce Dern as Tom shows that he's capable of doing different types of roles than he's been seen in the past. This film should open doors for him and he could become a major "movie star" as well as a damn good actor.

Others in the large cast are equally good with \*\*\*\* to Karen Black as the girl from the wrong side of the tracks, Myrtle, and Lois Chiles who is properly elusive and above it all as the not-to-honest Jordan Baker.

A special word must be said for the visual look of the film - stunning is the word. The costumes (Theoni Aldredge and Robert Bruce), set pieces (John Box - production designer) automobiles and all the artifacts used to re-create the world of the very rich of the 1920's is beautifully done. It's not the razz-a-matazz flapper era we usually associate with the 20's and the strange thing that emerges as far as the fashion look is the emphasis on the men's clothes. It's the male fashion image that will be influenced by this film and that in itself is a novelty.

Whereas maybe another director could have tightened the film and made the production move faster, the liesurely pace that director Jack Clayton has given the film works well for it and lulls us into this faraway world where money flowed like champagne and the cry of the rich was "ain't we got fun." Until next issue... see ya at the movies... Luv.

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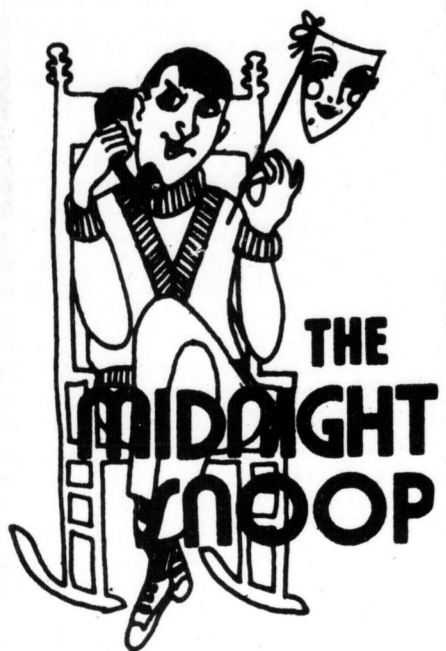
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## Show News



# THE MIDNIGHT KNOOP

by Donald McLean

"BROADWAY" AT A.C.T.

BANANA OIL!

A play about gangsters, gun molls, gum-chewing chorines and an idealistic aspiring vaudeville team set in the Roaring 20's sounds like a great evening of fun, doesn't it, especially spiced with those snappy "23 Skidoo" type sayings that are a part of American folklore now? Well, it isn't.

What on earth prompted the executive deities at A.C.T. to resurrect this tired comedy/melodrama by Philip Dunning and George Abbott is beyond comprehension. Produced on Broadway in 1926, it was nostalgia by 1930. Now it is just like watching a bad Grade B movie on the Late, Late Show, which could be fun too, except that the B movies said it better even in the 30's. Mainly, the A.C.T. company gives their



James R. Winker & Deborah May in jubilant moment backstage on "Broadway."

best (which is mighty good), but the play itself just defeats them.

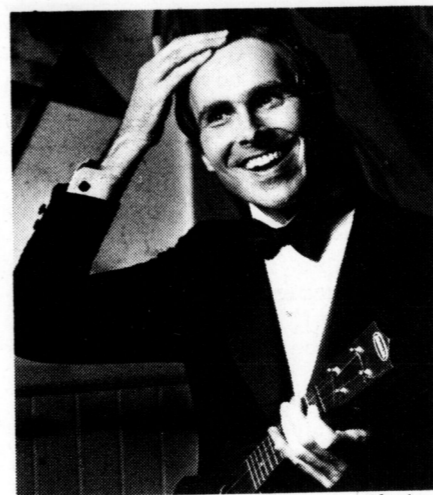
Briefly, the play is set in 1926 backstage of the Paradise Night Club in New York, a sleazy second-rate speakeasy with six chorines whose idols are obviously Joan Blondell and Iris Adrian. Star of the show is a young success-hungry hooper, Roy Lane, who is teaming with naive innocent chorine Billie Moore to make it big in vaudeville (he hopes). The club is owned by the Nick The Greek and his customers are some fairly unsavory gangsters, Steve Crandall (Rick Vallin played this part for years in films), "Scar" Edwards, "Porkey" Thompson (read in Jack Oakie), you get the idea. Crandall shoots "Scar" in a moment of pique, Roy and Billie see it but Billie is going with Crandall much to Roy's dismay, and there is the ever-smiling Irish cop always lurking around, Dan McCorn (William Bendix). Sandwiched between this less-than-gripping plot

is the tackiest nightclub revue you're ever likely to see. As I sat in the Geary Theater, I kept wishing I was out front in the audience of the Paradise Night Club watching that marvelously tacky revue; it looked like a lot more fun than what was going on onstage.

The brightest spot of the evening is in the third act, when Roy (James R. Winker) and Billie (Deborah May) team up for a Carleton Carpenter/Debbie Reynolds buck-and-wing routine to "Shine." Mr. Winker and Miss May have given consistently fine performances all season, and they maintain their level right to the end ("Broadway" is the last play of this season). They're charming, delightful, and manage to make their stereotype roles fresh and amusing. Ruth Kobart, as the aging soubrette who's seen it all, steals scene after scene. Ray Reinhardt is perfection as the harried club owner, Judith Knaiz and Elizabeth Huddle play the battling round-heeled chorines Mazie and Ruby for every laugh they're worth, and Roger Kern nicely underplays the competent Irish cop. Charles Lanyer, as the smarmy gangster Crandall, conveys all the menace of an irate Pekinese and Kathryn Crosby, A.C.T.'s answer to Marian Davies, plays the bereft moll as if she was the understudy thrown in on an hour's notice.

The set by Ralph Funicello is wonderfully rundown, the 20's costumes and sleazy showgirl outfits by Robert Morgan greatly enhance the overall look of the production and contribute much, and Edward Hastings has directed with great energy and style, but the show is not a "camp" for the audience, nor is it even good nostalgia, and must in the final verdict be regarded as a museum peice unworth of revival or the talents of A.C.T.

Since this is the final play of A.C.T.'s season, let met take a quick look at the overall picture. "Taming of the Shrew," "You Can't Take It With You," "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "The Miser" were truly excellent (I missed "Cherry Orchard," which also got very good notices), "House of Bernarda Alba" and "Hot L Baltimore" were far less satisfactory, "Tonight at 8:30" is a mixed bag only for the most devoted Noel Coward fan, and "Broadway" is an unfortunate choice. Certainly the good far outweighs the bad, even the flops were at least well done and were more the play than



James R. Winker of A.C.T. - now playing a role Bobby Van would kill for!

the performers, and my respect for the A.C.T. company is boundless. Two of the most exciting evenings I've spent in the past year were at "Shrew" and "Cyrano" (also one of the most dismal, at "Bernarda Alba"), but the prime joy of A.C.T. is that if you hated one show, you may love the next. The quality varies, what repertory company does not, but the overall level is extremely high and always interesting. It has been an ambitious season, with something for everyone's taste; I would quarrel with their choices at times (why do "8:30" when "Fallen Angels" and "Hay Fever" lie ignored, "Broadway" instead of "Idiot's Delight," and I doubt there is a company in the world than can make Lorca appealing to the masses) but I must admit I have become a devoted A.C.T. fan this season. It is a company San Francisco can be proud of!

### STORY THEATRE

Paul Sills STORY THEATRE, which has been touring across the nation for six years, finally reached San Francisco last week at the Montgomery Playhouse, 622 Broadway. John Ringling North has been leading us astray all these years, people. There are two shows for "children of all ages" -- the circus and Story Theatre.

It is impossible to describe the marvelous visual experience of this show. If I tell you R.G. Davis is hilarious as rooster, Joe Bellan makes a fantastic dog and Richard Schaal is a perfect ass, it just doesn't sound right. But when you see a sketch entitled "The Bremen Town Musicians," you'll understand. The show is a rapid succession of improvised short stories taken from Aesop's Fables, the

Brothers Grimm and other sources, some are magnificently funny, some are low-key but charming, and a few, such as "Binnorie," "The Three Musicians" and "The Blue Light," are starkly serious with comedic overtones. Performed brilliantly by a cast of seven -- Richard Schaal, Joe Bellan, Melinda Dillon, Sinbad X. Nimrod, Elena Stoyanov, R.G. Davis and Gardner Brent -- and ingeniously directed by Paul Sills, this show is for anyone sophisticated enough to still appreciate whimsy and charm. The only problem is the lack of variety in the stories, but the evening is fast-paced and short enough that just when you're beginning to weary of folklore kings and various farm animals, it's over. To single any individual per-



R.G. Davis & Melinda Dillon as the Parson and his wife in a skit from Paul Sills "Story Theatre."

former out would be unfair, as they all have seferal great moments, backed by two fine musicians. The physical setup of the Montgomery Playhouse is perfect for this show, and I heartily recommend it for anyone who loved reading "Henny Penny" as a child. Take your baby sister and your grandmother with you and just be entertained. It's not a memorable evening, but it's a charmer.

### GLITTER AND THE GAY

PIERCE IN L.A.;  
RUSSELL IN N.Y.

Charles Pierce packed the Dorothy Chandler Pavillion in L.A. with 3200 people, who rose and gave him and Sally Rand a standing ovation after an evening in which, as one observer put it, "he could do no wrong!" Luminaries in the audience who came to roar approval were such biggies as Estelle Winwood, Paul Lynde, Cass Daley and Beatrice Kay, plus

the surprise guest who loved Mr. Pierce's takeoff on her, Linda Lovelace. "Are you really Linda Lovelace?" inquired Mr. Pierce, as his dressing room crowd grew quiet wondering how she would prove it. But Miss Lovelace refrained and just modestly answered, "Yes, I am."

Meanwhile, Craig Russell was appearing at Rocco's in New York, with celebrities galore rushing nightly to see him, but the "biggest thrill of my career so far" was next to closing night when Carol Channing and the entire cast of "Lorelei" came in to see his takeoff on her, the first of his "ladies" who's actually seen him perform them. Miss Channing howled with delight, then came onstage to present him with one of her "diamond" rings and he immediately gave her one right back off his finger), posed for photos for AFTER DARK Magazine, and concluded by saying, "You know, all the other impressionists do me as a dumb blonde, but I think you realize how really smart I am!" She then stayed to see his next show, Tallulah Bankhead, leading the applause and

(continued next page)

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**THE MIDNIGHT SNOOOP**

becoming a devoted Russell fan. Mr. Russell will next appear in L.A. at AFTER DARK and then the Playboy Club, then onto Vegas May 15th at the Grand Hotel. NEW "GIRL" AT FINOCCHIO'S

Jae Stevens, previously one-half of the team of Stevens & Miller is now appearing Wed. thru Sun. nights at FINOCCHIO'S on Broadway as emcee of the show for a month while Carroll Wallace takes a vacation, then will double as an Eve-ette and featured spot. **A FEW CHANGES**

Lest you think "Applause" is the only show that's had a cast change, let me hasten to reassure you "Little Me" has had a few of its own. First of all, a new director--Chuck Zinn will replace Bob Paulsen (who will remain doing sets) as director. Gene Joseph dropped out as Pinchley/Val du Val for "personal reasons" and Mike Lewis will take over those roles, and Jim Ryder decided he didn't want to play Patrick Dennis and Don Cavallo of the FICKLE FOX will play the noted author role. (Mr. Ryder may be seen hoofing in the chorus of "Applause" now). That's it for the nonce... stay tuned!



Johnny Mathis will play three nights only at Circle Star.

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Opening at the S.F. Community Theater, 220 Buchanan St., is a stage adaptation of Ingmar Bergman's film "The Virgin Spring," directed by Sam Allen, on May 9th, 10th and 12th and successive weekends thru May. Call 824-3557 for info; \$1.50 donation. APPLICATIONS FOR A.C.T.

**SUMMER COURSE**

A.C.T.'S Summer Training Congress, a 10 week program of professional training, is now accepting applications through June 1st, classes starting on June 17th. Ap-

plicants must be 17 years old and will be accepted at beginning, intermediate and advance levels with tuition scholarships available to those deserving. Write Allen Fletcher, A.C.T., 450 Geary St., S.F. 94102.

COME TO THE CABARET... ..

**BUT BRING I.D.**

A couple issues back, I mentioned problems of I.D. checks at the door of CABARET some people were having. Now their sister club in L.A., AFTER DARK, is being sued for the same problem. Manuel, manager of CABARET here, assures me that the I.D. check is only to prevent minors entrance and is not intended as discrimination against anyone. He said usually two pieces of I.D. were required when the doorman was in doubt, so if you have any hassle in the future, I suggest you stand firm and ask to see the manager. I think the implied problem at CABARET is the location, with straight couples who might wander in from Broadway not knowing it is a Gay club, a potentially uptight situation, which is understandable. But rest assured CABARET wants your business.

COMING ATTRACTIONS  
CIRCLE STAR THEATRE --



Trini Lopez, whose "I Had A Hammer" sold over 7 million copies and was the top single in 23 countries, opens April 23rd at the Fairmont.

Johnny Mathis brings his smooth song stylings April 26 - 28, with Australian real female impressionist Daphne Davis as his opening sideact. a goodie.

VENETIAN ROOM -- Trini Lopez, who just finished filming his first starring role in a new movie "Antonio" on location in Chile, plays April 23rd through May 1st.

GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL -- Moby Grape and Terry and The Pirates play Tues., April 16th; Alan Price on the 17th; Hampton Hawes on the 20th (Duke Ellington had to cancel due to illness) and Carmen McRae sings two nights only, April 26th and 27th.

**GOLDEN AWARDS  
MAKES A STATEMENT**

For the first time in its five year history, the GOLDEN AWARDS for 1973 have made a financial statement available to the public, who always asks where all the money goes. Here is the breakdown for this year's awards at Bimbo's:

- Total Income from advertising and ticket sales -- \$5,872.00.
- Trophies -- \$1,247.00.
- Total Expenses (including trophies) for 1973 -- \$3,566.75.
- Debts incurred from 1972 now paid -- \$551.19.
- Total Profit over expenses for 1973 -- \$1,643.06.

This means there is over \$1600 in the bank account for the San Francisco Academy of Performing Arts to apply next year. Thank you, Zane Tamas, for the accounting, and anyone wishing a complete detailed breakdown may call me at 861-5019 and I'll be happy to give it to you.

Any questions?  
So long for a while, that's all the songs...

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# THE MEN IN MY LIFE

## THE BLUES AND LORD BYRON

I once wrote: the blues come as regularly as the highs... the trough of every wave. As more of one's life becomes memory -- albums of faces, dates, towns -- the blues seep in more easily and tend to hover like stubborn ground fog. Rumaging through a desk drawer might produce an old set of photographs; somehow each picture is a turn of a knife blade. A canceled passport causes its own kind of string. And while the pain has its special sweetness, a welt is left all the same.

Like so many others, I save things: old address books, a letter promising promise, even "Dear Johns." Some chapters irrevocably snapshot, and I'll clean house: passing on a gift that once had shivering meaning for me to another who for some reason finds the item attractive. I collect and then de-collect; barnacles build up and one day I methodically scrape myself clean. Unfortunately I can't do anything about old movies on TV

or vintage songs that exhume and exhume. A whiff of English Leather and the past floods the present.

Should one prefer to live his life more alone than in company, he is especially vulnerable. One friend talks about his bouts of "terminal blahs." When they settle in and seemingly get too much, he does the only thing one can. He seeks out company to shake them away. Gloom comes gloom goes; all one has to know is how to handle the dark clouds... (I stopped there; something was wrong! It all needed rethinking.) Months later I wrote:

Melancholy happens to be a 'legitimate' emotion. Unfortunately it happens to be out of vogue and has been for some 60 years. Every generation has its style of feeling; one age shudders and blushes and faints, another swaggers, still another is godlike in a universal indifference. These styles in actual emotion are not insincere. They are largely preconscious, determined by many social causes, but 'shaped' by artists. Usually stars of the screen and tube, the LP record, the shop window and the picture magazine.

The predominant personality style (1915-1965) crystalized after

WW I first among the intellectuals and artists. Partly as a reaction against the failed ideals, the bankrupt institutions that collapsed in the Great War. The Western world similarly rejected those emotions that stood for softness, weakness, over-ripeness. (Art Nouveau, pliant and organic, gave way to Art Deco of the 20's and 30's, hard and geometric).

If every age has its style, then there are to be found those who set that style. The ruling personages, the model that contemporaries invest with admiration and sympathy. The ruling personages of post-WW I America have been the tough guys; from Hemingway to Mailer, from Bogart to Edward G. Robinson, from Blackjack Pershing to Gen. Patton. Also the strong, silent men: from Gary Cooper to John Wayne. Our era's acceptable emotions became anger and courage, and for epitomizing them, Clark Gable was dubbed "King." For "lovers" Hollywood imported slinky Latins or a French oozier like Charles Boyer. Weak sisters and losers called for anemic looking Englishmen like Leslie Howard.

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824) the arch romantic, the arch rebel, the arch erotic, provided his age with its ruling personage. He was imitated in life as well as in art. The outlook and way of feeling he bespoke helped shape the intellectual as well as the cultural history of the later 19th century. Byron's influence was felt everywhere, for everywhere young men struck Byronic attitudes. It could even be said that he was the inspiration and patron saint of the Bohemian life style. The Byronic hero was somber, passionate, moody, a remorse-torn but unrepentant sinner who in proud moral isolation relied on his absolute self.

The real-life Lord Byron, bisexual and promiscuous, was urbane, gregarious, lively and tolerant. He was known as a witty conversationalist capable of taking an ironic attitude toward his own foibles as well as those of others. The aloof hauteur he exhibited in public was largely a mask to hide his painful shyness amongst strangers. The real-life Byron was extraordinarily beautiful, yet cruelly maimed. The Byronic hero and the real-life Byron shared several traits: each was passionate, willful, and sank into recurrent moods of the BLACKEST depression.

It's too bad that in our time "the blues" are legitimate responses solely for repressed Blacks and unloved shady-ladies (or anyone lacking moral fiber or guts). The feeling is "acceptable," fleetingly, a lapse on hearing a bleating fog horn or a train whistle forelornly sweeping the midwestern prairies. Most contemporary know-it-alls would have us forever "chasing those blues away."

When I began this piece (armchair psychology) I was headed in that direction, but I wrote myself into a thicket. To claim melancholy is bad and to be avoided is to trumpet the contemporary fashion of toughness as the only way. When the blues strike why should I have to "handle" them... why not relish them for what they're worth -- a la Byron.

In an age when we've so lowered our sights that mere survival becomes the only and ultimate occupation (and at best achieved by a succession of slight of hands) Byron becomes more attractive all the time. I like to think of him as a composite picture (perhaps fancied) of so many of the men in my life. What would I prefer to see: more Jimmy Cagneys, Danny Kayes, Gore Vidals, more bulls, pigs, goats and bitches or a few more men aspiring to Byronic ideals? It was written that Byron was a man of picturesque and violent moods, who reacted to life with extraordinary vividness, but without discipline or order. He never knew where he stood nor what he really wanted. He was a force of enormous energy running amuck through a world in which he could find no peace. His compromises with civilized society were doomed to disaster from the beginning; he died still the exile and heretic. In his time Lord Byron was adored and emulated; he remains worth putting on a pedestal... especially in our 'now' time with heroes in such short supply.

Paul-Francis Hartmann

### BAY AREA REPORTER

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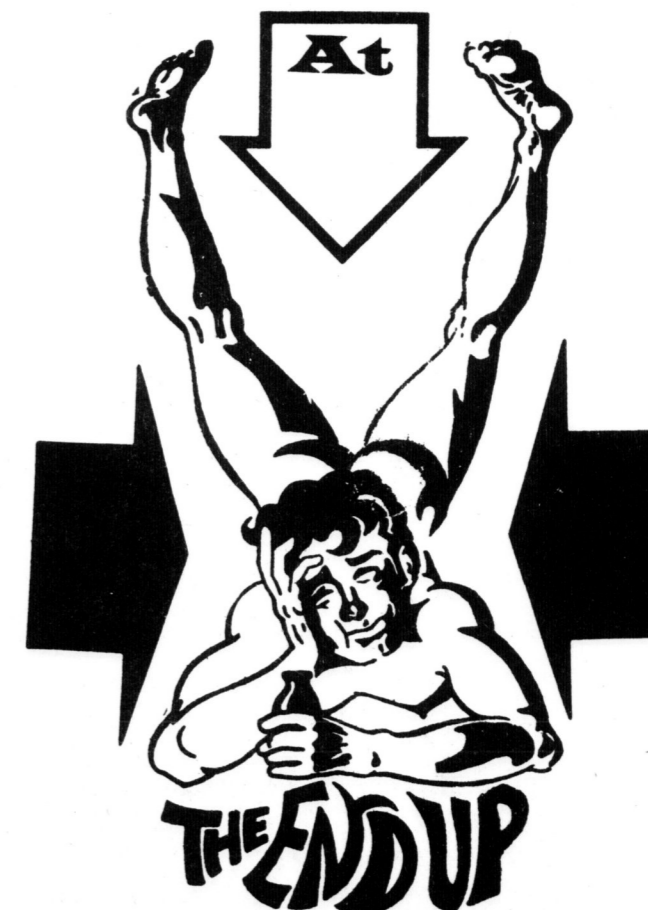


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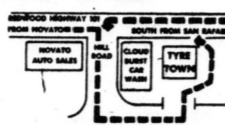
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# SOUTHERN SCANDALS

## MARCUS EMPEROR I

CMC AND THE 99 CENT TAX BREAK RUN

If you were responsive to demands of the government, you paid your taxes already, which means you're probably broke right about now; to alleviate your worries about not being able to afford socializing, the ever-ready CMC is staging their annual TAX BREAK RUN this Friday, April 19, beginning at THE AMBUSH and it will only cost you ninety-nine cents, and it begins at 7PM. This is always a fun run and there's no denying it's economical. The next night, the CONSTANTINES M/C are being even more lenient with

their UNORTHODOX EASTER-TIME Party on Saturday night, April 20, at 8:30 PM. The flyer handed to me by handsome Jim, President of the CONSTANTINES says: "Bring your basket for admission" which means just that but he didn't say how to decorate it. All this fun and frolic (as only the CONSTANTINES can do it) takes place at Gilbert Hall and if you don't know where that is, ask ANY club member and they'll probably tell you.

\*\*\*\*

## THE SAGA OF THE "ACME" LABEL

How many Roadrunner cartoons have you seen at the RAMROD, the ROUNDUP and other assorted booze/movie palaces? You probably remember seeing Acme Glue, Acme Tacks, Acme Traps, and everything else the coyote uses to try and trap the wiley roadrunner. Now, Grenier Liquors, one of the major booze suppliers for many of our cantinas is just about to introduce ACME BEER, bottled in a campy original 1940's type label. Almost all the bars you frequent will carry it and it is reputed to be "the finest" - so watch for it in your favorite bistro.

\*\*\*\*

## MARCIA PISTOL - THE MOST BIZARRE PERSONALITY

Many of you are by now familiar with the notorious Marcia Pistol. You may not know that his name was derived from the combination of Emperor I Marcus and Empress V Cristal. At any rate, here's a startling personality usually seen in full leather that took a bet and donned camp drag one night and is a living example of "camp." At the Madhatter's Ball the other night and at many of the easter hat contests in various bars, Marcia swooped in and stole the show with his lampshade hat covered with so many buttons and plumes, he looked like a walking history of events for which buttons are created. He's a hot number that gets around everywhere and certainly makes life a little brighter with his tales of woe and of course, he is the lady-in-waiting to South of Market's Tzarina, Luscious Lorelei.

\*\*\*\*

## THE FUNNIEST THINGS MAKE THE NEWS

In some esoteric circles, the saying is "Release the doves," up on Polk Street they say "Grease the Geese" while in the Folsom area the saying is "Grease the gloves"... Boo, Roy and Maxine of the NEW BELL are planning a fun trip to Reno on Friday and Saturday, April 20 and 21, which sounds like a blast...Have you met Denny Hadda, the new gooorgeous manager of the RAMROD - Tom Feller of the BOOT CAMP has, and so have a lot of other people... Good to see Kenny Rector, Mr. Cowboy II back in town and part-timing at JACKSON'S... Groovey new bartender at the 527 CLUB - Jerry and his friend David...It's true; La Kish and Bob Jay ARE doing a thing... Rude Ruth still hasn't sent me a check for \$100 for identifying the Tea Room Commando... Watch for the BOOTCAMP'S First Annual Golden Dildeaux Awards in May. Nominations are being received for such categories as Best Performance by an Individual in a Three-Way, the Thrust Award, Best Short Subject, Special Effects Award, the Steam Queen Award, the Gay Divorcee Award, etc. watch for details in this and other trashy columns... Mr. Gay San Francisco Ron (aka Emma May Von Gay) doing a thing with Mr. Gay Oakland Peter?... Queen Kalani packed her bags and departed Oakland, still the reigning monarch in absentium... Tacky, Tacky Ru

publishing notices that she is not responsible for anyone's bills but her own?... Empress Frieda regal and more regal with every appearance... Lori Shannon, the Queen of High Camp, knocking them dead with timely and campy quips at the Madhatter's Ball as the M.C. and doing a great job as usual... Sweet Lips, Cristal and the Fabulous Francesca planning a super 45-minute show at Darcelle XV in Portland next month during the Princess Royal Coronation... SIR's 10th Anniversary coming up in June with Hector (The Good Fairy) working his tail to the bone... Jockey Shorts Dance Contest at the ENDUP on Sundays is a blast! You must see it to believe it and dancing with balloons between you and your partner is fun too. - Al Hanken where do you get those ideas?... Tiffany Jones, San Francisco's own PEARL and Darcelle XV of Portland to entertain you at Circus Circus on July 28th at California Hall, wow!... Wait till you see Empress IV Reba at the B.A.R. and Camp Awards at California Hall on July 7, preceded on July 6th by the COMMAND PERFORMANCE also at California Hall with a super, super show

being planned... Joe (sigh) Sanders back at the 527 and looking reeel good... Remember every Tuesday is Christmas Eve at FE-BE'S with \$200 worth of leather given away... FLASH! Dick Dickerson, owner of FOLSOM PRISON first entry in this year's CLOSETBALL in September... Have you seen the new poster advertising the STUD in Los Angeles? It is HOT! Drop in on your next trip South; it's at 4216 Melrose Avenue in the heart of the "Leather Strip"... Close to \$800 raised for Jeff Goldsmith formerly of the BOOT CAMP, injured by an unknown assailant and many thanks to all of you who supported it, from Jeff himself, who has to go back to the hospital again... Keith of the RED STAR SALOON just getting involved in many good things and being a part of the "commjunity"... The Lips' 4th Hanging didn't take after all, but the KOKPIT looks great and wouldn't you know Cristal did it again?... Emperor Russ II off on his royal duties to the coronation of the Orange County royalty this past Monday and soon to San Diego this coming Monday for their Coronation and Sandie Awards... Bill McWilliams taking Spanish lessons so he can con-

verse with his groovey new Arturo, a magnificent specimen of Mexican manhood, macho, and here learning English before opening his engineering firm in Mexico City... Bob Kerns of the WILD GOOSE off to Europe in August so moonlighting at the NELI DELI (that's the food bar) in the ever-popular DAVE'S BATHS... Leather bar for women only fell through due to a lover's quarrel... Charlotte of the MINT relaxing in Palm Springs before making final plans for the Tricycle Race and in July, watch for a pet show benefit for OPERATION CONCERN and this one could be HOT... It's all set - Mg. Cowboy Contest to be at the COVERED WAGON on June 29th with Mr. Gay San Francisco Ron as the M.C.... Randy Johnson to be the M.C. for the Levi Ball on May 3 and working harder than ever in the community now... Everything coming up roses and watch for the Groovy Guy Contest coming soon and sponsored by the South of Market bars for OPERATION CONCERN in July - Check with Paul Bentley for info.

\*\*\*\*

## CORONATION OF EMPEROR III SET FOR SEPTEMBER 14

The last bastion of ultra-conserv- Continued Next Page

## SOMETHING NEW AT

# THE ROUNDUP



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vatism in our City has been secured for the Coronation of Emperor III of San Francisco. The Sheraton Palace Hotel's gorgeous Gorden Court will be the setting of this year's coronation. Emperor Russ and his committee are already feverishly working up final plans for the candidates and the qualifications, constitution and by-laws. Pay no heed to rumors concerning eligibility for this office until you get the official one from the Emperor himself. This coronation will go down in history as one of the most elegant ever in Our Town.

That's it for this issue. Just want to remind you of the Legal Defense Fund auction for Tony Lasagna and Darryl Glied on Tues., April 23, at the ROUNDUP co-sponsored by the BOOT CAMP. Remember how much these two guys have helped so many other people; now it's YOUR turn to help them. See you at the ROUNDUP for a worthy cause.

Gotta go now.  
Remember, I love you all.  
Mister Marcus



## from the mailbag

Gentlemen:  
CONGRATULATIONS to the San Francisco Academy of Performing Arts for giving us another example of just how certain elements of the gay community really "have it together." The presentation of the 1973 Golden Awards gave us an evening that we can all be proud of.

However, it seems that some individuals of that community have "it" so precariously "together" that they bring discredit to the whole. I'm referring to a specific incident that happened during Saturday night's presentations when one of our local entertainers, who herself was presented with a small part in the opening of the program, was guilty of such unladylike conduct that she was an embarrassment to all at our table. She and her companions kept up a running dialogue with one another in voices loud enough to distract several tables in that section of the house. Stern glances in their direction were rewarded with insults and even louder talking. During the presentation of the HUMANITARIAN AWARD she was heard to remark, "Isn't that a lot of shit?" At this point her companions appeared to attempt to subdue her.

There were at least four board members within earshot of the table in question and are probably already aware of the incident. They are Pat Campano, Faye, Nancy, and Dick Bumpus. Also close by were Chuck Waltz and Big Jimmy.

Needless to say our evening was nearly

spoiled by this disgraceful behavior, and I, for one, do not wish to be subjected to it again. As the board of the San Francisco Academy of Performing Arts knows, we are enthusiastic supporters of our local theatrical events and show this support with advertising money. Lest that support be withdrawn, I think the board might consider what actions might be taken to prevent it.

Yours very truly,  
Jack D. Nelson, Owner  
The Record House, Inc.

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## POLK STREET SALLY



### LE OPENING GRAND:

And that is the truth, Ruth. The formal Grand Opening of THE PHOENIX proved to Rome and Richard that when it comes to friends, they were not standing behind the door when that great bartender in the sky was rationing out friends. I haven't seen so many people since V-E Day! Marvelous foods (I mean plural), congenial chums and customers, lovely, lovely flowers and plants, (thank you Michael and Gene (Bella) of the CARRIAGE TRADE) and all superbly handled by the capable hands of Jack (Nooch), Tony Lasagne of the EARLY BIRD and Gary behind the bar... With Ed Torok and Henry slinging the hootch around the floor. Comic relief was provided by the S & F Pom-Pom Girls with David (Fern) of JACKSON'S, Francesca of THE PHOENIX, Sweetlips of the KOKPIT and yours truly spelling out THOSE two words and leading the cheers. That big Francesca can con me into almost anything! A wild and festive night. Congrats to Rome and Richard. EYE & MIND BOGGLING

### SIGHT OF THE WEEK:

Went to visit and welcome Ben Willits to PolkStrasse. This young and talented barkeep is holding forth at the HOUSE OF HARMONY. One of the best things to hit this dizzy street in years! In walks that shy, demure, soft-spoken, unobtrusive and submissive (I lie a lot) Jean Peck of the ROAD RUNNER with Buddy Pete. Well, Benny got the joint rocking, and caught up in the spirit(s) of things, ole Jeano got carried away and ended his famous ice promenade by streaking the length of the bar. You never saw so many people sober up so fast in your life!! ON A BICYCLE

### BUILT FOR FIVE:

If you are wondering why Gary of the ROUNDUP, Bette, Paul, Mike and Rip of the \*P.S. are walking around funny with bruises here and there, right.. they all went bike riding. Rip, that darling man, is hooked. He went out and bought a bike. However, they must

have had a ball, they are planning another ride. If you feel strong (and brave) enough to try, join them. Besides, the ambulances give group rates, I believe.

### THE BAR RAIL PARADE:

In walks, that sexy rascal Tony, Mr. Folsom (right, Shane of the \*P.S.) with chum Lucky of FOLSOM PRISON. That Tony knows how to say hello. Thanks for the gorgeous lilacs, kid. (Tony knows how to say goodbye too). Lucky is an imp. delightful guy. Busy, busy planning his campaign for the Mr. Cowboy Contest.

My friend, Lenny of the 527 CLUB sporting a big red carnation on his shirt, looking very spring-like and fresh.

Marcus, Emp. no. one, with Doug MacDonald discussing the July OPERATION CONCERN B.A.R. Camp Show, Circus-Circus, etc. over a cheeseburger. This is really going to be a blast this year. More on this later.

Bob Cramer--this bundle of dynamite scurrying in and out with posters, tickets, flyers of future events and activities for our community. This young man knows the meaning of the word work and has always delivered the goods in grade A style and efficiency. Incidentally,

Bob's roomie, Chuck Zinn isn't exactly a slouch either! This versatile and talented performer-director is putting the cast of "Little Me" through their paces.

Richard (Voo-Doo) of TOTIE'S and handsome Harry of FOLSOM PRISON sharing a lunch kibbitzing with Joe Roland and Roger from the GANGWAY.

Sean of BUZZBY'S with his guy Brian, STILL making boo-boo eyes at each other. (I hate love)... and,

That real hunky, Joe Sweeney, formerly of LA BOEFF, just sitting there sipping his beer upsetting everyone in the place simply being there. With Joe, there is a there there!!

See you later, Cheers,

Sal

\*P.S. Don't forget we are sane!!!

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## Just a spoonful...

EMMA HAY  
VON GAY

### FOURTH HANGING OF SWEETLIPS

Due to previous obligations, I could only attend the wake of The Lips at the \*P.S. The attendance was a who's who of the gay community. Much basic black was to be seen everywhere. Bartenders and waiters with black streamers pinned on. Maybe she is really gone and we don't even know it. The Cristal room was converted into an Irish wake with loads of wilted flowers from the CARRIAGE TRADE FLORIST, painting and mirrors covered in purple drapes and red candles scattered everywhere. Everyone lining up to sign the guest book. A little confusion on who sits where, but eventually straightened out. Empress Frieda and Emperor Russ and courts could have filled the Cristal room just by themselves. Being the Royalty they decided to take their mob to the main dining room, so they can be together. Dinner served by groovy waiters - complete plate covered in red sauce in memory of the Lady in Red. I'm surprised

they didn't use eyelashes instead of parsely! Much drinking at this time since I didn't make reservations for dinner. Floating back in for the reading of the will along with the Empress and Emperor and a few hundred. Sweetlips lay-you Henri Leleu read the will, which of course was a big camp. Thanks to our dearly departed for the mention in the will (it was to be her last will, but I have a feeling we will hear more of them). Four mourners from our sister city Portland were true grievors in smart furs, feathers, sequins and a truck load of rhinestones. What ever held Darcelle, Roxie, Kim and Mame up?? Portland's Ambassador Kim was a true lady even with his brair patchlegs and chest (shades of Honey Carolina). During coffee - these four ladies, so taken by the passing of the Lips - just couldn't control themselves any longer. Emerging from the ladies room, the four lovelies streaked in order to cheer everyone up. Believe me after seeing these four, you couldn't help but laugh. They were lovely in wigs, make-up, jewelry and flesh. Right on girls! Of course there was an earlier streaker who went unnoticed except for the jingling

of keys being heard everywhere. Were we at the wake of Sweetlips or the re-opening of the SACK, Ray? Nothing could have topped the streakers, so the mourners started to depart - joyous again in the annual passing of the Lips. To the Lips in the sky - see you next year!

### JOCKEY SHORTS

### DANCE CONTEST

Being fortunate to be one of the seven judges at the first Jockey Shorts Dance Contest at the ENDUP I was able to get a birdseye view of all the offerings. The place had a fantastic turn out and a good number of contestants. Hosted by Wonder Woman (Luscious Lorelie) herself, complete with magic lasso. All went wild and hats off to each contestant for their good sportsmanship. One thing should be remembered - this was a Jockey Shorts contest and some of the contestants thought it to be a fashion parade for the most revealing posing straps, jock straps and bathing suits. I do know the ENDUP has a hit on their hands and they will be repeating this contest again, Sunday April 21 at 5 PM.

### 40-40'S REVUE

Once again SIR will delight us with the 3rd Annual 40's - 40's Revue of which I have thrown my no talent into. This year's theme is Around The World with SIR. I will go on record to state this production will be the most amateurish production ever to hit San Francisco. But, I also would like to state that it will be the highest camp show and guarantee plenty of laughs and good times. Remember tickets are on sale at the SIR Center for \$3. Two performances April 27 at 8:30 and April 28 at 2:30. Do make a date to catch this once a year camp show.

Keep on Stirring...



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Los Angeles, California 90026

## Out-of-Town Events

# HIS-A & HAT-A

By Lou Green

As written for this issue by Gene  
MARIN COUNTY

Stopped in at THE WOODS in Fairfax on Sunday Night, to find a fun crowd, enjoying the liveband. This affair starts at 5 PM every Sunday, with a mere \$1.00 door charge, which includes Live Band (hot groups) and a lavish buffet, which will put any buffet I have ever seen in San Francisco to shame, David your host and owner, puts on the feed bag, that comes out looking and tasting like a three course dinner at the \*P.S. This is the place to go Sundays, if live music, dancing and very groovy people are what you have in mind. Also, Mark, one of the regular bartenders at THE WOODS, is this month's PLAYGIRL DISCOVERY, check that out. Coming up on the 21st is the very popular band called "Cinema" and shortly after the well known "H.P. Lovecraft and His Magic Medicine Show" (very wild). A new place to try

in Sausalito is the TWO TURTLES near the SAUSALITO INN just a few doors away, and a world of difference.

### PENINSULA

Everyone is still wondering if the LOCKER ROOM and the BAYOU LOUNGE will be sold, and to whom. If you wish a nice quiet brunch on Sunday, try the KONA KAI, brunch is good, and the people on Sunday Afternoon, will have you getting the hungries each Sunday. The HARBOR in San Jose is jumping each night with lots of hot - I mean nice people, live disc jockey music and the like.

MACS in San Jose, recently held Candidate Night for Reina VI de San Jose, (somebody from that court was to let me know the results, and they still have not called me.)

### EAST BAY

THE CAMP GROUNDS is still the best by far for dinner, just can't be beat. THE CARNATION CLUB, long known as a quiet girls place, has taken over the corner

of 15th and Potrero here in San Francisco. The place known as A LITTLE MORE will have opening day on the 19th starting at 4:30 PM., to be a mixed bar, it is on the second level of the building, and should be a South of Market surprise.

Lou is in Los Angeles at this writing, so I will wish you all Happy Days and Love.  
Gene



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HAPPY HOURS MONDAY THRU SATURDAY 4:30 TO 7:00

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## General Happenings

# Tidbits

*in the Bay*



### WARM BELT

For the "Now I've Been to Everything Dept."-- Martin of MULE outdid himself by presenting The Wolfe in Concert or was it "Jonathan Edwards Visits The Mule." The whole place was redone in balck and white for the event, including Martin and the staff. There were three waitresses, whose skirts were so short everytime they bent over they took your picture, and two normal attired gentlemen passing out goodies on silver trays. Mr. Wolfe was playing, would you believe, a black and white floral piano with a huge silver candleabra as a backdrop. The only thing missing was Alma Spreckles, so Martin rang in Gary of the ROUNDUP in a what else, black and white fring dress. Thanks to THE MULE for a fun Sunday afternoon!!

The patio is finished and now

you may have brunch on same at J.B.'S HOUSE.

For a real old fashioned good time, you'll love Bob Sanders at the PURPLE PICKLE. He is on till 8 PM and who knows, you may run into your past.

If Charlotte seems to be walking on air, it's because the MINT won their first softball game. She now has high hopes of winning back her loot.

"Welcome back to S.F.!!! Bob Pace, we love you."

The NOTHING SPECIAL has some great tapes and would you believe, you can hear the guy next to you! If you have no one to talk to, check out Danny's heaven blue eyes. By the way, the flowers for Ed's Brithday were done by Mike of the CARRIAGE TRADE.

You would not believe the posters in TOAD HALL!! Featuring the

softball game between them and the TWIN PEAKS Of course, theirs aren't bad either. Squash the what? Mike of THE PENDULUM has a beautiful thought for the summer. Trees in pots on the streets of Castro Village.

The SAUSAGE FACTORY has sold and this time it went through. We'll miss you, Bob.

One of the newest shops is GRANDMAS CANDIES & BAKED GOODIES (240 Church Street at Market) I thought I had really tripped out when a marshmellow and chocolate bunny walked in the MIDNIGHT SUN ballyhooing the joint. By the way, check out Dick the bartender at THE PENDULUM Did you know Kish wears rhinestone breastplates in there for her noon repast?

Thanks, Willie of WATERGATE WEST, for a fun afternoon. You would make a heaven hostess!!

Glad to see Ron (LEATHER 'N THINGS) back on the streets again.

Speaking of street walking, Randy, did you say you worked in the CASTRO CAFE on Castro Street? Move over, Emma.

The NAKED GRAPE will hold a week long Anniversary Party starting May 4th, Sat., with a buffet and Celebrity Night. Voo Doo will host the Bartenders Reunion Sun., the 5th, Mon. will be a Tambourine Contest, Tues. a Taurus Party hosted by Marcus, Thurs., a Bare Chest and Balloon Drop with yours truly as host, Fri, Maxine will host Mr. Naked Grape Contest and Sat. Russ will be giving away a trip to Palm Springs. Sounds like a mad week with something for everyone.

If you want to "pedal your ass" with the KOALAS on their May 5th bicycle tour to the Delta Country ghost towns, get your application in soon, because I hear they will cut off the reservations when just ONE bus is filled.

Wedding bells are ringing again, Ron and Dick will be saying their nuptials at the WINDJAMMER April 21st.

Have you caught Jeff on the organ at the RED LANTERN? He had a guest on his organ the other night and I'm sure the LANTERN patrons will never be the same.

The new face behind the bar at the TURF CLUB is Jack. By the way, Bob C is still off sick. Is it Ivan or Iven getting at SUTTER'S MILL?

The ROAD RUNNER CLUB wil

have their grand opening Sat., April 20th, with the grand prize being a round trip ticket for two to Reno, with Russ and Frieda presiding.

The rumor about the SCORE II is not true. It is still gay. Ask Dirty Edna.

Very sorry to report Stanley of THE TRAPP is very ill in the hospital. They can't keep a good girl down, love!!

Tom and Danny now call their dining room at the 1001 NIGHTS allah's Gwrden and the price is right.

### CHINESE CHECKERS

Craig of the BAJ is now at JACKSONS

In case you did not know, danny Woodland has left the BARBARY COAST.

Ray (Doris) is the new face at THE MULE.

Lou Vito (xormerly of the LAND-MARK) is banging his box at 1001 NIGHTS.

Doo Dwh, of the EARLY BIRD, is leaving us for Modesto, Calif. Bgeak a leg.

The one and only Ggetta (I know one T) Ggass will be appearing there in her stead.

### POLK ALONG LARKIN

Stopped in at the GANGWAY and who was behind the bar, Dingy Dwn. Su

who was behind the bar, Dingy Don. Such a nut!! But lovable.

The MALE BOX is undergoing another facelifting.

I have noticed two things at the HORNY OWL. Tons of owls and a packed bar. The tall number behind the bar that sings to the records is Holly.

Have you picked up on the painting by Gary Schnieder at the HAVOC HOUSE? With shorts yet Roy is there nights and he would not be bad to pick up on either!

Have you seen Don Berry's, (BUZZBY'S) new look? A Dutch hillybilly? This place is a trip in the daytime also and Wwyne, you're a love!

Have you picked up on "Baby Doll" David behind the bar at TOTIES? There's a lot to love!

AROUND TOWN  
The BARBARY COAST is no longer Gay.

Dpd you know the Levi Ball and the Mr. Kalendar Contest are one in the same? Dznnis promises a fantastic evening May 3rd at THE VILLAGE.

Mike (PENDULUM) tell me the in place in Cuernavaca, Mexico, is

Harry's.

The newest tavern on Haight St. is GUS' PUB, between Masonic and Ashbury.

I understand the GOLDEN AWARDS picked the Best Halloween Award at THE VILLAGE. You must of missed a lot. Next time, try one of the bars.

The new gimmick for the softball teams is guest cheerleaders, starting with Michelle and Mavis April 21st.

Tom, The Emperor of Sacramento, will hold his Court Investiture and the Toby Awards Sat., April 21st.

Asemblyman Foran is a man you should talk to. I think you will like what you hear. There will be an auction for Help Re-Elect Foran at THE WINDJAMMER Wed., May 15th. You can take your goodies to the WINDJAMMER or call Elmer at 543-3900 or myself at 661-4657.

THE QUARRY (formerly the COUNTRY CLUB) now has the bar open with their new Southern decor. They will have their dining room open in about a week serving food "direct from the plantation." Don and Cal, my best to you both!!

Tickets can be had at the ADONIS and S.I.R. for the Miss S.F. Contest

and the Mr. Calif. Contest. For entry forms, call 661-4657 or write 793 Ashbury, S.F. 94117.

Those of you who asked (thanks) I resigned from the Board of TAVERN GUILD under no pressure! The only reason is the house that I work are the same hours as the meetings, and I cannot do justice to both.

Be good to each other.

"30 Kiddies"

Perry



## Energy Problems?

Get Gassed at the ENDUP!

"WHERE IT ALL STARTS"

### BAY AREA REPORTER

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

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## A BENEFIT OF LOVE

**ELIZABETH LANE**

### LOVE ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Not on any Saturday, but Saturday last, love's cup "raneth" over and over. When San Francisco's Gay Community gathered at THE MINT to lend a helping hand in a time of need for former emperor candidate Betty Lane - known lovingly as "Pukalani".

Every bartender able to drive, walk or crawl made his way to THE MINT to put in as much labor of love as necessary to keep a jam-packed house well supplied with expertly made drinks, along with the many bartenders a goodly number of our bar-owners also got behind the plank and gave of their time, money and energy.

Leading off the star-studded gala were Sweetlips and Fern. Almost instantly, so many rounds of drinks were bought that these two had to call for help, and from this point forward there were at least four stars on the bar at all times. Needless to say the Gay crowd got gayer and more generous as the afternoon progressed. All the gratuities given were deposited into the "Pukalani Fund," which continued on into the evening to reach a grand four figured total. It would be impossible to attempt

naming all of the many wonderful persons who gave unstintingly of their time and money for a sister in need.

If love were a medical balm, Pukalani would have jumped up from her hospital bed, totally well. The joy in the faces and the willing sparkle in the eyes of the hundreds who shelled out their money to buy drinks for friends and strangers alike -- always with a generous contribution to the "Pukalani Pot."

Instigator of this first time event was our good friend Charlotte who made a few phone calls here and there, and put the bug in the ear of a few others, and that by two o'clock the MINT was jammed to over capacity with smiling, joyous happy people, thankful for the opportunity to pitch in and take care of one of our own.

"It makes me proud to be a part of the gay community!" said several of the merry makers.

It was perhaps the most heart-warming display of love for a community member that we have seen in San Francisco for a long time. Many other bars and businesses sent over food donations for the hors d'oeuvres, (JACKSON'S, THE \*P.S., and the MINT staff) and cash donations, again from so many persons to be impossible to mention them all.

We should also like to point out that the entire proceeds of the day, at higher than usual prices, went to the "Pukalani Fund." (No percentages, cost, rent, corkage or labor were charged). Perhaps when other "benefits" are promoted in the future they might possibly follow this pattern of generosity, and then make it a real benefit instead of just another business promotion.

**MEET**  
**DAPHNE**  
**DAVIS**

### IN THIS ISSUE:

**MEET DAPHNE DAVIS**  
(A Personal Interview)

by  
Donald McLean

**BADLANDS**  
by  
Montezuma

**"SEDATIVE CHIC" CONTINUED**  
by  
Craig Karpel

**HITTING PAY DIRT IN**  
**FAIRY TERRITORY**  
by  
Paul Francis-Hartmann

PLUS:

**HELPFUL HINTS FOR HAPPY**  
**HOMEMAKERS & PITHY DIATRIBES**  
**FOR THE DISCERNING DEVOTEE.**

Next Deadline Wed., May 8th  
Next Issue Out., Wed. May 15th

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