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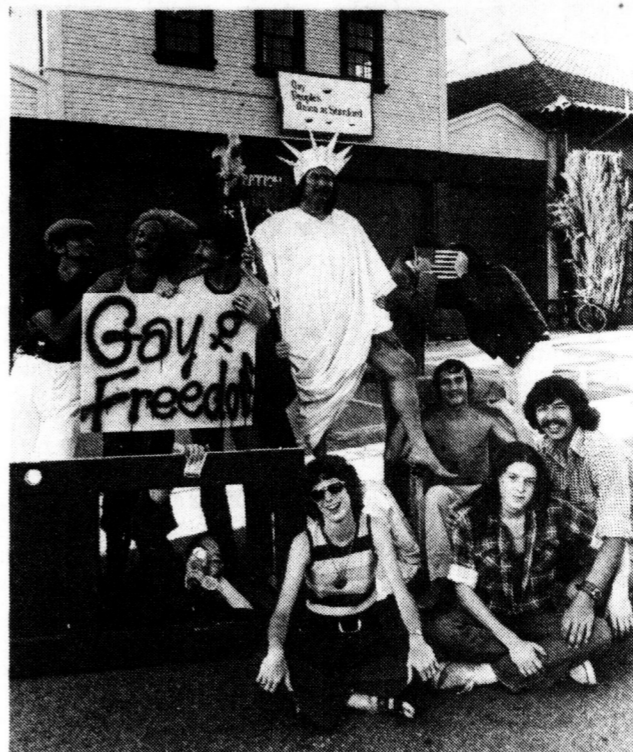
# BAR BAY AREA REPORTER

The Catalyst for all Factions of the Gay Community  
VOLUME 4 NUMBER 12

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in the Bay Area

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# GAY PRIDE WEEK



Gay People's Union at Stanford announce their new summer schedule in a festive way.

## GAY PRIDE WEEK AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

A week-long conference at Stanford University on Gay Civil Rights will be held June 24 through June 29. The theme is "Spirit of '76" and will focus on developing full-civil rights for gay men and women in time for the United States bicentennial.

Sponsored by the Gay People's Union at Stanford and the Whitman-Radclyffe Foundation the conference has the support of the President's and Dean's offices as well as the Dean of the University Chapel.

Pre-conference events are all free and open to the public, though aimed at the students and faculty at Stanford. The main conference on Saturday, June 29 is open to the public and is the only event which requires registration and a fee.

\$3 for students and \$4 for non-students.

The Gay Pride Week program opens on Monday evening at 8 PM at Memorial Church with an interdenominational service and celebration. Music, dance and blessing of homemade bread will be part of the service.

Tuesday evening, San Francisco Sheriff, Richard Hongisto will speak in Cubberly Auditorium on Civil Rights and Gays. The time is 8 PM.

Wednesday evening at 8 PM, the Women's Collective will host an evening devoted to the Women's Movement and Gays. The location is the Stanford Woman's Center.

Alternatives for Gays is the theme for Thursday evening when the Prometheus Growth Center holds an open house at 8 PM. The center is at 401 Florence at Lytton in Palo Alto.

The "Angels of Light," a radical consciousness-raising theatrical assembly will perform in Cubberly Auditorium at 8 PM on Friday, June 28. They have performed in Europe and on television. Their unusual and bizarre performances are given only with the condition that no admission be charged.

Saturday, June 29, the formal conference begins at 8:30 with registration and coffee in the Gay People's Union Information Center, upstairs in the Old Firehouse.

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Montezuma


PACIFIC KISS & TELL  
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Polk Street Sally

A MIRACLE OF RARE DEVICE  
by  
Paul Francis-Hartmann

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Next Issue Out Wed., June 26th.



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*CONTINUED*  
The Old Firehouse is located behind Tresidder Union on Santa Teresa Street, near Bowman Alumni House.

The conference begins at 10:00 with an address by Dr. Howard Brown, President, National Gay Task Force and former Health Commissioner of New York City. After a break for lunch, the conference will continue with workshops and discussion groups at 1:30 and at 3:00. Discussion topics will be chosen from questionnaires completed by gay individuals and groups.

The groups will meet again together at 4:30 to hear David Goodstein, President, Whitman-Radcliffe Foundation on the subject "Where do we go from here."

After a social hour at 7:00, registrants will gather again to hear Barbara Gittings talk on the "Meaning of Gay Pride."

The day-long event will conclude with a dance on the upper deck of Tresidder Student Union at 9:00. Admission is free and open to the public.

Sunday, June 30, a parade will be held in San Francisco to celebrate and close-out the Gay Pride Week Celebration for 1974. Immediately following the parade will be a Gay Faire in Civic Center where gay artists and craftspeople will exhibit their wares.

**WHAT WAS HIS NAME?**

When I awoke, he was gone  
His scent still on the pillow  
The ashtray full of lastnites butts  
A half full can of beer on the floor  
My clothes still heaped  
Where he peeled them off  
That's all that is left  
Of satisfaction, excitement, love  
In the boozy fog of lastnite  
Did he take my name? number?  
What was his?  
Oh God, I remember  
Every curve of his body  
The slightly salty taste still lingers  
The tender areas that responded  
To a flicking tongue  
His pale skin dancing  
Under my fingers touch  
The course blue-black hair  
Damp with loves sweat  
a baby's white skin  
Stretched over a man's body  
I'll carry his image always  
But Christ, what was his name?  
W.F.K.



**TO THE TOTAL COMMUNITY AT LARGE**

I have decided to resign my position as trustee on the Board of the Society for Individual Rights. I will though, always be available as a speaker for S.I.R. when ever S.I.R. calls. I am a life time member of S.I.R. and I am proud of that.

My decision is made so that I will have more time to work with people that want to grow from within, and do our share for Universal peace. This organization is called LIFESPRING.

Now, at S.I.R. we operate the same as we did seven years ago when I started to get involved. There has been no change, we continue the same problems over and over. One case in mind is recently, a member of the board of S.I.R. was so set on getting his way he would not accept compromise, or use effective communications — the PROBLEM being ego, his THREAT being fear of losing, he took on the DEFENSE of, "If I don't get my way I will resign."

There is no reason to mention this person's name since that is not important. What is important is that we allow this to happen. It has happened many times in the past years, even some of our past Presidents of S.I.R. have done it.

Now this is only one point. There are many more. I do believe in S.I.R. though I know that S.I.R. is not really GROWING. It is MAINTAINING the same cycle of PROBLEM, THREAT, DEFENSE. Once we ACCEPT what we call a problem we will have no THREAT. In turn we will need no DEFENSE. A beautiful secret in LIFE is to ACCEPT where we are now, then we will not have a PROBLEM. This very truly holds TRUTH to being GAY. Many Gay's live in the maintaining cycle, since first of all they cannot accept themselves as being GAY.

I know since I went through this, my PROBLEM was being GAY, my THREAT was being found out, My DEFENSE was getting married, four years later I got divorced then I took up the DEFENSE of drinking. That does not work. Once I totally ACCEPTED myself as being GAY, I now have no THREAT or DEFENSE. I am being here now, accepting what is.

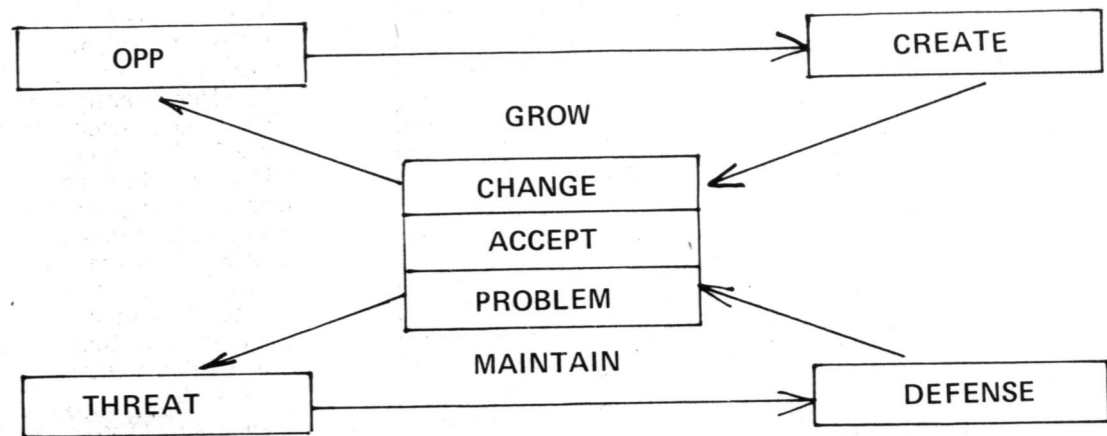
Once more GAYS accept the NOW, We will start the GROWING cycle, which is CHANGE, OPPORTUNITY, CREATE. GAYS are on this PLANET in this universe for a reason, and that is to serve mankind. We have time on our hands since most of us are single and those that have mates do not have children. We are to be in jobs where total dedication is needed since we are not dedicated to a family. Some of those jobs I AM speaking of are, The Clergy, Armed Services, Government, Big Business and organizations that serve the public needs. We have the time; let's start doing.

I will now explain my personal growth. Since I have TOTALLY, ACCEPTED the fact of being GAY I CHOOSE to CHANGE. I see the OPPORTUNITY in some females that I want to get married, I am as of right NOW CREATING the space for marriage.

This is only true for me. I am not saying this is for all GAYS for it is not. Most GAYS will GROW in other ways and remain GAY all their life which is beautiful, though first ACCEPT being GAY.

Now as far as S.I.R. is concerned, for that matter, ANYONE, I will always be available to assist anyone who wants to GROW. My home phone Number is 285-8540 if I am not there in the evening I might be at LIFESPRING, Phone number 921-LIFE.

Sincerely,  
For a UNITED Universe at PEACE  
Joseph "Robie" Robillard



# POLK STREET SALLY



## PACIFIC KISS AND TELL TIME

While sitting around with the boys recently, the usual topic (subject) reared?? its lovely head. Sex! ME OH MY, the things one learns over a couple of drinks. For instance;

QUESTION: DO YOU HAVE A DEFINITE TYPE, DOROTHY? (Havoc House and House of Harmony) DOROTHY: "If they're not unemployed and or just out of jail, I don't need them!"

QUESTION: KEITH (HAZEL OF THE MALE BOX AND FIRSTLADY IN WAITING TO EMPRESS FREIDA) WHERE WAS THE MOST UNUSUAL PLACE YOU EVER MADE LOVE?

HAZEL: "On top of John's sewing and cutting table." Keith will do anything for free sewing lessons.

QUESTION: MY BUDDY, VOO DOO THE CZARINA DE POLK GULCH,

OF TOTIES. WHERE DID YOU MAKE IT--NO PRE PLAN?

VOO DOO: "On top of the kitchen sink." A fun way to get your dishes done.

QUESTION: TO THAT IMP, TOMMY (TRIXIE) TURNER OF THE MINT. WHERE DID YOU END UP UNEXPECTEDLY?

TOMMY: "Inside a helicopter on the flight deck of an aircraft carrier (that shall remain nameless). Tommy can be found certain times of the year standing on one of highest hills, with binoculars in hand, scanning the bay sighing and sobbing!"

QUESTION: MISS GAY SAN FRANCISCO, LENNY LYNN OF THE NEW BELLE SALOON. WHAT SURPRISE (PLACE) HAS BECOME A TREASURED (whew) MEMORY? LENNY: "On a rock at the beach with tidal waves lapping up around my hips." I think this kid saw that movie once too often.

QUESTION: ROY OF THE HAVOC HOUSE. ARE YOU ATTRACTED TO A TYPE?

ROY: "I like my men like I like my anti-biotics--a broad spectrum!" Hummmmmmm.

QUESTION: TO THE MISS DEMURE, SWEET LIPS OF THE KOKPIT. WHERE DID IMMEDIATE LUST OVERTAKE YOU?

SWEET LIPS: "In a freight (box) car." I didn't know they had railroads in those days!!

QUESTION: TACKY TACKY RUTH (MIKE) OF THE ROUNDUP. CAN YOU RECALL A KICKY SPOT WHERE IT WAS SPONTANEOUS? TACKY: "Was on a tombstone in a cemetery." This made a grave impression, I'm sure.

QUESTION: TO DAVID, NICE GUY CUSTOMER. AND WHERE DID YOU CREATE UNUSUAL HISTORY?

DAVID: "In a sleeping bag, with the zipper closed." This was done however, in a sixty-nine position! David was a closet queen for years...

QUESTION: FRANCESCA (at LIBERTY). WHAT ABOUT A TYPE THAT TITTILATES YOU?

FRANCESCA: "I like men. Daddys. Taller than me. Thinner (that figures) than me. And very very hairy!! All over!!" Francesca spends a lot of time at the zoo.

What about me? I do have a pleasant memory of balling in an unusual place. But if you really want to know-----ask Dick Cook (the best bartender of the year) of the Bootcamp. Also his chum, Stan. Their Xmas gift to me is living proof!!

## PAST TENSE

Congratulations to my neighbor and fellow-scribe, Lori Shannon. This clever lad and entertainer was commissioned by Daphne Davis (who performed in town recently at the "Caberet" and "Circle Star") for some of his original and always great comic material. Miss Davis is using Lori's funny lines in her performances while touring with the fabulous Johnny Mathis.

A belated happy birthday to the man with the "bedroom eyes," Dennis of the Mint! Another belated birthday cheer to Bob (Barbara Ball) of Jackson's.

One of the most fun and outstanding bar events in a long time happened awhile back at the Boot Camp with their first annual Golden Dildeaux Awards. Emperor Marcus I and gang did it again!

A great time and many laughs were had by all. Orchids to a hard-working crew.

Speaking of orchids, a bushel of them to cast and crew of "Applause." Loved it! With the likes of Dick Dunn, Ray Fowler, Jimmy Tritt, Keith Kamrath, Karen, Audrey, Kitty, Kimo and all the others-----a marvelous time and evening well spent!

See you on the Strasse.  
Cheers,  
Sal

P.S. Remember, the 8th Annual Coitillion due Saturday, June 22 at Bimbos. This one will be a blast as the theme is "2001 Space Odyssey" which brings in costumes, leather, etc. instead of just young simpering "debs"...who have been around a hundred years.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## BEWARE OF BANDITS AN INCIDENT:

"Robbery and the Hot Article That Wasn't"

The inevitable could happen to you as it did to me.

The mention of your name to another depending on what the situation is could get you in a heap of trouble. "TAKE HEED" those with titles and those being constantly mentioned in newspapers and magazines.

In this case a fellow bartender on duty from a very well known bar was the victim of the circumstance. The occurrence happened when he was approached by his would be assassins with the intent to sell a "hot" article, using my name in random for assurance.

The bartender acknowledged as his name was called, not knowing who the strangers were and listened. They claimed the article was a bit heavy and would expect him at a certain address after 2 A.M. (Something I wouldn't have gone to, especially at that particular hour.)

He was beaten and stabbed with a fork, after he was asked to hand over his earnings. As it turned out there was no TV set—but a plan to lure the fly into the web.

The object to this is to call the person, the name they used and have it verified.

Remember this is serious.

It may cost your life and positively a very serious matter for the persons' name used.

BEWARE!!!  
Empress VIII, Maxine

Editor of B.A.R. Sir,

I started to write this letter as a "blast" at your review of "Little Me." Fortunately, I rewrote my letter after I realized that a vitriolic rebuttal to a cruel review would be compounding an inequity. Your reviewer wrote his reaction to the show. If he witnessed the same show as I, then I feel sorry for him.

I went to see "Little Me" to be entertained by non-professional members of our community. I did not expect to see the National Theatre of Great Britain in an all-male version of "As You Like It."

"Little Me" is not a professional show. There are some lapses in the direction, acting and the myriad other things that go into producing a first-rate polished musical. However, if the infectious effervescence of that cast did not transcend those shortcomings, then your reviewer is the loser. It is a delightful show!

In my original letter I called you to task on many of the raps you made. I agree that many of the things pointed out were true. But, petty things like costumes coming apart and little Belle's hair-do (come on-----it is a period piece and don't tell me you don't remember that period) those things are unnecessary.

I hope that your completely negative review will not dissuade other members of the community from knocking themselves out with rehearsal to bring some pleasure into our lives.

I saw "Little Me" with the original cast (Sid Caesar, et al). I will remember the Yonkers Production much longer and more fondly.

Sincerely,  
Hank Welsh

Dear Sirs:

It was with some interest I read of the attempt to unionize the Fickle Fox. As an old restaurant person I must say that I am fully in "their corner."

Although unions are good in many instances, for gay people they can and will do nothing. Unless gay applicants are dispatched from the union hall to gay restaurants, then the whole exercise is futile. And of course we all know that this isn't going to happen. The very spirit of a gay restaurant for gay clients is blown (if you'll pardon the expression) out the window. Unions have traditionally treated the very idea of homosexual ownership and/or management with contempt. As one who has operated a very successful place, and who has run a chain of places, I can talk from experience.

There is another aspect of this question which is not often mentioned nor thought of. The production and serving of food comes under the heading of a minor art form. It takes dedication and inspiration. It is not something that can be put together on an assembly line nor in a factory. If you think it can, try it in your own home, pad, or whatever you have. Unions, when they start to tell management how, what, where and when, just put inspired management out of business. Actually it is the success of the Fox that the union is going after. If they weren't a success there'd be no attempt to bring them into a contract.

The very essence of a restaurant is "feeling" and "mood." I have often said in connection with this, and as an illustration, that a person's emotions as he approaches the table to sit down are 90% of the battle. If we're in a bad mood the best isn't right; if we're in a good mood in a happy atmosphere, then the waiter can bring in almost anything and there's not much said.

The "feeling" at the Fox is one that the union will only do harm to. I've been there many times and would like to continue to go there. They're doing "their thing" in an exemplary way. Why should THEY want to spoil it.

Very truly yours,  
Friend of the Fickle Fox

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Editor:

Since its inception I have been a reader of your Publication; those "Letters to the Editor" which have appeared over my signature certainly have attested to the fact that I can be counted as amongst your "loyal opposition." Those articles and/or letters taking issue with my controversial positions (and the token few in support thereof) certainly give proof to your consistent efforts to give voice to the widest spectrum of "gay viewpoints." In fact, your news articles also present valid testimony to this, but, and this is the "meat" of this epistle, why on earth must your contributors have the intellectual level of Sixth Graders? (And I mean no derogation against our school system, as left-of-center, and thus inadequate as it may be).

A case in point. Your Issue of Vol 4, Number 10: Only Harvey Milk, the homosexual community's answer to Nicholas Van Hoffman, writes in a lucid, intelligent and articulate fashion. His viewpoints may be (expletive deleted) but his style has thought provoking class, and reflects a comprehensive command of the English Language. Contrast him with "Montezuma" (who cannot even compose a complete sentence); compare him to Don McLean, whose need to resort to grammar school idiom is pathological; or contemplate his use of idiom to that of H. L. Perry, whose infantile gossip makes me want to "frow-up"---and you will realize that Mr. Milk is indeed an asset to your paper.

One final, not critical, observation: how do you justify your claim of "Readership 50,000 Nationwide?" If this is valid, and I earnestly hope that it be, you've come a long way, baby, and deserve a sincere "congratulations."

With due consideration,  
Thomas M Edwards  
Ed Note: We print in excess of 15,000 copies each issue, and with our returns, the printers tell us that 3.6 people read each issue, hence readership of over 50,000. We also distribute to the entire West Coast as well as many points back East. We are second only to Advocate in circulation.

Dear Paul and Bob:  
In doing research for my new column in THE ADVOCATE I, for the first time, read your Bay Area Reporter from cover to cover. Needless to say, I am deeply im-

pressed at the wide range of material covered and wish to disassociate myself with common remarks such as, "Oh, it's just another gossip rag like BAR."

It seems obvious that those prone to such remarks must open each issue and go immediately to the (small) gossip sections, get their jollies, and then discard the publication. I wonder how many people ever READ the other material (I seldom did)? As a theatre critic I read with a twinge of envy Donald McLean's complete, informed and witty coverage of a large field and, after Harvey Milk's writing (plus some others) I look forward to the June elections with a lot less uncertainty as to my role in the booth.

You advertise "complete coverage of the gay bay" and that's exactly what you're doing and I feel compelled to congratulate you on a job very well done. How nice it is to discover something that's been under your nose all along!  
Sincerely,  
Richard Piro



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# CINEMATTACHINE

# REPORT FROM LAS VEGAS

BY DONALD MCLEAN



The last time I was in Las Vegas was 7 years ago, when CAESAR's PALACE had just opened, the sidewalks were still unfinished along The Strip, prices were reasonable and the HILTON, MGM GRAND and CIRCUS CIRCUS were still to be built. Having rested up now, I decided to tackle glamorous Vegas again on Memorial Day Weekend (not the swiftest time to choose), mainly to see San Francisco favorite Craig Russell in his debut at the Lion's Den Lounge of the MGM GRAND HOTEL. Also on the bill with Mr. Russell were Jackie Vernon with his deadpan comedy, the marvelous Joe Williams, and Gary Lewis and The Playboys, whom I inadvertently sat through twice (due to my misreading the schedule), a fate I wouldn't wish on anyone. Craig Russell is the third female impressionist to play Vegas (Carter and Bailey the other two) and I've never seen him work faster or tight-

er to good response, even from Middle America audiences who undoubtedly miss many of his rapid one-liners. New addition to the act is his Black Segment, comprised entirely of famous Black ladies (Kitt, Bailey, Holliday, Vaughn, etc.), which he was just starting on when last in San Francisco. It has become one of his strongest routines and I'm happy to report Craig Russell holds his own with the best of 'em in Las Vegas.

Trying to cram as many shows as possible in a short stay (42 shows in 3 nights; it's a great schedule I was on!, I raced frantically from showroom to showroom, deciding to forgoe such stellar attractions as Jimmy Dean, Roy Clark (for all you "Hee Haw" fans), Jim Bailey and Helen Reddy in favor of the more lavish revue shows, certainly the one attraction Las Vegas boasts over anyplace in the world. The only "name" show I saw was the double bill of Lena Horne and Rich Little at THE SANDS. Nothing sums up the

attitude of Las Vegas audiences better when I tell you Rich Little, who opens the bill with his impressions of Johnny Carson, Nixon, and all the male favorites and is constantly seen on all the talk shows on TV, literally finishes to a standing ovation and Lena Horne has trouble following him, great as she is. Middle America knows Mr. Little from TV, Lena Horne is a name vaguely remembered ...and that's where it's at today in Las Vegas show biz, folks!

Next to the STARDUST HOTEL and the "LIDO DE PARIS" Revue, the best of all the "tits and feathers" shows on the Strip, Donn Arden has created a slick, fast-moving revue with ice-skating team, erupting volcano, doves flying overhead, a swimming pool and boobs, boobs, boobs (I especially liked the topless nuns... so tasteful). While flashy, the show has all the sparkle and animation of Matel wind-up dolls; best feature of the evening is the fine spot acts -- Les Rios, two acrobatic tumblers, Dick Weston, a ventriloquist who does 3 voices simultaneously, and a zany husband-and-wife duo, the Jolly Jokers, who are genuinely hilarious. If it weren't for the individual acts, I'm afraid the show would be a bore.

But right across the casino ten steps away is a great little revue in the Stardust Lounge called "Bare Touch of Vegas", staged by Ron Lewis, with five beautiful topless ladies and one gentleman (Roger), the exciting Argentinian Gauchos and a sensational singer named Bunny Hull. Miss Hull and



Carol Channing congratulates Craig Russell on his impression of her in New York, just prior to his Vegas opening.

the six dancers present a clever, original hour of sure-fire entertainment, ranging from an adagio double on poles to three little dancing men whose eyes are actually the ladies boobs (funneee), and although the show has been running for 3 years, it's presented with the energy and excitement of opening night. The LIDO is lavish; the lounge show is inventive.

Lest you think I am overwhelmed by opulence, I have saved the best for last. "Hallelujah Hollywood!" at the M.G.M. GRAND, a brand new staggeringly magnificent tribute to the memorable musicals of M.G.M. ("That's Entertainment" look out!), also staged by Donn Arden with a cast of 125 on the largest revue stage in the world. Whatever Mr. Arden failed to excite me with at the Lido, he has more than made up for it at M.G.M. After the opening number, which is just standardly sensational, a scrim curtain comes down with lead singer Dianne Findlay in the center introducing the show. The lights come up slowly to reveal six showgirls on platforms on the curtain itself dressed as lions (I applauded this a lot), and then the back panel behind Miss Findlay turns to reveal Leo, the M.G.M. lion, on his platform just smiling benevolently at the audience (I applauded a lot more). I managed to contain myself through the stunning "Kismet" production, on 3 levels of elevated stages, I even managed to act blasé during the "Meet Me in St. Louis" production with a full scale ferris wheel onstage and costumes by Ray Aghayan and Bob Mackie (Cher's designers) that would make Edith Head slit her wrists, but when "The Pirate" production immediately followed, with a complete full replica pirate-ship onstage that was bombarded



Jillian & Ron, lead adagio team, step from the swimming pool in Oriental splendor at the STARDUST.

and sank in flames into the stage, only to have a naked blonde mermaid swimming in a tank with a huge dolphin arise, I went bananas! Following a clever routine about Hollywood's great film teams, with actual film clips on the giant screen interspersed with 8 singers below, I figured Mr. Arden had granted me a respite when Siegfried and Roy were announced.

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# REPORT FROM LAS VEGAS

BY DONALD MCLEAN



The last time I was in Las Vegas was 7 years ago, when CAESAR'S PALACE had just opened, the sidewalks were still unfinished along The Strip, prices were reasonable and the HILTON, MGM GRAND and CIRCUS CIRCUS were still to be built. Having rested up now, I decided to tackle glamorous Vegas again on Memorial Day Weekend (not the swiftest time to choose), mainly to see San Francisco favorite Craig Russell in his debut at the Lion's Den Lounge of the MGM GRAND HOTEL. Also on the bill with Mr. Russell were Jackie Vernon with his deadpan comedy, the marvelous Joe Williams, and Gary Lewis and The Playboys, whom I inadvertently sat through twice (due to my misreading the schedule), a fate I wouldn't wish on anyone. Craig Russell is the third female impressionist to play Vegas (Carter and Bailey the other two) and I've never seen him work faster or tight-

er to good response, even from Middle America audiences who undoubtedly miss many of his rapid one-liners. New addition to the act is his Black Segment, comprised entirely of famous Black ladies (Kitt, Bailey, Holliday, Vaughn, etc.), which he was just starting on when last in San Francisco. It has become one of his strongest routines and I'm happy to report Craig Russell holds his own with the best of 'em in Las Vegas.

Trying to cram as many shows as possible in a short stay (42 shows in 3 nights; it's a great schedule I was on!, I raced frantically from showroom to showroom, deciding to forgoe such stellar attractions as Jimmy Dean, Roy Clark (for all you "Hee Haw" fans), Jim Bailey and Helen Reddy in favor of the more lavish revue shows, certainly the one attraction Las Vegas boasts over anyplace in the world. The only "name" show I saw was the double bill of Lena Horne and Rich Little at THE SANDS. Nothing sums up the

attitude of Las Vegas audiences better when I tell you Rich Little, who opens the bill with his impressions of Johnny Carson, Nixon, and all the male favorites and is constantly seen on all the talk shows on TV, literally finishes to a standing ovation and Lena Horne has trouble following him, great as she is. Middle America knows Mr. Little from TV, Lena Horne is a name vaguely remembered...and that's where it's at today in Las Vegas show biz, folks!

Next to the STARDUST HOTEL and the "LIDO DE PARIS" Revue, the best of all the "tits and feathers" shows on the Strip. Donn Arden has created a slick, fast-moving revue with ice-skating team, erupting volcano, doves flying overhead, a swimming pool and boobs, boobs, boobs (I especially liked the topless nuns... so tasteful). While flashy, the show has all the sparkle and animation of Matel wind-up dolls; best feature of the evening is the fine spot acts -- Les Rios, two acrobatic tumblers, Dick Weston, a ventriloquist who does 3 voices simultaneously, and a zany husband-and-wife duo, the Jolly Jokers, who are genuinely hilarious. If it weren't for the individual acts, I'm afraid the show would be a bore.

But right across the casino ten steps away is a great little revue in the Stardust Lounge called "Bare Touch of Vegas", staged by Ron Lewis, with five beautiful topless ladies and one gentleman (Roger), the exciting Argentinian Gauchos and a sensational singer named Bunny Hull. Miss Hull and



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Carol Channing congratulates Craig Russell on his impression of her in New York, just prior to his Vegas opening.

the six dancers present a clever, original hour of sure-fire entertainment, ranging from an adagio double on poles to three little dancing men whose eyes are actually the ladies boobs (funneee), and although the show has been running for 3 years, it's presented with the energy and excitement of opening night. The LIDO is lavish; the lounge show is inventive.

Lest you think I am overwhelmed by opulence, I have saved the best for last. "Hallelujah Hollywood!" at the M.G.M. GRAND, a brand new staggeringly magnificent tribute to the memorable musicals of M.G.M. ("That's Entertainment" look out!), also staged by Donn Arden with a cast of 125 on the largest revue stage in the world. Whatever Mr. Arden failed to excite me with at the Lido, he has more than made up for it at M.G.M. After the opening number, which is just standardly sensational, a scrim curtain comes down with lead singer Dianne Findlay in the center introducing the show. The lights come up slowly to reveal six showgirls on platforms on the curtain itself dressed as lions (I applauded this a lot), and then the back panel behind Miss Findlay turns to reveal Leo, the M.G.M. lion, on his platform just smiling benevolently at the audience (I applauded a lot more). I managed to contain myself through the stunning "Kismet" production, on 3 levels of elevated stages, I even managed to act blasé during the "Meet Me in St. Louis" production with a full scale ferris wheel onstage and costumes by Ray Aghayan and Bob Mackie (Cher's designers) that would make Edith Head slit her wrists, but when "The Pirate" production immediately followed, with a complete full replica pirate-ship onstage that was bombarded



Jillian & Ron, lead adagio team, step from the swimming pool in Oriental splendor at the STARDUST.

and sank in flames into the stage, only to have a naked blonde mermaid swimming in a tank with a huge dolphin arise, I went bananas! Following a clever routine about Hollywood's great film teams, with actual film clips on the giant screen interspersed with 8 singers below, I figured Mr. Arden had granted me a respite when Siegfried and Roy were announced.

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REPORT FROM LAS VEGAS

water routine and then dazzle us pulling 4000 multi-colored hankies out of a thimble. And Siegfried and Roy were voted Best Show Act last year, for pulling doves out of handkerchiefs?? Next Siegfried puts Roy in a box, makes him disappear (stock stuff, think I), and whammo, the box opens to reveal a 500 lb. lion. Hey, not bad. In fact, very good. Siggie (we're friends now I've decided). He immediately follows this up by turning Roy into a black panther, which he drapes casually about his neck, and closes by making a 650 lb. Bengal tiger vanish while suspended in a cage above the stage. That clinches it! To hell with Houdini; from now on I'm a "Siegfried & Roy" fan. Billed as "The World's Greatest Illusionists," that about says it all.

Now it's finale time, a tribute to the Ziegfeld Follies. A solid rhinestone curtain across the giant stage parts to reveal the grand staircase, about 1/2 mile long, with 75 showgirls in the most breathtaking costumes you're ever likely to see parading down the staircase to "A Pretty Girl is Like A Melody," up the sides of the show-room and right across the aud-



Siegfried, Roy and Friend - An astonishing act in "Hallelujah Hollywood!"

iences heads as the ceiling lowers a runway while an enormous chandelier draped in showgirls/boys descends from the ceiling simultaneously, all the time the singers and dancers equally demanding applause onstage for their efforts, and a simple touching last gesture -- as they all stand at the sides of the staircase, a solo follow spot travels emptily up the center

as Judy Garland's voice sings "Over the Rainbow." There isn't a dry seat in the house. It sounds schmaltzy, and sure, it is, but it all works. Surprisingly, nudity in the show is at a minimum, only used when appropriate, and while this is certainly the most magnificent, the most opulent show you'll ever see, it's also staged with unpredictable originality. If you only see one show in your lifetime, it should be "HALLELUJA HOLLYWOOD!"

Having seen the best, I was at a swimming pool party one afternoon with local Las Vegans and asked what was the worst show currently playing. Without hesitation, they all agreed, "VIVA MEXICO" at CIRCUS CIRCUS. Said comedian Rip Taylor, "I got the shitz in the first act!" And that's the best and worst of it from Las Vegas.

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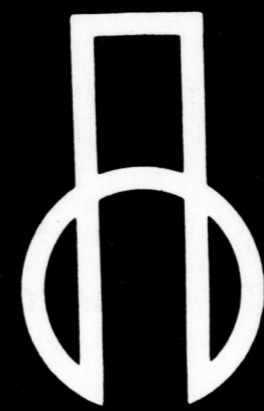
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# Southern Scandals

## EMPEROR MARCUS I

THE COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS

The public is being bombarded by posters and flyers as the Mr. Cowboy and Miss Cowgirl 1974-75 candidates launch their campaigns to win the titles on June 29 at SIR Center. So far, the Cowgirl contestants seem to be the most active with Tacky Tacky Ruth of the ROUNDUP and Mama Peck of the Roadrunner engaging in a massive campaign to sell 10¢ votes. Star, sponsored by Michael Damon and Tammy Lyon of the TRUCK STOP/REAR END have joined the others to make for an interesting campaign. Lucky Wheeler of the FOLSOM PRISON and Bill Tolan

of FE BE's are postering all over town with Peter of the END UP and a few others getting into the Cowboy race. It looks like an interesting bit of fun with Ron (Mr. Gay SF) and Randy Johnson co-MCing. Surprise judges from out of town will comprise 1/3 of the voting for the cowboys and 2/3 will be by public vote. Make plans to attend.

CMC, WARLOCKS REPEAT THE BOX SOCIAL RUN

Last Sunday saw a good crowd jammed into the AMBUSH to begin the Box Lunch social, formerly known as the FIRST LADIES RUN by the CMC and the WARLOCKS. Top honors for prizes went to Larry Knight and Randy Loomis of the SAN FRANCISCANS who attended as Adam and Eve. The most elegant display was won by two gay women while the Koalas won for best box lunch from bikers. Jack York of the CMC and his black friend Robin of Los Angeles injected humor in their display with watermelon and fried chicken. A fun trip to San Jose in very pleasant weather, congrats to the CMC and the WARLOCKS for a fun day for everyone.

OFFICE OF THE EMPEROR HAS A CONSTITUTION

With flashbulbs popping and a huge crowd on hand as witnesses, the Office of the Emperor became "official" last Thursday night in the back room of THE PHOENIX as Emperor Russ and his committee publicly read and explained the constitution of the Office of the Emperor of San Francisco. Bond Shands, assisted by a committee of seven wrote the document which will govern past, present and future emperors of San Francisco. Eventually, the Office will consist of all former emperors, but as of now, only Russ and myself will sit with five other members of the community on the Council of Emperors Board. Brandishing real plume quills, all seven members of the committee signed the document with several persons on hand lining up to sign as witnesses. Congratulations to Emperor Russ and his committee on a job well done.

THE CROWN COLONY OR HOW MUCH A STAR IS A STAR?

There are so many titles in San Francisco; Mr. This and Miss That and on and on. Unlike Los Angeles, the people who run for these offices and win are more likely to be active workers for the good of the community than just a pretty face trying to win title after title. What a person makes of a title is strictly up to him, but in most cases, once elected, the hard work begins. As Luscious Lorelei stated the other night when Cowboy/Cowgirl candidates were presented at the END UP, you suddenly become a slave to the public, once elected. Your name and title become public property and you are called upon to work on this committee and that function. One unheralded little guy who did a great job as Miss Gay San Francisco is Tony Lopez. Mr. Gay San Francisco Ray Hedges is another person who did a lot for his title, serving on many, many committees and doing a great job. Hats off to the titlists, I hope your successors will do just as well--and remember, winning is only half the battle.

THE MANY FACES OF SAN FRANCISCO

By now, many of you have been recipients of the barb-like thrusts of THE JOKER. Iconoclastic cartoons from the SF Chronicle find their way to the mail boxes of many of us with comments on the events of the day. The mail bill and the xerox expense must be

massive for this person, nevertheless, valid criticism of the situations at hand are humorous as presented by THE JOKER...The Golden Dildeaux Awards at the BOOT CAMP saw a jam-packed house ohhing and aahing as nominees were read and the envelope presented to name the winners in various categories. The WILD GOOSE showed what an organized clientele can do as that bar's staff racked up at least half a dozen of the golden phallus which now hang proudly on display behind the bar--a fun event and a crowd jammed to the ceiling with a block long line in front..With close to \$1000 being donated for the Tavern Guild float in the Gay Freedom parade on June 30, Empress VI Cristal emerges once again to take command with a great committee; and judging from his past performance, the Guild's float has to be nothing less than fantastic... Have you ever eaten a Siamese Fighting Fish also known as the Fighting Betta? Ask Robin of the WILD GOOSE about a certain wedding present that was consumed whole last Saturday morning just on a dare...La Kish and Bob Jay-Hill were certainly cutting a mean rug at the END UP last Sunday night and when La Kish is all over the floor, I mean that literally... Jack of the LAST CALL Sandwich Shoppe in the patio of the now defunct BIG TOWN is still doing a great business there and has branched out with a sandwich shoppe in the END UP and just opened another little patio there to feed the hungry dancers...Michael Schoch, that heaven bartender at Sally's TOAD HALL is just about one of the nicest guys around and a great barman... whose hands were wrapped around Henri Leleu's throat at the Tricycle Race in front of the Mint and why?...Better start looking around for a baby buggy because a big race is taking place on Labor Day as the RAMROD and the BOOT CAMP co-sponsor the First Annual Baby Buggy Race. This should be a lot of fun, pushing a big baby around town with prizes for winners for racing and decorating their buggies--get in on THIS one...Stop by the NEW BELL this coming Sunday as Empress VII Maxine presents the People's Choice, a party for all the winners of different contests to date...Honey Carolina, Empress IV de Los Angeles auctioning off slaves? Yep, at the FOLSOM PRISON last Monday night--the place

will never be the same again... And what about a certain ticket seller at a downtown porno house being gang-banged at the beach by the staff of a very popular Polkstrasse area bar?...The handsome Wade still the "star" at the FOLSOM BARRACKS...Have you caught the new decor in CISSY'S SALOON? That's the bar part of Hamburger Mary's. Big Jerry Jones still doing great with that place and with Barry and Shannon, the only brother/sister act on Folsom and Gregory, Heavenly Heidi, Cary and Jerry himself, still lots of good vibes coming out of that fun place... Dont forget to go check out the PHONE BOOTH with Lovely Linda your hostess...Bob Kerns had a gang of dudes in town from Longview Texas last weekend and that was a riot...Roxanne running for Empress X? That's what it says here in fine print, but that's not for publication...in case you're interested, yes, the Lips and I have buried the hatchet and she will crown the new Miss Cowgirl no matter WHO wins...Danny Rodrigues back from Boston with a lovely blonde lover and now boozing (pouring) at BUZZBY's, another straight-owned bistro on Polk...Have you met David of the HOUSE OF HARMONY --what a hunk...Mike Johnson now at the Purple Pickle...Lennie Lynn, this is the last time!

That was Honey Carolina being escorted from the airport by 30 bikes and 3 cars last Monday night to the FICKLE FOX for dinner and on to the auction at FOLSOM PRISON, my, my...and in full leather yet with his new lover and an entourage of three...that's all folks see you around the campus have a ball, make someone happy. I love you all.

MISTER MARCUS

## CALIFORNIA

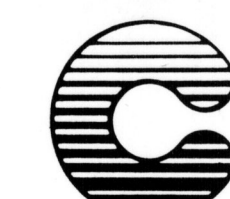
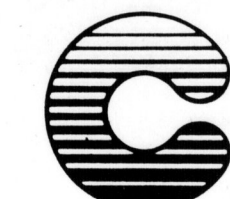


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# a film view

BY MONTEZUMA

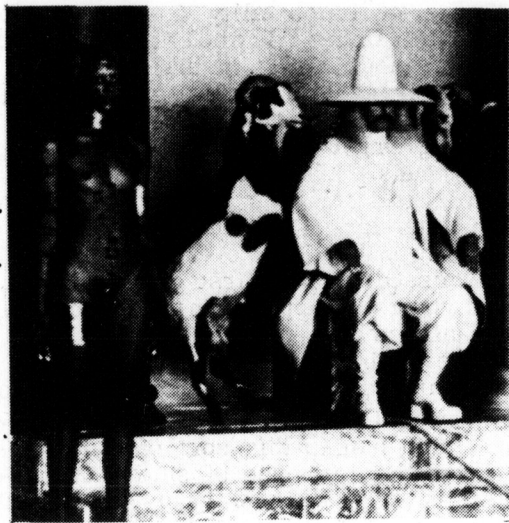
**HOLY MOUNTAIN**  
I've been accused of overusing the word "outrageous," but in re-viewing Alexandro Jodorowsky's latest release "The Holy Mountain", it's hard not to use that word over and over again. Although I did not see his previous film, "El Topo," I will keep my eye out for it now as it's a definite must if "Holy Mountain" is any

indication of what this man is doing with film.

The trend of the sixties was greatly influenced by the films of Fellini, and so Jodorowsky comes to the seventies to weave his particular brand of bizarre fantasy and stunning visual trips to an audience that has been waiting for an extension of those early Felini excursions into unreal reality.

"Holy Mountain" spews intense and sometimes nauseating visual images but I was both repelled and terribly fascinated by what I was seeing -- yellow blood spurting from wounds -- birds flying out from bleeding hearts -- rooms filled with plaster reproductions of a Christ-like man -- "The Conquest of Mexico" by horned toads dressed in jewels and feathers and giant frogs dressed in Spanish armour -- electronic love machines climaxing and reproducing baby machines -- et al. I can't think of a film where so much is put before your eyes in terms of bizarre images and outrageous sensual assault.

The film is filmed in a crisp, brilliant technicolor with sound on a four track stereo system -- there is nothing "cheap" in any of the effects or sets and costuming



Jodorowsky, the alchemist, awaits the intruder on "Holy Mountain."

The film was made in Mexico and really makes one ponder on the cultural state of that nation as I'm sure that many of the scenes filmed couldn't have been done without some co-operation from the government in some way. Bravo Mexico for allowing a man, the opportunity to put his fantasies and illusions on film.

Although the trip of the film is not so much what is told as in the telling, the plot is quite simple when stripped of its visualness. We first meet a young bearded man covered with flies rotting in the desert, a group of naked young boys take his body and hang it on a cross and stone him. But the stoning only serves to awaken him and he wanders around with a deformed companion through the streets of Mexico, filled with cameraed tourists. He encounters a group of pious whores and searches for a place to find out what meaning his life might have. One of the whores falls in love with him and follows him -- bringing along her chimpanzee with her. The bearded man comes upon a tower from which a giant scimitar is lowered, he climbs onto the huge sword and is carried up into the tower. From here the story takes hold as we meet "The Alchemist" (played by Mr. Jodorowsky himself). There are many trips the young man goes through including an outrageous sequence in which his shit is turned into gold, but finally he (and we, the audience) are introduced to eight various people who are ruled by different planets in the solar system.

At last these nine people join together under the leadership of the Alchemist and trek to The Holy Mountain where they will find the

secret of immortality from the nine Holy Immortals who live on top of the mountain. It is that climatic journey which pulls together the thoughtline that Jodorowsky has been giving us for the preceding two hours. The ending is not entirely satisfying, at least to me, but I think a film like this must be viewed over and over as much is missed on the first go round and you get wrapped up in the sheer visualness of it.

It's definitely not a film I can recommend to all, but I know many who would go bananas over it. If you can handle this sort of time under the influence of smoke or pill, then more power to you, I saw it cold sober and had my mind fucked over anyway.

It's now showing at the Cannery Cinema and you can get in for \$1.50 up to 3 PM everyday.  
**SUNDAY SLEASIES WITH MONTEZUMA**

Things have been slow getting started at the Sunday Sleazies which we are presenting free on Sunday nights at the QUARRY (17th and Florida). This week we are showing a real "B" film, "Bad Blonde," which Barbara Peyton made before she disappeared into obscurity. The following week we'll have Dotty Lamour as "Lulu Bell." Come and join us in booze and "B's" on Sunday nights.

Till then....  
ta... Luv

## Just a spoonful...

EMMA HAY  
YON GAY

### A JOB WELL DONE

On Thursday, June 6th the Anniversary of VE day -- the Office of the Emperor of San Francisco presented to the gay community their proposed version of the constitution to govern the title of Emperor. As a very interested party who didn't miss a word, I would like to congratulate Emperor Russ and his committee for presenting a very well written document. This paper has covered all corners and closets of the office and its mechanism. A very concerned group of individuals (about 70) showed Emperor Russ that they really cared what happens in our community, by witnessing the signing of this Constitution. A copy of the constitution is available through Emperor Russ for those interested. Again hats off to Emperor Russ and his commit-

tee for a job well done!!!

### THE OWL'S VS. THE PHOENIX'S

Remember the first semi-annual Royal Basketball game between Empress Frieda's Court and Emperor Russ's Court will be held at SIR's 10th Anniversary Party on June 15th at California Hall. This should be a sight to behold. Drags against leather, pom-pom girls, cheerleaders and rooting sections. Don't miss it!  
**COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS**

The race is in full swing... parties every night for either one, or the other or both at various areas throughout the city. All contestants are doing a fantastic campaign race and a great bunch of candidates at that. Poster award should go to Emperor I Marcus for his contest. Glad to see he used the drawing of me for the center. ha! ha! ha! Remember June 29th at SIR Center. Your hosts for the evening will be Randy Johnson and yours truly. See you there!  
**CIRCUS CIRCUS**

Circus, Circus looks like a huge success already. Booths have been lined up and it seems that everyone wants in. The show by Kimo Productions will be fantastic with the lineup they have arranged. There is bound to be something for everyone. July is OPERATION CONCERN month, with a goal of \$10,000 dollars and with the help of everyone they can do it. This organization is really working very hard for the gay community and the proof is in the workload of Mr. Jim Stoll the psychiatric social worker at Family Services Agency, 1010 Gough Street, home of OPERATION CONCERN  
Keep on Stirring....

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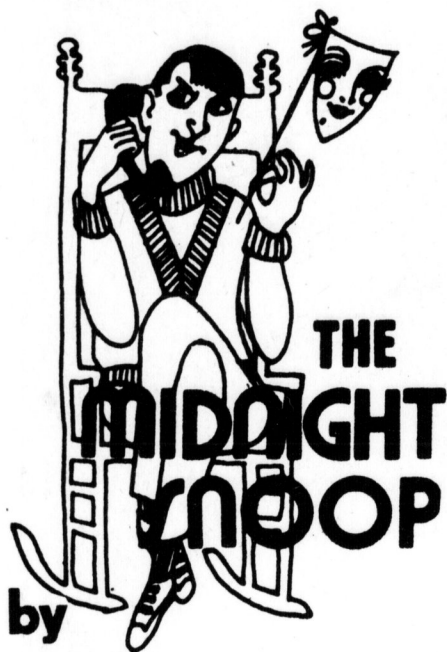
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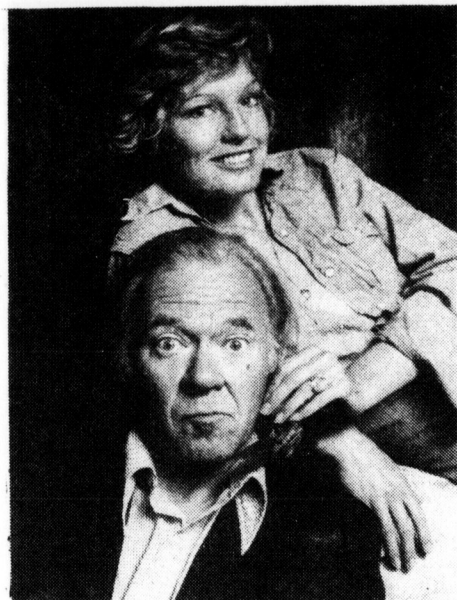
## Show News



### by DONALD MCLEAN

"MIND WITH THE DIRTY MAN"  
A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED  
DIRTY COMEDY!

Due to deadline conflicts, I saw "Mind With the Dirty Man" in previews at the ON BROADWAY THEATER, officially scheduled to



Merry Rockwell plays a porno starlet whose father-in-law is a censor, played by Richard Erdman, in Jules Tasca's new comedy. "MIND WITH THE DIRTY MAN." Photo by Ron Scherl. open on June 19. Since the show is running smoothly along with no major problems, I suspect producer John De Santis is hoping 2 weeks of previews will boost box office via word-of-mouth for a good advance sale. I further suspect from the audience reaction he's quite right. Certainly the play cannot be tightened much more;

it barely runs 2 hours now including 2 intermissions. But the audience giggled throughout and applauded heartily at the predictable ending, which made me realize the one thing the general public has been missing is a good risqué sex comedy and that "Mind With the Dirty Man" fills a long-felt want.

In the great tradition of "Man in the Dog Suit," "Who Was That Lady" and "Pleasure of His Company", Jules Tasca has written a cute comedy about the generation gap, stuffy hypocrisy, New England stereotypes and social consciousness, basically saying we are all swingers/hypocrites in our own way. Richard Erdman capably plays Wayne Stone, a clenched-jawed middle-class businessman in Buckram, Maryland, who was local head of the film censor board until his son left home and disgraced him by becoming a producer of porno films. As the play opens, he barely gets the words out that he will take back his old position when his son arrives, a shaggy-haired ripped dirty-Levi type who says "shit" from time to time to let us know he's "right on" and today. Son Clayton has returned for two reasons--to take over the local Buckram movie theater (currently in its 12th return engagement of "Sound of Music") and open his new pornic flick, "The Shoe Fetishist", and also to introduce his bride-to-be, the film's leading lady Divina. So much for Act I. In Act II, we learn Alma Stone, sensible shoed, bun-at-the-nape-of-the-neck New England housewife, is sexually frustrated and has placed an ad in a local underground paper for a part-time affair with "sensible mature man". And you'd never guess who answers the ad, enclosing a nude photo of himself! In the third act, we have the obligatory drunk scene when Wayne and Alma shed all inhibitions and shock their son and members of the censorship board, Alma in a revealing dress cut to the danger zone, Wayne by "flashing" (Even father-in-laws have peckers!) in the Victorian face of staid Mrs. Dracman. It's all inoffensive smutty fun.

The laughs come steadily and Mr. Tasca has a definite flair for the quick one-liner--"Your father is the subject of this Sunday's sermon!" "Won't God be pissed off?"; "This town doesn't need publicity, it needs an enemy!"--the set by Ron Krempetz, with

photos of Nixon and the Pope, says more than any script could, and the cast is uniformly good. Alma is played by Johana De Winter, who has a tendency to gallop along at a pace that scatters punchlines ineffectually but whose basic characterization is strong, Merry Rockwell plays the bubble-headed but lovable Divina with spirited charm, and J. Steven White, familiar to ACT audiences, scores solidly from start to finish as the rebel son. Richard Erdman holds the evening together as he manages a hysterical restraint between ulcer attacks and moments of crisis with wry humor nicely underplayed. Edward Parone has directed with athletic high spirits, and while "Mind With the Dirty Man" may never make it in an anthology of "Great Plays of the 20th Century", it's a frothy confection that provides many smiles on a summer night and will probably run for years.

### "BEACH BLANKET BABYLON" IT BOGGLES THE MIND!

When you step into the back showroom of the SAVOY-TIVOLI, you suddenly find yourself sinking in sand. As I sat emptying my shoes out, waiting for my drink from the bikini-clad waitress, the lights dimmed and Four French Poodles struck up the overture. You heard me right. Then 2 large chocolate M&M's sang a Nelson and Jeanette duet to each other, the 15 foot ocean waves parted to reveal Nancy Bleiweiss as Glinda, the Good Witch from "Wizard of Oz", in a billowing pink spangled cloud singing the "Sempre Libera" from "Traviata" in a shrill soprano with Virginia O'Brien deadpan aplomb, followed by Connie Francis' rock hit, "Where the Boys Are". That did it! I was on the floor and stayed there for the majority of the ensuing hour.

Mary Cleere followed, presenting an exact re-creation of Rita Hayworth singing "Put the Blame on Mame" in a strong pleasing voice but lacking the personality and showmanship of Miss Bleiweiss. A lovely "On Old Cape Cod" followed (and when did you last hear THAT?) then a zippy rendition of "Heat Wave" and off...or is she. Here comes an eight-year-old version of Miss Cleere, her younger sister Eithre Herron also as Hayworth. After the sisters team up for a "Me and My Shadow" routine, a female Santa Claus with a 6'

beard and a tap-dancing Christmas Tree (I don't believe that I'm writing these words!) duet and introduce the piece de resistance, Miss Bleiweiss returning as Carmen Miranda in a four foot pineapple headdress, singing something about a pineapple princess while Santa and the tree lend Modernaires backup, then Carmen speaks in fractured English about how she loves the beach and the sun ("I love to take the son on the beetch") belts some Beach Boy hits and plays Alvin, the chipmunk, in a trio of chipmunk voices singing their "Christmas Song". The entire cast sings a Hawaiian medley as 4 housewives in tee-shirts and leis sway their hips in a middle-aged hula, leads the audience in a community sing and closes with the chestnut of them all, "No Biz Like Show Biz" (every time I hear that, I'm more convinced Irving Berlin has a drinking problem.)

Stephen Silver is the brainchild behind this happy, original revue and he has to be one of the cleverest, zaniest directors around. The poodles are under the musical direction of James Thomason-Bergner, and besides the concept of "Beach Blanket

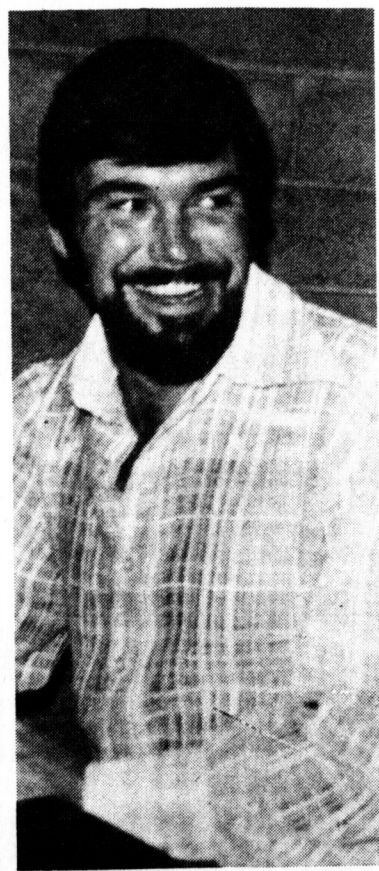


BEACH BLANKET BABYLON at the Savoy Tivoli - Mary Cleere as Rita Hayworth and Nancy Bleiweiss as Carmen Miranda help a tap-dancing Xmas tree and a long-stemmed Santa carry their surfboard. They really plan to surf in those clothes??

Babylon" being wonderfully inventive, there is good talent to present it, which is what makes it work. An original concept with half-assed people who just want to be funny would destroy the subtle humor of this show. It's the fact that the cast presents it with the

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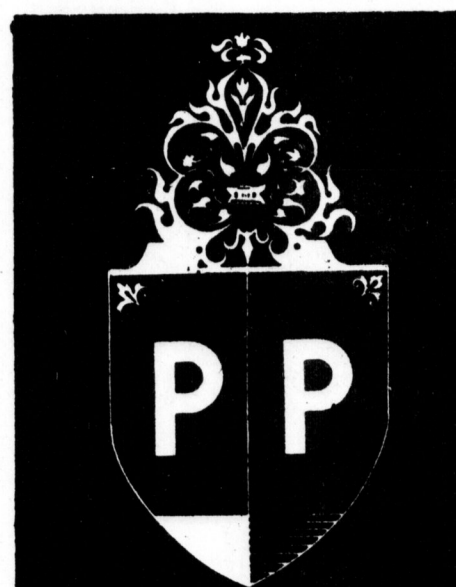
dedication of a Town Hall recital that evokes it ludicrous hilarity.

Nancy Bleiweiss is the perfect exponent of Mr. Silver's humor. The show is a tour de force for her, and she's more than capable of the challenge. I understand that during the day, Miss Bleiweiss is a bankteller on Union Street. I promise to change banks if she'll promise to do a little Miranda for me every payday.

"Beach Blanket Babylon" will play only on Fri., and Sat. nights at the SA VOY-TIVOLI, twice nightly, for a limited run. Admission \$2.50. If you have any sense of the ridiculous, you'll howl!

#### GLITTER AND THE GAY CRUSHING NEWS

For all you Lennon Sister lovers, a bitter blow -- Peggy Lennon is in her sixth month of pregnancy, expecting her sixth child (that's a lot of shots in the sexual revolution!) and will not perform at circle star theatre with her sisters on June 25th - 30th with Andy Williams. However, to appease the angry mob, 18 year old Mimi Lennon will temporarily fill in for sister Peggy here. How many



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more at home are there? Maybe the KingFamily should hang their heads in shame and get to it! And wild horses couldn't make me tell you that Aretha Franklin will do 4 shows only on Aug. 3 and 4th and tickets should be ordered immediately, as Miss Franklin will be a total sellout. Best news of all is -- after touring Japan and China, living among the African natives and writing books -- Shirley MacLaine has returned to the stage with a new nightclub act and will be here in October.

#### DEAN NEEDS MODELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

Doug Dean has invited me to join him writing for IN TOUCH Magazine, covering the San Francisco scene with interviews on local leaders such as Hector Navarro and Bob Ross, plus discovering "boys with bodies" for future centerfolds, including Wayne Williams (next month) and Norman Hughes. Ken Leetzow, Mr. California winner, will appear in the November issue modeling Levi and leather. Doug is looking for local models and photographers, paid professional fees, and maybe contacted at 928-5598, or address inquiries to 883 Geary St., 94109.

#### QUICKIES IN REVIEW

You remember a few issues back, I mentioned that the director of the New York hit "French Dressing" was in S.F. looking for talent? Well, latest word is that opening in the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel in N.Y. July 1st will be "Manhattan Follies," starring Craig Russell and his ladies. A nice followup to Vegas, Mr. Russell. And a few blocks away at Reno Sweeney's opening June 18th will be Daphne Davis.

De De Warwick (yes, she's Dionne's younger sister) now playing two weeks only at JACKSON'S penthouse, to be followed in by a new singer, Loree Frazier. Ann Dee did very well as opening attraction of this club and will be sending some of her talent discoveries from L.A. to play this room.

Now out at GRAMAPHONE, 1538 Polk St -- Patty and Maxine Andrews on the cast album of "Over Here," notable mainly for Tony winner Janie Sell's great Dietrich takeoff on "Wait For Me, Marlena." A fun score for all you people who loved World War II.

Jae Stevens sailed through FINNOCHIO'S like a dose of salts. Rumor has it Mr. Stevens is now

a grape-crusher in Concord.

Sunlight, the singing trio that opened JACKSON'S PENTHOUSE with Ann Dee, is now playing Harrah's Club with Johnny Ray in Tahoe/Reno. Did anyone pickup on the blonde beauty, Ann Jillian, being Dainty June in the film version of "Gypsy" with Roz Russell?

Just announced, the theme for the BEAUX ARTS BALL this year on Oct. 27th -- "Music & Time" or "Come As Your Favorite Song." Prizes awarded in music categories, not for Best Male/Female, etc. Start working, groups!

Is it a trend? Vertical reviews obtained by horizontal positions?! Well, that's one way to insure success.

Paul Richards, one of our city's better organists, is now playing Fri. and Sat. nights for dining and drinking, plus pool-playing, at THE MINT.

Singer/actress Ann Weldon just signed for a featured role in Warren Beatty's new flick, "Sham-



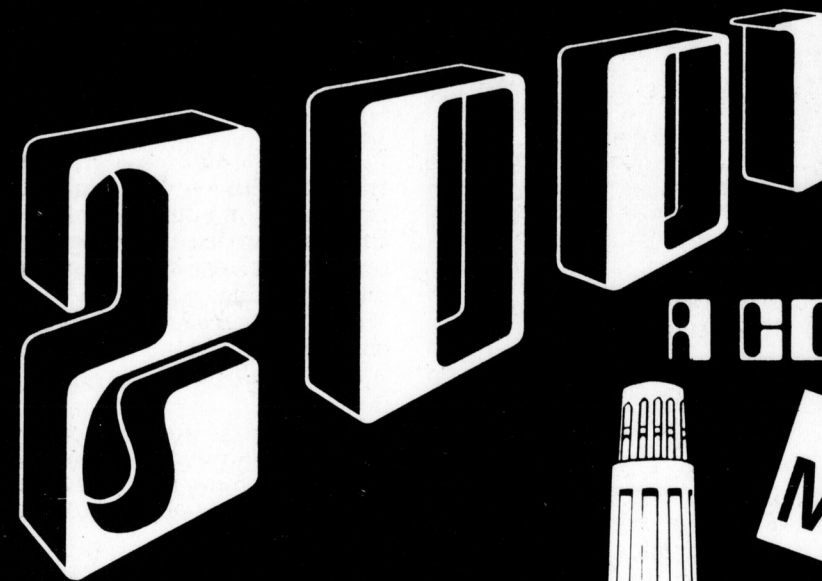
poo"... singing "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair"?  
Snooky Lanson



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

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## THE MEN IN MY LIFE

by  
Paul Francis-Hartmann  
"A MIRACLE OF RARE  
DEVICE"

The gay un-community -- its confidence hardening, its muscle beginning to bulge -- increasingly singles out certain of its members. Those designated become recipients of awards and titles (a pastime not all that different than the clod society we've supposedly rejected). Only difference is what we find worth applauding: the post-adolescent with the largest instrument, the male that can dress up like the worst-dressed broad of 1964, or the drag that best imitates Charles Pierce imitating Bette Davis playing Margo Channing.

One segment creates an inter-city network of empresses and princess royals and countesses. One wonders how they keep all the crowned heads straight. Another faction gets religion going again. A body steps into a clerical collar, and by virtue of some divine



Paul Francis-Hartmann

divination assumes the mantle of Gay leaders and spokesman. One wonders why priests and parsons forever think they are taller than other men.

We give a day-old turkey to an ailing fag-hag, and we fall all over ourselves in how wonderful we can REALLY be when we TRULY

try. Some pill-riddled queen stands in front of a bored audience and moves her lips to the sounds of a hidden trape, and we call that entertainment. Another group open a bar, throw some food on a plate, hoist their boxes onto the table, and we call THAT a restaurant.

The list could go on... offending this segment and then another branch of the gay community. It wouldn't be long before a counter attack were forthcoming. "What's with this son-of-a-bitch Hartmann. Why is he opposed to everything we try to do."

My complaint is not directed against the nature of the things we do, the interests, the outlets, but that we don't do them well enough. Neither do we probe nor question the fallout of how we blow our energies.

If we would but explore the potential in our Gay efforts, we might discover that we are not merely making our San Francisco days more livable, but that we could be hatching the eggs of a superior life style. A life style: with new values, tomorrow attitudes, expanded consciousnesses.

If our Emperors and Empresses, all the subterranean celebrities, could explore what exactly they are all about -- beyond all the froth, feathers and flutter. Are their capers the beginnings, the acting out of supra-liberation? Is it perhaps not just freedom to be myself, but the freedom -- out to anyone I project myself to be. Today I want to be Mae West and starting next week I'm spending a month as Valentino, then Christmas as Pope John XXIII. Everyday a costuming, every day a Mardi Gras. I can be any personality I choose to be for a week, for a season.

Drag could become more than just a dressing up, a costuming for the festival. It could be a path to discover expanded identities, a path to experience higher levels of existence. Gay royalty games could be a method of people getting out of their skins. Where would psychiatry be if the Gay way eliminated schizophrenia. (The Cockettes were before their time; they might well have been prophetic.)

Now that Gay churches have battled their way into the legitimate arena and have stood their ground, is their mission merely to achieve respectability for themselves and their congregations? Is

their call simply to indulge in some tepid social service. Coming into existence unburdened by the millstone of tradition, the blinders of dogma, the gag of hierarchy will they forge a NEW religiosity. Or will it be the same old church of strawberry-shortcake suppers and ladies aid rummage sales. Are their pastors bringing their flock back into the fold with little more than a rehash of Sunday School pablum?

There is no reason once can expect a congregation of outcasts, of social heretics to be ripe prospects for a higher spirituality. But what group has been presented a better chance. Stripped of smugness, forced to hammer out new links of right and wrong, flying in the face of orthodox theology, are the "leper colony" ministers big enough for the possibilities? Can they bring forth a new sanctity that incorporates Nietzsche and Einstein, Teilhard de Chardin and Claude Levi-Strauss, R.D. Laing and Buckminster Fuller? Or is it the same old cream of wheat dressed up to look like Granola?

If the ultimate goal of Gay Liberation is solely acceptance ( begrudgingly granted and vulgarly displayed) by forcing straight society to tolerate our bizarre rituals and gross shenanigans, I don't think we've gained very much. If similarly, the end in mind is a piece of the corrupt action, a slice of the rotting pie, who needs it? Do we need gay legislators to vote larger defense budgets, gay officials to further the pollution of our environment? Will a queen on a parole board make prisons any more tolerable? One wonders what unique traits, insights, awarenesses, gay people will lose by rejoining the establishment? Again, it is perhaps too much to hope that the pariah (enriched with sufferings in the wilderness, deeper, wiser, more sensitive) could introduce and articulate and enhance a NEW consciousness for the NEW man for the next historical era.

Would that nature in so singling us out from the herd -- in our music, our poetry, our dance and song, in our fancy and flair, our 'joie de vivre' -- had intended US as the handmaidens of ecstasy, US as the pathfinders for transforming the world.

The Greening of America could be brought about by us, "For we on honey-dew hath fed. And drunk the milk of Paradise."

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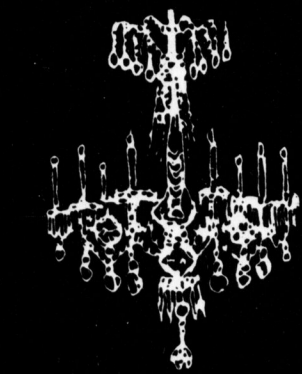
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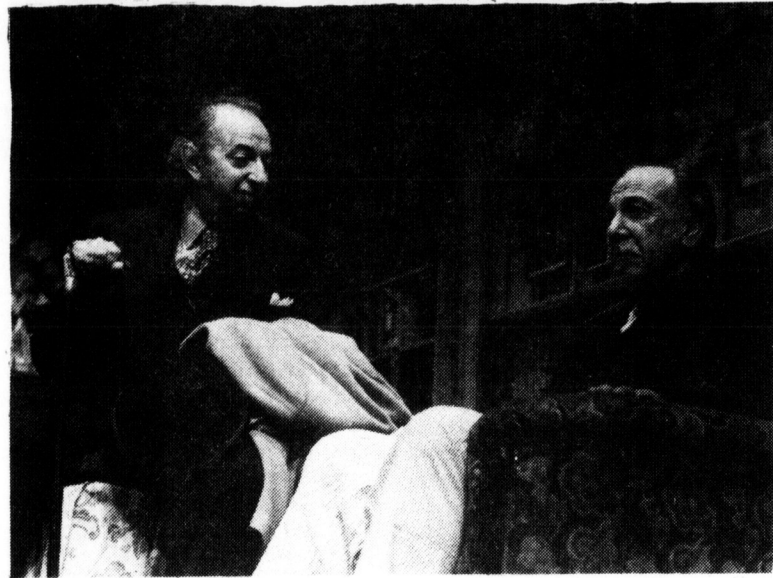
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# a world of ENTERTAINMENT

by Wallv Rutherford



Phil Leeds & Jose Ferrer play old vaudevillians re-united in Neil Simon's "THE SUNSHINE BOYS."  
Photo by Stephen Frisch.

ONE OF NEIL SIMON'S BEST!  
"The Sunshine Boys," currently at the Geary Theatre, is a must see for all Neil Simon fans, and even all you not so much Neil

Simon fans. The play is one of his wittiest, if not, one of his better scripts.

The play focuses on the retired vaudeville team of Lewis and Clark. "The Sunshine Boys" (hence the title). Willie Clark (Jose Ferrer), retired before his time, is living in a ramshackle hotel, content with reading his Variety and belittling his nephew, Ben Silverman played by Henry Hoffman, for not landing him any jobs. His only ambition is to do an Alka Seltzer commercial.

It has been twelve years since Willie has talked to his ex-partner, Al Lewis (Phil Leeds) and now the efforts of Willie's nephew come into play. A TV special recalling the golden years of vaudeville is in the making and no program highlighting comedy of their era would be complete without them. Both agree reluctantly to a meeting after many years and to rehearse one of their old sketches.

The ensuing meeting and rehearsal which follows ends in near disaster. Attempts to recreate one of their most famous comic sketches "doctor's office" only leads to reviving the irritating faults in each man.

"The Sunshine Boys," is in its own way, a pathetic look at two men fighting the ages of time and renewed national recognition, while content to live out their lives in obscurity. Personalities and petty

differences, that have built up over their 43 year career, are the real frustrations that make this Neil Simon play both hilarious and moving.

Both Mr. Ferrer and Mr. Leeds are accomplished actors and handle the demands of the Simon script with ease and confidence. Their timing and acting compatibility are the marks that have made the two men the artful duo stars of "Sunshine Boys," and the supporting cast headed by Henry Hoffman is an excellent compliment to the talents of the play's stars.

If you want to see a Neil Simon play at its best, "The Sunshine Boys," will definitely please your theatrical palate!



Angela Lansbury leaves the audience spellbound as Mama Rose in "GYPSY."

### GYPSY - A NEW LOOK AT AN OLD SHOW!

Winging south to Los Angeles is always an experience and my latest venture included seeing Angela Lansbury in "Gypsy" at the Shubert Theatre. The Shubert is a stunning example of how Los Angeles is taking over as the number one theatre box office on the West coast. The theatre is a new, handsomely decorated and designed dream for both its patrons and performers.

The new production of "Gypsy" arrived in Los Angeles from London in mid April and will close on June 16th to tour the country until its scheduled fall opening in New York. The star of the show, is of course, Mama Rose played by Angela Lansbury. Your immediate thought before the curtain raises is will Miss Lansbury be as good as Ethel Merman, who created the role. Miss Lansbury is not only good, but her portrayal of Mama Rose far exceeds your wildest imagination. Mama now has character, warmth and feeling,

which was never attained by the original star. Miss Lansbury is by far the better actress and vocally even more of a surprise. "Rose's Turn" left the audience spellbound to the point that at the conclusion of the musical number the entire house was on its feet in thunderous applause.

As Louise (Gypsy Rose Lee), Zan Charisse is a better Louise than Gypsy. Her childlike manner and characterization is totally believable, however, the transition sparkle and she falls behind Angela Lansbury when she should be having her biggest highlights. Also featured is Rex Robbins as Herbie and Mary Louise Wilson as Tessie Tura, both are excellent in their respective roles.

"Gypsy" is on its way to New York and can only be a sure success. Everything about the show is perfection. Broadway is in for a rare treat with this magnificent revival. It's a BLOCK BUSTER!  
W.R.



### SOLICITATION LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL

June 5, 1974. Judge Jacqueline Taber today in the Oakland Municipal Court, declared the State solicitation statute, Section 647(a) Penal Code, void for vagueness and unconstitutionally overbroad by purporting to criminalize constitutionally protected activity.


Attorney Rick Stokes raised the constitutional challenges to the statute by demurrer and after studying Stokes' brief and the

reply by the District Attorney, Judge Taber permitted Stokes to orally argue his points of law. At the close of argument the Judge ruled that the language of the statute failed to distinguish between solicitations to conduct which are criminal and solicitations to conduct which are constitutionally protected. The Judge then sustained Stokes' demurrer.

The fact situation involved two plainclothes police officers who met the defendants in a park, walked some two blocks to another part of the park, conversed, left the park, drove in the defendants' car to another park and then placed the two defendants under arrest for soliciting a lewd act.

This is the first time that a Municipal Court or a Superior Court has ruled Section 647(a) unconstitutional. The Judge's decision followed the lead of the U.S. Supreme Court and California appellate courts which have repeatedly held that criminal statutes

must state with specificity what conduct is to be the basis for criminal prosecution. Only the day before, a three judge federal panel ruled the state obscenity law unconstitutional and stated "it does not specifically define sexual activity which is prohibited. As it reads there is no fair notice what California permits or prohibits." Throughout the state it is this statute under which most male homosexual arrests take place; the gay community has a very real stake in its removal.



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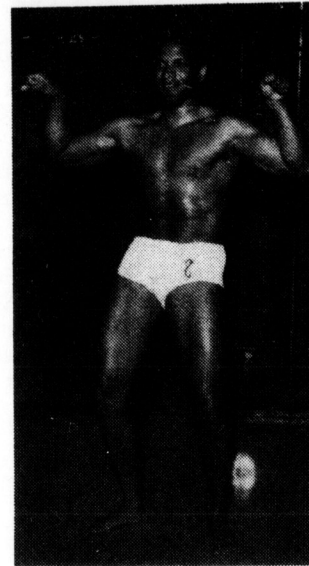
## Out-of-Town Events

# THIS-A & THAT-A

by Lou Greene

What a week this has been! I have just returned from a week-end in Tahoe with the Pathfinders. There were 16 of us in a mini bus having a merry time all the way. The weather was great, the scenery outstanding and the gambling was disasterous. Al Hankins of the ROUNDUP broke the bank (his bank that is), altho he was 100s ahead, he stayed with it until he was 100s behind. Garry worked the dice table up to such a feverish pitch that only those in that particular game were permitted to stay with it and no new comers could participate. Tho it looked like he was set to make a real killing he craped out the last throw and needless to say everything went down the drain. Of the 16 of us, only one came out ahead of the game and it wasn't me. We did have a fun time and enjoyed a whole night of gaming every which way. We took the trip back

via Highway 50 along the river. I can't describe the beauty and splendor along this route and if you haven't made it yet, the drive alone is well worth while. We stopped off at the HAWAIIAN HUT in Sacramento which is a delightful bar with dance floor, stage and very comfortable appointments. And who would you guess I bumped into, none other than an ex-fellow San Franciscan, Jess with three of my current fellow S.F.G.D.I's. By the way the MISTAKE will be bussing to Sacto. next week, June 16, to play ball against the HAWAIIAN HUT, and since the same night will offer a Mr. Gay Sacramento Contest at FAY'S, I'll be staying over for both events. THE ATTICUS at 5121 El Camino Ave., in Carmichael (a suburb of Sacto.) held their Grand Opening today (Sun., the 9th) with much fanfare, buffet and a gathering of the clan. Welcome to the fold and good luck to all of you at the



Ricardo, 1st place winner of Mr. Harbor Contest.

ATTICUS. THE HIDE & SEEK in Bryte (also a suburb of Sacto.) will be holding a Picnic on June 23rd. If you're looking for a good time with new bodies, all you can eat and all you can drink for only \$5 and a grand picnic sight, be sure and contact the kids at the HIDE & SEEK. -- Back to the bay, a new bar called the REVOL (currently Jerry's Stop Sign) at 40th and Telegraph will be opening soon. More details to follow; and believe me, Oakland and Berkeley can use more attractions to bring more of the business that-a way. --Wow, you ought to see what's happening at the MAYAN HEALTH CLUB in Berkeley. In addition to all the new exciting bodies running around, they have offered their walls for displaying art work for sale. In less than two weeks they have amassed a most exciting array of erotic art worth viewing. Ray has also added columnades of statuary at the end of each corridor adding to the already most beautiful and interesting club in the bay area. It's worth the trip over just to see the layout. -- Only a few blocks away THE CAMP-GROUNDS is still featuring great food for your dining pleasure. Altho Hank their Chef is now at the BAJ in San Francisco, the food and service continues to rate high in my experiences. -- Robbin, a real honey, formerly of the LION in S.F. has gone across the bay to LANCER'S. They have not only installed a new great sound system but you should see the Hunky on the Billboard which adorns an entire wall. -- It is with deep regret that I say farewell to John-Paul

and Armondo of the WIAKIKI in Oakland as they are leaving the Bay Area for El Paso. Everyone wishes them well in their new venture. -- On down to Hayward, You ain't seen nuthin' till you've seen a female streaker run along the Bar at the DRIFTWOOD. Guess a gal has to hang one on so she CAN streak properly. -- The QUEEN'S PALACE is now featuring 'Lip Service' a great team to really turn you on with their music. Sorry I miscued in a previous issue, but Roger was unable to perform here. -- Across the bay from Hayward to Redwood City and oops, I'm getting ahead of myself. It actually all started at the MISTAKE in S.F. A gathering of over 100 to spend Mother's Day at a Ball Game with the CRUISER in Redwood City. Half the gang went on a chartered bus and the other half on bikes which was on the B.C. M.C. run. We really had a great day at the ball park and sad to say 85% of the spectators where from S.F. Shame on you mid-peninsulites. Don't you have any pride in your own local ball team. Next time the CRUISER or any other bar offers a day out in the ball park, by all means attend and give moral support. After the game (I must say was somewhat onesided in favor of the MISTAKE) we were all invited to the CRUISER for a buffet and fun. -- THE GARDEN in Palo Alto has a new bartender, Ron. (Where does one find these handsome guys). They had a great Cut off & Tank Top Party on the 7th. This turned out to be quite a successful affair and calls for more just like it. -- The B.Q. (health club) in Palo Alto is still a most popular meeting place. Each time I go in there (to deliver the B.A.R.s of course) the tubs are full of interesting patrons. -- THE KONA KAI in Palo Alto is now serving dinners Tuesday thru Saturday from 7 to 11 PM. There is a different special each nite at only \$2.95. -- The above photos were taken at the Mr. Harbor

Contest. -- The HARBOR in San Jose, are now offering a new Sunday Brunch Policy from noon till 4. A king size or should I say Queen size brunch with champagne or a bloody for only a buck and a half. The HARBOR has really been drawing them in with their contests and functions. June 9th offered an exciting Jockey Short Dance Contest with cash prizes to the winners. On May 18th they held an Arts and Crafts sale to benefit the Multiple Sclerosis fund sponsored by the San Jose Court. June 23rd, the HARBOR will be featuring an Art Festival. Bring your goodies and sell or buy at this event. Call the HARBOR for more details. -- The Manager of the SAVOY in Cupertino, Toni, is formerly from the WAIKIKI in Hawaii and not the Waikiki in Oakland (sorry Toni) -- Watch for the 4th annual picnic sponsored by the TINKER'S DAMN and SAVOY. Details will be announced in the next issue. Whatsa Matta wit you guys in the Peninsula. Can't you all get togedder and have a real all out picnic? -- And last on the list is the action in the heart of San Jose. Toni, of MAC'S invited me as his guest to the Imperial Coronation, Farewell to Arvis Reina V, and Election Ball. To go into the details of all the personalities who were presented and who were in attendance would occupy an entire column. I will say the Ball was well represented by nobility from the entire Western half of the country. The proceeds of this affair are being given to the Multiple Sclerosis Society of Santa Clara County. This affair was held in a lovely hall, the Paragon. Everything was well organized and planned and everyone seemed to have a most enjoyable evening. The three contenders for the title were so well liked by everyone that the votes were really neck and neck. The new Reina VI is Bunny Lee and I sincerely wish her/him a successful reign. Love, Lou

In answer to those few people who have questioned the authorship of the "Little Me" review in our last issue, because of Donald McLean's prior involvement with the show and Wally Rutherford's involvement with "Applause," I agreed to review the YONKERS show myself so there could be no question of partiality. The review reflected my honest opinion of the show and only mine. Perhaps it is time to re-consider reviewing any all-male productions unless they are gushingly favorable. Just because things are gay doesn't make them perfect.

Bob Ross—Editor

There are not enough words available in my vocabulary to convey the thoughts and thanks to so many who helped me in my hour of need.

My sincerest appreciation — Joe Roland

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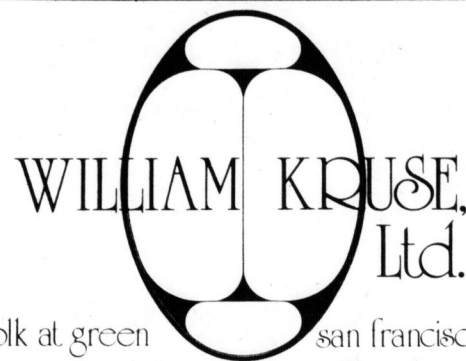
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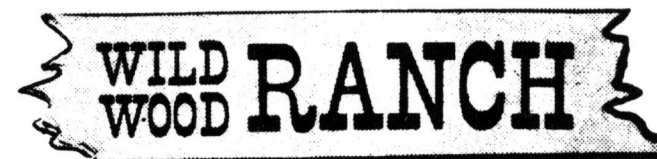
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## GAY PRIDE ON PARADE!

### The Gay Freedom Day Celebration 1974

To Culminate with  
a Large Parade  
June 30, 1974.

The Gay community of San Francisco has announced plans for more than a week of celebration. It is anticipated by the **Gay Freedom Day Committee** that 86 organizations and over 30,000 people will participate in these events. Among the organizations participating will be the **Society for Individual Rights, Gay People's Union at Stanford, East Bay Gay, Achvah—Jewish Gays, Emmaus Foundation, Golden Gate Gay Liberation House, the San Francisco Tavern Guild** as well as many San Francisco based motorcycle clubs.

Major events span the Bay Area. Mayor Warren Widner of Berkeley has proclaimed Sunday, June 23rd as **Gay Pride Day**. It will be celebrated by a day long festival in Willard Park sponsored by **East Bay Gay**.

At Stanford, The **Gay People's Union** is sponsoring a provocative week long series of lectures and workshops covering aspects of gay life. One of the many featured speakers is Sheriff Richard Hongisto of San Francisco.

Week long events are also being held in San Francisco. One of the major events here is the world famous softball game between the **San Francisco Police** and the **Gay Community Softball League** on Saturday, June 29th.

The **Gay Freedom Day Parade** on Sunday, June 30th is the climax of the **Gay Freedom Day Celebration**. It will be the largest public expression of gay joy and pride ever seen in San Francisco.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

### Entertainer JAE STEVENS Slain!



Jae Stevens as he appeared at The Fantasy.

On Monday evening, June 24th, at 11:45 p.m., entertainer Joseph (Jae) Stevens was brutally murdered near Spreckels Lake in Golden Gate Park by a, as yet, unknown assailant. A resident of the area said she heard cries for help at that hour. The body was not discovered until 7 a.m. the next morning, dead of five stab wounds, three directly in the heart.

Two hours earlier, at approximately 5 a.m., Mr. Stevens car was spotted in Hayward in an area where there had been a high incidence of rape attacks and was pulled over by a deputy sheriff. The car suddenly raced away and a chase ensued, ending when the car went out of control and crashed into a house. The young driver, described as having blond, shoulder-length hair, escaped.

Jae Stevens started his professional career eight years ago at The Fantasy on Mason Street as part of "Jack & The Giants." He continued to work in San Francisco in the show-room of the \*P.S., appeared on The

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



MEET DEDE WARWICK—Her sister is a famous superstar, but does DeDe care? She talks about fame, success, hit records, men and pressures on a rising star in a revealing interview. Photo by Seawell

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by  
Montezuma

FEY DERRY LAD  
by  
Paul Francis-Hartmann

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Next Deadline Thurs. July 4th  
Next Issue Out Thurs. July 11th