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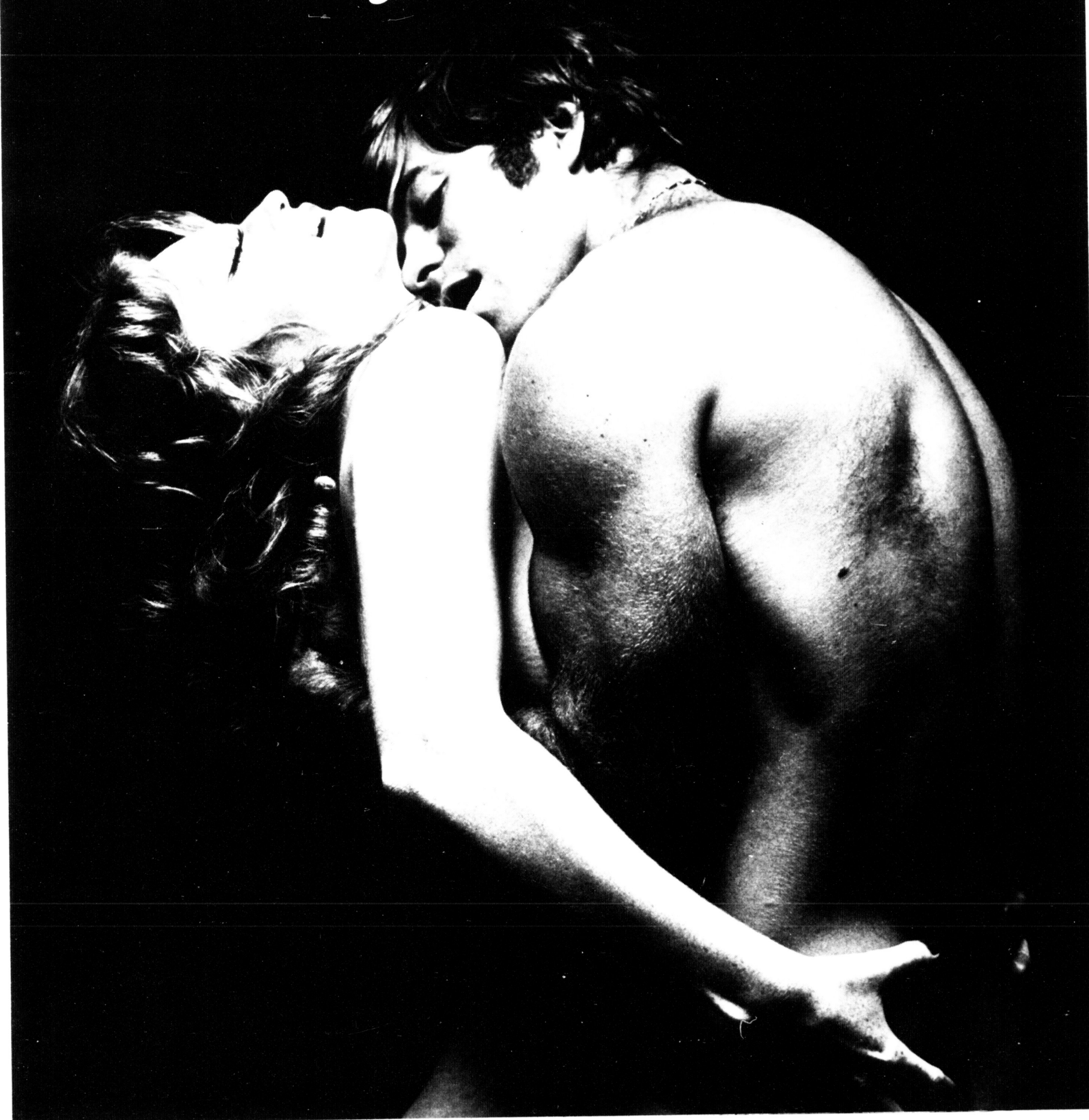
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Volume 5 Number 5

March 6, 1975

Bare Boys On Broadway





MARCH 20, 1975
9:00 p.m. till ?

BENEFIT

AUCTION

United States Mission

HALFWAY-HOUSE FOR GAY

PAROLEE'S



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Anniversary Ore

*saturday
 mar. 15 9:00 p.m.*

*hors d'oeuvres
 champagne*



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Next Deadline: March 14. Next Issue Out: March 20.



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Community News

Pride vs. Caen

by Lan Sims

The Pride Foundation has released the first pages of its analysis of gay references in Herb Caen's column in the San Francisco Chronicle. The material covers the period from Aug. 6, 1973 thru Sept. 19, 1973, during which there were 17 references to gays, all but one of which were derogatory to homosexuals.

This report is the second in a series to be published by Pride, relating to the Caen issue.

Because of its length, the whole report, constituting a White Paper, will be released in sections, according to Don Miesen, executive director of Pride.

The alleged defamations, said Miesen, should be condemned by all self-respecting gay persons. Caen, he said, has repeatedly inferred that homosexuals (usually men) are: unworthy of the masculine gender; worthy of contempt; unworthy of political representation and civil rights; unworthy of public office; shallow;

confused as to their gender or sexual identity; irresponsible; fight like stereotyped women; serious sex criminals; unworthy of our country; queens; dykes; promiscuous; offensive; disgraceful; effete; narcissistic; transvestites; homos; sexually aggressive, and comparable to prostitutes.

"Caen is a good writer and a charming wit," said Miesen, "and this helps to explain why the vast majority of gay persons have overlooked the fact that Caen is indeed vicious towards them. Some persons perceive his wit and feel Caen should be excused on the grounds that he uses the same type of bitchy humor on other minority persons."

"But," continued Miesen, "Caen does not make comparable 'funnies' about so-called shiftless Blacks, pushy Jews, greasy Latins or any other aspiring minorities. If he did, his boss, Charles Thieriot, editor of the Chronicle, would have him shape up or ship out. It is a tragedy that the average gay person has let his fancy be tickled by Caen's witty surface remarks and has not seen through them to the real message underneath."

Miesen said the Pride Foundation hopes to awaken the critical faculties of the gay community in San Francisco with the release of the reports. He said Pride has written several complaints to Caen, then telegraphed both him and Thieriot after an especially offensive "dyke" comment, but neither Caen nor Thieriot had the courtesy to reply.

"Our job right now," Miesen said, "is to wake up our sisters and brothers in the gay community and then to take stronger action as required."

Falstaff Expands Program for School Sports

Joe Griesedieck, Jr., Regional Marketing Manager for the San Francisco based FALSTAFF BREWING COMPANY is so well pleased with the success enjoyed already with San Francisco Gay Bars and its program to donate a penny for every spent bottle cap returned, that the program has been expanded to include all bars and all Falstaff customers.

"We have had requests for bottle cap buckets from as far away as San Jose" said Griesedieck. "We will place our buckets in any place where our products are sold and anyone may drop bottle caps into the collection bucket."

The expanded program has been extended to the end of the school year, and all of the money representing the returned bottle caps, will be donated to the Mayor's Youth Fund, which has underwritten part of the depressed school sport program.

Jerry Oldenburg, Sales Manager for Falstaff announced that the program has received support from the



"We're the tops, we're the tower of Pisa."

Beer Drivers and Salesmen's Local 888, and that certain accounts have challenged rival accounts to determine which one can collect the greatest number of bottle caps.

Many local Gay bars have challenged friendly competitors and have announced that they will do their utmost to swell the total in the "bottle cap collection program."

A Solar Chill...

In the history of the Gay movement in the United States, there have been many unfortunate instances of funds entrusted to persons who proved unworthy of the trust. Unilateral borrowing (a euphemism for embezzlement) has occurred too often.

In January of 1973, Richard Price and Robert Humphries "borrowed" \$289.00 from the account of the Christopher Street-West/SF Committee. They were the Secretary and President respectively on the bank signature cards, having been thus elected by the Committee. (Prior to election as co-chairperson, Humphries warned the Committee that he would make no exact accounting of funds nor would he hesitate to use funds entrusted to his care for personal expenses if and when he felt the need.) The \$289.00 was used to maintain a fund-raising operation which provided jobs for many Gays and channeled over \$30,000 from the straight business community into the Gay community. While admitting that their method of borrowing the money was improper, both Price and Humphries said that in similar circumstances they would do the same thing again.

The editor of a San Francisco Gay newspaper, the Sentinel, said it would be a cold day on the sun when the San Francisco Gay Community saw any of that money ripped off the 1972 Parade.

There was such a solar chill, Tuesday, February 25, 1975, when \$189.00 was turned over to the Tavern Guild of San Francisco (from whose member bars most of the Parade funds derived). The other \$100.00 was accounted for by a parade-related donation which Price and Humphries made in 1973 to the Daughters of Bilitis.

This may be the first recorded instance of such money being publicly refunded and accounted for in the Gay Community. Perhaps others may follow the example.

Talent Search In S.F.

Michael Antonio, burlesque star from Washington, D.C. has embarked on a talent hunt for a new, all-male revue which he plans to open soon in San Francisco.

Michael, who has done shows in New York, Atlanta, Baltimore, New Orleans and West Palm Beach, as well as the nation's Capitol, decided to return to his native San Francisco because "I wanted to get back to people who I know will work with me, instead of against me."

(Continued Next Page)



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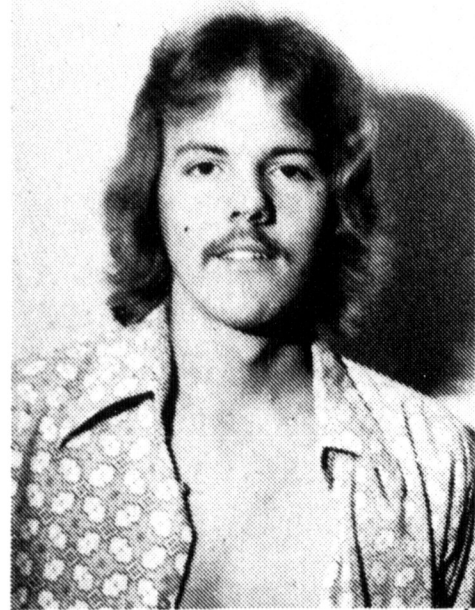
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For his new revue, Michael says he is looking for dancers with strip-tease experience, although he adds that experience is "preferred but not essential. Not that many guys have strip-tease experience, so I'm considering anybody with potential who thinks he can do it. Potential can be developed just like that, despite talk to the contrary," he adds.

Michael is also on the lookout for musicians for the show, with "multi-instrumentalists given first consideration." He also strongly emphasized that all performers who apply must be non-union.

Dancers who apply must have audition tapes and suitable outfit; musicians must also have audition material ready. Both dancers and musicians must be prepared to perform unrehearsed material at the audition.

Those who wish to apply for an audition or who wish more information as well as those who would like to lend support to Michael's revue are invited to call 928-2732 after 5 pm.

Letters

Addendum to Bob Shore's letter to B.A.R., Feb. 20., 1975.:

Dear Bob,

Welcome to the world of royalty and community, uh, leaders.

Stick around kid. It gets better/worse, and in time even you will get your share of it, deserved or not.

Or, you could do what the other 99,600 gays in San Francisco have done -- tell the Golden (if it turns your finger green....) 400 (inflation rides again, it's actually much less) to shove it and attend their functions and support their causes in nondroves.

/s/ Donald
'Cameron Scot'

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A Salute to Jim Sandmire

A group of friends of Jim Sandmire are giving a Darewell Dinner Party for him on Friday, March 21st. The no-host affair promises to be a large fun-filled gathering of many of Jim's friends from both the gay and straight communities.

The dinner will be given at Louies of Grant Ave.; a donation of \$8.50 is requested. Tickets will be available at the following locations: the *P.S. Restaurant, the Purple Pickle, the Kokpit, Jackson's, the Mint, Fe-Be's, S.I.R. Center, Adonis Bookstore and of course, Metropolitan Community Church. Checks should be made out to M.C.C.

Plan on attending this gala celebration, and let's all send Jim to Los Angeles with the best of thoughts and memories from his many friends here.

Who's Kidding Who?

Dunbar, anchor man on KGO's early morning news show last Wednesday cracked up and was unable to coherently continue reading the news, when he came to the story of the suit for divorce filed by a husband of two weeks, who learned that the attractive young "lady" supermarket checker whom he married, was not a "for real lady" after all. In the divorce proceeding he reported that his supermarket checker was the result of a sex-change operation and currently was known as a "transsexual."

No explanation was given why it took two weeks for the news to get to the point of divorce proceedings, however it struck Mr. Dunbar as being so funny that his continuation of the story was practically unintelligible due to his uncontrolled laughter.

Mr. Dunbar should pay more attention to the supermarket checkers in the big San Francisco markets. They work hard at keeping their beards closely shaven.

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Milk Forum By Harvey Milk

Welcome to Alice in Wonderland

Because of the world oil situation, the President wants to increase the price of gas until the well-off can afford pleasure driving. To let the people of the nation know about this, he, his staff and his armed guards had to fly to Florida to tell us.

In fact, the President seems to be flying around the nation every week telling us all about the energy crises. And Congressional leaders are flying about to investigate the situation. Our armed forces are flying about in preparation of something. It goes on and on. The Congressional leaders drive to meetings in limousines, have come up with some answer about higher prices for gas. Will any of them cut back their driving? Will the armed forces cut back one flight? Will the President remain in Washington (and maybe get some work accomplished) instead of flying around the nation trying to p.r. the people? If our leaders were to remain in the capitol and put in a full week's work, we might not only get some meaningful legislation passed, at least we would save some oil and that would be more than we are presently getting.

Look at the rest of the economy - Our problems are not limited to oil. For years the economists have been telling us the correct way things have to be done. Today, these are the people who, in one way or another, are greatly responsible for the Penn Central going under, for Pan Am not making it, and for the auto industry skidding off of their well paved highways. And who ends up paying for it all? Who has to bail out the "experts" with their high salaries? Who are the first to be laid off at General Motors? And when the President calls for a conference in Florida to talk about the nation's economic problems, who goes? That's right - the very same people who got things fouled up in the beginning. I think that the President should indeed hold conferences on the problems of the

Political Views

economy....but in Washington. Instead of inviting the "experts," he should invite the people who pay the taxes, the people who are laid off at GM, and not the people who put the railroads under. The "experts" have already cost us enough and I don't see any of them at the unemployment lines. I see them at conferences in Florida coming up with more "solutions."

The taxpayer has had it. The Reagans, the Rockefeller's, paying less than their share, now want to put gasoline out of the reach of the average taxpayer. The sense of priorities and responsibilities of our leaders smells worst than any refinery. They either have absolutely not one ounce of concern about the taxpayers, or they are just plain dumb. I have said it before and repeat it here: if a surgeon lets patient after patient die on the operating table, no one will trust him; if a lawyer loses cases after case, no one will trust him, and yet the President and our economic advisors have fouled things up time and time again and we are forced to accept their "wisdom" to solve the problems that they, in their "wisdom", created.

The economic problems of the nation will not be solved by the leaders we have in Washington. The oil problem will not be solved by increasing the cost of gasoline. These problems will only be solved when the leaders go after the causes of the problems, rather than the temporary crisis. The causes of the problems are an incredible amount of government spending on non-productive policies, and the major one is that we have to try to defend the world. Once that policy is dropped, and we decide to direct that money and energy towards making this a nation without want, we will see the economic and oil problems being solved. Until then, we will continue to see a squadron of "experts" flying around the nation, telling us how to save energy. Welcome to Alice In Wonderland.

Political News

NEW GAY DEMOCRATIC CLUB GROWING...DELEGATES NAMED TO CDC CONVENTION... Harvey Milk, Steve Ginsberg and Rev. Ray Broshears will be the three delegates of
(Continued Next Page)

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the HARRY S. TRUMAN Democratic Club to the state convention of the California Democratic Council in Fresno on March 14-15-16. Milk will head the delegation, even though the Club president, Rev. Broshears, technically does. Broshears told the Club members that "Milk is a far more articulate speaker, and will better represent gay Democrats in speaking in Fresno."

The HARRY S. TRUMAN Democratic Club, named after the former President, was formed as an alternative to the only other all gay Democratic Club in San Francisco. The Truman Democratic Club stresses that it is not affiliated with any political machine, and will support ONLY DEMOCRATS in elections unlike the other Democratic gay club, which supported a Republican -Wm. Bagley - for State Controller, as well as Senator Milton Marks. The CDC constitution states that a Democratic Club can support ONLY Democrats for political office. Steve Ginsberg is the treasurer of the new club, and he promised that the Club will put any resources that it has, behind their choices for the various political offices, as well as holding various educational events and social functions to introduce candidates to the community.

A partial listing of members of the

new Harry S. Truman Democratic Club are: Hal Call, Jose Sarria, Sandy King, Bob Cramer, Bill Bailey, Bruce Eby, Roy I, Henry Ferrari, Chris Powell, Jerry Salazar, Perry Spink, Hal Wagner, Greg High, Jean-Paul Marat, Mike Petterson, Harvey Milk, Steve Ginsberg, Ray Broshears and two who have just resigned from the other gay democratic Club, to join the Truman Democratic Club: Ms. Charlotte Coleman and Ms. Arlene Kempf.

For further information, you may contact the president at his office at 771-3366, or send any inquiry to him at P.O. Box 1528, SF CA 94101. "If you are not part of the solution, then you are part of the problem." Join the Harry S. Truman Democratic Club, and "give 'em hell."

☆☆

LOS ANGELES GAY COMMUNITY MOURNS LOSS OF COUNCILMAN ROBERT STEVENSON

Councilman Robert Stevenson, longtime advocate of gay rights, who represented the 15th District in Los Angeles, which is predominately gay, passed away early this week.

The shock of the gay community has been sweeping, as Stevenson was the sponsor of the pending legislation which would give equal employment

opportunities to gay people in Los Angeles. this is the measure which Chief Davis of the L.A.P.D. is personally fighting so hard. Davis at a hearing on the 20th of February, had two busloads of Baptists from Van Nuys, bussed in to testify against the Stevenson bill. That hearing was cancelled due to the illness of one of the committee members, to Davis' extreme anger, as he tried to force the hearing anyway, without the third committee member.

Stevenson has fought long and hard for gay rights; he has blasted via the media, the vile actions of Chief Davis in his persecution of Gay People in Los Angeles.

Memorial services for Stevenson are planned at the MCC in Los Angeles, as well as a candlelight march to honor him.

The legislation which Stevenson proposed will most likely be handled for gay people by the City Councilmember from Beverly Hills, a Mr. Wax. But gay people hope that the vacated seat of their dear friend Bob Stevenson, will be filled quickly, so that Chief Davis is not able to "kill" the pending legislation.

Several gay leaders have informed us that the Rev. Troy Perry has been asked to run for the City Council post, as they claim a gay person can be elected in the 15th District as they claim the gay vote is the largest in the area, and they also claim that some 50,000 gay people live in the district.

Rev. Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Community Church (MCC) is said to be seriously considering seeking the vacated spot on the City Council of Los Angeles.

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Brother Bizarre's Gaze

By Mark Owens

BAGL 1984

NEWS ITEM: A new Socialist Gay group has formed, which calls itself Bay Area Gay Liberation (BAGL). They intend to stop police harassment, abolish all anti-Gay laws, pass Gay rights legislation and put an end to public and media stereotyping of Gays. The new socialist group has denounced all other existing Gay organizations as "ineffective," and further stated that BAGL was, "the only Gay liberation group in the Bay Area."

☆☆

NEWS ITEM: For the first time, the annual San Francisco Gay Liberation Convention (SFGLC) was held on the field at Candlestick Park, since the Tavern Guild Community Center could no longer contain the 523 Gay Liberation groups that had sprung up in recent years.

No sooner had the SFGLC chairperson, Society for Individual Rights president Lee DeShipp, officially opened the convention, when a young male transvestite stood up, introduced himself as "Ms. Cara," and demanded official recognition for his organization, the Marxist Alliance of Transvestite State Officials (MATSO).

"But," DeShipp protested, "we already have two organizations for transvestite State officials, and a sewing and makeup technique class to boot!"

"Yes, I know that," he contented, "but none of them are Marxist!"

"Then why can't you simply join one of the other two groups and form a Marxist faction in it?" DeShipp asked.

"Because they are both ineffective in dealing with the needs of transvestite State officials. MATSO will be the only viable organization for them!" he declared triumphantly.

"All right," DeShipp sighed wearily, "what does MATSO plan to go about doing?"

"Well, to start with, we are going to end all discrimination, stop public stereotyping of transvestites, abolish all anti-Gay laws, push..."

"...for Gay rights legislation and put an end to police harassment, yes I know," DeShipp said.

"Why, yes...how did you know?" Cara asked.

"Oh, I have my sources."

"Point of order, point of order," called SFGLC parliamentarian Robert Rule. "I wish to direct a question to Ms. Cara: Will this new group of yours be open to female transvestites as well as male?"

He took a deep breath. "If not, then we will have to consult with our Director of Gay Feminist Groups, Leslie Ann VanDyke, to ascertain whether or not she would want to set up a counter-organization for female transvestite State officials. If she does not, then we must ask you to include female transvestites in your group, in keeping with Provision Four concerning equal representation for Gay males and females. If you refuse, then the matter must be taken up at a special Conventional Hearing, date to be set no later than thirty days following a decision regarding the..."

Just then, a young woman was seen running around the crowd: rounding second base, to third, and finally sliding in at home plate, where she stood up and, with clenched fists, demanded to be recognized.

"Mr. Chairperson!" she screamed. "Who are you, and for Chrissakes, what group do you represent?" DeShipp asked, exasperated.

"My name is Ann Arkist and...well, shoot, I don't belong to any group! I'm just a gay woman who's a little confused by all this, or maybe I'm the only sane one left around here.

"I mean a separate group for male transvestite State officials who are into Karl Marx is utterly absurd! You're all absurd - all 523 of you! Why can't all you people get out of your head-trips and join together as one group, united in the cause of Gay freedom? Heck, even I'd join something like that!"

"What do you say?" she con-

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cluded. "Do we unite, or do we die?"

"One group?"
"No more Socialist Group?"
"No more Transvestite group?"
"No more royalty?"
"No more seperatism?"
"No more anything?"
"NEVER!!!"

And with that, combined members of the Gay Redneck Caucus and the Gay 50's Revival League escorted Ann Arkist from the convention. She was found two days later and was rushed off to Kaiser Hospital, where she was treated for overexposure to red tape.

Meanwhile, back at the convention, a voice vote was taken and MATSO became the 524th organization in San Francisco: the 524th group that intends to end discrimination, stop police harassment, abolish all anti-Gay laws, end public stereotyping and pass Gay rights legislation; the 524th group to call all other organizations "ineffective" and claim that they were "the only Gay liberation group in San Francisco."

B.A.R.

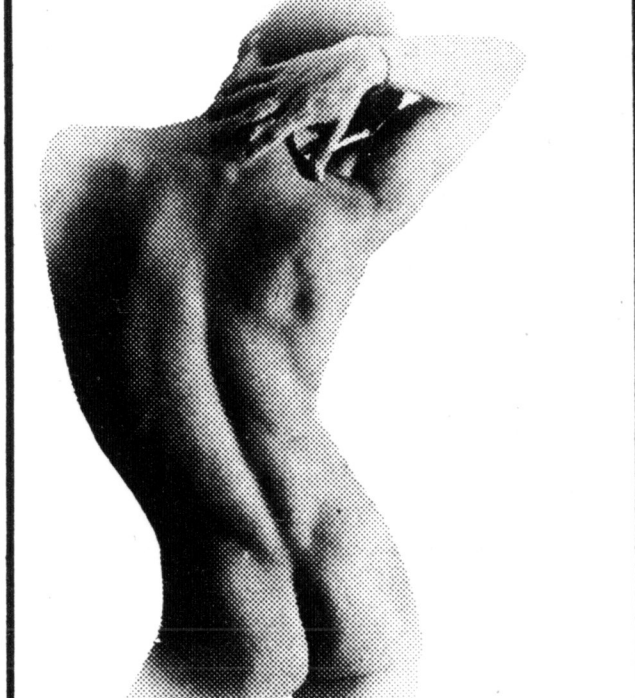
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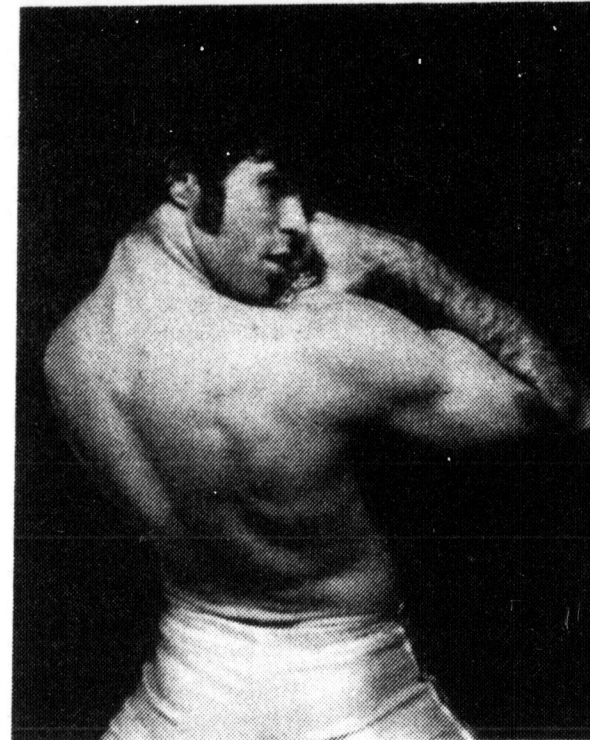
Bare Boys On Broadway

By Donald McLean

"Come right in, folks! This is a family show. This show has created more families than any show on Broadway. Just take a peek inside and see the best show on the street!" Thus huck the barkers of Broadway with a steady stream of fast patter guaranteed to grab visiting wayfarers' attention. They, like everything else on "the street" (as its known to its inhabitants), run a wide gamut, from the dapper gentlemen outside the OFFBROADWAY who has a better act than most of what's inside to the aggressive hawkers who almost grab your arm and pull you through the door, afraid that the guy two doors further down may succeed where they have failed. In that glittering three blocks known as gaudy, tacky nightclub row, the competition is fierce for the steadily decreasing dollar.

What is Broadway? Carol Doda, big boobs, overpriced drinks, topless, bottomless, listless titless strippers? It's all that in varying degrees, but when bottomless was outlawed (with my favorite local law -- "no simulated pubic hair" -- how can law enforcers tell without committing further outrage??), a new type of act sprung up to entice jaded patrons -- "The Nude Love Dance," "Male and Female," "Adam and Eve." I began to grow curious about those unsung heroes of the saloon circuit, the half dozen male dancers who comprise the other half of the love dance teams, so armed with my trusty pen and pad, press card and curiosity, I spent six hours one Sunday evening visiting five nightclubs who proudly advertise the "The Nude Dance of Love!"

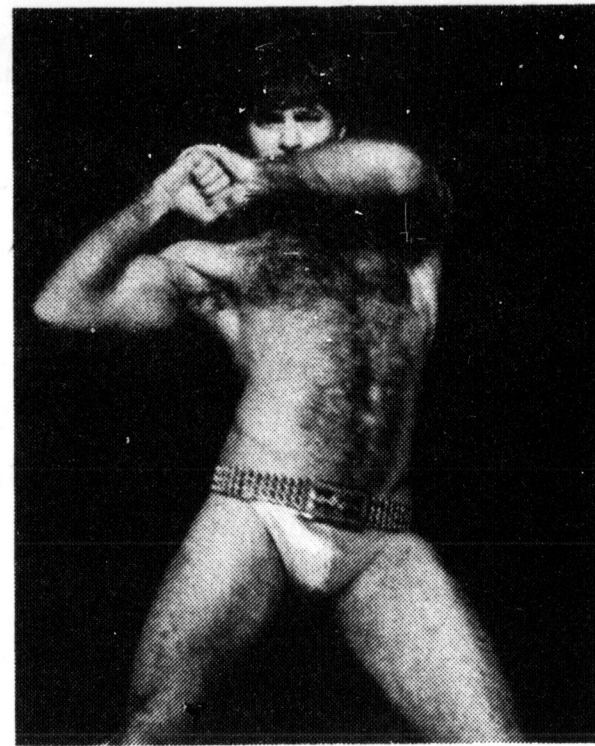
To begin with, the "nude dance" is not nude; boys wear posing straps, girls wear G-strings of varying width. Most dancers agree that the pay is not very good -- \$25 to \$35 per night (if that) for 6 to 7 fifteen minute spots nightly, with a maximum of five nights per week. Their fame is certainly secondary to their female partners, so what prompts a male dancer to seek work on Broadway? The answers are as varied as each teams' definition of a love dance.



Patrick at the Hungry i - Photos by Clay.

HUNGRY I -- At the Hungry I reigns the undisputed king and queen of the love dance, PATRICK AND MARYLEN. The Liz and Dick of the dance held a record for partners, dancing together one year and eight months. Patrick was busted two years back for "obscenity and conspiracy," which was dismissed later when proved that "as long as it's got some social value to it, it's not obscene." They've worked up and down the street, just recently returning after a successful engagement in Japan, where portions of their act were shown on Japanese television. The handsome sandy-haired 25 year old Patrick is a professional model and horseback rider, lives with an eight foot boa constrictor named Agatha and claims "I've never had an affair that lasted over a week." He frankly admits both he and Marylen are exhibitionists -- "I enjoy stripping for an audience and turning people on. If they like watching me strip, I don't care if they're gay or straight. I believe in smashing the audience with energy. Marylen and I are totally involved with each other. It's something you have to get into emotionally. There are three steps to our act - the strip, the adagio and then the simulated sex. We're pretty explicit in the sex part, but we do it with line. It's pretty to watch. There's a fine line between art and vulgarity; we try never to be vulgar."

Their act if definitely a turnon, opening with Patrick solo (elsewhere it's the other way around) performing a hot jazz strip, then the beautiful Marylen, a natural redhead, glides on in a black lace see-thru rhinestone-studded gown, is stripped by Patrick and the adagio lifts and spins that seem to be an essential ingredient of the love dance



ensue, ending with them on a black fur rug grinding in the throes of "simulated" passion. The sluggish audience comes alive as the lights fade and applauds heartily. The act is dynamic and sexual, the participants obviously very attuned to each other (which seems the primary prerequisite for a successful team).

As for the future, Patrick should become the darling of the Women's Lib set. He recently performed at a belly dance convention in Walnut Creek for 400 women, and wants to do more and more male stripping for female audiences. "I want to follow up where Gypsy left off!"

Energy and exhibitionism -- the essence of Patrick and Marylen.

EL CID -- Their closest erotic competition is GARY AND LISA at the El Cid. The 22 year old Lisa is a chestnut-haired stunner who looks like a cross between Valerie Perrine and a young Madeline Rhue; Gary is a 31 year old ex-bartender who laughs easily, has worked on the street for 10 years, and lists as his hobbies photography, skin diving, karate and motorcycle racing. He and Lisa have been dancing together for five months, and "we fell in love during the love dance." Gary is more than a little embarrassed about his dancing career -- "I'm not a dancer, have never studied dancing, don't pretend to know a thing about it. One night, the club I was bartending at, the love dance team didn't show up, so the manager told me to do it. Just get up there and shake my tush. I wouldn't do it now with anybody else but Lisa. I've worked with others. They were either on star trips or...pardon my honesty...garbage. Actually, I'm very shy. I just go out there and do what I do at home." (after seeing the act, home must be pretty exciting)

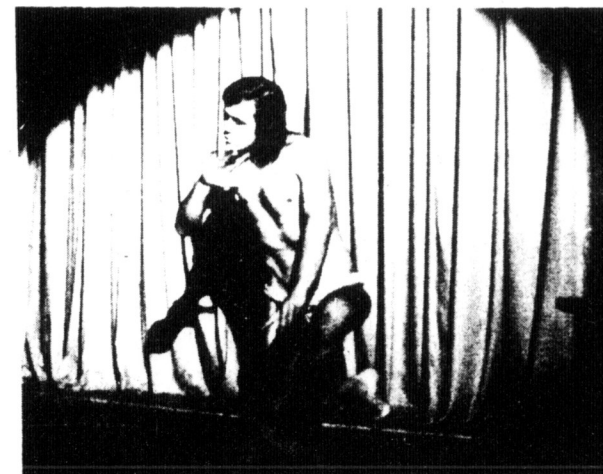
Lisa was a cocktail waitress from Colorado who decided to try it just to see if she had the nerve to get up on a stage sans clothes. Working with Gary, she now finds "it's fun...and it's a job. We're not professional about it like the others on the street." For Gary, the love dance is "a means to get my new motorcycle." and for Lisa, it's a stopgap to her ultimate dream -- to live on a farm and have 8 children.

"The Male and The Female" (as it's billed) opens with Lisa in black chiffon dancing for one number; the lights dim, Gary enters in black posing strap, strips Lisa's bra, and from there on out, it's pure sex. The routine is sharply executed, the two bodies blending often indistinguishably as one, and where Patrick and Marylen present an equal attraction of the sexes, Gary and Lisa's routine is more macho dominance, with Gary throwing the lithe Lisa ("I like being thrown around") to his will. It's exciting, virile and sexy, the two complimenting each other beautifully. "A lot of people say they can feel something between us."

Gary and Lisa are the only ones I talked to that feel they are adequately paid. They are fiercely loyal to the El Cid. Says Gary, "I think Marvin is the best boss on the street, and I've worked in almost all of the clubs." But agrees that Broadway ain't what it used to be. "It is going down. They're ripping so much off, and the people feel ripped off, they're killing off their own business."

Gary and Lisa -- for them, the love dance is sincere, with less training but more conviction.

THE ROARING 20'S -- A different type of love dance is presented by Daniel (pronounced Dan-yell) and Iris at The Roaring 20's. They've only



Daniel at the ROARING 20's

been dancing together for two months, and Daniel admits "I'm getting ready for a show. This is just a stop, bread and butter really. I trained to be on the stage. I tried the Pacific Ballet but couldn't really take it." He jogs over 5 miles every day and has worked on the

street off and on since 1969. "The longest I've ever had a partner is six months. They get married, go away... that's why I prefer to do a solo. You have to have an attraction to a partner to a point." He finds the love dance "is something beautiful and artistic. I like very freaky music for it. My act is like adagio. There is no position where we look like we're fucking."

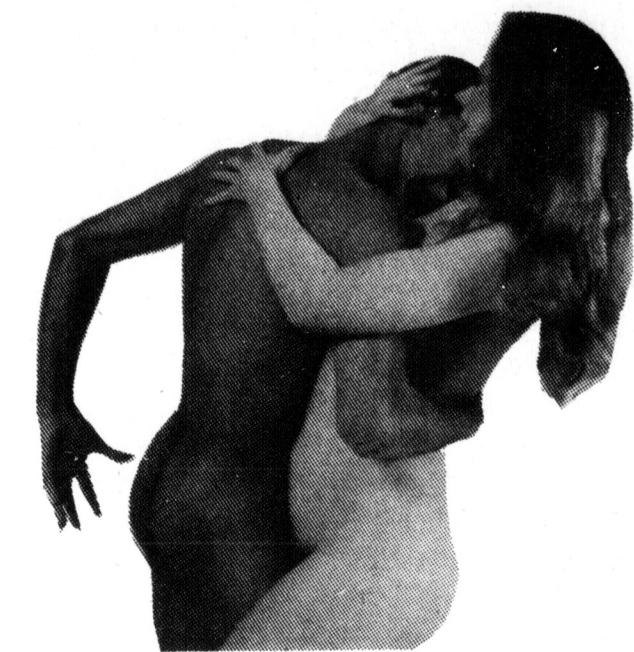
The act -- Iris, a perky brunette with a pouty mouth, comes down the stairs very suggestively, gives the audience the come hither onceover and performs a mild strip. All of a sudden, Daniel appears and almost worshipfully strips Iris, then himself and the act proceeds to a sensual adagio, the idea of the act, the adoration of the female body by the male. It is not erotic so much as artistically well executed, done without the frenetic energy of the previous two but at a deliberately slow, sensual pace.

Offstage, the attractively boyish Frenchman, who has performed in both straight and gay clubs around town, considers himself straight. "If I don't go to bed that much with men, and when I did, I didn't enjoy it that much. But I don't put it down for others."

Daniel and Iris -- slow and sensual as they while away the hours in a bread-and-butter job.

THE OFFBROADWAY -- This club boasts two dance teams. ENJIL AND VERNON have been dancing together for over 2 years. Enjil is 5'9", Vernon is 6'2", both blondes looking like brother and sister. But they do not take the love dance seriously; Enjil thinks nothing of lifting Vernon and carrying him off. They spoof the love dance with good acrobatics, Enjil being the dominant partner, Vernon the submissive. As Vernon says, "The way it looks onstage is the way it is!" They are on their way to Vegas and hope they will not need to return to the street. Vernon is friendly and outgoing, Enjil the sharp-eyed, protective business-like partner. They have a good reputation among their fellow dancers, their act garnering laughs from hard businessmen.

The other team is MICHAEL AND GLORIA. Gloria had called in sick and came in to dance just one show so I would see Michael at his best with his usual partner (the clubs think nothing of throwing a solo stripper into a love dance if necessary), which shows the regard the partners have for each other. They have been dancing together for a year-and-a-half in an act that the young, swarthy-looking Michael de-



Michael & Gloria of the OFF BROADWAY. scribes as "modern dance techniques combined with modern romance in its more splendid form." Oh! Well... that certainly explains it (whadhesay?).

Michael is outspoken and refreshingly honest. He has worked on Broadway for two years, Gloria for five. Says Michael, "The pay is bad. Everybody wants to live here but nobody want to work here, that's San Francisco. Carol Doda brings the people here (to Broadway) but the rest of the strippers make 'em stay." I note that the strip ladies I have been viewing all evening seem younger, more talented and prettier than the canines I recall of five years back, when bust measurement was the sole criteria for success. I also have noticed that inflated boobs seem fewer (or maybe they just rest them on Sunday nights). Continues Michael, "I'm a dancer. I don't claim to fix a car or mow a lawn. I'm a musical comedy man. I sing and tap. I just have no scruples about taking my clothes off in front of people. And I'm 100% homosexual and not ashamed of it!"

Michael is finishing his final week at the OFF-BROADWAY before he leaves for a show in Vegas. Gloria, an auburn redhead with a gentle smile, tells how prior to Michael they threw a male partner at her that she loathed; they fought on, off and below the stage. When Michael leaves, she will go back to doing a single because "It's just too hard to start from the ground up again with someone new." Michael agrees that "the most important thing is to have good vibes with your partner, and you have to know your audience is there always."

Their act follows the standard format, with one important difference -- Gloria is the instigator of the action, a femme fatale seducing the male. Their act is strangely sexless, a balletic mood

(Continued Next Page)

piece that seems more like two solos combined than a duet of love. It's well costumed, well-performed but the involvement of the audience is minimal.

THE CONDOR -- And at the home of "The Perfect 36" Carol Doda, there is a love dance team only on Sunday nights named ARIEL AND MYRA. Their act is far too artistic for Broadway, both being fine dancers more interested in demonstrating technique (on a very cramped stage) than any sexual connotation. Myra is working to afford comedy material for a new act, Ariel is working to buy wardrobe for a new act with another partner (not a love dance act). For them, it's quick money for a brief time, another rung on the ladder to hopeful success.

But at the Condor on La Doda's two nights off is Teresa, the girl on the piano, and Teresa offers the most exciting, talented strip I've seen on Broadway all evening...and I'm a sucker for a good strip act.

THE LIGHTS DIM COME 2 A.M. -- It's the last fifteen minute show of the night, the audiences all over the street have been sparse and dully unappreciative, and the dancers want to go home. At the EL CID, a loud obnoxious man staggers to the front of the stage to get a closer look at the voluptuous brunette who's trying hard to generate sex appeal for the bartender and the phone booth; he is quickly ushered back to a seat and the naked lady heaves a quick look that says "Why can't brith control be retroactive?!" It's been a long, dreary night and come 2 A.M., the seductive smiles and slithering hips can finally come to rest...until tomorrow.

The love dance teams take their leave -- Patrick and Marylen with unflagging enthusiasm head down Broadway for breakfast, Gary and Lisa have left immediately after their last spot to go home together, and Daniel and Ariel go home to await that unexpected phone call that means a better job, while Michael and Vernon impatiently wait out three more days before they leave Broadway for glamorous Las Vegas.

To be the male half of a love dance team is frustrating for a true dancer, but for those who accept it as a sexual turnon for an audience (carefully keeping tongue-in-cheek), it's a good job...being a bare boy on Broadway!

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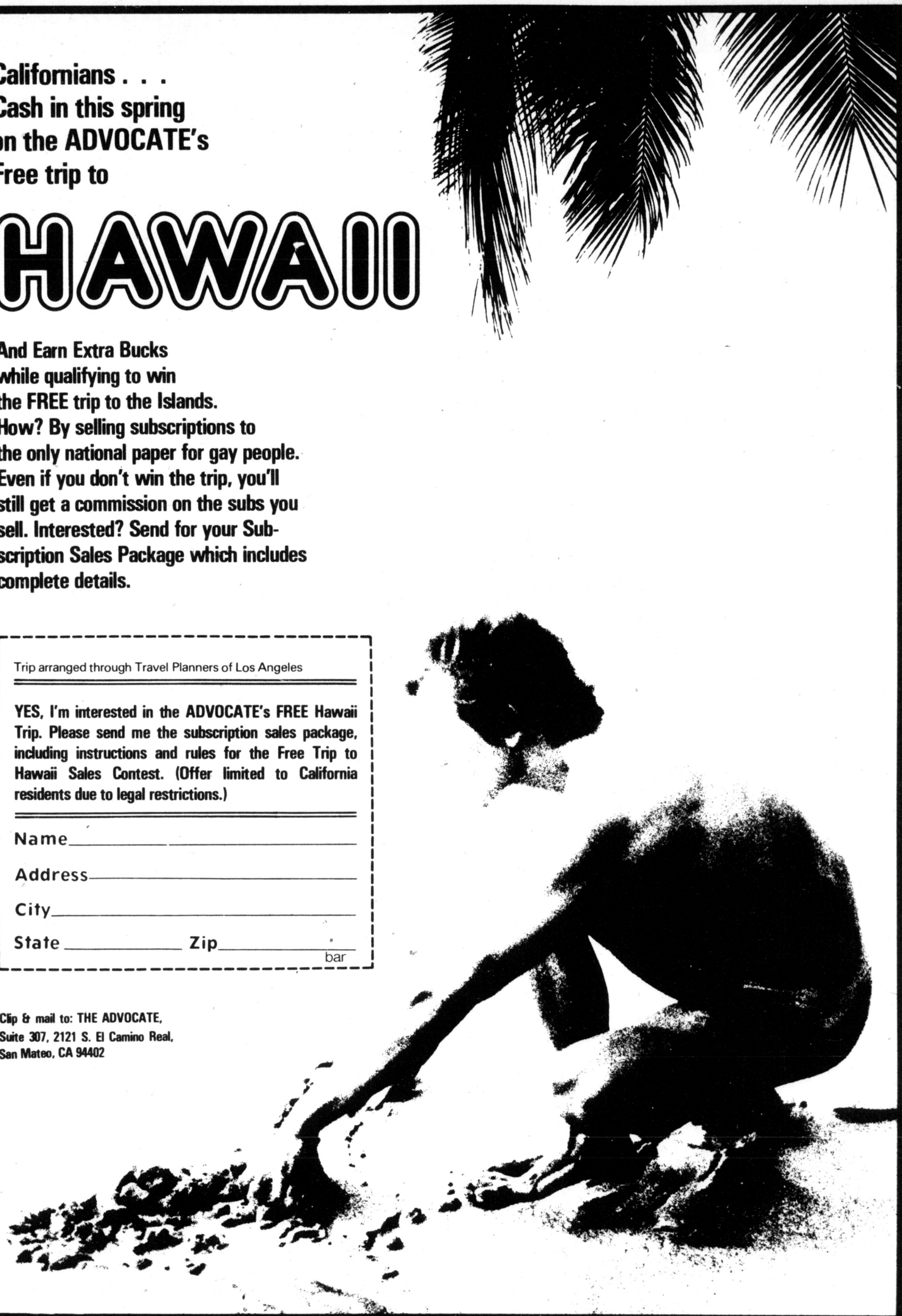
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Features

Letter From Mole End

Dear Raymie:

My famous garden seems to be producing the world's healthiest crop of chickweed this spring. If the stuff were not so good as a poultice for rashes and sunburn, I'd rip it out; but I'm going to leave it in until planting time next month, and then dry it. It's also good as a tea, and has a fair amount of iron and vitamin A in it. As usual, nothing else in the garden is prospering at all. I think the winter-flowering sweet peas might flower next July!

I was using chickweed as a bath infusion when I had all that itching and skin irritation last year, until I traced it to a soap residue from laundering and from using the wrong bath soap. Now I'm using Packer's Pine Tar soap on myself, although the bar is a really ugly dark brown tar color, because it rinses off totally; and I'm back to doing my own laundry. Commercial washing machines give only one rinse cycle, and that's not enough. Using less detergent than the box recommends is a help, and I find I can use about half the amount

called for and still get clean clothes. My original solution to the laundry problem was a clean thirty-gallon trash can (the plastic kind with a lid for the Scavengers to lose) and a plumber's helper. Half-full of hot water, which I put in by the shampoo hose, the can holds about as much as a washing machine, and the "churning" really gets out the dirt. It even worked for small rugs, and what a frustration releaser!

Double rinsing got the white things cleaner, and I'm using ammonia on them as a booster with the detergent, in preference to chlorine bleach, because it rinses out better and does not attack the fibres of the clothing. Unfortunately, ammonia has a destructive effect on most colors used in dyeing nowadays, so I use washing soda in the first rinse for colored clothes. Shaking each piece out individually removes about half the wrinkles before the dryer has a chance to set them, and even makes the line-hung laundry dry more smoothly. I even re-discovered Mrs. Stewart's Blueing: four drops in the final rinse and

I have the whitest whites on the block.

I wish I had a drying-lawn, instead of chickweed. In medieval laundering and bleaching, the final step was to lay out the linens on a drying-lawn, which was basically a meadow left to grow wildflowers and fairly deep grasses, and it must have made everything smell beautiful. I was reading about the Shakers a few weeks ago, and learned that it was a Shaker brother who invented the clothespin, to save drying-lawn space so the sisters could have a larger kitchen garden. That makes the clothespin a relatively new invention - scarcely more than a century old. It was a Shaker sister, on the other hand, who invented the circular saw, thus demonstrating an extremely progressive attitude toward equality and lack of gender role-playing on both their parts, especially considering the times. I wonder if they put vinegar in the rinse water to keep lint off dark clothing, as I do? Friends say I use vinegar for everything, but it really is useful for lots of different jobs.

Now that the kitchen ceiling has been repaired (you remember, I wrote you about the night it crashed down on

my head in the middle of a dinner party when I went in to fill the coffee-pot and rinse some glasses), I guess I'm stuck with more painting. Someone told me years ago that Saran wrap on my glasses would keep paint splatters off the lenses, which is perfectly true; but it's also true that it is impossible to get the plastic flat on the glass, and I don't think it's worth the trouble. Maybe this time I just won't wear the glasses. All those wrinkles in the Saran made seeing the job at hand really quite difficult, especially after the third six-pack.

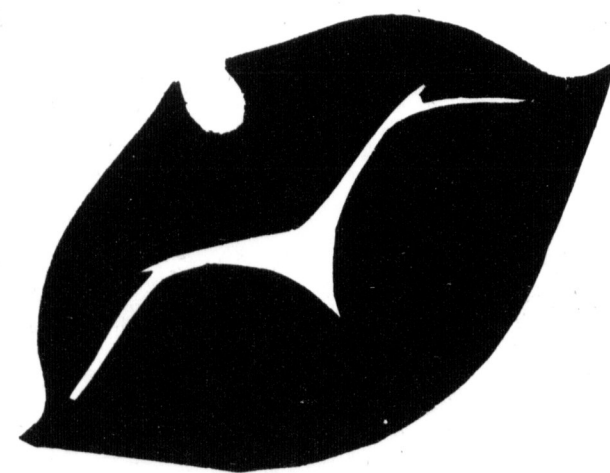
While I'm thinking about paint and color, have you gone to the laser show at your planetarium yet? I went last weekend and recommend it, although I must say I felt like a victim of visual overkill by the time I had seen the lasers and gone through the Bufano collection and reviewed the mineral specimens in the lobby. Do go to the Laserium, however; you'll be bonkered at the colors laser light achieves, to say nothing of the other effects.

It's time for Esmeralda Cat to go for her booster shots again, and this year I'm going to invest in a halter leash so I can control her in the car, which she hates, without having to put her in the carrier, which she hates, if possible, even more. I admit she has settled down somewhat since her first bus ride on the number 24; at the end of that trip, she made it to my shoulder from the floor of the vet's office the hard way, shredding a perfectly good shirt in the process. Imagine that long-haired cat with every fur standing on end, racing up my body with every claw out. I nearly bled to death by the time the vet was able to slip her a tranquilizer! Poor Esmee. Poor Mole.

The violets in the garden haven't budded yet, so the **torte** I promised for your next visit will have packaged chrysalized flowers on it. Next year's violets will definitely be sugared and dried on wax paper, however, for the delectation of my cake-eating friends.

Give the baby dogs my love and remember to wear your galoshes when it rains.

As always, The Mole *P.S. After the laser show, I went to a local piano bar, where I was privileged to witness the execution (yes, that's the word) of the "Maple Leaf Rag" at a tempo so fast it sounded like a mechanical piano gone berserk, rather than a pleasant little walnut baby grand being manually stimulated. Scott Joplin left editorial comments on about three-quarters of his rag-time compositions specifically stating that is **never** right to play ragtime fast, but I guess that edition didn't have the note.



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Social Commentaries

The Men In My Life

By Paul-Francis Hartmann

Mea Culpa

MY LAST DUCHESS

A hatchet job is oftentimes an easy exercise. Self-serving. Eventually, the axe-bearer ought look to himself, the chopper-down. By what right, from what luxury, to what weakness may he attribute his cuts and blows. Righteousness is a facile cover. Who grants me the privilege of assuming responsibility, superiority, authority. (lacking even the gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name) Why couldn't I have given Alan greater peace rather than further anxiety. Answers flippant elude me...And for irreparable crimes against my brother -- all I can say -- I should take my place at the post to be flogged.

In exposing a lover I have exposed myself. As author, my friends know the "I" of the satire is me; while to the world at large Alan remains a brief fiction. Alan, if the expose could serve as a lifeline, you are lucky indeed.

There lies the unsettling risk: pitching you a rope either to knot around your throat or to pull at hand over hand. I knew a "rescued" you would have no need for me, for I only played a part in the former swamp.

There remains the many or few others who might find in these portraits (the explicit and the implicit) a parallel, a parable, a peek of themselves for the 70's. Many people see this and suffer over it, and yet no one seems to know what to do about it. Hence, I have used the you of us as a satiric cartoon.

To me, Gay rights are the minimum, Gay excesses are an outrage. Gay illumination is the beacon to be fired up. I offered our relationship to that pyre for the sake of the Phoenix. For you, for others and hopefully for myself -- I chose to stoop.

One reader of the series broadsided me with the comment, "Can't you get beyond your own bitterness?" I reeled into the ropes and hung there. How long are we entitled to lick our wounds he questioned, and later sitting

stunned in my loser's dressing room, I knew there were champion moments not included. I did see other things: the warm worth of you which was always my unspoken message to you. In one which was always my unspoken message to you. In one punch drunk moment I composed a laurel wreath -- myself too lightweight to forward it. It was conjured long after the Olympian season of our love -- another way of summing it up. My belated Valentine:

My Dearest Alan,

Whether or not you recall the many things you said last night -- we'll never know, nor does it seem important. They came so fast and heavy even I can't sort them out. I was stunned -- left you in a sort of float -- like a man who had unexpectedly gone from rags to riches, a glittery Cinderella moment.

Irrespective of all the items we can't seem to get in line [nor probably will we ever] a truth, a fact remains -- so deep, so inexplicable -- so beyond any effort of controlling it, side-tracking it or trying to kill it. So very tangible, so very elusive at other times. An open conduit in my side into which you pour, a beam of light that floods beneath your skin. A

knot, a chromium connection that one minute empowers me, the next, drains me empty. A power that is over me, and fades me into you and brings you into me.

It is there and will always be there. It happens when we explore each other's eyes. It is our good fortune and also our bad fortune. To have missed it would have been our even worse misfortune. Caravan apart wherever or however life decides -- We had "IT" [the greatest mystery] and we will always have it...

In your company I could fall to the lowest lows and the next moment catapult to the highest highs. What remains constant is that indivisibility. It is unbreakable and should ever be nurtured and cherished. It happens once or twice a lifetime...I being you and you becoming me. The rest of the world fades into shadow. It is only right that you are confused and that I am

unbalanced, for like Rodin's statue we are locked in a marble embrace.

The price to be paid is the death of the selfish self -- the pain of rebirth is almost insuperable. Our fabled Prince has arrived, bestowed his life-giving kiss and awaits his prize. The wanting to stay in sleep is fighting for its familiar self. Let us AWAKE.

There we have it...two lives, henceforth sketching themselves in terms of another life. Sorry to have gotten you into a game of such high stakes -- but were you or I destined, or waiting for anything less.

Paul

These words are irrevocably TRUE. The many hours I watched you in troubled sleep -- what rainbow visions drifted before my eyes. And alas, HOPES submerged my loving, and I failed us.

The "black paintings" of Francisco

Goya are perhaps the least remembered of his work; they are too disturbing and at odds with convention. To dwell on these dreadful visions of a world gone mad is but part of the picture. The world knows Goya more for his *Maja*, the reckless nude portrait of his love, the celebrated *Duchess of Alba*. For all their differences, they are products of the same brush. Coming into my eye and into focus under my pen, Alan, I have cast you as highly...never solely to cast you away lightly or lowly.

Let us forget the other (the other life we tried to fit into a pre-painted portrait). Could we forget, we might grow up enough to be a Lover/Loving. We collided brutally. Yet from our bruises, we know we still have life within. To be invulnerable, to withdraw is to be dead...

Paul-Francis Hartmann



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Viewpoint

By Bob Matthews

Investigating The World Around The Corner

I pause on the steps. Just briefly. The street is empty, quiet, and in response: a reflection of my mood. I hug the thin denim jacket closer to my frame and blankly face another crisp Bay evening. My tongue still carries the bite of after-grass. I debate a quick return for a swish with Micrin. Decide not. No delays this time. What of the mere two hours 'til last-call? The bite will abate. Hell, one drink will be enough of a mask for tonight's masquerade. After all, there is little time to waste. For the fifth consecutive night, I head for the Mind-Shaft.

Reverie and resolve while walking: Been a period of study these past weeks--with five nights promising unique revelations. Been trying to define what is often referred to as our

"gay-subculture." A community separated but together in a world with a way unto itself? I don't know. A better world? Don't know. Yet, definitely a community separate. Odd thing. Seems this separation is due to both force and choice -- both a gloom and a joy. Isolation by resign and design? Seems that way.

Another beautiful night in this remarkable city. Will I ever tire of the pleasure it brings? My pace quickens with the spontaneity such conditions bring. I attempt some serious thinking about the gay city within a city. Wonder just where the boundaries are.

Its location? From the Sutro Baths to the Safeway and all cruise-ways around that abound. Its focal point? The bar. The bars. Every bar. Numerous watering holes dot the gay-oasis that is San Francisco. Strategically spotted both north and south of Market Street. A "miracle-mile" even. They pock Polk from Broadway to Turk. And Castro: the apron fringe of the Twin Peaks. Seems we've really got things covered in this town.

Several yards in advance, the music tells me my destination is near. Hesitation. I pause to light a cigarette, lean against the sidewalk fence, and

stare at the logcabin exterior. Tonight I will put it all together. Get all my answers. That's what I think. I need some answers. Been a difficult time for me lately. Time of reflection. I've been looking around. Trying to discover the world in the activities of others. Maybe I believe I'll discover who I am? A direction? Been thinking that.

A warm and moist pressure envelopes me as I enter tonight's sanctuary. Interesting place. Lacks the plastic flash of some bars. The Mind-Shaft opts for more of the casual with less of the correct. Maybe it's a hybrid sprout: The Stud and the Endup interwind? Interesting. The spiritual leaders here are Gloria Gaynor, the Stones, and the B.T. Express. Musical missionaries of gay night-life: The Comfort Clergy. Will their sounds soothe this soul? I wonder.

I exchange a quarter for a number with the now familiar coat-check. His smile of recognition is a nice welcome. Five nights in succession. He must be wondering what in hell my story is! As I move toward the bar, a cue stick catches me in the ribs: this club offers diversions. Mutual apologies are made and I begin again. A fair-haired boy with styled hair and a manicured style is bequilling a middle-aged leather drag on the adjacent stool. I order.

Insert: Left the apartment tonight to search. And research. I felt a sense of intense and definite depression. Unexplainable. I left looking for...well, I don't know. Not a trick. Not tonight, anyhow. Of this one thing I'm sure -- with expectations numbed by past failures in that direction, it had already been necessary to put anticipation in its proper perspective: forget it.

The fair-haired boy drifts from my fantasy.

The vodka and ginger masks the mouth and filters the senses and I take to the rear steps. (How high the view gets if not yet the viewer.) Sacrificially placed, I surrender to an ambience without definition. A world I seek to understand. My world.

Maybe thirty minutes have passed. I crunch the remaining cube in my drained glass and move to the front bar. Must make the "circle-tour" -- once around the raised dancefloor. Check things out. The ever moving eyes of the watchers dart in and out of my path. The spectrum of gay humanity is here tonight. My purpose is interrupted by an invitation to dance. Well, why not? My partner selects the floor's edge and we're quickly into it. He's fun. He grabs the nearby railing and our dance

become a menage-a-trois. This kid dances as if he's getting paid for it.

At the front bar: the young boy has picked up an additional admirer. I pick up a fresh drink and head back. Once more around the track. Few new faces in the vacant places. A bearded young man sans moustache has claimed my spot. I wedge myself between him and the speaker casing. I look toward the crowded gazebo and think things over.

Why are they all here? Evenings past I remember looking down, pontifically, from this altar. Watching the free moving forms that laugh, meet, greet, dance, and sweat. A condescension I regret. There were judgements made through vicarious participation. After all, separate moments separate us. Wonder if in observing others I'm really learning more about myself. That's exciting. I ask a better question: Why am I here? There's a mixed feeling of elation and melancholy because the answer is quite simple. Tonight I am in need of anonymous company. Tonight, the recorded music is that very company. Tonight the sensations present are for me a welcomed caress without commitment. Tonight I am putting it all together for myself. Can't answer for the others. Dare I presume otherwise? My answer to the question is clear. Maybe too clear. I came here because I was lonely.

Know something? The revelation invigorates! The discovery of "why" is quite exciting -- especially if it is self-enlightening.

I begin to move to the rhythms that run around me. Getting a bit higher without that third vodka and ginger. I feel good. Glad I came. Let the lungs suck in the heavy air of mass merriment. The aroma of my new spirits is quite intoxicating. I carefully place my drink beyond the reach of shifting feet and turn to the boy beside me...as the loneliness fades....

"Care to dance?"

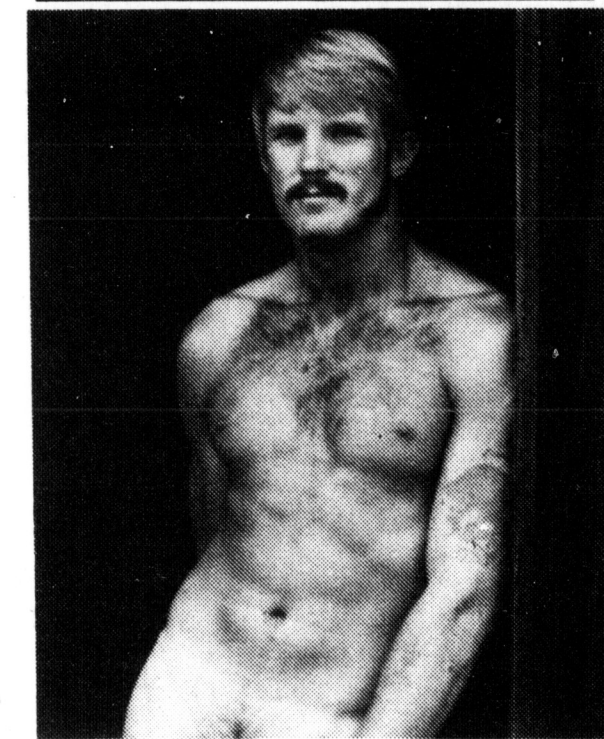
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Dateline: New York

By Rick Nielsen

This is Target!



Barry of Target Studios.

Can you dig it? A new physique studio that is called Target! It is the hottest new physique to surface, dealing in the manly look, since Colt appeared on the scene. Jon Target, the head of this enterprising new outfit was one of the founders of Colt Studio and has split from that company in order to do, in his own words, "his own thing."

To date, Target has produced three brochures and already they are causing quite a stir with their array of dazzling new faces. Target produces photos, slides, films, the new drawings of Etienne and Stephen and has just come out with their first magazine called **Dart**. The magazine features Target's superstar Barry and is a sure winner. For more information, brochures and samples, send \$2.00 to Target Studios, P.O. Box 692-B, Canal St. Station, NYC 10013. You must be over 21 years of age.

When it comes to men, Target has the very best (where do they find 'em?). Say you saw them mentioned in B.A.R. when you write.

ODDS AND ENDS: I want to thank all those who are answering the ad we have appearing in B.A.R. for Legend Gallery's cockrings. Legend Gallery is my boutique in New York City and we appreciate, at the store, your response...I recently went with my friend Eddie Z to see the National Boutique and Gift Show held in New York City. Headshops seem to be the absolute NOW look, as over 90% of the show

featured goods pertaining to headshops. Recently, Mickey of STARDOM TO ROCKET record fame sent me an autographed picture. Good looking young man, that Mickey!...THE VILAGE INN, 7th Avenue South, bet. 10th and Charles Streets, NYC, is now open. This bar used to be NEW DANNY'S, and late last year it closed. Good to see it is now open again...THE EAGLE on Greenwich Ave., NYC, just has to be one of the finest leather shops in all of NYC...My next column will feature a guide to New York City. *keep cruising.*

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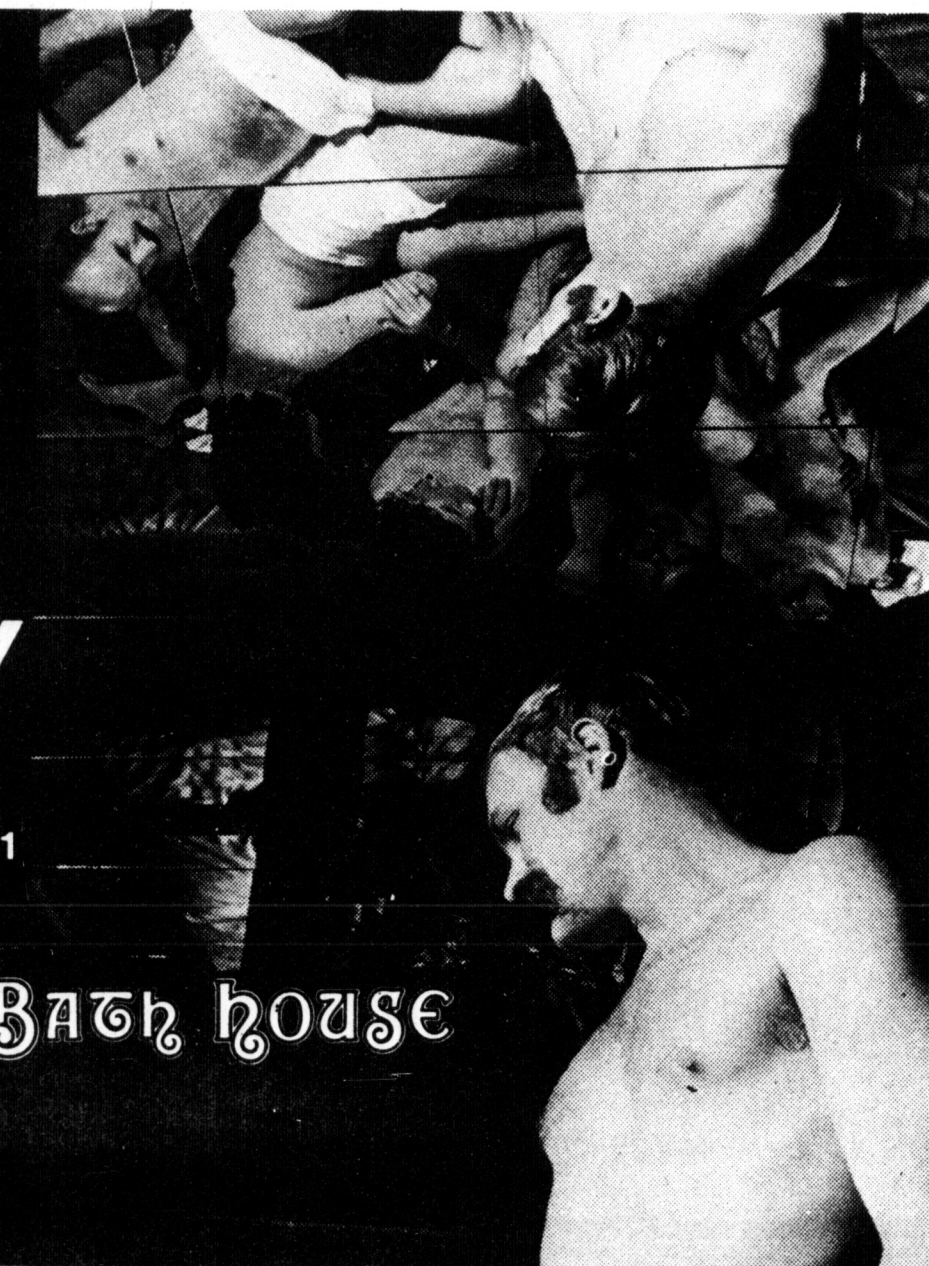
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Show Biz In Review

By Donald McLean

Father's Day

TROUPE'S CAST INFUSES HAILEY'S COMMENT

Father's day, a bittersweet comedy now playing at the MARINES MEMORIAL THEATRE under A.C.T. auspices, was a fast flop on Broadway in 1971. Oliver Hailey's play concerns three divorced women who live in the same apartment building and cling to each other in love/hate relationships as they adjust, or try to, to their acquired status of the single parent. On *Father's Day*, they receive their former husbands at a party honoring visitation rights... and the troubles begin. Louise is a sardonic, bitchy ex-actress who lies to herself and friends because she doesn't know why to this day her husband divorced her ("he tried to kill me, I tried to kill him. Ours was not what you'd call a good marriage"). Marian is a chic, erstwhile essayist who agreeably main-

tains a casual affair with her ex and enjoys divorce more than marriage. And young Estelle, the most recent divorcee, still hasn't quite resigned herself to the fact that her husband isn't coming back (he is now living with two 40 year old gay lovers, which makes him suspect in the ladies' eyes). In the course of this one *Father's Day*, all their lives are suddenly changed and they learn they must finally come to terms with themselves once and for all.

Hailey's play reflects an intelligent if biased viewpoint on divorce. His dialogue is brittle, perceptive and scathing, though he tends to consistently belabor a point long after necessary (the "Fag!" cracks become interminable and vitiate the second act effectiveness when Marian's husband, not Estelle's, reveals casually that he swings both ways). The script crackles with witty one-liners -- "My cat hates Chopin. Could you play some Debussy for my pussy?" "Why is there so much

talk about homosexuals? Because they're like the New York Times, they're on every corner!" -- and *Father's Day* boasts probably the funniest final line I've ever heard. It is a play that certainly deserves more attention that it initially received.



Barbara Rush and Tom Troupe: Producer, Director and actpersons.

Fortunately, actress Barbara Rush is giving it a second chance by producing and contributing her not inconsiderable talent to it, and wisely entrusting Tom Troupe to direct it. Troupe has given the play a theatrical fluidity that is consistently arresting and right in focus. He also cast his wife, Carole Cook, in the pivotal role of Louise...and for Miss Cook alone, you must see *Father's Day*.

With a tongue that could slay dragons, her Louise is a fascinating study of vulnerable, desperately unhappy woman lashing out in bitterness with the only weapon at her command, a vitriolic sense of humor. Her every line reading is hilarious as she zaps friends and enemies alike, her regal countenance belieing her guttersnipe language. It is a tour de force multi-dimensional performance that will be long remembered; it ranks right up there with the best of them.

Barbara Rush as Marian is physically stunning and exudes the class we have come to expect of her, but also contributes a wry humor and strength that provides a nice balance to the bombastic Miss Cook. The two ladies square off like boxers; one is the hard-driving antagonist, the other the cool, smooth professional and after ten rounds, they call it a draw...until the next time. Miss Rush is a capable opponent for any actress.

Laura Wallace and Jordan

Rhodes, as Estelle and her ex-hubby (they are husband-and-wife, offstage; interesting the way Troupe cast married couples in the roles) also offer first rate performances. Paul Kent shines briefly as Marian's liberated ex, and director Troupe turns in a nice lowkey stint as Louise's remarried husband (his new wife is referred to but never seen as 'the fat one' or 'that sixteen-toed sloth he's married'). The set by Dale Hennesy is perfect "New York ugly pretentious," and the lighting by Conrad Penrod exceptional (the final tableau is a gem).

Oliver Hailey's bitter diatribe is often screamingly funny, sometimes touching and not a little irritating in its unrealistic viewpoint, but for the dazzling portrayal by Carole Cook and the sharp ensemble acting by producer Rush, director Troupe and Company, *Father's Day* is a biting piece of theatre that should not be missed!

Ruth Buzzi at the Fairmont

A FUNNY LADY GOES BIGTIME!

Ruth Buzzi is a talented young character comedienne who has made a name for herself as a short sketch artist. In putting together a solid Las Vegas type act, Miss Buzzi entrusted herself to some of the best names in the business. Some did justice to her; some did not.

Ernest Flatt has staged a dazzling, fast-paced hour for her that has Miss Buzzi and four boys whirling in and out of characters and costumes faster than

you can say Dom De Luise. Billy Barnes has written some clever material for her, but much of it lacks punch. The lady is often superior to her material, evidenced especially in a great Kathryn Kuhlman takeoff by Miss Buzzi with almost nonexistent material about her husband having a cheeseburger for lunch. After a solid introductory number by the boys, we finally toward the end of the show get the much-awaited Gladys Ormphby character of *Laugh-In* fame, but Gladys does nothing once she gets there and you can feel the disappointment in the audience.

There is a ten minute takeoff on Las Vegas acts that is the highpoint of the hour, with Miss Buzzi convulsively funny as Charo, a sexpot Hollywood starlet singing *The Good Ship Lollipop* and a bare-chested parody of Vegas revues entitled *Teets and Feathers*. There is also a hilarious country western takeoff that should send Loretta Lynn into retirement, and a pantomime sketch about sobbing relatives at a funeral that is a minor classic. When Miss Buzzi is allowed her one solo spot onstage, it is as an airline stewardess with a penchant for the bottle; the laughs are predictable but steady.

The four boys are as integral to the show as the star herself, and they all shine in solo moments. No backup chorus boys these! For the record, they are Michael Byers, Steve Dolan, Larry Rosenberg and Keith Sargent. They are the wisest investment Miss Buzzi could have made.

Ruth Buzzi proves she can stand on

her own as a nightclub talent. I can only wish she had been better served by Mackie and Aghayan, the costume designers, and by her writers with more spice and wit. As it stands now, the lady has a good nightclub act that is pleasantly entertaining; with a little additional rewriting, it could be really be socko.

Ruth Buzzi and her boys -- five of the hardest-working performers ever seen on the VENETIAN ROOM stage, proving that talent, personality and energy can almost overcome weak material and shine brightly when given the opportunity.

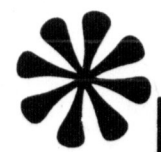
Anything Goes at Lone Mountain College

COLE PORTER HITS ROCKY SEAS!

On the weekend of Feb. 21st, I made my annual visit to see Cole Porter's wonderful 30's hit, *Anything Goes*, this year at LONE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE under the static direction of James Thomason-Bergner. A student production (which is no deterrent; some of the best productions I've seen have been college ones), the S.S. American hit rocky seas shortly after the curtain rose; the production was kept afloat by Mary Bettini as Reno Sweeney, Carol White as Bonnie and Mel Sager as a somewhat monotonous Moonface Martin. Michael Estwanik, as Bill

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Crocker, obviously suffered from delusions of adequacy, and Mary Elizabeth Ravetti looked lovely as Hope Harcourt.

A valiant effort; with a Cole Porter show, it's hard to go wrong...but energy alone is not enough. There was a snappy title production number, some good solo performances and a workable set by Stephen Sadler, but the production lacked cohesion, style and tempo, sailing on troubled waters...with an orchestra who played as if they'd never been formally introduced.

The Gospel According To Art Hoppe

PITH & PAP

The Gospel According to Art Hoppe, now playing at the MONTGOMERY PLAYHOUSE, is a collection of 18 sketches taken from Mr. Hoppe's news columns. To put scathing social satire onto the stage from the printed page is tricky; about half of the sketches work in varying degrees,

while the other half fall dead short in entertainment value.

The opening sketch between God and the Archangel Gabriel, receiving a prayergram from Bill Graham asking God to endorse Holiday Inns, is sheer brilliance. "Solosexuals Arise!" introduces a new sexuality; not bi, homo or hetero, solosexuality is love yourself, marry yourself, dance with yourself and in the final analysis, fuck yourself. "Ban the Mom" offers the novel idea of making Mother's Day a day of mourning ("Every child is unwanted by somebody"), because without mothers, there would have been no tyrants, villains, murderers, etc. And there are further sketches about Moses trying to write bi-laws to the Ten Commandments to fit modern Man and children in Sunday School learning about the dirtier parts of the Bible that are very funny, if somewhat obvious.

The sketches about inflation and Presidential idiocy are drawn out and lack punch, and there is one sketch entitled "The Perfect American Pet," where a rich-bitch American lady adopts new pets to replace her French poodle -- 2 Bangladesh survivors -- that I found bitterly offensive. Mr. Hoppe's biased viewpoint of American hypocrisy is too often sneering to provide amusement value, leaving moralizing minus theatricality resulting in audience disappointment.

The direction by James Drew is barely adequate, the cast uneven. Fran Moitoza, Bruce Mackey, Irving Israel and Dana Kelly offer consistently fine characterizations, while the remaining members, particularly Roger Starr, could have phoned their performances in.

The Gospel According to Art Hoppe is a mixed bag that should delight Hoppe followers who are willing to settle for half a loaf!

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Roger Starr and Dana Kelly in the "Solosexuals Arise!" skit from "The Gospel According to Art Hoppe."

Glitter and the Gay

AN EASTER BONNET BALL

On Sat. March 15th, 8 P.M., VARNER WARD will sponsor an Easter Bonnet Ball at their showroom, 548 Fifth Street, to raise money for the Easter Seal Society. First prize will be a year's car lease on a '75 car. Judges for the affair will be Troy Donahue, Jane Withers, Peter Falk, Terry Moore, Janet Blair, wrestler Pat Paterson, roller derby queen Ann Calvello and many local media personalities. There will be a 16 piece orchestra for dancing, a buffet with fountains of wine and all for \$20. per couple. To win, all you need is the biggest, the best Easter Bonnet in Judy Garland "Easter Parade" tradition. Call 776-6500 for reservations, ext. 24. Yours truly will be doing M.C. chores, so come with your biggest hat and win a car for a year!

48 WEEKS -- S.R.O.

Several months ago, I raved about that slick revue at the Holiday Inn on Van Ness, *Standing Room Only*. I'm happy to report it's still going strong after 48 weeks, and Wayne Smith called to say that on March 7th, they will add one full show of Romerg's *The Student Prince* in authentic yodelling costumes; show will play weekends in addition to the full repertoire of Broadway capsule versions already in production. (Just to hear Pamela Destin knock off *Glitter and Be Gay* is worth the trip!) For Broadway show aficionados, S.R.O. is the "upper" of the season...no admission charge, drink prices are reasonable, what more can you ask?

RECENT RELEASES

And for movie buffs, good news in the record dept. -- at the RECORD HOUSE, 1101 Polk, *Hooray for Hollywood* is the second edition of those splashy Busby Berkeley production numbers, with the big musical

numbers of *42nd Street*, *Dames*, *Gold Diggers of 35*, etc. If you want to tap along with Ruby, pick up the album and go to it.

At GRAMAPHONE, 1538 Polk, just out is the complete soundtrack (2 records) of *Ziegfeld Follies of 1946*, with Esther Williams swim music, Judy Garland's *Interview with a Great Lady*, and Fred Astaire's *Limehouse Blues* and all the rest.

DEFECTS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Baryshnikov injured himself in Australia and won't be performing with the AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE after all; Rudy Bryans and Fernando Bujones will share the Baryshnikov roles. ABT now playing at the Opera House thru the 16th.

MARCH OPENINGS

Sat. March 8 -- THE LAMP-LIGHTERS enter their 24th year of Gilbert & Sullivan at the Presentation Theater, Turk & Masonic, with a double bill -- *Trial by Jury* and *H.M.S. Pinafore*, weekends only at 8:30.

Sun. March 9th -- Etta James sings tonight only at the GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL, 9 & 11:30 P.M.

Mon. March 10th -- Comedian Milt Kamen and singer Gloria Weems open tonight thru the 15th at the PLAYBOY

CLUB, closed Sundays.

March 11, 12 & 13 -- Oakland Symphony Concert featuring the Billy Taylor jazz trio, 8:30, Oakland Paramount Theatre, 465-6400.

March 12 thru 16 -- Ramblin' Jack Elliot & the Paxton Bros. at THE BOARDING HOUSE, 441-4333.

March 14 -- Russian folksinger Ludmilla Zykina and the Moscow Balalaika Orchestra & Dancers, OAKLAND PARAMOUNT, 8:30.

Fri. March 15th -- Quincy Jones & Eddie Kendricks play tonight and tomorrow only at CIRCLE STAR THEATRE in San Carlos.

Sun. March 16th -- The World Figure Skating Tour, winners of the championships performing in exhibition will skate only at the OAKLAND COLSIEUM (one of 10 arenas in the U.S. selected) today only at 2 p.m. Call 569-2121 for info.

Tues. March 18th -- *The Ruling Class* joins the A.C.T. repertory tonight at 8:30. Geary Theater.

March 22nd -- *La Belle* sing tonight only 8 P.M., OAKLAND PARAMOUNT. Joe Vigil's *That's Show Biz* opens tonight for 4 weekends at Dove Hall, 18th & Valencia. The all-male production for YONKERS traces the musical history of show biz, from minstrel shows to the circus, and you can bet with Vigil directing, the material will include some very obscure numbers (*Take It Off the E String* from *Lady of Burlesque*? Now, that's obscure!) Go!

March 26 thru 30 -- Melissa Manchester & Tom Waits at THE BOARDING HOUSE, 960 Bush St.

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Watch for the Anniversary Party of the fabulous **Phoenix** coming up towards the end of March...it should be a blast...as Miss Minnie and Rome always do blast...right Ruby Red Dress...also, on Wednesday, 2nd of

April, from 2 till 4 in the afternoon, will be a cocktail party (as part of the Fifth Hanging of you know who) and they shall be putting Darcelle XV, Roc, and the fabulous mad woman Mame, all of Portland, in cement in the "show room of stars." P.P.M....Political Puppet Makers.

Have you been to **Buzzy's** lately?...what a fun trip...the best sounds in town and the best decor...besides, some of the hunkiest people...especially the day bartender last Friday...my, my Don Berry, you sure know how to find them...On the 31st of March, from 6 till 8, there will be a 'Tea Dance'...dress required...at the **Club Rendezvous** followed by a birthday party for Bouncing Bette Bonko...this is the kick off for the Fifth Hanging of Sweet Lips...you can get programs of the three day event at the **Kokpit**...it'll be hosted by our own Jimmy Quinn, Lola, Empress de Seattle, Darcelle XV, Empress de Portland, Roc, and that mad woman of madness Mame.... Spanish Rose, you have to learn to get

along with people, life is too short honey...after all, he is only human.

P.P.M....Post Puberty Matrons.... Gary and Ron (**Gangway**) celebrated their first anniversary the other day... was that before or after you two broke up and had your divorce....Have you gotten your 'brick' for the Community Building Fund yet?...see your favorite local Tavern Guild Bartender...a worthy cause.

Understand that Rose Buckley of the **Red Lantern Saloon** is going to have her feet bound and wear kimonos behind the bar, now that it has been sold...very oriental, Rose, maybe you should talk to Empress Willis....Remember Jose, Empress One, and don't forget it...does her famous???? Operas on every odd Sunday afternoon at the **1001 Nites (Royal Palace)**...these are really fun, fun operas...besides, she serves great brunches...remember the Opera Club days Bob Ross?. P.P.M....Perpulators of Polish Manipulators....Great 'rehearsal' of the **Kokpit's** Softball team last Sunday...such butch numbers on the team...right Doris X...but who are those beautiful cheer leaders??? Don't forget that Bobby and Tony Lasanga are holding forth at the **House of Harmony** and Rick, the new owner told us that they are going to do a whole new remodeling job...of course, it really needs it after the way Dorothy left it...nice vibes in there now.

P.P.M....Poppers, Penises and Masturbation...Have you seen the new decor at the **Mint**...just great...besides heaven food...right Tommy? Going to Sausalito on Sundays, when the weather is nice, is a fun trip on the ferry boat and their two great bars to visit...**The Sausalito Inn** and around the corner, the **Two Turtles**, which has our own Jeannie Green behind the plank as well as the affable David...Hi Joyce....P.P.M....Powerful Plastic Members....Welcome back to Rip, the Night Manager, of the bar at the **'P.S.**...glad that you are well and back on the plank Rip, as you were sorely missed...besides, the food seems to have improved just by your presence in the room. Of course, with Mr. Prince as M'd....Understand that Doris X and her great Court are going to be doing as musical at the Kabuki Theatre in August...The Wizzard of Oz...all 'Gay' performance, but not...not drag... P.P.M....Perverved Phallic Manipulators....**Gordon's Saloon**...where the nice people hang out for good drinks

and good conversation...hi Tommy... how did you make out in Reno?

Warren, of the **Q.T.**...how come you open at noon instead of 11 a.m., after all, some of us have to eat early and you have the best omelettes and heaven salad and sandwiches...besides pleasant help...and not bad to look at either...are they available? Rodney is doing a fantastic job at the New **Rendezvous**...but what are you doing hiring Mel as a cocktail waitress?

...you certainly have some hunky guys come up there, Rodney, but how come they just stand around?...after all, Doris and Cristal and Ginger are available...so is the Lips. P.P.M....Piss Poor Management.

Remember, the Fifth Hanging of Sweet Lips....March 31, April 1 and 2nd....fun, fun.

Love to all,
Sweet Lips

Polk St. Sally

By Dixon

LA TRIVIATA, STARRING:

Chuck of the **Q.T.**, a comely brunette with cool, slow eyes that won't quit. Chuck has the look of a well-fed satisfied Siamese cat....Bonnie (Rip) of **Hair Fashions for Men**. This sharp gal is torn between wearing my pants or cooking meatloaf for Mike (Tacky Ruth) of the **N'Touch**. Johnny the Mailman, on the Polkstreet beat, delivering the mail while watching same!

Gray, of the **Flower Pot**, displaying the largest cactus seen this side of the painted desert. Our chum, the bald eagle, gets the vapors everytime he walks by the shop window. He has them when nobody is looking...he thinks.

Charming Billy, of **Beyond Funk**. A' classy guy operating a classy shop. Bill has the best supply of "experienced" Levis in town...A gorgeous little imp, named Ken Lyon, of **Years Ahead**. Curley-haired, master hair burner, big brown eyes and a smile which reminds me of a poisoned choir boy!

Star, of **Gordon's**, toting a large group to lunch at the **'P.S.** Tommy, of **Gordon's**, toting a large pizza home to Roger. Alan (Suzie) of the **Gangway**, toting the largest appetite in years. Came in and ate three, count them, three cold cracked crabs...not including crackers, bread, salad, coffee, six brandy sidecars and dessert! The dessert was a visiting dude from the **Riff-Raff** in San Diego. hehehehehe!

The big "R", Reba, looking like the most beautiful bunny girl in the world, at the recent "Bunny" contest held at the **Rendezvous**. Duane, "R" roomie, and Marty, close pal, copped second prize for their costumes. Have you ever seen seven foot rabbits with eyelashes?? and Heels??

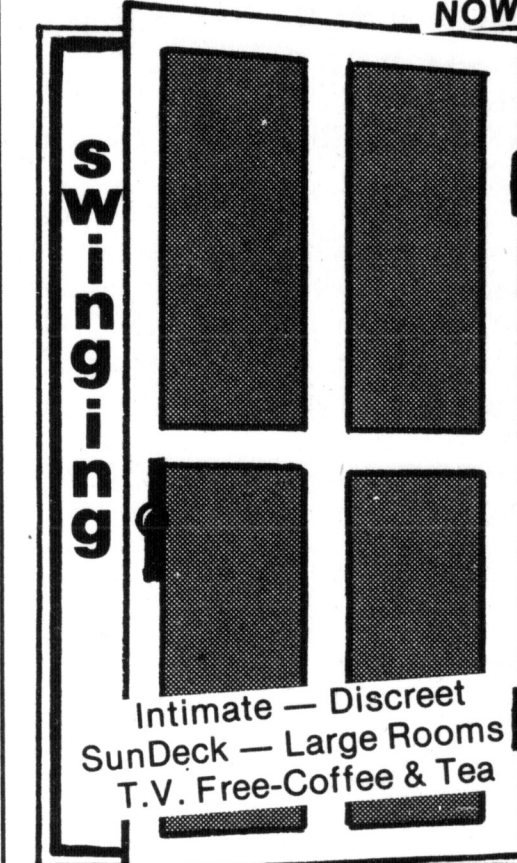
CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER TO:

The Czarina de Polk Guch, Voodoo, of **Toties**, for taking best places in the Annual Lithuanian Celebration at the **Gangway**...in honor of Papa Joe Roland; and winning the Best Sweetheart Contest held at the **Phoenix**. Go get 'em Tiger! To Robin, of the **Dude**, for creating a Sunny Sunday Morning atmosphere, when so many people are down and need a little cheer....speaking of the **Dude**, welcome back Mark Calhoun, to the Strasse. Mark is already working on a "Dude of the Week" event coming up. Lots of ideas in this man's head. His body too!

(Continued Next Page)

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To Guy (Barkeep) and Hank (Cook) of the **Baj**, for still doing it right! Super booze. Super food. Super sexy blokes! To Gari Alexander "Scarlett" the XI Empress of Portland, for winning the first prize at the **Rendezvous** "Bunny Contest."

MIND BOGGLING INFO OF THE WEEK:

About Jean Green of the **Two Turtles** in Sausalito. Jean carried and delivered a healthy baby son until almost the last minute. Congrats. Jean and the new little one! Talk about surprised and nervous folks in that community.

EYE-BOGGLING SIGHT OF THE WEEK:

Mother Phil, of the ***P.S.**, gotten up like Martha Washington (thanks Hazel) for the **Phoenix** "Georgie-Porgie" blast. Unfortunately, I was sober! And, it looks like Hazel has created another monster. Phil is already mumbling about fittings, make up and future D★R★A★G★ things. Okay, Phil, give them hell!

WATCH FORS:

The annual Crazy and Fun SIR's Forty-Five Revue, due April 19 & 20. Jimmy Quinn mentioned they could still use a few more "big" show girls and models. So, you chubbies out there, get movin Be a star and have a ball. See you there. • The Fifth Hanging of Sweetlips due the first of April. Plans are already under way. Each year, the hanging becomes bigger & bigger. Pope Lips always has a few surprizes in store for those who can squeeze into the bar.

An Easter Egg Hunt, sponsored by the **Phoenix** (Hazel in charge) for the Polk Street bars and another hunt for the Larkin and Metro Area bars. This sounds promising and like fun. I assume the eggs will be cooked..... •

See you soon, Byeeeeeeeee, Sal

*P.S. My Chinese sister, Peking Sally says: "Ring around Peter not acceptable for Wedding Ceremony."

BAY AREA REPORTER

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Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

THE SAN FRANCISCANS M/C, who garnered two academy awards at the recent Bike Academy Awards, will launch their Butch Brunch VIII, on Sunday, March 16, at Seaman's Hall, 350 Fremont Street. The affair will begin at Noon and last until 3:00 PM, which includes a complete afternoon of fun, including all you can eat with door prizes and entertainment. The donation is \$3.00 in advance and \$4.00 at the door. Don't miss this one, it always promises to be a big hit, and while on the subject of "hits," congratulations to the San Franciscans on their 5th Anniversary this year and the appearance of their new monthly newsletter, The San Franciscans Star, as well as the election of their new officers.

THE BOOT CAMP launches into its annual Fair on March 17, Monday, with an impressive array of contests and surprises, including the often-copied Mr. Jockey Shorts Contest, Mr. Fun Buns, S&M Party #10, Big Basket Contest, and the newest (for those of you who dig HAIR), The Mr. Gorilla Contest. If you know anyone with a flair for wearing jockey shorts, hairy body, big basket and cute buns, chances are this person could make a clean sweep of all the cash being offered. This fair week promises to be an array of flesh to titillate and assuage the restless natives, so be in hand for this one.

The mellow David, Kerry and Ken of **The Ambush** are sailing along on a very pleasant trip with decor by the fabulous Chuck Arnett stimulating those

of you who seek diversion(s) other than crowded and wild bars. At this moment, and continuing through March 17th, the artistic renderings of one Dav Fairall adorn the walls of this quiet bar. With eight painting, two Icons and a small sculpture on display, you should partake of this most unusual art exhibit; I assure you, your whole outlook will be enhanced after viewing this artistic expression and of course, the **Ambush** is a very neat way to spend an evening.

JUMPIN' JUPITER, that fantastic musical aggregation made their second appearance to a packed house at the U.S. Cafe out in the Haight two weekends ago and again enraptured a growing fan following. The uncompleted work by the brilliant composer "Sunshine" brought the house down again and tumultuous applause marked the beginning of an evening that will not soon be forgotten to music aficionados. Watch for this great group to make an appearance as a benefit for the gay community soon, in a spring equinox celebration. It is a musical experience you should not miss!


INITIALS seem to be the order of the day; during Academy Awards Weekend, the **BSSF M/C** made their

appearance in full regalia at Lenny's **527 Club** after the awards. Some 500 interested bikers and bike people were on hand to learn just exactly what **BSSF M/C** meant. For the early arrivals, buttons were given away and it was revealed that **BSSF M/C MEANS Black Sabbath of San Francisco Motorcycle Club**. Congratulations to another all-bike membership. Your future success is wished by all concerned. On the other side of town, the Czarina of Turk Street, Sweet Lips hosted a benefit for the Building Fund with the inauguration of the P.P.M Club, the group that reputedly put Doris and Bob into positions of leadership as Empress and Emperor. The \$2.50 initiation fee assures you charter membership privileges with card and button issued to some 200 persons. Now that the PPM is into a membership thing, let's see what PPM is all about! It does mean Paid Political Machine it was noted.

FOR WHOM THE BELLS TOLL: New musical gimmick at the **N'Touch** has everyone in a tizzy. Every weekday afternoon Tacky Ruth enjoins disc jockeys to play a tape with some 20 songs on it. The idea is for you to name the 20 tunes in hopes of winning the

\$100 cash prize awarded each Friday at 6:00 PM. While John David won the first round, it's surprising to walk in at 2:00 or 4:00 PM and see a large group of people listening intently with pencil and paper, trying to Name That Tune! Try it and see how many you can get...Now comes to the fore the **CHOPSTICKS AWARDS** and that sounds like a splinter from Kung Fu but not just for orientals...Watch for the newest bar promo coming to the **Boot Camp** soon - it's called a LICK-IN, the idea being so far out (and legal), they'll be yelling for more and or course, the **GOLDEN DILDEAUX AWARDS** on tap for May...Those of you who know Mama Joe, a colorful character in the Polk/Post/Larkin Streets area, will be amused to learn that Mama Joe couldn't help cruising a handsome luncher at the ***P.S.** the other day; after some spirited conversation which looked very much like it was going in Mama Joe's favor, the madcap imbibor made a hasty exit. The startled Dixon queried the young chap who was equally surprised at the quick getaway. It appears as though the young man turned out to be a recently graduated mortician and well, it can be disconcerting to a person of Mama Joe's years, to say the least....Dropped into **FeBe's**

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the other rainy night and ran into none other than the very groovy Darryl (Jean) - here is one guy you can always count on for a pleasant word about EVERY (body) and (thing) - I immediately forgot it was cold, rainy and windy outdoors - a real sweetheart...It was right in the middle of the lunch hour at the 'P.S. last Wednesday when Polk Street Sally (Dixon) answered a jangling and persistent telephone wherein ensued this conversation: "Yes. No. No. Can't make it tonight, babe, relatives in town you know. Maybe tomorrow. I'll try. Sure." End of telephone conversation. Lonely Drinker to Dixon: "Was he calling about his campaign, a date, or a job?" Dixon: "Neither; it was about my cock!" - Love 'em and leave 'em?...While one of our royal princesses is known for his/her gowns, jewels, buttons and scatter pins, an erstwhile burgler had no interest in that cache; instead, one of our royal princesses is now minus a porno book and photo collection valued at \$7000 and that's a lot of porno to leave unguarded I would say...Caught Philip Martinez' act at the **BAJ** lately? This little guy is one of the most fantastic waiters in Our Town, so hurry on over and sample some of Chef Hank Soden's fantastic cuisine while saying hi to Pretty Kenny for me...Don't forget the grand opening of the **Tool Box** (former Naked Grape) -- watch for the ads everywhere...Be sure to catch the SF Premiere of *Sex Tool* at the Powell Cinema coming soon - this is one of Fred Halsted's classics and should be seen by everyone...March 21st you're invited to an auction by US Mission as a benefit for California's first and Halfway House for Gay State parolees at the **527 Club** - bring money, it is for a worthy cause, beginning at 9:00 PM...For the many of you who have asked (and/or wondered) my royal astrologer VIC, he of Gilbert Hall says I

am an Aries with Leo rising and moon in Sagittarius - does that explain ANYTHING?...I have also been cautioned against using the word "Hot" too much - henceforth, whenever you see the word "Hot" in this column, remember it should be "dynamite" instead...Don't forget to try the newly-reopened **On The Q.T.** - good vibes, pleasant surroundings, dynamite bartenders and a window to watch the world go by...Don't forget, Mr. Cowboy/Miss Cowgirl Contest coming up on June 21st and some HUNKY DYNAMITE contestants already...In May, H.L. Perry will do his Mr. Gay Calif. and Miss Gay Calif. Contest so watch for those dates too...Randy Johnson, have you been spying?... Next time you're down south, be sure to drop into the **Capri** in Oceanside - just across the street from the Greyhound and all those hunky US Marines...Ask Bob Kerns - he knows....

☆☆
That winds it up for this issue; Have a ball, love your neighbor and see you all around the Campus (South of Market, of course!). Love you.
Mister Marcus

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This-a And That-a
By Lou Greene

ALOHA, just returned from a delightful 8 days in Hawaii. I was a guest of the winner of a raffle ticket sold by Acceptance House, a project of the Whitman-Radcliffe Foundation to aid gay Alcoholics. Bumped into a few ex-San Franciscans who are living the life of unemployed luxuries. There are four prominent Gay Bars, and a couple of tourist drag show bars. The top ones are the **Gay Nineties**, the **Tomato**, the **Blow Hole** and the **Question Mark**. The first three have live entertainment and are well attended with great dance crowds. Liquor prices range from 2 for \$1 all the time to \$1.50 a drink. ...Back home again, the Imperial Court of San Jose, under the leadership of Reina VI Buni Lake, journeyed to Stockton for the election and coronation of the first Emperor and Empress of San Joaquin Valley and Stockton. The event was held at **Lou's Club**, Stockton's newest gay establishment, located at 2604 N. Wilson Way. The ball was attended by Royalty from all over the bay area. The evening was culminated with the coronation of the

lovely Empress I Monique and Emperor I Terry, by Dowager Empress Frieda IX. J.J. Van Dyke provided the entertainment...Mardi Gras at **Mac's Club** in San Jose proved to be a wonderful occasion with food and merriment all evening. Goldie Montana won first place for originality in costume, Nickie Nations second and Tanya, third...**The Savoy** in Cupertino now has a "Dollar for a Dinner" every Monday night. Needless to say, it is a super bargain and is super popular. They also have Friday and Saturday after hours brunch from 2 to 4:30 a.m....**The Tinkers Damn** has completely renovated the premises to provide more space and a nicer atmosphere. Still a great place to dance...**The Cruiser** in Redwood City now has 'Sing-a-long' with Don every Sunday from 3 to 6 P.M....the **Gold Mine** in Palo Alto is a new great addition to Palo Alto. (formerly the Kona Kai) Dave Nolan, a retired Coast Guardsman from Phily, has purchased this bar and has completely transformed it from its Hawaiian decor to Old California. He has enlarged the dance floor, installed a new sound system

with continuous tapes and is going all out to make this the only full liquor bar in Palo Alto. Lou Swanson cooks a terrific Sunday Brunch and if you haven't tasted his Cottage Cheese Pancakes yet, do so, it's great. They also have a .50 Happy Hour. Good luck to you Dave in your new venture...Across the Bay, the **Revol** in Oakland is challenging San Francisco Easter Hat contestants. On Sunday, March 30, starting at 7 p.m., they will be having an Easter Hat Contest with prizes for the Biggest Hat, the most Elaborate Hat, the Ugliest Hat and the most Original Hat. Can the Oaklanders and Berkelyites outdo the San Franciscans? Let's go see what happens. They will be offering their usual Sunday Chili Feed from 6 to 10. A glass of wine or beer and all the trimmings for only \$1.50...**Hans** in Oakland has quite an elegant menu now. The specialties are Scampi Provincale, Veal Sweetbreads, or Milkfed Veal Cordon Bleu at only \$4.74. There is also an early bird special each night from 6 to 8 pm at only \$3 complete with soup, salad, entree, sherbert and coffee. This is a real buy. Space prohibits more, so will tell it as it is in my next writing. Until then, my best to you always in all ways.

Love, Lou



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Meet Carole Cook and Tom Troupe

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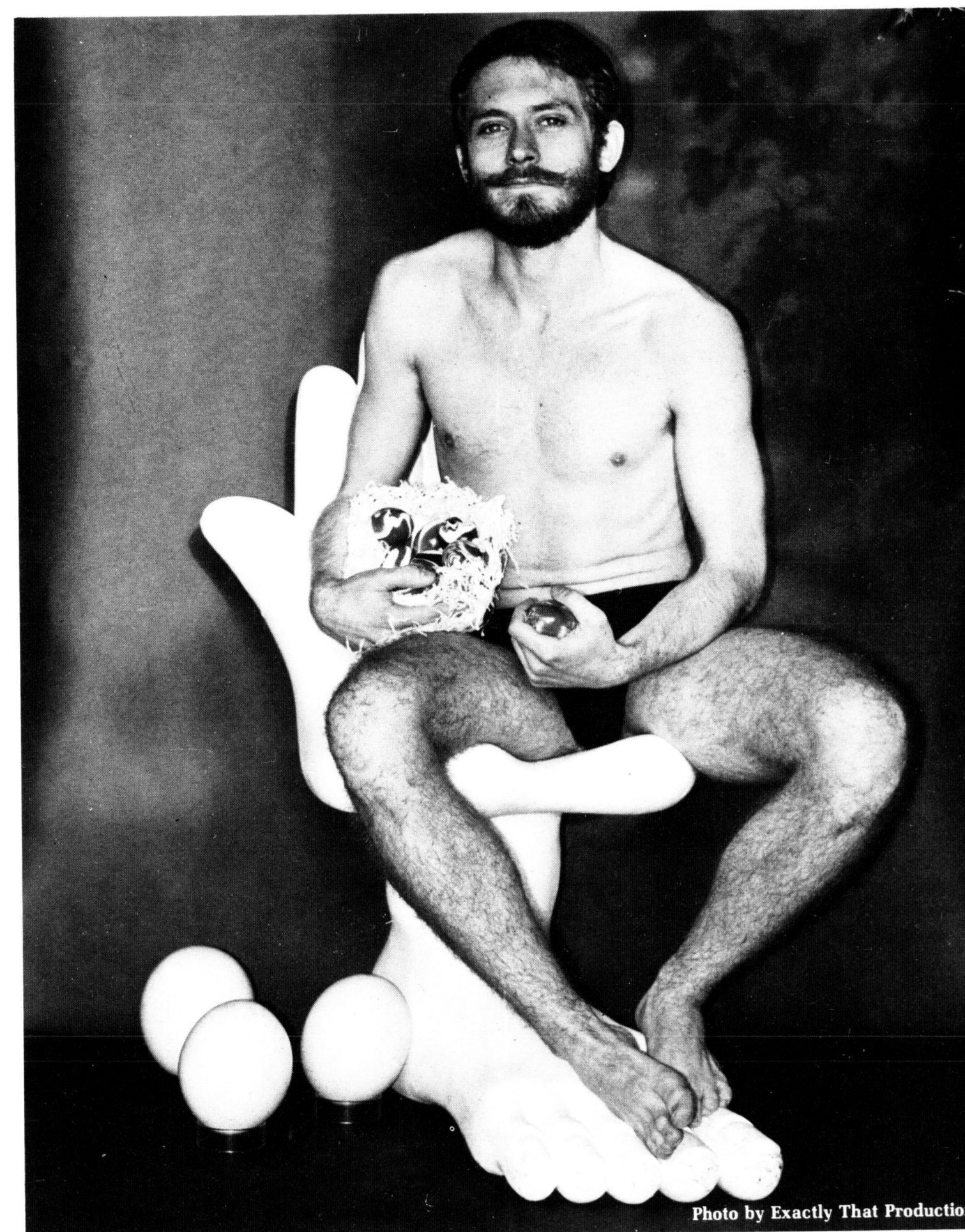


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