

## 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**

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**HELPFUL HINTS FOR HAPPY  
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FOR THE DISCERNING DEVOTEE.**

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

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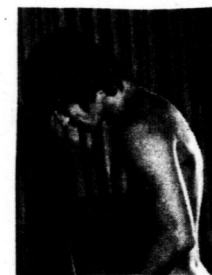
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# SB. 39 -

## WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR WHO?

By L.N. Olsen

Is there a gay male, a lesbian, a black, chicano or woman who has not wondered about the closing words of "The Pledge of Allegiance" in this, the land of the free and the home of the brave? Those words, "...with liberty and justice for all," were forgotten by twenty-three senators in Sacramento last January when they voted aye to Senate Bill 39, Senator Donald Grunsky's criminal and penal code reform bill, sending it on to the Assembly Criminal Justice Committee. If this bill should be reported out of committee and pass the assembly the concept of liberty and justice for all will join Paul Bunyan and his blue ox in mythology and California shall have seceded from the land of the free and the home of the brave.

There is no doubt in the minds of many people that there is a definite need for criminal and penal code reform in California. We have all had to contend with the injustices and hurts caused by prejudice and bigotry for far too long. We are all aware that a great many injustices are also perpetrated under the guise of and/or in the name of "law enforcement." Any member of a minority group can testify to these indignities. Passage of SB 39 would not serve to prevent or even lessen these injustices in any way, it would in fact perpetuate them and add some new ones. This removes this particular legislation from the realm of reform. It is a matter of great concern that this bill could indeed pass and become law simply because so few people know of its existence and only a handful of

them know the full impact it would have.

What would be the effects of SB 39 were to become law in California? Heterosexuals would have cause to rejoice for it would make virtually all sexual acts legal for them. It would deprive the homosexual and the bisexual of the same rights in that it would place homosexuality into the law, for the first time in the history of California, as a felony. Under the terms of this bill anyone engaging in "homosexual conduct" would be a felon and would, upon conviction, spend from six months to five years in a state prison. This would be the first instance I know of where a act would be a crime because of the sex of the persons committing the act, not because of the nature of the act itself.

In the areas of sexuality this legislation is regressive at best. It would perpetuate the concept of establishing and enforcing morality through law. In the words of Phyllis Lyon, director of the National Sex Forum, author and co-founder of DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, "We would point out that the laws should not enforce codes of morality. Morality is a matter for the individual and her/his conscience. The law should control those anti-social acts which endanger persons or property or which prevent persons from making free choices. Ours is a divergent society, and our laws should reflect that divergency if they are to be respected by all people."

This viewpoint is further stated by Rev. John Williams, director of the International Museum of Erotic Art, who stated, "To enact such legislation... seems to be taking a step back into the dark ages. For too long, lawmakers have been victimized by the sexual neurosis of a small minority of the public,

who must have considerable political influence, to enchain the rest of society in ignorance."

At a time such as this, when the American Psychiatric Association has embraced the concept that homosexuality is not a sickness, it seems fitting that we address ourselves to the fact of homosexual love, as did the Friends Committee On Legislation in their March 1974 Newsletter. Speaking on SB 39 they said, "Perhaps even more basic than the concept of legislating morality is the question of love. The real issue involved in current law as well as in the re-affirmation of current law contained in SB 39 is whether it should continue to be a felony for couples to express their love for each other in certain ways. Similarly, do we want police officers to go around keeping people from showing love when they should be spending their time keeping people from killing each other?"

There is still another question which must be answered in regards to the sections of SB 39 which deal with sexuality. Are they constitutional? On several levels the answer is a clear No. According to Earl "Rick" Stokes, prominent San Francisco attorney, "The Bill ignores the recent amendment to the California Constitution wherein the right of privacy was added to the list of inalienable rights... such a statute violates the Equal Protection Clause of the United States Constitution. In addition it violates the Equal Rights Amendment... there is no rational basis for such discrimination, let alone a compelling state interest which is the test when a fundamental right is infringed."

Speaking of equal protection under law, what about the rape laws as proposed by SB 39? Here we find a situation where the seriousness of the crime varies according to who the victim is and how many persons commit the crime. For two or more "male persons" to rape a woman would be a second degree felony. One "male person"

committing rape would be a third degree felony. If two or more "male persons" rape a woman when, "... due to her present physical or mental condition she is unable to consent or refuse to consent to the act," it would be a fourth degree felony. One "male person" doing the same would be a fifth degree felony. A fifth degree felony, the least serious of the felonies, could be treated as a misdemeanor if the judge desires to do so.

In SB 39 Senator Grunsky attempts to perpetuate the concept that a wife is the property of her husband. He does this by making no provision for instances of a woman being raped by her husband. The bill also ignores, as have our rape laws in the past, the realities of homosexual rape. Geraldine Sherwood, of the Legislative Committee of California N.O.W. states, "...we feel that rape should be defined so as not to make specific reference to males, that it should include homosexual rape, and that it should cover those cases where a wife is raped by her husband...."

It is interesting that to sodomize or sexually torture a child under 14 would be only a fifth degree

felony. As in fifth degree felony rape, this could be treated as simply a misdemeanor.

As tax-payers we would all protest any laws which make moral issues matters of law. The cost for keeping a prostitute, a gambler or a homosexual in jail is the same as for a robber, some \$26 per day, \$82 per day if you include police hours, arrest costs and court costs. The highest grant that a recipient of General Assistance can receive is \$83 per month. I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

According to the San Francisco committee on Crimes, in their Non-Victim Crime Report, there were 59,100 arrests made during 1969 in San Francisco. Included among these were 16,500 drunk charges and 2,116 prostitution charges. Of the prostitution arrests there were 1,335 charged, 621 dismissed, 389 jailed, 249 suspended sentences, 84 fines, 12 "others" and 400 pending. The report further stated, "41% of the inmates at San Bruno Jail are there as a result of drunk arrests. They and similar matters consume roughly three million dollars, or 7% of the budget for the admin-

istration of justice. In the same year police reported 83,481 killings, rapes, robberies, assaults, auto thefts, etc. and not 13% 'closed.' In short, while unable to solve as much as 13% of the 'crimes in the street' over 50% of arrests and 54% of jail occupancy went to non-violent 'crimes.'

That was \$82 per day to keep a person in jail, all costs considered.

There is one other aspect of SB 39 which I would like to bring to your attention, without personal comment. Under the terms of the bill a peace officer would be able to kill if he "has reasonable cause to believe and does believe that such conduct is necessary to prevent the commission of a felony" or "if he has reasonable cause to believe and does believe that such conduct is necessary to effect an arrest for a felony or to overcome resistance to the custodial restraint of a person who has been arrested for a felony." Included as felonies in SB 39 would be abortion, assisting a suicide, homosexual conduct, unlawful sexual conduct, unlawful sexual intercourse and pimping.

The American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California said

Continued Next Page

## STATEMENT BY ASSEMBLYMAN JOHN F. FORAN ON GAY RIGHTS

I believe that sexual acts by consenting adults conducted in private should not be proscribed by State law. The State does, however, have an interest in proscribing sexual conduct with minors and children and such laws should be maintained; but these laws should apply to both heterosexuals and homosexuals.

In 1972, Assemblyman Willie L. Brown of San Francisco introduced a Bill that would eliminate penalties for sexual acts by consenting adults in private. I did not vote for this Bill nor did I vote against it. I felt strongly at that time that the proposed Bill should contain a clause specifically prohibiting solicitation of sexual acts for money. The reason for this attitude on my part is that where money becomes involved, a victimless crime can become a violent crime. There are a number of surveys and reports citing beatings and other forms of brutality imposed by pimps and others who traffic in prostitution of both males and females.

I am prepared to propose an amendment to Assemblyman Brown's Bill eliminating the solicitation aspect of this measure and I will do so if and when the Bill is presented on the Floor of the Assembly.

Since opposition to Assemblyman Brown's Bill, in 1972, centered around the issue of solicitation such an amendment will enhance the chances of the Bill being adopted by the California State Assembly. However, our efforts to change this law will meet strong opposition in the Senate and from the Governor.

I believe that the greatest possibility in gaining the concurrence of the Senate and the Governor is by incorporating this desired change into a total overhaul of the entire California Penal Code. In every case in those States where such a law has been adopted the legislation was contained in a major revision of the Penal Code of the respective State.

We are in immediate danger of a set back to the extension of gay rights. SB-39 would make permissible sexual acts between consenting heterosexual adults while continuing criminal sanctions against private sexual acts between consenting adults of the same sex. For this reason, I am vigorously opposed to this Bill. There are also provisions in SB-39 which cause me to oppose the proposed legislation including the special identification of homosexual crimes which are not contained in the Penal Code.

I further believe that there is discrimination in employment on the basis of sexual orientation. I believe this is wrong and I will support Legislation to eliminate discrimination in hiring practices or in retention of an individual's employment.

I have had occasion to meet with various members of the Gay Community to discuss issues of concern to the Community. These meetings have been extremely informative and productive. I intend to continue meeting with all the people in the Gay Community to discuss and hopefully resolve these and other major issues.

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it all when they said, "The scant advances made in some areas are not, to us, worth the damage SB 39, in present form, will do to the criminal law."

What can you do about SB 39? Plenty. You can write to Alan Sieroty, Chairman of the Assembly Criminal Justice Committee, Rm. 2140 Sacramento 95814 and protest the bill. You can also write to Assembly Speaker Bob Moretti at the State Capitol, Sacramento

95814 to voice your protest. You can also support the efforts of "Voice of Concern," a coalition of persons who are fighting for the defeat of SB 39. They are holding a fund raising benefit at the Eureka Valley Democratic Headquarters, 284 Noe street (at Market Street) on Thursday, May Ninth from 5:00 PM to 8:00 PM. It will be a champagne reception attended by many well known figures, political and otherwise, and a donation of \$2.50

will be asked. For further information you can contact Voice of Concern at (415) 566-3830.

It is about time that "with liberty and justice for all" meant for all. Only you can do it.


#### THE SAN FRANCISCANS ECOLOGY AUCTION

The SAN FRANCISCANS proudly announce that their annual "ecology Auction" will be held this year on Wednesday May 15th at the RAMROD 1225 Folsom St. starting at 9 PM.

All people are cordially invited to attend this fun function and to participate as one of the celebrity auctioneers.

If you have any item whether it be fun, funky or fabulous you would care to contribute to the auction we would be happy to put it up for sale. Contributions of items can be given to any San Franciscan prior to the auction or call Mike Flynn at 621-2342.

Guest auctioneers or anyone making a purchase at the auction will receive a free pass to our Ecology Run at Fort Funston on June 16th.



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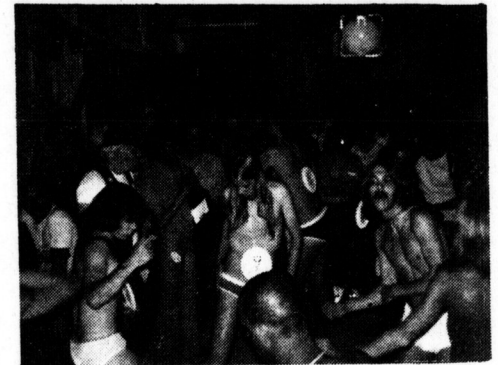
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## THE MEN IN MY LIFE

### HITTING PAY DIRT IN FAIRY TERRITORY

Recently the American Orthopsychiatric Association (those who specialize in the treatment of disorders of behavior and personality --with emphasis on prevention) held its annual convention in S.F., flooding the city with thousands of shrinks, para-shrinks, and a mixed grill of other "concerned" professionals. The conference rooms of several downtown hotels were awash with panels, meetings, lectures, workshops for most of a week. The printed program looked like a college catalog and was about as thick. "Homosexuality", one way or another, earned its share of sessions.

One such workshop was organized by a young, ambitious clinical psychologist from Detroit. His PHD thesis had researched some phase of aberrant sexual behavior, and ever since he's been pushing his package: the NEW research into homosexuality. (His earlier research had run into a dead end

all his subjects were turning out "normal." Hence, he switched graduate schools, got a new advisor who suggested he read Wainwright Churchill's "Homosexual Behavior Among Males." Herein the fledgling scholar discovered Kinsey's 7 point scale of sexual response. In this scale 0 represents individuals with a history of exclusive heterosexuality; 6 represents individuals with a history of exclusive homosexuality. When we were introduced, he wondered if I were a 3 or a 4 (sort of an "in" joke).

"Sorry to disappoint you Doctor," I replied, "but I'm somewhere between 6 and 9."

Thusly armed with Dr. Kinsey's continuum, Dr. Kent has been on the convention trail ever since. Making a name for himself. Peddling his thesis, his enlightenment, hustling his "genuine" concern. I met the budding expert the night he assembled his panelists to discuss procedure before the morning session. The other three experts: a liberated Jewish grandmother (SAFE) a New York Black, reading someone else's paper (SAFE) a renegade Canadian priest (SAFE) When the Black wondered if they might be attacked (his topic was

the history of erotophobia) Dr. Kent raised his left hand to display his wedding band (also SAFE). I guess this meant that who would dare to accuse THEM of being radical queers (making self-serving presentations under the guise of objective research). Dr. Kent had in tow a 19 year old protege, still larded with baby fat -- for that matter the midwestern sexpert looked sort of babyish himself, with his small hands, the Kleenex-soft skin, the tiny teeth that tended most of the time to be clenched. His grownupness emerged in his red tartan sports coat, his somewhat mincing walk, his bottled-badly blond hair (heavily sprayed). At times, when his teeth unclenched, I though I detected a lisp...

As the host of the Canadian ex-cleric, I was included in Dr. Kent's invitation to dinner at Ernie's. Dutch treat. The previous night the man of tomorrow had been to the Empress of China. No doubt his restaurant list had come from some Sunday Supplement of the Automobile Assn's discover America magazine. I hoped that Ernie's would be appropriately punishing (if our waiter had brandished a whip, he couldn't have been more

intimidating). Unfortunately, his efforts were wasted on Dr. Kent who never even noticed his pronunciation was corrected three times, that his napkin had been contemptuously draped across his lap, that he was all but told what to order... but then Dr. Kent wasn't the model of sensitivity. When the check came, Kent felt he shouldn't have to chip in for the wine because he didn't drink any. Also that the protege pay for his share when they got back to their hotel.

During dinner, Mary Renault's name came up and the long list of her fabulous books on ancient Greece. Kent had never heard of her. Nor was he interested, for he was too full of his plans for the next big convention in New Orleans. He insisted my friend join his next panel -- no doubt again paying his own way and a pay-as-you-go dinner at Antoinette's.

The chick-a-dee wondered aloud whether the Jewish man at the next table was a two or a three on the Kinsey scale. "everyone in here looks Jewish," I ventured. "Think it has anything to do with the desire to suffer, or the need for atonement." I was trying to be provocative in psychologic frames of reference. I flopped. Kent was already beginning his symposium. "Bob, do you want to come first or last?"

"Last would be better," my friend answered, "my theme will be that the concern for classifying sexual preferences is itself a neurosis..."

"Yes, I know... excellent. How many minutes would you want for your opening remarks. Ten or twelve?" Kent needed to know to leave ample room for questions.

"About six minutes... as I was saying this classification hang-up is like viewing the world through your penis. A worm's eye view at best." It too was lost, for by now Kent was searching the menu for a memorable dessert. The waiter (a local Kinsey 6) picked him a \$4.50 special.

It had been a preposterous night. I awoke long before dawn, my mind a soccer match of things I would say and shout once I got to the symposium. Back and forth, in heat, in frustration. At breakfast, exhausted, I announced I would not be going to the workshop, entitled "The Enlightened 70's Approach to Homosexuality." "Bob, I'll pick you up for lunch. If I want, I'd probably end up kicking your friend Kent in the balls."


"Paul, I don't think he has any."

I suppose I should be thankful the country begins to crawl with compassionate sexperts... making a buck waking up their slower colleagues. I suppose I should be thankful the 21,000 members of the American Psychiatric Assn. voted to no longer classify homosexuality as a "mental disorder." It's nice to know all I'm guilty of now is a "sexual-orientation disturbance."

Several "old-fashioned" sexperts, Dr. Charles Socarides and Dr. Irving Bieber, who have run cure clinics weren't pleased with the change in classification. It sort of puts them out of business.

These men claimed a 27% cure rate. Two-thirds of that percent had 350 hours or more of private-session therapy. At \$35.00 per hour per patient, we're talking about a lot of money. I can appreciate psychiatrist Socarides circulating a petition trying to stem the tide. He complained that he and his colleagues had never been consulted. I suppose I should appreciate Kent trying to close down their bawdy houses.

Around noon as I entered the workshop to collect my friend, a lady journalist was telling the



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group about a book she had just written and that would soon be off the presses. She came to the convention for the sole purpose of promoting HER contribution on Homosexuality. As per usual -- as per tedium -- she had read all the literature, all the research. And she had made the appropriate interviews. She too was sympathetic; she hoped all sympathizers would push her baby carriage to the best seller list.

Shutting down the hand-wringing workshop amid... oh we'll try harder pledges (even in the mid-West) the moderator announced it had been brought to his attention that he hadn't introduced himself. Thanking them for their concern and involvement, he left them with his name on their lips. I suppose I should have congratulated this young man on the way up... to encourage the new breed. Yet it might be tough on the aging Dr. Bieber if he had to give refunds to those few people he irrevocably cured who weren't sick after all. My initial anger at the sexperts had subsided, for it had come to me that they were not talking about me nor my friends. A Kinsey number had nothing to do with the life I led. Nor the lives of those men I've slept with. My lovers. My fantasies. My losses. For it came to me that I've never had JUST a sexual experiences. SEXPERTS: little men with big ideas about tiny organs talking solely to each other, a tired bunch.

Paul-Francis Hartman

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**GAYS CONFRONT  
ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS**

The annual meeting of the national Federation of Priests Councils (NFPC) held in San Francisco, during the week of March 18, was labeled the Gay NFPC by some of the participants because of the amount of controversy which erupted over the issue of homosexuality.

The delegates representing priest councils throughout the nation were asked to adopt resolutions regarding legal reform, employment discrimination, ministry to gay people and the development of a theological statement on homosexuality. A workshop on the development of a model ministry to gay people was led by salvatorian Father Ramon Wagner and included Salvatorian Brother Gerald Fitzpatrick of Milwaukee, Tom Frye of S.F. and Ronald Lee of S.F. Ron Lee challenged the priests to update their knowledge of human sexuality, to get in touch with their own sexual feelings and to recognize that prevalent attitudes toward homosexuality among Catholics are neither Christian nor psychologically sound. The panelists pointed out that the church's attitudes toward homosexuality titude has been one of the chief causes of discrimination, repression and even brutality leveled against the homosexual in America. Ron Lee urged the priests to take radical action to help overturn the system of oppression and injustice against gay people that has been directly or indirectly encouraged by the church.

The priests attending the conference were responsive but hesitant. A moderate cautious approach was adopted calling for an end to civil discrimination and injustice but reaffirming felt need for still more theological study. Once again it was demonstrated that gay people cannot yet look to the church for a positive joyful affirming approach to homosexual relationships. The church as represented by the NFPC still chooses not to be a leader in the cause of social justice for gays. Gay Catholics have a serious obligation to assist their priests to an understanding of the beauty and joy of loving homosexual relationships. Christ knows Gay is good - but his priests are still confused

(Ronald D. Lee, MSW  
Clinical social worker with the  
Center for Special Problems and  
in private practice.)

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# MEET DAPHNE DAVIS BY DONALD MCLEAN

"At times I've felt like giving up, but the trouble is, I have nothing to fall back on. I can't get married because no one's ever asked me. Most of the guys you meet on the road are creeps anyway. So I have to stay in show business!"

So says the pretty and petite, blond and blue-eyed Australian impressionist Daphne Davis, sitting in her dressing room at CABARET between shows. Daphne came to the U.S. eight years ago, and 2-1/2 years ago made her

nightclub debut at the Continental baths in New York. You might have seen her on the Merv Griffin Show ("I haven't done the Carson show yet. That's the biggie") or playing the Playboy Club circuit or on tour with Johnny Mathis ("he's very strange, very into himself. I worked with him for the longest time before I knew if he even liked me or not.") and in those short 2-1/2 years, she has done very well for a 27 year old girl from Sydney. An ardent old movie buff, the most memorable impressions in her act are a right-on Katherine Hepburn in "The African Queen," a sure-fire combination of Joel Grey, Liza Minelli and Judy Garland medley, and her closer, Marilyn Monroe in "Seven Year Itch," complete with white accor-dian pleated skirt and wind machine. The Monroe is certainly her best, an uncanny recreation of that now-famous scene. Her personal



Her uncanny recreation of Marilyn Monroe in "7 Year Itch."

favorite is her Hepburn, then Monroe. "I can't do Bette Davis at all. I do a terrible Bette... Liza is strong but I don't like her that much. I met her once and she was kind of bored. Somebody told her I did an impression of her and she said, 'Oh, everybody does impressions of me!'... I'd like to do Mia Farrow; she's so bland... I only have 50 minutes worth of material now. I get kind of lazy, and new stuff doesn't go when you first put it in. I try not to bother with material I can't do on TV... Last year, I worked a lot, but buying material keeps me broke... My act is too one-linerish. I need more situation stuff. And I keep getting so much dribble from writers. I've paid out thousands of dollars and they just keep sending me more one-liners. I paid one guy \$750 for five minutes of material, and I got two jokes out of it." A sample of Daphne Davis' current material -- "Did you see Richard Nixon on 'To Tell The Truth?' Nobody stood up." "Did you hear about the female impersonator who gave birth to a heavily made-up baby?" As Mae West -- "How many men have I been through? Well, the number coming out of McDonald's doesn't even come close!"

It seems natural to compare Daphne with other impressionists in the business, all of whom happen to be male. Does it bother her to be compared to her male counterparts, Jim Bailey, Charles Pierce, Lynn Carter, Craig Russell, etc? "Why, I am doing what they're doing. I get a lot of ideas from watching impersonators. Arthur



Gloria Swanson.... ready for her closeup, Mr. De Mille!

Blake was one I got a lot of ideas from... (career-wise) It is easier for me; I am more a comedienne than they are. They are strictly female impersonators, they do complete impersonations of the women they do... I hate using wigs, but it's fun to dress up. I used to do Joel Grey in complete Cabaret costume, but it was another hateful prop... Impersonators get the women so great. I got my Liza Minelli mannerisms not from watching Liza, but from watching an impersonator.... But if the impressions become more important than your own personality, it's no good. Jim Bailey is desperately trying to be himself. Frank Gorshin is the same thing. Rich Little is different; he has his own personality besides that of the men he does... when David Frye is not doing impressions, you don't really want to listen to him." Asked if there's anyone she credits with giving her career a boost, she immediately replies, "Lynn Carter! He gave me employment. I replaced him for five weeks in provincetown, and he came in and criticized my Dietrich and showed me how to do her eyes... I used to go to see Charles Pierce six years ago at the Gilded Cage. He is more what I want to be. More a comedian than an impressionist." It becomes increasingly obvious that Daphne is not all that thrilled with being noted as an impressionist. I ask her how she started doing them? "I really didn't care about doing impressions. I started doing them just to get work. Right now, I hate them all, but when I find myself, I'll feel more comfortable." And

is there anyone she admires or wants to emulate? "Bette Midler. I admire her and I'm kinda jealous of her, but I don't want to be like her or work with her, but she's an incentive. I see her and say, 'Daphne, you better get working!' Turns out Daphne and the Divine Miss M knew each other years back in New York, when Daphne was into wearing the look of the 40's and Miss Midler dressed (still does) 30's back.

I ask Daphne what other jobs she has had to support her while she was starting out in the business. "I never had any other. I lived with the guy who was writing the comedy material for me. It was nothing romantic or sexual, but I figured as

long as I wasn't working a day job, I was still in the business." And what kind of guys does she prefer? "I was into real young guys with long swinging blonde hair and tan bodies. Then I went out with one and he was such a drip I didn't want to hear him talk. Maybe if they didn't talk, I'd like them." Daphne has worked in both straight and gay clubs; has she noticed any major difference in audiences between the two? "There are just as crummy gay audiences as straight, and just as good. There can be just as stupid gay as straight... When I work with Johnny Mathis, I only do 30 minutes and I don't do

Continued Next Page

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# DAPHNE DAVIS

Bette Davis or Gloria Swanson in straight clubs."

By now you may have gathered that Daphne is quite outspoken perhaps more than is professionally wise. But when I mention to her that our interview tends to the negative, she admits that she's still groping in the business, hoping for the best. "Things can only get better, but I can't stay doing just impressions. It's too frustrating."

And that's the general feeling she radiates, a rather defenseless young lady who's still unsure of herself and exactly what she wants to do, who's not satisfied with her career the way it is ("but I'll always do the impressions"), and who would rather be regarded as a comedienne than an impressionist. She lives now in L.A. with her mother, a secretary, and her sister, who is studying to be a



Daphne Davis as Katherine Hepburn in "The African Queen," her personal favorite.

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I think I have the picture now. I ask Daphne Davis, "Daphne, do you just want to be a star?" She giggles, throws her head back and says, "Yeah, that'd be terrific. Then I'd have all those people to do things for me... I'm tired of nightclubs and traveling around alone. I want to work only the better clubs. If I get my act really terrific, then I could do just the good clubs." Her conversation is peppered with those great descriptive adjectives of the 1940's, "crummy," "creepy," "drip," etc. and you get the feeling Daphne Davis is that stagestruck kid who lived life on the movie screen, but unlike most kids who grew out of it and went on to other fields, she has persisted with her dream and had a hard time coping with the harsh realities of the world. You also get the feeling she's been taken by the show biz wiseguys a few times and has learned a few bitter lessons. But despite it all, success has come rapidly for Daphne, and that she's grateful for, and she's actually very optimistic about her future. But it all boils down to, "Yeah, I wanna be a star!" And what's wrong with that?



## a film view BY MONTEZUMA



Martin Sheen as Kit Carruthers... he shoots people in the "Badlands."

### BADLANDS

BADLANDS, which opens this week at the Stagedoor, is a highly mediocre film with little to recommend it. Producer, director, writer Terrence Malick seems to try in all these capacities to give us a folk legend ala "Bonnie and Clyde," but it just doesn't come off.

Starring in this saga of murder-on-the-run, are Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek. In the past Mr. Sheen has turned in many a notable performance in many a dismal film and his performance in BADLANDS is about the only thing going for the film and at that, it's not Sheen in top form. Ms. Spacek should give up her acting ambitions and return to baton twirling - which is the best thing she does in the film. The only real creditable performance is that of Warren Oates in a brief, cameo-type, role of Ms. Spacek's father.

The plot puts us in South Dakota in the 50's (one supposes this from the constant referral to actors of that era particularly James Dean, although the modes of dress and the cars are probably still very much a part of South Dakota today!) Twenty-five year old trash collector, Kit Carruthers (Martin Sheen) meets 15 year-old, baton twirling Holly Sargis (Sissy Spacek) and their semi-silent walks blossom into L-O-V-E. It's all woodsy and romantic with fornicating in the bushes by the river to stay away from his little girl. But Kit reminds Holly so much of James Dean, that gosh darn, she's in love.

Since Kit isn't one to be brushed

off lightly, he quite unblinkingly shoots and kills Papa and after setting the house on fire, runs off with Holly to play "fugitives." Their idle in a forest tree house is interrupted by the pursuit of bounty hunters which are quickly killed off by Kit and his trusty rifle. Through these and the subsequent killings -- of which there are many -- Holly just kinda goes along with the man she loves. Part of the problem with the film is the terribly monotone voiceovers that are used to prod the film along and explain various motivations of both characters. Miss Spacek reads her lines like she'd read a medical digest -- and with just about as much enthusiasm.

But finally after a series of hiding / killing, killing / hiding routines, Holly decides -- just as the law is descending by helicopter -- that she can go no further and gives herself up. It then turns into the obligatory car chase scene -- zooming over tumbleweeds and through barbed-wire fences, narrowly missing cattle and carts -- your basic chase scene No. 1306.

As we learn from the next installment of the voiceover narration, sweet Holly gets probation and eventually marries her lawyer's son and Kit "fries" in the electric chair.

Sheen's "Kit" creates absolutely no sympathy and the attempt to make him a "character" falls limp particularly in the closing scenes where Kit distributes personal articles to the troopers to keep as souvenirs. The less said about Ms. Spacek the better.

Technically, there are some nice vista shots of the Montana "badlands" and some nice Maxfield Parrish-type skylines. But that's it in the plus dept.

Mr. Malick was obviously too close to the film in taking on the reins as producer-director-writer and ultimately the end result is his burden.

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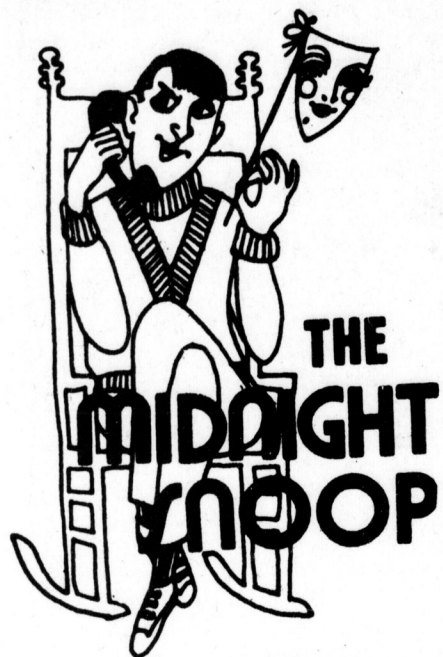
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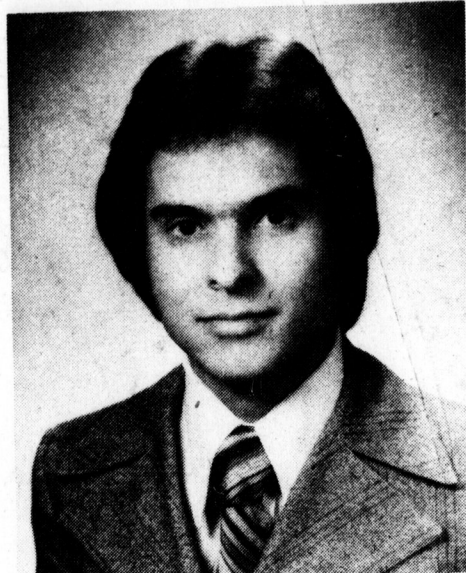
**Show News**



by Donald McLean

GLITTER AND THE GAY  
"APPLAUSE" TO OPEN

Charles Pierce, who now refers to himself as a "stand-up comic in a dress" since so many others have jumped on his "male actress" bandwagon, opens May 4th at the



Tony Michaels, seen last season as Maisie in "The Boy Friend," will play Charles Pierce's hairdresser, Duane, in "Applause," opening May 4th.

California Theater on Polk St. for four weeks, five nights a week, in the "Bette Davis version" of "Applause." Kimo, producer/director of the show, tells me Comden & Green, the authors, are planning on attending opening night and says "I think you'll see a lot more comedy in this show, not as heavy as the Broadway version, and

you'll see a completely different Charles Pierce." Charles, whom I understand the entire cast adores and keeps them in stitches during rehearsals, simply says, "It's the most grueling thing I've ever tackled in my life." This is NOT an all-male production, Mr. Pierce being the only member of the entire cast who will appear in attire of the opposite sex. His curtain speech alone should be worth the price of admission. The twenty-piece orchestra will be under the direction of Mike Biagi and choreography by Jean Martin.

**"LOVERS" ONLY MONDAYS**

Neil Simon's "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" is now playing Monday nights only at the Artist Enterprise Theatre, 430 Mason, directed by Dean Goodman. Best reason to see it is the performance of a Shari Sweet Steele, a snappy blonde reminiscent of the zany Nita Talbot, who plays a dingy would-be singer who attracts nothing but wierdos (her last boyfriend had his teeth sharpened). It's a bright, beautifully paced performance that makes the second act the most memorable of the three, with Margaret Taylor giving bite to a hardened cheating wife out for fun and a quick lay in the first act, and Carol Cullens giving a perfect imitation of Kay Ballard in the third, with Laurence Braude holding the evening together as the middle-aged, middle-class faithful husband who decides to have a fling but never succeeds. Mr. Braude is too young and too brash to be convincing but he tries hard. Lots of funny lines for Neil Simon lovers

**A.C.T. TO TOUR**

A.C.T. will close its eighth season here on May 18th, then will take "Shrew" and "Cherry Orchard" to Claremont College in Southern California, having not appeared in Southern Cal. since 1968, then will take "Cherry Orchard" and "A Noel Coward Cavalcade" to Hawaii June 4th to 26th. Their ninth season of repertory here in S.F. will get underway in October. Season closes May 18th, so last chance to see anything you may have missed this season.

**CHAPTER TWO**

Following up the cast changes in "Little Me" from last issue, Lori Shannon walked out as Older Belle two weeks ago because of "complete lack of communication with the director" and for no other reason. Also dropped out, Don Cavallo as Patrick Dennis. The part will now be played by Bob

Paulsen, who will also do the sets. And Chip Roberts will play George Musgrove now. Chip just recently won a Golden Award for his performance last season as Dick in "Dames at Sea." Show opens May 18th.

**CIRCLE STAR SEASON SET**

Circle Star in San Carlos has announced further attractions for the summer season:

May 24 - 26 -- Miss Patti Page will make her first appearance in the Bay Area in 25 years with the Mills Brothers.

June 25 - 30 -- Andy Williams (The Pointer Sisters have postponed until later.)

July 2 - 6 -- Harry Belafonte

July 8 - 14 -- The Jackson 5

July 19 - 21 -- Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention.

July 26 - 28 -- Dionne Warwick

Tickets available at Macy's and Ticketron, or at the Circle Star box office.



Triple-talented (and pretty to boot) Joey Heatherton now playing in the Venetian Room thru May 12th.

Sexy Joey Heatherton now playing in the Venetian Room, followed by Dobie Grey on May 14th thru 22nd and Dawn ("Tie A Yellow Ribbon") May 23rd till June 2nd.

On Sunday, May 5th, Gregory Burrell's "Superstar Fashion Follies" will be presented in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis, starring Marla McCoy (last seen at FINOCCHIO'S) and narrated by Barbara Davis of KEMO TV. 7 to 12, call 776-2963 for tickets.

The same people who produced "French Dressing," the hit drag revue seen last year in New York, were in town last week scouting for a new revue entitled "Ladies Night" that will open June 1st in the Persian Room of the Plaza

Hotel, and were talking to John Rothermel and Lori Shannon. Drag in the staid Persian Room? Hildergarde will never be the same!

Tommy Almon and Busty O'Shea reunited for three nights only May 3-5 at the CAMEO CLUB in Palo Alto, along with Rick Lane. J.J. Van Dyck follows in the next week-end.

Might we see a revival of "The Women" in the Fall? 'Tis rumored. **THOSE TERRIBLE TONY'S!**

In the past, Broadway's TONY AWARDS always put Awful Oscar and Enema Emmy to shame, but this year, Tony was right down there with the worst of them. Not to be outdone by Oscar this year, Tony ran exactly, to the minute, the same monumental length -- 3 hours and 1 minute -- with a succession of TV stars who obviously were all told to be sure and make it clear how glad they were to be back on Broadway (even though some of them had never been there before). To name the really rotten moments would take pages, but a few lingering impressions -- for me, highlight of the entire show was Charles Nelson Reilly and his tribute to all the forgettable songs he's had to introduce, a hilarious concept beautifully done. Tommy

Tune literally cruising his award, Jane Powell looking as if time has stood still for her since 1949, Bea Arthur proving class will out, Will Geer proving it also but in the wrong way, my sincere hope that the rest of "Over Here" is more exciting than what they chose to show us, John Payne's voice better than ever (and we get to hear it at the Curran starting May 7th), Coleen Dewhurst giving the best acceptance speech I've heard, Karen Black showing obvious favoritism for one of her nominees (who didn't win) and the winner not showing anyway, and on and on. Never was there one moment that really moved or excited me, though I thought at first Bette Midler might be the one to do it, and it became increasingly obvious that Broadway has a fairly lackluster array of shows to try and make an interesting evening out of. They failed, but it wouldn't have been so bad if they'd done it in the scheduled two hours. If you can't be good, be brief!

"So long for a while, that's all the songs...."



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# SOUTHERN SCANDALS

## MARCUS EMPEROR I

THE CYCLE RUNNERS, CMC  
CHEATERS, KOALAS &  
SAN FRANCISCANS

With the advent of running, bike clubs and bike enthusiasts are getting "run" fever; two weekends ago, the CMC staged their 99¢ Tax Break Run with a great turnout on a Friday evening. This coming weekend, the KOALA'S present their Energy Crisis Run followed closely by the SAN FRANCISCANS Ecology Auction on Wednesday, May 15 at the RAMROD beginning at 9:00 PM. The CHEATERS have announced their Boon Docks Bash Run on Memorial Day weekend to the High Sierra Country for \$27.50. This Saturday, 4th, the CYCLE RUNNERS will be celebrating their 3rd Anniversary at the RAMROD with a live band and beer for \$5.00. Sounds like mucho activities for anyone in the bike circles.

AND THEY KEEP GIVING  
MORE AND MORE AND MORE

Whenever members of Our Community get into trouble or accidents, the response to pleas for help is sometimes overwhelming.

Mike Donaghue of the OFF BROADWAY Plants store managed to arrange two auctions for the legal defense funds for Tony Lasagna and Darryl Glied, one at the EARLY BIRD and another at the ROUNDUP. A little over \$3,000 was raised and many thanks to all who participated. Last Saturday, a "drink-in" was held at the MINT for Bette Lane, also known as Pukalani, who is hospitalized with cancer problems and again, the place looked like the Who's Who of the gay community and approximately \$4,000 was raised to help defray her medical expenses. This coming Wednesday, May 8, another auction will be held for the legal defense of Houston, at the NO NAME BAR beginning at 9:00 PM with Eddie Poulson, the Magnificent Mavis and J.R. of the EARLY BIRD. Hope to see you all there.

THE COITILLION:  
A 2001 COIT ODYSSEY

June 22nd is the date set for the COITS 8th Annual Deb Ball, the theme this year being 2001? The function will begin at 8:00 PM at BIMBO'S and the \$5 tickets will go on sale on May 10th at various outlets round town. Debs are encouraged to wear white, silver or black or any combination thereof. Get in line now, sounds like great fun.

OPERATION CONCERN  
AND THE MONTH OF JULY

July has been designated OPERATION CONCERN month. Beginning with the B.A.R. & CAMP AWARDS on July 7th, and ending with CIRCUS-CIRCUS on Sunday, July 28th, both at California Hall,

the Board of Directors are aiming for \$10,000 this year to continue the gay counseling at the Family Services Agency, 1010 Gough Street. With four auctions scheduled that month, a pet show at THE MINT, and various other fundraising activities, it sounds like a very busy month. Tiffany Jones, San Francisco's own PEARL, and the Rhinestone Buddha, Darcelle of Portland will entertain you and a free two week vacation at the fabulous Marlin Beach Hotel in Ft. Lauderdale will be given away plus two weeks at AN OLD FRIEND Motel in Palm Springs. It sounds like a busy month and the Circus promises to be a smashing success with the help, coordination and muscle being supplied by the GDI Club of San Francisco.

THREE DOT JOURNALISM IS  
ALIVE & WELL AND COMES  
FROM ALL THE THINGS YOU TELL

Dennis Gale, the first streaker to be arrested in Our Community had his exploits duly chronicled by Herb Caen; the follow-up to the story is that Dennis streaked from 18th and Castro to Polk and Clay Streets setting a record for the longest streak. When arrested by two plain clothesmen, Dennis says they frisked him in the "upper areas of my body" only and he was fined \$50 and given a thirty-day suspended sentence plus a year on probation. Although first charged with indecent exposure, the judge changed it to disturbing the peace and remember you saw it here first... Over at SUTTER'S MILL when Jim Owens, Peter Puffer and Junior are behind the bar together the customers call

two Hits and a Miss and I'm wondering if it shouldn't be Ms., isn't that right Isadora?... Add Duke Smith (SIR) and Rich Schofield (WATERGATE WEST) to the list of emperor III candidates. It is indeed ironic that so many people have declared their candidacy this year when two years ago it was thought to be just another title. You wouldn't believe the battle raging to get control of the office... Be sure to see THE OCCULTIST now screening at the LAUREL THEATER. In the cast are some very familiar faces such as San Francisco's own David Likens and other familiar torsos... Larry Townsend's latest LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK, Volume III just about to be released and will be in your favorite bookstore at \$11.95 (around May 10th), or available direct from the author at 525 N. Laurel Ave., Los Angeles 90048. Also watch for a full edition of MISS THING and BIG DICK cartoons by Joe Johnson for only \$3.95.... Those jazzy bartenders at BUZZBY'S work awfully hard, but they play hard too. Nightly, Trock (Margarita) Ehler can be found stage door-johnnying it at the TRUCK STOP waiting for a waiter any waiter to get off work at 7:00 AM., his assumption being that by the time they get off, they'll be too tired to resist his esoteric advances; BUZZBY'S doorman, Thom (also known as Helga) is more determined than ever to get his hooks into Mark the waiter and Sean Donohue had to curtail his activities too while recuperating from a bout with hepatitis... Around the corner at the WILD GOOSE, it's rumored that most of the bartenders there are into FfOfA, or is the FfOfA into them? Ask Wayne Williams, the new manager, he knows all about it... Hope you got a chance to catch Carmen McRae at the Great American Music Hall last weekend; Bob Kerns did enjoy every note by the fabulous interpretive woman who is really divine... Stop in and check out Polkstrasse's newest leather shop. HARD ON LEATHERS, managed by cool, softspoken Sam Armstrong... New song on the local jukeboxes, "My Girl, Bill" has got a few of our manlier Williams on the uptight side, including at least two barowners and a certain Mr. Cowboy candidate and Marian how could you do that to them?... In between his Spanish lessons, Bill McWilliams of the BOOT

CAMP is doing some tutoring himself with a young, green-eyed Greek named Marvin. Bill is always willing to lend a helping hand (or arm). Love his newly decorated bedroom done over completely with used Crisco. Bill Bailey of the NAKED GRAPE was South of Market the other night enroute to Polkstrasse to stir a little and are you declaring your candidacy for a Spoon Award this year, Bill? Nonetheless, the GRAPE celebrates their second anniversary this Friday through next with a host of celebrities and all sorts of fun

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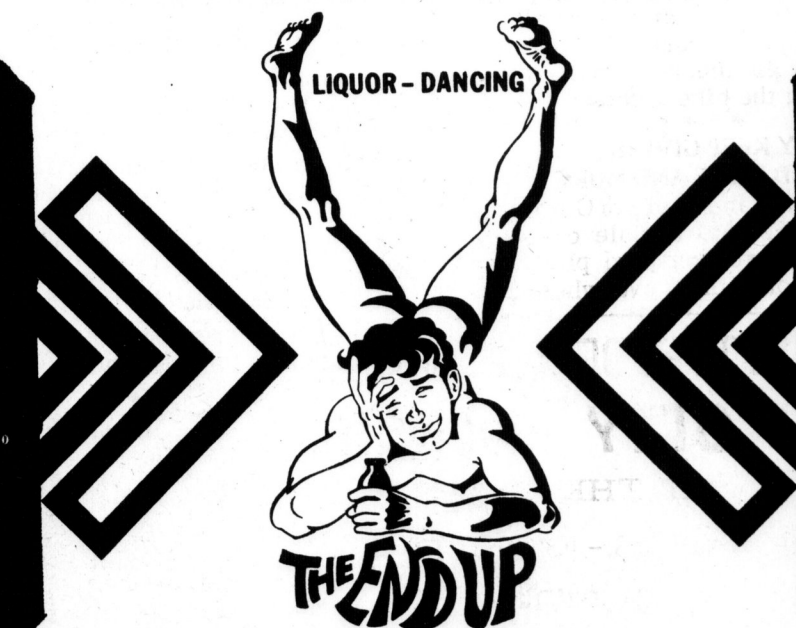
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**SOUTHERN SCANDALS**

By Mister Marcus  
 things including the 2nd Annual Bartenders Reunion party, stop by and have a blast any night. The pajama party on Wednesday sounds like lots of fun... Next time you're enroute to L.A., stop for a rest at JIMBO'S at 4146 State Street in Santa Barbara. Jim O'Malley former owner of JIM'S CORRAL in Long Beach (no MIKE'S CORRAL) has elected to open the only leather/bike bar between here and L.A. and good luck, Jimmy... My vote to Lady Jane (Mike Nameth) for the Coitillion. Jane was the first

winner of the Closet Ball in Los Angeles and a good-looking boy as well... Cast Party for the 40-40's Review at the PHOENIX was just great. The champagne flowed like water and hosted by hard-hatted Minnie and the Rambunctious Rome. Thank you Dick and Rome and your staff for a beautiful evening... From all reports, bikers from Our Town on the SATYRS M/C (L.A.) run to Baja California are having the time of their lives on a "first" run... 'Tis rumored that the Fabulous Francesca just might be a candidate for Empress X, along with

Tacky Tacky Ruth and La Kish, for beginners. The contest sounds interesting already but please do not construe this as a declaration of candidacy; I KNOW candidates who were disqualified for less than that... \* \* \* \*

That winds it up this issue; members of the community will travel to Portland this weekend for the Princess Coronation and others will make the trek south to San Diego for the Emperor and Empress Coronation and the Sandie Awards. Be a good ambassador and enjoy life. Remember for every little hurt you give, you could get paid back, only worse. Love your neighbors and they'll love you.

All my love,  
 Mister Marcus

**PATHFINDERS REVIVED**

The PATHFINDERS TRAVEL CLUB has a great new schedule of summer trips lined up for both members and non-members. A beach splash day has been planned to kick off the season at San Gregorio Beach on Sunday, May 12. A low tide is anticipated to allow complete exploration of the famed caves that intrigue the beach. Beer, sandwiches, and all you can eat are included.

Chartered coaches, with beer on board, will depart the ROUNDUP at 9:00 AM for the popular nude beach. Tickets are available at the ROUNDUP and ENDUP. \$7.50 includes roundtrip bus transportation, beach admission, beer, and sandwiches. The PATHFINDER tour is open to the entire bay community, with arrangements handled by Guides, Inc. Group Tours of San Francisco.

Future PATHFINDERS tours include a Lake Tahoe casino quickie a Southern California weekend at Magic Mountain amusement park, A Russian River canoe trip, narrow gauge railroad charter, Angel Island luau, Reno train charter, Hearst Castle Tour, Alcatraz Island, deep sea fishing, and wine country tour. Extended tours planned include New Orleans, Mardi Gras, Hawaii, Mexico, Far East, and Europe.

A complete schedule of PATHFINDERS trips is available at most community bars and will be distributed on splash day, May 12. PATHFINDERS phone number is 956-2679.

**Just a spoonful...**  
EMMA MAY  
 FOR GAY

**LETTERS, WE GET LETTERS...**

Somewhere in our vast community of happiness people, there lies a mystery joker: To a few selected people weekly -- the Chronicle and the Examiner are cut to pieces. The cartoon strips are snipped out with changes made to include names of some of our personalities. This is one of the freshest and campiest things to hit San Francisco in the last few years. These little cartoons are not meant to be malicious, but are done in high camp. As a receiver of quite a few of these little bits, I would like to thank the Joker (whoever you are) for making my days a little brighter with your humor. Keep them coming.

There is another Joker around town -- but just a little different. This person or group seems to need something or someone to rip apart in a newsletter. Of course, lacking courage, this person or persons unknown, doesn't have the heart to sign their names. This action alone should speak for itself. This newsletter thinks it necessary to rip apart a certain person, who is trying to start a gay involvement in another state. I know this person to be a very understanding, helpful and interested in getting the gay community more together, rather than stir from his closet so know one knows who he is. His generosity in financial help to our gay community (when needed) came

faster than our own people -- who were asked to help more than once. I would like to know how much these newsletter writers were willing to give to help our city get it together. I personally would like my name off their mailing list unless they decide to be man enough to sign their names -- so at least they can be approached by people for discussion.

**40-40'S REVIEW**

Hats off to S.L.R. and 40 of the most devoted cast of individuals who gave of their time and effort to bring forth a fantastically funny show. This show had everyone laughing continually throughout the whole production. Problems were forgotten for two hours as all relaxed and watched a cross section of our city sing, dance and entertain in early Goodwill gowns and wigs. To put the spotlight on anyone in particular would be very difficult; everyone was really great. So to the cast, I personally say thanks for a fun time, hope to see you all again next year. To S.L.R. -- you did it again -- please keep giving us the 40-40'S.

**S.I.R. 10TH ANNIVERSARY**

On June 15th -- S.L.R. will celebrate their 10th Anniversary with a dance at California Hall. There will be live music and some surprises with a no host bar. This anniversary makes S.I.R. the oldest gay organization in the United States and they are still going strong. The motto for this event will be S.I.R.-10 Years, But... We've Only Just Begun. Tickets will be on sale soon throughout the city.

**BENEFIT AT THE MINT**

Last week at the MINT -- the

gay community turned out in force in honor of a fellow sister, Pookalani, who has cancer and needed financial help. Drinks were one dollar and full receipts from the bar were turned out to this fund. Between the cash donations and the bar -- \$4,036.90 was raised. It just goes to show everyone that we can work together and take care of our own people. Thanks should go to Charlotte Coleman and her staff for the fantastic job that they did. It will be remembered by all.

**BAY AREA REPORTER**

Advertising information in B.A.R.  
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The GOLDEN GATE GAY LIBERATION HOUSE is badly in need of new crash host and for our old crash host to please call or drop by and let me know if you wish to continue with your hospitality this spring and summer. If you feel that you could house a gay brother or sister on a one night basis please call or stop by. Our new Phone number is 431-7688.

Emperor Russ of San Francisco announced today that the coronation of Emperor III of San Francisco will be held on Saturday, September 14, 1974 at 7:30 in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton Palace Hotel with the theme of "Emperor Russ and the Barbary Coast."

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# SEDATIVE CHIC

by

Craig Karpel

(Reprinted by permission of  
of VIVA Magazine)  
April, 1974.  
CONTINUED

Many kids first turn to downs not out of curiosity, as with other drugs, but out of self-diagnosed need for sedation. For example, a significant number of young people first used barbs either to come down from an acid trip they couldn't handle or to slow down after speeding for days on amphetamine. Extending this metaphorically, kids have been doing downs lately to come off the collective, speedy, consciousness-expanding trip of the Sixties, which they finally couldn't handle. Marijuana, LSD, amphetamine—all were at least reputed to augment awareness, the alleged side effects notwithstanding. It isn't that young people don't realize that downers are consciousness-shrinking drugs; on the contrary, they know only too well. In the Sixties it was "turn on, tune in, drop out." Now it is "turn off, tune out, and just... let... yourself... fall."

But there are reasons why young people turn to downs that are hidden from the kids themselves. Father Neil Doherty, a streetwise priest who is director of the Alcohol and Drug Abuse Council, an umbrella agency for the publicly supported drug-treatment programs of Palm Beach County, Florida, offers a plausible thesis. "Combined with the endemic state of depression young people have fallen into—the feeling that

things are awful and are never going to get better—is a tremendous amount of latent violence. Kids are unconsciously medicating themselves to suppress those violent impulses. They know that if they were acted out they'd end up in trouble with the law, so they use downs to make themselves too lethargic to fight. We took a group of kids down to the University and put them in a controlled setting and whenever they weren't stoned all they wanted to do was fight and smash. So instead of dealing with conditions that make them depressed and angry and ready to lash out, they use downs to turn the violence against their own minds and bodies."

Father Doherty's description of downer freaks reminded me of the white, lower-middle-class kids who, in my high school days, were called "hoods." The hoods of yesteryear are longhairs now and into downs to the point that, instead of being violence-prone, they are simply prone.

It's even so much easier to turn off on downs. You don't have to spend half your time picking out seeds and stems and rolling joints; you don't have to smoke till your throat is parched. You don't have to even spend an hour gulping rot-gut booze.

Within one year the 25-cent barb has jumped to a \$2.00 high. With the present increase in demand, down pushers have begun cutting their stuff with everything from sugar to horse tranquilizers, and what one Tuinal may once have accomplished will now take three—or perhaps only a fraction of one capsule. Regardless, the strong demand exists, and with it the drug scene quickly adjusts. Within the last two years, the youthful

nightlife of New York City has, in respect to downs, reflected the adaptability of a cockroach. In 1971 bar managers began checking their clientele closely for donwers. Walking on five-inch platforms, it's usually no trick to spot them stumbling through a crowd. Down freaks are bad business for any bar or disco serving alcohol, because a cheap soda and Quaalude easily suffice for a stoned evening. The result: "juice bars." Selling soda at highly inflated prices, the juice bars avoided the hassle of liquor licenses and the four o'clock curfew on alcoholic beverages. Barbiturates were in abundant supply to everyone but the police and neighbors, alarmed at the deluge of pushers, formed block committees to "ban the bars." As a result, only a fraction of the "juice bars" are still operating but they in turn have been replaced by a growing network of "private" after-hour clubs.

Located in vacant lofts and warehouses, the after-hour clubs are primarily white-owned, Mafia-controlled. Membership is generally free and the waiting period runs anywhere from a few days to several months. The membership cards are "invitations" to the "private party" where names are carefully checked at the door. No money is exchanged here but only later after an elevator ride or stair climb up to the disco where the standard admission of \$3.00 provides for stoned-out-of-your-mind tapes, jelly beans, Kool-Aid, and some of the heaviest drug traffic the city has to offer.

While the clientele varies drastically, the clubs are primarily frequented by young gay blacks and Puerto Ricans. Exceptions exist as with an Art Deco Chelsea Club where the fashionable "guests" are strictly white and East Side. Also, an East Village loft that began over three years ago as a club for gay blacks now has a large percentage of whites, lesbians, and straights in its membership. A private residence, this gigantic apartment offers fine cheeses and fruit and Persian rugs hung on exposed brick walls, but the "down" traffic here is subtly restricted by the management for use only as a sedative to come off the "speeding effect" of their cut acid.

Around seven a.m. on a Saturday or Sunday, the barbiturate stupor from inside spills into streets below. The neighbors don't complain because the clubs are situated

in non-residential districts. The drinks that ride the warm subway trains are now joined by younger counterparts trying to make it home before completely "falling out."

The vogue downer of the moment is methaqualone. The Quaalude/Sopor craze has the distinction of being the first youth phenomenon to come out of Columbus, Ohio. Large numbers of doses began to appear at Ohio State University and, via Columbus, at the nearby University of Cincinnati and Kent State during the winter of 1969-70. Why Columbus? Nobody really knows, but most people who think they know say it's because Sopor is manufactured there. It isn't. Over the following two years methaqualone became popular with students all over Ohio, who introduced it to other campuses, most notably the University of Colorado at Boulder, but it was not until the spring of 1972 that methaqualone pills really arrived in the East and South. No illicit drug has ever gotten so big so fast. "I have never ever seen any drugs in this quantity." Says David Furr, director of Help Center in College Park, home of the University of Maryland. Recently a shipment of 20,000

tabs arrived at Vassar College and was nearly gone by the end of three weeks. As many as 5,000 pills a day are sold in Long Island University's Brooklyn Center student union building. Police estimate that over 150,000 doses are moved each week in Dade County, Florida. Dr. Richard Kunnes, a psychiatrist on the faculty of the University of Michigan's School of Medicine and medical director of Drug Help in Ann Arbor, says that he isn't acquainted with anybody in that city who has not at least tried methaqualone. "I certainly could never have said that about barbs," he says.

The reason for methaqualone's instant success is—glamour. It provides a pleasant, heavy-lidded, finger-tingling buzz, and it has a reputation as something of an aphrodisiac, which it is only in the sense that alcohol also is—because it temporarily reduces inhibitions. This, plus the universal impression that, unlike other downs, it is not addictive, has caused the methaqualone boom. Methaqualone has accomplished in the Seven what barbs couldn't do in the six previous decades; it has made sedation seem chic. It is this sedative chic which has

interested middle- and upper-middle-class youth in downs for first time.

An enormous quantity of methaqualone was dumped in the Miami area during the 1972 conventions, and many young people who had come to demonstrate also had their first taste of this new sedative and returned home to youth communities across the nation slurping its praises. The unprecedented availability and cheapness of this drug at the conventions generated a rumor that extra supplies had been flown in at the behest of the Nixon Administration in a successful attempt to popularize methaqualone nationally by turning non-delegate South Florida into a Valley of the Dolls. A former Dade County sheriff's deputy who is now a local drug dealer informs me that this was not the case. "The scam by which those Quaaludes were brought in from New York was strictly kid stuff," he says.

Unfortunately, methaqualone itself is no kid stuff. Rock star Jimi Hendrix died after taking Mandrax, a British combination of methaqualone and an antihistamine in an attempt to counteract a dose of LSD an acquaintance had slipped him in a glass of wine. (Meth-

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SEDATIVE CHIC (Continued)

aqualone and alcohol are a deadly duo.) Unlike barbiturate poisoning, overdoses of methaqualone and glutethimide do not result in a steady progression of symptoms. It is not unusual for someone to arrive in a hospital waiting room complaining of Quaalude or Doriden intoxication but exhibiting only slight drowsiness--and then stop breathing in mid-sentence. Blood dialysis, used routinely to treat barbiturate poisoning, is ineffective with these drugs; and--worse--the major selling point in 1973 advertisements for Quaalude, Parlest, and Optimil in PSYCHIATRIC NEWS is that they were "non-barbiturates." This has been taken to mean, both by prescribing physicians and by users, that methaqualone is nonaddictive. There is compelling evidence, however, that methaqualone is as addictive as barbiturates, complete with the life-threatening withdrawal syndrome.

"I know of at least twenty addicts taking eight or more 300-mg. pills a day," says Dr. Kunnes. "And every methaqualone addict we come across seems to know five or six others. At this point we

believe we are seeing only the tip of the methaqualone-addiction iceberg. And as of now, the only way to detoxify a methaqualone addict is to hospitalize him, get him hooked on barbiturates, and taper off the dosage. Kids who don't know this have tried to go cold turkey. Of the seven addicts whom I've seen try to withdraw this way, all experienced acute discomfort, two had violent convulsions."

But because of methaqualone's "nonaddictive" image, it has attracted people who wouldn't otherwise chance using downs. "The barb addicts we see are usually street-freak druggies," says Dr. Kunnes, "with the characteristic dependent, passive, addiction-prone personality. The methaqualone addicts seem much more like a cross-section of young people. They're much straighter, more sophisticated, experimenting with a specific view toward avoiding addiction. Half of them have never taken a down before, and the others switched from barbs to Quaaludes in the belief that they're not addictive. I even know of a methaqualone addict who's a nurse in a drug-abuse treatment program! The failure of the pharmaceutical

companies and federal regulatory agencies to adequately publicize the highly addictive nature and potentially fatal convulsions of acute withdrawal have made methaqualone more dangerous than barbiturates."

Most of the downs are "legitimately" manufactured by "reputable" U.S. drug companies. How so many downs can be diverted from legal channels into the black market is a question that seems to puzzle only pharmaceutical manufacturers.

One young methaqualone addict who is now undergoing treatment told me how she used to put on a wig and eyeglasses and go to a doctor in the morning using an alias. She would get a prescription for Quaalude, have it filled, have a chemical lunch, take off the wig and glasses, and return to the same doctor in the afternoon under her real name. She would get another prescription for Quaaludes, have it filled, and then go home and get wrecked. A young Doriden addict told me he used to steal to order for a pharmacist, who would pay him in "Cibas," which he ate, and Quaaludes, which he sold at rock concerts where he could unload two to three thousand at a shot, two for \$1. Another young barb freak told me that he used to work as an ambulance attendant so that when, as usually happened at least once a night, he was sent to pick up someone who had overdosed on sleeping pills, he could sneak off to the bathroom and help himself to the contents of the medicine cabinet--while the patient lay dead or dying. Yet another addict posed as an encyclopedia salesman so he could ask if he could use the toilet and then rifle the medicine cabinet. Being a downer addict is not a dignified form of self-destruction.

The federal government is beginning to restrict these kinds of drug abuses. Barbiturates and methaqualone are now scheduled with the Drug Enforcement Administration (formerly the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs), and with the U.S. Controlled Substances Act doctors can no longer use office stationery for the prescription of downs. Doctors must instead use federally issued forms which are serialized for computerization in order to follow the flow of barbs and methaqualone. (Before the enactment of the U.S. Controlled Substances Act, 95 percent of the legally manufactured

barbiturates could not be accounted for with doctors' prescriptions.) The form is filled out in triplicate: one for federal pharmacy reports, another for monthly pharmacy reports to the state, and the third for the doctor's monthly state reports. And the prescriptions are nonrefillable. Even now, however, absolutely nothing restricts a doctor from writing prescriptions for fake patients. Although this legal procedure has tightened the legitimate supply, it has resulted in a boom for the black market in downs, since these drugs can no longer be obtained through doctors so easily.

In-hospital thefts are common sources of illegal barbiturates, because they are rarely subjected to the stringent regulatory controls that so carefully restrict the medical use of opiates. Barbiturates can be stolen at three points: between pharmaceutical plant and the hospital stockroom, stockroom and hospital pharmacy, and between pharmacy and each hospital ward. Downs are used abundantly in all wards, and pharmacy orders are easily inflated so that the oversupply can be stolen.

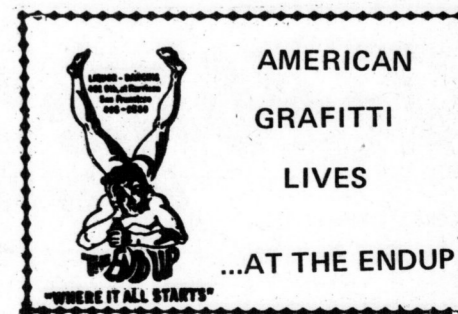
Disreputable packaging firms and illegal pharmaceutical plants are a larger and more direct line for organized crime, as are thefts from pharmacies themselves. The diversion of bulk barbiturates occurs in hijackings of shipments from legitimate producers of raw materials to pill manufacturers, brokers, exporters, and dealers.

The recent subjection of barbiturates to tightened federal controls and production quotas has helped, but the deficit is being met by increased efforts from organized crime and the so-called "Mexican reds." These downs are encapsulated in Mexico from bulk secobarbital exported from the U.S., and then illegally reintroduced into this country for sale in the West and the Southwest. Their importation is as difficult to throttle as that of Mexican marijuana.

Legislation on tighter drug controls can't hurt, but drug abuse is a function of demand, not supply, and there is no way of legislating a decrease in the demand for sedation. Drug education is providing poor results because all the claims that could legitimately be made about downs have already been made illegitimately about marijuana. Why should young people believe that downs are

so highly addictive when their own experience has demonstrated that grass isn't?

People are taking downs because they know no other method for dealing with their distress. In what kind of society do young people begin to take sleeping pills as soon as they get up? They're not going to stop trying to put themselves back to sleep unless their lives begin to look like something worth staying awake for.



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## General Happenings

# Tidbits by the Bay

### DOWNTOWN

Have you checked out Mama Peck's "By A waterfall" number with ice cubes yet? Thank you and Shella for a wonderful opening of the ROADRUNNER CLUB. Thanks also to Frieda for my flower! A surprise was Assemblyman Foran dropped in (campaigning of course). Speaking of Mr. Foran, there will be an acution at THE WINDJAMMER for him Wed., May 15th, with yours truly and guest auctioneers, along with Gary at his organ. Contact Elmer at S.L.R. for information. My best wishes to Ron and Dick; may the future bring you all the best! Happy to report Stanley, of the TRAPP, is back among us. Seen having lunch together at CABOARA's, Kish and Irene. Comparing notes, kiddies? In case you have not heard, Petri is having quite a bash for my birthday Fri., May 24th, at CABOARA'S, 5 PM



till? Would you believe I'm 27 "again?"

The TURF CLUB now has their band on Sun. afternoons as well as Friday and Sat.

Dropped in to the HOB NOB to see Bernie and made the changing of the guard and ended up with Bill Flanagan (Mr. TAVERN GUILD). Now that OPERATION CONCERN has taken over CIRCUS CIRCUS, will there ever be a new Mr. T.G. or will Bill reign forever?

The 1001 has reopened as Madam la Farge's 1001 KNIGHTS. Everything is the same, except George is now sole owner.

Did you know the BLUE & GOLD has been open 14 years? Burt, don't you think it's about time you had an anniversary party?

The FROLIC ROOM is being taken over by Bob Damron and will be called the HOLLYWOOD HOTEL and will be redone by Joe

D., who did the MIND SHAFT and should be something else. POLK ALONG LARKIN

You have to catch Ken behind the bar (or anywhere else for that matter) at the WILD GOOSE, my dears; he is to die over (thank you, Kissy).

BUZBY'S is a made place to spend a Sat. evening and the waitresses are really hot. Have you noticed, the new trend in our bars is to waitresses instead of waiters? By the way, that new mad blonde is Lou, the cigarette girl.

Jim McDonald is banging his box at TOTIE'S on Sundays. Did you know when Voo Doo rings her bell, you get a double for \$1.00?

The NEW BELL SALOON will hold their annual Cinco de Mayo Party May 5th.

### CHINESE CHECKERS

Jim Spotts of the MIND SHAFT is now with J.B.'S HOUSE.

Merle (formerly of the TRUCK STOP) is now with the MIND SHAFT. Ronnie is no longer with the MAIL BOX.

John Silva and Keith, formerly of JOB NOW, are now doing their thing at the MAIL BOX.

Jimmy A. (NEW BELL SALOON) can now be found in the PHONE BOOTH.

Val has left 1001 NIGHTS.

Steve Miller can now be seen at the PENDULUM as the day bartender.

Did you know Cal of BRADLEY'S fame is now appearing at THE QUARRY.

John Carlyle is now the cooker at the TRUCK STOP.

Jay of the REAR END is now back at the CABARET.

Wayne Williams has left the MIND SHAFT and is now manager of the WILD GOOSE.

That tall hunk of something else at THE RAMROD is the new manager, Dennis.

Poogie is the AM Bartender at the HORNY OWL.

If nice guys are your bag, you'll love Mike, the new bartender at the KOKPIT.

Bob (LANDMARK) can now be seen at WATERGATE WEST.

### WARM BELT

The DOG PATCH SALOON was packed with VIP's and well wishers at the "Let's get rid of her" Party for Miss S.F. Thanks, Tony, for a good year! The inside has been redone and they have really done some clever designs with slats.

My last column should have read, "By the way, check out Dick the bartender at the MIDNIGHT SUN. Not bad, my dears, and while

you are checking out bartenders, try Mike in the mornings at the PENDULUM. Sorry, guys.

Met Father Boyle at the PENDULUM and again at THE WINDJAMMER. That man is really getting around.

A Tip of The Brim to THE MINT. All the proceeds from the bar, 2 to 6 last Sat., went to Pookalani, who is ill in the hospital. Hurry back, we miss you, love.

That outrageous bartender in the rear of the MIND SHAFT is Mike. Check out the go-go boys there on Sunday and if they don't turn you on, I am very sure Merle will. Heaven! And that great new face on the door is Dick, and behind the front bar is Frank Fitch. That's one place that something for everybody!

Did you know Terry streaked from FE-BE'S to the 527 and back past the Bryant St. Hotel yet. Not only did he streak but so did his clothes. When he got back to FE-BE'S he found his clothes and left for the RAMROD, so off he went to retrieve same. There must be a brass balls award somewhere. You're too much, love!!

Great waiter and purty too, Richard of the WATERGATE WEST Sorry, Kish.

If you have not seen the new FICKLE FOX... DO!! It is really something else. While you're there, pick up on the new T.J. also.

A big thank-you from my court to J.B. and his staff for making our day a fun one. AROUND TOWN

Mike Daily and group will do their stuff at the Miss. S.F. and Mr. Calif. Contest at S.L.R. May 25th. The show that night will really be something else. All that talent and bodies too.

Did you know Elmer and John have taken over the job counselling at S.L.R. during Frau Schneider's absence?

My spies tell me the BARBARY COASTERS will have a turkey shoot next year.

If you have not met Mr. Foran or Father Boyle, do!! As the winner will represent downtown, South of Market and the Castro area. We have a lot of votes in those areas, so let's use them wisely. And don't be afraid to ask questions!!! They won't be hard to find. They are both hitting every bar in town.

Welcome to Irene as a fellow columnist. Did you know she wears Joe Namath panty-hose?

There is a new shuttle bus from

TOAD HALL, NAKED GRAPE and the WILD GOOSE that will take you to the Miracle Mile and back Mon. - Thurs. and it's free.

Wouldn't you know Arlene of the MINT was the only one at the Falstaff luncheon to get a Greasydick beach towel.

Mr. Cowboy / Miss Cowgirl will be June 29th at the COVERED WAGON with Mr. S.F. as M.C.

There was a surprise birthday party at the DOG PATCH for Hector. I think everyone in town was there. Many more to you, love!!!

I'm sure Joe Roland would love a card while he is recovering (please, no visitors). He is in French Hospital, Geary and 5th Ave., S.F. 94118. Hurry back, doll, we miss you.

The Emperor Ball will be held at the Palace Hotel this year. I have not seen anything official yet, but there is a lot of campaigning going on.

If you're a night owl, try the LAUREL THEATER, Fri. and Sat. nights. They're open till 4 AM.

M.C.C. will hold their annual conference here in August. Anyone who can help with housing, please call 285-0392.

Bill McWilliams in a foundation? It all happened at the auction held at the ROUNDUP. He's a good sport and it was for a good cause.

The new manager, Dennis, of the RAMROD really gets around. He started out with Marcus at the DOG PATCH and ended up with Billy Yarnell at the ROUNDUP. Wasn't that Bill Mc. in between?

The Pathfinders (a travel club) is back in business and you will be hearing from them soon.

Did you know the TWIN PEAKS have a nellie and butch on their softball team? You should go to the games on Sunday's there. A ball!

What Empress hit what Grand Duchess in her which with a cake?

The first 50 patrons of the Miss S.F. Contest will get a free pass to the BATHS.

To Art -- I haven't found Jason of the \*P.S. yet, but will let you know when I do. Thanks for the letter.

Charlotte of the MINT will hold the Tricycle Race, Mon., May 27th, with \$100 first prize. The profits go to Guide Dogs for the Blind. Irene will be in charge of the bathing beauties??

Be good to each other, "30 Kiddies" Perry

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## Out-of-Town Events

# THIS-A & THAT-A

by Lou Greene

Wow, what a week-end that was! After performing in the 40-40's show at S.L.R. Center on Saturday nite and Sunday afternoon, I had to whisk down to the HARBOR in San Jose to M.C. their 2nd Anniversary Mr. Harbor contest. For a Sunday nite, the joint was really jumping. I never saw so many bodies at one time on a Sunday night. Henry and Bob Johnson really outdid themselves in planning this exciting affair. Phil did an excellent job on the sound and music and Bob handled the lights to perfection. There were eight contestants and each one was escorted by three lovely (real gals) Bobby, Olga and Kim. The winner was a gorgeous hunk of muscle from Puerto Rico, Ricardo. Dale was first runner up and Billy was 2nd runner up. All in all a great time was had by all. -- On June 1st, Reina V de San Jose Empire, will be holding a Coronation and Election Ball at the Club Paragon in San Jose. The candidates running for Reina VI are Carla, the Princess Royal; Bobbie, the Marquesa; and Buni Lake, their former Duchess. Call Avis at 295-7171 for more information and tickets. -- Toni, formerly of the WAIKIKI in Oakland is now the new Host and Manager of the SAVOY in Cupertino. They still serve the best lobster in the Bay Area for the money, and if you have never had

an opportunity to try it, by all means the trip is well worth it. -- THE CAMEO CLUB in Palo Alto featured a great Hot Rock Band the "Cayenne." This was an exceptional great hot band with a beautiful group of boys. Hope they return again real soon. -- Up north and across the G.G. Bridge, the TWO TURTLES are coming to the fore. Drop by and tune in on their exciting player piano. -- "Uncle Gaylords' Ice Cream Parlors" have become so popular they have opened a new shop at No. 1 El Paso in Mill Valley. Needless to say their Ice Cream is the greatest and they also feature a real genuine bonified (of all things) Kosher Ice Cream. Try it, I'm sure you'll more than like it. -- Over in the East Bay, just me Ron and Barry, the new owners of the LANCERS. What a dream this Ron is, and would you believe? Available! They are planning great changes in policy and plan to make this a number one club in Oakland. Sorry to see Dale leave, but he needed a long deserved vacation. -- Meet Joe and Gary the two new bartenders at BERRY'S in Oakland. -- RUBY'S in Oakland are planning quite an expansion program to handle the new crowds starting to flow there. Be sure to meet Gary Trevano the new bartender, fresh from the country (Walnut Creek, that is) Tall, Slender and I really wish I was 21

again. -- Jimmy of the EXIT has taken over the BANK CLUB two blocks up from BERRY'S on 14th Street. They have completely renovated the bar and have made it quite conducive for your drinking and cruising pleasure. They are in the process of finishing an upstairs bar and dance floor. No minimum and no cover. You ought to come by and say hello to Dirty Sally, he's a real charmer. By the way, will Bobby Smith be the first lady? -- The WAIKIKI, just around the corner from BERRY'S are now open 3 PM to 2 AM weekdays and 10 PM to 2 AM Sats. and Sundays. They will be holding a Cinco de Mayo celebration on May 5 with Buffet, Entertainment and the works. Agmando here is still on the bottle and what was John Paul doing cruising in Alameda, or does he specialize in Seafood? -- GRANDMA'S in Oakland have a new day bartender Goldie, who does a complete take off of Ethel Merman. You really ought to catch her act, it's a gas. -- The girls at the CARNATION in Oakland have expanded and moved into San Francisco. They have taken over A LITTLE MORE at 15th and Potrero and after being open only a week are doing a fantastic job. Their spacious dance floor, plenty of parking and great atmosphere make this a wonderful place to drink and dance. Altho, they were pulling for the girls patronage, they guys are more than welcome. -- Down Hayward way, the QUEEN'S PALACE will offer a special show with Roger, Dottie's son, doing a live performance on Friday May 17th at 9 and 11 PM. This is also Roger's Birthday and will be celebrated by all. Come and join

the fun. -- The DRIFTWOOD in Hayward are going great guns. Each time I go in they seem to have a full house of dancing gals and guys. Hayward is a fun place to drive down to. Take time out and visit the CHANDELIER, THE QUEEN'S PALACE and the DRIFTWOOD. -- Are you at the Stanford Coffeehouse right now? Or perhaps you're somewhere else and reading our newsletter for the first time. Well, the odds are that some of you out there are bi-sexual or Gay but feel uncertain of expressing yourselves on those levels. We want you to know that we love you, and we're anxious that you join us soon in the celebration of our freedom, YOUR freedom. Life's too short to go on forever longing to share love. So stop longing and start sharing. It's easy. All you have to do is come on over to the Old Firehouse any Weds., nite around 8 PM. We have a meeting for men upstairs on the second level and the women meet downstairs in the office. There's music and coffee and if you talk to people, chances are they'll be delighted and you may make some new friends. If you want to talk to just one or two people, the office is staffed each week day evening from 8 PM till 11 PM and often there's someone there during the afternoons too. And if there's no answer there, call Vic at 327-4779, afternoons too. Or, if you just want to talk to someone over the phone, call (415) 497-1323. And if there's no answer there, call Vic at 327-4779, Dick or Bill at 593-2888, John at 325-2239, Larry at 326-2493. We have an idea of what you're going through and can perhaps help you get to a better place. P.S., the Old Firehouse is right behind Tresidder Union in the same building as Operation Share.

Until next time. My best to you always in all ways.  
Love,  
Lou

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## 40-40REVUE

OR THE COCKETTES  
HAVE REACHED 40!

Another fund raising event at S.L.R. - for S.L.R., opened Saturday night to an almost full house....

The host and emcee for the evening was Marcus who did an admirable job introducing the performers.

The show theme was a Trip Around the World, and who wouldn't

Opening with Emma Von Gay (Ron) who at one time must have been a pro entertainer -- in the 40's and gave the audience a complete 40's type patter and song but... John Carlyle sang, camped draged as best he could with just an accordian and piano as musical background -- which I thought carried everything including the performers.

Highlights of the evening came when Lou Greene, complete in one of Lucien's old gowns appeared on stage smoking a cigar, blonde hair, and boots -- I know this is not new -- but for Lou it is.

He began singing "Ring Them Bells" when from across the street from S.L.R.. From a bar called the

TURF CLUB, came a stalker, Ray Rule by name, a surprise to the performer and a shock to the people who were sitting around -- then all hell broke loose with stalkers appearing. It seemed every five minutes -- Lou tried to finish, but with every stalker a round of applause at which time Lou would begin the song all over again...

Solo numbers that camped on were Maxine Empress VII, Marsha Pistol, Busty O'Shea, Marcus making his singing debut with a Phillipino love song -- sung to Lenny Linn; and three male tap dancers, taught in S.L.R.'s tap classes, tutored by Lorelei, called the Dollie Sisters -- to be joined by their teacher, Lorelei, doing a bang up version of "Lullaby of Broadway."

Enter entire cast as the finale to high kicks and high jinks -- good night ladies! All in all, they all deserve a thanks for doing this show.

I enjoyed myself with the idea of the absurd, after all, we all get a little absurd at sometime... I know I do.

Mavis



## SAN GREGORIO BEACH SPLASH DAY '74

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10:00 AM ROUNDUP \$7.50  
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Includes Beer, Bus,  
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Tours operated by GUIDES, INC. Group Tours of San Francisco. Coming events: Russian River Canoe Trip, Sunday, May 24, 1974. Lake Tahoe Quickie -- Magic Mountain -- Hearst Castle -- Barbecue. In marginal weather call THE ROUNDUP one hour before departure at 863-9628. In bad weather, trips will be held the following week.



# Cinco de Mayo Celebration

SUNDAY MAY 5TH

CHILI CONTEST AT 2 PM

1ST PRIZE - \$30.00  
2ND PRIZE - \$20.00

MARACHI MUSIC -  
CHILI BUFFET AT 5 PM

Larry Vincent at the Piano/Organ.

Open Daily at 6 AM

## New Bell SALOON

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Phone: 775-6905





# MIRACLE MILE BUS SHUTTLE

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STOP	DEPARTURE TIMES				
Eastbay	8:00				2:07
Greyhound Terminal	8:06				2:11 (Last Stop)
WILD GOOSE 1488 Pine Street	8:12	9:28	10:57	12:12	1:13
*P.S. RESTAURANT 1121 Polk Street	8:15	9:31	11:00	12:45	1:16
TOAD HALL 482 Castro Street	8:24	9:43	11:12	12:27	1:28
NAKED GRAPE 2097 Market Street	8:31	9:48	11:17	12:32	1:33
BOOT CAMP 1010 Bryant	8:40	9:56	11:25	12:40	1:41
527 CLUB 527 Bryant Street	8:44	10:00	11:29	12:44	1:45
ENDUP 6th and Harrison	8:48	10:04	11:33	12:48	1:49
FOLSOM PRISON 1898 Folsom Street	8:53	10:09	11:38	12:53	1:54
FE-BE'S 1501 Folsom Street	8:56	10:12	11:41	12:56	1:56
NO NAME BAR 1347 Folsom Street	8:59	10:15	11:44	12:59	1:58
RAMROD 1225 Folsom Street	9:02	10:18	11:47	1:02	2:00
RED STAR SALOON 1147 Folsom Street	9:05	10:21	11:50	1:05	2:02
ROUNDUP/LAST CALL 6th and Folsom Streets		9:20	10:49	12:07	1:08
					2:05

The Miracle Mile Shuttle Services will have one bus to begin with. We hope in the very near future to increase the service by adding more busses and bar stops. Our initial objective is to have an efficient shuttle service. There is no intent whatsoever to exclude anyone for any other reason. The MMBS is coordinated through GUIDES, INC. For further information Contact Bill Ridenhour M-F 12PM - 4 PM at 956-2679 or 989-3901.

(Special thanks to Walter S. Yazolino Driver and Coordinator)

# BAR

## BAY AREA REPORTER

The Catalyst for all Factions of the Gay Community  
VOLUME 4 NUMBER 10

FREE  
in the Bay Area

READERSHIP 50,000 NATIONWIDE—1550 HOWARD ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—(415) 861-5019—12-5PM

# CLEAR CHOICE FOR VOTERS



Father Gene Boyle - 16th Assembly District.

by Harvey Milk

Foran voted against the Equal Rights Amendment. Foran could not find it in himself to vote for Willie Brown's Bill giving gays sexual freedom. Foran finds it in himself to support Alioto. And, this man now wants the gay community to support him! Foran is a politician who comes right out of the same school as Nixon, Reagan and Alioto: they ask you to forget their actual voting records and to have 100% faith in what they say they are now going to do for you in the future if you would only vote for them. The gay community has been sold down the river more than once. The time has come to show the political leaders of this state and this city that we no longer can be used. The time has come for all gays to make a commitment for themselves and not be wooed by pretty words.

Foran has sat in Sacramento for ten years as an Assemblyman from San Francisco and after all that time only this year has he all of a sudden discovered that

there are homosexuals in the city. The time has come to tell Foran that he can go back to his Alioto and to the men of the straight community for his support. Foran found technicalities why he could not vote for gay rights - the time has come for the gay community to repay his complete lack of support of gay rights and find technicalities why we can not support him. Foran claims that he will amend Brown's Bill next time if Brown introduces it again. Why did he not amend it last year? Why must he wait for Brown to introduce it? He uses words to protect himself from appearing as a champion of gay rights to the straight community. Can a man who would not support us in the past and finally after ten years says he will support us in the future only if someone else steps forward first be trusted? Why is he afraid to say he is for gay rights in front of the straight press?

The challenger: Gene Boyle has championed for gay rights before. His record speaks for itself. Boyle fought for the blacks long before it was fashionable. Boyle fought for the grape pickers, Sears strikers. Time after time he has fought for oppressed people. Besides his record of fighting for gay rights he has stated that if Brown does not introduce his Bill again, he, Boyle, will pen it himself. What a refreshing difference from Foran's attitude. Can he be trusted? Look at his record and the answer is written by his past actions: years of fighting for suppressed people.

The choice: Foran, a typical politician who has turned his back upon the gay community and women, or Boyle, a record of a libertarian.

For those in the gay community who do not believe in voting for gay rights above all else, look



San Francisco's own Charles Pierce makes his legit debut in "Applause."

IN THIS ISSUE:

**GOOD NEWS  
APPLAUSE**

by  
Donald McLean

**KISS ME KATE**

by  
Wally Rutherford

**A SUMMER PREVIEW**

by  
Montezuma

**CAMPING ON THE ISLE OF CAPRI**

by  
Paul Francis-Hartmann

PLUS:

**COMPLETE COVERAGE  
OF THE GAY BAY!**

Next Deadline: Wed., May 22nd  
Next Issue Out, Wed., May 29th.