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Volume 5 Number 2

January 23, 1975

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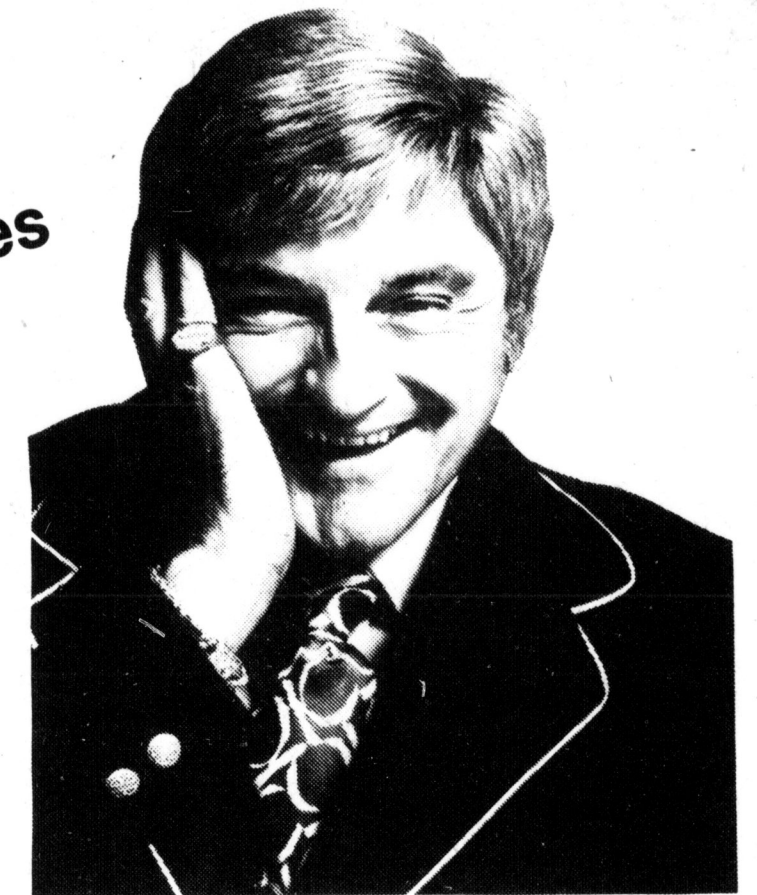
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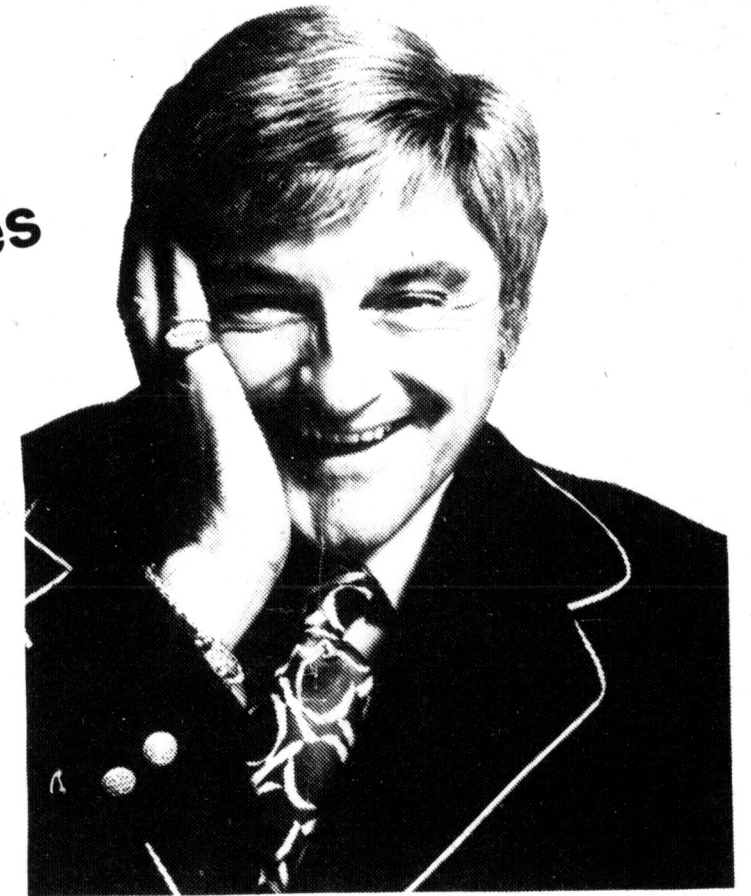
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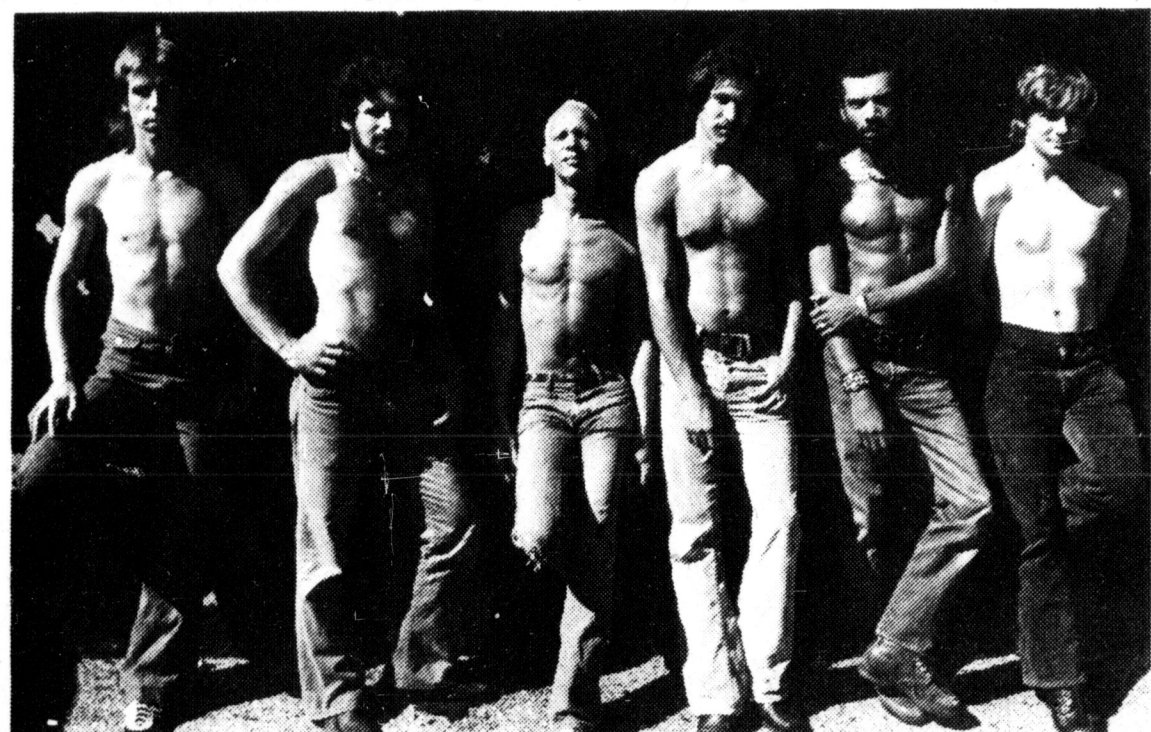
BAY AREA REPORTER



Michelle's Boys welcome the audience to a 20th Anniversary Celebration.



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Avant-rock group Fleshtones will present their electric cantata "40 Seconds Over Folsom Street" on Feb. 6th at 10 pm at **The Stud**, Folsom & 11th Streets.

BAR

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Distributed Free
Advertising Rates upon request.

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Community News

Dateline: Portland

by Roger Troen

"The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress." -Frederick Douglas

After submitting once again to the indignity of asking for rights and hearing every tired excuse for not putting in writing all the verbal assurances and the denials of discrimination in their sphere of government, one tyrannophobe showed the limits of his endurance in dealing with a non-paid, do-nothing commission by plunging the hall into darkness as about thirty gay people departed in anger. It was a spontaneous and fitting gesture to the revolting display of ignorance and prejudice on the part of people who are doubly hypocritical owing to the nature of their civil justice mouthings.

Reason went out before the lights. A black commission member excused himself from grappling with the problem by complaining he was not paid and should not have to do the dirty work of the Board of County Commissioners by whom he is retained. He also declined to delete 'race' from the document even after it was pointed out it was superfluous since his rights were guaranteed under the constitution along with everyone else.

The director of personnel clung doggedly to his foot-in-the-mouth statement he did not have the resources nor the inclination to enforce compliance as it would "invade privacy."

The chairing person kept insisting all examples presented were not in the county but were from other levels of government, even after repeated testimony that employees could not attend in person because of fear of being fired along with others. He 'didn't know' if he would put his career, home, and life on the line if he were in a similar position. It was his contention the city, state, school district, federal government and the military, and maybe private employers, had discriminated but this was the COUNTY. A labor spokesperson said he had never heard anyone complaining to him about being fired for reasons of sexual orientation. I don't wonder after hearing at the city level from one shop foreman expressing

what would happen to anyone he found in his department who was queer. Or the city commissioner who publicly stated he would personally fire anyone in his jurisdiction who was a "homo." And a parks superintendent who equated homosexual with rapist, even after it was disclosed he had, for a summer, employed a gay lifeguard who had saved the lives of two children and raped none. But this of course was the city. County department heads are different, we can be assured (but not in writing). They say they wouldn't fire and would hire gay people but they couldn't recommend to the county commissioners addition of the two words, 'sexual orientation' to their written assurances to the other minorities and life styles.

Assaults on Gays -Castro/Market-

by Dick Gayer

DETERRENCE & COMPENSATION

An increasingly apparent fact: The streets of the Castro/Market area are unsafe for Gay people. Don't walk around there after dark, especially after midnight, unless you're with at least two or three others, preferably those well skilled in self-defense. Be constantly on the alert for groups of young men in their late teens or early twenties, and be prepared for an attack at all times. Otherwise, you'll probably wind up in the hospital to have the gash in your skull sewed up. Doug Lindeman's fate last September...or perhaps, like Neil Rice, you'll need your teeth fixed after some homophobe whacks you in the mouth with a beer bottle. But you may be luckier; a friend may be within hailing distance and respond to your shouts for help as you flee in panic, escaping with minor bruises, as well as the loss of some pendants that were ripped from around your neck. The list goes on. Many assaults involve only a quick hit-and-run with no significant injury, but still are intolerable to peaceable Gay people.

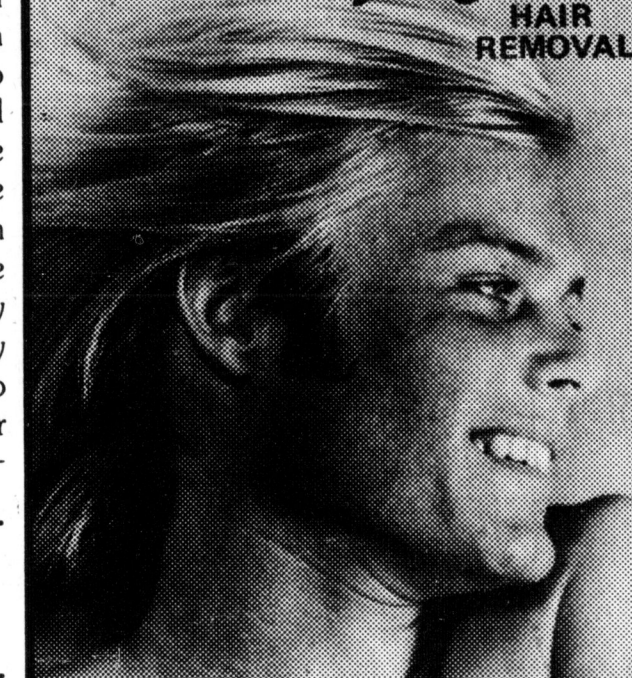
The three incidents described are unusual in that the police actually arrested the attackers, and their names and addresses were learned (in one case thru great efforts by a Gay private investigator), so that in addition to a

(Continued Next Page)

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criminal prosecution that the District Attorney might bring, a civil lawsuit for assault and battery could be brought against the attackers by the victims themselves, without any further reliance on the police of the DA. And, such a lawsuit is the only way that victims could be compensated.

In the incident involving Neil Rice late in 1972, the DA actually prosecuted, but all defendants were allowed to cop pleas to disturbing the peace, and got off with mere probation to the court without any fines, although all were employed. In the subsequent civil action, funded by the generosity of about six members of S.I.R., a judgment of \$1150 was obtained, but the defendant is still judgement proof, mooching off his parents and a girlfriend while attending SF State under the GI Bill.

We were not so fortunate in the Lindeman matter. Although three people were taken into custody, and the police recommended prosecution for battery, the DA dropped the case for alleged "lack of evidence." In addition, the victims (Lindeman and two fellow bartenders at the Toad Hall - Art Turnbull and Jay Smith) chickened out of a lawsuit, despite the facts that a recovery was likely (the attackers were employed) and an attorney was ready to take the case on a contingent fee basis. From September to December 1974 they repeatedly promised to make arrangements with the attorney, but never did do. We don't know why they lost interest in fulfilling their obligations. Perhaps, in order to avoid calling too much attention to this incident, other gay people pressured them not to sue. Or, maybe they feared retribution from their attackers. But you'll have to ask them; we certainly don't know their reasons.

But what we do know is that David Romero, Frederick Muller and John F. Kennedy are still on the loose in our neighborhood (living on 24th St., and 18th St.), and have neither been punished nor sued for their brutal 3 a.m. attack on our Gay brothers. We lost an important opportunity to teach them that beating up "queers" costs money, that it's an expensive pastime, and one where the cost far exceeds the value of any pleasure that they may get out of such activities. At a minimum of \$1000 per beating, there would be few people who could afford to participate. But here, they paid nothing. Our failure to take action has not only let them get away with their anti-social deeds, but

has also encouraged them to try again. Why not? The DA won't do very much, and Gay people won't do anything on their own. There's nothing to lose! Besides, "queers" don't belong in this neighborhood.

However, we now have another chance to instruct two others who dropped into the Castro/Market area to cause trouble. Greg escaped their attack with only minor injuries only because a friend was within shouting distance, but his attackers, Keneth Ortega and Robert Bermudez, were arrested. Unfortunately, the police decided it was a case of "mutual combat" solely on the statements of the participants (the police didn't witness the attack), and they refused to permit him to file a complaint. So far, tentative addresses of the attackers are known, and the same gay investigator is now trying to confirm them. Greg assures us that he will proceed to the attorney as soon as the investigator has reported. Perhaps this time he will get our message thru!

As this is being written, I am expecting a call from two lovers recently beaten after leaving the Castro Cabana. There were no arrests at the scene, but about one week later, one of the victims ran into an attacker in the Hibernia Bank at 18th & Castro, summoned the police, and had him arrested. This incident may also provide us with an opportunity to teach respect for Gay people. (One of the victims was hospitalized for several days, and wants a whole lot more than an apology from his assailants.)

Many Gays ask, "Why should we have to take independent action to ensure our safety? Why don't the police and the DA do their jobs?" Unfortunately, those questions fail to recognize reality. First, the police are, in an increasing number of cases, actually doing their jobs. Secondly, there is almost no way to force the DA to prosecute a case he doesn't want to, and there is even less of a chance to compel him to seek a penalty greater than he thinks is proper, severe criminal punishment is probably unwise, since the attackers are juveniles or barely into adulthood. To put such persons in jail for a long time would accomplish only one positive thing - they couldn't beat up anyone during that time. On the negative side, they would be severely stigmatized, and, out of resentment for the loss of their freedom, be very likely to repeat their crimes after release. The deterrent value to others of such punishment is also questionable. Such

is only possible if it is widely publicized, and the DA is unlikely to do this, or even let us know about it.

On the other hand, a (private) civil action is completely under our control. We need not rely on the police or the DA. (We must, however, be able to rely on the Gay victims to stand up for their rights.) And, the result of a civil suit need not be punishment, but merely compensation to the victims **directly** from their attackers. (Punitive damages need not be sought, so that the remedy would appear to resemble restitution.) This directness is far more effective as a deterrent, and the payment of a reasonable sum of money is less likely to engender a desire to strike back that is the imposition of a jail sentence. And since we are in control, we can publicize the result to whatever extent we desire.

Because such a lawsuit is obviously superior to a criminal prosecution in promoting safe streets, it should always be undertaken. (It is, of course, the only way to compensate the victims.) In addition, the DA should be encouraged to prosecute, since conviction of even a minor offense will weaken the determination of an attacker to resist in a civil action.

Gay people have the means to safer streets in our own power. Let's use them, and desist from using the laxity of law enforcement as an excuse for our own inaction.

Just a Dirty Rumor!

It was recently erroneously reported that **Dave's Baths**, 100 Broadway, was discriminating against anyone over 35 and would not be admitted to a club catering to "the beautiful people" only. Untrue! Says Rex Allen, President of the establishment -- "we will not admit anyone who is drunk or high on drugs, that's all. There is no age limit and we discriminate against no one." And one more rumor goes down the drain.

Hongisto Endorsed by Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club

The Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club has become the first Democratic club in the city to endorse for re-election RICHARD HONGISTO,

Sheriff of San Francisco. "Our endorsed candidate will be at our next meeting on Feb. 11, 1975 at the Castro Cabana, 19th & Castro. No host cocktails at 6 PM, with the meeting at 7:30 PM. We will also be electing new officers and choosing delegates to the California Democratic Council, as well as the County Council of Democratic Clubs."

For more information contact:
Gary Miller, Secretary, at 431-3344.

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Gay...Unity..?

Gay.....Unity? Acceptance? Liberation?

Unity is defined as a solidarity in a group that enables it to manifest its strength and exert its influence as ONE. To be one, we must *accept* each other, regardless of the "trips" we are into, i.e. Leather, Drag, Closet, Collegiate, or any other. We are all GAY. We are, or profess that we are, all working toward the same goal -- liberation -- the freedom from domination and oppression. To achieve OUR goal, we must exercise the same thing within our own community -- acceptance.

There is no time for petty quarrels

and gossip. If something has been said or done that doesn't seem to go right along with *your* way of thinking, it might be best for the *whole* and the *individual* involved if you stopped to look a little deeper for the reasons before making any judgments or criticism.

There is nothing that will destroy a unified group faster than inner dissension. No outside force is as destructive as the splitting of a group into factions or "sides." This is happening in gay groups throughout the state. Let's not let it happen here. Up and down California, gays have successfully boycotted. Now, factions within the communities are urging "gaycotts." To what end? Again, if we

can't work together, we can't work at all. No one person or group of persons is any better than any other. We are all thinking, feeling human beings with goals -- personal and social. If you don't think that you can work *for the community* with just as much enthusiasm as you would work for your own personal ambitions, just don't get involved at all.

Remember, we can never gain acceptance from the straight world as long as we cannot accept our brothers and sisters in the Gay World. We have much more in common with them, and they with us. Only when we can accept each other, as we are, can we hope to be accepted, as we are.

These Four Are My Friends:

He who loves me, he who hates me, he who is indifferent to me, and God who is Life.

He who loves me teaches me kindness.

He who hates me teaches me tolerance.

He who is indifferent to me teaches me patience.

God who is Life teaches me to live, hope, forgive, and ACCEPT.

As for myself, I am proud to say that I am a Christian and a homosexual.
Larry, Rex I de Monterey

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Sandmire Resigns Post

After three and a half years as pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church in San Francisco, the Rev. James Sandmire has tendered his resignation effective March 16th and will become pastor of the MCC Church in Los Angeles.

It came as a bombshell to some of the congregation last Sunday, when Sandmire announced his resignation from the pulpit, however, some members of the Board of Directors were cognizant of the pastor's intention.

"It will be a distinct loss to the Church and the community" said Doug De Young, treasurer and member of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Church. "He has done a magnificent job here in San Francisco," he continued, "but Jim has answered the call of the Lord and has a bigger challenge in assuming the pastoral duties of the largest congregation in the Fellowship."

Assuming the pastoral duties in San Francisco, will be Assistant Pastor Austin E. Amerine, acting as interim pastor, effective the 16th of March and until such time as the Board of Directors and the Congregation acts officially on the selection of a new minister.

During his pastorate in San Francisco, Sandmire has brought the congregation from almost bankruptcy and from its lowest number, to well over three hundred members and to an enviable financial situation.

Sandmire's pastorate has not been without turbulence, as well as success. Upon assuming his job, diverse segments of the gay community were at odds with each other and gave the MCC Church no quarter. Almost two years ago, the newly leased MCC Church suffered the same fate as that of New Orleans, and elsewhere, when it was fired by arsonists. Fortunately, the church services were moved to another edifice, owned by the United Presbyterians.

Whereas it will be a distinct loss to San Francisco" said Bill Plath, trustee for the Society For Individual Rights, "it will spell a great gain for the overall aims and goals of the MCC Fellowship. Jim is a master administrator and can only prove to be a definite asset for the Fellowship."

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Political Views

Milk Forum

By Harvey Milk

'75 and '76 and Probably Forever..?

by Harvey Milk

Reviewing the President's plans to solve the current economic mess, one is reminded of LBJ's comment about Gerald Ford. His program does not go far enough in any direction and one wonders what direction Ford has in mind, if any. Take the tax cut. Former White House economist Otto Eckstein put it best: "It will give a temporary lift for consumer spending and peter out." Eckstein suggested: "a tax cut that stays in there for all of '75 and '76 and probably forever." The effect of the President's tax cut seems, from this writer's point of view, to be an aid for consumers to pay their increased fuel bills rather than to yield any long term

increase in purchasing power. Moreover, the increase in the price of oil will not stop the defense department from cutting down on fuel consumption, nor will Nelson R. drive a few miles less...the only people who are going to be hurt are the masses of people who are already hard hit...and the Republican party wants to widen their base of support?

Back to the tax cut itself: the additional federal borrowings that would be required by the President's proposed \$16 billion tax cut threatens to strain financial markets. This means, that in order for the government to raise money, to offset the tax cut, the Federal Reserve Board will have to ease the nation's money supply at a rate that could help fuel inflationary forces. (What ever happened to the WIN button?) Or, if the Fed. does not do that, then interest rates are sure to climb

again, which will hinder any recovery in the economy. More inflation or more recession? And, to complicate it all, if the inflationary route is the step chosen, it must be kept in tight control or it will lead to the possibility of a deeper and longer recession.

It must be noted that the very same people who got us into the current mess are now the same ones who are telling us what has to be done to solve the mess that they created. (And these are the people who also tell us how we should run our personal lives.) It is frightening. The real state of economy, like so much in the past, is being kept away from the general public. Worse developments could be ahead. Need we have to remind people that Ford refused to accept that we were in a recession until the cry from the unemployment lines was too loud to ignore. The general public had to inform the President! And our "leaders" who would not tell us about the recession, now refuse to tell us what lies ahead...all they can do is put on and take off WIN buttons, and tell us that we should not read "dirty" books.

The debate over the economy will intensify, not only among the economists who don't know the answers, but among the politicians, who most certainly don't have the answers. We have had the unfortunate experience of watching years of Democratic mismanagement followed by years of Republican mismanagement. All we have gained is a mess and a sense of spending priorities that come from some war room. It is time for those who have led us down these paths to stop trying to guess the solution and turn the people who are most affected by the problems, to understand what their needs and desires are. The average man in the street can do no worse than the army of "experts" in Washington and it would cost a lot less to run the economy without this army. That in itself would be a step in reducing the cost of government and that is a step in the direction that Ford is searching for, but, for whatever reasons, can't seem to find.

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Social Commentaries

The Men In My Life

By Paul-Francis Hartmann

Deadlined with Dead-End Kids

by Paul-Francis Hartmann

I've been out of print for the past several months because in more ways than one I've been out of action. The "men in my life" have had to hold their breath, for I've been breathing all my carbon monoxide on one in particular. To blow my energies on, Halloween delivered me a man (or better, a boy refusing to take up the mantle of adulthood). One would like to think that 30 was a safe number to get on the WIN line for. But with the odd odds these days who knows where to pin his hopes. In two months I haven't read a readable book, seen a seeable movie, or

listened to a piece of music that hasn't been a plague of endurance.

Did the world actually stop in 1967? And has it refused to budge ever since? Are the Beatles still on their premier tour of the U.S.A.? Is the Haight/Ashbury still vying for the block party of the year award?

For this fall/winter season, I have been treated (among other things) to a sniping litany of just how old I am. "You look pretty good...even though you're over the hill." "You know, you listen to the same music as my mother. Or, "My father says the same thing...but then you both are about the same age!" (From locomotor to caboose in one quick switch)

I've learned a whole new list of chemical formulae -- this ABC for a medium "up" -- that XYZ for a total down -- one of these and two of those

for the mellow in-between. Wash down this with three tumblers of vodka; light up with four joints of this mixed with that -- laced with powdered animal tranquilizers. Only change I note is that these days we take everything, and pretty much at the same time. Far out! Crisco cans now come with handles for convenient carrying, nostrils can be fitted for dual inhalers, to sniff first left and then right. Far out!

Watch us kids "speed" all night until we dissolve into granules. Incoherent mutterings (and no erection). Watch us crash all morning -- irritable and shakey. (and no erection). We can meet on higher ground around 5 p.m. -- when life is shooting up. Scott and Zelda were licentious pigmies in comparison. I found myself waiting for the "right" moments to make my case and never found them. I began to feel like a massive great dane parked across the moat, with the party going on behind my back (locked away in the castle keep). The reveler' swan song: *Have patience my guardian angel; I'm having another identity crisis. And lead the way safely home, for tonight, once again, I weep myself to the land of Nod, feverishly limpid in your arms.* And I'd lie there awake, waiting and watching. Periodically retrieving a corner of blanket that had been snatched away as he wrapped himself into womb securities.

After a while it wasn't safe to say, "I love you," for that's very heavy and seeks to elicit a response. God knows, he was loyal and faithful, with me his safety as he danced aloft innocent and insulated. The thrill of playing a rusty anchor was a new one and had no end of possibilities.

It's in the best of the high Romantic tradition: me playing the insidious and crippling Baron to his tragique Camille. Like the film, I probably won't even be invited to the funeral, for that's where the equally star-crossed Armand re-enters.

☆☆☆

Among the many items we do not share, the most revealing is TIME. He has unlimited amounts to gambol while he may, and I see ever diminishing flickers about me. Consequently I am in a rush, a race to partake in all those simple and heady pleasures I have so long been waiting for. We are not that far apart in years (he's on the scary side of 30) but we come at time from opposite poles. He has unending wastelands, and I have dwindling reserves. Days to be unfurled preciously, and he says, "Have patience for me, Paul-Francis."

It remains to see if I have it within me...Something deeper tells me I can not betray the distance I've come. There need be no embarrassment because one has seasoned with the seasons. I am a man of many parts and many stories, but a grown man. And perhaps in a sneering aside that makes for an aging queen. Far better an accolade, it seems to me, than an ageless ingenue.

My contemporaries, for years, have chided me for my fragile heart. Who can remember why or when I pinned it to my lapel to be snatched by any brazen shoplifter. Wisely I etched my serial numbers on the reverse and always got it back. (Albeit somewhat shopworn) Yet from so much trafficking, it has enlarged and writes its own script. Nevertheless, it is an endangered species, and as slim and as tarnished as the truths it bespeaks have become -- its resources have not run dry.

To be finely older is in the words of Alan Ginsberg to have grown beyond the heart that is brightly empty.

My friend and I will surely survive each other; would that we could become each others survival. I'm afraid that express trains don't wait in local stations too long...if at all. Momentarily stalled on a sidetrack, I forsee only the car barn ahead -- and that I'm not ready for. Miles of track may stretch behind me, and just as much glistens ahead. Only difference: now I know I'm rolling. *Get on board, Alan, while ye may...I've miles to make before I rest.*

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Viewpoint By Bob Matthews

Ceremonies For Gay Young Men

by Bob Matthews

Must do some serious thinking. Questions need to be asked. I've been thinking. Been asking.

Takes a measure of stamina to deal with the staggering number of events in this city. Been an enlightening and confusing month. Problem is: I have an incurable curiosity. Enthusiasm. Sometimes a curse. Even find a *wake* interesting. Find myself running frantically in an attempt to keep up with what's happening in this town. The head spins as this world turns: Coronation, Feather and Leather Follies, candidate parties, Mr/Miss Gay San Francisco. Amazing. Drinks anyone? Can see that writing this column will be a test of the pint as well as the pen. This column may take a toll.

Never been to a Coronation before. Saw one on television though. 1952. Queen of England. San Francisco's gay-la is nearly as silly. Imagine,

1,000 people paying \$7.50 per -- just to get in the door. Boggles the mind. Fantastic way to raise money for a worthy cause. A cause that would benefit the total gay community. They said it was for a good cause. Said it was all in fun. Not to be taken too seriously. A camp. I don't know. \$7,500 (quick-math) is pretty serious camp. Wonder where the money went. Guess they'll publish a full report. Anxious to see it.

Puzzled by something. Seems that an astonishing amount of work-time expense was incurred by the contestants. Not to mention the dollars spent on tux rentals by a devoted audience. Not to mention the gowns. Makeup. Wigs. Wonder if they got their money's worth. Entertainment was promised. A promise only partially kept. Seems most people were simply entertained by looking at other ticket holders -- and not on any stage. What's wrong with that? Demerits the contestants. They deserved more. Hell of a lot of work went into that competition. Think they deserved more than a yawn. The audience deserved more. Helen Keller could have seen that.

Another Golden Egg: the Feather and Leather Follies. Who laid this one? When you ask people to pay \$5.00 admission (drinks extra) the faithful should be fulfilled. Merely another exercise without exertion. They said it was for a good cause. PRIDE. Said it was all in fun. Not to be taken too seriously. Again. A camp. Guess we'll get a report. Anxious to see that one too.

Mr/Miss Gay San Francisco Contest: This event really got the neurons jumping. If the other two functions were painfully close to boredom -- this one was positively *lethal*. Good Grief, Charlotte Brown! What an evening. Odd how so many people can convince themselves that they're having a marvelous time doing absolutely nothing. Entertainment? Promise totally ignored. Incredible. Cost of promotion by contestants must have been overwhelming. Strange. Would think they deserve more for their money. Found out something that night. Asking around. Many others had a similar view. A regretful revelation but an encouraging observation. Changes can be made. Don't know what cause this one was for. Hope it was a good

one. Will there be a financial report? Note: Understand that these titles are "owned" by the individual who created them. Seems odd. Have to think about that.

After thought: What is a Mr/Miss Gay San Francisco? Who does he/she represent? To what purpose? One contestant told me his goal was to "use his title to make the city of San Francisco more aware of the gay community." He would shoulder some responsibility. Work for gay-rights. That's what he said. Actually, he could. Rather important sounding title. Could be used rather effectively. *Could* be.

Footnote: Interesting thing. Been making the rounds at the bars. Talking to many people. Asking questions. Learning something new each day. Know what? Most guys are just out looking for a good time. A pleasant evening. A trick, maybe. Most know nothing about what's been going on. Never heard of the Coronation. Saw ads in the bar publications. That's it. they tell me it's not their world. Now I know this is not necessarily an 8.5 on your seismometer. May shake some people. Is it possible? These expensive, elaborate, semi-serious functions may not be the epicenter of San Francisco's gay community? Maybe slightly off center? I don't know. Fact is, a sure majority remain aloof to these happenings. Important? It is if one holds that any community is only as strong as its contributing factions. Are all segments contributing their energy? Are they better off left out? Are they unwanted? Again. I don't know. Must be some answers out there. From Someone. Somewhere.

☆☆☆

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Show Biz In Review

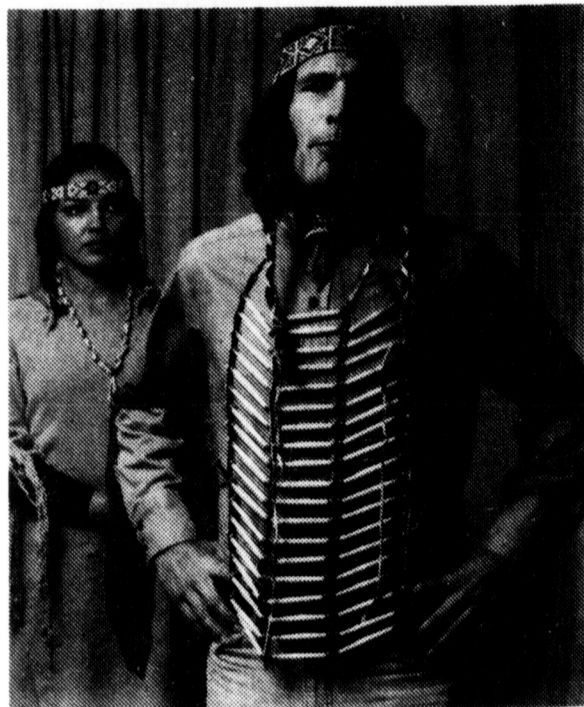
By Donald McLean

Indians

50 IN THE AUDIENCE, 35 IN THE CAST & STIRRING KOPIT ON CLEMENT!

THE OPEN THEATRE is at 441 Clement Street; a reconverted store, it is a small narrow theater near 6th Avenue that only seats 50 people at each showing (Thurs., Fri. & Sat. at 8:30), and if you have to seek it out, the performance inside is well worth the extra effort.

A sweeping pageant masterfully directed by Lee. D. Sankowich (who also directed our longest running hit, *Cuckoo's Nest*), Arthur Kopit's *Indians* is an important indictment of the genocide of the American Indian by the Great White Fathers of our country, a heavy truth entertainingly told in great style by the fine cast of 35. The play centers upon the legendary figures of



LaDonna Cottier & Joseph Whipp bring a stirring Kopit to life.

Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull. Buffalo Bill, superbly played by Will Marchetti, was the well-meaning liason between the defeated Indian chief and the pompous Washington officials who allowed no dignity in defeat. But Bill, like so many

of our current "cause" celebrities, was equally concerned with getting his name in print and insuring his own reputation as he was with genuine concern for his old friend, Sitting Bull. A man of convenient commitment, he ultimately stood by while the government massacred the pesky Indians who had the affrontry to want only what was promised them. While begging the President to at least talk to the Indians himself -- who was too busy playing cowboy dress-up with his "darkie" butler -- Bill also exploited the Indians with his famous Wild West Show. Give the public the image they want to see, whether it's true or not. The master hypocrite managed to become a folklore legend and Kopit has written a riveting play around him.

Joseph Whipp plays Sitting Bull with moving dignity and an exciting young actor named Michael Cavanaugh brings a fascinating quality reminiscent of Stacy Keach to Wild Bill Hickok. Sankowich's staging on the multi-level set is nothing less than brilliant, with Dan Dugan creating the excellent sound and lighting effects that add immeasurably to the production. The play is interspersed with flashy vaudeville techniques and sparkling vignettes, a barrage of visual excitement that compliments Kopit's often vitriolic, often stirring dialogue. Kopit has done more for the cause of the American Indian than Marlon or Jane ever thought of...and far more interestingly.

Jack Anderson has given San Francisco audiences a chance to see *Indians*; if local audiences don't take advantage of this first rate production, it's their loss!

The Boys From Syracuse

50 IN THE AUDIENCE, 20 IN THE CAST & RODGERS & HART -- EUREKA!

This was my week for sitting in small 50 seat capacity houses. At 16th & Market, the EUREKA THEATRE is offering thru Feb. 2nd Rodgers & Hart's vintage 1930 musical based upon Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, *The Boys from Syracuse*.

A show far too seldom revived (this is just the first of plans to revive many of the R&H great shows). *Boys* offers three standards -- *This Can't Be Love*,



Charlotte Yeagar, Karen Knapp and June Nicholas "Sing for Their Supper" weekends at the EUREKA.

Sing for Your Supper and *Falling in Love with Love*. It also offers a really snappy George Abbott book that holds up very well, and for the opportunity to see a production, however uneven, we must give thanks.

The plot is that hoary old one about two sets of twins separated in a shipwreck and the resultant confusion of identities. Wives grab the wrong husband for the night, merchants dun the wrong buyer, etc. It's all a frail framework to hang some good songs and zippy one-liners on and adds up to a pleasurable diverting evening. Since there are very few sets of twins working today (whatever happened to the Blackburn Twins?), especially who sing and dance, it is too much to expect that the four male leads look exactly alike. We must accept a vague resemblance and try to keep track of which servant belongs to which master. We must also realize that the broad musical comedy style of the 30's is completely alien to an exuberant youthful cast, though Christopher Adams as the servant from Syracuse has captured the style surprisingly well. David Marsh and Richard Alexander as the two masters/brothers are just adequate, and James Sporup manages a few nice moments, though he cannot sing.

The biggest downfall of this production is that several of the leads possess weak to negligible voices. With a Rodgers & Hart score, this is

disastrous, since four of the leads require little more than a good singing voice. June Nicholas, of the Margaret Truman School of Voice, sings *Falling in Love with Love*; when she went for

the high note and missed by a mile, my teeth curdled...and in the showstopping trio number *Sing for Your Supper*, the final punch is lost because the soprano just ain't there. I'm afraid Miss Nicholas embalms, not revives, Rodgers & Hart.

Fortunately, two ladies save the evening and make it all worthwhile. I have followed the career of Mary-Cleere Haran for the past couple of years and have never seen or heard her better. Director Chris Silva has wisely added *There's a Small Hotel* for Miss Haran, as the rowdy Courtesan -- *I gave you the best weekends of my life!* -- and when she belts out *Oh Diogenes* in the second act, it's musical comedy in the grand tradition. Here at last is a leading lady who can sing, dance and act; it remains now only for the Eureka to find a star vehicle for Miss Haran and showcase her properly.

But breathing right down Miss Haran's pretty neck is Karen Ann Knapp as Luce, wife of one of the servants (but nobody seems certain which one). she can sing and she can abundantly handle the bulk of the comedy of the show. No line is left to chance, her every reading gives Mr. Abbott's lines their full due -- "I married that man for life and by God, I better see

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some!" -- and she exudes the polished professionalism that one does not expect to see too often in community theatre. Charm Hedemark and Alla Nedoresow also offer good comedic support as the courtesans-in-residence.

Chris Silva's rapid-fire direction keeps the show moving along at a pace that overcomes many minor defects -- I defy any actor to make something out of *The Shortest Day of the Year* is the *Longest Night of the Year*, a masterpiece of banality -- and combined with Misses (oops, excuse, Ms. Steinham) Persons Haran and Knapp and a hardworking chorus, *The Boys from Syracuse* is a welcome addition for a lightheaded evening of fun.

(P.S. -- don't be discouraged by the dismal overture or the slow opening; it gets steadily better.)

(P.P.S. - Show is doing smash business and has been held over thru March 2nd.)

The Mighty Spread Eagle

A PORNY "SINGING IN THE RAIN"

Now playing weekends at the Clearing House Fellowship Church, 2041 Larkin, thru Jan. 26th is "a PG rated work-in-progress -- a musical parody of pornography." Sounds intriguing, doesn't it? Well, the work needs a lot more progress -- it's pretty bad right now -- but there's a germ of a clever idea underneath the static one hour blackout revue.

The premise is this -- pornography has been legalized by the Supreme



Bill Keating manages good moments in "Eagle."

Court and Spectacular Productions, porno producers, are number one in the field...until their rivals make a first...a musical porno extravaganza. Talkies have just been invented, so they find this sweet, hip college girl who goes to U.C.L.A. to dub the singing voice of Lina La Stunning, the fellatio Streisand. Co-ed Sheila falls in love with Garret Garfield, just another pretty body who's the current cunnilingus Redford. And they make a musical, not easy to do since Linda chews Juicy Fruit incessantly and it's hard to chew and sing simultaneously. Sheila dubs her voice, Sheila becomes the new porno rage for her offstage vocalizing (huh?) and Linda goes back to the chorus ("she oughta be

great for high kicks").

It's one of those shows that sounds a lot better in synopsis than it is onstage. The PG rating is a misnomer; much of it is pretty raw. But worse, most of it is unfunny. It's just sort of smutty. Now, if the cast took off their clothes and really went at it onstage, there would be an appeal for the raincoast set at least, but as it stands now, it doesn't have any particular appeal to anybody. Charles Selber has directed the show with no tongue-in-cheek style, the basis of parody, and the cast attacks it as a heavy-handed drama, with no sense of spoofing their subject whatsoever. There is no wit in the direction, no sense of fun in the cast and little humor in the script.

However, there are a few potentially good songs by Skip Hartmann and Robert Barclay -- a ballad entitled *Love is All*, and a funny title number. (*When I mount Capital Hill, I get a capital thrill* sings Linda as the Statue of Liberty) Irene Mecchi plays Linda, the star who can't sing; neither can Irene, but she does come closest to capturing the right feeling for the show. Bill Keating plays the stud Garrett and almost overcomes the obstacles of the script; a strong pleasant voice, muscular body and sharp timing serve Keating in good stead. Priscilla G. Huddleston, an attractive girl with a pleasing voice, indicates potential with stronger direction, but I'm afraid Deborah Cavanaugh as the foul-mouthed producer has a steady career ahead of her at the unemployment line.

With a fresh book (visit any comedian doing Linda Lovelace material and you'll get better punch-

lines), some tight, snappy direction that elevates bad porno to good parody and completely restaged with a tough, two-fisted actor playing the producer... well, maybe then....but I doubt it.

The Mighty Spread Eagle is a mighty sorry effort.

Murder on The Orient Express



In 1934, Dame Agatha Christie wrote the classic murder mystery *Murder on the Orient Express*. Now, 41 years later, it has finally been transferred to the screen with a cast that can only be described as star-studded and a glamour that should appeal to avid film buffs who appreciate technical excellence.

Director Sidney Lumet set out to make a prestigious picture. Why else would he cast Vanessa Redgrave, Michael York and Jacqueline Bisset in bit parts that demand nothing more of them than showing up for work and lending their names to the list of fourteen stars that guarantee this film to be one of the big money-makers of '75.

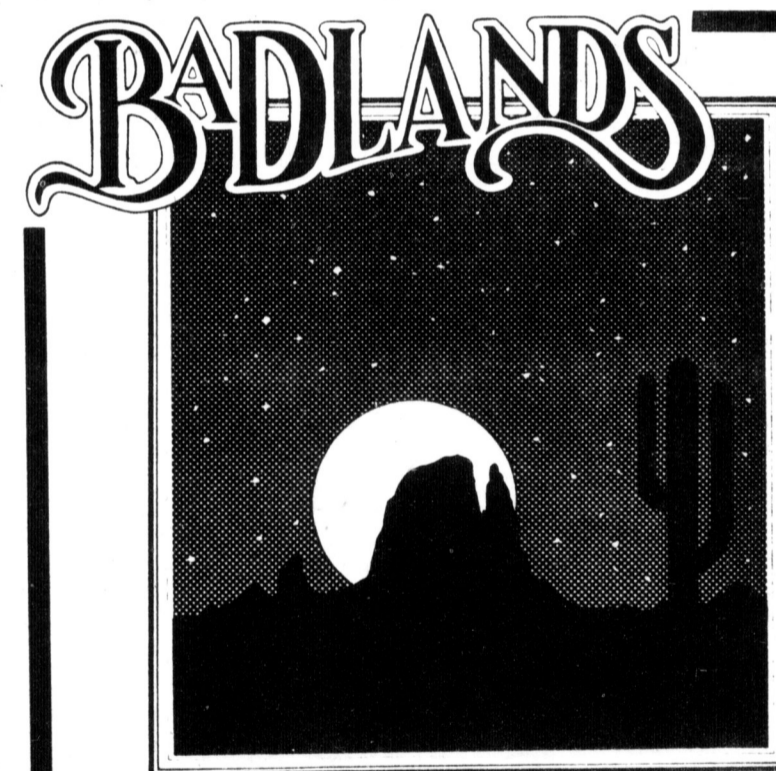
In *Grand Hotel* tradition, each star, with the exception of Albert Finney and Lauren Bacall, is allotted one big three minute scene to do his/her histrionics. And they all make the most of their brief time. Ingrid Bergman gives a magnificently subtle performance as a mentally backward missionary, Wendy Hiller matches her as the aristocratic Princess Dragmiroff, John Gielgud raises and calls as Richard Widmark's "man"...but take your choice. Who is the murderer aboard the Orient Express as it hurtles across Europe? Is it the infatuated male secretary Tony Perkins, the stiff military colonel Sean Connery, the Princess' maid Rachel Roberts? Or could it be the gum-chewing, incessantly talking wealthy American lady as played by Lauren Bacall? After a far-too-long absence from the screen, Miss Bacall makes up for lost years as Mrs. Hubbard, from her



first entrance dripping beige foxes to the final denouement, with a commanding portrayal that re-illustrates the qualities that make film legends.

The secret of this film is style. While their minutes dwindle down to a precious few, each actor can do little

more than create an aura, since there is no time to create a dimensional character, and it is a tribute to their abilities that all sixteen of the principals manage to stir interest with a few deft strokes. To see York and Bisset glide elegantly through the path of over-



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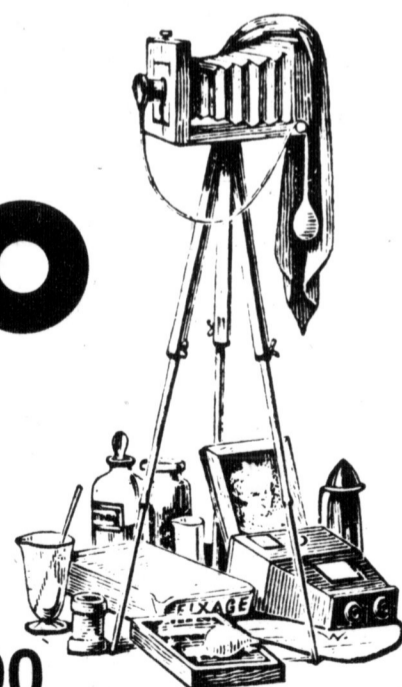
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Wendy Hiller, Rachel Roberts, Lauren Bacall, Sean Connery & Martin Balsam view the murder on the Orient Express with grave suspicion.

turned oranges without missing a beat is a minor moment that is almost worth the price of admission alone. Sidney Lumet has not only created an old-fashioned "glamour" picture, he has faithfully maintained the tension of the original Christie classic. Much of the

flavor of the original novel has been curtailed of regrettable necessity, but the screenplay by Paul Dehn is sharp and incisive.

The unquestionable star of the film is Albert Finney as the pompous Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot. Totally unrecognizable, Finney holds the film together in a tour de force low-key performance, the ringmaster who introduces his star acts and then gives way, only to return as the final headliner on the bill.

Tony Walton has made a vast contribution with his 30's European art deco costumes and set decoration, and Richard Rodney Bennet has written a haunting waltz theme that epitomizes the era. But it is director Lumet who deserves the final credit for making this a glossy if superficial film that does nothing more than entertain. With the way of the world currently, his timing couldn't have been better.

You will note I have not delved into the plot of *Orient Express*. I will tell you nothing except that one of the sixteen is murdered aboard the train (I won't even tell you which one), the others are all suspect and it is up to Finney to discover the killer. If you're a mystery fan, you can guess along with him; if you're just a moviegoer who enjoys star gazing, go watch a glittering array put their well dressed, highly pedicured best foot forward. And if you feel a vague sense of dissatisfaction at the end, it's because the film is just too short to do justice to the talents involved.

by Donald McLean

Michelle ★ 20 Golden Years

Never An Empress

- BUT ALWAYS A STAR!

Probing and prying into Mike Gerry's adolescence, reveals no moment when he might have been sparked with the fiery enthusiasm for a career on stage.

Even his first encounter with "show biz" while attending Miss Mary Manion's one-room-school-house in Liberty, N.Y., didn't turn him on to footlights and grease paint.

While serving on board a Navy carrier based at San Diego, Mike made a weekend trip up to San Francisco, but he never saw the city nor tasted its fascination as it hid itself snugly behind a dense summer fog.

After completing his enlistment in the Navy, Mike returned to his family and then to New York City where he had odd jobs, including an occasional "super's" role at the Metropolitan Opera. Mike still wondered what it was he didn't see in San Francisco, so he chucked it all, and took off for California.

In San Francisco, he enrolled in the California School of Beauty Culture and in due time, was graduated and licensed. The next four years were spent commuting between Livingston's newly opened beauty salon in Palo Alioto, and his small accommodations in North Beach.

Hard work and frugal living allowed Mike to save a little money with which he eventually opened a shop, far away from the competition of downtown San Francisco and which allowed him adequate living accommodations all in one. Some of his friends thought that way out on Castro Street was too far out, but it proved to be a bonanza for Mike as the little neighborhood ladies made a B-line for his services. Castro Street provided lots of free parking space and a pioneering neighborhood spelled immediate success.

It was about this time that Mike's starring qualities began to shine. Because of police harrassment in San Francisco, many people were finding fun and relaxation in Oakland. It was at Pearl's on a Sunday afternoon, that Mike entered a "beautiful legs" contest, egged on and encouraged by several of his friends.

As the goodly crowd of contestants

waited in the kitchen to come "on stage" to display their gams in silhouette through a gauze scrim, Mike's heart pounded faster and faster. He had never entered a contest before, nor had he performed in front of a group of his peers. One after one, the contestants were introduced until Mike's time came and the announcer turned and asked

stage for an occasional absent act.

Michelle loved the Black Cat and all it stood for. Shortly after Jose left, taking his comedic operas with him, the owner invited Michelle to entertain and this afforded him an opportunity to professionalize his wit, his rapid fire repartee, and his high camp banter with the audience. His specialty became a spoof "review" of the then current motion picture box office attraction. His extemporous humor soon gained for him an enviable reputation as being San Francisco's bright new star of the night club and bar circuit.

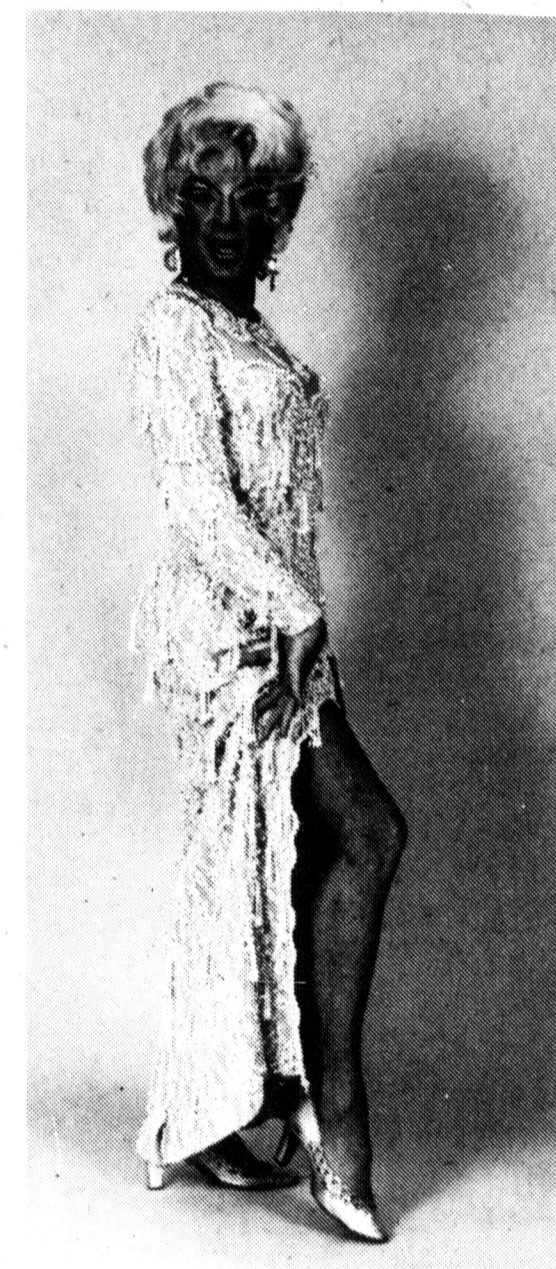
Business again became good at the Black Cat and the Bartenders and Waiters Union vowed to enjoy a piece of the action. The Cat never joined up, but always served hot coffee and sandwiches to the pickets out front in the cold, until the day it closed its doors for the last time.

It was after a benefit performance, "art" sale and auction at the Cat one Sunday for the Cerebral Palsey Fund, Michelle was keyed up and tired, but he stopped at the Jumping Frog, still wearing a gorgeous gown for which he had become known. While mingling with the crowd, someone tapped Michelle on the shoulder and identified himself as a policeman. Michelle was taken out front to the squad car and eventually whisked away to the City Jail.

Having never been arrested before, Michelle was perplexed, confused and scared. The police suggested that since he was charged with "impersonating" (wearing female attire) he had better engage an attorney. Ken Swreinging was suggested to him and for such a "henious" crime as "impersonating," he was told the fee would be one thousand dollars, to be paid in advance, in cash.

Through friends and family, the money was raised and Michelle slipped it to his attorney in privacy on the steps of the City Jail before the trial. Michelle was nevertheless found guilty and given a suspended sentence of minimum time, and that was the end of that episode, except that the attorney was one thousand dollars richer and Michelle was indebted to repay the money.

The first time that the Tavern Guild held an attendance vote was for Empress II. Michelle was one of the candidates. Confident that he had won,



Michelle -- Still "Gorgeous Like an Orchid."

him his name. Stunned, he turned to a hand-holding friend for a name and as if rehearsed right on cue, he replied "Michelle." It was at that moment that Michelle was born, for the M.C. announced: "and now here are the beautiful legs of the next contestant... MICHELLE..." He was acclaimed the winner of the contest and this was the start of twenty years of inimitable entertaining on the West Coast.

After that successful lift into "show biz" Michelle appeared at the Chi Chi Club on Broadway and later worked as a waiter at the Beige Room, filling in on

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he was ready to ascend Jose's throne to receive the crown, when Bella's name was announced. Two years later Michelle tried again for the coveted crown, but again was beaten out by Shirley. Thus Michelle never became an Empress, but no sooner had the curtain raised on his first production show - *Ready Or Not It's Me*, all of San Francisco knew he was a star.

Soon after appearing in *The Women*, and a second production show *It's Me Again*, Michelle continued to

captivate the hearts of the city's show-goers.

Twenty years after Michelle first showed his youthful legs at Pearl's in Oakland, and walked away winner of the contest, he has celebrated this long career by appearing in a third show production *Michelle Plays The Palace*.

Still young and young at heart, Michelle will entertain his audiences for another twenty years with show stopping numbers in lavish production and with specially written music, remember, "Gorgeous like an orchid"?

Still Here, specially written and arranged for the occasion by Gordon Bealer. In this song, Michelle chided all of the local critics, empresses and empress candidates, not forgetting the outstanding popular personalities from the local beauty shop and bar scene.

Michelle's magnificent costumes by Herman, were especially designed and executed for the occasion, while all of the numbers were under the able direction of Chuck Zinn, who also choreographed the entire performance.

Throughout the show, Michelle chatted with the audience, a technique he does best, since just walking down an otherwise dull street, can be hilarious when related by the incomparable Michelle. Spotting special friends along the stage, Michelle made entertaining patter about "new hair styles" for some of his friends, and reached for an occasional quenching drink, remarking that since quitting smoking, he is rapidly turning into an alcoholic.

Recreating the grand dining room of the Harmonia Gardens, Michelle's next number was from his 1972 success, *Hello Dolly*, from which he sang the title song, augmented by the twenty fine looking young chorus boys, dressed as working waiters as they went



"Hello Dolly" with the boys.

Photo by Henri

Michelle Plays The Palace

by Henri

In his cracked, campy voice we've all grown to love, Michelle played the Palace to packed audiences last Saturday and Sunday, enjoying at least three standing ovations each night.

In a setting befitting the extravagance of the production, Michelle held the audience waiting for every word as the story of the past twenty years was recalled in camp, punctuated only by applause and delight of the nearly eight hundred fans gathered in the Grand Ball Room for this twentieth anniversary event.

Carrying large black and glitter

cards in succession from 1954 to 1974, twenty tux-wearing young men, making up the chorus line, preceded Michelle, whose first entrance brought about the first of several standing ovations as he stood swathed in hundreds of yards of ruffled white organdy with a duck tail train. Going from side to side of the enormous and well lighted stage, Michelle talked to the audience, recalling special events and Halloweens past, during the last twenty years.

On cue, the professional orchestra, under the direction of Randy Biagi, commenced Michelle's first number *I'm*



Photo by Henri

through their choreography in rockette-like precision. The finale of this production number brought forth the second standing ovation and required two encores before the appreciative audience would allow the intermission break.

Commencing the second half of the show, the memorable *Gorgeous Like An Orchid* number brought thunderous applause from the audience and recalled Michelle's first big production show *Ready or Not It's Me*, done at the Village in 1971 with special music written by Ron Moreno.

When the chorus line commenced unravelling the many yards of orchid ruffles, forming a garland of orchid ruffles themselves, and revealing Michelle in an orchid sequined body-tight costume, the audience again came to its feet.

It was one of the best "one man shows" to be seen in our community in a long time. It could have not come off so professionally, without the help of so many of Michelle's friends.

The almost all-gay union orchestra, music arranger, and chorus were under the able direction of the Biagi Brothers, whose performance was equal to any in any theatre in any major city and deserves the plaudits of San Francisco's Gay Community, since this is a true example of putting our best foot forward for all to see.

The Stage Design by Don Coffinger, the Lighting and Sound by Norman Trafton, and the Men's costume coordination by Ed Walsh and Bob Lesham added a professional quality to the entire production.

Everyone in the audience left the elegant room, hoping that they would not have to wait another twenty years before seeing Michelle starring in another production.



20 years and still going strong.

Photo by Henri



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Polk St. Sally

By Dixon

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Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

AND WHO SAYS bike clubs aren't somewhat imbued with pomp and circumstance? This weekend, the prestigious **Oedipus M/C** of Los Angeles will crown their XXXIII Rex, that meaning their 33rd president. With all the pageantry and color of any royal coronation we have heard of, bike clubs from both north and south will gather to present their colors (banners) before the reigning monarch. On Sunday, the equally colorful **Blue Max M/C** of L.A. will celebrate the Kaiser's birthday with a bash and beerextravaganza which is a tradition in the Southland; all this a prelude to our **Barbary Coasters M/C** Annual Academy Awards on February 15th, Saturday, at Fremont Hall and encompassing bike club activities and awards being presented to clubs for best run site, best food, best show, best buddy rider, etc. The **Constantines** will also stage their Annual Mix 'N' Match Party that weekend. Watch this column for more details concerning the events of our bike brothers.

☆☆☆

The **New Bell Saloon** was packed to capacity for the Wedding of the Year last Wednesday evening when Ken Leetzow (Mr. Gay Calif.) and Richard Novak (Mr. Gay period), promised the community (and not each other) that they would be loving brothers. The crowd in attendance recognized the union by accepting the vows and in unison voiced their recognition of the match by saying "We will" (recognize the couple). With our own David Kelsey returning to the podium for his smashing comeback and the title holders, royalty and organizational leaders jammed in for **KALENDAR's** 3rd Anniversary party ostensibly to photograph everyone for the Royal Album coming out in March, the evening was one to remember. Congratulations to Ken & Richard, to David Kelsey for coming back to his loved ones, and to Dennis Charles & Dick Jay for your achievements and a thank you to Boo, Roy, Teddy and Maxine for a fun, fun evening.

☆☆☆

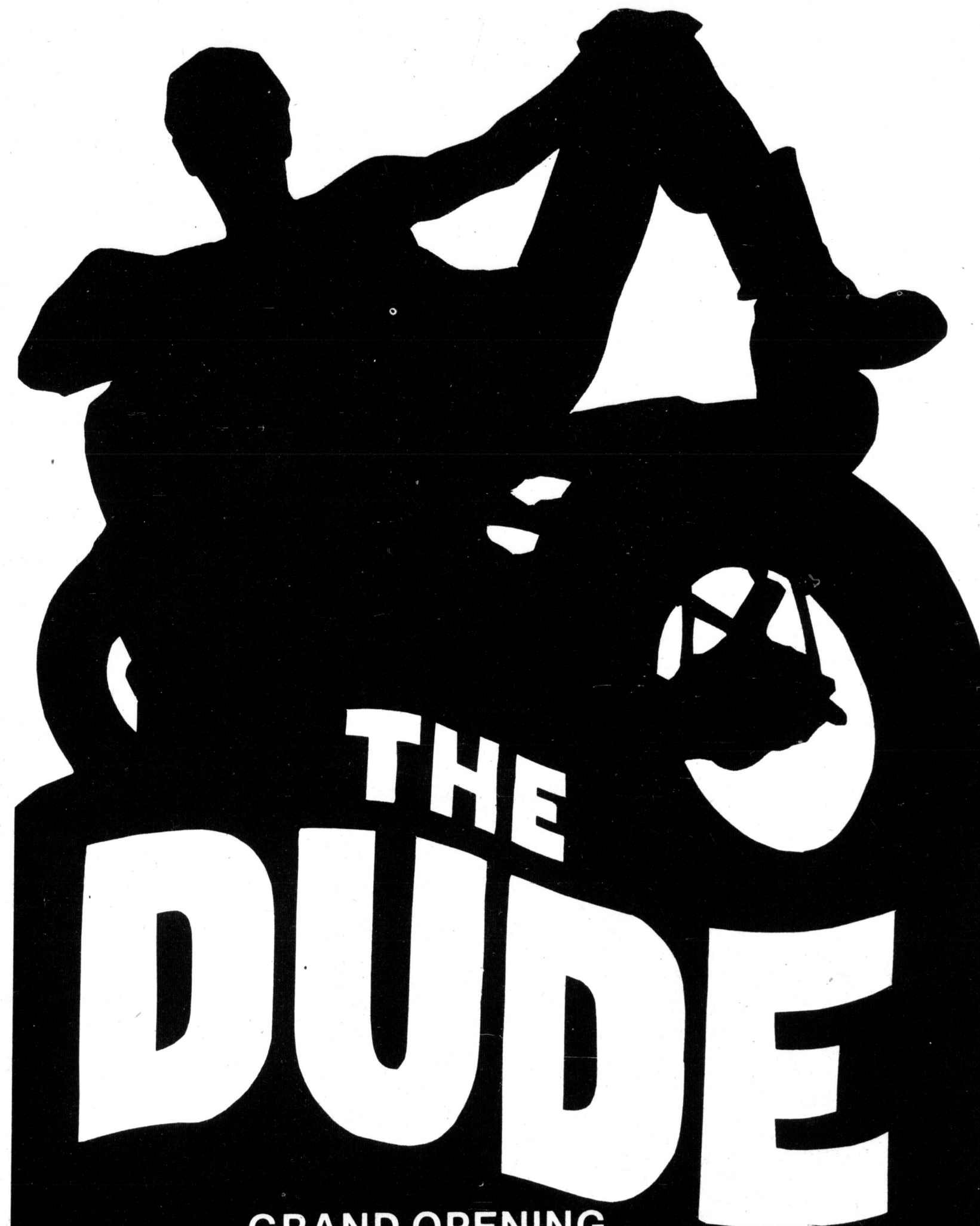
The **MILKY WAY** (or most of them) were at the **Boot Camp** last Saturday afternoon to put their collective talents in one basket and announced that Bill Tolan's big Mr. Cowboy **HOEDOWN JAMBOREE** will be held at **S.I.R. Center** on Saturday, May 10th, a benefit for American Indians. In addition to square dance competition, the "ladies" will auction off box lunches, a western band will play and the bar proceeds will go to **SIR**. For a \$2.00 ticket, this has GOT to be a fun evening. Watch for ads, posters, flyers and the columns, and see you all at **SIR** on May 10th. On Friday, May 9th, Mr. Cowboy will present his Golden Horseshow Awards at **Fe-Be's**, so be there for that event too.

☆☆☆

Aspirants to the titles of Mr. Cowboy and Miss Cowgirl can now plan their campaigns; the annual event will be staged on Saturday, June 21st, a benefit for the Office of Emperor. Several candidates are already making plans, among which are Donn Hoyt of the **Trading Post**; Dino Thomas of the **GDI's** (for Miss Cowgirl), Bob Page of **Cinemattachine**, Mark Calhoun of the **Round Up**, and Carol Snyder, popular gal about town. The Cowgirl contestants will not be subjected to selling .10 votes this year, but rather will campaign like the Cowboy contestants. With out-of-town judges accounting for 1/3 of the votes and the other 2/3 coming from YOU, the public, this year's campaign promises to be exciting. There will be no campaigning prior to May 1st, and all candidates will be presented at the Hoe Down on May 10th. Giddeeeeyupp! Remember, June 21st.

☆☆☆

THE CHARISMA OF THE MACHO MAN has taken hold and two new bars in our midst, one open, the other about to open, bear names in keeping with the new word which means the same as *butch* or *masculine*. On upper Market Street, Dave Williams, former owner of **The Mistake** has taken his little errors Terry Baker, John Brewer and Larry the waiter and firmly implanted Michael into his new **Hombre** on the site of the former **Missouri Mule**. In the Larken Lane area, Bill McWilliams once again puts his fantastic record of successful bars on the line and opens **Dude** (formerly the **Play Pen**) bringing back to the planks the ever-popular Richard Novak, Ken Leetzow, Bob Kerns and Randy Johnson to star in a new setting. The



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(Marcus Cont'd)

preview for the Mily Way, by invitation, will take place on Wednesday, Feb. 5, and the Grand Opening being on Thursday, Feb. 6th. During the week-long festivities, the movies of the Leetzow-Novak Wedding will be shown and numerous fun events will be offered. Make plans now to include these bars on your itinerary when you're out cruising and boozing.

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THURSDAY'S TORTUOUS TRAUMAS...Nominations for the Annual Cable Car Awards put on by Emperor Bob Cramer have been announced and be sure to make plans for that event at Bimbo's on February 2nd; if you're not going to Pomona for the Coronation of the Emperor and Empress of the California Inland Empire (in Pomona), be sure to attend Mama Peck's HOOKER'S BALL on the 25th - several new titles will be proclaimed (by someone) and our own Empress IV Reba will be the M.C. and this sounds like fun...The Cable Car Awards on Saturday are being followed the next day by the Investiture of Empress Doris' Court to take place in the Garden court of the Sheraton-Palace on Sunday, February 3rd...And speaking of

awards, the **Boot Camp** will stage their 1st Annual Big Basket Awards on Thursday, February 13th - this should be interesting so all you dudes wear your most revealing garb that night and win cash prizes...Bob Smanuk, former waiter at Big Town is now doing his thing in a "straight" bar in Billings, Montana and the name of the bar is **Frank's Hole**...Congratulations to La Kish, still a hard worker, who won the bisque sculpture, *Trois Chevaux* at **Le Domino's** grand opening last Saturday - if you haven't tried **Le Domino**, by all means do...Watch for the appearance for the first time of the **BSSF M/C** (in overlays) at the Academy Awards on Feb. 15th for they will have a party after the awards and give out buttons, and incidentally, only three of the six members are former **GDI** members and while clearing up my mistakes, my last column listed the staff of the **No Name** with the exception of "What's His Name" mostly because I forgot "What's His Name's" name; suffering the indignities from his co-workers for this faux pas of mine, I must apologize to him - I forgot "What's His Name's" real name is **TUK JORDAN**, star of several new porno flicks and wait till you see his latest - a sort of Gay Zorro

mini-epic with our Tuk in the throes of ecstasy, a la sado-masochism complete with black hat, black cape and black moustache - sorry I forgot your name Tuk....Now that Mike Caringi's EX, Skip is back in town, what will become of the all-confusing Ron Ross-Mr. Shore-Mike Caringi, etc. octagonal-way we keep hearing about?...And hey there little Dean (last name unknown), did you know that La Kish finds you most, most appealing, dahling???... Don't forget Lori Shannon's now at **FINOCCHI'S**, SO DON'T MISS THIS ACT...Thanx to Curt Bryan of **Curt's Corner** and formerly of **Corner Grocery** for the beautiful feathery accessory last Saturday...The acerbic Zane Tamas of **Dave's Baths** and Sentinel fame has received 10 more points in his favor in his quest for a Spoon Award this year....EXTRA! FLASH! For the esoterically-minded, you can now join the "Obscene Phone Call Club"! Yes, for \$5 a month, you merely dial a number and tell them you're ready and the calls (pants, moans, dirty talk, sighing, crying, filth) start pouring in - an excellent gift for a shut-in who must eschew bars, baths and orgy rooms...And speaking of orgy rooms, welcome home to Jay of the **Wagon** - we missed your pleasant personality around the pool, my dear...Anyone wanting to give a nice home to some very friendly hens, contact Lucky at **Folsom Prison** - can you imagine, our poor Lucky had to give away his quartet of roosters because the neighbors got up a petition for their removal? I didn't know clucking hens could disturb the peace, but word has it that another petition is in the making, so all you lovers of chicken boas, call Lucky NOW!...Congratulations to Enema, I mean Peter Decker and Tammy Lynn, the new Mr. and Miss Gay S.F. - also congratulations to Michelle for a super 20th Anniversary Show last Sunday at the Palace - Michael Lewis, you were stunning, as usual...Stand out personality on Emperor Cramer's court is Dale Evans - a real sweetheart...See you all at the Mr. Acme Man Contest on Friday, January 31st at California Hall - it will be HOT. Be there or be square - \$2.00 for tickets and it IS a benefit for **S.I.R.**...Love you all,
Mister Marcus
P.S. Be sure to vote at the **SIR** Elections on February 12th. Welcome home to Doug MacDonald after a tanning, restful vacation at home in Florida.

This-a And That-a

By Lou Greene

Would you believe! A real female won the \$50 cash prize for the Jockey Shorts contest at the **Candy Shop** in San Jose. She wore red satin jockies with a sprig of mistletoe. The 8 stalwart male contestants took their defeat very bravely. The **Candy Shop** is now featuring Buddy night on Thursday nights (2 for 1) -- **The Red Boar** in Cupertino, held their Grand Opening on January 10th. Earl Lane hosted a packed house with a warm and personal greeting. Spaghetti and meat balls were served all night. The list of San Jose personalities in attendance were led in splendor by the lovely Reina VI Bunny Lake. The **Red Boar** has become in; in just a very short time. It is one of the fun places in the area. --- Another Grand Opening, **The Mecca** was celebrated Sunday the 12th. The festivities for the evening were lead by hostesses Gi Gi and Judie, who were contest judges. Danny, James, Bill, Ken and Al were also judges. Winners were: Best Drag, Julie - Best 1930's costume, Ron M. - Best Comedy Outfit, Mike Valdez - Best 1930's couple, Tim Denise and Danny Hertado. Congratulations to one and all. Runners up were Nickie nations and Countessa Deserae. **The Mecca** features Buddy Night every Tuesday and 'Paupers' night, the last Wednesday of each month; and February 12th, will offer a Mardi Gras fun night. Don't miss it. --- Since this is my first column of the year, I would like to mention all the bars and organizations that make up the Gay Network on the Peninsula. Hats off to The MCC of San Jose, MCC of Monterey, Gay Student Union of San Jose State College, Gay Student Union at Stanford, The Monterey Dons Motorcycle Club, the Royale Cypress

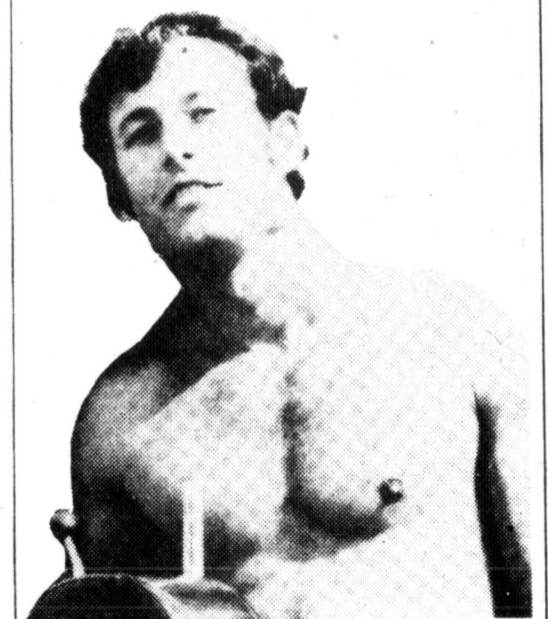
Court of Monterey and the Imperial Empire of San Jose. A special welcome to the new bars; **The Mecca** in Santa Clara and the **Red Boar** in Cupertino, also the **Rightous Ram** in Monterey. Continued success to the **Gilded Cage** in Monterey, **Mona's Gorilla Lounge** in Santa Cruz, **Mac's Club** in downtown San Jose, the **Tinkers Damn** and the **Savoy**. Also, the **Kona-Kai**, **Locker Room** and the **Gardens** in Palo Alto; and the **Cruiser** and **Bayou** in Redwood City. --- Sandy, former star of the Orpheum Circus and many shows thruout the Bay Area, is now General Manager of the **Golden Door Sauna Baths** in Palo Alto. He is really cleaning the joint up and making it a comfortable, cozy place to relax in and unwind. --- The **B.Q.** in Palo Alto has a new sound system and Garden Court Room with little oriental people decorating the room. ---The **Locker Room** in Palo Alto has a hunky bartender Phill, and will feature a Western Night on the 25th from 8 p.m. with Western Music, Fun and Prizes.--- The **Garden** in Palo Alto features 'Popcorn' night Friday nights along with some very friendly patrons as well as bartenders. --- The **Kona Kai** in Palo Alto will have a Birthday Party for Lulu and Boby, and a Valentines Day Bash on February 14th. Special Guests will be Patty and Mike, two members of the Zell Family from Wisconsin. --- The **Cruiser** in Redwood City are remodeling the premises and the restaurant still serves gourmet meals at prices you can afford. --- Across the bay to Hayward, the **Driftwood** held a wild Jitterbug contest on the 18th. If you didn't get in

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on it, you missed a real wild time. --- The **Fox** next door to the **Driftwood** is going to feature a Mardi Gras Extravaganza in February; details to be announced in next addition. --- Up to Oakland - **Grandma's House** has really outdone itself. The dining area and bar have been completely re-decorated in shingled walls, parquet floors, collection of fine artworks, and has created a most delightful and relaxing atmosphere. Their new dining room cuisine is still tops. They are also featuring live entertainment on weekends and will soon have a new piano bar with guest artists. --- the **Camp Grounds** in Berkeley is really packing them in, especially with their fine dinners, featuring a \$2.95 recession special, Monday thru Thursday. --- The **Revol** will advertise your bar or name on any bar stools donated to them. Got any spare stools laying around? --- I was told about the new innovation at the **Mayan Baths** in Berkeley, and had to see it for myself. They converted the back end of the baths into a dark maize. At first when you enter, you can't see where the hell you're going and you have to grope thru the intricate corridors and walls. You run into enough surprises going thru the maize and if you

manage to complete the trip you find yourself in a dark, intimate den just full of goodies. You have to experience this trip to believe it. --- Since Marcus and the local writers seem apprehensive about visiting and writing about **A Little More** on 15th and Potrero, I must sneak in a word or two. For a real fun bar with plenty of parking space and a spacious dance floor, this is it. Altho primarily a girls bar, the guys are also finding this a great place to dance and drink. Lee, (a real doll) from **Scotties**, and Barbara are behind the bar. Rene has really done a great job in providing the community with such a fine bar for the gals and the guys to congregate and enjoy themselves in. --- A special thanks to Goldie Montana for helping me with many of the details in my column. -- Until next time, my best to you always in all ways. Love, Lou.

I have been asked to reprint this bit of prose written by Crosby for Maryanne of the **Truck Stop**. If only my mother'd been more like you, maybe I'd still know her. But I don't feel bad about that woman, she's long been part of the past with me. I'm glad to be under your wing, I'm glad when you get angry with me - it shows

someone cares. When I'm down you say "let's talk about it." When I'm up we share that natural high. We're the team unbeatable, batting 4000 and smiling through all the pop flies, forgetting about the strike three happy umpire - it's the world to have real people around in this plastic city of strangers and back stabbing smiles. It's just damn good to know there's someone like you.

S.I.R. Nominations

President:
Doug DeYoung - Elmer Wilhelm
Vice President:
Wm. E. Beardemphl - Bond Shands
Secretary:
Norman Armentrout - Paul Hardman -
-Bob Wiggin
Treasurer:
Henri Leleu - Robert Simmons
Trustees: (Two to be selected)
Larry Eppinette - David Johns
Gardner Pond - Bob Ross
Ron Ross (declined) - Jack Trujillo
Ways & Means Committee:
(4 to be elected)
Aubrey Bailey - Ed Edmond
Randy Johnson - Arline Kempf
Ferris Lehman - F.E. Mitchell
Naomi Murdach - Hector Navarro
Don O'Brien - Kenneth Rice
John Schmidt - Chuck Schneider
The election will be held from Noon till 8 PM on February 12th, at the S.I.R. Center.

S.I.R.'s Membership publication **THE INSIDER** carried a pictorial ad showing the faces of those claiming to be members of the "reform slate" adding that they are "responsible," "Up-front" and "cross-segment" pledged to work together to move SIR back into the mainstream of working for Gay Rights.

A smaller, totally graphic ad by the opposing slate of candidates boats of its achievements of "restoring SIR's Financial Stability; Giving SIR back to the members; Increased Memberships; Improved VECTOR; and having rebuilt Community Respect for SIR.

Regardless of the nominees or the slate you prefer, everyone who is a bona fide member of SIR should exercise his or her constitutional right and indicate that preference. Without YOUR vote, SIR CANNOT REPRESENT YOU personally.

Members who decline to vote, likewise surrender their prerogative to criticize. Members should not allow this surrender of rights to happen. **VOTE.**

Body Building

Look Good, Feel Good

By Bruce Bruno

Nautilus

THE NEO-SCIENCE OF BODY-BUILDING Series #1 by Bruce Bruno

The scope of standard weight-training has been broadened with the introduction and popular acceptance of Dr. Arthur Jones' Nautilus Concept. His revolutionary machine (appropriately called the "nautilus") simply projects weight-training via the usage of pulleys.

Since the early '60's, many leading bodybuilders have vehemently argued that barbell and dumbbell training provides the user with greater stress and strain -- which, in turns, maximizes muscular growth (via the application of "natural" leverage). Unlike conventional barbell bodybuilding, the Nautilus technique recognizes that "rotary resistance" is essential for maximizing muscular growth because the bodyparts of human muscles function in rotary fashion. Similarly, due to the makeup of muscular contraction, in most barbell exercises it becomes impossible to provide any resistance in the position of "full contraction." Thus, stifling and/or diminishing muscular growth. An appropriate analogy is indicative of the fact that "you cannot proceed around a curve in the road by continuing to move in a straight line -- and rotary resistance must be provided against rotary movement if you are trying to exercise muscles in all positions." Henceforth, the degree of muscular "pump" is far greater in the Nautilus/type exercise; consequently, providing further proof that a greater number of muscle fibers are utilized via this technique.

Furthermore, "progressive weight-training" and "intensity-of-effort" are all synonymous with Nautilus. Which is to say, for BEST results one must train with the tools outlined above, and the techniques MUST BE HARD -- AND MUST BE BRIEF.

As a side note, after having experienced the Nautilus technique myself, it is worthy to note that: (1) any type/form of exercise will initially benefit the beginner; and (2) since

leverage may not be of first nature to some novices it is advisable to follow the following program:

- 1- Use an exclusive Nautilus program for the first 2 months;
- 2- Supplement your Nautilus workouts with moderate barbell/dumbbell movements for months #3 & #4;
- 3- Then, you are fully prepared to undertake an exclusive, conventional bodybuilding routine.

These transitions will not only provide the beginner with maximum gains but will also continue to enhance his interest in the "iron game." Yet, always remember, TRAIN HARD and EAT RIGHT.

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“Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home”....so to speak. Believe it or not, the Tavern Guild Foundation needs \$\$\$\$ to buy a home.....a place where local gay theatre can perform, a place where gay organizations can get together.

Actually, we found a building at 150 Valencia, but need money...can you help? Any contribution would be welcome (they're tax deductible). And if you're interested in investing in the Real Estate Trust which is being set up, call the Tavern Guild Foundation at 626-0952; or send your contributions to: Tavern Guild Foundation, 98 Lafayette St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

OUR SELECTIONS

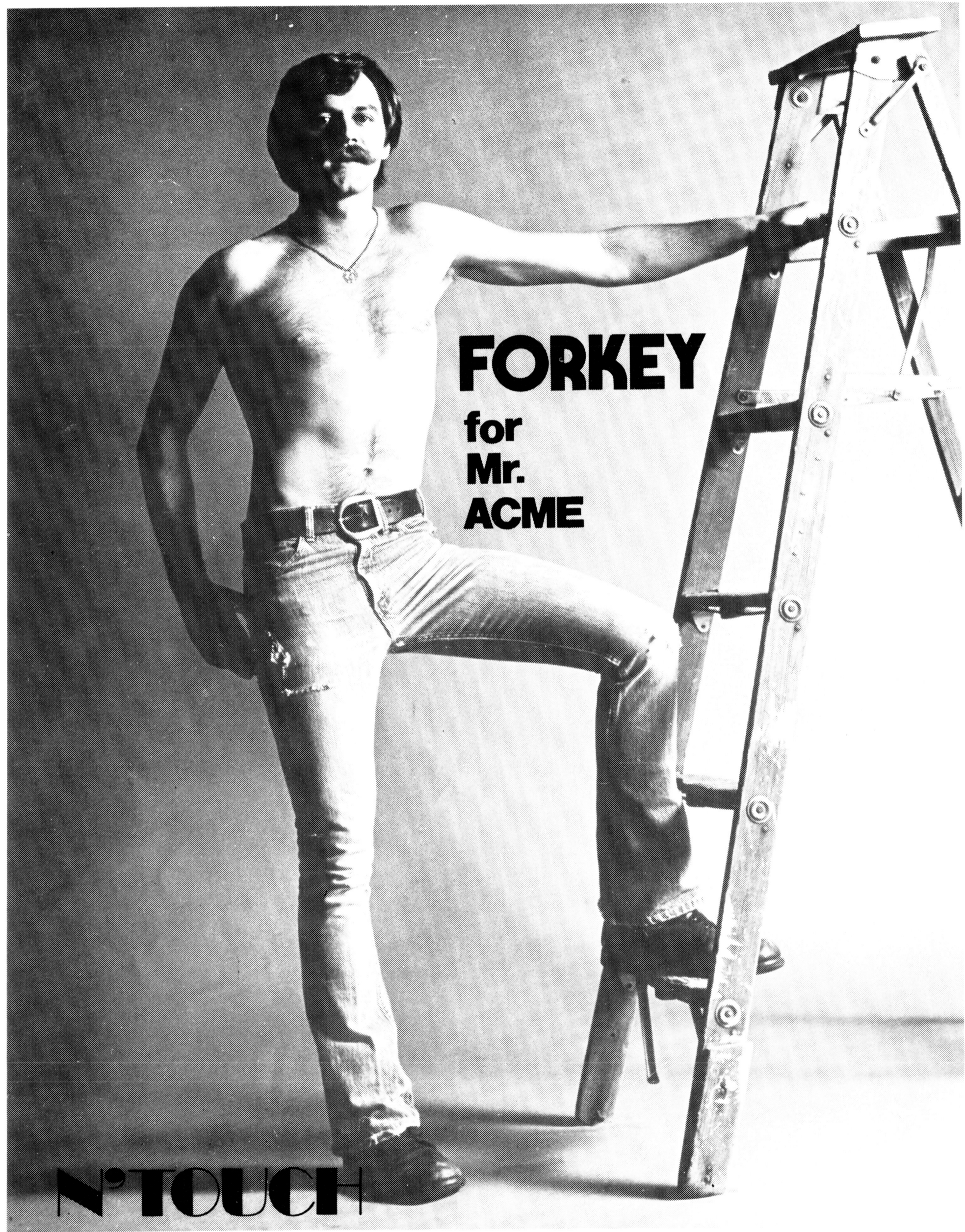
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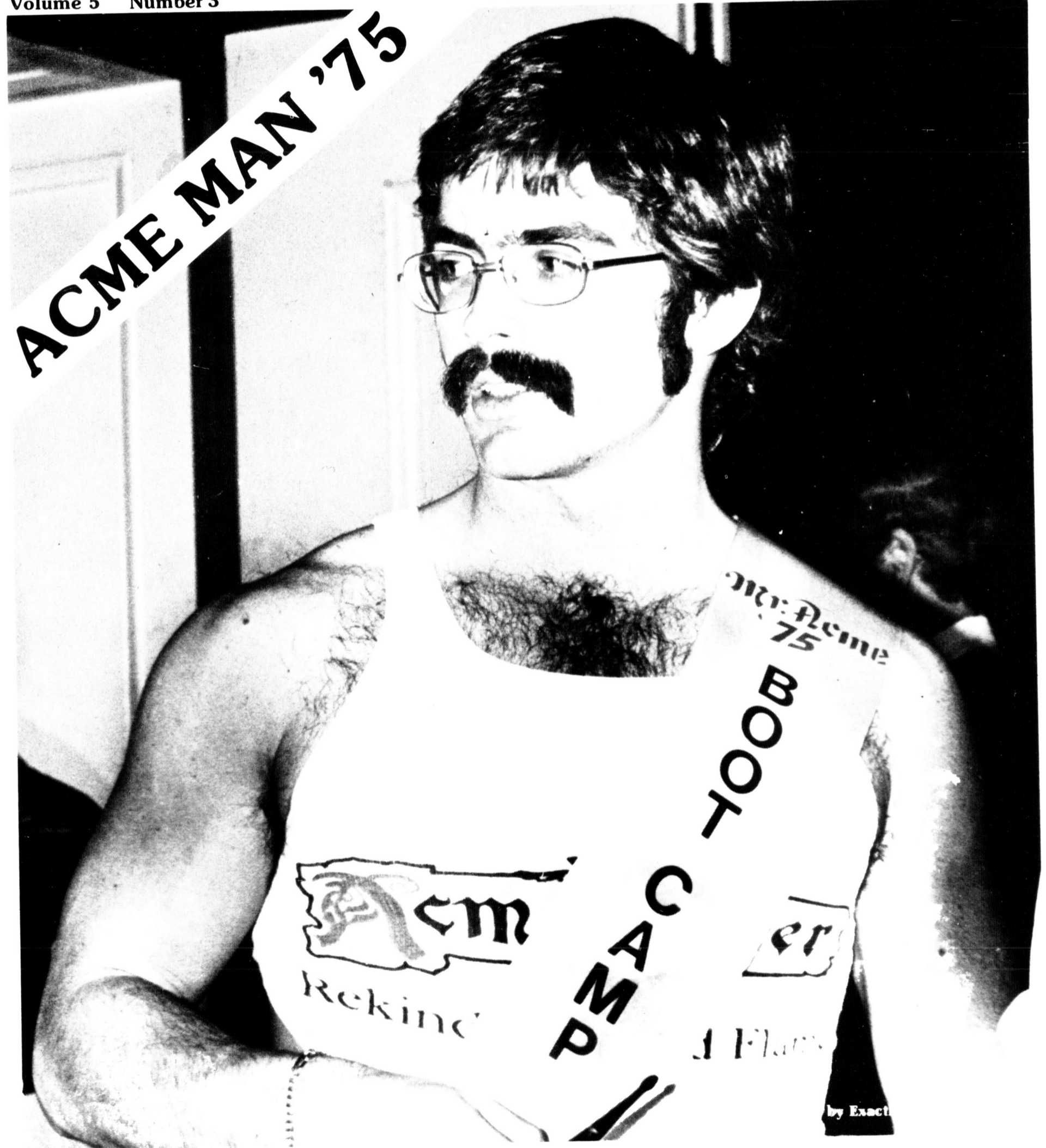
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Volume 5 Number 3

February 6, 1975



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