

VOTE *

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Noon—8pm

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B.A.R.

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Volume 5 Number 4

February 20, 1975

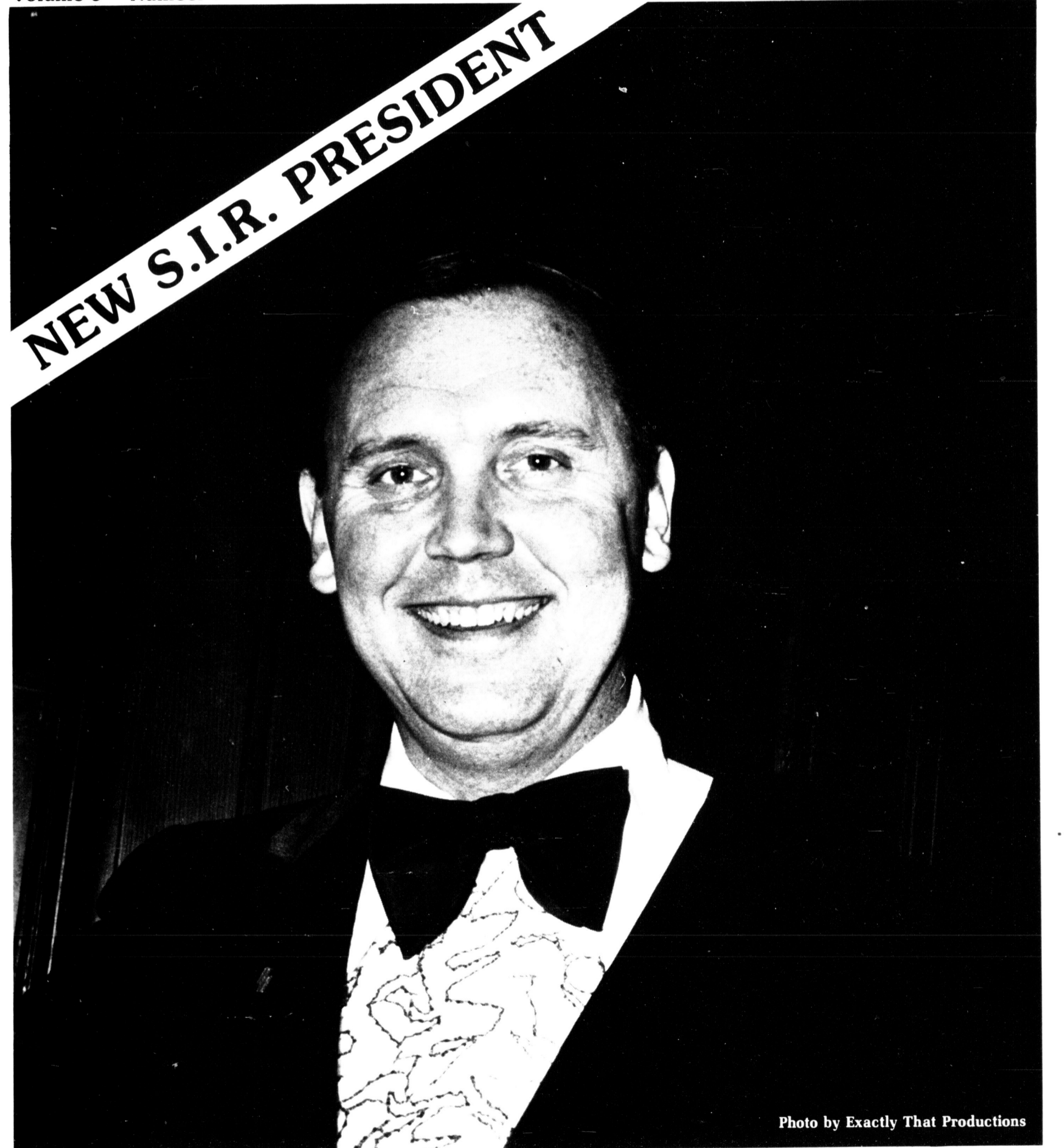


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Next Deadline: February 28

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PUBLISHER
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Bob Ross

EDITORS
Entertainment
Donald McLean
General News
Henri Leleu

BUSINESS MANAGER
John D. Hoffman

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GRAPHICS
Ron Williams

CONTRIBUTORS

Bruce Bruno
George Grassby
Lou Greene
Gyrovag
Paul-Francis Hartmann
Bob Matthews
Harvey Milk
J. D. Miller
Mister Marcus
The Mole
Rick Nielson
Polk Street Sally
Wally Rutherford
Sweetlips
Paul Walliker

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Community News

Equal Representation

....NOTHING LESS

Charter Amendment (File #433-74) co-authored by Supervisors Feinstein and von Beroldingen would increase the size of the Police, Fire and Civil Service Commission from three to five members and provide that no more than a majority can be of the same sex.

This legislation, like the selection process for the newly enacted Commission on the Status of Women, is innovative. "Equal Rights" and "Equal Opportunity" are familiar phrases, but

they will continue to be meaningless so far as women are concerned until we have "equal representation" in government. And the only way we will ever get that is with the force of law -- by writing "sex" into the City Charter.

This Charter Amendment, which is supported by the Bay Area Women's Coalition, would mean: •Wider representation •Making these commissions more responsible and responsible to the people they serve •Implementation of stated city policy of affirmative action for women and minorities in government as well as in employment.

PLEASE NOTE: Gender does not contradict or compete with racial, ethnic or sexual preference groups. Many

minority groups should be represented on these commissions, but their numbers would fluctuate according to circumstances and the changing make-up of the total community. The numbers of women and men, which are approximately equal, however, is a constant factor. Therefore, it is not unreasonable to ask for equal representation of women and men. Requiring equal representation for women would give minorities a second avenue for appointments.

Public hearing before the Legislative and Personnel Committee of the Board of Supervisors is set for March 6, at 2 pm, Room 228, City Hall... Every-

(Continued Next Page)

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Morning-After Pill A Bummer, Not a Relief

"The casual release of the dangerous drug DES, now called the Morning-after Pill, is clearly indicative of the status of women in this country. Minute dosages of DES given to cattle were banned by the FDA after Sub-Committee Hearings in 1972. Obviously women's health is far less important to the FDA than a slice of beer." says Laura Brown, Founder and Director of the Oakland Feminist Women's Health Center. "This proves once again that women's bodies are abused for the purpose of profit-making and experimentation."

News/Notes

The Toklas Democratic Club will sponsor a Hot Seat Dinner with potential candidates for mayor, on Friday, March 7, 1975. Guests will include Jack Ertola, Superior Court Judge; Dianne Feinstein, President Board of Supervisors; Quentin Kopp, member of the Board of Supervisors; Milton Marks, State Senator and

announced candidate for mayor; and George Moscone, State Senator and announced candidate for Mayor. The Master of Ceremonies for the evening will be Willie Brown, Assemblyman.

The dinner will be held at the Delancy Street Restaurant, Union near Webster. No host cocktails at 7 pm, dinner at 8 pm. For more information, call Gary Miller at 431-3344, evenings or weekends.

Kelsey and Schneider Cut Album

Mr. George Cory, composer of the music for *I Left My Heart In San Francisco* is producing a "party" album which will be distributed through Cory Recording Company of San Francisco, featuring David Kelsey and Gary Schneider.

The master was cut during a wild jam session at the Windjammer and a suggested title will be *Jamming At The Windjammer*.

Widely known for their unsurpassed talents at the organ and piano, with hundreds of augmented sounds from numerous electronic gadgets and a synthesizer, David and Gary play and sing parodies and nostalgic tongue-in-cheek tunes in a true aura of musical camp.

While Cory has not yet announced the release date of this recording, the masters have been edited and the total text of the album has already been determined. "Truly it can be said to be the best of David and Gary" said Cory... "and the album will be released this spring."

Long a popular musician and entertainer in the Bay Area and Hawaii, David Kelsey has joined forces with his more outrageous friend and rhythm musician-entertainer Gary Schneider who has kept audiences laughing and entertained for years in the Bay Area. Together they are a "matched pair" and their first joint recording should prove to be a "top-of-the-list" best seller.

Cory Sound are the releasing distributors of *Zebedy Sings For You*, a collection of nostalgia backed by a full orchestra with lush sound. Zebedy, with a fine popular voice sings such tunes as *The Man I Love* and other notable hits which traditionally are sung by female voices. The record is available at your favorite record store.

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Letters to The Editor

Editor,

Having never before been actively involved in gay community activities, I have never before been seen fit to write a letter of this nature. Although I am a member of the Court of the Emperor of San Francisco, the views expressed herein are my own.

Since becoming somewhat involved in our community, I have had the unfortunate opportunity to witness an incredible amount of name-calling, unkindness and just plain rudeness. It not only appears in our papers, but turns up in conversation, is apparent at meetings and functions...in fact, it surrounds us. I have always believed in constructive and useful criticism, for that creates achievement. But name-calling, as such, merely destroys.

Those responsible are, for the most part, sincere, honest and dedicated people. And it is beyond my comprehension to believe what they write and say about their brothers and sisters. Many times it is in jest...but it always destroys. It destroys working relationships, it destroys respect for one another, and the greatest loss of all is the incentive it takes from those who have been willing to work and to progress.

There has been only one activity that I know of, in past months, that has not been in one way or another resulted in permanent damage to someone. That being the acme beer Man '75...a great affair. Even the recent S.I.R. campaign was ruinous to individuals. There has got to be a way to end this. The answer is in "us"...each of us!

My hope is that, in the spirit of progress for all gay people, we can put aside petty dislikes and jealousies and write and speak in such a manner as to create an atmosphere of harmony and success.

With best regards,
Bob Shore

Dear Sir:

The purpose of this letter is to inform you and your readers of our program and to seek your and their support. The Peninsula Group of Concern is a group of people concerned with the needs of gay women and men, particularly in San Mateo and Santa Clara Counties. Since January of 1974

we have been seeking to persuade the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County to take steps to ban discrimination based on sexual orientation by approving such modifications to the Human Relations Commission's "Enabling Ordinance" in order to achieve this objective. The cornerstone of this effort has been a recommendation to that effect approved by the County Human Relations Commission itself in 1972.

To bring pressure upon the Supervisors to take affirmative action in this matter we have urged residents of

the County to write them in support of these ordinance changes, and to send us a copy of their letter. Thus far a few dozen people have done so. We have also enlisted sixteen respected church and civic agencies to adopt statements supportive of these changes. We recently met with Mr. James Forrest, Executive Director of the County H.R.C., and he agreed to take an active part in our behalf. He also agreed to seek the active support of the other Commission members as well.

The Supervisors have thus far resisted our efforts with two main
(Continued Next Page)

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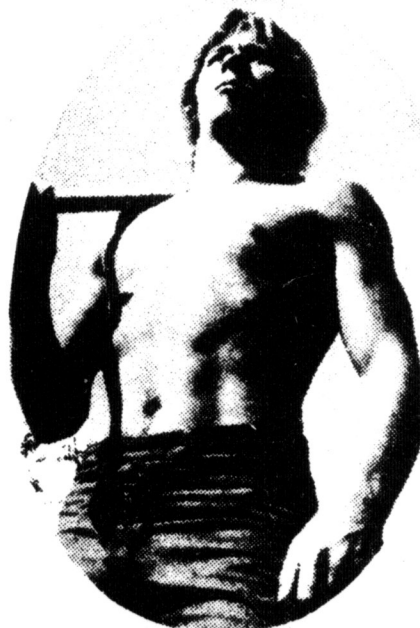
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arguments. firstly, they claim that they have no legal authority to approve such legislation since there is no similar State or Federal Law. We have debated this point with them and they have finally agreed to inquire into the legal basis on which similar ordinances were modified in San Francisco, Berkeley, Palo Alto and San Jose. Secondly, they claim that no complaints of discrimination based on sexual orientation have been received by the H.R.C., therefore no changes to the ordinance is required. In response to this argument we have pointed out the futility of making a complaint when no protective legislation exists! But they continue to resist. We now have two well documented cases of discrimination but we will need more.

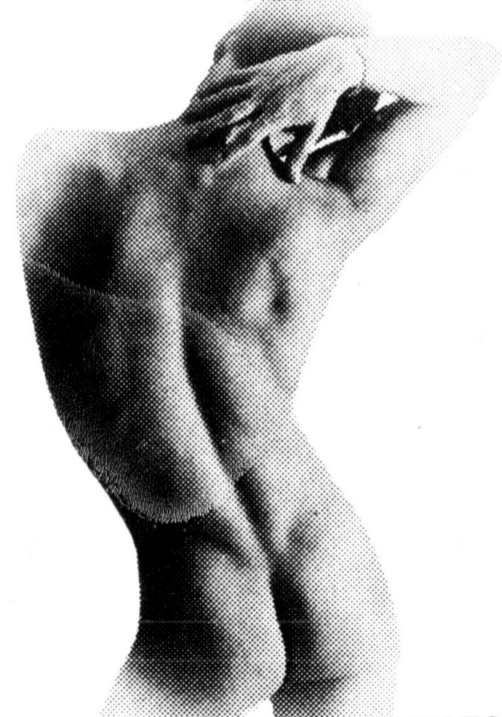
The Peninsula Group of Concern *needs your help!* If you live or work in San Mateo County and have suffered discrimination in employment, housing, public accomodation, etc. (or if you know someone who has) *we need to know about it!* If you are willing to write letters seeking support for us, or if you can speak to groups seeking their support, *we want to hear from you!* If you can type letters or make phone calls for us, *please let us know!*

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Call me evenings at 347-5682 or write to the below address. Together we can end discrimination against gay people in San Mateo County!

/s/ Boyce Hinman

Steering Committee Member,
The Peninsula Group of Concern
P.O. Box 5071, San Mateo, Ca. 94402

Dear Editor:

If your readers have an open mind towards some of the problems facing homosexuals today, you will find it not only necessary but paramount that you print this letter. I am writing you along with other city newspapers to say:

I have heard many times during my homosexual life just how un-prejudiced and unbiased the gay life is. Working on this assumption, and that bars are the center of many of our social lives, I must put this question to the readers of this newspaper, "Where are our minority bartenders, maitre d's, waiters, and cooks in the approximately one hundred or more gay bars and restaurants in San Francisco?" We don't even have a quota of minority bar employees working in gay establishments. That the lack of experience is always supposedly a good excuse, but (for example) where does a black get this experience: The Bo-Jangles?

Let's take a look at our bar situation. I never really thought about, or realized that there are so very few minority bartenders until I tried finding employment as a bartender. After taking a good look around, my "gay black nerves" were plucked!

Newspapers are filled with articles expounding on problems facing homosexuals in a heterosexual world. These are real problems which must be solved, but we also have minority problems inside our gay minority which must certainly be solved.

I do believe what I have stated here will make most of us take a good look at

the bar situation as I did. I can only hope that bar owners and the Tavern Guild will become aware and take action on this obvious oversight.

What can, and will you do? ! Let's have equal opportunity for all.

/s/ Michael Freeman

Dear Sir:

I read with dismay and disbelief the report filed by Mr. G. Ashley Martinson under LOCAL FEATURES (page 25 of the February 6th issue of B.A.R.) concerning Emperor Bob Cramer's Cable Car Awards held at Bimbo's. Not only has Mr. Martinson filled an entire page with venom and malice belittling the Office of Emperor, he has made a gross error in connection with THE SAN FRANCISCANS. If Mr. Martinson has not the time nor the effort to get his information correct, perhaps he should be writing copy for B.A.R. CLASSIFIED under "Massage" ads.

The Powell Street Express which you reporter so candidly mentions as having a "sort of choreographed high school drill team" semblance does not consist of "members or ex-members of THE SAN FRANCISCANS." The composition of this group actually had ONE Independent, THREE members of THE SERPENTS MOTORCYCLE CLUB and TWO members of THE SAN FRANCISCANS. The two members of THE SAN FRANCISCANS did not perform under the auspices of our Club but did so independently. Mr. Martinson would have been closer to the truth in reporting that THE SERPANTS M/C presented this particular segment of the show... which would have also been incorrect! Those of our fellow South of Market Clubmembers who were present have gotten quite a charge at THE SAN FRANCISCANS' expense, however those not present know our Club and the high-standard of performances we have done in the past

and will continue to do in the future.

Should your reporter have the opportunity, he might enjoy the forthcoming BARBARY COASTER' ACADEMY AWARDS presentation this coming Saturday at 350 Fremont Street where he would get a chance to see THE SAN FRANCISCANS in action.

The damage has been done, however and I and my Club feel that a *public retraction* is in order. His feelings as to the worth of the Cable Car Awards are certainly his own -- I personally had an enjoyable evening. I also feel that an apology should be extended to THE POWELL STREET EXPRESS for their effort and enthusiasm in performing for the Awards. Not being a professional group and having to do with a critically short rehearsal period in a cramped, make-shift space (my garage), I felt a commendation was in order rather than Mr. Martinson's "Sour Grapes."

Yours very truly,

/s/ Randy L.

President, The San Franciscans

☆

We saw the BC's Awards and it has not changed our opinion. Consider this a retraction. G.A.M.

☆

The following post card from Vancouver, B.C. was received:

"Mr. C. Ashley Whoever

Dear C. Ashley,

Having a wonderful time vacationing in the great Pacific Northwest. Money running low - must return soon for another fund raiser.

/s/ The Cable Car Court"

☆

We thought you already had one started. G.A.M.

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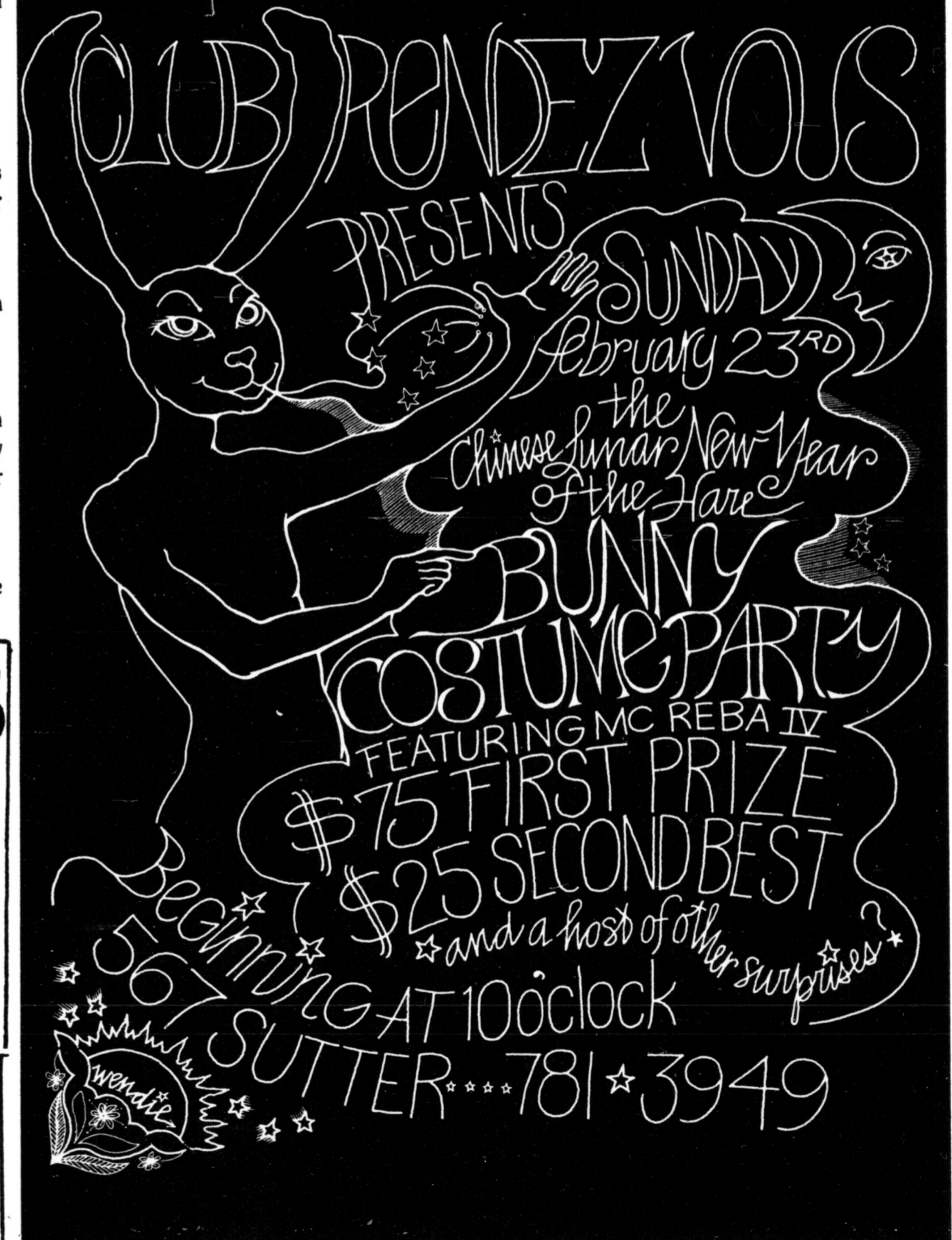
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Helping Hands Very Much Alive

Sir,

Just a note of information to our friends at B.A.R. congratulating you on your exciting new format, and to let you all know that Helping Hands Center is very much alive and serving several hundred gay citizens each week, despite what you may have read in "brand S" newspaper for the past umpteen issues. Ever since I put my foot in the rear of the owner-editor of that paper, they

have written nothing but nasties about Helping Hands Center.

During 1974, we obtained nearly 700 jobs for gaypeople, yet we do not advertise or want to do job counselling, for in the spirit of gay-unity, we desire to see S.I.R. handle all such activities.

Helping Hands Center is a drop-in center, with plenty of literature for various problems, and all free, as well as our 24-hour switchboard. We helped nearly 200 persons secure release from the City Prison last year with our legal assistance program. And our volunteer legal referral panel did 9 free jury trials last year. We hold regular meetings at the Center on drug-abuse, seeking ways to help people escape from addiction of the various drugs which abound in our City. A weekly meeting of A.A. is held at the Center, which is the largest gathering of gay alcoholics in town, and we are extremely proud of the gaypeople who are getting rid of the curse of alcohol-addiction.

Yes, we do have coffee as "brand S" reported, and different people have different tastes, but the coffee, like the tea, and foods we have, are all free; "brand S" should not complain about getting something for free.

We are not able to help everyone who comes into Helping Hands Center, but we are able to help those who want to help themselves. And we are so grateful to the various Tavern Guild members who help us voluntarily raise money at auctions, as well as the many other fine gay citizens who help us without "threat" as "brand S" misreported.

We want gay-unity, and we are working for it, for unity is a beautiful thing.

Thank you so much,
/s/ Rev. Raymond Broshears
P.S. A special thanks to the B.A.R. which have given so much money to Helping Hands Center voluntarily... God bless you all!

The Revelation(s) of Thomas to the Malthusians

Bob Ross, Editor

The glaring inaccuracies, the calumnations, and the virtual editorial control of your publication by Harvey Milk, all compel me to write to you -- though I realize the futility of the effort

8

for it might expose Harvey Milk, and the surrogate role to which he has consigned you, were you to give utterance to my correspondence.

First, considering the evening of 29 May 1974, and the constructive exchange of view points therein set forth - an evening graciously hosted by you and attended by several recognized spokesmen within the Gay Community as well as Supervisors John Molinari and Quentin Kopp. I fail to see how you could permit the publication of the article "Divide and Conquer." Quentin is a forthright and honest public servant; he has agreed to serve on the Policy Making Steering Committee of that Seminar for which I am the co-ordinator, relative to relations between Gays and Police; he has not, repeat, **has not** been obsequious to the posturings of Harvey Milk - as have been others - and therefore he has obviously earned your enmity. How shallow can you be?

Next, "Can Gays Get it Together?" was either ghost written for or dictated by Harvey (he has admitted to me that he cannot construct a cohesive sentence without the assistance of his sometimes (ex) lover. It, and the PCR article, constructed by the same ghost-writer are absolute garbage; particularly when you consider the additional fact that Mr Milk's hand-picked Chairman for the Eureka PCR stated to me that in the light of the Vice-President and two Secretaries being equally complacent in Harvey's stead, that he, the Chairman was but an "impotent figurehead."

How you, of all persons, dare to criticize W E Beardemphl, is beyond (sic) reason? Bill and I certainly are not bed-fellows, political, or otherwise. However, his integrity, his record of accomplishment within and for the gay community is far and above that of either you or Mr Milk. And, if contributors to the Sentinel use assumed names, remember, "he who comes into a court of equity must do so with clean hands." Perhaps you need a bar of soap, for obviously, your credibility has been "milked" and blemished with a pathological penchant for factual distortion, if not outright falsehood.

With due consideration,
/s/ Thomas M Edwards

☆

See Editorial

Editorials

Dear Tom Edwards,

With due consideration, we feel we must answer your epistle dated 8 February 1975.

We read, with utmost hilarity, your assumption that Harvey Milk controls the editorial policies of this publication, and that **he has** relegated myself to the position of Junior Staff Member.

It has always been the policy of this publication to allow its writers and columnists to express their own opinions and thoughts, no matter how candid they may be. While we may or may not agree with them, the only time we will edit or change those writings is if we feel they are grossly in error, calumnious or viscious in nature, as Mr. Milk will attest to.

Digressing to the informal evening at my home, co-hosted by William Beardemphl, there were many opinions expressed by those present concerning several aspects of the community at large. We do not disagree with you on the capabilities of Supervisor Quentin Kopp, or that he is a forthright and honest public servant. This does not mean that we must agree with everything he says or does. We honestly believe that Quentin, along with Supervisors Francois and Barbagelata were out to try and stop passage of the Women's Rights Commission. This publication supported that proposal, and now that it has become fact, commends the Board of Supervisors for its adoption.

If our disagreeing with anyone, because we can't swallow their arguments makes us shallow, then so be it. We have never believed everything, in toto, uttered by politicians because they happen to be in office, i.e., Richard M. Nixon.

As for Mr. Milk's articles being "ghost written," we must accept them as his own, as he submits them, signed by himself. Unfortunately, many persons do not have the eloquence and perspicacity that you seem to possess.

Now for the P.C.R. Chairman/Person, Mr. Ernie Aston, being an "impotent figurehead," we cannot disagree with you or Harvey more, the person in question hasn't had time to be or do anything yet. Give him time to do his own thing, and time alone will make or break him.

We would like to reiterate, we do not have anything personal against Mr. William Beardemphl, nor do we criticize his integrity, accomplishments, and tremendous work on behalf of the gay community. Quite the contrary, we admire him for his many fine contributions to this community, we also believe that W.E.B. is letting his personal feelings run too strong, and letting his emotions overshadow his normal good sense.

Finally, we do not believe we have been "milked" by anyone, and we sincerely try not to indulge in the luxury of "pathological penchants for factual distortions."

Sincerely,

Bob Ross

☆

We urge all to attend the annual "Installation of Officers" Dinner at S.I.R. Center, Saturday Night, February 22nd. There will be a "no-host" bar from 7:30 and Dinner at 8:30. Tickets are priced at \$7.50 and the evening promises to be a fun filled one. Call 781-1570 for tickets and further information

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Political Views

Milk Forum

By Harvey Milk

Gay Groupie Syndrome

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?....

The time has come for the gay community to stop being *groupies*. For years, we have had our love affairs with Judy, Barbra and Rock stars. It is partially due to an appreciation of talent and partially due to being close to stars. So many want to be the "first" to discover a new star and to be able to say that they were one of the "first". Fine...where entertainment is concerned. But to carry this philosophy into the political area, where the stakes are much higher, is wrong.

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John Foran has become a friend and has introduced legislation for gay rights only after he was almost defeated. Foran can now expect strong gay support. He has proven himself, but only because enough gays worked to almost unseat him. The lesson is simple and those gays who have already joined with mayoralty candidates apparently have not learned that lesson. The longer the gay community holds off from declaring itself for anyone, and the larger the voter registration drive within the gay community becomes, the stronger our voice will be. To hear those who are already working for a particular candidate, praise that person, one would think that the gay community has already achieved gay rights...we haven't, there is no reason why any gay should go to any candidate. Let them come to us. The time of being political

groupies has ended. The time to become strong has begun.

CHAVEZ, WHERE ARE YOU?

The same attitude should spill over into other areas. The beer drivers in this city wanted help in their boycott of Coors beer. (Coors has refused to accept an affirmative action hiring program.) The union came to the gay community and asked for help. The union, in their own trade & city paper has stated that the gay community is helping them. The local Teamsters are now speaking for gay rights! On the other hand, the Farm Workers have taken the attitude that the gay community should support them, but has offered no support in return.

At last week's meeting of BAGL, a Farmworker spokesperson said that the gay community should go to their council if we wanted the Farm Workers to return support. They said that the people from Delancy Street did that. The Farm Workers should be reminded that Delancy Street represents several hundred people and that the gay community in California represents several hundred thousand people. There is a record of incidents where some Farm Workers and their supporters have trashed gays who were joining in the common fight. Now, they want us to come to their aid once again. The *groupie* syndrome must end here too! We have gone to the wall several times with the Farm Workers and all we got was mud rubbed in our faces.

The time has come for the Farm Workers to speak out for gay rights. If they want us to help, and probably we should, then let us first hear from their leader. Let Chavez speak out for gay rights! Let Chavez come to the Tavern Guild and ask the bars to stop serving Gallo and put up posters of support. Let us hear from the person at the top himself. Chavez is the one person who can do the most to end some of the anti-gay attitudes that some Farm Workers have. Chavez is busy...his time is valuable...but if he cannot spend 1 hour in front of S.I.R. or the Tavern Guild to explain where he stands on gay rights, then 400,000 Californian gays should not become *groupies*. If he himself, can spend 1 hour to explain where he stands on gay rights, then 400,000 gays in the state should fully support his efforts.

Chavez, and anyone who deserves support, should understand that the *groupie* syndrome among gays is rapidly coming to an end. We are beginning to feel our strength. Straight groups have not yet fought for full gay

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"I HEAR
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SMOKING"

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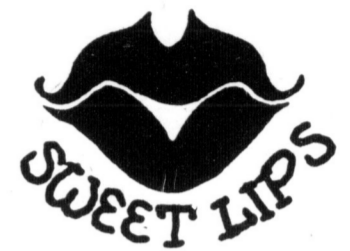
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Social Commentaries

The Men In My Life

By Paul-Francis Hartmann

Rock A Bye Baby

A RETROSPECTIVE

As Alan, still sulking, walked down the hall to the street door...for the last time, he turned; his green eyes flashing hurt and spite. "And didn't I do anything for you -- Anything?" Moments stalled; someone's voice dragged forth, "Yes, Alan, you gave me three articles worth of material for the BAR." He bellowed back a cry of pain and disgust, slowly closing the glass door behind him. Softly, to keep the Indian bells from ringing their notes of joy. A muscle wrenched. My stomach sinking into my intestines, I tried to initiate the convalescence rites. But how? I wondered if one could hire an exorcist.

Once I recognized there would never be an US between Alan and me, I

let our knot unravel, our connection grew looser. I was a fraud from the start. I realized that my wanting so much was a fairly certain sign that my pool of love was shallow. I realized too that no one, for long, can play bandage to another's festering wounds. I am not my brother's keeper. He had encouraged me from the first night to play security blanket, the light at a tunnel's end. Where upon it became my blanket smothering him, crimping his freedom, my light only a bedimming shade.

His opening lines to me were that his life was at a crossroads and that he was trying so desperately "to get his shit together." He said he couldn't take another man who would after a while lose interest in him...as had all the others. Which came to mean he enjoyed the luxury of a never-ending

confusion while the rest of the world, unfortunately, had to go about its business. In the beginning he showed great interest and wanted me to take greater interest in him. The traps were set, and then he backed away so that I would move forward...only to be able to tell me, "You know (he never once called me by my name) the more aggressive you grow, the more passive I become." I tried to back off and ran aground on the new rules.

I came to see that Alan didn't mean a helping hand, but a hand he could bite, a hand that would club him into "into shaping up" so he could one more time play the rebellious teen-ager. His parents had ceased to chastise him over his destructive, self-indulgent ways, and he no longer had them to rail against to give his behavior validity. Like a spitting child, Alan truncated his education, lived slovenly, doped continuously, kept himself from keeping a job, dabbled in prostitution, stole -- TOOK so that he could be branded as a taker. The ageless adolescent -- stamping his foot eternally on the establishment's head. Only problem, as he passed 30, it was harder to find the respectable, authority figure to be outraged by his antics. I soon saw that even granting him adolescent status was too generous. In psychological terms his development had reached some point between 6 and 9 months old. The infant who merely made demands on the world and gave nothing to get that return. Insisting (from whatever source) to be nurtured, to be cradled, to be petted. A life frozen reinforcing infantile needs. The passive-aggressive personality. Passionless, arrested, indiscriminate to whom or where he suckled. Street sweeping the world to find fuel for a never-to-be-lit furnace

☆☆

I return to the opening question: What did Alan do for me? He taught me nothing, for he knew nothing. Outside of his green eyes, his body was just a body. He wasn't particularly good sex; one night in a stupor, he blurted out that he hated sex! Genitals that couldn't generate; it was easier to be fist-fucked (by strangers). Did I need Alan's self-destructiveness to validate my self-assertiveness -- as in the reverse he used me?

He wanted to intergrate me into his circle of companions, to take up my post in the shooting gallery and

periodically throw myself into the cross fire. The assaults were usually at groin level, and for a self-styled liberated group, I found they weren't aware that pitchery was passe. I saw speed as a forelorn strategy ten years ago, and there was no urge to go back to those false starts.

The clan was kind to stray dogs, cats and belated hippies -- provided none of the gate crashers believed the welcome. They shared their money and haggled over whose turn it was to provide the dope. The one with the latest prescription was temporarily king of the mountain...he could make the others grovel. But come their time, and he'd be paid back with a blacker bile. The boys in the band were cub scouts in comparison.

If Alan proved one thing it was that I found him the hardest man I've ever had to abandon...once I knew our hands would not fit. (Another futile strategy) I couldn't bear the pain of witnessing Alan self-destruct. Knowing there was little I could do. The pain of watching was greater than that of letting him go. I took the easier path.

☆☆

The excruciating cost of playing the gay life has taken its toll of us all...twisted us here, warped us there.

☆☆

We are not easy people, for we've had to jump higher hurdles, and the scars are ever fresh. Yet are we forever to swill in our own puke?

I suppose if Alan had been an easy mark, I'd have been bored deathly after the second sleepathon. He was trouble, but worth the trial, for he carried the seeds of a remarkable man...if he could only let it flower. If he could only have been generous to himself.

Yes, Alan, you gave me three articles worth of material for the BAR...BECAUSE I cared for you; I wept for you, and worded you wonderfully. You left us a lesson.

I regret only -- not my experience with you, but that you couldn't allow the untold wealth of you to unearth itself. You couldn't allow your birth. In retrospect, I was but one more hindrance, one more straw man. Wasn't that what you sought -- one more failure? Hopefully life will grant you some overwhelming crisis and a spark will ignite; otherwise you are doomed to growing old unborn.

The tragedy, the greater one, is that you are so symptomatic of our times, our town. The flower children? No, but buds -- pressed dry and without perfume.

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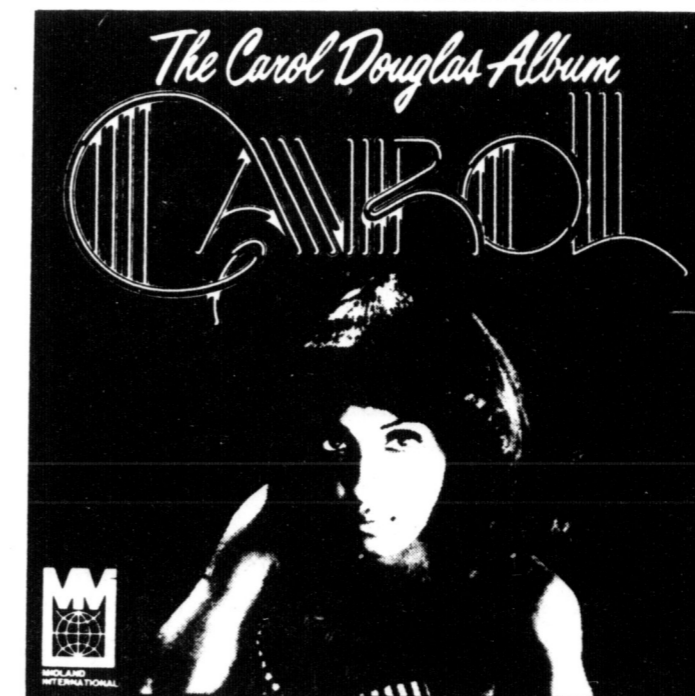


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Ramblings

By George Grassby

A Ride On The Wildside

...NOT QUITE, BUT ALMOST.

Whenever things get rough, I always go for a ride on the 8 MARKET...it's a different ride...not like the 38 GEARY, 71 or 72, or those other pedestrian lines...you never know what you're going to see or hear on the #8.

After the body/nerve shattering turning at the corner of Castro and Market, you can try to read the paper, think, or cast your eye at this or that. There is usually something to attract the eye...nothing to bother the mind...no vitriolic political writers who have nothing else to worry about except attacking this or that opposition... Good God, I get sick of faggot ghetto mentality...both right and left...there's enough to worry about in the world rather than that sort of shit. That's why

the 8 gets your mind off things...and shakes you to death in the process... mostly the Castro to ferry Bldg. portion. Upper Market St., is still like Rotterdam in 1940, only the Dutch were faster in reconstruction.

One Saturday morning, on my way down town, there was a new kind of driver...a rather robust woman at the wheel of the parked vehicle. She was doing toe stands on the collection box, munching a chicken thigh at the same time. It was raining hard by the time we made the turn onto Market...and at Church St., a safe crossing was made, but in front of the Naked Grape, the trolleys came off. Out she dashed, but couldn't get the damn things back on. To the rescue a gallant gay came, dashing out of the "Grape" and he got the two things back on...the same day, different driver, another but more petite female was at the wheel...we crossed Church, and again the trolleys came off, this time in front of the Truck Stop....sad to relate, no gallant folks

there. In the pouring rain, and 8 minutes later, she got them back on...and off we went to nefarious Castro "Village."

A couple of years ago, when I worked downtown, I was on the way home (on the # 8, naturally)...after 8 crossed Van Ness, nearing Gough, 10 police cars chased after us, sirens screaming...the bus stopped. We were surrounded...and, it seemed, at least 20 policemen went charging into some hotel door...a few minutes later, a stark naked freak came dashing down the sidewalk wearing nothing but his pony tail and blood on his arm. It seems he and his chickie and some friend, just in from Florida, took some acid...oh well, it's a long story, and it was in the next morning's paper.

A few days later, perhaps weeks or months...they all seem the same with San Francisco weather...2 drag queens/transvestites/? were with their escorts on the 5:15 pm...usual passengers, the P.M. crowd all attired in "straight" work garb, middle aged women with shopping bags, single/married younger women...all captured by the conversation of the two "couples." Can't remember actually what was said, but most of the passengers were hysterical. The centers of attention got off at DuBoce and blew kisses to all from the sidewalk...just another normal ride home or to work on the number 8. Who has to watch "Hot 1 Baltimore?"

Peacock Gardens

A NICE PLACE, AFTER THE PERILS OF MARKET....

Crossing Market Street, anywhere between Church and Castro is like going through no-man's land...by the time you get to the other side, only a Green Death or something stronger will stop the shaking, and then to be confronted by a sprayed-in-red sign: "BARBARA MARTINEZ LIVES"...now who is that?...Is she dead, alive or hiding out in the Duomo in Florence...my, my, it's so difficult trying to keep track of all these names.

Too early to go to the Sun, forget that walk where pachyderms keep banging the front doors...must be, they're always being repaired...they ought to have a sign warning against swinging trunks and uncovered tusks...glass is expensive.

I come to Peacock Gardens up on 18th St., half way to Collingwood and



No, Madame, we do not have a back room. This is the Peacock Gardens.

go in, need something different. A baby named Jetsun plays in a playpen in a corner, surrounded by Parrish repros, originals on the walls. Antiques and plants, here and there, rugs on the walls, some on floor...nice smells of coffees & teas, lots of colors, people. What a nice place to be a baby at play.

Peacock Gardens, a visual name. No peacocks, no gardens...at least not in the literal sense...but there is color, subtle. Yes, a good name for a store, everything complimenting each other.

This unique shop is owned and operated by Dennis Gallion who is also a connoisseur when it involves Maxfield Parrish. His "first love" is Art Nouveau, be it sculpture, painting, fine lithographs (quite a few of which are in the store)...unfortunately, none of the stained glass is for sale...just part of the garden.

About five years ago, when he was re-decorating his apartment which was 1906 vintage, he asked a friend what art and furnishings were of that period, and that's how we got started on Parrish. So much so, that "he's as knowledgeable on this subject as anyone on the West Coast."

Susan Howell, Jetsun's mother and salesperson, said it's sort of like Cliff's Variety, something for everyone. If you can't afford \$2,800 for the Parrish Original, there are other items from plants starting at .30, or baskets, coffees, teas, Deco lamps and artifacts, prints, at all ranges.

It is the only store in the immediate area where you can buy freshly roasted coffee...about 10 varieties, and which are ground on an imported Swiss

grinder which can grind any conceivable grind known to man...and it comes in a Art Deco shape too boot.

As in any garden, so to speak, to appreciate it, you have to take a walk through it, ask questions, smell the aromas, laugh with Jetsun, talk with his mother, or Dennis, the owner, then go have an ice cream across the street.

Letters From Mole End

(The following was written at my request. It was generated in response to a question asked by two friends of mine who live on the Russian River, without electricity. They use a coal stove for heating and cooking, and were having problems with soot build-up. We realize that there are a number of coal and wood burning stoves tucked away in our readers' flats, so we offer the letter to you now. It may be of some use if PG&E cuts off your utilities.

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Also: The Mole has promised to answer all questions regarding house keeping and related subjects. So, folks, send in your questions and some day we'll all learn how to become complete house keepers.

J.D.H.)

Dear Gerry and Lonnie -

John tells me you are having difficulty with your stove. From what he has said, it sounds as though there were something wrong with the draft through the fire box. Soot only builds up badly when coal smolders.

(Continued Next Page)

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Check your flue to make sure it is clean, and brush out the stove pipes or bounce them on end to knock out the soot. Empty the ash trap. Frequently, the ash trap silts up, which slows the draft.

Do not fail to shake down the empty fire box EACH morning. You should never have more than about a half an inch of ash on the grate. Adjust the side vent to about a quarter of an inch open. Very little smoke should rise if it is open at the optimum width.

Turn off the oven, except when you're baking.

Last, not least, check the cinder door under the oven. If the stove has not had a thorough cleaning in a while, you will find this cavity which extends below the oven, full of small clinkers. Originally, stoves had little rakes for cleaning this out, but you can make do with a long, narrow branch to scrape the chunks out.


I hope, before you started following the *clews**, you laid damp newspaper on the floor around and beneath the stove to catch the dust. Empty the fire box carrier every other day or so. The ashes should be dumped but do not have to be covered. If wind comes up, however, do dampen the ash heap.

What you should have achieved at this point is not only a cleaner stove but more efficient use of your coal, to boot. If your bed of ashes in the fire box is not too deep (because otherwise, you are smothering the coal no matter what else you do right) and your draft is good, you should be able to cut your consumption of coal at least in half. I cooked Christmas dinner, making my own sauces and broth from scratch, and roasting a sixteen pound stuffed turkey, on three medium chunks of anthracite the last Christmas I was married, and kept the flat warm besides.

Good luck and best wishes,
The Mole

*British Spelling

CALIFORNIA



SCENE

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Local Features

Doug DeYoung New S.I.R. President

After ten presidents in as many years, the members of The Society for Individual Rights have elected Mr. Doug DeYoung to continue his leadership of financial responsibility and professional business management. In doing so, the members have given him a hand-picked slate of hard working, dedicated friends and professionals who will continue to make the Society more viable and potent in the community.

At ten years of age, S.I.R. has outlived its growing pains.

Brought into office with DeYoung were Bob Simmons, a former member, Road Captain and Treasurer of the Warlocks Motorcycle Club, a good friend of the new president, he will be the new treasurer, while Bob Wiggins, whose fiscal and commercial aptitude is proven in the community, will be the new secretary.

A former president of the Society - Mr. Bill Plath, long an advocate for responsible administration within the Society, presented his name as a "write-in" candidate for vice-president and won by a surprisingly large percentage. Bill Plath's knowledge of the Society is unexcelled since he was one of its founding fathers and has demonstrated his dedicated advocacy for responsible action. Bill is currently chairman of the Publications Committee which publishes VECTOR Magazine. Bill's personal popularity and undeniable charm were added assets which swept him into the Vice President's chair.

DeYoung's efforts during the past 18 months brought the Society from an almost defunct and bankrupt organization to one with an enviable financial situation, with all its back bills paid, and an excellent cash position and even a handsome reserve fund.

Eighteen months ago, some members and critics of the Society were saying that salvation was impossible and that due to financial stresses, the Society was doomed. It was eight thousand dollars in debt and there seemed no way that the Society could redeem its precarious position. Some even questioned its viability.

It was at that time when Doug DeYoung became the Society's first professional Treasurer. He immediately placed the accounting on a strict system of audit and made certain corrective demands for financial responsibilities instituting modern techniques of Business Management which reflected in increased income. Under the sincere interest and hard work of the new Treasurer, the Society began to flourish and at its annual meeting the fiscal report presented by DeYoung sparked with a healthy Capital Reserve of \$24,262.60 in cash and other assets.

DeYoung was born in Clay Center, Kansas in 1933. Attended the University of Chicago where he received his BA and took graduate work at the university of Hawaii.

DeYoung, formerly a member of the RECON Motorcycle Club and its President from '66 to '68, currently is the Treasurer of the Interclub Fund, which earns and disburses financial assistance to those in dire need and who have no other means of immediate aid. He is also Treasurer of the San Francisco Metropolitan Community Church and served as Assistant Chairman during their very successful National Conference last summer. He is also Trustee of Operation Concern.

Under DeYoung, S.I.R. can look to achieve an unequalled position in the community, as well as statewide and nationally.

With the assistance of its duly elected officers and the hard work of its ever-growing membership, DeYoung has elaborate plans for the Society during the coming year.

Larry Eppinette and Bob Ross were elected to the Board of Trustees, while Ferris Lehman, past President Hector Navarro, Arline Kempf and John Schmidt were swept into office as members of the important Ways and Means Committee.

"The election is over now" said DeYoung, "and I know it is the sincere intention of every responsible member of the Society to further our plans to make our aims a reality." He further stated that "it is not enough that we sit back and enjoy those few minor assists we have enjoyed politically and socially. We must push on, harder and harder, by placing our best foot forward to achieve total and social rights equality in the community and the nation. Toward this end, I pledge my total effort."

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S.I.R. Election Results

President

D. DeYoung 134 votes 58%
E. Wilhelm 92 votes 39%

Vice President

W. E. Beardemphl 64 votes 27%
B. Shands Jr. 72 votes 34%
B. Plath 93 votes 40%

Secretary

N. Armentrout 14 votes 6%
P. Hardman 102 votes 44%
R. Wiggins 106 votes 45%

Treasurer

R. Simmons 133 votes 57%
H. Leleu 93 votes 40%

Trustees

D. Johns 101 votes 43%
B. Ross 112 votes 48%
J. Trujillo 106 votes 45%
L. Epinette 120 votes 51%

Ways & Means

H. Navarro 166 votes 71%
F. Lehman 129 votes 55%
A. Kempf 125 votes 53%
A. Bailey 27 votes 11%
E. Emond 88 votes 37%
R. Johnson 99 votes 42%
F. E. Mitchell 86 votes 37%
J. Schmidt 112 votes 48%
C. Schneider 76 votes 32%

School Sports Get Assists

Falstaff Brewing Company has asked hundreds and hundreds of bartenders in the San Francisco Unified School District, to save every Falstaff bottle cap and return them to the driver. The Company will send its check to the "Sports Fund" of the S.F. School District, in the amount of one penny for every bottle cap, which collectively throughout the entire city should amount to a tidy sum.

Jerry Oldenburg, Sales Manager for Falstaff Brewing Company, said that it delivers close to ten thousand bottle of beer every week and if half of these were saved and returned to the brewery for credit to the S.F. School sport program, it would amount to quite a worthwhile sum of money.

"This is a definite way" said Oldenburg, "that over 21's could extend a helping hand to the youth of San Francisco. The inter-scholastic sport and team spirit would be dangerously affected if, because of lack of money, the District would have to suspend the program."

Show Biz In Review

By Donald McLean

Bobby Short In Concert

"TOO GOOD FOR
THE AVERAGE MAN"

Like Dom Perignon and Buluga caviar, Bobby Short is a luxury item. Like dry martinis, he is an acquired taste; after you've heard all the others render vintage Porter, Gershwin and Coward, you save the best for last, for once Bobby Short lends his Puckish personality, piano virtuosity and tremulous tenor to a song, it becomes indelibly his.



Why does Hirschfeld draw Bobby Short with only four fingers on one hand?

On a Sunday afternoon at 5 P.M., Mr. Short loped onstage at the Geary Theater nattily attired in a blue pinstripe suit and sang a few songs. That's all. Many of the songs you've probably never heard of, many others forgotten you'd once known. But armed only with a Baldwin piano and the expert backup of Beverly Peer on bass and Richard Sheridan on drums, Bobby Short made each number a memorable experience. Concentrating heavily on Rodgers & Hart this season (in preparation for a new album), Short & Co. presented 90 minutes of stylish sophistication -- Vernon Duke to Duke Ellington, Sondheim (*Anyone Can Whistle*) to Coward (*I Travel Alone*). To choose any one or two numbers as outstanding is to seriously slight the other twenty. Bobby Short is a consummate pro, and what he does, he does better than anyone.

I fully grant that Mr. Short is not to everyone's taste. His relaxed, intimate "La de dah" style and choice of obscure works appeals mainly to a knowing audience of musical comedy aficionados well-versed in the standards and sub-standards. To hear Ethel Water's *Lonesome Walls* from the forgotten Broadway show *Mamba's Daughters* is not exactly the sort of material that

sends the average showgoer rushing out of the house, but for those people who have sat in nightclubs and theaters for the past year listening to every singer able to walk, crawl or be wheeled onto a stage sing *Send in the Clowns*, it's a refreshing change to hear someone discover the seldom-heard *Anyone Can Whistle*. It's all a matter of degree of musical appreciation; Bobby Short is for the advanced appreciative audience. I'm happy to report that his San Francisco appearances are always sell-outs, which does great credit to local audiences.

As Rodgers & Hart put it so succinctly, he's "Too Good for the Average Man." If that sounds like snobbery, so be it! Lejon tastes fine...until you've tried Dom Perignon.

Moby at The Savoy Tivoli

A MINNOW REVUE OF
SALMONPORTANCE

Now playing Friday thru Sun. nights in the back room of the Savoy-Tivoli is a new musical revue written by Guy-Anthony Franklin entitled *Moby*. Moby is that great whale we

all read about in school, but Captain Ahab now turns out to be a hunchback jealous suitor of a Dietrich-type Blue Angel singer named Lorinda. Lorinda is a Barbary Coast saloon singer with an affinity for walking in the fog -- her father was flipped by a whale and it's colored her whole life -- and Lorinda finally finds a man more important to her than her beloved fog, so she goes to live in the hills with her sailor Johnny Johnson -- "I'll milk your goats and pluck your grapes" goes the dramatic ballad -- but when the fog rolls in, Lorinda rolls out. So does Johnny finally, and Lorinda, after enough subplots to make a new show, goes after him on the back of Moby Dick (seems she can talk to the fishes and they understand her; Lorinda is definitely not your average saloon-singer-next door).

If a sea chanty told in every musical style from the Andrew Sisters to Kurt Weill sounds interesting to you, then chances are you will enjoy *Moby*. It's the kind of show where the director thinks nothing of sticking in a number about San Francisco as a dream sequence for no other reason than he wanted to stick in a number. "We now interrupt the plot to bring you this zippy little song, then right back to our show, folks!" Which is fine. It makes just as much sense as the Greek chorus of boop-a-doop Andrew Sisters who comment on every number. The songs are derivative but fun, especially a Bill Haley & the Comets 50's parody, the book spasmodically entertaining, and the cast vocally capable and spirited. On a low budget and a small stage, Franklin and company have managed to give us a pleasantly diverting sixty minutes (though I wish the ladies were costumed in turn-of-the-century rather than 40's; the book yells period).

As Lorinda, Beverlee Cochrane brings a fascinating quality to the role. She looks like a young June Havoc (which ain't bad) and underplays steadily but touching all bases along the way. Her humor is very sly, likely to escape notice in lieu of some of the broader performances, but she quietly walks away with the evening. The Dietrich touch is subtle without being an outright imitation. Don Thompson as Johnny and David F. Draper as the rejected hunchbacked suitor are amiable, the girlish trio holding the show together with verve (particularly a lady named Gail Wilson, who has one of those stage personalities that was never meant to hoof chorus), and Augie



"I'll squeeze your shoulder, if you'll squeeze mine, dearie." Sings the cast of MOBY, now at the Savoy-Tivoli.

Gomes narrates in a resonant Voice of America style.

Moby is not a slam-bang overwhelming production, but it's highly

enjoyable in a relaxed, freewheeling manner. Take your imagination and spend \$3.00 -- it's just good fun!

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the RUTH BUZZI show

Comedy star of Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In

featuring

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Steve Dolan
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Reservations
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The Mix-Masters of Melody, GOTHAM, prepare to clobber dullards at the end of a set.

Film Review: The Stepford Wives

"Every man dreams of the perfect wife" reads the ads. In the quaint picturesque town of Stepford, Conn., all the wives are models of domestic efficiency. They live to serve, shopping in frilly gowns, never a haircurler to be seen, and always ready to be objects of sexual pleasure to their paunchy lords and masters. They are all also suspiciously lovely, married to singularly unattractive men.

Into this domestic bliss arrives Joanna and Walter Eberhart and their children, fleeing the hectic pace of Manhattan for suburbia. Except Joanna is an amateur photographer and parttime Women's Libber, and she can't believe these placid, plastic housefraus are actually as content as they appear. All the men of Stepford belong to a mysterious Men's Association, no women allowed, so Joanna and another new arrival Bobbi decide to stir up the Stepford wives...to no avail. Bobbi suddenly changes, and Joanna realizes that her time is soon approaching, that somehow she too will become a non-thinking pleasure toy.

Ira Levin's novel furnished the interesting futuristic theory of cybernetics, but William Goldman's screenplay is as mundane as Bryan Forbe's direction. Aside from a few minor hilarious moments, primarily furnished by Paula Prentiss as Bobbi, the film plods along generating little suspense or excitement until the final fifteen minutes. Kathrine Ross looks beautifully unkempt and gives a nicely restrained performance as Joanna, with the film's top honors going to Miss Prentiss and Tina Louise (yes, she can act as well as look good). Peter Masterson as the suspect husband is excellent, but the actors all have a hard time keeping a straight face trying to make the vapid wind-up doll wives seem anything more than funny. The Victorian chauvinist viewpoint is hard for anyone today to relate to, male or female, and Women's Libbers should point with glee to this film as the epitome of the male stereo-type image of women. But how men could be happy with these Barbie dolls belies the entire concept, and you may find yourself giggling rather than gasping.

Chalk *The Stepford Wives* up as a pleasant afternoon of non-thinking drivel to be seen when it's on a double bill with something you really want to see. (Now playing at The Alhambra) •

Glitter and the Gay

FROM BALLET TO BUZZI

Laugh-In lady Ruth Buzzi phoned ahead to specially court the gay audiences to come see her at the FAIRMONT HOTEL Feb. 25th thru March 5th. Miss Buzzi is currently in Texas drawing rave reviews for her nightclub act, which features four backup boys, a new ditty entitled *The Barbara Walters Tango* and several characterizations, including the famous klutz Gladys and her tribute to Charo, plus a new one -- super-porno star Lorna Lust. The Buzzi wardrobe will be by Cher's designers, Mackie & Aghayan, and it all sounds like an evening of hilarity...so treat yourself and laugh your troubles away.



Two of the Buzzi Faces to be on view in the Venetian Room.

Also on Feb. 25th is opening preview of *Father's Day* at the Marines Memorial, an acid comedy of three divorcees and their relationships with their ex-hubbys.

Then on Feb. 26th, Craig Russell returns to our city at CABARET for a two week stint. Craig writes that he has added several new impressions to his act -- Madeline Kahn, Bette Midler, Gypsy Rose Lee and Loretta Young. You have to give Russell credit; he does more varied impressions than any other female impressionist in the business. Madeline Kahn??!

Also opening on Feb 26th at the Montgomery Playhouse will be *The Gospel According to Art Hoppe*, a new play by the syndicated satiric humorist. Show will play Wed. thru Sun. nights, 622 Broadway.

4. Intersperse selections with campy, racy patter designed to appeal to nostalgia buffs and outfront gay audience, nicely slamming square straight audiences.

5. Work at a high energy level... and demand your audience work with you. (No dullards not applauding at end of numbers allowed)

6. Close with a syrupy song that makes your personal statement -- *Shine Upon Us All* -- but give it an upbeat, hand-clapping ending to bring audience to their feet.

Armed with these six simple rules, you too can have the best gay bar act to work CABARET. The young male singers are Gary (who looks and performs like a young Billy De Wolfe), Michael and John, the pianist is Joseph Cannon, and they comprise GOTHAM.

Perhaps the 70's will prove more and more liberal in finally accepting gay-oriented acts in the big time. If so, GOTHAM conceivably could make it right to the top. The vocal harmony and arrangements are superior to most of what is around today, the act is performed with polished professionalism, but the appeal is definitely gay. While sensational for CABARET, it seems limiting for bigtime exposure; it would be a waste of talent if they settled for playing the gaybar circuit the rest of their career.

GOTHAM -- the decision is yours.

Gotham at Cabaret

THE PERFECT GAY BAR ACT!

The recipe for the perfect gay bar act:

1. Take three vocally excellent, personable young male singers with overwhelming energy.

2. Add one exceptional pianist.

3. Choose primarily 40's/50's "queen classics" -- i.e. *42nd Street*, *Broadway Rhythm* medley, Garland's *Ya Gotta Have Me Go With You*, a tribute to the Boswell/Andrew Sisters -- and add a dollop of contemporary difficult material to show versatility and vocal ability -- Sondheim's *Another 100 People*.

CASA DE CRISTAL

DINNERS NIGHTLY

Authentic Mexican Cuisine

Carne Asada
a la Tampiquena

Chef Roberto Diaz

1122 Post Street (at Polk)
San Francisco
441-7838

The AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE returns for its annual visit March 6th thru 13th at the Opera House, this year featuring as the prime attraction the West Coast debut of Mikhail Baryshnikov, the 27 year old Kirov Ballet defector who left Russia last June and has stirred critics and audiences alike to an excitement not seen since Nureyev made his American debut in '63. Baryshnikov joined the Kirov at 18 as a soloist, skipping entirely the corps de ballet level; coincidentally enough, with ABT he will appear with Natalia Makarova, 1970 Kirov defector. Following the recent appearance of the Panovs, it makes you wonder who's still minding the store back in Russia? ABT will present 2 *Coppelias* and 2 *Swan Lakes* at the Opera House, plus their established favorites -- *The Fall River Legend* and *Gemini*. Then its on to the Zellerbach Aud. March 14-16. For dance fans, the brilliant Baryshnikov combined with American Ballet Theatre is a must!

**SO LONG, JANE --
HELLO, NANETTE**

While we may not get Jane Powell in *Irene* after all this year at the Civic Light Opera, opening attraction will be Nanette Fabray in *Wonderful Town*, which should send the CITY PLAYERS running to the box office. Remember their 1972 production? Ahhh, ya don't?! Maybe it's just as well.

**AND FROM
THE RUMOR FACTORY...**

Comes this tidbit...YONKERS PRODUCTION COMPANY and Michelle are tiffing and Chuck Zinn walked away from Yonkers. Does this mean we won't get *Bye Bye Birdie* come the Fall? Another crushing blow which I'm sure we'll survive...unless Yonkers comes up with an even better director to take over the reins and pump new energy into the company. Or will *Birdie* turn up as a vehicle for Michelle? And whatever happened to *The Women*? Are the CITY PLAYERS kaput? And what is this I hear about Chuck Largent returning to our city to do *Sweet Charity* starring Faye...if he can get backing? Well, one thing is certain -- Joe Vigil will bring *That's Show Biz* to Dove Hall on March 22nd for four weekends for YONKERS, with a "host of all-male stars;" it sounds promising.

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Now open daily at 6 A.M.

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Boar**

presents

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Montana**

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MARCH 6th 9:30 pm

Enjoy our intimate
atmosphere everyday 2 til 2

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In Cupertino

Sweetlips Sez

Petite Bouncing Bette Bonko, while having makeup applied last week, sat on a makeup chair, and lo and behold, no more chair • Hello to 'Rusty' Miller, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Hyde Street fame • Lenny of the **527 Club** is such a pessimist, that he does through life with morose-colored glasses • The next San Francisco Tavern Guild meeting will be held on Tuesday, the 25th, at **Le Domino**...anyone can attend these meetings...they are fun and informative and you get the opportunity to meet the nicest people in the city... Tavern Guild Bar owners and employees...so drop in at 1 pm...besides, if you haven't gotten your **Brick** for the New Community Center, you can get them there or from your favorite Tavern Guild Bartender • Scoop...a New and updated address book is coming on the market soon, and it'll be called 'The Guide'...Bill Bailey of the **Tool Box** is such a pessimist, if given the choice of two calamities, he chooses both...incidentally, that is going to be

the new name of the former **Naked Grape**...great Bill! I always liked the **Tool Box** • Need to buy a bottle of booze?...try **Jug's Liquors** on Market Street, next door to the new **Tool Box**...tell Roberta, hi • The **Fifth Hanging of Sweet Lips** on the 31st of March and the 1st and 2nd of April, will be three days of madness...two of the many hostesses will be the Madam of Mirth and Madness - Mame, of Portland, and of course our own Jimmy Quinn...Did you see the fabulous **Cher Show**...fabulous, especially the clothes...can you do some of those for me, Erica? • Czarina Lorelei of the **N'Touch** is such a pessimist, that she lives on the fret of the land • The Mardi Gras Party at the **Rendezvous**, given by Rodney, was an absolute hilarious evening...especially when Doris X arrived, wrapped in saran wrap...they should have kept her in it, as the rest of her was *something else*...three wigs and three crowns...loved you, Doris X • Henri, the former secretary of the San Francisco Tavern

Guild, is doing a **NEW S.F.T.G. Directory**...as usual, it will be the most up to date bar guide of Tavern Guild Bars in the city...so, if you are a Tavern Guild Bar Member, or contemplate joining this great organization, contact Henri, at the T.G. office - 626-0952 - it shall list whether: food, dancing, entertainment, etc...a very handy guide for the bars and their customers to enjoy • Bill McWilliams, of the fabulous **Boot Camp**, is such a pessimist, that he couldn't be content with his lot even if it were a corner one...incidentally, Bill did such a great job with the Mr. Acme Contest for S.I.R., that he wants to do a Mae West and her 'Hunky Guys' look-a-like contest for the Tavern Guild Building Fund...knowing Bill, if he does this, it'll be insane and wild...so contact Bill if you have any ideas and want to help • Remember, the 26th of Feb. from noon till midnight (Wednesday), you can join and become a Charter Member of Sweet Lips' P.P.M. Club...you get a button and a numbered membership card (Membership will be limited) all for two dollars, and all...yes, all proceeds will go to Operation Concern...there will be no monies taken out for the expenses of advertising, or cost of buttons, etc. This is a fun way to raise monies for a worthwhile cause • Peter King, how come you don't come to see anyone when you are in debt to them...my, my. Rome of the **Phoenix**, is such a pessimist, that if you give him an inch, he measures it. Strange that some ??? Leaders ??? in the Gay Community, who, at times need the S.F.T.G. for support of their ??? *Non Profit* ??? functions or for financial aid...aren't members of the S.F.T.G. this year...even when they are employed in T.G. Bars and Restaurants. George Wilbern of the **Ramrod** is such a pessimist, that if you tell him that life begins at forty, he laments 'So does rheumatism.' Bella's back and the Lips has her...gourmet sandwiches, again on Sunday evening starting the first Sunday in March. So it shall be fun, fun Sunday nites again, with Bella and Sweet Lips appearing together...in person, from nine to midnight, so drop by for fun fun and all of the dirt not fit to print • A fantastic weekend in Seattle...Empress Lola really did it up *brown* for all of the visiting Royalty, from San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland. A great time was had by all and a really warm and receptive group of people in

Seattle...Doris X never looked prettier...fun...Thank you Jim B. of Vancouver. • A little *thank you* to all of the nice columnists in Data Boy for their mentions of the Lips in their columns...especially (Butch??) but why the (oops), and (Jail Bird)...but such a strange name for a columnist; there must be a hidden meaning. Miss Gay S.F. 1 'Hookers Ball????...one word - boring. That's saying it as it really is, Toni and Bill...and you are right, the **Phone Booth** is a heaven bar for fun and nice, nice people • Bob Conroy of the **Turf Club** is such a pessimist, that he is suffering from skeptic poisoning • Daddy Joe, of the **Gangyway**, did it again with a fabulous 'Lithuanian Party...you'll have to rent a hall soon, Joe, if the crowds keep coming like they do to this function...but keep it up Joe... • Roger Hall, of the **Gangway**, is such a pessimist, that he never builds castles in the air for fear they'll have mortgages on them • If you go over to the Islands, be sure to stop in at the **Cocktail Center** and say hello to all of the beautiful people there...they'll give you all the info of where, who and what to do • Nice to have David Kelsey at the **New Bell Saloon** on Polk Street...brings back fond memories • Tony LaSagna is holding forth at the **House of Harmony** and they are planning on doing some changes...if anyone can get that bar back to doing great business that they used to do, it is Tony • Bob Patterson of the **Baj** is such a pessimist, that he wears not only a belt, but suspenders as well. It is nice to see all of the *new* individuals who are now involved in activities in the Gay Community...a lot of thanks goes to Emperor Bob Cramer and Empress Doris, for getting these people involved...they are doing a great job • Watch for the new 40 - 40's Revue coming up in early April, directed by the one and only Jimmy Quinn...this is always one of the fun revues at S.I.R. • Don Cavallo of **The Fickle Fox** is such a pessimist, that he broadcasts over such a fretwork of wrinkle, he needs to get her faith lifted • One of the great Sunday brunches served in the city is still at **The Baj** on Bay Street...especially the omelettes, when beautiful Kenny is cooking...hi Kristal.
Bye...Sweet Lips

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Polk St. Sally

By Dixon

THE POLK-STRASSE PARADE:

Hello there. A couple of nice days between the rains. Days made more pleasant with the colorful & interesting people promenading & dropping in to spread their moxie, along with lots of tangy cheer. • The most out "out-to-lunch bunch" group of the week swept in and staggered out. This wild clan consisted of Jack Nooch (at liberty), Barbara Ann Ball (at liberty), Greta Grass, the *Queen of the Summer Blonds*, (at liberty) and the bald eagle (Part-time job -- hooray!). Of course, no one else in the bar had a chance. A hysterical afternoon. the big R, Reba, dropped in, took one look and fled! Actually, Reba was looking for a friend. But he wasn't able to obtain a work furlough. If you know what I mean...? • Another crew did it up with a marvelous game all day. This witty game is called "ghost." "Ghost" was introduced by a Big, fine golden Leo named Bob. This gathering included Henri (the **Phoenix**), Jack Nooch (again), Steve

(*P.S. waiter), Sean (*P.S. cook & B.A.R. poet), & a host of others. Guess who lost? • In the middle of all this madness, that talented charmer of the **BAJ**, dropped in with a davoan lad named Tom, who works at the "Gaff" in Palm Springs. It's just not fair. All that (Tom) and Ken cooks too! • That "Oh my gawd, is he here again," Operation Concern prexy, Ron Ross, is here. And, when Ron Ross is here, he's here. Love him. Ron has come up with the best looking pin, Mr. Gay S.F. No. Three, this city has seen in eons. Is it true that Ron Ross is the illegitimate daughter of Connie-Cookout??? This from Henry (Hazel, of the *P.S.), that sweet little dickins, Mike (**Mike's Corral** of Long Beach) is here paving the way for his bus for the bike clubs' Academy Awards. By the way, Mike is running for the Emperor of Long Beach. A good choice and hardworking young man. He deserves it. Besides, Mike is hunky. • *Attenzione! Attenzione!* Our Tony Lasagne is back on Polk Street. Tony has been sorely missed. Tony is now the working
(Continued Next Page)

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manager of the new **House of Harmony**. It's already a hit. Bobby, formerly of the **Early Bird**, is walking the day shift. Welcome back, Tony. We missed you and need you. • Also welcome back to another Sally -- this is Sonoma Sally, Steve of the **Q.T.** This little (?) blonde bundle is another asset to this crazy strasse. His stage-door johnnys are already lined up. • Two more young cuties from the **Q.T.**, Dave & Brad, gotten up in costumes mingled and danced (boyohboy, did they ever mingle & dance) at the recent Mardi Gras party held at the **Rendezvous**. These two cuties garner attention out of costume. • Well, gang, you all can relax! Tacky Ruth of the **N'Touch** is finally gotten his eyeglasses. So far Mike has had five bar customers say, "You look like a younger Dixon." The Mothers!!

LETTERS, WE GOT LETTERS:

One of my favorite chubbys of the world, the *fabulous* Kreemah Ritz, has dropped a line from Florida. This talented actor & singer misses the *goingson* here in sin city. Kreemah was one of the original *Cockettes* and played the rich-bitch matron last year in *Little Me*. All you kids from *Little Me*, if you want to write to Kreemah, get in touch with me for his address. This very large doll would love to hear from you.

CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER:

To all the newly elected officers of S.I.R., a dedicated and hardworking slate of people who will continue to push S.I.R. higher and higher with their serious efforts and important experience ...To the brilliant Hector Navarro who received (eye before eeee except after cee), and all the officers, trustees, directors and members of the Ways & Means Committee, who received (here we go again) Awards of Merit from the Society of Individual Rights. Believe me, these folks deserve this recognition for their service to S.I.R.

GUNG HAY FAT CHOY:

Happy Near Year. This is the year of the Hare. I want to dedicate this portion of the column ? to my friend, Henri of the **Phoenix**. (I know more Chinese than Henri does). The ***P.S.** will celebrate this Chinese New Year on Thursday, the 20th, Friday the 21st & Saturday the 22nd, with special Chinese dinners, fortune cookies, etc. etc. And, wait till you read some of the fortune cookies! Hooboy.

Byeeeeeeeeee,
Cheers, Sal

Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

While thousands of tourists swamped Our Town to participate in the beginning of Chinese New Year (Year of the Hare) last weekend, a huge contingent of out-of-town bikers drove, flew or hitched here to witness the spectacle of the **Barbary Coasters' M/C Annual Academy Awards** at Seaman's Hall. The plethora of banners representing some 30 bike clubs was a beautiful sight indeed, and the sound, as always, by Ralph Rotten, was both audible and spectacular. The Academy Awards has become a huge celebration in our City, but spectators were forced to stand throughout the 4-hour long presentation because, frankly, Seaman's Hall is just too small for the functions being held there. Like the Inter-Club Fund, who found their Casualty Capers Show a big success within the community and wisely moved the production to California Hall, it is not asking too much (for a \$4.50 ticket) of the producers to insure adequate seating. Congratulations are in order to Ken Cook who won an "oscar" for his nomination of Best Performance by a Group or Individual, and to Mark Van Dyke, Best Buddy Rider. The winner of Rider of the Year was Bart Benderoff. After his recent Cable Car Award as Outstanding Personality in the Bike Community a few weeks ago, the talented John Blythe went on to share his Man of the Year Award with Jim Conner in a surprising tie vote. Hats off to the Barbary Coasters and all who participated in this very successful event. In short, it was a gas!

The entire last week was a labyrinthian lark as activities abounded

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for all who cared to participate. The **No Name bar** celebrated their 2nd Anniversary in full abandon with Ted, Warren, Ron, Tuk and Mario bending to the crush of crowds that hit the bar in wild abandon for a week full of fun; on Wednesday, a record crowd of both old and new members invaded the premises of SIR to vote for new officers and it was no surprise that the Leadership Slate won all but two posts on the roster, proving once again that the "good guys" usually win when you look at the record of those who have sustained the life of SIR through their perseverance, dedication, and most of all, getting out the vote. Congratulations are in order to Doug DeYoung, Bill Plath, Bob Wiggin and Bob Simmons as well as all the other officers elected. This is definitely a South of Market triumph, and it does my heart good to see so many of my leather brothers finally tolerating, finally cooperating and above all, participating in the affairs of the community.

JUMPIN' JUPITER is the

name of a neo-rock group that made their debut out in the Haight two weekends ago; the brilliant "Sunshine" unfolded his genius with a group that kept a small and esoteric audience enthralled for four hours with sounds ranging from country/western to elaborate and intricate melodic delights. This is a group that will make a name for itself, so look forward to the delight. This fascinating group will make their next appearance at the United States Cafe in the 1500 block of Haight Street on Friday, June 21st, beginning at 8:00 pm. It's a gas of a coffee house, so don't miss seeing and hearing a great musical happening.

TRASH, TRIVIA & TRAUMA by YOU...Sunday afternoons at the **Elephant Walk** are not to be believed! With no big schedule planned for the day, I decided to find out what the big scam was all about. The handsome and friendly bar manager, Dick was swamped with thirsty imbibers but never once lost his cool to the demands, and hey you, Ray the bar boy, we caught your act - a very efficient man of few words, and what a turn-on! With Danny Gill, Bill Jolly, Tim Harrison, Thom Vetrano and Jim Devore on the staff, it's easy to see why the Elephant Walk is easily one

(Continued Next Page)

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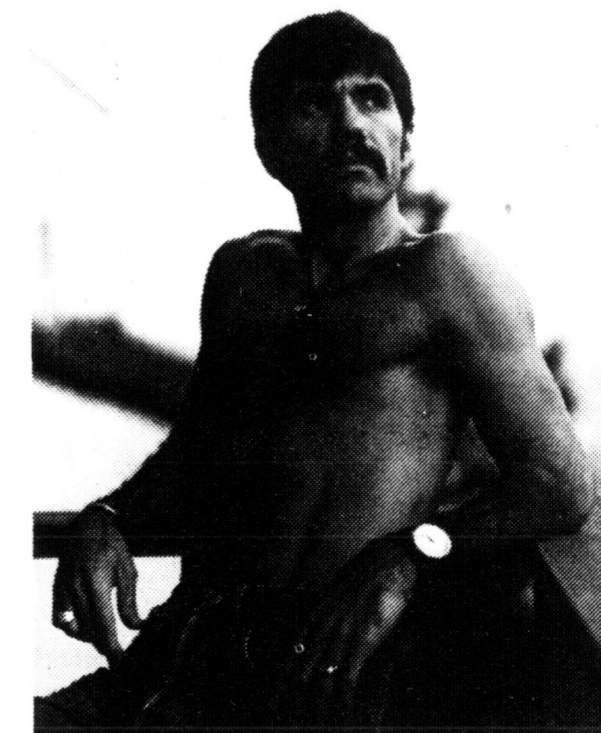
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of the most popular in the Castro area...Upper Market is losing the **Naked Grape** as Bill Bailey elicits the news that the **Grape** will no longer be a dancing bar but will, instead, vie for the macho trade with a conversion to rough wood, meat racks and a new name; yes, be the first to know that the **Naked Grape** will now be known as the **Tool Box** and what does that mean to you?...Have you caught the ivory tinkling and song styles by Damian at the ***P.S.***? He's a delightful new face with a pleasant singing voice...Newer neighborhood bar in the Haight making sounds and good vibes, try **Gus' Pub** - it's mellow. Spoon Award nominees new on the roster, Mother Phil Mackely of the ***P.S.***, Irene of the **Sentinel** (again), Frank Benoit of the **Constantines**, and Eddie Barron - you know what you've been doing don't you? - move over Mt. Zane Tamas-pial...Tony Michaels, that little bundle of talents in *Applause* and *Beach Blanket Babylon* says that talented group will play at the Sheraton-Palace in late May or Jun...And speaking of talent, the question has arisen whether porno film makers and porno film stars should be considered for Golden Awards. According to a reliable source, there are at least ten porno gay film makers

residing, working and producing films here, yet they have never been recognized for this art form. What say you Golden Awards Committee? Valid point?...The Miracle Mile doesn't yet have a gay bar or business on each block of Folsom, but **Playland** will be opening soon on the site of the never-opened **Earthquake Ethels** between 7th & Folsom. The dashing Walt Yazolino late of Folsom Area Rapid Transit (FART) and Acme Beer Man contestant, revealed those plans to me recently, so watch for **Playland** to open soon....Golden Dildeaux Awards at the **Boot Camp** will take place in May so start performing for your nominations, if you know what I mean Richard Novak....What Royal Princess on Empress Doris' Court was seen at the Strand Theatre balcony recently - watching a Rita Hayworth movie no doubt?...Grand Opening of **Zelda's** in Marin was a gas! Hey Curt of **Kalendar**, Ritch McFarland is one of the owners there so couldn't possibly be taking up much time of the Mouse in Castro...New pasttime in bars, putting together Playgirl Mag puzzles of hunky men...Milky Way preview preview opening of the **Dude** was hot, too; did you know Emperor Bob does like the candy bar and Empress Doris so

pleasant and charming...Is the rumor true that Lady Larkin (Henry Soares) of the **Fickle Fox** is running for Empress Eleven?...Larry Foley, all recuperated, looking chipper, dapper and sculpting a beautiful piece of his new love and now a grandfather clock! hi pal...Don't forget the 40-40's Review at SIR, April 19th & 20th...MEMO to Ken Ferguson of **The Ambush**: One of your gold fish (the silver and orange one) looks like it's pregnant! You better investigate - it could be Carey, David, Chuck Arnett or Jason, but not Chris - he's too cool for a fish, but apparently your star customer Michael digs them - Congratulations to the new mother, father and son, Aaron Michael...What upper Market bar manager, columnist and man about town left a sour taste in the mouth of a Polk Street waiter after demaning mucho service and leaving a three cent tip?...Overheard at the **No Name** - Ray Hedges (Mr. Gay SF II) to Generalissimo Hector: "I have to go pee; will you have someone bring the urinal over here to me?"...I can't say I blame Polk Street Sally, Dixon, for chastising a customer who tried to make us believe that the word F☆U☆C☆K comes from ancient times and was an actual marriage certificate that was headed "Fornication Under Certificate of the King;" parried the glib Dixon: "If that's

true, where did the word SUCK come from?"...are you still with me?...memo to Zane Tamas; You probably don't remember an ex-**Dave's** employee by the name of Charles Wages who vividly remembers his briefing upon assuming his position at the window and his precise instructions from you about age limitations for customers - quick, hide this from Rex...Glad to hear that Peter Castillo aka Fifi is out of the hospital after his bad auto mishap; Castillo is Castle for those of you haven't taken Spanish lessons - hi honey!...And Mario of the **No Name** doesn't have enough problems just running his bar, but his favorite customer Linda Dynell has got to be the "wiggliest" customer he has and let's hear it for the wiggie ones...While quite a few of our citizens made the trek to New Whorleans for Mardi Gras, Roy of the ***P.S.*** had the most interesting tales to tell - about a certain South of Market bar owner (with a title, no less) playing "Covered Wagon" on his knees...Nice gesture for Valentines Day from Don, John and Doug of **FeBe's** (and every year), sending those nostalgic penny valentines, thanks guys...Check out Gary, Steve, Andy and John at the **Toad Hall** and soon!...TUK JORDAN's Golden Shower was a gas - and Pit of **Leather Forever** (and always) gave the most tasteless gift - a real hair pie! Ken Ellison of the **BAJ** esorting around the handsome Tom of **The Gaff** in Palm Springs and what a delightful judge for the Fun Buns Contest at the **Boot Camp** last week while on Thursday, Paul (Hunk) Wolfe walked away with the Big Basket prize at that bar...Did you know Mae West was born Aug. 17, 1891? - you do now...Two hot new songs with many listeners, *Slow Dancer* by Boz Scaggs and *Boogie on Reggae Woman* by Stevie Wonder - you gotta catch 'em...Have you had a chance to meet Mr. Round Up - Joe Diaz - what a hunk!



Joe Diaz Photo by Robert Hopkins

That winds it up for this issue; be sure you're not caught without the little red bricks pin - symbolizing your contribution to the Community Building Fund - they're only a dollar and for a worth cause. Remember, as Randy Johnson always says, what goes around comes back - love your neighbors and remember, I do love you all.

Mister Marcus
P.S. Big Thanks you to Bill Estep of **21st & Mission Baths** - your place is absolutely beautiful!

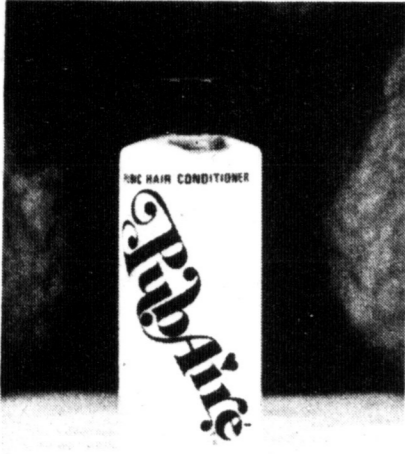
Barbary Coasters Present IXth Awards

Once again Fremont Hall in San Francisco was jammed to capacity with an enthusiastic audience, eager to watch an award presentation augmented by an *in* Family Entertainment, which were mostly repeats from shows presented during the past year's runs.

Performances were presented by the **California Motor Club**; the **San Franciscans**; the **Lobocs**; the **Oedipus**; and **The Buddy Club** of Los Angeles, with an unusually tiresome and long routine between a Mae West impersonator with a **Saddleback** member acting as straight man. Unless you were a member of every north and south club and really in the *in*, you would not have understood most of it.

The Barbary Coasters annual Academy awards is public recognition in San Francisco of those clubs and persons from Northern and Southern California having achieved the highest in recognition as voted by the eligible voting clubs in the North and members

(Continued Next Page)



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of the Council of Southern California Motor Cycle Clubs in the South.

Awards were made for the following:

Best Non-Bike Event on a Run: The San Franciscans, (North); The Blue Max M/C (South). **Best Buddy Event on a Run:** Loboc M/C (North); Warlocks (South). **Best Bike Events on a Run:** Cycle Runners, Monterey Dons, Serpents (all North); P.C.M.C. (South). **Best Open Social Function:** Kingmasters (South); Warlocks (North). **Best One Day Run:** The San Franciscans (North); Saddleback M/C (South). **Best Run Site:** The Blue Max, Warriors (both South); Warlocks (North). **Best Food on a Run:** Barbary Coasters (North); P.C.M.C. (South). **Club with Best Year's Bike Activities:** San Andreas M/C (South); Recon M/C (North). **Best Show on a Run:** Cycle Runners, Monterey Dons, Serpents (all North); Loboc M/C (South). **Best Weekend Run:** Blue Max M/C (South); C.M.C. (North). **Best Performance by a group or individual:** Skip Martz (South); Ken Cook (North). **Best Buddy Rider:** Mark Van Dyke (North). **Best Rider:** Bart (North).

The main event of the Awards each year is the naming of the Man of

the Year which this year for the first time in the Academy's history was a tie resulting in duplicate awards given to both John Blythe and Jim Conners in the North, while Brian Smith was the single winner in the south.

What interested us mostly was the President's Trophy which along with its presentation, the President promised the hot, jam-packed, but thoroughly good natured audience a new and bigger hall next year.

Since the Southern California contingent makes up a goodly half of the event, it would seem that after nine years in the north, the show could be moved to Los Angeles at least for the Xth event, so that the Southern California Council could get in on the work and financial rewards of such a successful event. It would also give the Northern ticket buyers an excuse to go south for a weekend, and enjoy a change of faces and scenery.

As usual, the Barbary Coasters club with superb music by Ralph Rotten, pleasing lighting and fast bar service is our single candidate for an "Award for the Awards." Each year, this event is a little different but the general format remains the same, providing an evening of thorough entertainment to the ticket buyers, award winners and disappoint-

ed runners up. This publication has excellent "Award" photos, but knowing that some club members resent picture reproduction, we are unable to show the fine precision work of the Lobocs, as they re-created their production of *Tomorrow Belongs to Me* from their show *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way to the Council*, which was written in the hospital by one of their members while recovering from an illness. Fourteen magnificently uniformed fine looking gentlemen brought meaning to the lyrics of their song and would have been a compliment to any professional producer. The stage lighting was superb.

The Production brought the entire audience to its feet in a standing ovation of appreciation and a "Well done!" No wonder they won the Award for Best Show on a Run.

While the Recon's Field Meet seemed outrageously "far out in ticket price," I guess it won't be long until we can expect to pay five dollars for One, repeat, ONE HOT DOG and sufficient beer. The Question is: who would intelligently enter a bike, gassed up on four dollars and fifty cents worth of beer?

The Barbary Coasters can chalk up another winner for themselves.

This-a And That-a

By Lou Greene

The Sacramento Inland Empire will be having their Second Annual Coronation Ball. It will be the Election and Coronation of the Emperor II and The Princess Royale II. This affair will be held on Friday, Feb. 28th in the Yolo Room at the Convention Center. Contact the Sacramento Inland Empire at 825 Fulton Ave. or phone (916) 482-3459 for reservations and information --- **The Savoy** in Cupertino held their annual Sweetheart Ball on Feb. 13. This function was a real winner. All seats were sold out and in advance for this fun filled Dinner and Show. On Feb. 23, they will be celebrating their 4th Anniversary, featuring a show and hors d'oeuvres --- **The Red Boar** in Cupertino features a monthly party, with show, food & music for only \$1 cover. Their next event will be on March 6th, featuring Goldie Montana and guest entertainers. A special 2 hr. show will be in the offering, starting at 9:30 pm --- **The Mecca** held a gala Chinese New Year party on Feb. 9th, with all oriental decor, costumes, food and entertainment. This was a reservation only party and would you believe, all space was pre-sold & Feb. 16, was their night for a grand Mardi Gras party with colorful costuming and a real fun fest. --- **The Candy Shop** in San Jose, off Stevens Creek and Saratoga, is now under *New Management*. Scotty and Mike welcome you back to their new music, new lighting and new game room. Kevin, their doorman, had his finger bitten so badly by a he/gal, that he had to have his finger sewn and put into a cast. The reason? No one knows, not even the gal who did the biting. --- **Mac's** in Downtown San Jose, had really become the *in* place for a lot of new faces who are finding **Mac's** a comfortable and most interesting bar to come to. No dancing, but pool and bodies. --- Across the bay, **The Camp Grounds**, has temporarily discontinued dinners. They are going to reopen their kitchen in the near future and will announce their 3rd Anniversary on Feb. 16th. Needless to say, Hans outdid himself and really held a wonderful affair. --- **Grandma's House** in Oakland are offering a new dinner policy. Tuesday Nights are Italian Night. Mustacheii, Italian Sausage, soup or salad, French bread and complimentary wine, all this for \$2.95; Wednesday night is South of the Border

night with a complete Combination Mexican plate at only \$2.95; Thursday night, is rebate night. If you have the lucky number on your ticket, your meal is on the house.

Billy de Frank, who will be appearing at **Grandma's House** Feb. 28th and March 1st. Dinner Show at 10:15 and a midnight show, accompanied by Myrt.

Billy has been performing since the age of 5 years and had his own radio show until age 9, in Canada. When his family moved to New York, where he spent most of his school years. During this time, Bill did some night club work, but mostly worked in off-Broadway plays, until his family once moved. But this time to Calif. Where he returned to night club work in Monterey, in such clubs as: The Gilded Cage, the Pigalle, the Anchor and the San Carlos Hotel, for seven years. Moving to the East Bay Area, he started doing tours for the Armed Forces all over the country, then he went to the Manhole, Waikiki Club, the Camp Grounds, the Oakland Hilton and many other local clubs, and is now at **Grandma's House**.

Mellow sounds and groovy people - we recommend **The Woods**, over in Fairfax. Plenty of parking and the help is always anxious to please. --- Marin's newest, **Zelda's**, in the Paradise Shopping Center in Corte Madera, is now open and going strong. They are featuring reasonably priced dinners and Sunday brunch. They also have an excellent sound system and a large dance floor. Give the place a try, you'll like it. No parking problems there either. --- While in Marin, don't forget the delightful **Sausalito Inn** - still going strong with nice people like Jim & Mo to make your visits a pleasant one. Dinners are still excellent. And Sunday afternoons a must. Right around the

corner is the **Two Turtles** bar - a very warm place with fireplace and lots of nice people... until next time, my best to always in all ways. Love, Lou

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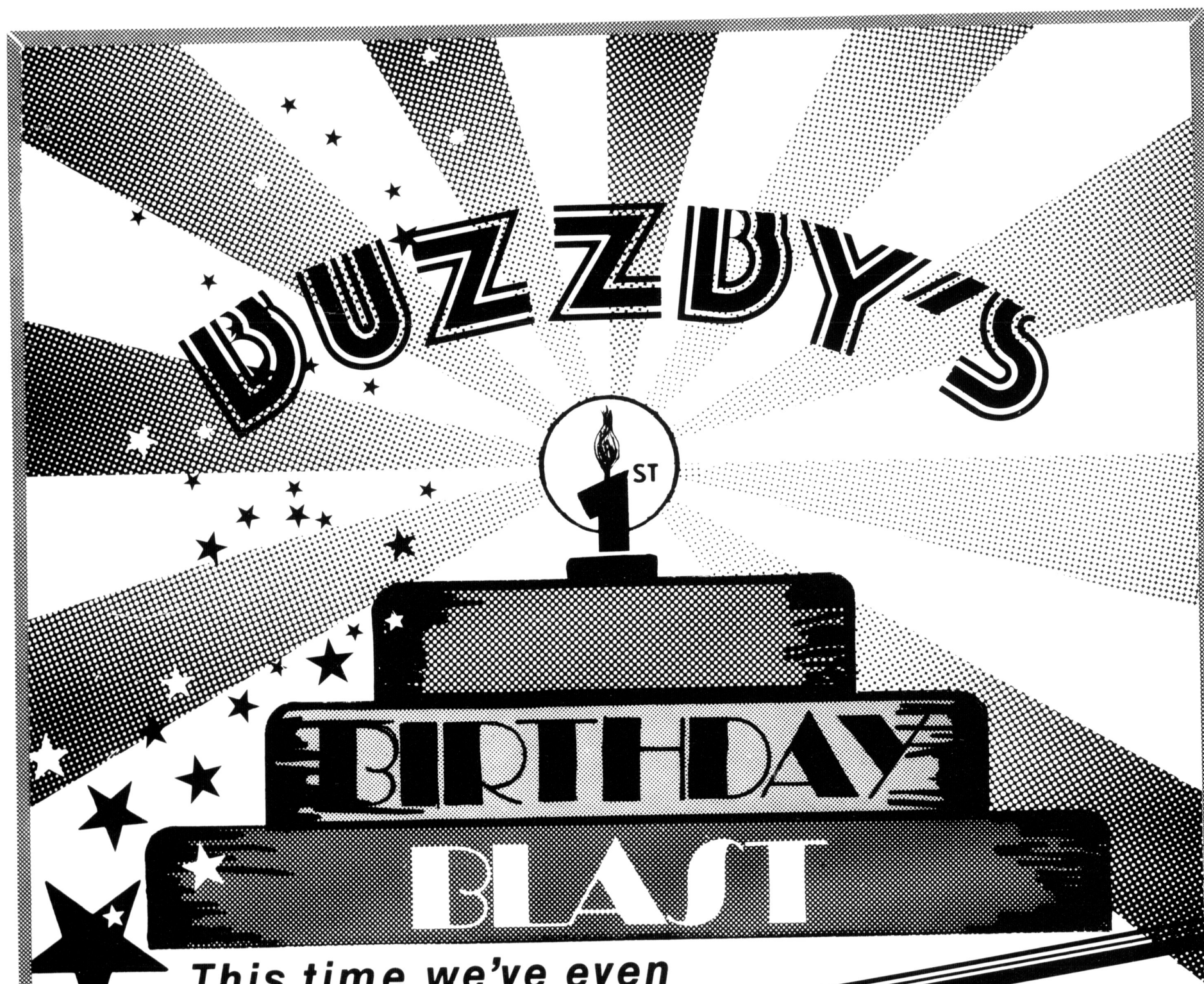
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March 6, 1975

Bare Boys On Broadway

