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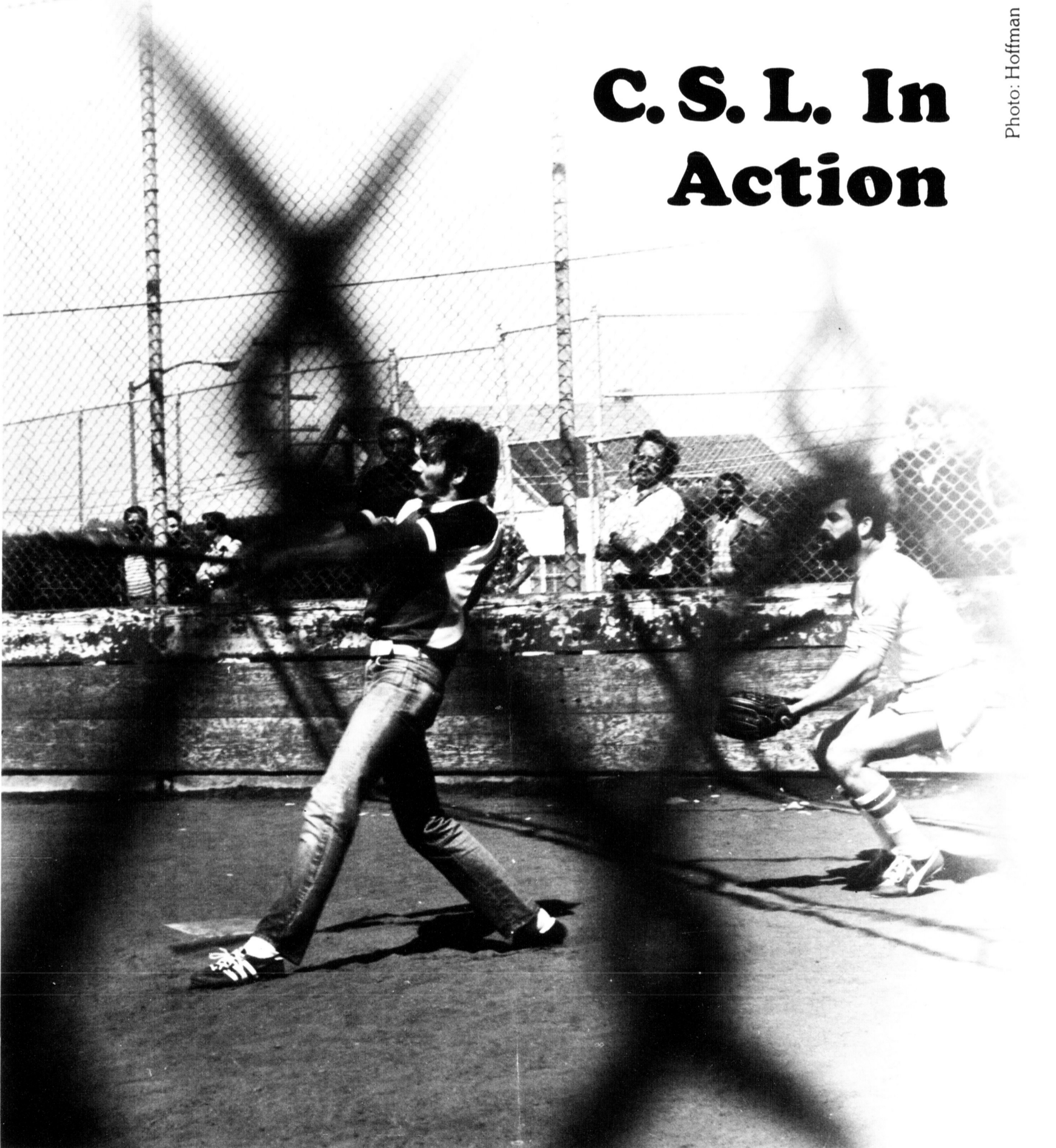
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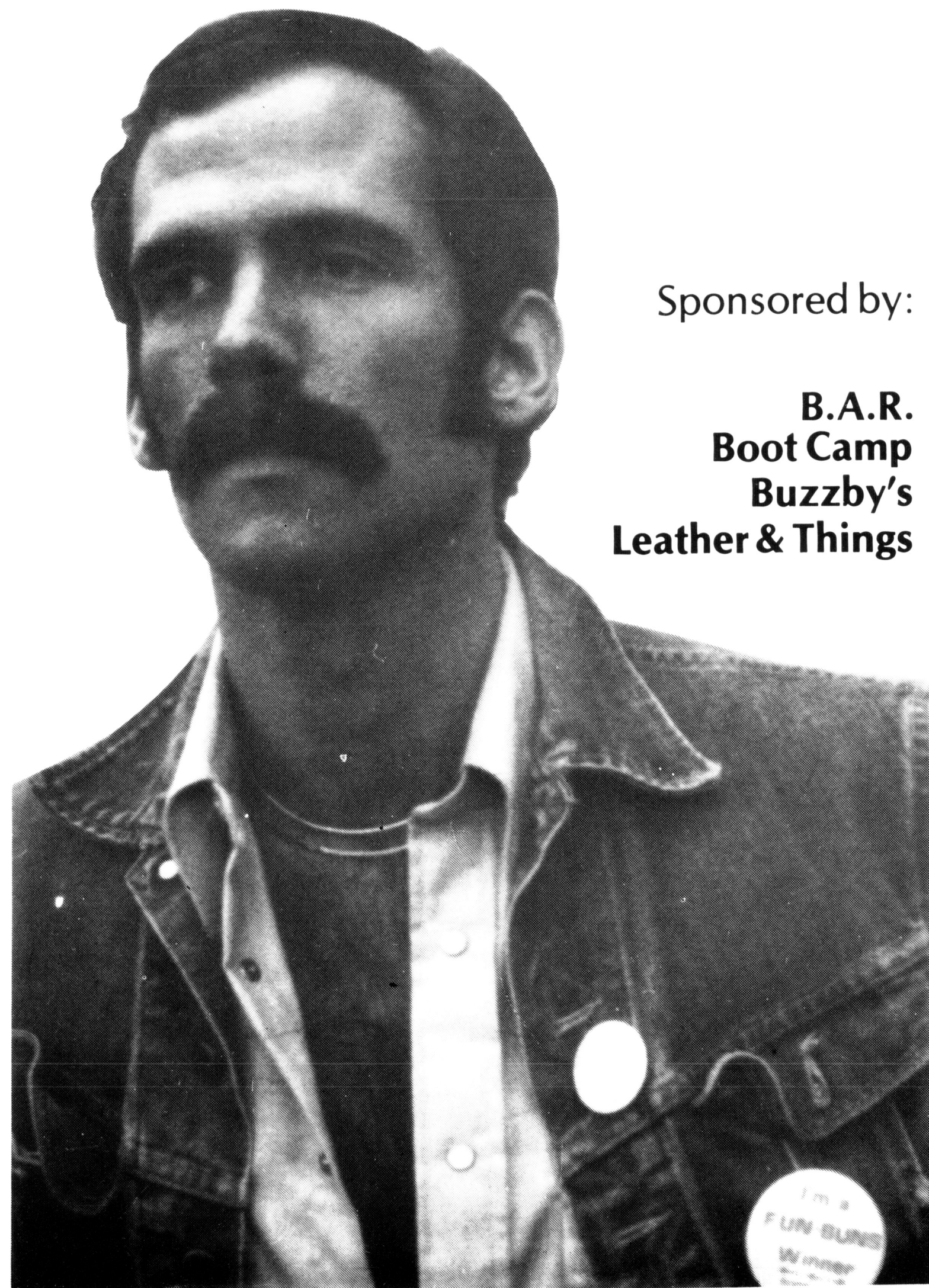
Volume 5 Number 10 May 15, 1975

C.S.L. In Action

Photo: Hoffman



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Community News

Who's Who And Doing What To Whom..?

By D. 'Cameron Scot'

More to the point, if someone wants to parade around San Francisco wearing a pink sandwich board proclaiming that he is gay, that is his decision. At the same time, I claim for myself the same right of choice to NOT do likewise. If you want to deal with all the world from the basis of your homosexuality, that is your decision. For myself, I'll reserve the right to NOT deal with all the world on that basis. Given the realities of the world at large, there are many instances where I do not want advance knowledge of my homosexuality overshadowing any transaction I have, thereby blunting any effort I might make. My personal preference is to deal as MYSELF FIRST; as a homosexual later, if at all. I see no justification for sending in a herald of trumpets to announce that "The

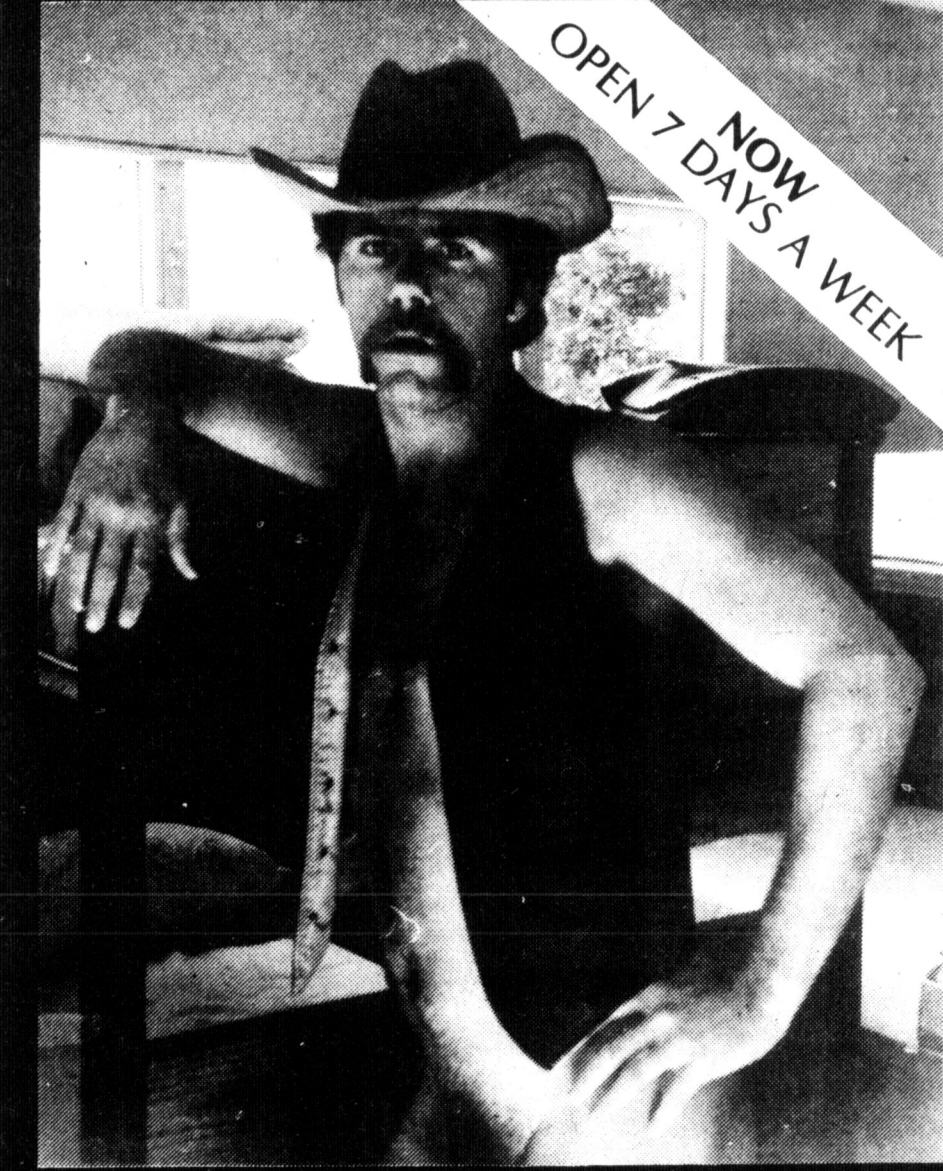
Homosexual" has arrived, in preference to the fact that "I" have arrived. Without the preconceptions that might result from such advance announcement, I then have a fighting chance to overcome whatever prejudice I might encounter. Without that chance, one might never get through the door and would lose any chance at all to work breaking down the barriers of prejudice. I want, in short, to be accepted as would a straight; not rejected out of hand nor accepted as a token, but simply for whatever I am or am able to do, regardless of my sexual orientation.

That is not to say that I am hiding behind the facade of heterosexuality; it is much too late for that. Simultaneously there are instances and issues on which I want to deal as a gay, but I reserve the right to decide for myself what issues and instances they will be. Quite frankly, there is no reason why one's work should revolve in any way, hiding behind the facade of heterosexuality, or openly flaunting homosexuality, around one's sexual orientation unless the job itself is to fuck the secretary or blow the boss. But with the reality of the world as it

is, it should not be so hard for anyone to realize that in many more instances than not it is wiser for one not to flaunt one's homosexuality. If one does not hide it, far out. If one wants to proclaim it to the world, far out. If one **does** have to hide it, then just leave him alone to work it out for himself.

And, on the subject of reality, if Mr. Edwards' endorsement was NOT "given to Judge Erotla 'for the gay vote,'" just who in the world WAS it for? Mr. Edwards writes for a gay paper with a primarily gay audience, not straight. Just who was supposed to read that endorsement? The good folk in the Sunset? Hardly, and from that implausible conclusion, I drew my 'inference' that the effort must necessarily be directed to the gay vote -- not the straight, Chicano, Black or union vote.

And if it is true, as so proudly asserted, that Mr. Edwards places "far more importance on being a good and responsible conservative citizen than upon being a member of the homosexual community," just what IS he doing HERE? God knows that his type-



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writer runs longer than most in this city; he has something to say on innumerable issues and even writes reams of nothing on innumerable non-issues, spewing forth paper in incredible tonnage, a great deal of it directed to (or more accurately AT) gays, published in gay publications, to be read by gays. If it is really true, Mr. Edwards, that you "place far more importance on being a good and responsible conservative citizen than upon being a member of the homosexual community," just why DO you devote so much time to the gay community? Would not that energy be better placed in working toward "being a good and responsible conservative citizen than upon being a member of the homosexual community?"

And, "Frankly, if we consider those persons who consider 'gay' as more important than responsible obligations of citizenship, we would end up with "the most incredulous juxtaposition of illogical non-reasoning that we've ever had to sort through. The "responsible obligations of citizenship," are dicta to lead a law abiding life; to stay within the law even if we think the law wrong; to work perhaps for change in the law but to remain, nonetheless, within its circumscription until such change is made. By logical extension, a true belief in the

"responsible obligations of citizenship" would dictate that you renounce your homosexuality and get married to play at being heterosexual (that's legal; and all "responsible" citizens stay within the law; get married (to preserve the order of society); and have kids (to ensure the preservation of the society!) or you would have to make a "responsible" citizen's arrest and turn yourself in for violation of Penal Code Sections 286, 287, 288a, 644, and 647, among others, as well as rushing down to register yourself under Penal Code Section 290 as a sex offender. Or, you could lead a completely celibate life to avoid breaking the law, thereby upholding the "responsible obligations of citizenship."

Finally, Mr. Edwards, if your opinions and expressions are so closely and rigidly held that any attack upon them become a "personal attack" then so be it. A reminder, however, that what I know and about which I write is about as personal as some five years of expressed opinion published in several thousand copies of gay publications, there for public inspection by various and sundry who read them. The apparent growing distress at my use of a pseudonym (Mr. Edwards is not alone) can be somewhat mitigated by the

assurance that in many instances the name ascribed to an opinion or expression is all that I know. Thomas M. Edwards is no more to Cameron Scot, than Cameron Scot is to Thomas M. Edwards. If Thomas M. Edwards is real or a pseudonym, it is of little import, for the name ascribed to the opinions and articles is far more important than the person attached to the name, and whether you know the person or not is totally irrelevant to what may be written. While I would not presume to get so personal as to question the "courage" of a person that I do not know, there is no hesitation in addressing myself to the opinions attributed to a name, be it Thomas M. Edwards, or another. It simply is not necessary to know the person unless you want to mount a personal attack.

However, still "blinded by empty rhetoric" as I am, I am still waiting for some indication, other than the pronouncements ascribed to the name Thomas M. Edwards, that Ertola deserves the gay vote; an indication that has not been forthcoming from **anyone**, real or pseudo. But then I forget, endorsements made in gay papers for various candidates are not for the gay vote; they are for some other vote.

Donald 'Cameron Scot'

Marlin Beach Exposed!

Compliments of: **"Michael's Thing"**, *Entertainment Weekly*, *New York City*.

I want to publicly apologize to all my readers. I haven't had to apologize very often, because I try to make as few mistakes as humanly possible. When I do make an unintentional error which might affect my readers, I am honest enough to admit it so that the situation is brought to their attention as quickly as possible. I feel that I owe you this courtesy, and that has always been my policy.

Some months ago, I enthusiastically recommended to everybody the Marlin Beach Hotel in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. I couldn't be more sorry now. At that time, the hotel was exactly what I said it was, and I was delighted to share my discovery with you. However, as quick as you can say "MONEY", things began to crumble there, than I began to hear complaints about what they were encountering. I was glad to help make the hotel popular, of course, but I certainly never expected to see what I thought was a nice resort hotel turn overnight into a chamber of horrors. To make it even worse, when I relayed complaints personally to the owner (one Jim Eilers, a snotty old creep 20 years distant from New York and even farther from good manners); he flatly stated that he couldn't care less and had no intention of being bothered with anything so trivial as the comfort of his guests. For that alone, if not for all the reasons I'm going to detail for you, this nelly Scrooge deserves bankruptcy. Not to mention a good kick in the balls he probably doesn't have.

While our lower-class Midas is busy counting his ill-gotten gold, the actual management of the Marlin Beach is in the hands of his surly serf, a small noise from Winnetka named John Castelli. This character, called "Carlota" by what remains of his customers, is the arch conspirator in the murder of what was just a few months ago a truly charming gay hotel. So many things are now wrong with this place, that I hardly know where to start. It sickens me just to think about it, but I'll be damned if I'll let them take advantage of my good name by using my endorsement to rip off my readers and friends. By the time you've finished reading the article, I don't think they'll ever be able to do that again.

Where shall we start? How about

that broken guest elevator they have no intention of fixing? How about the gigantic flying roaches, spiders, water-bugs, and what appear to be scorpions that now infest all the rooms? One little ordinary roach you might forgive anywhere, perhaps, but a whole goddamned insect zoo? I suspect that Carlotta put them in there deliberately, so we could all get the chance to meet his relatives. And how about the room service?

They claim to have it, but just try calling. No one ever comes, except to ask you not to tie up their telephone lines with such foolish calls. No, this isn't all. There is plenty more.

Remember how pleasant the Poop Deck used to be? The only thing left of its charm is the continued presence of Lefty and Kevin behind the bar. Nothing else is going for it now. The drink prices have been raised from \$1.25 to \$1.75.

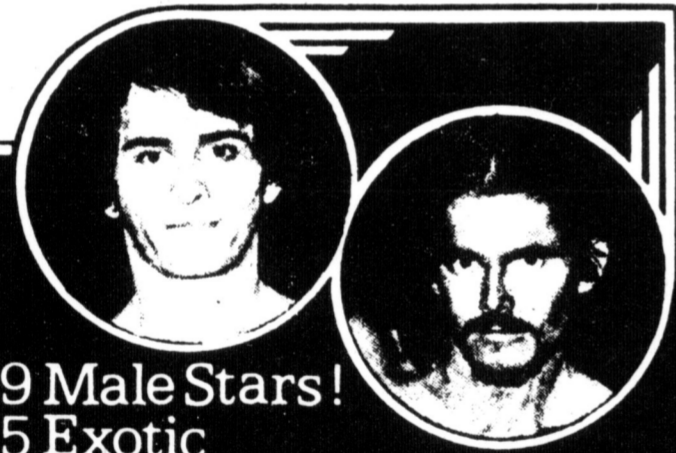
The table service suits the food. And that swimming pool which they advertise as heated and never closing? You could freeze your ass off in it, and they drive you out of it with whips and guard dogs (almost) promptly at 6 p.m. And the free lounges on the sun deck aren't free either. Or clean. No, that's not all the horrors, my friends. There are

plenty more.

The air conditioning doesn't work anymore. They consider it an unnecessary luxury for their guests, anyway, no matter how humid Ft. Lauderdale gets. The hotel provides absolutely no security system. There have been countless room robberies, even a couple where they broke the door down...and none of the staff heard a thing. One guest was even stabbed by a hustler on the premises, but they managed to hush that up. They can't hush up the robberies though. There have been just too many guests indignant at having their luggage, money, and clothes stolen in this hotel, which doesn't think enough of its guests to provide even one lousy house detective or guard. Another interesting fact is that they have permitted the hotel to become so notorious that the Ft. Lauderdale police will give traffic tickets to anyone who admits staying at the Marlin Beach or whose car bears the hotel windshield sticker. This is disgusting of the police, of course, and equally disgusting of the hotel for permitting itself to go so far downhill.

By the way, their photo in the ads is quite misleading, too. The hotel is not on the beach at all but is across a busy

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highway from it. And their lower poop deck disco has to be seen to be believed. It looks like more some tacky dungeon in Hoboken than a dance palace in Florida. They even have nerve enough to charge the hotel guests \$3.00 admission, which is a typical Castelli goodwill policy. The admission charge to this so-called disco includes nothing...not even an Alka-Seltzer...which is a perfect example of exploitation of gays by gays, when there is no competition to discourage such tactics. As for this tacky disco. The sound system breaks down regularly every night, and the music is so forgettable that it is an act of mercy when it stops.

I won't deal with such matters as Carlotta's casting couch, where all prospective employees must submit to nameless horrors. I won't dwell on the fact that the Marlin Beach is rumored to be Ft. Lauderdale's leading drug palace with pills, acid and cocaine as prevalent as the roaches. The quality of the liquor sold there is such that you couldn't blame anybody for preferring drugs...or even enemas. No, and I won't spend too much time telling you that they spend more effort encouraging straight customers to visit the place than they do on the gay ones who made them prosperous.

Yes, my friends, I apologize to all of you. If you are now crazy enough to go to this hotel, don't say I didn't warn you. You'd probably be more comfortable in Sing Sing.

This weekly magazine is being distributed throughout the south. Thank you.

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the grassroots level. Only one, KPOO in the San Francisco Bay Area, is community-controlled and multi-nationally operated. It is unique on this country's airwaves.

On April 15, 1975, the Federal Communications Commission granted official sanction to KPOO, reviewing the license in full and transferring ownership of Poor People's Radio Inc from the present Board of Directors to a community elected Board, members of which come from different media groups and local organizations.

The emphasis of this New Board is on community access, community news and information and providing communications skills to people traditionally denied access to the media.

Poor People's Radio is licensed to operate KPOO 89.5 FM as a non-profit educational station that is listener-supported and volunteer run. The new Board Members are: George Kelsey, Jahid Ashley, Jose Castellar, Jami Goodenough, Dave Whittaker, Karen Howse, Terry Collins. As of the official transfer on April 15, 1975, they replaced Board Members: Lorenzo Milam, Cese McGowan, Sherman Ellisol and Bill Wade.

KPOO draws its volunteers and its program material from the Black, Latino, Anglo, Native American and Asian communities of San Francisco, the East Bay and Marin County. ☆

Musical Chairs At Human Rights Commission

GAY ADVISORY COMMITTEE TO COMMISSION VOTED BY NELDER AND VON. B.

In a regularly scheduled meeting of the Community Services Committee of the Board of Supervisors, Friday, May 9th, Supervisors Al Nelder and Dorothy von Beroldingen voted down the request put forth by a few gay persons and the ousted director of the Human Rights Commission, Wm. Becker, to have a sixteenth seat created for a gay person only, on the Human Rights Commission.

The Supervisors opted out for what was the overwhelming choice of gay people, a resolution that the mayor appoint a homosexual to the next available opening on the Commission. Many gay persons had stated that to create a special "seat" on the Commission was not in the best interest of gay

people, and could be considered a racist move by those racial minorities (Japanese, Filipinos, Samoans, etc.) not represented on the Commission at the current time. Supervisor Quentin Kopp, under heavy pressure from the majority of the gay community, withdrew his motion for a special seat for gay people.

Then the Community Services Committee voted unanimous approval of a special advisory committee to assist the Human Rights Commission. The Committee would be comprised of all gay people.

The flaw here was, that the majority of gay people present at the meeting, representing the majority of gay people in San Francisco, were turned down in their bid for a large advisory committee, which would encompass all of the major lifestyles represented in San Francisco's gay community, as well as the economic levels. This seven or eleven member committee was rejected by Nelder and von Beroldingen in favor of a three member committee, which was pushed by Jo Daly, Duke Smith, and the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club special interest group. Supervisor von Beroldingen ignored the majority, standing firm with her friend Jo Daly, against the avalanche of opinion in favor of a large advisory committee.

Attending the meeting were: Paul Hardman - *Pride*; Duke Smith and Jo Daly - *Alice B. Toklas*; Bill Beardemphl - *Sentinel*; F.E. Mitchell - *Golden Gate Gay Lib House*; Larry Littlejohn; Rev. Ray Broshears - *Helping Hands Center & West Coast Gay Liberation Front* and Barry B. ☆

Judge Ed Cragen To Speak

The Harry S. Truman Democratic Club will hold a brunch on Saturday, May 24th, at 1 pm, at the Royal Palace.

Special Guest will be Superior Court Judge Edward L. Cragen. The Brunch is a public affair and costs but \$2.50 and will be served by the vice-president of the Truman Club, Jose Sarria.

Everyone is urged to attend and meet and hear Judge Edward L. Cragen, the "People's Judge," and the overwhelming choice of the gay community in last year's election.

(Note: The announced speaker, the Hon. Leo McCarthy, Speaker of the Assembly, will not be able to attend this month's brunch.)

(Continued from page 15)

they treat it as if they were compelled to exhaust it, to snuff it out. To save itself, beauty will let its hunters destroy themselves. Rather than itself, it feeds them their own entrails. Beauty has its rights and follows its own laws. It can corrupt both its host and its pilgrims. Nevertheless it is from its flowering to its fading, INNOCENT. Any beauty we single out as prey, to be tracked, bagged and stuffed, has all the license and privileges of jungle game.

What price the beautiful face? **Caveat emptor.** Someone always seems to pay -- at times he who holds it, at times the auctioneer, at others, the purchaser. Beauty at all times is costly; it's the nature of the Beast.

(to be continued)

Paul-Francis Hartmann

There's Only One!

Gay Liberation Days Committee has filed and is now a legal organization. Each year the committee will raise funds for the gay social service agencies of San Francisco.

The official mailing address of the Committee has been legally changed to 225 Turk Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94102. Any other address is not our Committee! Gay Liberation Days Committee planning meetings are held each Friday afternoon at 5:00 PM at 225 Turk Street.

The Committee has obtained California Hall for the Gay Carnival, on Sunday, June 29th, following the Gay Freedom Day Parade. There will be booths of games, fun, arts and crafts, as well as dancing, food and booze. The door price has not yet been set. There will be a prize drawing every fifteen minutes.

On Saturday, prior to the Parade and Carnival at California Hall (across from City Hall at Civic Center Plaza) there will be a rock concert featuring women's bands, the usual speakers - gay, straight, political. So, the weekend of June 28th and 29th, promises to be a big one in San Francisco.

If you wish a booth at California Hall, contact Ray at 771-3366, as he has exclusive charge in this matter. If you wish to have a speaker at the Concert & Rally, call the same number.

Lee Raymond, Chairperson
Ray Broshears, Coordinator

Letters to The Editor

"We've Been Had Again"

They came back with much hoopla, a contest, and as they said "A deep interest and respect for the gay community."

As usual, we (this writer included) accepted them at face value, and as usual "We've been had again."

It may seem insignificant to others, but to me it is a rip-off, plain & simple.

Who are they?

"Acme Beer." After all their solicitations were made and their beer safely stocked in our bars, and selling...I must add, just the little trick of "now giving us 'smaller' bottles with 'less' beer at the 'same price' is to me, and I hope, others, a slap in the face.

This is the first letter I have ever written to any publication, but I feel that however small my voice may be, I must speak out.

I liked and purchased "Acme Beer" in the bars and stores gladly. But no more - my action in boycotting "Acme"

may make no difference to anyone, but at least when I look in a mirror, I know what "Gay Pride" is about. "Integrity."


Frank MacDonald
San Francisco

Acme Beer "Brew Ha-Ha"

Editor's Note:

General Brewing which made Acme Beer has run into some production problems. The Acme Beer Company is more upset with this than most people realize. They are not trying to "rip-off" the public, nor are they attempting to short-sell their customers. What they have done is to move their brewing operations to Portland. This move will cost the Acme Beer Company many untold thousands of dollars in reprinting of labels, shipping costs, new production costs and many other things too numerous to mention. So please bear with them during this crisis and hopefully, by the first of June, the entire

(Continued Next Page)



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ACME NEWSLETTER

Acme Brewing Company of San Francisco announced Friday, April 18, 1975, that it has officially changed its brewing company from General Brewing Company in San Francisco to Blitz-Weinhard in Portland, Oregon.

Without advance notice to our company, General Brewing stopped all production of the long neck returnable bottles at their San Francisco plant. This

has put many different new brands and sizes of beer in the bars and clubs of San Francisco along with causing inconvenience for both Bartenders and the customers.

Acme Brewing started negotiations with Blitz-Weinhard for production of Acme Beer as it now stands, as well as increasing the line of bottle sizes and cans thus giving our customers a wider choice in buying Acme.

Blitz-Weinhard was contacted and they accepted us after presenting our record of growth since the beer was first served. For the first time in their 119 year history, Blitz-Weinhard agreed to brew

another beer besides their own fine product. We feel that the Brewmasters in Oregon will achieve the quality of the original Acme Beer of the early 1900's.

We at Acme Brewing company regret any inconvenience during our period of transition. We also wish to heartily thank everyone for their continued support.

/s/ Dave Monroe,

Acme Beer

Dear Mr. Ross,

As I sit here in L.A. reading of B.A.R. it makes me home sick for San Francisco. Your magazine has helped me keep in touch with the events and people of glorious S.F. It's saddening that L.A. doesn't have its scene together half as well as S.F. Maybe someday we'll be able to have organized events as your fair city does.

I enjoy reading your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Best wishes to all,
Steve McGuire - Studio 1

Editor
B.A.R. Magazine, S.F.
Directed to Bob Cramer, Emperor III

As a proud member of the gay community, I see a few things happening I do not understand.

The gay community is working for the validation of the straight world that we, as homosexuals, are just as responsible and productive as heterosexuals. With open acceptance, we can take our place as an integral part of this society & its works. We cry of unacceptance, ridicule and denial of humanitarian rights. The gay movement is a humanitarian cause. A cause with support from many straight members of the community. There are dozens of groups that work in dozens of different ways to achieve this common goal.

What I don't understand is the refusal of recognition, by the Emperor & his court, of other attempts to boost the community relationships & morale.

The court of Stockton is not recognized by the crowned heads of San Francisco. The community of Stockton has a far greater job to do to be accepted in their suburban area than we do here in jaded S.F. They need our assistance, encouragement & support, not scorn, unacceptance; not discouraging ridicule.

On the local scene, the crowned heads have announced that titles initiated by Perry I are invalid. This is upsetting to me as a member of the gay community because part of the enjoyment of attending a function is knowing that part of the proceeds are turned back to the community for worthwhile causes. This is not something to turn your noses up at, but appreciate & support.

If everyone could overcome their petty jealousies (ego), and worked for the community & its cause, there would not be co-inciding events which lead to a split in community support. There's room and need for everyone to work. There's a lot that can be accomplished if everyone worked together.

I will **not** side. I **will** support the cause & its ideals. I enjoy all fund raising events because they are fund raising, worthwhile & psychologically supportive to the cause. Politics **is** confusing.

I am not saying that what the crowned heads are doing is wrong & I won't question their right to act as they see fit. I want them to hear my plea for unity; to broaden their perspectives. I would like to see them include and support the community, not see who in the community will support them.

Respectfully,
/s/ B. David Gass

Dear Bob:

Loved the article in the April 17 B.A.R., "Brother Bizarre's Gaze", by one Mark Owens.

As an editor you are very much aware that gay leaders now have given up the rhetoric and tactics of the 60's for more effective if less flamboyant methods. The ADVOCATE doesn't manufacture news, it only reports it; and it only reports news that is verified.

The staff of the new ADVOCATE has been delighted to be able to increase our coverage of news geographically as well as to add and/or expand such sections as regional Entertainment, Religion, arts and Humanities, Records, People, Outrageous, Films, and Lifestyle, to mention a few, and the growth of our circulation indicates that our readers are equally pleased by these features that touch the lifestyle of singles and gays.

All the best!

Sincerely,
DAVID B. GOODSTEIN
Publisher

Dear Editor:

I would like to go on record as deploring the reprehensible methods of that frustrated pseudo-intellectual closet-case known as the JOKER. The JOKER's methods are beneath the dignity of any self-respecting human being. His 5th Grade style and addiction to pre-puberty-like name calling rank on par with the diarrhetic emissions of an unstable psychotic paranoid. This individual is so insecure about his own personality that he has created this sad charade in order to defecate on individuals who have no way of returning or answering his tripe. I will have more to say about this sick character later.

/s/Doug MacDonald

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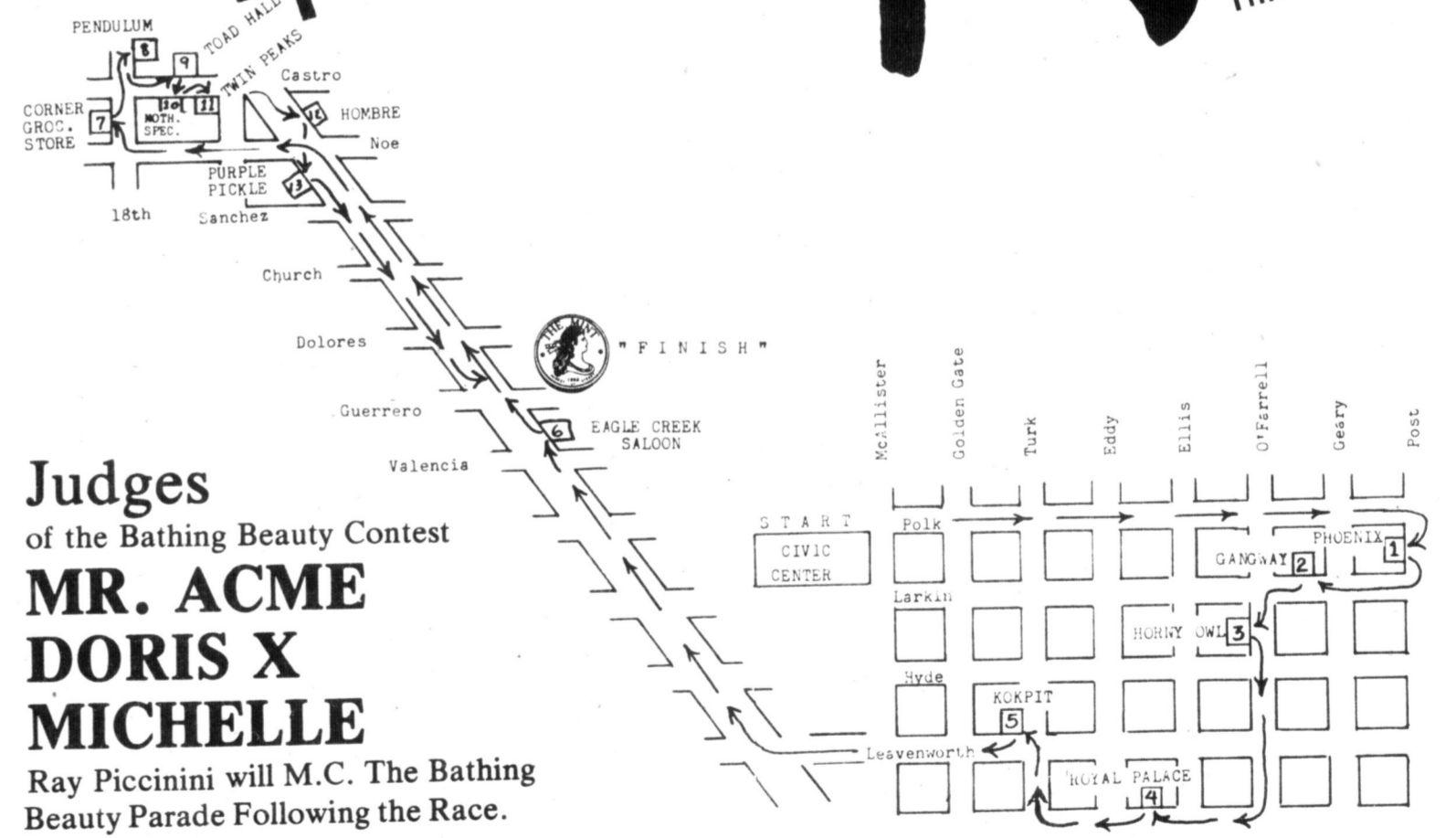
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Political Views

Milk Forum By Harvey Milk

Something is happening. It can be summed up by telling you a little about two meetings I went to this past weekend. On Saturday, more than 500 people packed into a local school to hear former Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris announce his entry into next year's California Democratic Presidential pri-

mary. On Sunday, a brunch was given where I had the privilege of spending a considerable time talking to a man named Hans Schiller. More on him in a while.

There is something about the entire Fred Harris campaign that encompasses the Senator - himself, his Cherokee wife, LaDonna, his campaign workers, and the people who attend his rallies. It is enthusiasm. I have seen nothing like it since the early days of the Kennedys. And there is quite a difference between

those two. Harris does not have a pretty face. He does not have a huge family. He does not have a huge fortune. He does not have a slick public relations machine. He does have issues! And, something that all too few presidential candidates have: the ability to relate to people. A Harris rally is as exciting as a rock concert. The energy is higher. The turned on people are of all walks of life, all ages, all backgrounds and all come away with that enthusiasm. Hot!

The issues. As the Senator said: "If there is any primary issue, it is 'privilege'." He is a populist. IBM, General Motors, Scoop Jackson, the Pentagon, Rockefeller, et al., don't like him one bit. If Harris is elected, his move into the White House will move not only his own family but every family in the nation into it.

At last, a national campaign worth becoming involved in. There will be no group of slick sharpies running the campaign. Harris is leaving the decisions of running the local campaign up to the people in each state, and in each county. It is truly a campaign for the people and the gay community is invited. The local organizational meeting will be held on Wednesday, May 21st. (Anyone interested should call 864-1390 for more details.)

Something is happening. Here is a case where a person running for our nation's highest office, is asking people, not the corporations, to join in right at the start.

On Sunday, I met Hans Schiller. Very few of you probably know this extraordinary man. He, probably more than anyone else, planted the seed for a program called The Peace Corps. Schiller is very involved in the democratic system. He is a force of concern. During our long discussion, which covered everything from the Middle East to local flea markets, I asked for the answer to a question I am often asked. When I am asked: "What can I do to get involved?"; when I am asked: "Should I even bother getting involved?"; what do I tell them? He answered that I should tell them that indeed it does pay. Collectively, it is without question. Even some things on an individual basis pay, if you are lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time. But join with others and indeed, it does pay. He strongly suggested that the more who get together and form political clubs for a forum of those with like interests and concerns, the better the

nation will be. If they join a major force (like Democratic clubs joining the California Democratic Council) their voice will be heard by thousands. And, if there are enough voices raised they will not only be heard, they will be listened to. He expressed strong positive feelings that people who are concerned can do much more than they realize by joining present political clubs, or forming their own. It takes very few people and is quite easy to form a new club. (For information regarding this, call 864-1390.)

While these two events were and seem unrelated, there is a strong connection. Both voices were saying that people, such as you, can make the needed changes in this nation. Harris is organizing a campaign made of diverse people who feel that something has to happen. Schiller was saying that individuals can effect changes. Both were saying that it can be done. Both were calling for people who are upset with present governments to link together and fight for change. Something might just happen.

If there are enough new Democratic clubs formed in California, they could help Harris win the primary. If Harris could win in California, he might win in other states. And with Fred LaDonna in the White House, the privileged classes, the IBM's, the Rockefellers, will no longer be able to create VietNams and keep large pools of people unemployed. Think about it, and maybe you, too, can help that something that is happening. ☆

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Brother Bizarre's Gaze

By Mark Owens

Ya Gotta Have A Gimmick

Once there was a Gay Liberation group that used to get together all day and sit around, trying their best to think up something liberal they could do. And their conversation usually went something like this...

"Hey everybody, what are we gonna do?"

"I dunno, what do **you** want to do?"

"I dunno...."

...and every once in a while, somebody would come up with something like...

"Hey, I've got it! Let's all make up some picket signs and go zap the Phone Company! They're always good for publicity, good for a little action, right? Whaddaya say, huh?"

...which would promptly be shot down with a comment like....

"Naw, zapping is passe right now. Nobody in their right mind would want to do a **zap**; it ain't fashionable. Besides, all of them terrorist groups running around moved in on the Phone Company months ago."

"Oh. So what are we gonna do?"

"I dunno, what do **you** want to do?"

☆ ☆

...and on it went, day after day, week after week, with nothing much to speak of accomplished by this hapless group. Until one day...

"Hey everybody, what are we gonna do?"

"I dunno—oh wait a minute man! Look folks, we've been sitting around here looking at each other for God only



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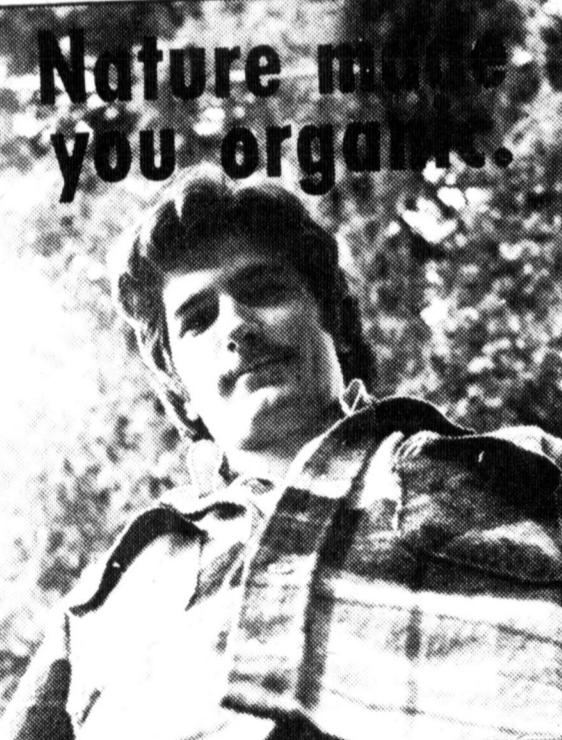
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knows how long, and what do we have to show for it? ZERO! Big, fat, round NOTHING! Now all of the other Gay Liberation groups are going out and doing things and we're still here. What we've got to have is something that will put us back in the limelight again. Okay?"

"Okay—so what are we going to do?"

"I dunno, what do you want to do?"
 ...somebody got a flash of inspiration!

"Hey, hold it everybody. Take a look at this!"

"Take a look at what?"
 "Take a look at this piece in the newspaper."

"So what about it?"
 "Yeah, it's just that gossip columnist."

"I know, I know. But the thing is, he's said a few things about us..."

"So what?"
 "Yeah, everybody knows he's probably a closet-queen himself."

"Okay, okay. But look—listen, I know it's hokey, I know it's trite, I know it's been used before—but this guy has said a few things about Gays. Now what if we took those things he's said out of context, put it all in a bunch of pamphlets and wrote about it like this guy really didn't like Gays? Why with a handle like that, we could..."

"Oh, come on!"
 "You've gotta be kidding!"
 "Nobody would buy something like that!"

"Hey, hay, wait a minute! I already know it's a dopey scheme! But look everybody—we're desperate, aren't we? If we can pull this off successfully, the least it will do is get our organization's name back in the papers!"

"Really?"
 "Gee, our name in the papers again..."

"Mr. Chairperson, what do you think?"

"Well... he's right—it is hokey, it is trite, it has been used before—but let's put it to a vote anyway. All those in favor?"

"AYE!!!"
 "Those opposed?"
 ☆ ☆

And so it came to pass that, from that spark of imagination, the group launched a massive campaign against the gossip columnist, got their name back in the news and—oh yes of course—they lived happily ever after.

finis

Social Commentaries

The Men In My Life By Paul-Francis Hartmann

Just Another Pretty Face ?

I've often wondered about the relationship or co-incidence between male beauty and being gay. Do gay men tend to be more beautiful than straights and/or do beautiful men tend to be gay? Could physical beauty give rise to sexual/emotional preferences and vice-versa? Some would say gay beauty is no more than cosmetics and a skill in their application -- added to a need to keep fit. Others would say we've seen so much of it in our midst we cease to see it. Yet how often have we heard the first words of a female on introduction to a gay bar. "My god, all these gorgeous men...and in one room..." I've always sensed a connection. Perhaps we have here another MEGATRUTH: enough evidence/myth and enough wishful thinking that the link becomes true enough.

Alexander the Great, Alcibiades, Alfred Lord Douglas (all beautiful and man-loving) and a million Rock Hudsons since amply make my point. Socrates, J. Edgar Hoover, Oscar Wilde (all unattractive and man-loving) refute my point. These three compensated nut at what cost. The wily Greek got around his dead pan by convincing his followers that Beauty was Truth and Truth/Beauty, thereby confusing the Western World for over 2000 years. Bulldog faced J. Edgar sunk his teeth into a piece of power, chewed every skeleton into a dossier, and held at bay two generations with canine grip and growl. Poor Oscar poured his pounds and blemishes into a Portrait and face-lifted himself into Reading Gaol.

For their corruption and "crimes against nature," the philosopher and the writer willingly accepted their sentence of the bitter cup: the ugly Greek his hemlock and the fat artist his absinthe. The super cop, whose cup of venom never ceased to runneth over, managed to die with his pants on. His day of retribution awaits him. In life, he never paid for his transgressions; in death he will never be forgiven, but forgotten. He kept clean, armored in the paper-filed filth of other lives. Ironically, the writings of the two convicted perverts ransomed their names, and Time has improved

their lot and looks. Hoover's perfidious documents -- shredded or not -- will paper him over, unredeemed, mummified in some black hole in space.

Notwithstanding these and other operatic Phantoms, Beauty persists like crocus defying a bleak landscape. Like April, Beauty is the cruelest face; only Fools deny its Day.

Beauty runs forth from certain family trees like maple syrup...and so do gay men. (A sweeter lineage?) Wouldn't we surprise ourselves if some day we uncovered the fact that both traits resided in the same genetic message...or "miss-message."

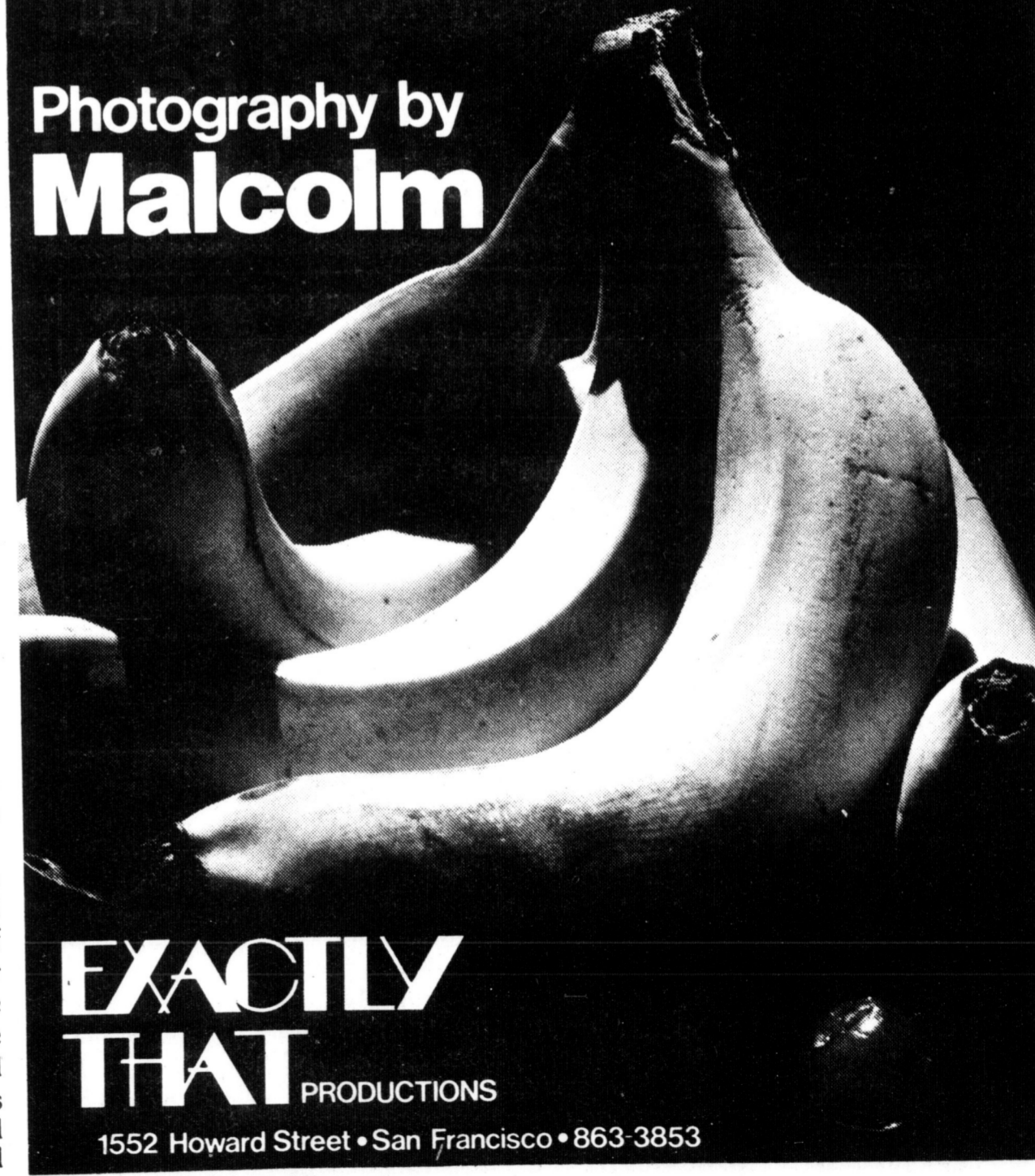
Our culture (has it ever been otherwise?) celebrates physical beauty whenever we come upon it -- be it raw or crafted by scapel and brace. The very

same mores thereupon admonish the carrier of that beauty to repress its glow, harness its power, ever pretend it isn't there -- as if a once-set fire could repress its flame. Worse yet, we manage to cower some beauties into being ashamed of their bounty. In our lore it's no crime to corrupt beauty, to undress it, to pin it up, to center fold it, to bed it down, but let beauty corrupt the innocent, the dwarf, or even the connoisseur, and our societal wand-wavers start wailing, "Monster" and would have Prince Charmings turned into a Toad.

There is the pretty face we can reject, another neutral variety we can ignore, but then there is the beauty we cannot do without. For some making it theirs is not enough. Once in their thrall,

(Continued on page 7)

Photography by Malcolm



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15

Show Biz In Review

By Donald McLean

Wonderful Town

The CIVIC LIGHT OPERA kicked off its '75 season with the first San Francisco professional production of *Wonderful Town*, the musical version of *My Sister Eileen*. *Town* is a creaky vehicle at best; it boasts one of Leonard Bernstein's less memorable scores and a mildly amusing book by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, much of which is outdated today. The current production has a strangely listless quality, lacking zip and punch from start to finish except for fleeting flashes. Tempo is a serious problem under Chodorov's book direction. Danny Daniels staging is uninspired on the whole; the excitement generated is less than feverish, though in the *Conga* and *Swing* production numbers, the show suddenly bursts to life.

Working with a dated show and lackluster direction, you need an exceptional cast to generate energy... and this *Wonderful Town* fortunately has. Nanette Fabray, as the older wise-cracking sister Ruth Sherwood, possesses a quality that transcends minor deficiencies. She may not have the greatest voice, be a dazzling dancer (though her *Swing* tap routine is pretty impressive) or have the racy hard edge of a Roz Russell, but she has tremendous warmth and charm. Her incandescent personality is so appealing that you instantly care about this woman onstage. She is also a fine physical comedienne, and when she injects her special touches into the script, she's very funny. Her



Marti Rolph and Nanette Fabray.

entrance expression after being thrown about by Brazilian cadets previously is priceless, garnering audience applause without a word being said. Miss Fabray's Ruth is a most appealing lady.

Marti Rolph is an engaging Eileen, avoiding all the pitfalls of the role. She is never cutesy or cloying in a role that could easily become nauseatingly goody-goody. George Gaynes possesses a ringing baritone voice, which is about all his part demands as Ruth's love interest. Joe Burke, all 6'6" of him, is exceptional as *The Wreck*, the ex-football-player-turned-housemaid, and Lee Roy Reams contributes a gem of a performance as the clumsy drugstore clerk infatuated with Eileen. Fredd Wayne also scores solidly as the conniving reporter on the make, while Jack Kruschen and Mary Wickes manage a few hilarious moments with what little the script allows them (thank God for the Village Vortex ballet as they try to wend their way across a jammed dance floor). The costumes by Frank Thompson are first-rate, the sets by Robert Randolph garish and a new number *Hey, New York* is a decided asset to the plotline.

Miss Fabray has opted for a softer interpretation of Ruth than I've seen previously, and it tends to vitiate the effectiveness of her sanppy projection. But *Town* is a vehicle for its leading lady, rising or falling upon her performance, and Miss Fabray keeps this production afloat by sheer vivacity.

Chalk *Wonderful Town* up as a

second rate musical comedy currently being given a good if unexciting production; in this case, it should be retitled *Yes, Yes, Nanette!*

UBUREX

The SAN FRANCISCO REPERTORY COMPANY kicked off its first bomb of the season with Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Rex* (pronounced Ohh-Boo-Retch). We are told in their promo flyers that this verbal dungheap is a "comic nightmare;" well, they're half right! Whatever possessed director Michelle Truffaut to choose this script (I refuse to call it a play!) to open their new season will remain the mystery of the ages. I do not begin to understand what this surrealistic dream of the greed and power lust of little men is all about. If you can understand it, you're a better man than I, Gunga Din. I only know that this production playing weekends at the Intersection Theatre, 756 Union St., provoked the worst of all possible reactions in me -- total apathy. I was not amused, offended, entertained, outraged or even remotely interested in the environmental staging of this piece. I came, I saw and I fled! I suspect that there might be considerable talent in this group (I was impressed enough to note Jimmy Fox and Wana Dowell as potential discoveries), and director Truffaut to her credit kept the long one-act moving merrily along, but I reserve all comment upon this group until I can see them in something where talent is not buried under gimmicks and bad closet drama.

When Jarry's work premiered in Paris in 1896, it caused a riot. I wish I'd had the rock concession!

LORI McCORMACK AT CABARET

She stands in a pink spotlight, a little urchin dressed up in grownup clothes, singing songs of love lost and found. She sings in a voice that defies her size with an understanding for a lyric beyond her years, and she holds an audience in her outflung hand. Her name is Lori McCormack. Remember it. You're going to be hearing it a lot more very soon. Under the expert musical guidance of Gene Palumbo, she's already an original, not imitating anyone else, with a repertoire as unique as its delineator. She's classy, she's fresh and she's very, very good. *I'm Not Afraid* the lady sings and there's no reason she should be. She's got everything going for her. Watch for her return soon at CABARET.

The Passenger

Michelangelo Antonioni's new film *The Passenger* is a visual masterpiece, frame for frame one of the most beautifully realized films in years. A slow moving study of the futility of aimless existence, it offers Jack Nicholson another rich portrayal as a photographer who exchanges identities with an unknown dead man in the hopes that his new life will prove more rewarding. Nicholson is superb, aided by Maria Schneider (looking like everyone's concept of a war orphan) under Antonioni's metronome direction. While cinema verite fans will acclaim this for years to come, it will also undoubtedly prove to be a thunderous bore to many who desire their action uptempo and their plotline fully defined. It's a beautiful mood piece...where the real star is photographer Luciano Tovoli. (At the Regency I.)

LIVE A LITTLE, STEAL A LOT

This American International release is better than you might think. Based upon the true story of the two men who stole the 563.35 ct. "Star of India" sapphire ten years ago, it offers Robert Conrad his first dimensional portrayal as beach boy/jewel thief Allan Kuhn, and Conrad delivers a surprisingly good performance. Don Stroud once again perfects his hip, loud-mouthed womanizer character as Jack Murphy, with the biggest acting honors going to Donna Mills as Stroud's girlfriend/victim. The script is definitely slanted in favor of the thieves (not unexpected, since Kuhn



Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider in Antonioni's "The Passenger."

was technical advisor), revealing how the police framed evidence against them to finally convict the two. It's engrossing from start to finish, with humor, suspense and solid performances...a good "B" film.

MANDINGO

According to Kyle Onstott's trashy best seller *Mandingo*, the South must have lost the war because they were all too tired from fornicating to fight. *Mandingo* has something for everyone -- incest, nudity, miscegenation, blood and gore



Robert Conrad and Ginny Eaton in "Live A Little, Steal A Lot."

galore, and sex in every size, shape and color combination. It reinforces every cliché and stereotype of the "white massa" on his rundown Southern plantation dealing with his "niggers," pre-Civil War (which this movie could easily revive), and particularly one *Mandingo* (whatever that is) stud buck, played by former heavyweight champ Ken Norton with one expression of stoic forbearance (he must have read the script). James Mason plays "massa,"

(Continued Next Page)

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hitting the bottom of his career; the only performances that redeem this ghastly experience are Perry King as Mason's son and Brenda Sykes as his Black sex servant. Their scenes together create the only honest moments onscreen, and King shows the potential of becoming a major leading man to be reckoned with. Susan George brings her *Maggie the Cat* interpretation direct from the Oshkosh Community Theatre to lucky us, and it would all be offensive if it weren't so laughable. I found myself thoroughly enjoying the terribleness of it all...until the big fight sequence, the most stomach-turning fight ever seen on film.

For garbage collectors, it's a must! (at the Warfield, starting May 21st)
Go-At-Your-Own-Risk -- Tommy and At Long Last Love. Boorriinnng!

Deja Vu

BY Bill Kruse

It's happening again in the city. Talent is appearing in our dinner clubs. Not since the days of the "524" have I heard star quality performers without paying a cover charge. Fanny's, a handsome restaurant on 18th St., features such entertainment. Sunday

through Wednesday evenings, Janell plays with your head and your heart. She makes a commitment to her audience that they will be entertained and enjoy her music, some of which she has written. Jazz, blues, ballads, soft rock. It's difficult to describe her style, other than warm. I've listened to many of her sets, each time there's magic, old songs take on new meaning, her music is personal, she can't help but touch you. Her accompanist, talented, quiet, almost deadpan, gives the lady space. She calls him Juicie-fruit Bruce; I've never asked why.

Thursday through Sunday brunch, Valencia brings her own brand of music to the richly paneled room. More jazz than ballads, she takes the audience up, and keeps them there. Here's another lady to watch; she'll be going places.

Meet Barbara Cook

by Donald McLean
BROADWAY'S LYRICAL LEADING LADY HITS THE CONCERT TRAIL!

"I'm not going out there just to sing pretty notes. What I try to do is make something happen to bring people together. Going to a concert is like meeting me, I hope. I really have a sense of being absolutely connected to myself and in touch with myself. I feel pretty good about me. I think I'm a nice person. I fuck up now and then, but I never mean to hurt anyone. I was never one of those people who would push to be in the middle of the picture. I'd be embarrassed to tears. In concert, I like to see the people, so I have the house lights up. The night of the Carnegie Hall thing, I wanted everybody around before the concert laughing and talking, carrying on and joking. I don't want to be left alone. I'm going out there being me and it helps me to remember who I am and keep in touch with whoever I am!"

From her Broadway debut in 1951 in *Flahooley* to her last show in 1971, *The Grass Harp*, Barbara Cook reigned as Broadway's leading lyrical ingenue, crating the roles of Marian the Librarian in *The Music Man*, Cunegonde in *Candide* and Amelia in *She Loves Me*. (in case you're not sufficiently impressed, add *Plain & Fancy*, *Little Murders*, *Any Wednesday*, *The Gay Life* and numerous City Center revivals to her list of credits -- her favorite role? *A sesame bun!*) Now, in 1975, Barbara Cook is hitting the concert trail for the first time.

At 47, the voice remains as pure as ever but the slim figure is a thing of the past...temporarily. Miss Cook is quite large to say the least, but she's not particularly bothered. "I don't have to have a slim figure to feel worthwhile. I think it's nice to have it for health certainly, but I don't depend upon what I look like physically as much as I used to. that doesn't mean I don't care. I have all sorts of other things I feel good about, that I'm in contact with about myself. I went through the whole thing of really not wanting to go out of the house because what would people think, that sort of thing. I don't know why exactly it doesn't bother me. I don't intend to stay fat forever. 2 1/2 years ago I weighed 130. I've lost eighty-five thousand pounds in my life, you know what I mean?"

A concert performer who wants to see her audience, who has a party of



Barbara Cook.

well-wishers around her BEFORE the show, who doesn't worry about looking less than her best -- Barbara Cook is definitely a rule-breaker. But that's all happened recently within the freedom of the concert stage. "As an actress, I'm not the kind of actress who imposes her personality upon the role. For me, that's not the way to do it. I try to realize what the author has written, and in that sense, I think what I do is a little different. I don't try to do my super razz-ma-tazz just because I need to do my razz-ma-tazz. The most satisfying show for me was a production of *The King and I* that Farley Granger and I did at the City Center in 1960. We absolutely loved working together and we both feel it's our best work. I loved doing musicals. By the time I got to *Grass Harp* I was cooking on all cylinders...I don't think I have those great do-or-die ambitions you have when you're younger. I don't think I have those anymore, but one thing that would be nice would be to be in a musical where I'm the hit in the hit. It would be really nice to have one of those. Oh! And you know what else I want? I want my name in lights...literally! I've never had that, my name in lightbulbs, Goddammit. I think I've earned it, doncha think?" Yeah, I think it's about time.

Although a successful leading lady for over twenty years, stardom was not immediate. Coming to New York in 1948 from Atlanta, Georgia, ("I don't remember a time when I couldn't sing; my earliest memories are of singing") she remembers "Usually I didn't starve, but there was a week I ate Milky Ways and apples. It was three years before I got my first show...*Flahooley* did not catapult me to anything but the post office!" Barbara and co-starver Jack Cassidy

spent one Christmas rush period sorting mail in Flushing, New York, waiting for the next break. For Barbara, it came with her performance as *Carrier in Carouse!* in a revival -- "It was the first real critical acclaim that I had in the city" -- and the roles rolled in. She also married acting teacher David LeGrant, which ran 13 years, and had a fifteen year old son by him.

"Singers are a funny breed. I think I'm really lucky, because I don't remember when I couldn't sing, I take my singing to a certain extent for granted. Certainly it's something I worked very hard to improve, but I always had a really pretty voice, you know what I mean? I tended not to realize what I had for a long time. I worked really very hard to get my acting technique. Believability became very important in a musical. Many singers can't act, and many actors can't sing. I'm luckier than most because I can do both, with a little tap dancing on the side...and I'll sweep up afterwards if you want!"

Barbara Cook -- earthy, honest and very talented. ☆

the mane attraction....



the lion

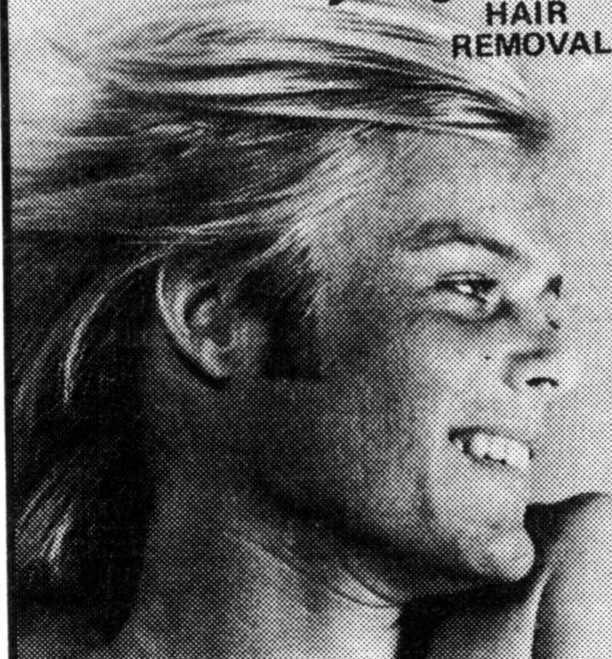
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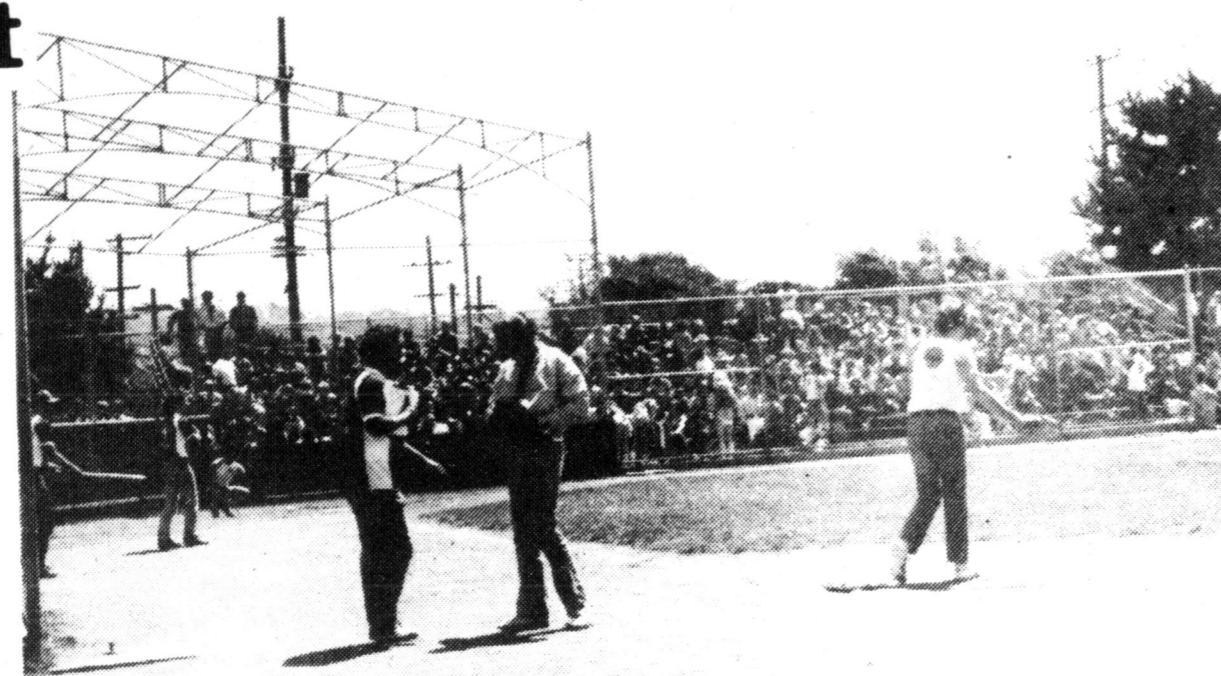
Bertha At Bat

By Jack Burden

Pendulum 5 - 0
Sutter's Mill 5 - 0

WHO WILL FACE THE ALL-STARS?

The fourth week of C.S.L. action got underway at Balboa Park with an all too frequent happening. Yep, the Pendulum won again. Told you it was frequent. Staying on their undefeated trail, Irene's Pirates took on an unsuspecting Hombre team and made true believers out of them with a 27-6 runaway. I think Irene thinks football instead of softball on Sunday's. I mean the scores do speak for themselves. Sweetlips stole the show for the weekend, as she presented her "personal" softball sweetheart, Peter with a bouquet of red carnations and an autographed photo as the Kokpit prepared to take on Toad Hall. It was to be the shortest game in the history of the C.S.L. The Kokpit tallied the first run of the game and gave the fans the idea that maybe there was going to be an upset in the making. Well, that was another short lived idea, as Toad Hall answered that one run and added eleven more to take a 21 - 1 first inning lead. No one crossed home plate in the second inning, and no one came close. The final inning was the third, yes, I said the third



Capacity crowd awaits start of Toad Hall - Pendulum Game.

inning. Toad Hall scored 14 runs in the bottom of the third and all of a sudden, had a 26 - 1 lead. The Kokpit was not to go back on the field and everyone realized they were seeing a real mismatch. Both managers got together and decided there was no sense in carrying on the contest. I mean, no one wanted to see how many runs Toad Hall could score in seven innings. Not even the Toad team itself. They showed great sportsmanship in not wanting to run up the score on a much weaker Kokpit squad. My hat is off to you, Toad Hall, maybe you have started a new era in our league. Sure hope so anyway. Twin Peaks has finished their rebuilding year, and they convincingly defeated a good Roundup team 18 - 10. Tom has done a great job with his players

and deserves all the credit and success that is sure to come his way.

Sutter's Mill kept pace with their undefeated ways as they took another big win in defeating the Purple Pickle 16 - 1...Sutter's is now 4 - 0 and is in lone possession of first place in the Northern Division.

Jackson's has started to jell as a team and almost pulled off a big upset on Sunday as they held 4 - 1 lead after three innings over FeBe's. But I guess this was not to be their week for victory, as FeBe's came roaring back and scored 13 runs in the fifth inning and then went on to post a 17 - 4 win....Jackson's is still going to do it to someone and it will be a sweet win when that day comes.

It was another win for FeBe's as they opened the fifth week of play with a

solid 17 - 9 win over the Purple Pickle. FeBe's is now 3 - 1 and tied for second place in the Southern Division. For a first year team, they have fielded quite a competent outfit. Their cheerleaders are quite a success too. Led by Tacky Tacky Ruth and Queen 2-B Randy, the "Vaporettes" lead a good cheering section every time their Folsom team takes the field of play. They even have two real girls on their cheering team. Now that what I call doing it up right.

Twin Peaks became 3 - 1, but it didn't come easy. Jackson's gave the Castro Area team all they could handle and then some as many onlookers thought this was to be the "Big" one for Steve Cook and his scrappy tall club. Again victory escaped the grasp of the Jackson squad as Twin Peaks held on for a 19 - 15 squeaker. Remember when Jackson's was losing by 35 and 40 runs. Well those days are gone and we all better beware.

Sutter's Mill became the first 5 - 0 team as again they played great solid ball in turning back the Hombre 21 - 13. After taking a 21 - 1 lead, Sutter's made substitutions that resulted in the Hombre scoring 12 runs in one inning. But, being the confident and collected team that they are, Sutter's called a time out and then proceeded to end the game with a quick series of outs. Confidence is the name of the game and if I had a group of players such as power hitter Alex, fleet footed Manny, consistent Metz, and of course that indescribable shortstop Art, I would have the confidence to equal anyone. And Sutter's does. Pendulum, watch out.

The Mint got back on the winning trail after last week's loss, but it didn't happen until the seventh inning against a stubborn Roundup team. A 3 - 3 tie going into the bottom of the seventh, the Mint put two men on base while the ball was being thrown about very carelessly by the Roundup squad. It was this erratic throwing that finally scored the winning run for the Mint as they took a hard earned 4 - 3 cliffhanger. The defense slowed by the Mint infield shows that they are finally playing up to expectations. Now maybe Charlotte won't replace them with a girls team. Ha. Ha.

An estimated 300 spectators gathered to see the battle of the undefeateds of the Southern Division, Pendulum and Toad Hall, in what most people thought would produce the eventual Police team opponent. I think everyone got disappointed in that they saw the typical Pendulum team, but I'm not too sure they saw Toad Hall. I know I didn't anyway. What I saw was a team dressed

in orange uniforms, with imposter Toad Hall faces. The Pendulum won 16 - 0, and deserved to win. They played great defense, placed hits in the right places and proved on this given day that they are certainly the number one team of the Southern Div. I have never seen Toad Hall play such bad defense as they showed in this important contest. I know they are better than what was seen. their pitcher made some plays that were inexcusable. It was this poor kind of play that gave the Pendulum the early momentum that carried them to the win. Wish they could play again because I know Toad Hall could give a better account of itself. I guess everyone has an off day, and I'm sure that that is what happened to Pielock's squad.

Now that the season has reached the halfway point, the teams are a little easier to evaluate. It looks like a two team race from here on in, with Sutter's Mill and the Pendulum fighting it out. They both are undefeated and evenly matched. Both are super teams. Toad Hall could still pull it off and I'll make them a contender. I don't think anyone else will threaten the leaders at the present. There could be one dark horse in each division with a possible chance. Twin Peaks of the Southern Div., and the Mint in the Northern. I think by

season's end you will see these five teams leading the league. I have been asked to print my pick for the wearing of the 1975 C.S.L. crown. Here goes. SUTTER'S MILL.

CURRENT STANDINGS NORTHERN DIVISION

Sutter's Mill	5-0
Mint	2-2
Hombre	1-3
Kokpit	1-3
Jackson's	0-5

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Pendulum	5-0
Toad Hall	3-1
Twin Peaks	3-1
Febe's	3-1
Purple Pickle	1-4
Round Up	0-4

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"AHHEM"
"COUGH"

"I HEAR
YOU'RE STILL
SMOKING"

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Letter From Mole End

Dear Sushi-Demon:

Now that you're part of the ten percent on the dole, perhaps you'll consider making a trip up here next month, fitting it in between visits to your local employment office. The little sushi bar on Twenty-Fourth Street seems to be closed, but perhaps we can track down another like Oomasa in Los Angeles.

If you decide to come up, be sure to pack your corduroys. The climate hasn't been too welcoming, recently, and I'd hate to have you shivering. Cayenne tablets morning and night would sock your circulation, but they wear off in a couple of hours, and you can't take them constantly (can anyone?). When you press the cords to pack, be sure to press them inside out, so as not to crush the nap. Let them cool before you turn them right again, and use a damp tea towel to put in the creases. Be sure to press the

insides with the highest steam setting, and the creases with no steam over the towel. And keep your patience together after you steam press. Turning corduroy inside out and then right side again too soon is a sure way to make it more wrinkled than it was when it came out of the dryer.

You may find life around Mole End in a state of turmoil if you arrive before I am re-established in a new and better Mole End. The building has changed hands and the new owners want to live here, so I'm learning how to pack dishes and glassware. I discovered quite quickly that newspaper is second-best for wrapping (after tea towels, which are perfection) and must be used in double layers to afford any protection at all. You can see the smudges on this letter, I'm sure, from the ink on my formerly lily-white hands, because I decided not to use surgical

gloves to handle the wrappers. Two layers of newspaper, however, and a double paper towel every fourth plate, seem to cushion things adequately and keep them quite secure in their boxes.

Naturally, everything that I haven't used in two or more years is going to one of the charities. If I can remember where I put the receipt, if I remember to get a receipt, the donation will be tax-deductible next year. Moves, like this one, I think, are a prime source of the type of clothing and housewares that will be campy in ten or fifteen years. I hate to think what the twenty-first century will say when it sees the pegged trousers in the back of the closet!

Speaking of taxes: I still haven't received my Federal income tax refund. I had a letter from them a few weeks ago which informed me that they had lost me in the computer. You'd think even a computer would notice a name like "Mole, T.", but I guess their computer is a slow learner. Would it be funny if I got the rebate before I got the refund?

In between having the bentwood appraised and cleaning out the closets, I've been making forty-eight-hour chile, and discovered the best way in the world to get rid of the onion smell on my hands is to rub them with salt in cold water before I wash them. The salt, being part chlorine, seems to lift the onion off the skin so that the soap can suds it away. Warm water with the salt actually set the onion deeper and made it harder to wash off.

The chile, meanwhile, is simmering right along. Years ago, a lady from Sonora state (Mexico) taught me to put bitter chocolate and beer in any mixture seasoned with chili pepper. The chocolate seems to bind all the seasonings, and the beer mellows the chocolate. I put one ounce of chocolate and a can of beer in each gallon of chile, fairly close to the start of the cooking, and correct the salt at the last, and no one's complained yet. My amino acid matching chart for protein equivalents says that beans and corn, as in tortillas or corn chips, form a complete protein, so I've dispensed with the shredded beef altogether and make cornbread, instead. Luckily, chile keeps well if it's refrigerated at a very low temperature and heated up every couple of days. When I'm in the mood for chile, I heat up the whole batch, and then put the remains, when there are any at all, back in the ice box. (Do you remember Serval refrigerators: the gas-powered brand?)

Would you like to see the Community Softball League games

while you're here? I went last weekend, heavily jacketed, of course, and enjoyed the day tremendously. All that was lacking was a peanut vendor in the grandstands. It reminded me of Ladies' Day when the Sox were still big in Chicago, or was it the Rams? Kids got in free and secretaries took their bosses at half-price, in those days, and it was very windy. I've never been able to figure softball out, with all that running; but keeping score is a lot easier than in cricket -- at least every time someone gets to home base it's the same number of points. But why don't they give the pitchers points for making people be out? The game's too hard for little me.

Softball seems to be fairly thirsty work, judging from the way the soft drinks were circulating. If you're still drinking those diet sodas, you might try putting a twist of lemon in them to kill the aftertaste of the artificial sweetener. A friend on a strict regimen of potato chips and sugar-free soda told me about that little trick. She's been drining so much diet soda she thought she was permanently cursed with the aftertaste until she tried the lemon. It makes the soda taste kind of like the drug-store sodas I used to get (a cherry Coke and two straws, please), but not quite so heavy on the lemon flavor.

I've been to two of this year's Bach Festival concerts in the last few days, but plan to skip the Junior Bach Festival coming up. One child prodigy on the instruments is more than enough. The second concert featured the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, and what was my distressing surprise when I discovered at the end of the composition that the person handling the piano was just about fourteen! I was ready to spit. If they have that kind of young talent lined up for the Junior Festival, and they probably do, I don't think I could stand it. Even when assailed by the piercing pangs of jealousy, however, I do appreciate live music. The harpsichordist works out, too, but she's not fourteen, so it's easier not to be envious.

All this trekking around, going to concerts and softball, and also apartment hunting, has demonstrated the almost complete ineffectiveness of powder in one's shoes. So I sewed up some little muslin bags and filled them with baking soda to put in my shoes at the end of the day, and they work much better. I put powder on my tiny feet, of course, but not in my shoes; and the baking soda that I put in the shoes absorbs everything -- moisture and odor -- and leaves them as clean and sweet-

smelling as a defrosted refrigerator. (Which of course is washed out with baking soda.)

I could sing a hymn to sodas, but I'll refrain, and send my love to the baby

dogs, instead. Let me know how your schedule is, and we can hope I'll have a home again by the time you're ready to visit.

Regards from the dispossessed Mole

Imperial Newsletter

By Wally Rutherford

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE EMPEROR comes the following statement of police "Whereas it is the policy of the Office of the Emperor of San Francisco that no outside kingdom or the peoples of other empires may have a hand in the decision-making of this office, nor may any head of state of another kingdom impose titles of rank to any subject of this kingdom and that no present head of state or subject of this kingdom may do likewise in another Empire." In other words, heads of state outside of San Francisco have no authority to give titles related to S.F. to people in San Francisco and any such titles will not be recognized by the Emperor and the Emperor will accordingly do likewise in respect to other heads of state.

In addition, another statement of policy has been issued to the ICC of Southern California and to its Emperor, Alan. "It has always been our policy to endeavor to work closely with all Courts in furthering the cause of friendship; We, individually and collectively, see no need to alter our position. Since we do not recognize the word Boycott, we will attempt to attend all functions to which we are invited. We have not in the past, and do not in the future, intend to become involved in the internal affairs of other communities. It is our sincere desire that all programs shall be speedily resolved." Signed by Little Ray Emperor III Vancouver, Bobbie Blake Empress IV Vancouver, Lance Emperor I Seattle, Dominique Empress IV Seattle, Elsa

(Continued Next Page)

A HUNCH ON BRUNCH.

We at HANS' over in Oakland have a hunch that the Saturday and Sunday brunch scene gets to be the same after a while. Well Oakland has some fun daytime spots to help break your boredom. Lake Temescal and Lake Merritt are cruisy and sunny and great for tanning or just relaxing. HANS' serves brunch both Saturday 11am to 3pm and Sunday 10am to 4pm. Our International Menu includes Eggs Benedict, Eggs Florentine, Huevos Rancheros, plus our regular brunch entrées. Also on Sunday our upstairs "Corral" is now open from 12 noon for dancing. So come be gay in the East Bay; we'll be here when you need us.

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Empress XVIII Oregon, Scotty Empress II Denver, Richard Emperor II Denver, Ralph Rep. for Craig Emperor I Alaska, Doris Empress X S.F. and Bob Cramer Emperor S.F. In explanation, it was the opinion of the above listed Heads of State that due to internal conflict between the ICC and its member Court of San Diego this statement of policy was necessary.

On Wednesday, May 7, Bob Cramer presented an Imperial Proclamation to the first Empress of S.F., Jose Sarria, on the occasion of the Grand Opening of the Royal Palace. In part the proclamation reads "I/We, the Emperors of San Francisco, do hereby declare and recognize Jose Sarria as Imperial Queen Mother of S.F. for life. Further, I/We, request that all people in all empires and all reigning heads of state who recognize this office, henceforth acknowledge and honor this proclamation." The proclamation was officially signed by Emperor I Marcus, Emperor II, Russ, and Emperor Bob Cramer and the seal of the office of the Emperor of San Francisco affixed.

EMPRESS X DORIS AND THE

DAISY COURT will sponsor a celebrity "Car Wash" on Saturday, May 17, in the Mint's parking lot from 7:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. for S.F. Deputies and Inmates. The funds will be used to aid recently released prisoners. Also the same evening, clothes will be collected. Now's the time to do that spring house cleaning. The special guest of honor will be Sheriff Hongisto.

Within the next few weeks, the kickoff campaign will be begin to raise funds needed for the upcoming production of the Wizard of Oz. "Oz" buttons will be sold for \$1.00 each, and please be reminded that this production is a benefit for Operation Concern. Doris informs me how pleased he is with the individual and community cooperation by both straights and gays in an effort to make "Oz" a successful venture for Operation Concern. Many thanks to all who are working so hard.

Atlantis House, the first gay halfway house for ex-prisoners, is in need of single beds and financial assistance. The house is located in San Francisco. Anyone wishing to help, please contact Doris for further information.

Doris also wants to remind everyone that the Community Softball League games are played on Saturdays and Sundays at Balboa Park, Ocean and San Jose Avenues. Sundays are hot dog days with all proceeds donated to various charities.

JOINT PROJECTS - Bob and Doris attended the gala Grand Opening of the Royal Palace on Wednesday, May 7, and were presented keys to the Palace. They, in turn, dedicated the Imperial Royal Box the same evening. A very special thanks to Jose and the Royal Palce for a fabulous night.

Next, a reminder that on Friday, May 30, is the Imperial Family Ball at the Jack Tar Hotel. The theme is *Jewels and Jeans* and admission is \$3.50. All proceeds will be donated to the Calif. Committee for Equal Rights. This is the committee who worked with legislators on the consenting sex bill AB489 now before the governor for signature.

OUT OF TOWN, the Emperor and Empress, plus members of both Courts attended the coronation in San Diego on Sunday, May 4. Congratulations to Emperor III, Jim Noland and Empress II Ruth. — Princess Royale Ball in Portland

is happening Memorial Day Weekend.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

- May 17
Car Wash, The Mint
Princess Royal, Spokane
May 23 - 26
Princess Royale, Portland
May 26
Mint's Tricycle Race
May 30
Imperial Family Ball, Jack Tar

Portland Bash

KNIGHTS HOLD CARNIVAL ANNOUNCE ANNIVERSARY III PLANS...

April 13, Dahl & Penne's was the scene of the second annual Knights of Malta Krazy Karnival. In addition to the usual events, this year boasted "Las Vegas Night" with blackjack and dice.

Among the notables under fire in the pie throwing booth, was Leo Gaul, who should have had a kissing booth rather than having his kisser smeared with whipped cream. Rose, Empress XVIII, Elsa Daniels provided horror make-up for our fortune teller, the "Mad Monk." Jim Franz broke the bank...unfortunately, he was the dealer. It was nice to see Seattle's Jet Chapter supporting their brother Black Rose Chapter.

While our illustrious Preisident was guarding the cash office, he told us about the upcoming Anniversary III, which is always held on the final weekend of the Rose Festival...this year on June 13, 14 and 15. "We're always trying to add new features," said President Ray. "This year we're offering a scavenger hunt called Knights Quest. We've expanded our nudie cutie show to a multi-media production, and we're giving valuable silver trophies to the winners of all contests, including Mr. Male."

He also told us that only 175 places will be sold and suggested early reservations. The price quoted for the entire weekend is \$20 until June 1st; \$25 thereafter. The Other Inn, 242 S.W. Alder St., Portland, Oregon 97204 can provide tickets.

With 2 shows, silver trophies, 3 meals and 2 pool parties, we can see that the Merry Monks have planned 72 hours of what they do best...having fun. ☆

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People, Places & Things

Sweetlips Sez

Mai Tai Party....7:00 pm til '30 pm...Sunday the 18th of May...Aloha to Skippy of the Blowhole Bar in Honolulu...Premier Showing of 'Aloha Sweetlips' or 'The Girl Who Got The Golden Lei'...in sound and color presented by Henri...so do drop in and meet Skippy...a heaven person.

Seems as if Larry the bartender at the Q.T. is turned on to Folsom Street...at least from the looks of the bruises and black eye...Ricks 'Gold Room' on Geary Street has our own fabulous 'Barbara Ball' on the plank now...you all remember 'Casket Kate' who used to own Ricks Cavalcade...that is where Greta Grass got her start in show business...but the 'Lips' has Greta on Saturdays and Sundays now...

Hvae you been to the Badlands and met hunky David the gorgeous blond bartender...he evens turns old Bella on...keep up the good work David... Thank you Bob and Dale of the 'Royal Palace' for the leather jacket with the Royal Palace overlay...it is heaven as you both are...



Sweetlips pitches camp at Balboa Park.

Quote from our own Jimmy Quinn: Last years Polio Poster Girl and her Posterettes...tapping her little heart away across America...at the Levi Ball which promises to be really hot...the 23rd of May at California Hall...don't miss it.

Happy belated birthday Mama Peck... how old are you really honey. Seems as if Operation Concern needs a lot of money - too bad that the individuals that owe Operation Concern so much monies don't make an attempt at

(Continued Next Page)

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Din. 6-11 Fri & Sat.
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YOUR HOSTS
Bob, Henry, Al, Dane, Steve & Don

repaying some of it...after all, a lot of people work hard on raising these funds and are tired of monies being 'ripped' off. Hi Gregg of the Wild Goose...you are a heaven person and a great asset to San Francisco. Greta never looked lovelier than she did at the Seventh Anniversary Party of the Gangway, just about everyone in town was there, including the Lips, Cristal, George and the handsome and hunky Bobby Calhoun of the Purple Pickle...it was just another one of your fabulous parties Daddy Joe...

Seems as if Cristal and Mike Dooley got together in Portland...it took a drunken flite and a charge on someone's???? credit card...Mike Dooley wishes to thank all of the Portland people for the magnificent hospitality...you are right Michael and it is too bad people here don't have the same hospitality instead of just bitching and being on their own masculine??? ego trips...especially that so called columnist from the 'D' rated rag.....

It is too bad that one bar owner has used and I do mean used all of the 'Royalty' of the city to try and save their bar and then have the 'gall' to get rid of (or try to) this Royalty...remember, there is justice. If you want to have a great cup of soup

MR. LIPS?

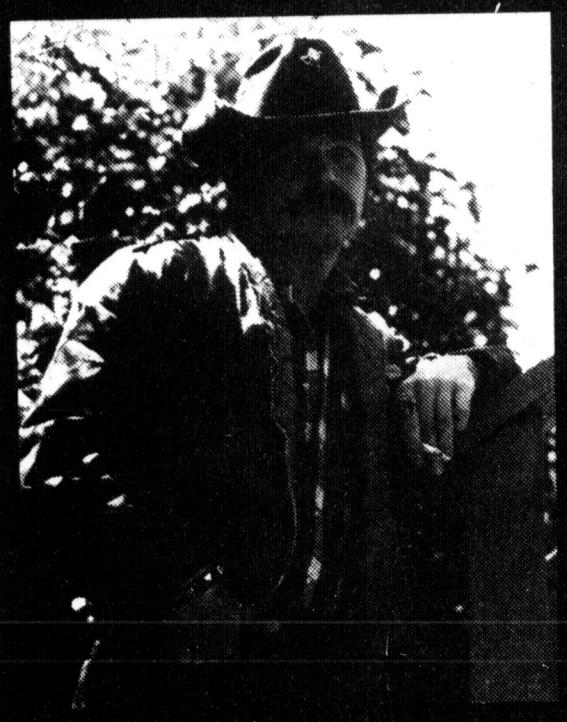


photo by Malcolm

BOBBY CALHOUN

and a sandwich you make yourself drop in at the Purple Pickle, Monday thru Fridays - days...besides, you can get a great drink from the most beautiful person...Bobby Calhoun...and contrary to the opinion of the 'D' rated columnist???? it is neither Cash nor Career...it is fondness for another beautiful individual...besides, I do love Bobby Calhoun as a person...a beautiful person.

Craig Daley of Sutters Mill...since you shall be a neighbor...I do not want you coming over in the mornings to borrow a cup of brandy...

How strange...Cristal's Mother's Day

Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

Time to break out your "run" equipment as two of our local bike clubs launch the season with major weekend runs. The CHEATERS M/C 4th Annual BOON DOCKS BASH is scheduled for Memorial Day Weekend (May 24, 25 and 26) in the High Sierra Country. This popular event will include bike events, food, open liquor bar, beer, wine, soft drinks and all food will be provided EXCEPT on Saturday night when fires, grilles, salad and vegetables will accompany the entree YOU provide for yourself. The cost of this run is \$32.50 until May 15th and \$35.00 after that date and applications can be obtained from any Cheater or write to P.O. Box 703, Brisbane, CA. 94005. There is a limit of 150 persons for this run, so get yours in early!

The San Francisco GDI stage their first major bike event the next weekend with the "Old Fashioned Motorcycle Run - 1975" on May 30, 31 & June 1st. For \$35 (until May 15th, then \$40), this run will include cocktails and dinner on Friday evening, eye-openers and breakfast Saturday morning with hot lunch served at the field events followed by a Saturday evening cocktail party and surprise gourmet dinner. Sunday morning will feature a farewell breakfast and the 24-hour refrigerator will be stocked with hot dogs and other goodies for those who like late snacks. The run promises hot indoor showers, indoor plumbing and a fresh water swimming pool plus a bunkhouse for those of you without a tent. It's limited to 125 persons, so act now! The run site is only an hour drive from the city on private property and field events for light,

Flowers from Lady Blossom's Carriage Trade were more larger than mine... Sugar, don't you love me or is Cristal a bigger Mother. Hope you all had as much fun on Mother's Day as we folks did...we love you all.

Kenny, hope you decide to go to the islands with us....Lips.

P.S. Don't forget the Great Tricycle Race...the Kokpit is a pit stop.

How did you like your Mother's Day Corsage Jose...delivered by the Lips on a motorcycle...class, eh?...loved your opera. Thank you Mr. & Mrs. Miller for the motorcycle ride. ☆

medium and heavyweight bikes as well as Buddy events. A show is planned and music for dancing, of course!

☆ ☆
The once defunct AQUILAS M/C have been re-activated down Peninsula way. To date, this all-bike club has ten members and 1 associate with five prospectives lined up. Couple of weekends ago, that group made their first major public appearance with a brunch for 20 persons at the SAVOY thence a short run to Vista Point, Big Basin and ended up in Santa Cruz. Last weekend, the AQUILAS had their open dinner-meeting at the BAJ and from all reports, the members all appear to be a young, groovy set. Lane Ferris, spokesman for the club, stated that the group has many dynamic plans for the future and will be the link club between San Francisco and Monterey. Good luck to the NEW AQUILAS in all future endeavors and welcome to the bike club family of Northern California.

☆ ☆
Alum Rock Park in San Jose was the site for the 5th Annual CMC & WARLOCKS Box Lunch Social two Sundays ago, and "Butch Trash" was the theme for the competing participants. You never saw so much crystal and silver under the trees contrasted by hub cap plates and bowls on other tables, all competing for trophies in Most Basically Butch, Most Elegantly Trashy, and Most Obviously Absurd categories. A good feeling of rapport and team work prevailed in the volley ball games and the competition. There were even several women on the run which made it more interesting - it is good to see women

participating in ALL the events and functions in Our Community. In spite of the cool weather, the general consensus among the 75 or so people there was that the Box Lunch Social is a fun event and we're all looking forward to next year's presentation.

☆ ☆

The past week was another busy one for the local yokels: Monday night the NEW BELL threw their annual Cinco de Mayo party with competition in chili-making followed by voting for the MAGGIE AWARD nominees, thence on to the BOOT CAMP for the Fun Buns Contest which was attended by such stellar personalities as Mr. Gay Colorado Charles Wilson, Mr. Gay Santa Rosa Larry, Empress Dominique of Seattle, Empress Missy of Long Beach, Mr. Eagle Leathers Jack of New York, Mr. Gay Guam Tommy, Mr. Gay Munich Horst, Princess Phoebe Planters of DATA BOY, Cal Coburn of the Maggies and Emperor Bob Cramer. The handsome Joe Dheelen won that night and he just happens to be Mr. Gay Amsterdam of Holland, no less! On Tuesday the NAKED GRAPE was still celebrating their 3rd Anniversary and Wednesday night, the ROYAL PALACE dedicated their new BOX and had all the title holders sign framed portraits. The Emperors declared Jose as the Imperial Queen Mother of San Francisco for life then everyone ran over to the RENDEZVOUS where super-auctioneer Bob Ross and others were selling items for the Helping Hands Center. That smoothie good guy Bill Tolan took over the rest of the week with a dinner and roasting at the 527 CLUB on Thursday, followed on Friday by the Horseshoe Awards at FE-BE's. On Saturday night, Bill hosted the Hoe Down Jamboree at SIR CENTER, a benefit for the American Indians. You can tell how well-liked this guy is by the many, many friends that turned out for these events. Don't forget, Saturday, June 21st is the 5th Mr. Cowboy '75 Pageant. Sunday, the RAINBOW M/C and the BLACK SABBATH M/C staged their Black Rainbow Party at the NO NAME BAR and some 200 + dudes jammed in to make it a real fun event. Even Mario lived his fetish out with a pair of black wet-look pants direct from Frederick's of Hollywood and Tucker was fooling around with Lucky Wheeler of FOLSOM PRISON. It was a nice Mother's Day blast but nobody's mother was there!

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARC-US: In case you don't know

it, three of our bike clubs are **without** First Ladies. The first lady is usually the lover of the club president. Buddy Thompson of the CMC has a part-time first lady named "Butch" and the SAN FRANCISCANS' Prez, Randy Lomas has his entire club scouting for him. The WARLOCKS are sure to have one before too long, but I guess Joanne is filling in for the moment. Note: All applicants must have big trunks!...And speaking of elephants, Don Schulz of JACKSON's must have a good memory; last Monday afternoon, some 100 invited guests converged upon the BADLANDS for cocktails and the 1st Sheila Shiftface Awards, given to all his old-time friends who committed some faux pas while under the influence of booze. MC Jay Noonan had the crowd in stitches as he related anecdotes about each recipient of the numbered buttons, some of whom were aghast at their own misdeeds...The 2nd Annual golden Dildeaux Awards at the BOOT CAMP will be on Wednesday, May 28th and the nominations are rolling in like crazy. Have you checked the list yet? YOU might be on it...attention all you "gray flannel ladies" in the financial district: Watch for THE BUTTERFLY, a wine, cheese and sandwich shop opening at

211 Kearny Street on June, 2nd, and run by three groovies, Peter Kling, Owen Hoyt and Tom Lambert; the BUTTERFLY will be open Monday through Saturday from 9 am to 8 pm and will cater to all of you...Congratulations to the KNIGHTS OF MALTA in Reno on their new monthly newsletter, CROSS-FIRE...The 7th Coronation Ball for the Reina de San Jose will be held on 14 June, same day as H.L. Perry's MR. and MISS GAY CALIFORNIA Contest... Did you know you could have Coffee with Curt (6 to 10 AM), Tea with Tacky (10 to 6 PM) and Meat with Mavis (6 to 2 AM) at the N'TOUCH daily? You do now...Hi Darimus and Lorelei...Hope you got invited to Marcus Johnson's Open House on May 24th - it's a "Come As Your Favorite Fetish" party and can anyone let me know how to dress as a toe?...Now that Lucky Wheeler of FOLSOM PRISON is single (again?), he has been seen with some of the hunkiest numbers around town, are you listening Dick O'Brien?...Belated Happy Birthday to Ritch McFarland of ZELDA'S, the only place to Sin in Marin...Have you met all the hunkies at PLAYLAND?. Check it out soon...Congratulations to Ray Hedges of the RAMROD; to date, he's the only person nominated for

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**GOLDEN
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Golden Dildeaux Awards in FOUR categories... Those of you who frequent the FOLSOM STREET BARRACKS probably never noticed that back yard from the windows - two mannequins, Sweet Pea and Mr. Thing all decorated and painted up by Jay, the friendly doorman at THE WAGON and honey, they are flawless!...Marvelous Mavis of the N'TOUCH appreciates people who

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try hard and succeed, so she gave her BEST CAMP Community Award trophy to Marcia Pistol (also of the WAGON) because he felt Marcia really deserved it and that's what I call real esprit de corps, Mavis... Circus, Circus is on July 28th at California Hall with Katie Ullman's All Girl Band and speaking of Katie Ullman, is that Sandy Launier you've been spending so much time with?... Don Bruce, owner of the DC-EAGLE writes to say that a dude by the name of Larry Jones is wandering around the country "borrowing" money from leather bar persons. He usually wears a leather overlay with an Eagle patch on the back and a name tag reading "Larry-DC Eagle." He is 24, an ex-marine, 5'10", 190 lbs., with light brown hair and eyes. The DC Eagle offers a reward for the overlay and the name tag, both of which "were stolen from us"... Check out the 21ST & MISSION BATHS - remodelling is completed and it is SOOOOOOper!... That winds it up for this issue, remember, a part of kindness is loving someone MORE than they deserve! *n'est-ce pas?* Love you all,

Mister Marcus

P.S. See you ALL at the LEVI BALL on Friday, May 23rd at California Hall and PLEASE vote for DUNCAN - he's a dynamite man!

Law In Action

PRODUCTS LIABILITY

"Right on with good workmanship," said Charlie.

Charlie bought a small apartment house. It was one of several that a builder constructed in a shopping area. It was a bad investment. The walls cracked, the floors sank and the workmanship was bad. Charlie sued the builder. The builder's defense was that the apartments were built according to code and consistent with the standards of the area. There were no guarantees of workmanship or materials, he said.

The Supreme Court ruled that there was liability on the builder even without proof that the builder was negligent. There is "strict liability" without proof of negligence.

A buyer must give notice of any defects within a reasonable time after he discovers them in order to hold the builder liable.

The law has gone a long way in imposing strict liability for "Products." When a manufacturer puts out a product, he will be strictly liable if the item is defective. Injuries and damages from products must be borne by the manufacturers who put their defective products on the market.

Originally this rule did not apply to sales of real property; only to goods. One case involved a builder-developer of mass-produced homes. The radiant heating was defectively installed. The heating system went out some years later, after the home had been resold through several owners. The home builder was still liable—the product was defective.

The liability is strict even without proof of negligence. Where homes were built on unstable landfill, the developer who created the problem is liable for the defective lots. He mass-produced the lots — a product. So, too, is the person who defectively designed a water system in several homes. The water system is a "product."

In another recent case, a home buyer in a subdivision sued the soil engineer who tested the lot. It turned out that the home cracked, resulting from instability of the land. The court ruled that there was no strict "products liability." The soil engineer would only be liable if he had been negligent in making the test.

Note: California lawyers offer this column so you may know about our laws.

This-a And That-a By Lou Greene

Over to the East Bay, at the REVOL (Lover, spelled backwards), don't forget the Sunday Chili feed here, 6 to 10 pm - only \$1.50 (glass o' beer, included) and it really is great.... Had dinner with show at HANS' in Oakland. Billy DeFrank did some great numbers to his usual packed house. He did Pearl Baily and other related numbers to the great enjoyment of the audience. Bill, the new chef here (not Billy DeFrank) is a riot and a show in himself. Besides doing a great job in the kitchen, he also comes out on the floor to see how everything is, and is a most happy and jovial feller and makes dining here a real pleasure. Don't know how Hans does it, but he has latched onto a really terrific crew. You really will enjoy the new service.... GRANDMA'S HOUSE has done a real turnaround. Wait 'till you see their new menu, at prices you can't afford to eat home for. Check the ad in this issue for all the details.... the anniversary party at the LANCERS was a real smash. Every one came to have a real good time and we all did. Just good music, dancing, drinking and meeting some groovy people. You on the west side of the bay ought to see what's happening on the east side of the bay. You'll really be surprised.... The MAYAN BATHS in Berkeley is constantly improving the decor and arrangements to make the customers enjoy themselves all the more. One might say what could be the difference in bath houses? Well, one visit across the bay will enlighten you. There is a different crowd here at the Mayan and you'll get turned on to something really unusual here.... On the West side of the bay and down the Peninsula, the BAYOU has done a great job in getting hundreds of signatures and wires, etc. to the Governor to sign the AB-489. If you haven't already done so, by all means, for only .95 you can send a "Public Service Wire" toll free, by dialing 800-648-4100 and ask the governor to sign bill AB-489.... All of the bars in the east bay and the Peninsula have been great about putting up posters and getting petitions signed, all except one who I will discuss in my next column. We really got a long way to go to compete with all the do-gooders who are writing in to kill the bill... THE GARDEN in Palo Alto has a

real up and coming bar tender named Allen, who has, in a short time, really perked up the business. Drop in for a beer or two and you'll see what I mean... The LOCKER ROOM in Palo Alto is having a beer bust on May 31st, 8 p.m. till 2 a.m. with free buffet and special attractions.... THE GOLDEN DOOR Sauna has done a complete face lifting, and I mean complete. This is a real inviting Baths to visit when you're down this way. Compliments to Sandy and his assistant for the wonderful job they have done... The GOLD MINE in Palo Alto (formerly the Kona Kai) is closed again. Looks like George will be operating again.... THE MECCA in San Jose has a terrific Disc Jockey on Sundays, name of Lil' Joe, amateurs are welcome to participate.... The RED BOAR in Cupertino, will be holding a farewell party for Bob, who is moving to S.F. on May 24th. In conjunction with this, there will also be a Birthday Party

for Skip the bartender, with a buffet and all sorts of fun here. Everyone is most welcome... Don't forget the CANDY SHOP is bringing Billy DeFrank back on May 29 and 30, to do an all new show at 10 and 12 p.m. That Billy does get around and the kids in the Peninsula really love him.... De Anza Gay Self Awareness group presents a series of film discussions, featuring gay oriented films, at Camera One Cinema, 336 1st St., in San Jose. Information available at all Macy's ticket counters. There will be a series of talks, etc., with leading speakers interested in the homophile community.... Pete Garcia, first Marquesa de San Jose, passed away recently. Details of the funeral were not available at this writing, but can be had by calling MAC'S CLUB in San Jose, 998-0535. He will be missed by his many, many friends as he was well liked by all who knew him.... From all indications, it looks like this summer will be a fun packed one. I'll try to keep you abreast of the picnics and parties to be held, and hope you will also keep me abreast of these functions far enough in advance so I can get it in my column... Until my next writing, my best to you always, in all ways. Hope all you Mothers had a wonderful Mother's Day last Sunday. Love, Lou.

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S.I.R.'S LITTLEST ANGEL



ONCE UPON A TIME NOT SO long ago an angel came to the S.I.R. Center on Sixth Street. He was just a small angel and frightened by this city comprised of so many different kinds of people. He was all alone and lonely. He had traveled a long way to come to San Francisco, for he had heard of the wonderful freedom enjoyed by the people here. But, when he arrived, it was so very strange and he didn't know anyone. It was enough to make even an angel cry.

But then he was told of this place, S.I.R., where they helped people to find work and places to live and they were kind. So our angel went to the place called S.I.R., and they did find him a job and a place to live and they were kind and loving to him.

Our angel was very happy, for he had found friends and was doing things that made him happy. His heart was so filled with love that he wanted to help the people at S.I.R. and to help other angels that might come to this wonderful city named San Francisco.

So our angel began to help at the place called S.I.R. There was so much to do; floors to be mopped, trash to be emptied, carpets to be cleaned. Our angel was happy because he was helping others.

He began to help with answering telephones and talking with the people who would call needing all kinds of things; jobs and places to find something to eat and a place where they could stay. Some would want to know where to find a doctor or someone to help with their problems. Some of the calls were very sad. Sometimes a person would call just because he was lonely and wanted to talk with someone.

These calls sometimes made our angel very unhappy because he wanted to help everyone and sometimes he couldn't. He would try to find jobs for people and would help them to find a place and something to eat. For times were very bad in San Francisco and in the whole country and many people had neither jobs nor a place to live. Our angel thought and thought just how he could get more people to help.

Then the good president of S.I.R. made our little angel the Director of all the S.I.R. Angels, and he began to ask all the friends of S.I.R. to help:

"Everyone can help, wherever you are. If you're in San Francisco and have a job that needs to be done or know of a job, call the angel at S.I.R.—781-1570. If you would like to help with a donation to support the job referral and emergency assistance program, you are invited to become a S.I.R. Angel."

Our angel was happy again because he had found a way to help others, and he was sure many of the friends of S.I.R. would want to feel good by helping.

You can help. Please call 781-1570 or write S.I.R.'s Angel at 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

God will bless you.

S.I.R.'s littlest Angel, HARRY LEISHURE, at twenty-four is one of the Society's youngest active, unpaid volunteer workers. From mopping the floors with a mop that's bigger than he (Harry's only five feet tall) to emptying trash, answering telephones or helping with job counseling, Harry is always busy. You can meet Harry almost any day at the S.I.R. Center, 83 Sixth St., San Francisco—between Mission & Market.

VECTOR May 1975

What is S.I.R. Angels?

A dedicated group of men and women who donate a minimum of \$3.00 a month to S.I.R. for at least one year or \$30.00 once a year.

Won't you join "S.I.R. Angels" to get S.I.R. into its many worthwhile projects? You can become a S.I.R. Angel just by completing the form and sending in your donation.

A one year membership costs you only \$30.00 payable immediately or you can also take up to 12 months at \$3.00 a month to obtain a one year membership.

Please complete the form and help S.I.R. move forward.

S.I.R. Angels

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Volume 5 No. 11

May 29, 1975

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