

A New Day is Coming



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**BAY AREA REPORTER**

The Catalyst for all Factions of the Gay Community

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NUMBER 23

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in the Bay Area

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

# Push To End Victimless Crime Laws

by Harvey Milk

Before a crowd of some 650 people on Monday night, Senator Milton Marks called for an end to all so-called crimeless crime laws. It was a gathering organized by Dick Hongisto and his San Francisco Sheriff's Department held at Glide Memorial Church. Speaker after speaker called for a "consciousness" about the conditions that exist in the jails and for an end of incarcerating people for crimes in which there are no victims.

John Maher, founder of Delancey Street, in a ringing denunciation of the political leaders from all levels of government, and the corruption that takes place, vehemently attacked the policy of "hiring grown-up men to chase homosexuals on Polk Street." He called for the people of the city to organize themselves into block by block groups and unite to remove from office all unresponsive elected officials.

Sheriff Dick Hongisto called upon the people to elect as mayor next year, a man who will fight to end the present conditions at the city's jails. He pointed out that at present, the apes in the city's Zoo get more money per day for food than those humans who are in jail. He also called for a mayor who would visit the jails in person (It was noted that the present mayor has never visited the city jails during his term in office.)

The emotional highlight of the evening was when Bob Wells was called upon to speak. A roaring standing ovation was given to this man who has spent most of his adult life in jail. Wells cautioned all to be wary of anyone who is for great "prison reform" as, in his experience, many are for it for what they can get out of it themselves. He was afraid that the



MEET ETHEL MERMAN - One of that rare handful that deserve the title "Living Legend." Miss Merman talks about her career, her greatest roles, her views on marriage and what the future holds for a lady who's had her name in lights above the title for over 35 years.

rip-offs which take place leave little for those in jail. He called for a change in the entire system.

The program contained a powerful slide presentation of conditions in jail and films made by the University of San Francisco's Department of Media. Volunteers were called for in order to help in all ways to change the present treatment. Information on how you can help can be obtained from Joan Mills at 558-2411. Personal Comment: while it was pointed out that each person in jail is fed on \$1.40 per day and that the total annual budget for the jail is at the \$4 million dollar level, our Supervisors are excited about spending \$10 million to tear down an existing freeway because it is ugly. And they wonder so much as to why the crime rates are high...so much that they held a hearing about the crime problem.

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PLUS:

PHOTOS OF OUR READERS,  
EDIFYING EDITORIALS,  
ROLLICKING REVIEWS,  
TITILLATING TRIVIA AND NEWS  
OF IMPORT (AND YOU CAN'T  
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Next Deadline Thursday, Nov. 21st  
Next Issue Out Wed. Nov. 27th

## Announcement

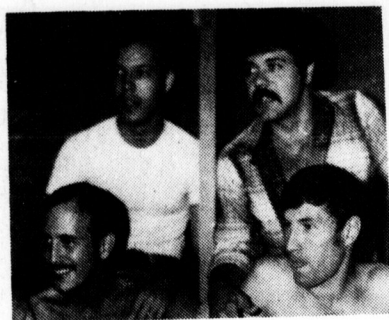
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# Seven Committee

# COMMUNITY NEWS

## Coits Pick New President

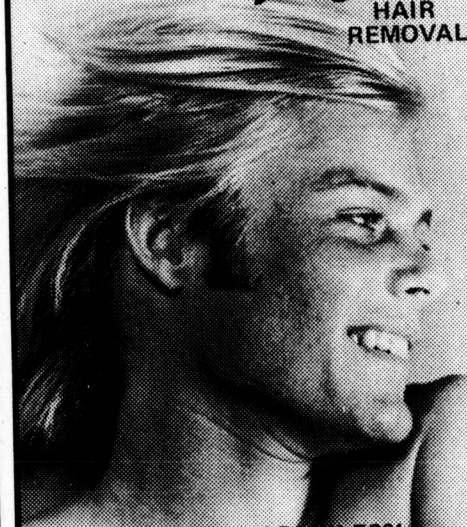
Chuck Demmon, an active Coit for many years, was chosen president of that organization in the elections held last week. In addition to Demmon the following men were selected to serve as officers for the coming year: Stanley Berniol, Vice-President; Jim Valentine, Treasurer; Bob Rendulic, Recording Secretary; Larry Leppinette, Corresponding Secretary. The Coit's, San Francisco's oldest strictly social Gay organization in continuous operation, have announced that they plan to become more active in the Gay Community in the future. President Demmon stated that he hoped that the club, under his leadership would continue to forward in service to its members and also to the worthwhile projects in the community.

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## ACLU Annual Meeting

The San Francisco Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union will hold its annual meeting on Sunday, November 17, 4 pm at the Fireman's Fund auditorium, 3333 California Street.

Victimless Crimes is the subject to be discussed by Margo St. James, Chairmadam of Coyote and Deborah Hinkel, ACLU Project Director.

Chapter president Ruth Jacobs in her annual report will detail the work the chapter has done this past year. The agenda will also include elections to the Board of Directors. Mr. John Hansen, committee chairman reported that nominees are: Ms. Poe Asher, inc.; Ms. Belle Hersh; Ms. Lorraine Honig; Mr. Ruth Jacobs, inc.; Ms. Nancy McDermid, inc.; Dr. Bruce Johnston; Mr. David Nevins; Mr. Tony Rothschild and Mr. Richard B. Weinstein.

Music will be provided by the Victorian Trio. The meeting is open to guests.

## MCC Reaffirms Open Door Policy To Community

In their October 1st meeting, the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Community Church strongly reaffirmed for the benefit of their increasing number of new members and for the interested community at large their traditional policy of acceptance and openness to all people.

Specifically the Board stated that the Church was a Christian Church with a ministry to gay and straight people, women and men, old and young and all ethnic groups. They further stated that within the gay community all life styles were welcome. This includes all leather, drag, transvestite and transsexual brothers and sisters.

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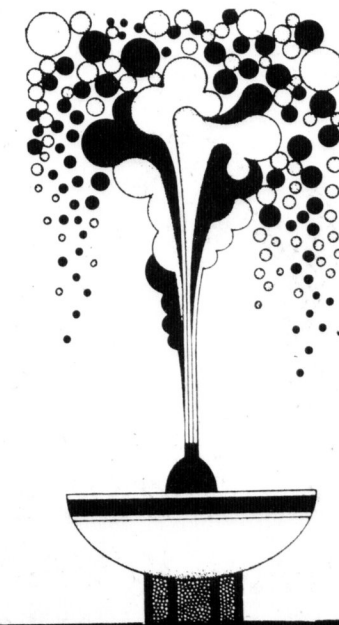
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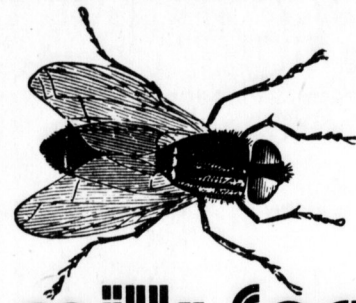
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# milk forum

## The Elections Are Over: Now What?

In the past two weeks, we have voted for a new governor and a new Empress. Come January first, we will see the start of a new regime on both levels. We will probably also see a continued busting of gays for drinking, obstructing sidewalks and whatever. We will hear many complain and demand: "Something has to be done!" And that is about as far as it will go unless...

Unless the gay community decides that once and for all something has to be done beside complaining about the problems. And something, indeed can be done. If every gay who has been busted, harassed or just annoyed about the attitude of city hall and the police really was willing to do something other than talk about the problem, then the problem could be solved. Let me explain what I mean.

Last Saturday the Democratic Caucus was held to elect delegates to the Democratic National Convention

in December. That is the convention which will set up the rules for the Presidential convention in two years. To the politicians it is a very important thing, for out of the rules fight may come the person who will run against Ford. Thus the politicians wanted to see their own people go to the convention next month. The caucus was held. And no gay is going from San Francisco. One lost by one vote! On the third ballot, which finally picked the first three delegates, all of 337 people voted! 169 votes were needed to win. What would have happened if one fourth the number of people who voted for Empress this year went to that convention and sat there for several hours to vote...if 300 gays had gone there and used "ass power" (the power to sit through all the bullshit and sit there for ballot after ballot), three gays rather than none could have been sent to the National Convention! Think what the national political leaders, let alone the state and city leaders would have to accept...three gay delegates from one congressional district out of a total possible number of three.

The election of three gays as delegates would not have changed the laws overnight but the message would have been there. In short it would show that the gays had more political savvy than the unions or any other group. It could have happened were there anything in the gay community close to "activists" rather than a lot of verbal complaints that "something has to be done." A lesson must be learned from that vote. 300 Gays could have

taken over the Democratic delegation from one Congressional district. 300 Gays can take over the neighborhood association. 300 gays can make a solid effect on the political future of this city. So if you were one who is angered because you were busted. If you are angered because your lover was busted. If you were angered because of the outfront discrimination and harassment of gays, there is still something that you can do and do right now, that may very well change all that. It takes getting angered, and means that you really are willing to put out more effort than verbal outcries.

So we come full circle back to what I have called for before and will continue to call for, because now, I can see that it works. This coming year is a race for the mayor of our city. In the race as of now, are Senators Marks and Moscone and Supervisor Feinstein. Soon to enter may be Supervisor Nelder, Kopp and/or Mendelsohn. Perhaps Judge Ertola. And, as of yet, no third world candidate. All will fight it out for 50% of the vote...if no one gets that, it becomes a run-off between the top two. With that many well known names in the race, it will be a blood bath to get into the run-off and it won't take too many votes to do so. The gay community, if it sticks together, can be decisive!

If the gay community votes in a block for one person, that person may be pushed into the run-off. But, first, we have to register the gay community and then make sure they get out to vote and vote in a block. Sounds impossible. But if 300 gays all are

willing to put out a relatively small effort, it can be done. It will take about one half hour per week per person! That is for 50 weeks. It will take about 25 hours of your time over the next year. And for that effort you, your lovers, and your friends will find the rewards in an ending of police harassment. If you are angered.

If you are tired of empty promises from candidates. If you are tired of the system and the hypocrisy we receive from the police and city hall, then get really angered...get angered enough to want to do something that will have an effect, but be prepared to pay the price...it will take about 1/2 hour a week away from your bar time, your cruising time, your fun time...it can take a monkey off our backs. And here is what you have to do...help go out and register the gay community and keep it together as a block...don't make any choice now as to your mayoral candidate based upon past record or good looks...stick together until we have a list of some 15,000 or more names and then with that block of votes, we can ask for an end of police harassment and discrimination. If you pick your candidate now it dilutes the block. Stay together. Make sure you and every one of you know, everyone you trick with, are registered. Talk about it...it will take a long time...eleven months...but then think of those who got busted last week on Polk, on Castro, on Folsom (and some did)...think of the time the police told you to "move along, fag!"

There are under 2,000 police in this city and many of them live and vote outside the city. 20,000 new gay voters...think about it and if you are mad enough, get in touch with me at Castro Camera and join in the fight...but only if you are really willing to work 1/2 hour a week...there is no money in it, just gay pride and

freedom.

The Kopp Committee is hosting a \$50.00 Dinner and Dance. Sponsors are former Democratic Governor Edmund G. Brown Sr., and former Republican mayor George Christopher. Is the Supervisor running for re-election, or District Attorney, or has he tossed his hat into the mayor's race!

by  
Harvey Milk



"Harve, dat was a real toughie. What does Forum mean???"

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After Before After Before

# MEET ETHEL MERMAN BY DONALD MCLEAN

## The Show

"I don't mean to give the impression that I introduced every great song ever written...just a helluva lot of them!"

So says the First Lady of the American Musical, Miss Ethel Merman, as she introduces yet another famous song indented exclusively with her onstage at the Masonic Auditorium. Fighting a virtually nil sound system, it's been a rough night for the Merman lady. After an atrocious first half with the Now

Company Singers, who are about as "now" as Jane Froman and *Wanna buy a duck?*, with inaudible sound (which may have been a blessing), the audience is fighting mad by the second half and lets the lady know it. When Miss Merman finishes her opening song, the yelling starts, a few very vocal and highly antagonistic individuals ruin the evening for everyone else, and you begin to wish you were anywhere but at this example of how rude a San Francisco audience can be. Miss Merman looks in the direction of one man and says, "Why



don't you go home?" and I fervently hope he does. Finally, after much bickering, the second half is allowed to get underway, and Merman sings some of her expected biggies and a few "new" for her numbers, such as *Someone to Watch Over Me* and *Nothing Can Stop Me Now* (for Merman fans, both are from her fine new album *Ethel's Riding High* on Decca, one of the best albums she's ever done). The voice is still strong and true, the only sign of age being she doesn't hold those high notes as long as she once did, and she performs with the zest of a woman who knows exactly what she's doing, but the edge is off the evening and she knows it. She's a victim of circumstances, and it's a shame, because only Ethel Merman is carrying her share of the load; the sound man should seek immediately his rightful employment as a ribbon clerk, and hopefully the Now Company Singers will take up something useful, like rolling band-aids and planting Victory gardens.

## The Woman

She's a 62 year old Capricorn of German-Scotch descent, whose real name is Ethel Zimmermann. "I knew they'd never get the Zimmermann up in lights, the people'd die from the heat, so I took part off the end and part off the beginning and that's where I got Merman."

She's been the star of 14 Broadway shows, starting with George Gershwin's *Girl Crazy* in 1930. "I was a singer at the Brooklyn Paramount doing 5 shows a day. Ginger Rogers was already signed for the lead and unbeknownst to me, the casting



agent caught my act at the Paramount. I thought I was pretty good and I guess he agreed. Then George Gershwin invited me up to his apartment and played three songs that I eventually sang in the show, *Sam and Delilah*, *Boy, What Love Has Done to Me* and *I Got Rhythm*. *I Got Rhythm* really put me on the map. Gershwin was the one who told me never to take a singing lesson and I never have and I'm not about to start now. George used to come into the pit on Wed. matinees just to play *I Got Rhythm* for me."

"A lot of musicals don't last because there aren't any good scores. I've been very lucky. I've had sort of the cream of the crop to write for me...There have been so many different types of songs that I don't have a favorite song, though *Gypsy* is my favorite show. *Annie* is second and then *Call Me Madam*...I always preferred the stage; my work was too broad for films, though I loved doing *Madam* and *No Business Like Show Business* and my one non-musical, *Mad, Mad, Mad, World*."

And what of composers and singers of today? "I don't like rock and roll because I don't understand it and I don't know what they're singing about. I like to hear the lyrics and I like to hear the melodies come through. The modern composers today, I just don't feel comfortable doing those things. But I do adore Bacharach. I liked Judy and I like Shirley Bassey...of course Cleo Laine. She really gets up there doesn't she?...When I'm doing a concert, I think it's always best to do things people are acquainted with."



Photos by Ruben

As she sits sipping tea, Ethel is a doll for the photographers and reporters in a simple wool plaid dress, and she looks damned good. Asked the secret of her youthfulness, she replies with a laugh, "Oh, I live wrong! I feel and I think young. I know some people my age and they belong in wheelchairs. I don't believe in that. I've never been afraid of hard work. If you're interested in your work and you enjoy it, it never becomes a chore." She does become a trifle testy when one novice asks her if she talks often to Eddie Cantor. "He's been dead for years!!" she exclaims, and the young man beats a hasty retreat.

Ethel Merman holds the incredible record of never having had a flop. It is rumored among Broadway wags that she invested her own money in a little gem entitled *Happy Hunting* to insure it's qualifying for a respectable run, and tis further rumored she swore never again to do a show with young, unknown composers after that, but who can blame her? Any show that boasts "Mutual Admiration Society" as its big hit can't be all good. But aside from *Hunting*, she's certainly had more than her share of top quality shows, revealing a shrewd business-woman as well as performer. *Hello Dolly* was originally written for Ethel Merman, but she turned it down. "The only reason I turned down *Dolly* was I had just come off the road after two years with *Gypsy* and didn't want to go into another long run." But she did years later agree to play *Dolly* on Broadway just prior to its closing, with



two new numbers written just for her by Jerry Herman interpolated into the score. "I always say, I didn't open *Dolly* but I closed it!"

Her crowning achievement was Mama Rose in *Gypsy*. Asked if she has seen Angela Lansbury in the revival, she casually answers, "No. I've seen

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## Meet Ethel Merman

it . I could have done it if I'd wanted (true, it was first offered to her). That show is there and nobody can destroy it. Everybody gives Mama Rose a different interpretation. The show is there for anybody who wants to do it." Asked why she never performs *Rose's Turn* in concert, she answers, "It's just a hunk of special material. Unless you've seen the show, it doesn't make sense." But what a hunk of material!

And about her second favorite, *Annie Get Your Gun* -- "Jerome Kern was supposed to write the score originally but died suddenly. With all respect to Mr. Kern, I can't imagine him writing the score that Mr. Berlin did...I remember in 1946, my daughter Ethel got hives from a reaction to Penicillin, and I sat by her bed rubbing her with Calamine lotion because she was so uncomfortable. I had a matinee to do that day, and I stayed with her until I had to leave for the theatre, and there was nothing further I could do for her and she had a nurse, but I remember singing *You Can't Get A Man With A Gun*, whose lyrics are pretty funny, and sitting on the bench singing and crying." Her daughter died years later, leaving Ethel a proud

grandmother twice over. Her son Robert is involved with A.C.T. here in San Francisco and recently flew to London to do her lights for her engagement at the Palladium.

With some temerity, it is asked if she would express herself on her marriage to Ernest Borgnine, a brief 8 month marriage (her third) that resulted in good headlines. "I don't discuss that. Let sleeping dogs lie." And would consider marrying again? "Oh, please!!" I cleverly took that to mean the lady ain't interested.

And what about the future? She will do several new albums, *Merman Sings Gershwin* and other composers, a separate album for each. But are there any unfulfilled ambitions? "I think I've covered almost everything. Maybe someday I'd like to do a straight play, but I don't know if I'd be accepted. After *Gypsy*, Jerry Robbins wanted me to do *Mother Courage*. Someone even asked me to do *The Killing of Sister George* but I'm not ready to make my debut like that!" And she laughs uproariously at the thought of her as Sister George.

Did she have a stage mother like Mama Rose to push her into show business? "My mother, who died last year, as long as I was in this business,

never came near the theatre unless I invited her. She said to me once, "I would never think of going to your father's office." Prior to *Girl Crazy*, Ethel Zimmermann was a secretary by day and a singer by night, waiting for that one big break. And to this day, "I have never employed a secretary. I still keep up with my typing and shorthand." She's worked with the biggest and the best, had her name in lights for over 35 years, but she still remembers the early years and unlike so many younger stars of today, she believes it's always wise to have something to fall back on. If Gershwin, Porter, Berlin and Jule Styne had done her in, Ethel Merman might be a secretary today, shattering the water cooler at coffee break with a high note.

But they didn't and she isn't. Ethel Merman is one of the few who truly deserve the title of "Living Legend." She's paid her dues for many years, and while she's got a reputation along the Broadway mainstem as a tough lady who gets exactly what she wants, she's also provided a lot of work for a lot of people. To be in a Merman show is to know you're going to be working for a long time to come, and how many stars can you name who have that guaranteed box office pull today? As she says, "When I do a musical, I don't need much direction, just entrances and exits. And I've had some pretty good directors."

Good directors know enough to stand back and give her room. Ethel Merman knows what she's doing!



"Ethel Merman? Sure, I know her. Course, we never dated or nuttin'..."

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## SOCIAL COMMENTARY

# The Golden Age of Queens

by Toto le Grand

### Part Five

San Francisco, in the late 20's and 30's, left many 'good' memories. For some reason, one recalls the many parades, often once a week, and some very impromptu. None were more jolly than during the time when 'Sunny Jim' Rolph was Mayor of the City. A short, tubby man in his late 50's, 'Jim' was constantly on the 'Street'; was often riding in a parade for someone or something. This was before they started tearing up Market St. every 3 mos. or so. That's where the action was, the: from somewhere below 3rd St. (near the Palace Hotel) to the City Hall beyond Van Ness Ave.

Early on, lots of motorcycle cops would appear. . . or, lemme see. . . ? . . weren't those horse-patrolmen. . . ? Yes, I think they were, at least in the late 20's. They would sort of line the wide street, and there was much happy, sometimes bawdy, give-and-take with the crowds. The people loved the cops (then) and everybody was happy. There was at least one common denominator; men of the force were good Irish Catholics, or good Italian Catholics, and this made for a jolly Parade Day feeling. Hell!, the Archbishop might be in the next car. . . The, there'd be the usual parade delay, but not for usual reason. Y'see, first they had to find His Honor. Often, early on such a day, the Mayor would quietly slide out of City Hall, to 'get a shoeshine'. He was very vain of his small feet, always wore Western boots, and had 'em shined several times daily. This re-furbishing was done in any of a dozen — or more — bars, restaurants, or hotels, all in the Kearny-Montgomery area, on either side of Market St. And, he would wander from one place to another, in each of which people would insist on buying 'Jim' a drink, or two. So, while the cars and other vehicles (there was always a Fire Company or two) of the Parade gathered around 2nd and Market, his staff scattered in all directions to find the Mayor. When located, it was sometimes necessary to 'walk him' a bit, or otherwise get him into a respectable condition. The people loved him dearly, as much

drunk as sober; he served 10 terms as Mayor, went on to become Governor of the State.

The Parades finally got under way, and often riding in the Mayor's car (before 1930) was another San Francisco character, also much beloved citizenry, 'Miss Tessie' Wall. In her later and frequently gayer years, Tessie was often called 'The Queen of the Barbary Coast'. Actually, this was not true. It had been rumored, wrongly, that she once owned many of the 'cribs', 'cowyards', and 'parlor houses' (the three principle types of 'house' in the Barbary Coast, before it's definite closing in 1917).

Yes, before Sonny's time; as noted, the Golden Boy was swishing it up in Los Angeles, in that long distant year.

In any case, this was not true of Tessie Wall. Undoubtedly, she had worked in the Barbary Coast district (around Pacific and Montgomery Sts.) in earlier years, before the Fire (April — 1906); but it is not known that she either owned or 'managed' a place there. After the Fire, and with much of the old Barbary Coast destroyed, newer buildings, and houses, west of Kearny St and as far as Polk, became the new Uptown Tenderloin. These were almost all 'parlor houses'; almost all had a Madame (a very few were operated by men. . .) and from 5 to 30 girls each. There was much pretension of elegance and refinement in many of these places, irrespective of the basic purpose of the establishment. Anyway, this is where Tessie gained her fame, and fortune. Not only was she exceptionally versatile (it was said) she had a fine 'respectable' clientele, and she was also known for a fantastic capacity for bottled wines. She could comfortably put away a dozen bottles or more, in an evening. Miss Wall was actually short, and inclined to plumpness, but this was a 'figure' greatly admired in her business, at that time. \$

The Uptown Tenderloin flourished 'til 1917, then was severely closed down, (well, not ALL the places. . .) by civic authorities goaded on by militant church groups. They weren't 'getting any', and obviously didn't want anyone else to be pleased. Peculiarly, it was not the sins (?) committed in the houses that irked the do-gooders, but the fact that girls and young women were recruited from all over the country and brought to San Francisco. It was not what the girls did, or were to do, but the fact

that they were 'enslaved' in the first place. Adultery (per se. . .) could be overlooked, but not those nasty 'white slavers'.

While many of the 'hotels' and apartment 'houses' of the Uptown Tenderloin did close in 1917, a select few did business for another 10 lavish years. A few operators became wealthy, particularly those who bought property. Among these was La Wall, who eventually retired to an elegant apartment house in the Western Addition. Married to a gambler at this time, Tessie was strenuously jealous of his 'extra-curricular' activities. Her husband bought her a lavish home in the country, but Tessie refused to move from the City; she is credited with the often-quoted remark, ". . . I'd rather be an electric light pole on Powell St., than own all the land in the sticks. . ." After a year or so, her husband got a divorce from Miss Tessie; our lady, an ardent Catholic, didn't believe in such things, and was heard to say, that, ". . . if she couldn't have him, she'd fix him so that no other woman would want him. . ." Meeting him on the street a few days later, the excited Madame fired three bullets into him, in '. . . vital, if not lethally, parts. . .' She had done exactly as threatened. Exonerated almost at once by local courts she retired to her private home, taking with her much garish furnishings from her O'Farrell St. 'house'. She died in '32, aged 67.

Her household, in her last few years, consisted of a housekeeper and chauffeur (a colored man and wife) and a male nurse. There was a long series of these; many were interns from St. Mary's Hospital, and all were queens. Miss Tessie was bedridden during much of her last year, but before this entertained (informally) quite frequently. She liked people to drop in for 'tea', which was most often gin. Then she'd hold court! Present were often one or more of her 'old girls'; (she was usually a good touch) and usually several gay numbers of varied sex. She loved showing her wigs, and she had a dozen or more. Without one of these extravagant hair-pieces, she looked most like the popular conception of Queen Victoria; short, dumpy, and with a little bun of scant grey hair on the top of her head.

The several rooms of her 'flat' (the entire floor of a large apartment building) was like a mad antique shop;

there was more 'damned junk (as she called it) than was believable. A 200 (or more) piece dinner set, in solid gold, with initials T. W. inset in chip diamonds; a table, more than 15 feet across, a foot thick slice of real mahogany, set on short legs and beautifully polished on top. There were several beds, all well-worn polished brass numbers; at least two dozen hand-carved Chinese chests, as large as coffins and filled with 'souvenirs'. There were a great many small boxes and an equal number of round tins, such as are used for fruit cakes; these held an incredible mass of 'costume jewelry', pieces of more or less value. One 'nurse' is said to have counted 86 ornate tortoise-shell combs. And so on; it is understood that much of this was sold at public auction, after her death; almost all of the estate went to the Church.

Somewhere, in '29 or '30, Sonny met a male nurse, who was then attending Miss Wall; our boy spent two mad afternoons in her fabulous place. The 'flat', and the Madame, were fantastic. One recalls that each year, at the time of the February linen sales, in the department stores, one paper or another would do a full page spread (with pictures) of Miss Tessie inspecting the 'linens'. She was very 'big' on towels. And so, to her death, she was a beloved San Francisco Character.

It may, somehow, give an idea of the City (in that Golden Age) when two of it's best loved citizens were the drunken Mayor, and an ex-Madame.

To go back a bit, Mayor Rolph's wife was in some sort of sanitarium, she never appeared publicly; but his raunchy public adored him when he was joined in a parade by Tessie Wall.

Yes, San Francisco was a 'peculiar' place, and was certainly ideal for queens. Everyone's policy seemed to be '. . . live and let live. . .'. During many years in and out of the City, Sonny met and knew many couples who lived exactly as if they were married, though both were men (or both were women. . . ?) and these affairs were permanent.

Before passing on from our backward glance at 'houses', let Mother tell you about a different sort of house. Nowadays, there is a very elegant alley, running from Stockton to Kearney Sts., and between Geary and Post. Now known as Maiden Lane (sic!) this was once notorious Morton St. It now features exclusive and exotic boutiques and shops, some very

fancy bars and restaurants, and the like. Before 1916 this was the location of some of the City's wildest cribs and brothels. On the NE corner of Stockton and Geary, and across from the Ville de Paris (a department store), there was once a staid 3 story building, separated from the rest of the block by a narrow alley that ran along one side, from Geary to Morton (Maiden Lane). Thus, cabs, and other horse-drawn vehicles were able to drive right to a side door, on the alley, to discharge and pick up passengers. This was the notorious Spanish Woman's; clients were heavily veiled ladies, and inside were a variety of selected and horny studs, ready for action, at a price. Yes, things have not really changed so much.

In the late 20's and early 30's, there were many mad aspects of the Gay Life, in the City. 3rd and Market was a popular corner; a one-legged newsboy on one corner sold the very finest marijuana cigarettes (early 30's). The 'thing to do' where there were some deep doorways. One would blast away (the fragrance was not so readily recognizable then. . .), and then the group would move. Oh — so slowly, it seemed, up Market. In the next 4 or 5 blocks there were several chocolate shops (like Blums) and several small chili parlors. Each would be gigglingly visited, and much chili and French pastry consume. It seemed to take many delightful hours to reach Leavenworth and Market. But, read mad fun! Incidentally, Sonny may have done this a dozen times, on year; has never 'smoked any' since, nor particularly wanted to. We know it's not 'habit forming'.

Also at 3rd and Market, were the streetcars that ran to and from the Navy Base at Hunter's Point. A hundred small hotels, within two blocks, happily rented rooms to 'gentlemen' for quickies. Then too, across the street, . . . well, nearer to Mission, were the 'Baths'. These were once known as 'Jack's Baths'; then when another entrepreneur named Jack opened a fabulous baths on Post St., near Polk, the '3rd. St. Baths' seemed to take that name.

One seems to recall that there were less than half-a-dozen public Baths in the late 20's, in the City. One, and a good Bath (Turkish style) was the Haman Baths on Ellis St. Not well known was the Columbus Baths in the Italian section; this was back of Frank Martinelli's Bal Tabarin (now Bim-

bo's; . Rough, tough, Italian seamen, fishermen, truckdrivers, went here. Sonny found this place and not only went there, but kept it a secret. Mad! and of course, the paid. . .

Sonny was often taken to a private club (of wealthy retired gents, many ex-Service) on Post St. Here he'd gayly do a bathing routine, finally emerging from the steam, then the masseur, to dive into a small pool. Of course, our hero, at this point, was a slim blonde doll, but was always a little annoyed to see not only his 'patron', but many other old parties, sitting drooling about the pool. Very disconcerting.

Sometime in the mid-thirties, a Jack G. . . opened a Baths on Post St., between Polk and Van Ness. It had as many small cubicles (each with cot, chair, closet, a locking door. . .) as possible; a steam room, warm room, masseurs, showers, T-room, though no pool. The place may have been intended as a 'real' Turkish (style) Baths; it quickly developed into a mad, packed, male whore house. Any man who wanted to do practically anything 'sexual' with another man, could find it here. By midnight on Friday and Saturday nights, the Baths was filled to beyond capacity; people were doing 'their thing, or someones. . . in the hallways. . . all very impromptu. Someone spread the rumor that the U.C. football team came over from Berkeley every Monday evening; the place was mobbed, though it is doubtful if any of these athletes did appear. In those days, however, many 'men' (young, handsome, available, but still MEN) came for servicing. A rash of those people who like to make money from the vagaries of the Gay Ones, rushed into the baths business. At one time in the mid-50's there were, reportedly, 39 'baths' in San Francisco. Many were simply places for sex — of any king — between men; little likeness to a legitimate Turkish (style) Baths was even considered. A place to lock up your clothes, several 'cruising' areas; some with only a series of darkened rooms with mats on the floor, each room to accommodate as many as a dozen couples. Catch as catch can!

However, seldom — these days — is a really masculine man to be found in one of these places.

Guess we'll just have to look elsewhere, or, make do with a 'sister'.

More about the Golden Age of Queens, in our next. . .  
Toto le Grand

COOKING

# The Gourmet Shoppe

By Lou Rand

## A Lively French Number

### ESCALLOPES DE VEAU,

WE really don't like recipes with long lists of ingredients to begin with, but with this gay French *affaire*, you'll need a program.

- 1 Slice veal, cut across grain 3-4 oz. (2 for portion..?)
- 2 Chicken livers, for each veal slice
- 2 Whole med. mushrooms, "
- 2 Oz. Shredded Ham (lean)
- Oil...about 1 Tbs.
- Butter...About 2 Tbs (more later)
- Flour & white pepper, to taste
- 1 C milk(or little more)..heated
- 1 Tspn. Prepared mustard

- 2nd Sauce: Tomato paste 1/2 Tbs.
- Meat Glaze..1/2 Tbs.
- Sherry..2 Tbs (about)
- Stock (or consume)..2 Tbs.

NOTE: Above 4 items are for EACH piece of veal; if 6 pieces, multiply by 5 or 6...I told you it was complicated....

Veal pieces are nicely shaped, trimmed if needed; all same thickness. Note the 3 - 4 oz. - suggest 2 smaller ones for a serving, or 1 larger one (Decisions, already!)

Put 1 tsp. oil in large skillet, add butter. When quite hot, very quickly brown pieces of veal on one side only. Take veal from skillet, lay pieces singly, cooked side down, on lightly oiled flat pan (or baking sheet). (No, dear, not that old routine about baking sheets again today...!) Cover these temporarily with foil, to keep warm.

Keep that 1st skillet (veal) hot - add quickly the sherry (1 tsp.) for each piece of veal - swish it about the pan, picking up all meat residue. Set this pan aside, but keep just warm enough, though not on heat.

In 2nd skillet, with a little more oil, butter (I trust that this standard frying procedure is taking hold - in other words: butter alone, burns to a *nasty*. So, we use part oil, put in pan first...) - saute the coarsely-chopped chicken livers, just til no longer red...then add coarsely chopped mushroom, and lastly, (just long enough to heat it through ) the shredded ham. Stir in the still warm sherry glaze from the 1st skillet. Mix together. Put about 1 Tbspn. (spread out) of this mixture on each piece of veal, on the *uncooked*, upper side.... *Pause*....sample some brandy to see if it's full strength, good flavor...no, we don't need it in this dish, but it's a helluva an idea...no?)

Meanwhile, in a small, heavy saucepan, make a roux (sort of paste) of 1/2 Tbs. oil, then 1 1/3 Tbs of very soft butter, and work in 2 (or a little more) Tbs. of flour. Stir this together, then work in about 1 c. of fairly hot milk (NO, not near boil), and whip together to make it about 1 1/4 c. of medium Cream sauce. (This may be lightly seasoned with salt and white pepper). Now bring up nearly to near-boil - stir in 3 or 4 Tbs. Parmesan Cheese (grated), and 1 tspn. of prepared mustard. Simmer this sauce for 3 - 4 minutes.

Cover just the veal pieces with this cream sauce, and over the mixture of ham, mushroom and liver, sprinkly sparsely with more of the Parmesean cheese and also sprinkle fairly well with melted butter. Run the flat pan (or sheet) with the veal pieces, onto the top shelf of a pre-heated 450\* oven. Cook here from 4 - 8 minutes - if cream sauce begins to discolor, move sheet down to lower shelf in oven.

Meantime, back in that 1st skillet, and FOR EACH PIECE OF VEAU: 1 scant tsp. Tomato paste, 1/4 tspn. meat glaze ( V.P. is one brand), 1 tsp sherry, 1 tspn. stock (or canned consume). NOTE: These last amounts are for EACH piece of veal; if you have 6 pieces of veal, multiply the Tomato paste, meat glaze, sherry and stock, given above, by 6...stirring together in the skillet - bring this to a near-boil.

Take the veal pieces from the oven (no longer than 8 min.), place

one or two on a heated serving plate. Cream sauce and cheese should be just faintly browned. Spoon the last sauce (just above) around the pieces of veal...Around, NOT over. Serve small *Noisette* or *Parisian* potatoes, with this typically French preparation. A green vegetable would also seem to be called for, such as "just cooked " fresh green broccoli (do NOT salt the water - add 1/2 tsp. sugar instead), with some pungent garlic-butter over it... would seem right.

Escallopes de Veau, Maintenon, is a classic French number, almost anything you do after this, would be *anti-climax*, says jolly ole....

### POOPER-POPPIN CHILI!

Over the years, *Chili* has become an increasingly popular American dish. Many assume this to be really Mexican food, but research has decided that it is an American creation...cooked in a Mexican Border style. This makes everyone happy, and so, we have *chili*; some wonderful, some terrible. While some of this last kind is quickly and cheaply thrown together, it jes' ain't good chili. A marvelous chili may be moderately expensive, have some un-heard of ingrediants, take hours of patient cooking, and, as here, is worth making, a big pot, as it will keep very well. Without more ado, let's make us some *pooper-poppin chili*.

Mix together: 1/2 to 1 c. of coarsely-chopped fresh beef suet (from the butcher)

3 lbs. coarsely chopped (or ground leanish beef, (tell the Butch it's for Chili)

1 lb. coarse-chopped lean pork.

In another pot mix:

4 c. coarse-chopped onion  
1/2 c. (or more) peeled & minced fresh garlic,

1/2 c. paprika,

1/2 c. chili powder,

1/2 tsp. (or more) Cayenne Pepper  
4 tsp. salt,

2 Tbs. sugar,

1 (scant) tsp. ground cloves.

In a pie pan (or other) put:

3 lbs. whole cumino seed,

1 Tbs Whole coriander seed,

1 Tsp. chia seed (hard to get - optional)

A large Bay Leaf,

1 Tbs Rosemary,

2 Tbs Whole Oregano leaves,

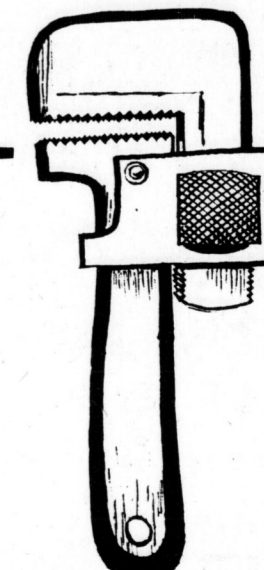
1 Tbs Sweet Basil leaves.

Put this pan of herbs into a 400\*

oven for 5 or 6 min. of toasting; (why toast...?..look what roasting does for dull green coffee beans - the same here, it brings out all the flavor). The writer here recalls that years ago he bought some herbs and seeds at a 'Coffee & Tea' store, on Polk, above Sutter, sorta across from the New Bell (which wasn't really *new* even back then...). Back to chili..on hand have open a large can (18 - 20 oz.) of standard pack tomatoes; dump 'em in a bowl and mash up by hand. In another pot, we've got about 2 qts. of good stock, or canned buillon, or water with buillon cubes. Now, let's cook.

In a heavy pot, brown the meats well, turning and stirring. After about 1/2hr., add the onions and garlic and the things with them. While these simmer together, the already toasted seeds and herbs, are put into the corner of a cloth and pounded into a coarse powder. Put this through the sifter, then pound all the rougher bits, etc - get it all. Toss this seasoning (actually this cook holds out about 1/4 of this mixed seasoning to add to the cooking chili during the last hr. of cooking..). Cook it all together for a few minutes. (Actually - again - we'd

(Continued Next Page)



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better admit that 'we' like to do all this first cooking on a roaster pan in the oven; now that it is all mixed together, we go to the iron pot...). To the meats, seasonings, onions, etc., we add the tomato and about 2/3 of the stock (liquid). More liquid can and will be added as the chili cooks; for this it is suggested that 1/2 stock, with 1/2 tomato juice, is a good mixture. However, one should avoid having the chili too 'tomato-ee'. Well seasoned MEAT, is what we want to taste.

The pot of chili is cooked, very slowly (over low heat that makes just occasional bubbles) for at least 5 hrs; two or three more hrs. are even better. At first, there will be some risen *scum* that is skimmed off; if a great deal of fat comes to the surface, skim some away, though 'good chili' is supposed to be a little 'greasy'; most fanciers like it that way. During all the cooking (in the pot) keep - in the pot - a long handled wooden spoon; give the cooking chili an occasional stir. The spoon may also prevent scorching, though meat should never be high enough for this.

When ready to serve, take out as much of the chili as you'll want at that

time; prop the rest up - in the pot, so that it will cool naturally. Looking about you in your kitchen, you call in a dear friend or someone, just wave at the assorted dirty pots, pans, bowls, etc....and swoon! Someone will clean it all up...you hope.

When ready to serve, and you wish to add something to the chili, such as beans, heat them, separately, drain them, then just dump into the chili. Chili is fine with macaroni (cooked), or with spaghetti (all the pastas), or over hot cornbread, and things like that. If you like HOTTER chili, a bottle of Tabasco Sauce on the table will take care of it nicely.

The cold, left-over chili is put into jars or canning glasses, sealed and put in the bottom of the fridge. If containers are only filled 3/4 full, they may be frozen...to be properly thawed out when needed. Or, as many cooks do...remaining chili is heated thoroughly; pint Mason-type jars are heated in large pot of boiling water, with tops, etc. Very hot chili is poured into the jars, to 1/2 in. from top. A thin layer of parafine is poured over. JARS are set to cool. When nearly cold, a thicker layer of parafine is added to top of first one. Then, tops and rings are screwed on, tightly. When jars are completely cold, they may be stored in any cool place, not necessarily in the fridge.

Anyway, it's all good clean fun...make some Chili, have a ball!!  
Lou Rand



"Wouldja believe, da cookin' columns my favorite column in de whole paper!"



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**a  
film view**  
BY MONTEZUMA

**The Savage  
Is Loose**

At the beginning of this film there is a voice-over by George C. Scott that asks the audience to vote after seeing the film, whether or not they think the "R" rating on the film is justified. Mr.



George C. Scott takes to a desert isle in his new film, "The Savage is Loose."

Scott tells us that the film we are about to see is not really about incest but rather about love, death and survival. So naturally when the film starts you are on guard for the incest theme. Although there is no nudity or vulgar language or excessive violence, I did feel that an "R" rating was warranted in that I don't think a person younger than 17 would see beyond the obviousness of the incest theme and into the parable that Scott is trying so hard to show.

The story deals with a husband, wife and male child who we first meet after their having lived seven years as castaways on a tropical island. We are

spared the Disneyesque trip of house building and food gathering, etc. and immediately get to the psychological effects of such a way of life. The mother -- well played by Trish Van Devere (Mrs. George C. Scott) - wants her young son (Lee H. Montgomery) to know about the worlds of civilization that he is missing out on, but Papa George aims to show him just how to survive in the world he is living in now - the jungle.

The first half of the film deals with Scott's teachings of jungle survival versus the tales of civilization by Ms. Van Devere. The young boy's loyalties are torn, but after years of dreaming of a world he has never seen but only heard about, he turns away from the past memories of his mother's world.

We then progress to the point where young Montgomery grows up to be John David Carson. Carson is now a teenage Tarzan who is struggling with his own emotions and sexual awakenings. Since the only woman on the island is his mother, she becomes the first outlet for his fantasies and desires. Is it wrong for the boy to want to make physical love to this mother since she is the only woman there - after all, who did Cain beget children with, if his mother, Eve, was the only woman there? This is the main problem brought up in the film and although Scott tries to use this problem as a parable on mankind's struggle for survival and love, it doesn't really work on the grand scale level; but on the person-to-person level, it becomes a taut and intriguing idea with a very interesting conclusion.

The acting is excellent all around, within the four cast film, with Ms. Van Devere and young Carson being able to relate the torment they are going through, with very little words. After all, since they have been living on this island together for so many years,

words have grown scarce and much is conveyed by looks.

The film gives us a different look at a story that has been presented in many other ways. This seems a much more realistic look on the effects of living away from civilization would have on people. The loneliness, despair and yet the will to live is all captured in this film which eventually does provide an answer to the questions it poses. After all, if you are your own civilization unto yourselves, why do you have to be governed by the rules of society to which you no longer are part?

**PORNO CORNER**

*Adam and Yves*, currently running at the **Nob Hill**, has many things going for it, unfortunately they go all at once and in different directions.

Written and directed by Peter DeRome, the film endeavours to satire various filmmakers and their films and only partially succeeds. Mr. De Rome assumes that people who see porno films of this type are also familiar with the works of Bunel, Cocteau, Mamoulian and other elite directors. Without knowledge of these film makers, the viewer becomes an outsider to a very "inside" joke. Since the viewer might just have to be content with what is at hand, then Mr. DeRome fails in almost every sequence.

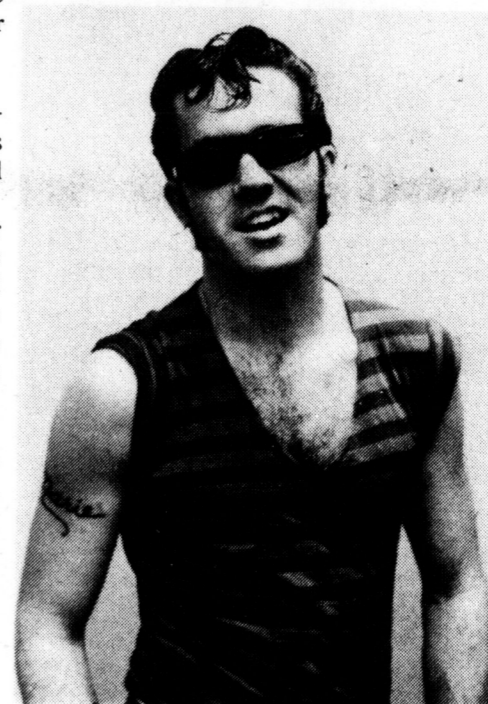
The slim plotline is really a varied one with the central movement that of an American Adam meeting a strange French boy (Yves) who refuses throughout the film to tell him his name (maybe the boy was smart enough to know that the coupling would be too corny for words). They first meet and go through a very *Last Tango In Paris* trip with Marcus Giovanni (Yves) playing Maria to Michael Hardwick (Adam)'s Brando character. All that's missing is the butter.

In the second sequence, we get lovemaking to poetry as Hardwick poetically details *A Day for a Lay* in the style of W.H. Auden. This features Kirk Luna (*Drive* star) in a New York setting.

Next we get a masturbation fantasy a la Cocteau - through a keynote with Narcissus (Bill Young). Back to Paris we go for a romp with Adam and Yves and the ghost of Great Garbo. If you've seen *Queen Christina*, the section provides mild amusement before settling in for another sex bout.

The men are all various degrees of N.Y. types (even the French boy is played by an Italian who looks like from the Bronx). The dubbing of the voices is especially bad. The original music by David Ernest isn't half as interesting as his previous score for *Drive*. It's really all a case of trying to much, too soon, but yet better than too little too late.

Gotta run...eyes to the silver screens...the Thanksgiving turkeys are soon to be arriving....Luv.



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**THE MIDNIGHT SPOOP**



by  
**DONALD  
MCLEAN**

**Charles Pierce &  
Beach Blanket  
Babylon**

I reviewed *Beach Blanket Babylon* when it played the *Savoy-Tivoli* and said at that time it was the best show in the city. Now it is at **Olympus**



Nancy Bleiweiss as Glinda in "Beach Blanket Babylon" with the Nelson and Jeanette of the candy set.

and it's still the best show in town, even better than before. That magnificent talent, Nancy Bleiweiss, is still killing the audiences with her Glinda and Carmen Miranda renditions. Mary-Cleere Haran is showcased much better than before, with a new *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* a la Mary Martin and exhibiting her tapping abilities as she leads five -- count 'em, five! -- dancing Christmas trees through a smash routine. James Thomason-Bergner has given the four French poodles excellent arrangements and Steve Silver has rehearsed to a fine hone the eight member company so that the 90 minutes zip by far too quickly. A splendid male quartette has been added to the show -- James Arrington, Tony Michaels, John Noles and Phillip Tobus -- with each gentleman getting his individual moment in the spotlight. The lunacy is wilder than ever, a triumph of talent over reason. The show is tighter than before, the new material only enhancing what was already a riotously funny evening. You owe it to yourself to see *Beach Blanket Babylon*; it's like finding a diamond at the bottom of a Cracker Jack box!

It is pointless to review the Charles Pierce Show since it closed



Charles Pierce -- didja ever have one of those nights?!

unexpectedly early on Nov. 9th. Suffice to say, it was not Mr. Pierce's finest hour, a show with too much clutter and too little substance, though Kitty Litter managed a few hilarious moments with an Ann Miller takeoff. **Olympus** is now undergoing radical changes. The Pierce Show has closed and *Beach Blanket Babylon* will play one show nightly Wed. Thurs. and Sun and 2 shows on Fri. and Sat. at a \$3.00 cover charge. The waiters in togas are a thing of the past; suit and tie is now the order of the evening and I suggest you go soon if you want to catch

*Babylon* -- every show thus far that has opened at **Olympus** has closed without notice long before the announced closing date. Mr. Pierce decided to withdraw rather than face another union picket line, a la *Applause*, so now **Olympus** also has union problems to contend with. Pierce will now vacation and rest up for his forthcoming New York opening on Dec. 25th.

**Rickets**



Dolores Deluxe watching "Rickets."

**I Almost Got Them!**

It was a cold, dank, dreary, rainy Wednesday evening...and that was **INSIDE** the **Montgomery Playhouse**, where a piffling trifle entitled *Rickets*: *A Day in the Life of the Counter Culture* was playing. The tattered remnants of the Cockettes have put together their first structured book show with original music and lyrics, about one day in the lives of the employees of Rickets Dept. Store. It was a clever idea that died stillborn.

The ultimate praise of the Cockettes was "outrageous." While they may not have been greatly talented, they were often amusing and inventive. However, fads die quickly and "outrageous" drag, 30's camp and parodies of old Maria Montez films is now commonplace, if not on the verge of being passe. The idea behind *Rickets* is indeed a giant step forward, spoofing the mundane lives of the little common people who droan out their daily existence. And performers such as Pristine Condition, Scrumby (who also wrote the music), David Baker Jr., and Candida Royale do reveal

glimmerings of genuine talent when the script rarely permits them. The one totally satisfying performance of the show is Dolores Deluxe, as the vericosed-veined tap dancing gum-chewing waitress. She's marvelously "outrageous." A zombie-like lady named Elizabeth Bursis drifts through the show as if she'd had her face bronzed, and something named Janice Sukaiti plays the ladies room attendant like a demented Joan Davis. If it sounds funny, I've mislead you. This torpid testimonial to untalented trivia serves only to eliminate the need of nembatal.

The book is incredibly unfunny, the original score is not original but derivative and while the basic concept is hilarious on paper (the store detective posing as a mannequin, the bargain shopper who will buy anything marked down), the wit is not there to bring it to life onstage. The few entertaining moments do not compensate for the long dull stretches; they have tried so hard to avoid being just outrageous they have lost the sense of fun as well.

Warped Floors Productions is a very self-contained company -- they not only write, produce, direct and

star in their own show, they also write their own reviews (witness the press kit handed out opening night). It's a pity they have not figured out a way yet to sit out front and applaud themselves as well.

**Michael Owen  
Show at  
the Palace**

Strike your gong, beat your breasts, moan and wail -- the Peekarama porno house is dead!! Those inspirational dimly lit home movies of your friendly neighborhood nymphettes, shot by one-handed cameramen with a Kodak brownie, are gone from Turk Street. The bottomless broads are forced to return to Broadway, usurped by one intrepid male singer who keeps most of his clothes on most of the time. For porno lovers, it is a most grievous loss!!

But for the rest of us, shout halleluja! The newly redecorated **Palace Theatre** is now an attractive red-and-gold 100 seat vaudeville house with old fun films and four stage shows a day (2, 4:30, 8:00 & 10:30 daily).

**BADLANDS**



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MIDNIGHT SNOOP (Continued)



Michael Owen

Opening night, I had to forgoe Esther Williams *Dangerous When Wet* (and dull when dry) in lieu of prior commitments, but I saw all 90 minutes of the opening stage show. I saw Ray

Jason have to open cold juggling an assortment of lethal-looking objects while the three-piece combo watched fascinated, so fascinated they couldn't even play an occasional drum roll. I saw the fastest five minutes in show biz, Baby Honda, a 310 pound ballerina in pink scuffies twirl half-heartedly a roll of toilet paper; not perhaps the ideal act for Ted Mack, but definitely not your run-of-the-mill basic flashily talented opening act. I saw Dr. Lovecraft's Magical Medicine Show, the best actual vaudeville style act, a solid magician with a scene-stealing pigeon. The pigeon knew when to get off; Dr. Lovecraft didn't. It's a good act that needs trimming. And I saw Michael Owen.

Michael Owen is an exciting dynamo of a performer. The trio finally picked up their instruments and proved to be first rate musicians. Mr. Owen offers a varied selection of material, his *Deep in the Night* and *Never Never Land* especially fine, and while his bursting energy is commendable, at times he's too overpowering for the size of the room. He also needs to cut the show down to one hour total, allowing himself the final 30 minutes with no break for a solid

build. But it's opening week, folks; just getting the theatre remodeled and open was a major achievement and I'm sure changes will be made in the show format now that it's been tested in front of an audience.

It's the idea of the return-to-vaudeville format that is so great. The press and television coverage has been fantastic and now it remains to see if there is enough good talent in our city to continuously change the show every two weeks and maintain the level of quality. Owen performs only at the evening shows, with different acts in the afternoon schedule (Toad the Mime never opened due to conflicts), so there is a lot of work available for qualified talents. Drop by soon and catch a couple of old movies and new, young talent in one of the oldest entertainment forms in the world. The potential is unlimited!

### Something's Afoot

#### SUPER SLEUTH SPOOF!

Remember fun and froth? (No, it's not an old vaudeville team, dum dum!) Remember good old-fashioned entertainment? Remember Agatha Christie ...and Miss Jane Marple? And buck-and-wing routines? And musicals where the singers can actually sing? Well, if you're old enough to remember any of these, then you are of legal age to appreciate A.C.T.'s new gem, *Something's Afoot*.

James McDonald, David Vos and Robert Gerlach have taken the basic plot of Christie's *10 Little Indians*, incorporated every cliché English mystery character in a 1935 deserted island mansion, written 10 merry musical numbers (actually there are 11, but I didn't like one) and then wisely entrusted their musical mystery spoof to a brilliant English director, Tony Tanner, who in turn sought out a superlative cast to make this fragile vehicle bubble and burst in an explosion of talent.

The real star of this non-star ensemble company is Richard Seger, for his amazing set. As you enter the theater and are seated by the Sherlock Holmes ushers, you gaze upon a creaky, spacious rambling old museum piece of a house. As the two acts unfold, you learn not to trust any stick of furniture in it, as (I promise not to reveal too much) Lettie the maid is sucked to a violent death by a 4 foot Ming vase, or Clive the Butler



Lu Leonard, Pamela Myers and Barbara Heuman take a stab at Willard Beckham in "Something's Afoot," one of the brightest spots on the theatrical scene.

Photo by William Ganslen

suddenly explodes on the staircase. Nothing is what it appears to be, providing much of the fun and surprise of the evening. The deaths are all diabolically ingenious, and it becomes a question not of who will be next but how they will die.

In case you haven't boned up on your Christie lately, let me remind you -- 10 people are invited for a mysterious weekend to an old mansion by an unseen host, and one by one they meet gruesome (but funny) deaths. With "stiff upper lip" English resolve, the survivors dance and sing around the remains, illicit relationships are revealed, hidden walls are found and the ingenue and juvenile, paragons of virtue and innocence, manage to find time to fall in love between bashings. And all played in rollicking tongue-in-cheek style.

Heading the assortment of diverse types is Lu Leonard, a rotund lady whose talent matches her size, as a Jane Marple type sleuth who deduces solutions (usually wrong) from being an avid mystery buff. And just before the final denouement, she bursts into *I Owe It All*, giving thanks to the various famous detective writers for their assistance, with straw hat and softshoe. Gary Beach is magnificent as the precious nephew, up to no good, his one solo *The Legal Heir* (as he scales the set and high notes with equal ease) a showstopping delight. Barbara Heuman is wonderfully vapid as Hope Langdon, heiress ingenue with a clear soprano, and Liz Sheridan as the grande dame with a demimonde

such a pleasure to see, all brought together under the genius of Tony Tanner.

I gladly forgive A.C.T. for those dreary evenings of Lorca and Ibsen for this one bright, shining new production. I haven't laughed so hard or been so entertained since Ma got caught in the outhouse in a windstorm.

*Something's Afoot* is now playing at the **Marines Memorial Theatre**... hopefully for years and years to come!

## Where's Charley? Dying a Slow Death in Oakland!

Producers Associates, who bring us the Woodminster Summer Musicals, are currently giving us their Winter disaster. *Where's Charley* originally opened on Broadway in 1948 and ran 792 performances; as I sat in the gorgeous Kaiser Aud. Theatre in Oakland trying to avoid dozing off, I wondered if perhaps George Abbott's book and Frank Loesser's music were just too dated in 1974 to appreciate. But no, the script is still hilarious

(Continued Next Page)

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Ann Hamilton, Bob Lester as "Charley's Aunt" and Cindy Pingree

today; I guess somebody just forgot to tell Producers Associates.

To say this is a high school production is doing a great disservice to the teenage students of America. It's simply the most deadly evening I've spent in years. A show like *Rickets* is far more the forgivable failure, because they are attempting to do something new and creative and show genuine talent along the way. But to take a solid established piece of good theatre and massacre it is really inexcusable.

I believe it is the moral obligation of a critic to always find the good as well as the bad in anything --

therefore, I am pleased to mention that Cindy Pingree makes an adorable Amy, David McClellan is a sturdy Jack and Sarah Rosin gives the most polished performance of the evening and on an obviously very limited budget, Luigi Santini has created a lovely garden setting and May Clifton has costumed what little color the show has (though someone should tell Ms. Clifton about a wonderful new invention called an iron).

Robert Lester plays the roles of Charley and his own Aunt at the same level -- a maniacal Zasu Pitts. He overacts ferociously, sings flat and manages the neat trick of turning

Once in Love With Amy into a throwaway. On Amy, he did an encore, apparently for his own edification.

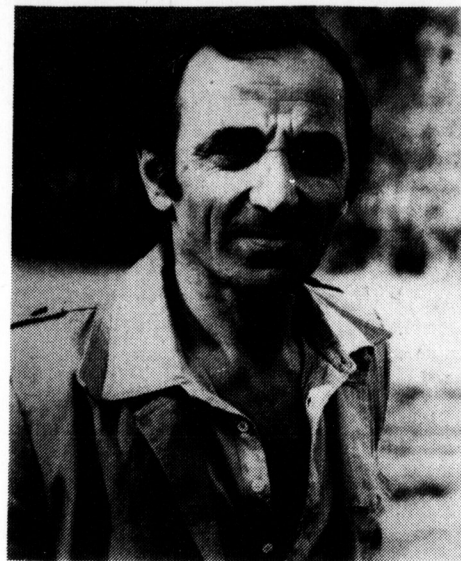
Harriet Schlader has choreographed the limpid chorus with the regimentation of a Marine drill sergeant. Every big number looks like at any moment they could all "present arms," with two basic steps throughout -- one-two-three-kick and the minuet. H. James Schlader has directed on the theory it's hard to hit a moving target and the girl's chorus sing in tremulous shrill sopranos while two young ladies in the corner tinkle on the piano.

There is one word I have never used in reviewing shows, but now is the appropriate time to break it out -- *Where's Charley* is GHASTLY!! I know exactly where Charley is, he's being desecrated in Oakland, a ceremony that will be repeated on Nov. 15th and 16th at 8:30 at \$5.00 a head, for those who wish to help the economy and can still afford to buy a pound of sugar.

## glitter and the gay

### QUICKIES

Roz Clark, a new singing star with a four octave range and formerly in the L.A. cast of *Hair*; is now appearing at **Jackson's Penthouse** for two weeks. Anita O'Day follows her in on 27th for two weeks, then the marvelous Helen Forrest of the big band era will bring her *Green Eyes* in on Dec. 11th, and popular favorite Dede Warwick returns on Xmas day thru Jan 5th. A solid lineup to close 1974.



French singer/composer Charles Aznavour will appear at the Masonic Aud. on Sat. Nov. 16th and the Oakland Paramount on Sun. Nov. 17th at 8:30 in concert. Mr. Aznavour was seen in Truffaut's "Shoot the Piano Player," "Candy," "Games" and recently appeared on a television special with Liza Minelli. Call box office for reservations.

The Katie Hepburn lookalike last issue -- who was it? Answer -- Raquel Welch.

The Committee returns to San Francisco Nov. 19th thru Dec. 1st at the **Boarding House Theatre**, 960 Bush St. And *The Wing* returns to the **Savoy-Tivoli** the latter part of this month for yet another engagement. Two good shows, always providing a fun evening.

And as the cast of *Beach Blanket Babylon* would sing (and they do!) -- "So long for a while, thats all the songs..."



"Hey! Why din't dat crumb mention me and my gang are gonna be at **Circle Star** in San Carlos on Nov. 21st for one night only? Cheez!"

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BAR EVENTS & NEWS

**SOUTHERN SCANDALS**  
**MARCUS EMPEROR I**

The CMC Carnival last weekend was, as expected, another sellout; merrymakes from all over our fair(y) state flocked to Seaman's Hall to participate in the Ninth Annual blast of blasts with three busloads from Mike's Corral in Long Beach being the largest contingent. Congratulations to the CMC and also to the new Mr. CMC Carnival.

While thousands romped their way through a hedonistic weekend here in Our Town, a big showing of the San Francisco royalty and other fun seekers opted to spend the weekend in

Portland for the Coronation of the 17th Rose Empress. On a flight headed by Emperor Bob and Empress Frieda, the title holders and other personalities on board the flight were a merry band and engulfed the warmth and friendliness of our sister city to the north. On Saturday Night, the 2nd Edition of the Kopp Out Kapers was presented at Darcelle XV Tavern and under the direction of the fantastic Jay Noonan, the show was well received with several of our stellar attractions onstage for the hilarious review and the presentation of the awards for that night. Again, congratulations to the new Empress of Portland

**November 15th is the Deadline** for all applications for the 2nd Annual Closet Ball contestants. Several of our manlier species are running around in closets practicing stance, poise, grace and femininity (are you ready) and some surprise entries have been promised. The list of nominees for the Spoon Awards was made public last weekend and some surprises were evident as several people exclaimed: "I haven't been stirring shit, why am I on the list?"...are you ready for that?

At any rate, the extravaganza is on November 23rd at the Miyako Hotel and it promises to be an evening of High Camp for everyone involved either as an observer, a closet queen candidate or a spoon nominee. Tickets are on-sale for \$5.00 and going fast, so be there or be square. Super MC Randy Johnson will appear onstage in HIGH DRAG with gown and make up by HERMAN and hair by some super stylist. Tables are on a first-come, first-served basis and the doors open at 7:30 PM. See you at the Closet Ball.

**Have You Tried Dining at Grandma's House** in Oakland? Nelda and friend are running that place now and from all recent reports - it has exceeded it's past performance in the cuisine department - too bad some of our columnists have to resort to racial slurs and ethnic digs when writing about people in the community. The words "spick", "nigger" and other degrading inuendos toward people is just a sign of frustration and insecurity and such trash is as bad as the writer's character...Ron Ross (formerly Emma May Von Gay) ducked out of all his dates in Portland and decided to stay here because he's madly in love with Bill Quantas of the Ramrod...Richard Novak, Tom Avila and Ed Buttram are sharing a house out in the avenues called Park Place and from all the goings and comings of bikes, dykes, drag queens and leather dudes, you are all able to understand what the neighbors think; poor Mark Calhoun at the Round Up had to tend bar for an hour while Richard went home to change his levis due to a diarrhea attack the other night...Wasn't Halloween fun? Polk Street was madness; the SofM bars were packed in anticipation of the busses promised but Casino Vegas was the hottest one around and won 10 prizes out of the 11 bars they visited. The Golden Dildeaux Express didn't do too bad either in the prize department - the group on that bus was a lot of fun except for Dale (Mr. Kalendar) who indeed proved that he was born a follower and not a leader...Have you seen Lady Avon behind the bar at the N'Touch? Now here is a person who is a true credit to the community - he works and supports EVERYTHING and is indeed a great help to our Town...The Grand Opening of the N'Touch was a gasser. Congrats to Nikki of the Dave's Baths for the outstanding Egyptian costume and winning the \$500 prize.

There is no denying that the N'Touch is the new IN place on Polkstrasse... Hear tell the Elephant Walk on the corner of world famous 18th & Castro is about to open from all reports promises to take the lead in that area...I don't know what the qualifications were to be a "cup bearer" at the New Olympus Club, but it's obvious looks were the main consideration; the cup bearers I encountered on Halloween were sullen, indignant when asked for service, and generally unfriendly and rude; the deejay in the Narcissus Room, Tom, was the only friendly person in the place but why shoulder him with all the responsibility?...The manager of the Yerba Buena Village, Paul, told me that they are trying to discourage the wearing of leather in that quiet and beautiful bistro, so take a change of clothes along with you if you plan to dine on their superb cuisine and ask for Larry the waiter - he's super and efficient...the End Up is still packing 'em in and no wonder - you meet the handsome Marty right at the front door and then Tom Vetrano and Lonnie smack you with superb swift service - it's really a gas...Hear Bill Bailey bought the Wild Goose; Don Berry says it's not for sale; what's going on?...For late night snacks, you MUST try the Grubstake II on Pine & Polk - ask for Mike - he knows what's going on all over town...SF's Groovy Guy is indeed groovy - inside and

out!...Congrats to you Raiph and your new love, Shiloh, formerly of the Bayou on the Peninsula.

Trying to write this on the place enroute to Portland - have a good weekend and welcome Hector and Gardner after a well-deserved vacation in Aloha land.

Mister Marcus

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"AHHEM"  
"COUGH"**

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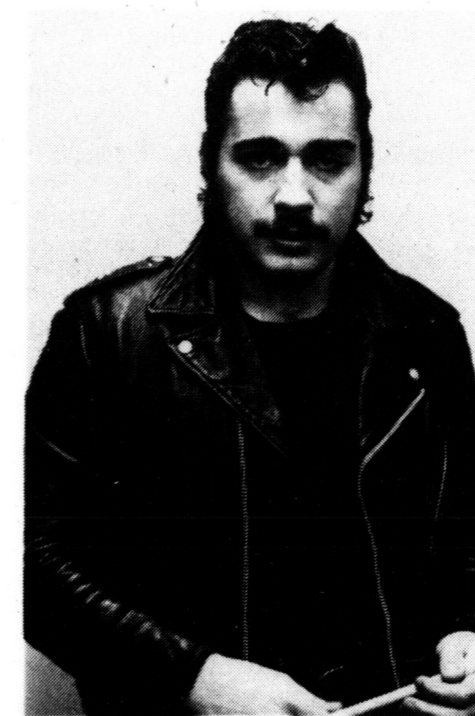


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# Tidbits

by the Bay



**AROUND TOWN**

David of the **Mistake** has bought the **Mule** on Market St. Had a great brunch with my friends from Seattle at the **Fickle Fox**. T.J., it was fun bitching with you. That lovely face serving drinks is John Fasco. They'll do anything to get you to drink faster and with him, it's a pleasure! Did you know our own Countess of the Faralones, Foxie, has found herself a sugar daddy and is moving to Monterrey...and at her age too. Have you seen the ripcord on Scotty's pants at the **Ramrod**? I would love to pull it as he is quite a hunk. Bill, I love the shirt you were not wearing! How can a girl watch a movie with all that behind the bar? Had a real fun Sunday afternoon at the **Pendulum** with Kenny & Tom. Loved what was left of your pants. If you have a problem on Sat. or Sunday morning, this is the

place to go to, as Irene is their morning bartender and that wonderful nut could make you forget anything. Did you see that love, Jeff? He's the part-time bartender at the **527**...well, Mike of the **Ramrod**, did not lose any time snatching that one up. And by the way, Gary of the **Roundup**, also has a new love and is living in the Sunset yet. Have you seen the new barn decor at the **Wild Goose**? And with horse collars yet. If not, go Sunday or Monday, Bob is a real doll! Did you get that body pitching hay, love? The **Q.T.** is really looking great! They have rearranged the whole room. The bar is in the center with a macrame drape around the top and the lamps have beautiful macrame shades. As you enter the room (from the corner now), there is a water fountain and Warren tells me he hopes to be open about the middle of Nov. The **N'Touch** had quite

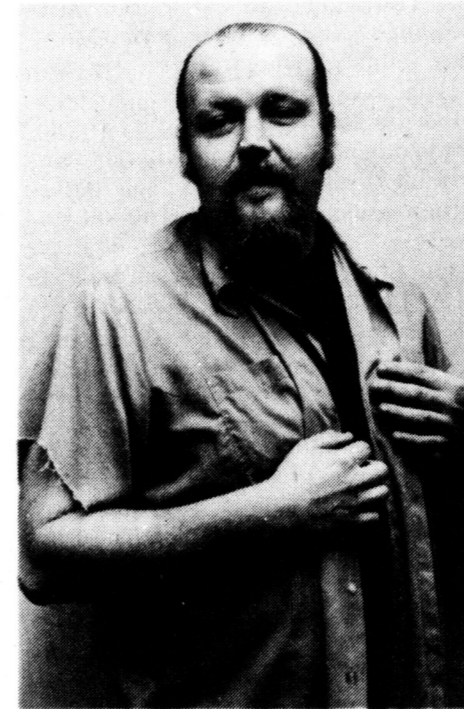
a group on Sat. afternoon...Dick was busy waiting on Polk St. Sally, Jay Noonan, Jack A. and a host of others, incl. Fat Lips and George of **Grandma's House** fame. Stop at the **New Bell** (love the soft music) and had a nip with Steve. There will be a coming out party at the **Score 11** Mon. Nov. 18th for two of my favorite people, Darrell & Tony L. Love you both! Don't forget the Closet Ball Nov. 23 at the Miyako Hotel and if that does not turn you on, they are holding the Spoon Awards the same night. I wonder who be bitch of the Emma? Bill McWilliams & what young actor are the new twosome in L.A.? He just finished *Earthquake* w/ C. Heston & E. Gardner and Shampoo with W. Beatty. I think his first initial is J. as in Jay. Loved seeing Frank behind the bar at the **Badlands** and by the way, the dinners are just as great as ever! Still no lettuce leaves, but good hot food. For that little extra something special, try **Just Desserts** at 248 Church St. Thank you **Tavern Guild** for a wonderful evening. The Ball was the best yet and what a show. The kids really went all out. The Empress Ball will be at the Palace Hotel as will Michael's Anniv. show in Jan. 1975. Thanks to the group at the **Mind Shaft** for being a great group to work with! Thanks to Shila & MaMa Peck for a fun evening at your Grand Duke & Duchess party. Did you know Holly is coming out of his closet at the **Horney Owl**? I am very proud of the Gay Community. The turnout for the Empress was great! 1168 votes. Right On. Have you seen Rexann and Perry 2 on roller skates behind the bar at the **Royal Palace**? In the "get your money's worth" dept., the **Laurel Theatre** now gives you a 3 hour program. If you can take it that long. Empress Lola of Seattle has reserved the entire Seattle **Space Needle** for her awards Sunday, Feb. 9th and the Coronation will be the following week, Feb. 16th. I had the President of the Seattle Committee, as a house guest for a week, along with two friends, Terry & Murel. They wanted to take Fred, the lunch waiter at the **Purple Pickle**, home. I made them put him back and they got lost on Folsom St. for days. Welcome to our city and hurry back.

**CHINESE CHECKERS**

Don, formerly of the **Fickle Fox**, is now at **Jackson's** and Ron W. of the **Twin Peakes** is now at the **Fickle Fox**. Irene is now at the **Pendulum** Sat. &

Sun. mornings. Bob Page, who used to be with **Big Town** is now at the **Adonis Book Store**. Mother Phil, the cooker at the **527 Club** is now at the **\*P.S. Scotty**, of the **Horney Owl** is now at the **Purple Pickle**. Suzy and Don have left the **Truck Stop** and are now with **Olympus**, as is Charley from the **Cabaret**. George, who used to be at the **Cloud 7**, can now be seen at the **Hob Nob**. Bob Renkers (Remember him from the **Ally Cat**?) is now behind the bar at the **Handle Bar** in Seattle. Don, formerly of the **Mocombo** and the **Trojan Shield** of Seattle, is now at the **Royal Palace**. Butch, of the **Gangway**, is now at the **Play Pen**. Rick of the **Turf Club**, is back at the **Turf Club** via the **527**. Butch (of L.A. fame) formerly of the **Wood Shed** in L.A. is now shipping out of San Francisco.

30...Kiddies  
Perry



"I always read Perry. He's so...erudite."

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**BAR EVENTS & NEWS**



1168 beautiful people turned out at **S.I.R. Center** to vote for Empress X de San Francisco and I for one would not try to predict who won...much thanks to all of the people who helped in the balloting and to the candidates and their monitors for doing such a good job...remember, if you didn't take the time to vote, you don't have to bitch about the outcome or the way the Empress X conducts her year.

For a fun afternoon on Saturday, the 16th of November from 1 til 4, the 'Yoo-Hoo' Room of **Sutters Mill** will be having a Baby Shower for Jovanna, their cook...and Irene will be the hostess, so come on down and you might even get to see the baby being born that afternoon as it is that close...right Jovanna?

Miyako Hotel...November 23rd... 8 P.M....the 'Closet Ball'...a Benefit

for the **S.F.T.G. Building Fund**...don't miss it.

A "misprint" in the last **B.A.R.** for the Frisco's Folly Kopp Out Kapers Awards...Marriage & Tolerance

A misprint in the last **B.A.R.** for The Frisco's Folly Kopp Out Kapers Awards...Marriage & Tolerance Award: Darcelle & Roc were also nominated.

Incidentally Lori...loved John Wasserman's column of Halloween at you know where...Don't forget the 52nd Birthday Party for the 'Lips' will be at the **Phoenix** on Sunday the 1st of December and they will be putting me in cement...but I'll get out...Watch for the new 'Sweetlips' P.P.M.' Pins that will soon be out...I am sure you'll want one Mama Peck as you know what it stands for and DOES.

Thanks to all of the 'Beautiful' people that were in Portland for the Coronation...it was a mad, mad weekend (5 days) of insanity, but we loved it, didn't we Cristal...

The winners of the 'Frisco Folly Kopp Out Kapers Awards are as follows: **Stud & Lip Award:** Mama Bernice; **Honey Mouth Award:** Kim; **Marriage & Tolerance Award:** Darcelle & Roc; **Flying Fairy Award:**

Vanessa; **Odd Couple Award:** Sam & Gene; **I Slept With An Empress Award:** Donnie Lemay; **The Chapped Lip Award:** Mame. We had a ball and I hope you all enjoyed our show...we thank you. The **S.F.T.G.** meeting of the year will be on the 10th of December at the **Kokpit** at 1 p.m.... plan on attending this one as it is the last get together of the year...and fun.

Have you see the new decor of **Jackson's** dining room...really great and so clean and neat looking...you did a great job John...they have new stoves in the kitchen too...and a fantastic menu...and Dallas never looked lovelier.

Better make your Thanksgiving reservations early as it looks like it is going to be one of the biggest holidays in years and most of your favorite restaurants are already booking ahead...

You should go out to the Park Bowling Alley on Wednesday nites and watch the great team that the **Kokpit** has bowl...you are doing a good job Danny Hepburn...as are all of the others...watch for the great new bowling shirts that they will be wearing in two weeks...how come I didn't get one?

The grand opening of the **N'Touch** was insane...never saw so many beautiful costumes in one place and the sound was superb...a great party...hi Danny.

see where one of the candidates for Emperor of Los Angeles...Sir Butch... is now residing in San Francisco...welcome to the city, 'Butch.'

If you were out on Market St., stop in the **Mind Shaft** and say hello to Danny Woodland...he is doing a great job there....

Understand there is going to be a show to help raise some money for our own Julie Jordan who has a cast on his leg up to you know where and no funds at the present time...check with Tommie Turner at the **Mint** for details...

Happy belated Birthday to Tallulu at the **Resurrection**...how old are you now Jack. Watch for the beautiful new Christmas windows that will be coming right after Thanksgiving at the Left Bank Gallery on Polk Street... your windows at holiday time are always sensational Dick Nelson...besides we love you.

Happy Thanksgiving to all Lips



"Nah, I ain't Mr. Lips! I don't even like red wine!!"

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By

**GYRO VAG.**

**Moving! (?)**

Three by Wakefield Poole  
Moving!, seen at the Cinematta-



"Apres la Douche" - Part II, "Room for Rent" in "Moving!"

chine, is really three films: *House For Sale*, *Room For Rent* and *Apartment For Rent*...like lots of FFA?...show string, large ball bearings and no spit?...You'll like 2 out of these 3. There is no cohesion among the three, so any one can be seen independently, thus we'll start with number 2...it was my favorite...honest sex, no waisting around with the Annual Marin Garden Tour (or

wherever)...right to the point.

Two guys are seen driving along some LA street, looking for place to ball...lots of motel signs flash by, then suddenly they drive into one place, check in and head right for their room. One dude plops on the bed, the other checks out the shower to make sure they have lots of Ivory, and soon he's taking a douche. Meanwhile, number 2 friend, back on the bed playing with himself, decides against it, strips, joins his friend in the shower, and soon they're at it....lots of sucking here and there, with and without soap.... then to the bedroom, dripping wet (one does wipe his face though) and then the "hot action" really begins... essential cock ring, nice bods, humping, rimming, even kissing, etc. Who needed a plot?

I used to live across the street from *Apartment For Rent* on Castro above 19th...before it was painted red. The Divine Light Mission took over my place, but left later...too much activity going on across the street...it disturbed their mystical experiences.

Anyway, the first part of the film was a bit washed, but finally you see a "country" boy strolling down Castro... he's looking for a place to live. He spots a "For Rent" sign, goes up to the door, rings bell...no answer. Quandry. Then he tries the door...why it's open! He goes in and checks the place out...no one here..he thinks. All the rooms are empty, but one, and it is locked. Hmm....back down to the hall to the front of the flat and there is a little white stool near the window. The locked room has an entrance from this room, he tries it, and wonderous to behold, it is open. A large white sheet

hangs there with a drawing of a mean looking son-of-a-bitch, his arms covered with tatoos. He touches the drawing here and there, and flash, the thing turns real, then un-.back and forth. Our "country" boy becomes frustrated, goes back to the stool and plays with his wang. But then.... unnngh....no more sheet, the real thing is there and looking real mean.

Naturally they get into it...suck, ball, etc., but it becomes a bit messy when they get into the FFA (don't have any won ton before you go). **BOOT CAMP** patrons have seen this portion with the ball bearings. Country boy must have had kinky sex with a tractor back on the farm...then Mean Man shaves boy's head, more FFA and all over folks. We knew all the time it was only a dream (or acid fantasy) since he leaves with all his hair...but did he get the "Apt. For Rent"...? Who cares.

*House For Sale* is the one where Cal Culver takes the Marin Garden Tour. He too is seen driving along, but in a residential area...looking for a house to buy. He sees a sign, parks, goes up the garden path, enters the house and begins his search for Mr. Hunk. (doesn't he always?)..and lo, he appears, briefly in and out of Cal's vision, which is very frustrating to poor Cal..he looks all over the house, jungle garden with this dude popping in and out of sight. And Cal keeps on looking...checking out the house and property too.

Soon we come to the pool, so to Mr. Culver, and he also sees Vision man (who has a nice bod, but a face like Market St). Our hero strips and swims across the pool to meet him ...they don't actually shake hands, but do get it on. Again, usual cock ring, action...a bit one-sided on Cal's part and Mr. Vision can't get a decent erection...then the boot string bit... sucking, rimming, slurping, Hard kissing, then into the action.... FFA-and-away!!

Cal is very happy afterwards and decides to buy the house. And that's that for *Moving!*

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# HIS-A & THAT-A

by Lou Greene

San Jose was more fun this year than ever before on Halloween night. All the local taverns held contests and a great deal of excitement was generated as the contestants toured the bars. **MAC's Club** in San Jose held their contest first - with judges Queen Mother Carmelita and Empress Lula of **Mac's** as Masters of Ceremony - winners were: Molly, best Drag; Carlotta, Best Original. A fantastic free brunch was served as only Tony and Teresa of **Mac's** can boast of -- The next stop was the **Candy Shop** in San Jose where Princess Patty walked away with the cash award...Next, the **Tinkers Damn** and the annual "Miss Tinkers Damn" contest and costume party. This affair was packed beyond belief. The patrons were standing outside waiting to get in. The judges for the contest were Miss Tinkers Damn 1971, Evie; Miss Tinkers Damn 1973, Goldie and special helper Joe of

the T.D. staff. After a great deal of much deserved adulation, 'Miss Bill' of the T.D. staff was selected Miss T.D. 1974. Best Drag went to Princess Royale Rochelle of Monterey; best original again went to Carlotta and his fabulous Cheftain Costume and funniest costume award went to Madam LaBoo -- A special thanks to Moms and Pops of the **Savoy** in Cupertino for their interest in the T.D. party and bouquets to Starkey for presenting another grand Halloween event. (Thanks to Goldie Montanna for helping me in the above) -- Going up north of S.F., over the g.g. bridge and up to the **Woods** in Fairfax (formerly **Vi's Club Drake**) had a wonderful evening Sunday nite. Gene and Cowboy, patrons of the **Turf Club** in S.F. accompanied me up there and we had a ball. The **Soundhole** were the current group on stage and were great. The **Woods** have a most wonderful

array of bands lined up for the rest of this month. you can get more details by phoning 453-8247 to get the dates for **Yazoo**, **Anna Rizzo** and **A-Train**; **Little Willie and the Niteworms**; **Ted Ashfor Band**; **Pegasus: Stoneground**; **Crystal Pistol**, all these to appear this month. Dinners are served on Thursday nite 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. along with a movie for only \$1.50. Nick and Jack of **Toad Hall**, Al, Twinkie and Dale are your Bartenders; TJ of Castro St., Thea and Dee are your waiters and Cupcake (**Mother Nature**) your Matre De...Back down to the Peninsula - the **Bayou** in Redwood City held a Bon voyage Party for Brian -- the **Kona Kai** has a new look with mirrored walls and bird cage to adorn the dinning room. They will be featuring special events for their patrons the rest of this month. -- The **Savoy** in Cupertino now has a special cocktail hour, Tues-Wed-Thur 9:30 to 11:30 - well drinks 40¢ plus they have a new Chef "April" up from Orange County, who is doing a wonderful job of continuing the great dinners served here -- **The Candy Shop** in San Jose has rolled back their prices to 50¢ beer and 75¢ well drinks -- while down on the Monterey Peninsula, at the **Monterey Dons** Bused Brunch, which I wrote about in a previous issue, I forgot to mention the highlight of the weekend, when Bob K., of one of the M.C. clubs, actually bit the cat's tail at our host's home because the cat wouldn't get off the bed...Across the bay, **The Revol** in Oakland (spelled backwards, is **LOVER**) had their Grand Opening on October 30th and it was really grand. All of the T.G. officers were in attendance, Oakland Bar Owners of the **Camp Ground**, **Lancers**, **Bank Club**, **Grandma's House** were here; flowers galore from many well wishers were all over the place. A great buffet and wonderful time were had by all. Lots of good luck to Pete and Ralph, the owners, and may they enjoy many years of success...**Grandma's** have a new gourmet chef, Bill. His specialties are too numerous to mention. I strongly recommend you try the dinners here, as they really go all out to prepare their food to delight your palate...and the **Camp Grounds** in Berkeley have gone all out to entice you to their dining room. They have a new menu offering a variety of Steaks, Fog Legs, Seafood. I must compliment them on serving a very fine dinner. You won't go wrong when you go across the bay to wine, dine and make new friends.

Love, Lou.



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## OUT OF STATE NEWS

### Northwest Noise by Cherresse

#### PORTLAND

The people's fund has a home now, Willamette Federal Savings. The fund was started in '72 by Tracy's court. You can donate any amount, it's tax deductible - tell the Teller this amount is for the "people's fund"; it's that simple. In the next few months, there will be a fund drive. The **Forum** will be selling ribbon roses at 25¢ each. Gary Baker and Jimmy Ruddon have made many hundreds to be sold - our Thanks to them and their crew.

Many of you know little George who went with JJ van Dyke...George picked up a hitch hiker - he is now in the hospital...throat cut from ear to ear and collapsed lung, plus other stab wounds. Please kids, we have a lot of horny Brothers in the Bars & Baths...take a few minutes longer and get to know your date a little better.

The clubs in the city are going to do some fund raising to help George. Ask Darrel of the **Knights** what you can do to help.

Here are the candidates...they're all winners this year; the campaign for Empress has been a very clean race, but a hard one to follow for the last month...there hasn't been one evening that one or more of the candidates were doing a "kegger" or a show. Many of them bringing guests from distant cities...good luck to you all.

Treasurer, **Knights of Malta**, Western Chapter, Chris and Friend, were both in the City...real neat guys(right Mona?).

(ON STAGE) Dominic (Seattle)...working with Melody Stars show...if you've never seen this one work, you've missed the finest.

I'll be doing a few shows this coming year, glad to see Tyrone back doing his thing. Penelope has big plans...ask her, and don't miss her Lucy Brown act - really a new look. Darcelle and crew all in S.F. for Beaux Arts Ball, plus a splendid show.

Irvana, the Big Mama of the Ebony Set, was in true form for Lilly's show, Sunday.

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**BAR BAY AREA REPORTER**  
The Catalyst for all Factions of the Gay Community  
VOLUME 4 NUMBER 24

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# TEAMSTERS SEEK GAY HELP

## Teamsters Courting Gays

The boycott against Coors beer, due to their discrimination in hiring, has started to spread throughout the minority communities of San Francisco. The Teamsters Union, Local 888 Beer Drivers, has asked the Gay community to join the boycott. The Latino and Black communities started an ad hoc committee against Coors when that company rejected outright, the Affirmative Action Policy submitted by the Teamsters.

Andris Cirkelis, field director for the boycott, made a plea for all minorities "to join together to help fight the system which brainwashes people into fighting against each other." He said "we have become the best salesman that the system has. And, that must stop." He further asked all to join the fight, for "if we do not support one another, we are doomed to the very system that puts the Nixons in power." (The local joined the fight with the United Farm Workers in their efforts against the national Teamsters. It has become a case where one local strongly disagrees with the national policy.) Acklin Thibeaux, coordinator of the ad hoc committee said that "out of a joint effort to end the present Coors policy of hiring could come a true joint effort that would be able to help the Farm Workers in their fight and the gays in their fights against companies like Pacific Tel, and, in general, all cases of people being discriminated against." Both men called upon all minorities to bury their past differences and ill feelings and to join in the fight to stop the powerful few from controlling the lives



MEET JULIE WILSON - The glamorous 50 year old singer, actress and mother, talks about the trials and tribulations of a career built on uncertainty about her own talent, the problems of career and marriage, all in an interview abruptly ended by a dumb waiter. of so many.

Cirkelis, in giving a day to day example of where the power lies and how we are all victims of the same oppression, said that we look no further than our streets. He asked if they were ever kept clean, then suggested looking at the streets in St. Francisco Woods! He stated that one person in the Woods has more power than one hundred of us. He said that if we are ever to get government and the large corporations who run it, to stop their present policies, the minorities must join hands. Coors, which sets the economic policy in the western beer markets, is the target. A citywide boycott was called for against Coors, for if this battle can be won, then the tide will start to turn in all of our battles.

The fact that so many from the continued next page

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PLUS:

POLITICAL POTSHOTS, ECLECTIC EDITORIALS, SHOW BIZ SENSATIONALISM AND COMPLETE COVERAGE OF THE GAY BAY!

Next Deadline Thurs. Dec. 5th  
Next Issue Out Wed. Dec. 11th

**Happy  
Thanksgiving**