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Volume 5 Number 6

March 20, 1975

Meet Carole Cook and Tom Troupe

Page 14

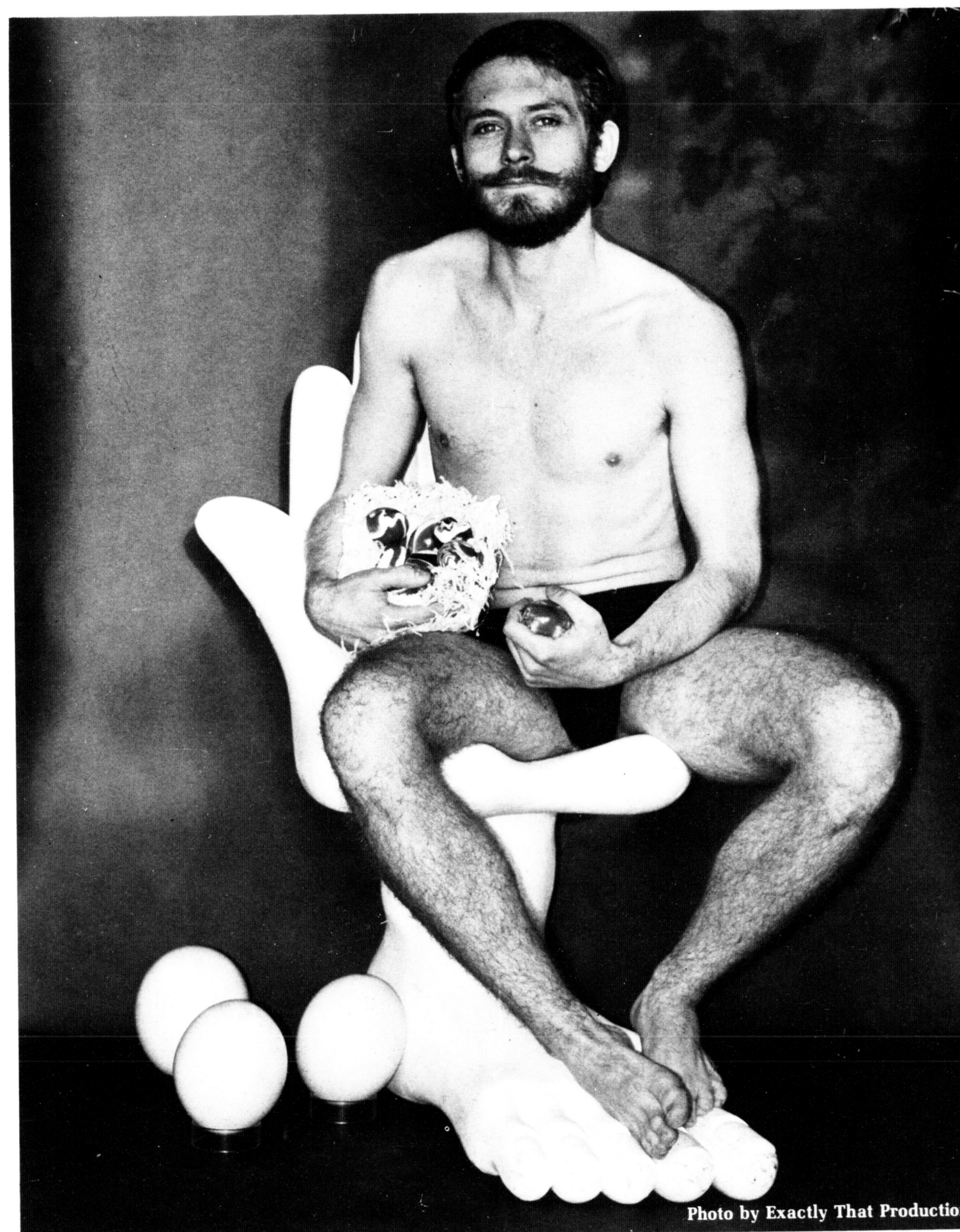


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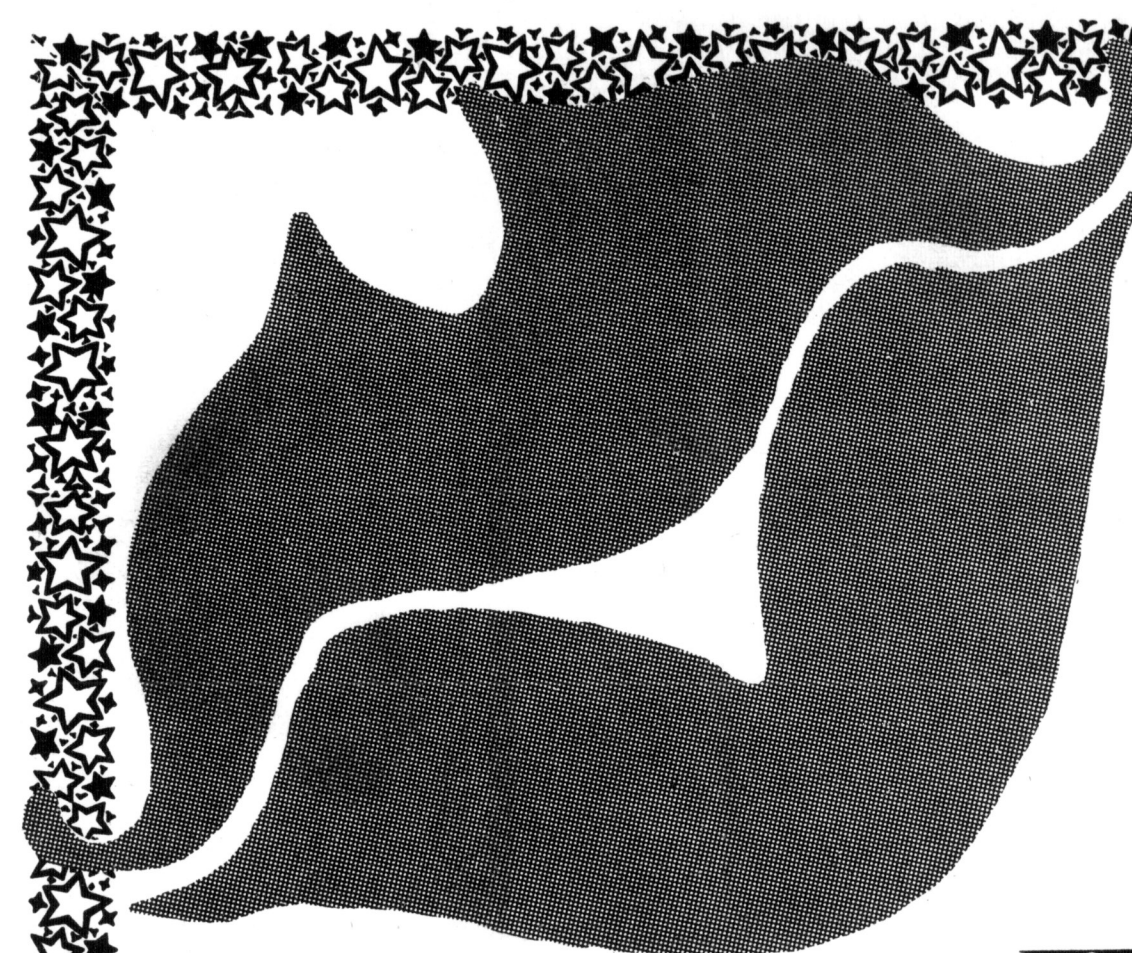


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B.A.R.

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Harvey Milk To Run For Supervisor

CALLS FOR "FAIR SHARE" TAX

Harvey Milk, owner of a Castro Street store and a former candidate for supervisor, announced that he would again seek election to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. Milk cited as his reasons for running, a total disregard of present economic problems by the current Board, as well as their "distorted sense of priorities." He called for a four-point program to bring the city government back to "the people who actually live in The City."

Milk, who garnered more than 17,000 votes as a last-minute candidate for supervisor in 1973, claimed that members of the present Board are "part-time supervisors who actually devote most of their time to running for higher office." Milk asked voters to cast one of their six votes for him, so that he could bring a fresh approach to what he termed "long-lingering problems."

Milk's four-point program calls for a "Fair Share" tax for those who work in The City but don't live here, for taxis and buses to be equipped so they can report crimes-in-progress directly to Police headquarters, for the Fire Department to be supplied with the most modern equipment available, and for "the Board's present sense of priorities to be reoriented to the people and not to the downtown interests."

Claiming that many of those employed in The City don't actually reside here and thus pay no taxes, Milk said they nevertheless use vital services such as the Police and Fire Departments, the municipal transit lines and scavenger facilities. He proposed a "Fair Share" tax to cover such workers. "The costs of city services," Milk said, "should be borne by all who use them and not just the residents of The City."

Milk cited more than 40,000 serious crimes last year and called for an end to the prosecution of "crimeless crimes" and full-scale concentration on "crimes which have a victim--murders, muggings, car thefts, robberies and burglaries." He asked for a program in which the city's buses and taxicabs would be equipped with a direct radio to Police headquarters. Milk said that this would enable drivers of buses and taxis to report crimes in progress. In addition

to providing the Police Department with many more "eyes," Milk said that the very fact such drivers were equipped would be a deterrent to major crime.

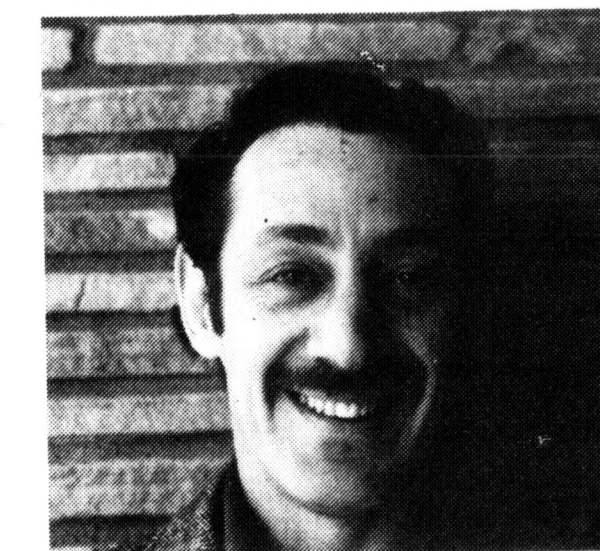
The third point of Milk's program calls for the utilization of the most recent fire fighting equipment to not only cut down on injuries to firemen and victims of fires but to reduce property damage through faster fire control.

Charging a lack of responsibility on the part of the present Board of Supervisors, Milk claimed that too many of its members were interested in higher legislative and judiciary posts and were slighting their position as Supervisors. Milk said that the deplorable condition of the city's schools, as well as the deterioration of the city's port facilities, could be traced to a Board of Supervisors that had "given up control to these vital areas of city government. The present Board is so interested in higher office that they allow the downtown interests to dictate to them."

As further examples of the incompetence of the present Board, Milk claimed that monkeys in the zoo were fed better than prisoners in the City Jail, that taxi companies were allowed to

increase their fares without ever being asked for a full outside audit, and that while the Board voted for a Transit First program, it then turned around and voted for more parking garages downtown.

For more information, contact: Harvey Milk for Supervisor Campaign Headquarters, 575 Castro St., S.F. 94114. Tel: 864-1390. ☆



Harvey Milk

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JOIN US FOR OUR DAILY
COCKTAIL PARTY
3 — 5:30 Cocktails 35¢

Tricycle Race is coming

Imperial Newsletter

by Wally Rutherford

It is the intention of this column to provide its readers with information related to the goals, projects and activities of the Empress and Emperor of San Francisco and their respective Imperial Courts, the Daisy and Cable Car Courts. It will also include, from time to time, reports on out of town functions and a calendar of events covering the current publication period.

EMPRESS X DORIS and the DAISY COURT have finalized plans

for their first major activity. On Easter Sunday, March 30, Doris and members of the court will distribute Easter baskets in the children's ward at San Francisco General Hospital and later that day will hand out gift baskets to residents at Laguna Honda. The next project also underway, holds high priority with Doris. Doris and members of the court have applied to the City to be volunteer aid at S.F. AND San Bruno jails, specializing in areas related to gay inmates. Preliminary plans are now being formulated for a production of *The Wizard of Oz*, as a benefit for Operation Concern. Tentative opening

is scheduled for mid-August, with open auditions to be held in early June. The production will be directed by Chuck Zinn.

EMPEROR BOB CRAMER and the CABLE CAR COURT have to date raised over \$4,000.00 for various gay charitable organizations. In keeping with their goal of sponsoring a fund raising project each month in office, a private screening of Neil Simon's *Prisoner of Second Avenue* was held on Thursday evening March 13 with all door proceeds (\$200) donated to the Gay Peoples Union at Stanford University. Although, the organization recently received a Federal Government grant of \$90,000, it may only be used for administrative salaries. The Cable Car Court donation will be used for general office supplies and equipment. The project for April will be the Second Great Depression Dinner and Dance at SIR Center on Saturday, April 26th. Donation is \$1.99 in advance and \$2.49 at the door, with all door receipts going to PRIDE. SIR will provide an open bar and all proceeds from the bar will go to the benefit of SIR.

JOINT PROJECTS - Bob and Doris have scheduled a meeting for Monday, March 24 to discuss plans for an Imperial function to raise funds for the California Committee for Equal Rights. The money will be used to assist the committee in their work on upcoming legislation for Penal Code Revisions. Members of the Privy Council and Council of Emperors will be asked to participate.

OUT OF TOWN FUNCTIONS - a belated congratulations to Olympia IV Dominique and Rainier I Lance, the new heads of State for Seattle. Also a special thanks to Lola, Oly III and the Queen City Business Guild for their gracious hospitality.

On Friday, February 28, the Emperor, Empress, members of the Imperial Courts and friends of San Francisco attended the coronation of the Inland Empire of Sacramento. Congratulations to Emperor II, Joe and Empress II, Cry.

Last weekend, Doris and Bob, members of both courts and friends of San Francisco, headed north to Vancouver for the coronation of Emperor III Ray and Empress IV Bobbi. Our sincere thanks to Kenny, Sandy and the coronation organizing committee for a fabulous weekend.

Information letters for group transportation and hotel accommodations for the Princess Royal Ball in Portland,

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Brunch 11 am to 3 pm
Judging 4 pm



Bob and Doris at the Vancouver coronation. Memorial Day weekend (May 23-26) will be mailed to all court members by March 28. If you are not a member of either Imperial Court and wish to take advantage of the San Francisco group discount plans, please write me care of the B.A.R. office and I'll be happy to send you details.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- March 20 - Auction Gay Parolees, 527 Club
21 - Dinner for Rev. Jim Sandmire, Louie's
22 - Opening Nite, That's Show Biz, Dovre Theatre
23 - Long Beach Coronation
24 - Meeting, Calif. Comm. for Equal Rights
30 - (Easter Sunday) Brunch SIR 12 noon; Daisy Court Easter baskets to S.F. General and Laguna Honda
3rd Annual Easter Walk, hosted by Frieda
March 31 - FIFTH Hanging of Sweetlips
April 2 - -do-

\$44,935's a Lotta Bread.....

The Pacific Center for Human Growth of Berkeley, has announced the receipt of an unrestricted grant for \$44,935 from the San Francisco Foundation. It is the largest grant ever given by a private foundation to an organization specializing in providing charitable and mental health services to homosexuals and other sexual minorities.

"We are extremely pleased to announce this grant," said Richard Boxer, Executive Director of the Center. "Funding for an innovative program such as ours is not easy to come by. We feel that this grant will enable us to accomplish a great deal more in the future as compared to our past two years of operation in which we had little material or financial resources."

The Pacific Center, formerly East Bay Gay, views itself as a mental health and charitable services agency for all sexual minorities, not just homosexuals. "Many sexual minority individuals such as straight transvestites or bisexuals do not label themselves as 'gay'," indicated Board Member Bud Aungst.

The Pacific Center operates a variety of programs for sexual minority men and women. The Center provides preventive and therapeutic mental health services, crisis intervention, educational services for the community

at large, and has plans for special programs such as a youth program, VD/Medical Clinic, and an outreach program to those sexual minority individuals in prison.

For many troubled people the Pacific Center may be a new source of help. For society at large, the Center will serve the community in matters of social adjustment between sexual minorities and the larger heterosexual population with understanding and compassion.

For more information, contact: Richard Boxer (415) 548-8283, 841-6224, 527-5839.

Faure Requiem

.... Palm Sunday Evensong at All Souls Parish, 2220 Cedar, Berkeley, Sunday, March 23, 7:30 pm...Choir and Orchestra conducted by Donald Aird; Nora Laurence - soprano; John Rucker - baritone ☆

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Helping Hands Center Financial Report

HELPING HANDS CENTER DOES HELP PEOPLE

...finished 1974, \$2,570.41 in debt! The following is a list of expenditures and income for the Helping Hands Center for the fiscal year 1974. Contrary to rumors from certain individuals, the Center is not well off, but finished the year 1974 in debt.

Expenditures (partial)

Rental on 225 Turk St. . . . \$1,820.00
Garbage disposal \$194.00
Water \$52.22
Electric (partial only) \$128.09
Telephones \$330.90
Answering Service \$365.00
Education Materials & Printing \$972.85
Special Events Food Costs . . \$967.71
Office Supplies \$106.11
General supplies, foods, etc. \$1,855.03
Expenses, donations, for solicitations (phone) \$3,006.00
Funds for emergency assistance to individuals \$955.71
Medical assistance costs (approximately) \$280.00

The above are the major items of

expenditures for the Helping Hands Center. The grand total of expenditures during the year 1974 were:

\$13,214.71

You are asked to keep in mind that the Center does not receive governmental funds nor does it have a paid membership, nor does it have income from a publication of its own.

Income

The total income for the Center in 1974 was: **\$10,644.30**. And of that total **only \$2,516.00** came from the **gay community!** The remainder of the income came from our solicitation program to the straight community and from the pocket of Rev. Ray Broshears himself.

During 1974, nearly 300 persons obtained employment through the Center; one thousand gay people ate meals catered into the Center; five hundred or so elderly people ate meals especially for them through the Center; over two hundred people arrested for alleged sex acts were assisted in gaining release from jail; an average of 420 people drop into the Center weekly and receive two hundred phone calls weekly for information (bars, baths, medical help, housing, jobs, education, etc.). ☆

Sgt. Blackstone Testimonial Dinner Date Set

The gay community of San Francisco will honor Sgt. Elliot Blackstone, of the San Francisco Police Department, known for ten years as "the cop to the gay community," on Monday, April 21st.

This gigantic affair is set for the main ballroom of the San Franciscan Hotel, on Market St., at 8th. The dinner will begin promptly at 8 PM, with a no-host cocktail bar at 6:30 PM, with various police officials, city officials and politicians in attendance in addition to those of the gay community of San Francisco who have come to pay honor to Sgt. Blackstone for his many years of service to the gay community and for pioneering new horizons in communication between the police and the gay communities of our City.

The Blackstone Testimonial Committee is comprised of several of the better known activists in San Francisco who have worked with Sgt. Blackstone since the inception of the Police Community Relations unit which Blackstone was one of the original members.

The chairman of the Committee is Perry A. George, former SIR vice-president and current vice-president of Pride; Zane Tamas, co-chairperson of the SIR Productions Committee, is the treasurer of the Committee; other members are: Larry Eppinette of SIR and Yonkers Production Company; Joel Coleman of SIR, MCC and the House of the Good Fairies; Doug McDonald, secretary of Tavern Guild and former chairperson of Operation Concern; Bob Ross, publisher-editor of the B.A.R.; Hector Navarro, SIR; Charlotte Coleman, SIR, Tavern Guild and Operation Concern; Lee Raymond, Grand Duchess II; Bob Cramer, Emperor III; Larry Littlejohn and George Mendenhall of Pride Foundation; Rev. Ray Broshears, Committee coordinator, director-Helping Hands Center, chairperson of West Coast Gay Liberation Front, Harry S. Truman Democratic Club; Doug DeYoung, president of SIR, and Jerry Salazar, Helping Hands Center, CRUSADER.

Tickets for the Testimonial will be \$8.50 each, and reserved tables of eight seating are available for groups. The menu for the Dinner is as follows:

Tossed Green Salad
Roast Duckling 'l'Orange
Parslied Potatoes
French-cut Green Beans Almondine
Rolls, Butter, Beverage
Apple Pie Americaine

The Master of Ceremonies for the evening's festivities, which will include awards presentations from various gay groups and short-speeches from various people concerning the work of Sgt. Blackstone, will be the very talented and charming, Don Cavallo, longtime friend of Elliot.

So make plans to attend this farewell tribute to Sgt. Elliot Blackstone, who retires in April. Remember, April 21st, a Monday night, 8 PM dinner and 6:30 PM no-host cocktails.

Tickets will be available at the KOKPIT, the 527 Club, the Mint, and the *P.S. For reserved table seating, please note this when purchasing tickets of eight. You may send cash, check or moneyorder to: **Blackstone Testimonial Dinner, % 100 Broadway St., San Francisco, Ca 94111. For further details, you may contact the coordinator, Rev. Ray at 771-3366.**

Everyone turn out and send Sgt. Elliot Blackstone off with a rousing tribute for the tremendous humanitarian work that he has done over the years.



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Political Views

Lavender Politics '75 By Donald 'Cameron Scot'

Special Feature

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY! STEP RIGHT UP. THE BIG SHOW'S ABOUT TO BEGIN. PEANUTS! POPCORN CRACKERJACKS!

It's election time again. You KNOW it's an election year when we start hearing more and more cases of reported police harassment/surveillance of gays and gay bars. It has never ceased to amaze -- and anger -- me that we have to go through this in every election year, but it **is** an election year, so leave your grass and poppers at home; be careful whom you 'solicit' and don't be too dismayed that the fun has been taken out of our lives because we're going to have front-row, first class, ringside seats to this political circus.

We -- actually, you; some of us are already in it up to our asses -- are going to get hit from left, right and center with

dazzling displays of delectable dialogue, glittering gales of gala gabble and resplendent renditions of rattling repertoires as **politicians and community leaders** scurry through seductively sententious semantics in search of that elusively eclectic elixir -- the gay vote, **your** vote. With luck, stamina and a great deal of intestinal fortitude, you may even find that you have survived the onslaught and are still around, alive and hopefully well, on November 5, 1975 and recuperated enough by Thanksgiving to embark on the annual round of Thanksgiving to New Year's non-stop parties.

If you don't feel that you're in this political tidal basin yet, look again. Your shoes are wet, the water is already ankle deep and rising as politicians crank up their campaigns and our very own community leaders dive in. And we've only just begun!

This particular election, the mayoralty election in San Francisco, promises to be a three-ring circus involving more than just the candidates for the office. We are going to see a great deal of attempts by our various community leaders to amass a personal power that would propel them into the spotlight of San Francisco politics as they try to "deliver" the gay vote for this candidate or that. Yet, in the final analysis, it is only the candidate, if anyone, who is going to garner the gay vote, since not even the community leaders can put their fingers on it.

Harvey Milk has already exhorted us to play prima donna to the politicians' opera, to stamp our pretty little feet and pout until they come abegging us to play the part and vote for them (B.A.R. 2/20/75), a tactic that I would not in any way agree with. Joseph L. Alioto

(he's our current mayor) won an election **and** re-election without ever coming to us for our vote, or even acknowledging that we were here and that we had a vote. While standing back with our arms folded, waiting for a candidate to come to us, might give us a swelled sense of personal power, it isn't going to win any election. Elections are won by a lot of hard work, a lot of campaigning, not by sitting on our butts waiting for someone to come on bent knee, hat in hand, to beg our vote. **Someone** has to get campaigns going and there is absolutely no reason why you should sit back and let someone else decide for you who will and will not be able to run, and who you will and will not support. If you have a candidate that you like, roll up your sleeves and get to work. The gay vote in San Francisco is important but by no means omnipotent and by waiting for someone else to get a campaign underway, we could very easily lose out on our choice of candidates before we ever get a chance to go to the polls on November 4, 1975.

Ramon Naruda (Sentinel 2-25-75) has the better idea on the upcoming election -- take a look at the candidates, but start **now**. As Mr. Naruda stated, we cannot place much faith in what will be said and done during this campaign. Most candidates are going to put on a great show to what they think will appeal to what they think is the gay taste. And we know -- you and I -- that they do not know what the gay taste is. Oh, they may put together a campaign that will appeal to some of the more visible aspects of the gay community; they may (and they do) attend various gay functions that are put on, and some even think that they have, thereby, "identified" the gay vote. Those functions, however, are so untypical of what appeals to the overwhelming majority of gays that attendance at them would have to be doubled for them to even come up to the status of "minority within a minority." (I do attend these things but am, contrary to many others who attend, poignantly aware of who does **NOT** attend, both in terms of numbers and individualities.) Yet, that is what the politicians see and that is what much of their campaign to capture the gay vote is going to be geared to. Again like Mr.

Neruda, I don't want to be the one who is conned; it has happened all too often before, as with Mrs. Feinstein's campaign for the city's highest office in 1971.

Toward the end of that particular campaign, I, with reservations, supported Mrs. Feinstein. (Adz Gayzette 10/21/71; B.A.R. 11/1/71) After losing her bid to become mayor, Mrs. Feinstein apparently decided to change tactics in an attempt to appeal to another faction within the city in hopes that her next try (this one?) would fare better. To that end, Mrs. Feinstein has supported innumerable pro-gay resolutions -- resolutions that sound nice but carry no weight -- while at the same time supporting anti-gay **ordinances** -- ordinances that not only do **not** sound nice but **do** carry the weight of law and enforcement. Resolutions aside, Mrs. Feinstein has supported the police department's request for helicopters to patrol the city; helicopters that cannot possibly be used downtown because of the high buildings creating not only their own hazard, but the added danger of updrafts and downdrafts and cross-currents. Helicopters that are not used in residential areas, but used instead only to patrol outlying areas -- beaches, LAND'S END -- the only places that they can safely be employed.

More recently, Mrs. Feinstein again voted for a "control the gays" **ordinance** (not resolution) that gave police increased control over gay after hours places. (B.A.R. Vol 4, No. 10, undated) And, although Mrs. Feinstein has stated that she doesn't believe the gay vote is going to amount to a hill of beans in this election (Sentinel 2/25/75), you will notice that she is not ignoring it, and is, however more subtly than before, still courting it. The woman has balls!

Judge John J. Ertola, an announced candidate for mayor, has come suddenly from out of nowhere into the gay arena. Whether he is actually, actively soliciting the gay vote is open to question, though he has recently made some token moves to become involved with some gay organizations; very recent moves that are obviously more politically oriented than genuine. Yet even without such obvious token moves into the gay arena, any man who is so strongly supported by another who must list among his credentials unqualified, vehement support for the most un-American president we have ever had (B.A.R. 11/1/72; reply B.A.R. 11/29/72) has got to be suspect.

Thomas M. Edwards and I have not agreed on much of anything for the past several years and it is with no small sense of relief and absolutely no surprise that politics is not going to make us "strange bedfellows."

Mr. Edwards has, with myopic mentality bordering near fascism, consistently supported gay oppression. His verbiage over the past several years, though proclaiming himself pro-gay, has consistently attacked gays rather than supporting them. His belief the individual must surrender to the common good of the state completely overlooks the fact that we, as gays, have been determined by the State to be a threat to the common good, much of our activity is proscribed by law, and, according to St. Thomas, should the state decide that it would be to the common good to exterminate gays, we should all then lay down our lives (ourselves, so as to avoid any cost to the state that might harm the common good) for the good of the state. Though I've not yet met Mr. Ertola (I anticipate doing so in the near future, since I've had an invitation to sit in on a rap session with him; an invitation from a friend, not from His Honor) coupled with knowing of **absolutely nothing** that he has done for us in the past, I would be inclined to regard Mr. Edwards' strong endorsement as more of a "kiss of death" than a helping hand for the gay vote.

As of today (3/4/75) Kopp is not running.

Barbagelata is, and I can but wonder if he were elected Mayor would he and The Examiner then join forces in another of those archaic attempts to clean up the city and rid it of trash (read homosexuals and prostitutes; or have you forgotten the periodic crusades during the 60's?). Beatific Barbagelata, you'll remember, was the man who

Boraxed Broadway so that his 16 year old could go see the attraction that was no longer there without being offended by seeing what he went there to see in the first place.

Would Mr. Barbagelata then, as mayor, move to clean up Polk Street so he could then take his 16 year old son down to see the fairies without having him be offended by the sight of the fairies on the street? Then Folsom? Castro? Mrs. Feinstein cost herself not a few gay votes with her stand on pornography and there is a serious question whether or not Barbagelata would be very much different. He, like Feinstein, doesn't really believe that the gay vote matters, but he's keeping in touch anyway, just in case.

In any event, though political winds in San Francisco are as predictable as the weather, our next mayor, as of now, seems destined to be Senator George Moscone or Senator Milton Marks (they're both running.)

Moscone/Marks
Marks/Moscone

Had either one been running against the rest of this field, there would have been little or no question where our support should have gone. But

(Continued Next Page)

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running against one another?

Only one can be mayor, and their voting records are analogous, reflecting many similar liberal trends. Since we cannot take at face value what will be said during this campaign, we will have to look to the past, not listen to the present, to sort out the wheat from the chaff. With their sentiments generally similar, the pivotal area where a choice could be made, is somewhat simplified -- the gay issue.

On the other hand, Senator Marks' involvement with and recognition of the gay community goes back a number of years. He has for some time now been openly involved in helping in various areas of gay community concern, never objecting to having his picture appear with gays in gay publications.

On the other hand, Moscone's interest and involvement with the gay community, though just a step ahead of Judge Ertola's, was not generated until he decided to run for mayor in a city in which the gay vote is important. Though Moscone's general voting trend favors corollary issues, his direct pitch for the gay vote has come of late.

Senator Marks made an overt pitch for the gay vote in his re-election campaign for the State Senate seat he now holds in 1972.

Moscone apparently did not find it

important enough to bid for the gay vote until he began this mayoral campaign.

Senator Marks attended S.I.R.'s Tenth Anniversary Celebration, July, 1974.

Moscone did not.

Senator Marks attended the Empress Ball, January 4, 1975.

Moscone did not.

Senator Marks attended S.I.R.'s Installation of Officers Banquet, February 22, 1975.

Moscone did not.

Since the first faltering steps into this realm of politics, there have been several occasions to watch the two men in their campaigns. Even there, in that campaigning, there are marked differences that can be taken as an indication of their sincerity and honesty regarding the gay vote.

Moscone is reported to believe that he has the gay vote in his back pocket (Sentinel 2/25/75) and is conducting his campaign accordingly.

Senator Marks has made no such assumption and is still working for that vote.

Senator Marks has, unless making a presentation, consistently waived microphone and stage, preferring to walk thru the crowd. (Empress

Coronation; Installation of Officers.)

Moscone has consistently "performed" from the stage.

Senator Marks has attended gay functions even when he has not been participating in the on-stage events.

Moscone, has not.

Senator Marks goes thorough a crowd and introduces himself to those there.

Moscone has not gotten off stage long enough to introduce himself to anyone.

Senator Marks will come to YOU to solicit your vote.

Moscone has gone to what he believes are the community leaders to get them to deliver your vote for him.

Senator Marks will sit on a bar stool next to you to have a drink and rap, or sit at a table of gays at dinner and rap.

Moscone, even on stage at the Cable Car Awards (Bimbo's 2/2/75) pulled about four feet away from Michelle, and kept a "respectable distance."

Senator Marks has, in addition to attending gay functions, in turn extended invitations to gays to attend essentially straight functions.

Has Moscone extended such invitations?

Senator Marks brings his wife and kids to the affairs he attends.

Moscone has apparently decided to spare his family these more gruesome aspects of politics and bears his cross alone -- if he attends at all.

Senator Marks made his first announcement of his candidacy at the Round Up.

Has Moscone ever even been in a gay bar?

Senator Marks has asked for help from the gays in San Francisco in this campaign, and if you would like to meet him with a view toward deciding whether you would like to help, you can call his campaign headquarters -- 752-7867 -- or if you would just like to

meet him.

I've seen or heard of no such appeal from Moscone.

Needless to say, it would be redundant to state where my own support is going. The question is, where is **your** support going?

You owe it to yourself -- and us -- to become aware of the various candidates and their efforts. Wherever your support eventually goes, you should start NOW to get around to the various events that candidates will be attending to hear what they have to say and how they say it. You should begin now to formulate your opinion, ask questions and appraise for yourself how you feel the candidates will treat us. You should start NOW because over the next few months you are going to get hit with so much political input that, come November, it could very well be all but impossible for you to decide whom to vote for and who holds, in reality, your interest, rather than who is just playing you with rhetoric.

We've had two consecutive presidential travesties -- Johnson and the Viet Nam War; Nixon and Watergate -- because people did not know their candidates, or did not care. Many of our rights have been eroded through the use of "Might makes right" and the single most precious right, and weapon, we have left is our right to vote and work for preferred candidates.

Use it! ☆

TaxAdvice

If the IRS challenges a deduction in your 1974 tax return, you'd better be prepared to back it up with a receipt or cancelled check, a leading tax expert warned.

He is Robert J. Dulsky, president of Tax Corporation of America, the country's largest computerized tax preparation service. Dulsky emphasizes that complete, accurate and well-organized records considerably reduce the time and emotional stress involved in the audit process.

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Free Meditation Groups for Women

The Gay Meditation Groups, which have been meeting for over a year now, announced the formation of a new, free beginner's group aimed at Gay Women.

Mary Crawford, one of the organizers of the upcoming eight-week session, commented, "Meditation is a natural for gay people because of their special sensitivities." Liz, another experienced 'Meditator', added, "It's amazing, the change it can bring; I've seen people renew their lives through simple meditation."

It was through the Inner Light Foundation, organized around the famous Bay Area psychic channel, Betty Bethards, that Mary and others became personally involved in meditation. "We had heard about all kinds of encounter groups and TM groups, but we never seemed to have the time - or the money. That's the beauty of the Inner Light Method: it's easy to learn, best of all, it's free."

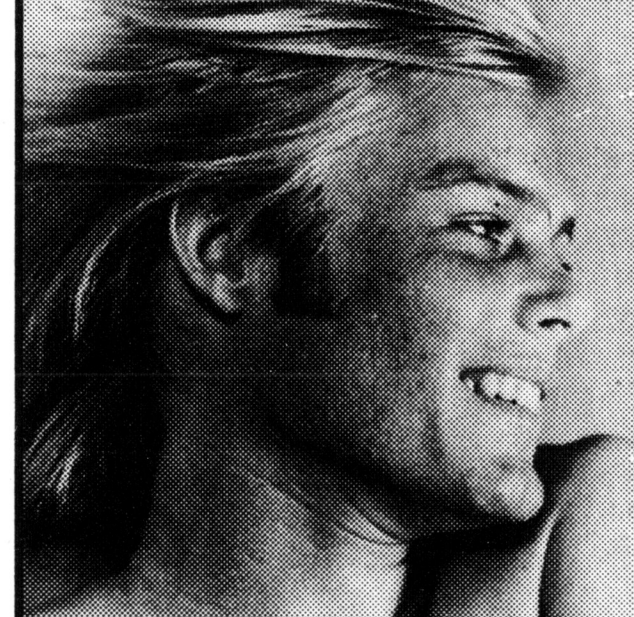
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Brother Bizarre's Gaze

By Mark Owens

Ronnie the Empress

ONCE UPON A TIME, in the little village of Queensville, there lived a little Queen named Ronnie. Now Ronnie wasn't like the other Queens. While the other Queens were content to go to the bars, have a few drinks, dance for a while and maybe pick up a trick or two along the way, Ronnie was something of an extrovert; he wanted to be more important than that. Ronnie wanted to stand out from all the rest of the Queens in a way that would make him unique.

To do it, Ronnie figured he needed a handle of some sort, and being the extrovert that he was, it had to be gaudiest, tackiest handle he could think of. So he thought and thought and thought, until he found the gaudy,

tacky handle he was looking for. From now on, he was going to call himself *Empress Ronnie!*

☆☆

Well, every Empress needs an Emperor, and they both have to have their own Royal Courts, so before long, Ronnie had a pretty sizable following. Others caught on and joined in, only using different titles such as "Prince" & "princess." Then the Boozeguzzler Bar & Grill started a whole new trend by holding a competition, the winner of which would be crowned "Mr. Boozguzzler," and before long, every bar had its own personality-in-residence. Then it started catching on in neighboring villages, until it got to a the point that anybody who was anybody had a title, nickname or monicker of some sort.

Then Empress Ronnie, always the innovator, published the first bar-Queen newspaper, in which he made up deliciously juicy scandals about everybody, and everybody soon picked up

on that as well.

Everybody was happy (especially Ronnie, who thought the whole thing up), and for a while things couldn't have been better....until one day when Ronnie's brother rached legal Queenage and wanted a title of his own. Ronnie thought and thought and thought—and, try as hard as he could, he couldn't think of a new title! They all had been used! He went to the members of his Court, the Emperor and his Court, the staff of his newspaper and everyone he met—and they couldn't think of one *either!* So Ronnie's own brother had to go without a title.

In the neighboring villages, the news spread like wildfire. "Some Empress!" they would snort disgustidly. "Why, her own *brother* is a *nobody!*" "how can *she* be anything important if...." and so on. Ronnie's Court dropped their Empress like a dead rat and went about their business, leaving Ronnie alone and despondent. Eventually, he was run over by a Vaseline delivery truck.

☆☆

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY (to paraphrase Will Rogers): What will we do with all these bar queens when we run out of titles to give them?

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Editorial

THE FOLLOWING IS A LETTER FROM ASSEMBLY-MEMBER JOHN F. FORAN. WE THINK IT IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO REPRINT IN TOTO, AND HOPE SUFFICIENT NUMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY WILL DO AS URGED, AND WRITE THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE SHOWN BELOW.

Dear Friends:

I am sure that you are all aware of the recent victory for the gay community with the passage of AB-849, the consenting adults legislation through the Assembly.

However, this does cause a number of dangers to surface in regard to my AB-633 which will eliminate discrimination against Gay people seeking jobs. First there is a danger that the Gay community will let down their guard and not pursue AB-849 through the Senate. Secondly, the Gay community may believe that my AB-633 will be passed easily by the Assembly. This is not so.

I gave a strong speech on the floor of the Assembly in support of AB-849, and there has been a blizzard of conservative reaction into my office. I don't have a problem dealing with this kind of reaction; however, many of my colleagues in the Assembly may.

I am therefore urging you to make a concerted effort at lobbying AB-633. It is set before the Assembly Labor Relations Committee on April 7th at 2:00 P.M. in Sacramento.

Please write letters to the Members of the Labor Relations Committee. If you have been discriminated against, please tell the Committee Members about it when you write. Thank you.

Sincerely,

s/s John Francis Foran

MEMBERS OF THE ASSEMBLY LABOR RELATIONS COMMITTEE:

Bill Green, Chairman (D)	Howard Berman (D)
Al Siegler (D)	Jack Fenton (D)
William Craven (R)	Mike Antonovich (R)
Richard Alatorre (D)	John Briggs (R)
Ken Meade (D)	Vincent Thomas (D)

Committee Members may be reached at the following:
% State Capitol, Room 3091, Sacramento, Calif. 95814.
Tel.: (916) 445-7082.

In Memoriam

MICHAEL GATES,

† March 17, 1975.

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Meet Carole Cook and Tom Troupe

by Donald McLean

"You look like a big elf!"

Now, no one has ever told me before I look like an elf, not even my mother in my cutest bearskin days, so when the 5'5" flaming redhead leading lady of *Father's Day*, Carole Cook, greets me right off with this startling announcement, I know it's going to be a wild interview. Actually, my interview with Carole and Tom should be in boxed volumes, like Proust. With a mouth that stops once every fifteen minutes for breath, Carole can do 40 minutes on any given subject, and is the first person I've ever met who talks in punchlines. Carole Cook doesn't try to be funny, she genuinely IS funny. Tom Troupe, director/actor of *Father's Day*, is an amiable Italian from Kansas City, Missouri, who enjoys sitting back and allowing his wife centerstage as much as anyone (she is his best press agent; her conversation is peppered with ad-



Carole

miration of her husband and his work, despite what you will hear later on). No professional rivalry for these two. They have just celebrated 12 years of marriage, are totally devoted to each other, both sharp as tacks and highly intelligent, and both possessing a sense of humor about themselves and the world around them that is hilarious.



Tom

Take, for instance, Carole's description of their wedding -- Tom -- "She didn't want to get married. I had to talk her into it. I wanted a very quiet little wedding...well, so did Carole really." Carole -- "I said no, we're going to do the whole Grace Kelly bit...and we did. I went to this church, and I was a little embarrassed about being an actress. They didn't have the regular minister. Now, I know what the Baptist church is like. I mean, if you ask them to put on a suit, they think you've gone Catholic. I took off all my makeup, pure as the driven slush, and I said 'You see, I'm getting married' and I didn't want a big laugh on that line. He said 'Yes. Now, I'm not the regular minister, I'm the interim minister and I'm getting my Masters at UCLA.' And I thought 'Oh!' cause he was so much younger than I'd anticipated. He said 'What do you do?' and I said 'Well, we're actors' and he said 'How wonderful!' And I said 'Do you have a tux?' and I thought just a business suit to put on. And he said, "I think it would be wonderful since you're wearing a long train, and I have a white vestment with wide lace on it.' And I went 'I don't want you to be prettier than I am!' I mean, let's not get carried away. Well By God, if he didn't. He was one of the new ring-dingy ones. And he did look prettier than I did. And I have all these friends who are interior decorators, they said 'Carole, we'll fix up your church.' Well, they ripped out the choir seats, they put in upside down chandeliers, it looked like I was doing 'Ziegfeld Follies.' And I had 12 Groomsman and one Matron of Honor, and that happened to be Lucille Ball, so



Tom Troupe & Carole Cook.

get the picture? I think I made a big mistake. Everybody's gonna go 'How did the bride look?' and they go 'Who cares! Lucy was there!' Ray Aghayan and Bob Mickie were at NBC then and they said they'd do my wedding veil. Well, it was as big as...I was going to wear something simple...it reached from here to the damned front door!" Tom -- "I didn't recognize her because she didn't wear lipstick and I'd never seen her without makeup. And that veil. I kept going, 'Carole, are you in there?' It was really peculiar. And my son by my first marriage was our ringbearer. He was 5 years old, and he was carrying the ring on a pillow and from downstairs you could hear them coming up the stairs and suddenly, clink, clink." Carole -- "That little midget dropped the ring!"

Tom's first wife is affectionately referred to by Carole as "Crazy Sally" -- "She is crazy about me. That's how bananas she is! She says 'If Tom hadn't married you, I would have!' I said, 'If you touch me...!' She's seen *Father's Day* three times and loves it. I'm telling you, she adores me. I said, "Sally, I'm not kidding about this, if I said the things about me I say about you, I'd run me through.' She says, 'Oh, Carole, you're so funny.' And I said, 'You're a very sick lady!' And she's been in analysis 15 years...and not well yet. I said 'Don't you ever graduate?' The blind leading the blind; she's going to become a therapist. Well, it's a cockamamie therapist. It's not like you go to medical school, It's where you go to Epsalon and get naked and bow to the wind, it's that kind of therapy."

Father's Day is a comedy about

divorce, with Tom playing Carole's ex-husband onstage. Offstage, Carole confidently says, "This is my first and only marriage. I just look like I've been around the block a couple times. My husband, who looks very darling, had been around the block. Miss Rush (Barbara Rush, her co-star) has been around the block three times, and interviewers have a tendency to look at me and say 'Talk about your marriages.' It burns me up. I, so far, am the purest one on that stage! That is the truth, my darling, so you can tell what a stretch it is for me, that part."

Carole takes a brief pause for a sip of coffee, and I quickly ask Tom (who is a great audience for his wife) about *Father's Day*. "I think it's a play about letting go. I think the good divorce is you say, this is it, okay, goodbye, the end. But the trouble with those women in this play is they don't want to let go. I feel an obligation to this play. I think it should be seen by as many people as possible. We were offered a chance to do it on NET (television), and we turned it down at the time because at that time, we thought we might have the rights to the movie. Barbara (Rush, also producer of the play) wanted to produce the movie, but it didn't happen. Universal bought the rights. It's a very fragile play. This is the first and last time I'll ever direct. Originally, I was not in it; to direct and act at the same time is sheer suicide. I wouldn't advise it to anyone. I think the reason we've been successful and other productions have not been successful is because of our cast. I learned one big thing as a director. 90% of it is in the casting. I don't think there's another play that excites me that much to direct. I love to be directed, I love directors. I would love to work with (Francis Ford) Coppola. When I see his films and I see the performances that he gets out of people, he must be brilliant. Something he says must work...The proudest thing I've done so far was the one-man show I did, *Diary of A Madman*, which became a movie called *Sofi!* It was a Gogol short story we adapted for the stage, and I did it for several years. It's really not that exhausting, because I don't have any other responsibilities except to myself. Somehow, when you're onstage with other people or directing, you have so much responsibility. The movie won the Atlanta Film Festival Award, but it had no commercial booking because the producer went bankrupt and the film was seized. Now I'm being asked to do an NET version of it later this year for educational television. I think the worst

play I've ever been in in my life was a Ray Bradbury play titled *Leviathan 21*. It was a nightmare. I knew I never should have done it in the first place. It was a takeoff on *Moby Dick* in space; now, you're in deep trouble right away! That was the lowpoint of my career."

The highpoint of Carole's career, prior to *Father's Day*, was when she won the title role in *Hello Dolly* right after it opened on Broadway in the Australian company. She was the second Dolly Levi after Channing and played the show for 2 years Down Under. "I think our idols are Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. See, nobody cares that much anymore. I love all that attention to detail and never letting down. The day I closed *Dolly*, which Tom didn't direct, he just saw it five million times, the day I closed in Australia, may God strike me dead, two years I'm doing it, I come off to tumultuous applause, he said 'Carole, in the hat shop scene, you did too much with the bag.' some little bit. I said 'What?!' I did what? We are closed, two years, I've been a big hit, how dare you give me a note! I am finished with this show!' He said, 'No, you'll do it again sometime, and when you do, don't do that bit with the bag'...What Tom and I

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would like to be are artists, great artists. A lot of people are talented. I think what makes artistry is narrowing that gap between your best and your worst, your batting average, that's what we're talking about. Not only narrowing that but doing it 9 times out of 10 instead of 3 out of 10. That's artistry." Carole is recognizable to television viewers for her many appearances on Merv Griffin, Carole Crenshaw on *McMillan and Wife* and as Walter's first wife on *Maude* ("Tom does a lot more television than I do. He plays things like child molesters with heart, always that pathos going for him.") She refers to her husband continually on the Griffin Show as "The depressed Italian." Tom -- "I love it, because there's a great deal of truth, but there's so many people who do think she's dead serious." Carole -- "His aunt said he was always a happy little boy. I said 'Well, he grew up...and got morose!' Capricorn Carole and Cancer Tom -- "I'm more the optimist, he's more of a pessimist."

Carole's career has been a varied one (she was the singing voice of Lucille Ball for years when Lucy really had to sing on T.V., pre-*Mame*). Her film career consists of two memorable classics of mediocrity, *The Incredible Mr. Limpet* with Don Knotts and the

immortal *Palm Springs Weekend*. "People are always coming up to Barbara and saying 'I've seen all your movies.' Then they turn to me and say 'I've seen all yours too.' I say 'That took about two hours, didn't it?' When Connie Stevens said to Ty Hardin, 'I'm going back to Hollywood High and be 16 again!', well...my teeth fell out. Even Connie Stevens would have to giggle over that line. That's not ever fair, to ask an actress to say that."

Tom has done several films, including *The Devil's Brigade* (Tom -- "another *Palm Springs Weekend*, except in the army.") When filming *Kelly's Heroes* with Clint Eastwood in Yugoslavia, Don Rickles dubbed Tom and Carole "The Kid and The Showgirl." Carole -- "Don would say, 'Let's go down to the bar and watch the flies die on Clint Eastwood's nose.' They always said, 'Tom, how do you stay so young looking?' And me, when I was in Europe, I wore the high heels, I don't own a pair of low heels, I think they're trash and butch and I don't wear them, and I'm in the fuck-me shoes, the red hair flying and the capes. I dress the way I dress. I was doing my own thing before it was popular. It got me out of Abeline, Texas, on an unchartered bus! It wasn't too whoopee then. And so

they called us 'the kid and the showgirl'. Don would say, 'Sure, Tom, you're laughing your head off' -- it's a war picture and they're in the mud and all -- 'You're laughing in the mud; meanwhile, you've got Jean Harlow up there in the room in the Carole Lombard clothes going 'Broadway!' "

It's really a great description of them. The racy redhead frankly admits her limitations in the kitchen. "I don't cook. I'm very neat, but I do not cook and I'm proud of it. When we got married, Tom said 'I don't care if you don't cook if you won't make me change lightbulbs (Tom -- "I really have no talent for anything like that"), so we go to a lot of dark restaurants. We are invited to dinner a great deal. I said 'Well, we must be doing something right, because they know they're not going to get repaid.' I just figure we're both so darling, that's all, and I'm proud of it. Don't give it a second thought, my dear. Don't think I will ever learn to cook; did very well for 12 years without it. Couldn't be happier. I can split a frankfurter down the middle and put cheese and wrap bacon around it; that's very tasty...but tiring for three meals a day. I don't want to get my nail polish ruined." Tom adds, "Barbara is a great cook, not just good, but great cook, so she has us to dinner a lot." Carole -- "Turnabout is fair play. I do a floorshow and she does the cooking!"

My sides are beginning to ache from laughing so hard and so long. Carole knows she has found a great audience in me. We have spent over two hours together, and I have enough short stories to do a short novel on them. Tom is one of the nicest gentlemen I've ever met, and Carole defies description. But beneath the quips and laughter is a very serious pulse to these two; their work is tremendously important to them and they both strive individually and together to reach higher and higher levels of achievement. Their marital harmony is best illustrated when Carole threatens to walk naked through the hotel lobby and Tom nonchalantly says, "Go ahead!" But carry on though she may, Carole's innate good taste would prevent her from actually doing anything quite so bizarre. They're fun people who manage to function on several levels simultaneously. Carole is nominated currently for the L.A. Critics Award for her performance in *Father's Day*, against such heady competition as Angela Lansbury, Coleen Dewhurst and Maggie Smith. Actresses do not reach such illustrious company as these

ladies by being bubble-headed frothy comedienne. *Father's Day* has opened doors for both of them; for Tom as the director of a hit show, having never directed before in his life, and Carole as an actress of depth and stature. Two completely honest, delightful hard-working actors carving another niche in the show biz ladder.

And as a final thought, Carole turns to me, arches one eyebrow and says: "You're ankle-strap through and through...with little plastic heels...with live fish in them....tawdry and cheap!"

Now, how could anyone resist someone who tells them they're a big elf ankle-strap through and through? Not me! ☆

Show Biz In Review

By Donald McLean

The American Ballet Theatre

Even Mayor Alioto and his wife turned out for the opening of the AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE, and were rewarded with a generally glittering array of well-chosen ballets and fine soloists. The corps de ballet was especially sloppy opening night, but managed to get it together four nights later when I made a return visit, though *La Bayadere* seems just beyond them. The vital sharp, clean lines so necessary for good ensemble work were never quite there. Ivan Nagy partnered both Cynthia Gregory and Gelsey Kirkland in the two *Bayaderes* caught; with Miss Gregory, it was like seeing two finely meshed timepieces dancing together, with Miss Kirkland, the pas de deux was a disaster, though both shown individually.

Duke Ellington's music and Alvin Ailey's choreography made *The River* the opening night highpoint, the company rising to the occasion brilliantly, with Deborah Dobson and Martine Van Hamel exceptionally compelling. *Concerto* was a pleasant piece, but a poor aftermath to *The River*. *Etudes*, a staple of ABT, was a magnificent showcase for the company, tracing the development of ballet from the basic five positions to virtuoso solos. Eleanor D'Antuono was spell-binding, even though partnered by Jonas Kage, who seems to have trouble just walking, much less dancing.

Fernando Bujones leapt away with top honors both evenings, dancing with the exquisite Naltalia Makarova the *Le Corsaire* Pas de Deux to deserved bravos and again scoring a dazzling personal victory in *Etudes* -- he possesses the power and theatricality that creates Nureyev's and is well on his way to becoming one of the finest



Fernando Bujones.

danseurs in the world today. In a flimsy work by Jean Cocteau, choreographed athletically by Roland Petit, Rudy Bryans gave *The Young Man and Death* validity simply for the opportunity of seeing this masterfully accomplished dancer on loan from the Ballet de Marseilles.

The long overdue return of the AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE to San Francisco was well worth the wait -- to see the crisp perfection of a Makarova or D'Antuono or the soaring excitement generated by Bujones and Bryans sweeps all minor complaints before it. For balletomanes, ABT offered a varied fare of general excellence.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Marlene (there's only one) returns to the VENETIAN ROOM of the Firmont March 27th thru April 6th, 9:30 & Midnight nightly except Mondays. Need I say more? You're either an ardent Dietrich fan or you're not.

Barbara Cook, Broadway musical comedy star, will bring her smash Carnegie Hall Concert to the Geary Theater only on Sun., April 13th, at 8 P.M. Tickets now available at S.F. Ticket Center, 224 O'Farrell.

(Continued Next Page)

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Barbara Cook, to appear at the Geary for one performance on April 13.

At the OAKLAND PARAMOUNT, Ray Charles brings his show on April 5th at 8:30, and Spring Opera Theatre presents Bizet's *The Pearl Fishers* on April 8th at 8 P.M.

Now playing weekends only thru April 16th is a trio of one-act comedies by Charles Dizenio entitled *Big Mother & Other Plays* at the S.F. POVERTY THEATRE, 2940 16th St. 626-0343.

Sammy Davis makes his annual appearance at CIRCLE STAR THEATRE in San Carlos April 10th thru 16th. Davis is still one of the most dynamic performers working today and always draws full crowds.

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

Films In Review

The Great Waldo Pepper

After last year's disastrous *Gatsby*, Robert Redford redeems himself with this film. Under the astute direction of George Roy Hill (*The Sting*), *The Great Waldo Pepper* is not great but certainly good, with some of the most exciting aerial photography you'll ever see. It's about a stunt pilot barnstorming in the 20's right after World War I whose ideal was to be a flying ace. The first 30 minutes of the film are extremely funny, then it takes a sudden 180 degree turn for the dramatic and offers one of Redford's favorite themes -- courage of the individualist. The Redford charm is back in full force, with outstanding performances by Bo Svenson as his competition-turned-partner and Bo Brundin as the idol whom he finally meets and challenges. It's a tricky combination of humor and personal statement, but the overall excellence of the talents involved make it work for the most part. *Waldo pepper* is definitely worth a visit.



Waldo Pepper [Robert Redford] counts the day's take after hours of flying rural customers in the *Wild Blue*.

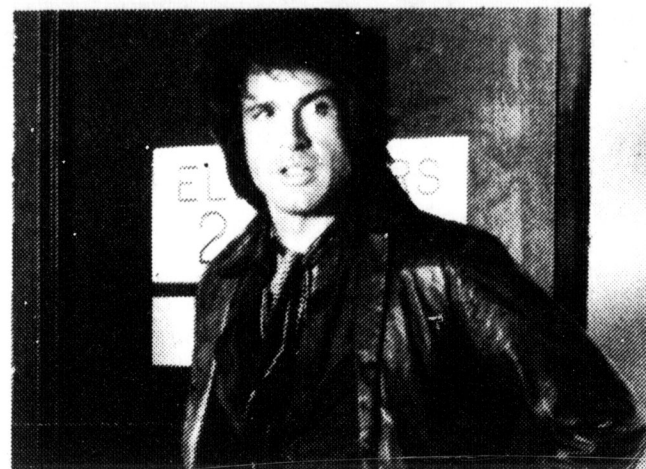
Shampoo

If I was to say I think *Shampoo*, starring Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn and Lee Grant, is one of the biggest pieces of excrement I've seen, I would probably be drawn and quartered by Pauline Kael. Well,



Julie Christie & Warren Beatty in "Shampoo."

Pauline, get the ropes ready, because the only justification I can find for the self-indulgent Beatty film is that it gives Julie Christie a chance to give one of her best portrayals since *Darling*. Beatty produced and co-authored this sluggish comedy about an oversexed hairdresser who performs stud service for half the ladies in Beverly Hills. If you agree with Mr. Beatty that he's one of the sexiest men in films today, then maybe *Shampoo* will visually satisfy you. If you don't think that will be sufficient reason, take along a good book and a flashlight!



& Ebb numbers is excellent, though the *Great Day* production number seems stuck in just to satisfy Streisand fans with little regard for Miss Brice. Ben Vereen scores a winning moment with the *Clap Hands* number, and Omar Sharif returns briefly as Nicky Arnstein, exuding seedy grandeur. There is a fifteen minute montage of a disastrous opening night that is a gem of hilarity; aided by a solid script and socko direction, *Funny Lady* is a total triumph for both Miss Streisand and Caan! A Must!

BAY AREA REPORTER

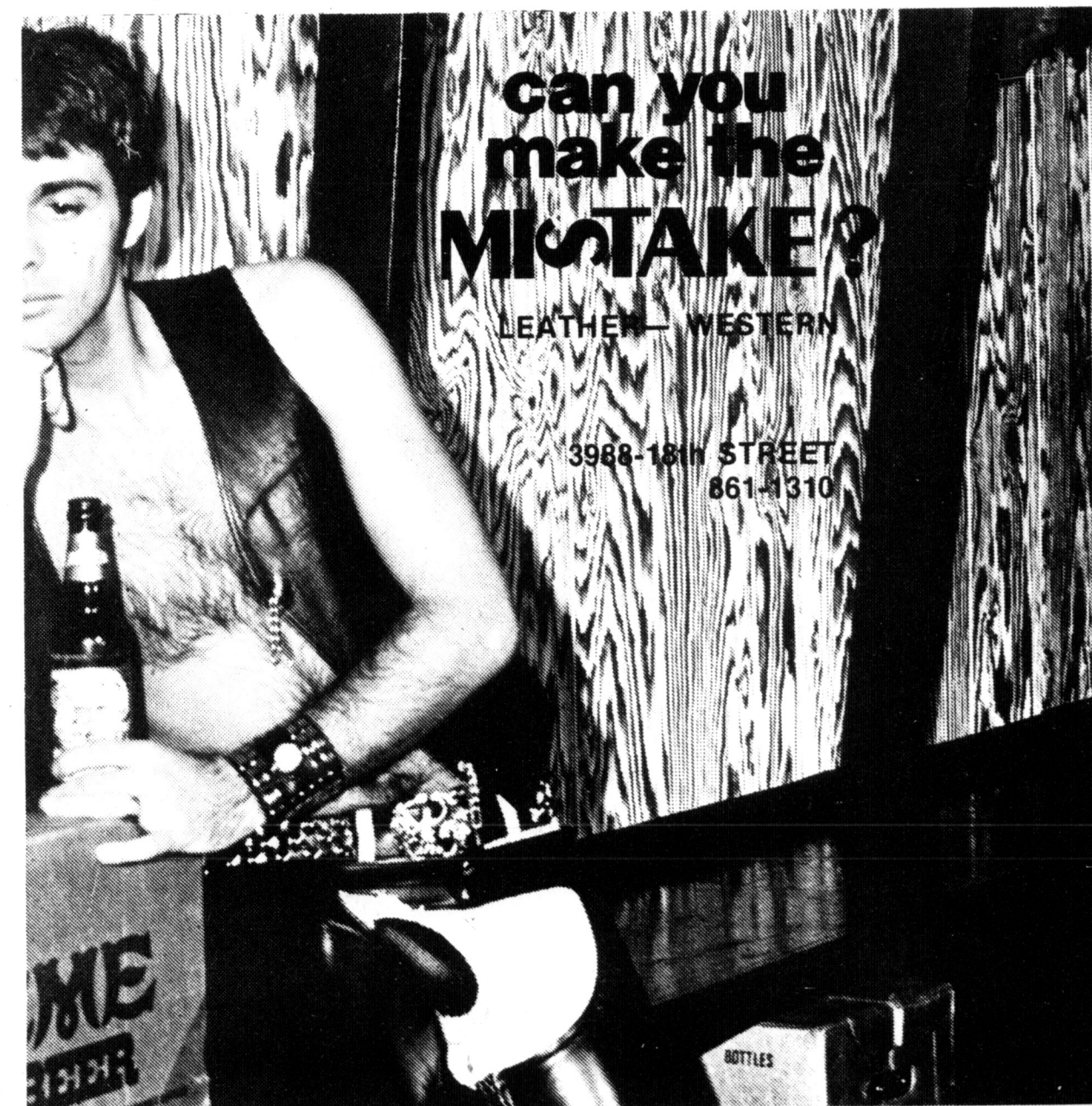
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Funny Lady



The "Great Day" number from "Funny Lady."

Start dusting off the 1975 Oscars -- Barbra's back and James Caan has her! The sequel to *Funny Girl* zooms Barbra Streisand right back to top superstardom after a recent succession of so-so films. Miss Streisand is miraculous as Fanny Brice at the peak of her career, and director/choreographer Herbert Ross has found the perfect leading man to play the dynamo producer Billy Rose, James Caan, turning in the best performance of his career to date. The blend of old Billy Rose and new Kander



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Features

Letter From Mole End

Dear Tom

Have you been collecting rainwater for your houseplants? I put a bucket under the downspout the other day and got a couple of gallons, which I've been giving everything in the house. Your plants will love you for the treat.

I made a stew the other night, and for a little change I put in a handful of raisins. It tasted really good; they deepen the flavor some way, and it only takes a few. Too many would make the dish taste sweet, I think, so I used about a quarter of a cup or so. A half-can of beer is also a good addition. There's a type of stew that the Belgians make with only three ingredients: onions, stew meat, and beer for all the liquid. The meat is so tender when it's served that one hardly needs to chew. And it's delicious.

I started spring cleaning a couple of days ago, and I'm gradually doing the entire place with polish and scrubbing. My old trick of putting a tee shirt over

the broom for dusting ceiling and walls, especially the stairwell, also comes in handy for the chandelier chains. All the light fixtures in the flat hang and the chains get really bad, but I hate getting out the ladder just for that, so the broom-and-tee-shirt comes in handy.

I'm afraid I got lazy when it came time to do the little rugs, and hung them on the laundry line in the rain. Surprisingly, they washed very clean, and dried beautifully, soft and sweet smelling. And the big ones are going to be swept with damp tea leaves, and then scrubbed with sauerkraut. I think I'll do it on Monday or Tuesday night, so they can air before the weekend, but the sauerkraut is definitely valuable in cleaning them. It seems to brighten the colors, and doesn't leave a residue the way regular carpet shampoo does. Obviously, I won't get the carpets too wet when I scrub them down. Just the sauerkraut is damp enough by itself to pick up the dirt, without pouring on the juice too.

With deep appreciation
to everyone in the
Gay Community.

Peace & Solidarity,

Allan Baird
Director,
Coors Beer Boycott

I decided this year I was not going to kill myself cleaning, so it's happening one room at a time. Thank goodness for that floor polisher. I tried using a Turkish towel and a brick for polishing the living room floor one time, and after I was thoroughly exhausted, the wood still wasn't shiny. The whole process was a stone drag. I hate to think what Victorian housekeepers had to go through to get a good shine. Adding vinegar to the polish is supposed to help, but it's not enough without an electric polisher.

When you dump the ashes from your fireplace, I hope you're putting them on the garden and watering them in. Lawns especially like wood ash, but it's also good for your vegetables. Is your chard growing as well as it did last year? What are your flowers doing? Rose bushes and other wintering plants are putting out their new growth now. There's a beautiful pink camellia in blossom over on Twenty-Ninth Street, and about the only thing I've seen so far is not yet budding is hawthorn, which ought to be coming out pretty soon.

Last Monday was accident night. After I burnt my hand when the water heater exploded (I really must wear an asbestos potholder mitt when I light that damn thing), a stack of glass dishware fell on the other hand, so that I was simultaneously burning and bleeding, and then dinner caught fire in the broiler, at which point I gave up on all the evening's projects altogether. However, I did later discover that the people at the emergency room of UC Medical Center are very nice -- the doctor was hot for days; he **almost** made me forget the pain.

If it ever stops raining here, and I know you are not having that difficulty, there are quantities of seeds to sow. Everything from hollyhocks to okra, the most maligned vegetable I know of. When I mention that I'm planning to put in okra, **everyone** makes disgusted faces and/or noises, but lightly steamed and served with butter and a drop of lemon it's a delightful thing. Maybe people are reacting to the sliminess that develops when okra is cooked for more than about thirty seconds?

Can you wait for the first day of spring? I want a photograph of you flying a kite in the park, on rollerskates maybe, to hang on the wall (comb your hair and spray it to death).

Have you discovered yet that

hard-boiled egg and cottage cheese are good for your cat? My two love that kind of little pampering and it's good for their fur, too. They send you their love (please note the absence of pawprints on the bottom of the letter), as I do.

Hanging on,
The Mole

Meet Herman

by Denise D'Anne

PERSONALITY PLUS...

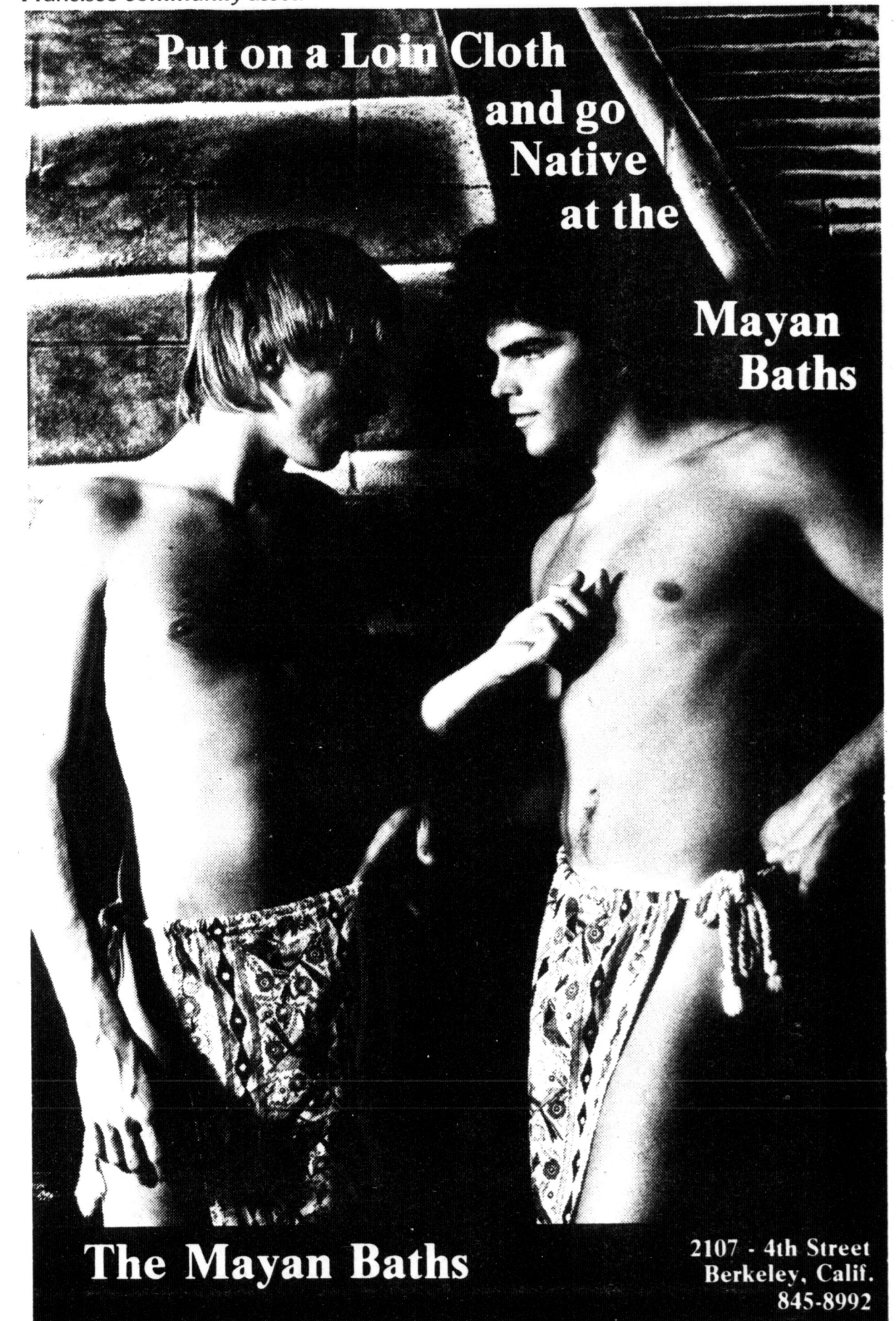
Herman Nieve, a fashion designer, hair stylist, make-up artist and gourmet, is a product of San Francisco and one of the gay community's outstanding fashion tone setters. Herman, a modest and self-effacing person has been responsible for lifting the art of clothing female impersonators from a drab mishmash of Salvation Army rejects to Parisian-style high fashion. His accomplishments are not limited to that of coutourier excellent but take in the whole range of producing a near perfect female illusion. The hair, make-up as well as the accessories are all important ingredients in the unbelievable transformation of even the most rugged, masculine male into a svelt, delicate and appealing female counterpart.

Herman first practiced the art on himself and soon became the envy of those males with a penchant for satisfying the needs of their multifaceted personalities.

It had taken many years for Herman himself to come out of the closet of stultifying societal rigidity and its hammerlock mores. It took him even longer to realize the multiplicity of talents laying dormant within his being. A tragic accident and an excruciatingly painful recovery physically and mentally brought out his near-genius talents along with full acceptance of himself as a human being of substantial worth. Herman was once employed as a printer when he suffered the loss of two of his fingers. He was married at the time and supporting a child. Where others would have used this handicap as an excuse to drop out, Herman pursued a career that required unusual dexterity. He studied fashion design and hair styling. His natural talents were thus enhanced to the benefit of himself and the gay culture. Herman launched into his career with fervor, unselfishly helping the worthy friend and the sometimes callous acquaintance who took full advantage of his kind nature. But he has reaped public acclaim,

winning innumerable awards from the gay community for himself as well as for others. He has been in the forefront as a designer of costumes for glittering stage productions both gay and straight and has clothes and made-up many first prize winners of the gay balls and events. His talents have reached out and into the straight culture where he has coiffed, designed and sewn clothing, and did cosmetic wonders for such notable women as Cathy Crosby, Angelina Alioto and others.

Herman, with his valuable talents, selfless concern for others, is not only a personality in his own right, but a San Francisco community asset.



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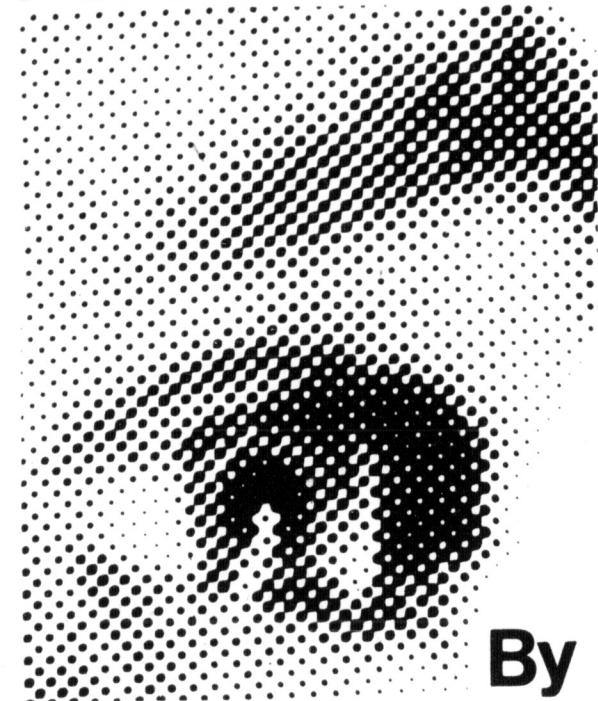
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A Dirty Movie
Oughta Be A
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TWO QUICKIES ON "SEXTOOL"

1) *Sextool* by Fred Halsted was shown once at the Powell St. Cinema, or whatever it's called. It never showed again, for various reasons.

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The film's technical aspect was pretty good, color, 35mm, the sound, so-so. Fred was being a bit arty, a la *Clockwork Orange* (somewhat) and Fellini (almost, not quite).

I went under the erroneous impression that it was going to be a heavy S&M thing...having been told that by someone at the theatre...so three of us went and would take turns looking in case it got messy. It didn't.

There was the ritual fist fucking scene, one rape, lots of Onanism, a trick scene and one drag from Hawaii who mentioned that her mother was out working the day the bombs dropped on Pearl Harbor...and there was Fred ("Hi. I'm Fred." "Fred who?") there in flesh and on screen...looking like one of the Sha-Na-Na's.

The film wasn't messy like Poole's *Moving!* and really didn't have any real turn-on scenes...no hot sex, and that's why I went. I mean, I could have gone to some of the heavy Folsom St. places and seen more or less the same thing. Granted, I had a pass, but god damn, if I were going to shell out good money, I want something back - good honest earthy, not arty, SEX. Otherwise I would have gone to the tubs. Such is life. ☆

2) Who is Fred Halsted trying to kid? (Fred Halsted, maybe?)

Masturbation fantasies do not a porno movie make. Nor do original music scores (Satie) that start intense and go noplacé. Nor do close-up shots of pimped asses. Nor do voice tracks that were recorded at the bottom of a well.

What does make a good porno movie? A debatable point, surely, but whatever it is, it wasn't *Sextool!*

P.S.: Fred, did I, or did I not detect soap suds in your jack-off scene? and where did they come from, out there on the patio?

Pornily yours, John & George

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People, Places And Things (or Just Plain Gossip)

Sweetlips Sez

Watch for the *Game* of the season...the **Kokpit** vs. **Jackson's**...how will they get Fern away from a bar to play...Bella as short stop my, my....Jay, you were doing a good job...thank you again Jimmy Quinn...the game is on Sunday the 13th of April...don't miss it. ☆
Stop in during the day and say hello to 'Clint' at **Buzzby's** a really hunky guy and a fun person behind the bar... Chuck Enfinger is back 'tending bar at **Buzzby's** three nites a week...how is Billy, Chuck? ☆

Now available for employment: *Bountiful Beautiful Bouncing Baby Bette Bonko*. ☆

Don't forget the **Fifth Hanging of Sweet Lips**...a three day event...you can get your programs at the **Kokpit**...starts on Monday the 31st, and goes on and on. Even Fat Shirley of Data Boy-fame will be there...but she'll take up the space of four guests.... ☆

Quote from Mike Dooley: "It'll be the first time that Fern ever won anything... if and that is **IF...Jackson's** wins. ☆

Seems as if someone is again sending 'poison pen letters'...too bad you don't sign your real name 'Jocker' or are you ashamed of the crap that you write. ☆

Happy belated Birthday, Ursula...how are things at the **Truck Stop**. ☆
A fun, fun St. Patrick's Day at the **On The Q.T.**...Larry, you were beautiful... and the corned beef and cabbage was delicious...you really have the act together Warren. ☆

Thank you Mel Square for paying the *Lips* the ten dollars...you are a true 'Armenian.' Thank you Bella, of **Bella's World**...431-1283...for the beautiful orchid plant...you truly are a beautiful person, no matter what Willis says about you. ☆

The Ramrod seems to be the 'IN' South of Market these days...really great hunky people and lots of good fun movies...thank you Ralph Rotten and George Wilbern. ☆

Aries, March 21 to April 20. The astrology book tells us that Aries people are strong-willed and natural leaders, which is a pretty way of saying pig-headed and bossy. They are quite incapable of doing things someone else's way and proceed on their own course even as the iceberg looms dead

ahead—they are unable to admit the error of their ways even when the crunching shock goes through the ship and water pours into the hold. When crossed, they have appalling tempers and tend to be a bit snappish and irritable tempers - and tend to be a bit snappish and irritable even when not crossed.

To say that Aries folk are indiscreet is putting it kindly. They are completely unable to hold their tongues and are mystified by those who can (they don't know what to make of Scorpios, who hate to tell anyone anything, like what time it is).

In youth, the wild-eyed energy and honesty of Aries has a certain appeal, but in their older days, their basic craziness shines through. Because they get entangled in their own fanaticism, not as many become famous as you might

(Continued Next Page)

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think, considering their high opinion of themselves.

Some do. Adolf Hitler was an Aries. And Bismarck, known to his dear one as The Iron Chancellor. And Van Gogh, with his ear in an envelope. Nice to see Fred Skau moonlighting at the *P.S. last Sunday nite...seems as if your vacation has done you a lot of good, Freddie. ☆

Mama Peck of the Roadrunner has opened a 'fun' room....but understand that she was 86'd from it, wonder why? Don't forget the 40-40's Revue and a Hello Again Jimmy Quinn. ☆

Happy Easter to all....

B.A.R.

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By Dixon

SPRING CLEANING:

Heavens. Thought winter was busy? Man! Wait till you see the schedule for this spring. It runs right into the deep summer....slopping over into autumn. You heard me. Slopping. However, most of these events brething down our necks, are most important to all members of the gay community, active or inactive, closet, barliving-hopping, etc.,etc. Aside from certain bar business-goosing-up events, monies raised from this slate of activities coming up will go into preservation, betterment, advancement, and, in one case, the creation of existing agencies who have declared to the world that along with taking care of "them," we can certainly take care of our own. To name just a few: Helping Hands ** S.I.R. ** Operation Concern ** Golden Gate Liberation House ** M.C.C. Church, and the list goes on & on. Keep an eye out for advertisements and see you there. Remember, if we won't take care of your own, who will????

PAST TENSE:

What a sight for sore eyes & blasted eardrums....lovely Empress Maxine VIII of the New Bell Saloon, escorted by Royal Guards & accompanied by a bevy of graceful beauties performing a wonderfully entertaining Hawaiian show at the Rendezvous's 13 Anniversary celebration. Forgotten how nice & easy Island music is on the ears. It was grand! For all you snide-nosed youngsters who think you know how to dance & move your bods, take a gander at the one and only Lincoln of the Trapp, when he dances. You'll hide your heads in your shoulder-bags in shame!! Almost all of Polkstreet & Metro Downtown area

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LA TRIVIATA:

A wild catering outfit called "Nobody's Business" operated by blonde Tom Daniel of the Q.T. and one Hugo Nichols. These two attractive lads will cater your food, serve your hooch and swab out the ashtrays. For something a bit more elegant, how about liver pate sculpted? Ice sculpture? And, for the grand slam, a three piece chamber orchestra, playing Bach, Vivaldi, and "Run through the jungle" upon request. Another cup of gin, m'dear????? ☆

What were Barbra Ball & Greta Grass doing on a sidewalk bench at the corner of Mission & 17th Sts. at three o'clock in the afternoon? Sitting on exact opposite ends of the bench.....

The "Old Timers" night at the Rendezvous was a gas. My nephew, Rodney, is pulling out all stops to make this club roar again. And, obviously, Rod is succeeding. Give 'em hell, kid! The funny question making the rounds that night at the Rendezvous, "How dare you? What do you mean I'm older than you!"

Wanna see a little imp in breathing color? I mean Jr of the House of Harmony. Happy to see Jr back on the

(Continued Next Page)

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gulch. Jr was showing movies of the trip to Hawaii he took recently. If you're interested, Jr has a mole 6 inches below his navel to his right. Love him!

Well, look who's here? Our own Archie of the ***P.S.** & the **Wharf**. Archie does his thing professionally as Mrs. Olsen of the telly Olsens. Arch has been on no a no booze diet. Driving his roomie, Mark, crazy. All of his friends take turns standing guard when he's out of the apartment. By the way, if you're nice to Mrs. Olsen, she will show you her coffee grinder!!!! ☆

A CALL FOR ARMS:

And legs. And backs. And knees. And hands. We are just about ready to start beautifying the S.I.R. Center at 83 Sixth St. If you can donate any time, please contact Larry Eppinette, Robert Wiggins, or myself. As a matter of fact, this is a perfect time to join S.I.R. so you can become part of the many projects this important world-wide organization has to offer. S.I.R. is rapidly becoming imbued with new blood; a marvelous way to meet people and to help!

See you later, Cheers....

Sal

***P.S.** Welcome back Joker...whomever you are. I understand you are up for the *Maximus Profundus* spoon award this year. ☆☆

Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

Spring has sprung, the grass is 'riz, do you know where South of Market is? It's where men meet men and when it's right, IGNITE. The bike clubs are doing their "thing" with activities galore. Last weekend, the San Franciscans M/C Butch Brunch was jammed to capacity with booze, buttons and a serpentine-like line waiting to gorge on Eggs Benedict a la Adrian with South of Market's Sweetheart, Ginny Lee, dishing up the Hollandaise sauce and JoAnne playing with everyone's toes. The previous afternoon, the **Serpants M/C** celebrated their 7th Anniversary at **Fe-Be's** with a HEAVEN party and beautiful buttons. With the **Cheaters M/C** anniversary this coming Friday, the **Barbary Coasters M/C** 9th Anniversary on Saturday and scads of bikers heading south for the **Saddle-backs M/C** Easter Run, it should be a hell-bent weekend for ALL of YOU. If you survived the **BLACK SABBATH** Bike Christening at the **Mistake** Sunday (So sorry to hear about Mike Hackett's unfortunate accident, hurry

and get well - he's at Franklin Hospital), you made the complete round. Saw Ken Misso of the **Cheaters**, looking groovy as ever, as always - Hi Tony!

The **Inter-Club Fund** will stage a Progressive Dinner again, April 11th, Friday, with wine, before dinner drink, salad, main entree and after dinner drink at just as many bars. Details to date are sketchy, but keep that date in mind. In July, the Celebrity Auction with autographed and personal items of the **BIGGIES** from Bob Hope to Richard Nixon will be offered. If you want a complete list of items going, write to Inter Club Fund, PO Box 4810, SF 94101; you can make sealed bids in advance so jump on this one.

Monterey Dons will stage their 2nd Spring Beer Bust on April 6 in that city at the **Ram** (420 Washington St.) with bike events, non-bike events, food, drinks and a show for a paltry \$7.50 - sounds like a whale of a lot for such a fee, so don't miss this one either.

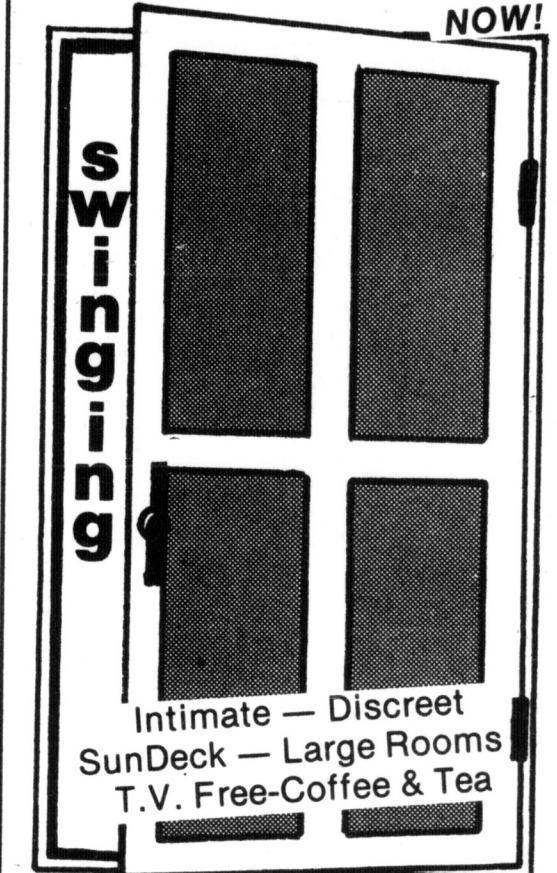
LAST WEDNESDAY at the **Ambush**, a celebration for the sun and

new moon in Pisces took place that one of the mellowest events and I know you're ALL sorry you missed it because Kerry's cabbage rolls were DIVINE and Chris's banana cake was exquisite... With Jason Mallonee, Chuck Arnett, Ken Ferguson, Kent Browne, Jim Sterling and Ralph Will Brown in attendance, it was the dynamite function of the season. Hats off to the **Ambush** for doing it AGAIN...San Francisco's mellowest bar, and HOT!

RANDOM RAMBLINGS AND RED HOT RAP...Jack Wells of the **Purple Pickle** - why were you collecting worn Jockey Shorts last Wednesday? Jack had to get 25 pair of shorts off live men by midnight and got Bob Ross, David Cafferty, and David Paxton when they walked in for dinner? A new fetish among fetishists?...Did you catch the new TV series last Thursday night called **Sunshine** - a hunky dude left to raise his young daughter and strutting right across your television screen in tight levi's and a Red handkerchief sticking out of his left rear pocket? Puh-leeze darling!...Randy Johnson, Mark Calhoun and Richard Novak made like the Wild Geese they are and flew the Coop, excuse me the **Dud**, excuse me, the **Dude**. Randy's at the **House of Harmony** with la Tony Lasagna and his hunky boss Jerry! Richard is still trashing at Ashbury Bordello and Calhoun, ah, that man Calhoun, is just resting and getting himself together which is where he is anyway...And JR, or RJ, has left the **Early Bird** and is now flexing his fabulous torso at **Toad Hall** with all those other hunkies there including the disc jockey who made me wait 4 hours to hear Stevie Wonder's *Boogie on Reggae Woman* when he knows it's the hottest disc next to the Ohio Players' *Fire...Flash!* The Joker finally emerged from his/her muck and slime to deride, degrade and wreck several of the "Galaxy" but they'll all get over it and the Joker will get over him/her self one of these days too - tres Tackeeeee...Little Ken Halter, the MOUTH of the **Ramrod** took his cat Dum Dum out for a stroll the other afternoon to the **527 Club, Ramrod** and **Boot Camp** and proved that even dumb animals like *Fresh Air*, shame, shame, shame, on you Kenny - Dum Dum should meet Elizabeth T. Hepplefinger, the Mascot for the **Cycle M/C** of New York - two notorious pussies on both Coasts... Watch for the re-incarnation of **Mr. B's** of 2nd St., to re-open on 6th & Howard in the heart of Muscatel Meadows with

Henri LeLeu at the "meat" counter - Pauline of the **Wagon** - are reading this? Had I thought of it sooner, this section would have read *Perils of Pauline*, but I think *The Return of Ray Rule* sounds better...And thanks to that fabulous artiste CHUCK ARNETT for designing my 37th Birthday Button - only 200 will be given away at the **Boot Camp** on March 27 - it's a Thursday, so if you haven't got anything better to do, drop in and have some punch while listening to the new reel to reel tapes by DeeJay Johnny Cock and his quips on YOUR day to day living...Super sleuth Bette Bonko always gets his man - moral for the week is don't try to steal ashtrays from the **Kokpit** - I know at least two people who hope Sweet Lips' 5th Hanging will take, but the rest of us hope he swings on and on which he will do; the idea of a would-be burglar at the ***P.S.** trying to steal a Kokpit ashtray!... Meet Tumblin' Tillie Tumbleweed who will perform at the COWBOY Conest on June 21st - he's out Lily's Miss Tomlin by a mile and a yard and is now appearing at Lorelei's **N'Touch** along with Tacky (WHO?), David and John...Watch for a candidate for Empress Elevelin whose bird will be the Rhode Island Red and who is already a
(Continued Next Page)

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11 a.m. - Combined choir of Metropolitan Community Church and Mission United Presbyterian will perform **Requiem**, by Faure. 23rd and Capp Streets, San Francisco.

7:30 p.m. - Formal Easter Service with Communion. Special music by M.C.C. choir, 23rd and Capp Streets, San Francisco.

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Queen of some repute...Henri LeLeu asked me if the RICHMOND BANNER is a Jewish Newspaper, but why Henri?...Curt, of **Curt's Corner** in Kalendar is now serving lunches at the *P.S. much to Dixon's delight and that marks the end of Marcella, the waitress...Happy birthday to Mr. Groovy Guy, Ralph Gibson tomorrow and to John Forkey on the 27th...The **Boot Camp Fair** was a BLAST! Buns, Jockey Shorts (are you with me, Jack Wells?), Hair fairies, big baskets and watch in April for the BIG LICK IN and the Golden Dildeaux Awards in May... Looking for some funky, far out and an occasional BJ from Ben, you must visit the **Obelisk** at 526 Castro and look Ma, they finally made the gossip columns, but only by being *tres tacke*.....Is Ferris Lehman, the Membership Director of SIR REALLY older than Henri LeLeu? ...Does Bill McWilliams really mean it when he says Latins are Lousy Lovers? Join the LLL Club and now, Chicanos, unite!...Memo for Bob White: You better take good care of your new acquisition or I WILL smack you and hard...Have you tried Pineapple Punch - Van Emon has and at an open meeting yet, while Ginny Lee is serving lunches at the **Hombre** and stealing all

Lenny's gay lunch trade...oh, how fun it is to stir, no wonder Emma May Von Ronnda Gay loved being King of Spoons for a year and refuses to lay down and die...Tom Avila, have you had enough Tequila or are you trying to meet that big Aztec in the Sky? And why is it true some of the bike clubs are mad at BUTCH? I noticed you were conspicuously absent from the Butch Brunch last Sunday, tee hee, now that makes three you owe me...Robin (Jail Bird), why were you trying to lead Suzie of the **Gangway** to church at the **Booty** last Sunday, while Empress Starr of Portland was keeping score - Suzie combed his hair at least seven times in front of the BIG mirror...Tom Joyce thinks Ken Leetzow is DYNAMITE and he should, he's had that stick stuck several times with more explosions than Chinese New Year...I see the Brand "S" paper finally got a bike club column - I can remember when I used to take all the abuse for writing about bike clubs, bike personalities and now you can even write about Gilbert Hall and Don Rotan doesn't even flinch his lovely eyebrows, he is a HOT man...And speaking of HOT, must meet Cinnamon and Magnolia at the **Wagon** - a pair of jokers if I ever saw two, but this week the word joker is a dirty one...SIR Hector X will celebrate his birthday on April 23rd, with a big benefit auction for Operation Concern and I hope you get invited because if you do, you WILL bring a gift...Sally of the **Woods** in Fairfax is all a-dither over his 1st Anniversary on the 27th - Sin with Sally in Marin, he is DYNAMITE and looking so svelte, why his turquoise weighs more than he does now....George and Ron of Exactly That think they're smart - they get to read **all this garbage** before you do, as they typeset it and are more informed than all of us...That winds up this spool of smut...Reverend Jim Sandmire - we will all miss you. We all love you. Los Angeles, look out! A BIG man is coming to you - a gift from San Francisco and now maybe you'll get your ACT together. See you at **Louie's** of Grant Avenue tonight! I do love you all, can you handle it?
 Mister Marcus
 P.S. Congratulations to the **Blue & Gold** on their Anniversary and to the two winners who will represent that bar in the MR. COWBOY CONTEST on June 21st. Hi B.L.K. You were never lovelier! ☆

"RAAACK"
"HACCKK"
"AHHEM"
"COUGH"

"I HEAR YOU'RE STILL SMOKING"

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Poetry By Garrison

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 Every emotion you possess is reflected in sober honesty...

They will expose your every desire...
 It is though your eyes that love is first found...
 There is no amount of words that can capture what is said when I look at you...
 Flowing out faster than the tears of heartbreak.

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Caesar Salad	Prepared at your table (for two)	5.00
DINNERS		
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Pan Fried Chicken 4.95	4.50
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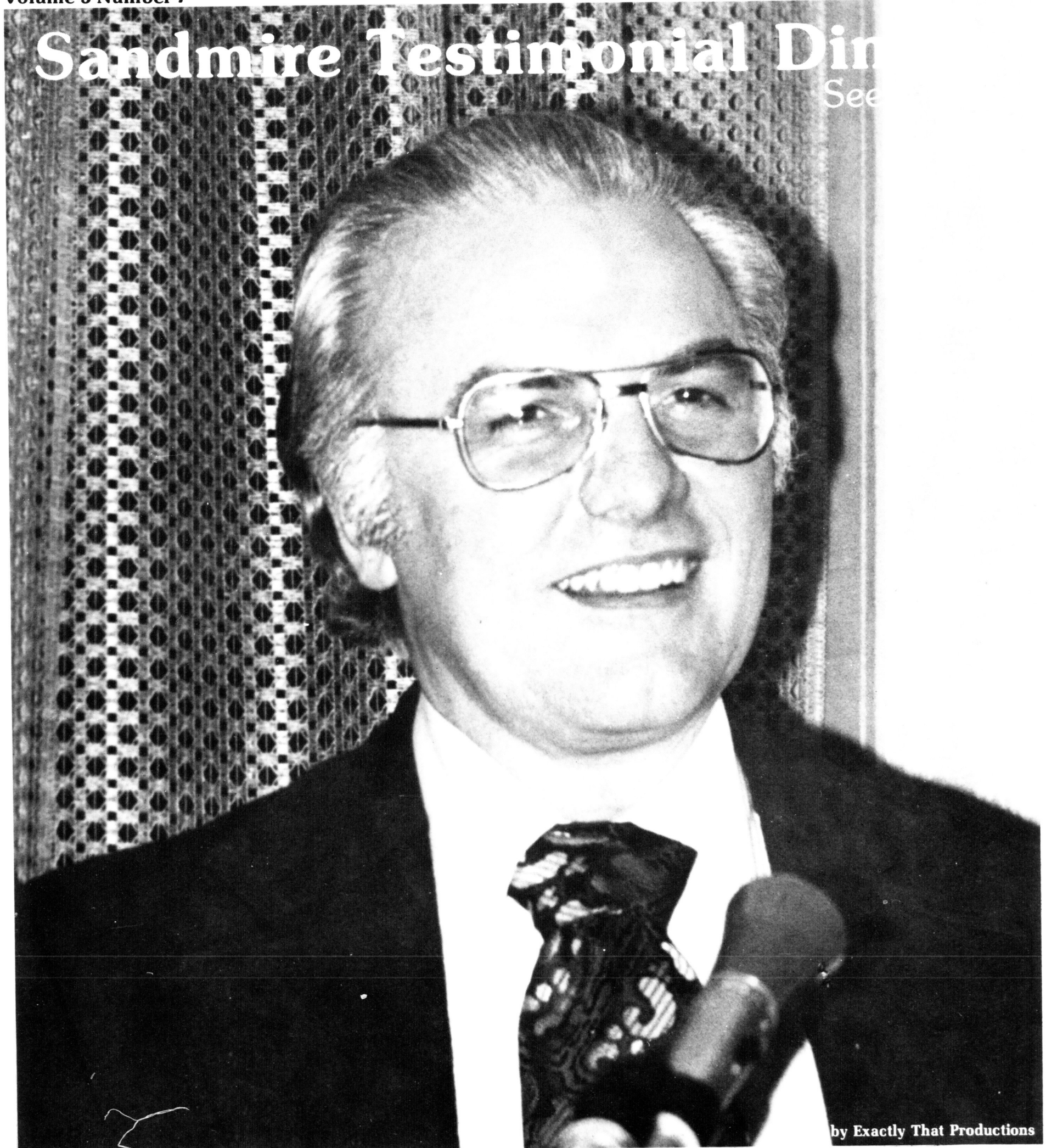
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Volume 5 Number 7

April 3, 1975

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