

B.A.R.

free

VOLUME 5

NUMBER 26 DECEMBER 23

NEXT DEADLINE JANUARY 2

NEXT ISSUE OUT JANUARY 8

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION AND READERSHIP IN THE BAY AREA



Vote

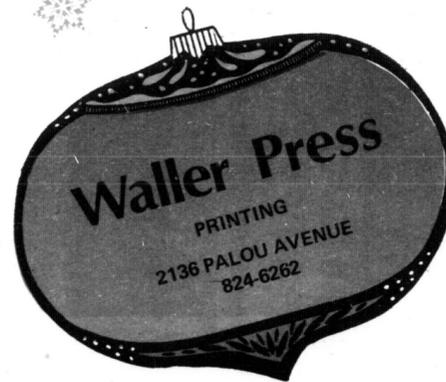


december 13, - S.I.R. center
EMPRESS 11
 de san francisco

SEASONS



GREETINGS from
 the Management, Staff
 and Writers of B.A.R.



Gay Rights Platform Wanted

PROPOSALS WANTED FOR SUBMISSION TO PLATFORM COMMITTEE AT LIBERTARIAN PARTY-CALIFORNIA CONVENTION

Gay Libertarians and Gay Objectivist are requesting interested persons to submit proposed gay rights planks for Libertarian Party of California state convention.

San Francisco attorney Lloyd Taylor said increasing gay rights awareness within the Libertarian Party will help in passage of a gay rights plank. "The Libertarian Party has always been for repeal of victimless crime laws," he said.

"As closet doors open, the majority of Libertarians have been surprised to find out how many gays and bi's are in the party."

Two groups plan to submit gay rights planks at the state convention Feb. 13-16 at the Airport Marina Hotel, San Francisco-Burlingame. One group is national, The Libertarian Coalition for Gay Rights, headed by John Vernon, 1206 N.W. 40th St., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. The other is a No. California group called Gay Libertarians and Gay Objectivists headed by Lloyd Taylor.

Persons wanting copies of the 1974 platform or wanting to submit proposed planks for the Feb. 1976 convention should write to: Libertarian Party/SF, c/o Lloyd Taylor, 360 Pine St., San Francisco, Ca.

The group is especially interested in receiving proposed drafts of planks

on discrimination, minority rights, gay rights, sexual freedom, privacy and freedom from government snooping.

Copies of planks submitted will be circulated to Libertarian party members before the convention.

Gil Stone Elected Chairman of Operation Concern for '76

At their final meeting for Calendar Year 1975, the Board of Directors of Operation Concern elected Mr. Gil Stone as Chairman for Calendar Year 1976. He will assume chairmanship effective Jan. 1, 1976. He served on the board last year as a representative of Emperor Bob Cramer and was chairman of the sale of \$1,000 Operation Concern pins. S.I.R. President Doug DeYoung was reelected as Treasurer and veteran Board Member John Callan was elected Secretary of the organization.

Plans were discussed for the organization's big fund-raiser, Circus Circus and Ms. Sandy Launer was appointed Chairman for the event to be held on Sunday, July 25th at a site to be announced.

Outgoing chairman, Ron Ross, presented the Board with members of the volunteer staff of Operation Concern who handle case clients at Pacific Medical Center. The staff members indicated that more than one hundred "clients" are currently being seen in both individual and group therapy sessions.

Christmas Tree Fire Safety

The Christmas — New Year Holiday Season is a wonderful time of year, and it is meant to be one of joy and happiness. This is to remind all San Franciscans of the special added dangers that come with this time of year that can result in needless loss of life and property, and to suggest special precautions to prevent a happy holiday turning into a tragedy.

Keep in mind that a Christmas Tree that has become dry can be completely burned by fire in as little as 15 seconds! While a fresh tree will stay green longer and be less of a fire threat than a dry one. It too becomes a potential fire hazard when it becomes dry.

Before setting up a tree, a fresh diagonal cut, thru the tree should be made, approx. two inches from the base - this will allow the tree to absorb more water and stay green longer. Mount the tree in a sturdy, water-holding stand with a firm, wide-spread legs. Keep the base holder filled with water or wet sand. Place the tree where it will not be near wall heaters, fireplaces or other heat sources, and away from family traffic and exit door-ways.

Some artificial trees are made of flame resistant materials or treated with fire-retardants prior to sale. Fresh trees purchased at lots may be sprayed with special chemical fire-proofing compounds, such as ammonium sulfate solutions. Diammanium phosphate solutions are useless for flame-proofing trees and should not be used.

Use Underwriters' Laboratories' approved wiring and lights. Never mount lights on a metal Christmas tree, and never use lighted candles on a tree. Use non-flammable ornaments made of metal or glass and avoid the use of combustible decorations that are easily ignited from a fireplace spark or careless cigarette. Don't forget: Keep your tree from drying out, and away from open flames and heat sources. When needles start to fall, this means the tree is very dry and a very real fire hazard.

Make this holiday period a joyous, fire-safe and happy holiday season. [From the SF Dept. of Public Health, "Weekly Bulletin."]



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DECEMBER 31

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Milk Forum

By Harvey Milk

Presidential Timber

One person running for President in 1976 has the toughness and ability to make a difference in the way the country is run: Fred Harris. The former senator from Oklahoma has said: "This can be just another Presidential election — or it can be one of the most significant years in the history of Presidential politics."

We know where the Republicans stand: Nixon — Ford — Reagan — Rockefeller and our own Barbagelata. The question many people are asking is whether the Democrats will stand for anything. Harris is very determined to see that they do. "The basic issue in 1976," he says, "is whether people who have to work for a living will have a President who fights for their interests, or whether the super-rich and the giant corporations will continue to run everything."

The establishment press is trying to write Fred Harris off. His determination to have real tax reform, forcing the Rockefellers and the Tennecos to pay their full share has them nervous. They try not to mention him. They say he is doing poorly. But he pops up all over, winning more and more support. In New York he came in second at the liberal democrat caucus. In Massachusetts, he came in first. In each race he was battling different democratic

hopfuls. No matter who he runs against, his name comes up near or at the top. The others are not willing to enter all the early races. Harris enters all. The press still tries to ignore him.

On many of the issues, other hopefuls are now saying the same thing that Harris has been saying for some time. Harris has already set the style. The others are watching the reactions to his statements. Those statements that get favorable reactions are mouthed by the others. It is a tribute to Harris to be the trail blazer. The issue of Gay Rights is right there. Harris has long stated that the government has no business in anyone's bedroom. That there must be absolutely no discrimination because of any reason and that includes sexual orientation. Since Fred Harris made his strong stands on the gay issues, other candidates have taken up the cry. We now have several making very positive statements on gay rights.

Once again the gay vote is being sought. Not just in San Francisco. Not just in California. But in every state. This time by candidates for the office of President! Once again we are in a position to do something about it. Even if these candidates are not "perfect" on all the issues (who is?) it is to the best interests of the gay community to support those who are out there early in the race. It is very important to understand that given the choice of a candidate who is fighting on our side and one who is, that the other issues become secondary — what good is

having a president who may have a better run administration (if such is even possible) if the climate for gay people is unhealthy: i.e., Scoop Jackson's statement that we must run the degenerates out of the country!

The gay community should know that Fred Harris was the first to openly enlist our support. That Fred Harris was the first to speak freely in front of the national press on gay rights. Fred Harris introduced the issue — and did so highly favorably. Because of Fred Harris' stand on gay rights, other candidates have had to speak out on that issue. Once again we are in a position to return the favor.

At this time, the Fred Harris campaign has more people — if less money — working actively for him than any other candidate for president. It may be that this true populist candidate will be able to upset all the establishment candidates. It is similar to what happened here in San Francisco. George Moscone is the first mayor in a long, long time who was not elected by the downtown establishment. Moscone was elected because of the huge numbers of people who worked for him and not due to money from downtown. Moscone's election gave a message loud and clear: the neighborhoods — the minorities — won. The downtown interests, the bigots, lost. Fred Harris represents a similar feeling on the national level.

Anyone interested in finding out more about Fred Harris can do so by going to his headquarters at 54 Mint Street or calling 777-5757.

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CSL News

The Community Softball League met December 20, 1976 and elected the following officers: Ken Ingram — Commissioner; Rennis — Secretary; and Keith Kimsey — Treasurer. The next meeting will be Saturday noon, January 10, 1976 at the Mint, 1942 Market Street. At that time all teams must be represented and their sponsor fee of \$50.00 must be paid on or before that date. There are approximately 20 teams this year which indicates the success and popularity of the Softball League. For information regarding the meeting, or for teams wishing to enter the League, please contact Rennis at 621-6442.

B.A.R.

BAY AREA REPORTER

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Brother Bizarre's Gaze

By Mark Owens

Merry Crisis-mas!

So what's new besides ho-ho-ho? The year 1975 will undoubtedly go down in the archives of history as the year of the "Crisis-mas." What with gas shortages, food shortages, job shortages, strikes right and left, metropolitan bankruptcies, recession, depression and a dead partridge in a poisoned pear tree — who has the outright gall to wish us good cheer?

Speculate upon the time-honored giving of gifts. What would make that perfect gift for that special someone? Cologne, fancy clothes? Jewelry, clever and/or useful doodads, perhaps, or some frivolous luxury or other? Forget it; rather, gifts may be made of choice steak, gift-boxed, or for the newest in family heirlooms, a five-gallon can of gasoline passed from generation to generation from a time of 32.9 for premium and 10-times Blue Chip stamps with every fill-up.

And what about that Grand Old Fellow, Santa Claus himself? Like fancy gifts and the Christmas Spirit, he too seems to be on the way toward oblivion. It's a proven fact that more kids today know who Ronald McDonald is than they do Santa Claus!

Why? Because our dear old Saint Nick is no longer the man of whom our mothers used to sing, "You'd better watch out, you better not cry, you'd better not pout, I'm telling you why

Today, he has become little more than a commercial figure, used to sell every conceivable product, his reindeer have been duped into peddling Seven-Up, and I, for one, will never forgive that clever little Madison Avenue adman who persuaded Mrs. Santa to advertise Leggs pantyhose!

But as somebody once said: "Things are tough all over." And so we Americans, in true tradition of not dwelling long on sore sports, will undoubtedly end up taking on the gas shortages, food shortages, job shortages, strikes right and left, metropolitan bankruptcies, recession, depression, and even the dead partridge in the poisoned pear tree, and successfully muddle the whole mess somehow. **AND A HOPE-Y NEW YEAR!**

Not only are we approaching the joyous time of Christmas (meaning "Christ-Mass" or "Christ Celebration" — please keep that in mind during the holiday season), but the end of the year as well. The end of any year, of course, is a time for reminiscence of the past and, more importantly, speculation of the future.

One subject of speculation still fresh in everyone's collective mind, are the future Empress Elections. A few years ago, California voters overwhelmingly passed into law Proposition 9, a bill which provides spending limits for public office campaigns. After viewing this year's race for Empress Eleven, one may wonder if such limits may be applied to camp-title campaigns as well.



"WITH RIMLESS GLASSES"

HAVE A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A GAY NEW YEAR



(Speaking of year, please don't hesitate sharing "gold water" because you have some medical question in the back of your mind. Consider that I'm into the 11th year of my scene; that it turns me on and agrees with me!)

I have it on good authority that one candidate (Flame) spent somewhere in the neighborhood of several thousand dollars during her campaign, while on the opposite spectrum, VooDoo, rumored to be the top vote-getter, with the possible exception of Jane Doe, spent a paltry \$450 for her try at the crown. Ginger spent between \$700-\$800 in this paper alone, a feat almost (not quite) matched by aspirant Dolli, while Jane Doe came roaring in during the last weeks of campaigning with \$125-a-throw full-pagers in *Kalendar*, and those pushing-\$200 double-page spreads in *B.A.R.*

A soothsayer I'm not; nor do I pretend to espouse portents of the Shape of Things to Come, but to say that our earlier Emperor elections this year ended in financial difficulties would be an understatement of considerable weight. Wouldn't it?

And taking steps to enact a spending ceiling on future elections might do well in preventing such a mishap from occurring again. Couldn't it?

And if would-be aspirants still want to spend loads of money, there are organizations like Helping Hands, Page Street/Golden Gate Gay Liberation House, Lavender U and others, who could use donations (could use them? They need them!) to keep their vital community services going. And they can contribute to them, can't they?

Would they?
Will they?

☆

The end of the year is also a time of looking back and saying "thanks" to the many people who have helped you along; the men and women who have helped you attain a higher position than last year on your Long Climb of Life.

To my editor, Bob Ross: Thank you for those first chuckles of yours back in March, as you read my first two columns, and your decision to make Brother Bizarre's Gaze the newest feature in your award-winning publication. I've never forgotten the opportunity you gave me that afternoon, and I sincerely hope that my fortnightly ravings have been worthy of B.A.R.'s high standards. Thanks Bob. I mean that.

To Ray Broshears: You have not only served as friend and fellow politico, but as stand-by muse as well. Though our friendship has sometimes been one

of screaming, gnashing of teeth and hanging-up of telephones over our various differences, I still view you as a Beautiful Person, whose personal sacrifices and all-around Good Deeds far outshine whatever human shortcomings you possess. Your eight-year old baby, Helping Hands, is still regarded by myself as the only real social service organization in San Francisco, and you may be assured of my continued, unflagging support. Thanks, Ray.

To Grand Duchess III de Santa Rosa Connie: We have not known each other for very long, but thanks for the best "welcome home" I've ever received! Please let me know if there is anything at all that your Keeper of the Dr. Pepper can do for his native Redwood Empire; your wish is my etc. Thanks, Connie... and Carol... and Cary... and Jenny...

To lover, Peter: who has stood behind me, supported me, helped me, loved me (well, he'd *have* to love me if he could stand behind my endorsement of Barbagelata) and given me warmth, comfort and happiness... you're getting your special thanks tonight!

And, of course, to my Readers and Supporters: What can I say? Your interest, your concern, and your love has touched me in that special way it touches every writer — that warm feeling of fulfillment one gets when one's work is read and appreciated. The column's doing fine, and I'm as pleased as the proverbial punch. And I owe it all to you. **THANK YOU, ONE AND ALL!**

As the song goes, "Love will keep us together." Keep love in your heart and, no matter what has come down in the past year, we can still have a merry christmas and a Happy New Year — in spite of it all.



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Thoughts and Opinions

By Rev. Raymond Broshears

Love is the Spirit of this Community
And Service is its Work.
And this is our Way:
To live together in peace,
To seek the Truth in love,
To help one another in joy.

WHO ARE WE... This is a question asked by friends and foes alike, but mostly by foes, for it is written, "Ye shall know them by their deeds." And, if you are in an alcoholic stupor nearly all the time, you would really have no way of knowing, or really caring what is happening except to yourself! We, meaning the Church of God, Orthodox Episcopal. The Church came into existence as the result of a group of men and women receiving the Call of the Spirit in the Indwelling Light and responding to that Call of the Spirit by looking straight at the religious needs of the people and forming the people's Church, the Orthodox Episcopal Church of God, and the Holy Order of the Helping Hands. In the perennial human quest for liberation, spiritual rebirth, peace and brotherhood, we came together for the reunion of the followers of Christ Jesus, an ecumenical fellowship, goodwill amongst all peoples, and universal peace in the Church of God by Christ Himself.

The Orthodox Episcopal Church of God affirms the teachings of Christ Jesus, and through His teaching, we minister to all who see the Way of Divine Liberation, based on an awareness of the Oneness of God with Man. We therefore emphasize:

The Love of God and of the

neighbor.
The Communion of person with and for Humanity
The living of the fully Sacramental Life.
The uniting of Humanity into one universal faith
The giving of Christ's liberated and eternal Church of God.

As Christ followers, we bear within our lives the vocation to communicate the Good News of Christ's transforming love. In our participation in the liberating work of spiritual renewal and human consecration through actualizing in the present time of the lifestyle of the Jesus Christ and the Deed of Golgotha and Resurrection, this Church has been guided in its foundation by the Inner Teaching of the Gospel, and by the tradition held and taught by the sages, mystics and saints of the churches of God, a golden thread of saints and holy ones witnessing Christ Jesus as the One Initiator and the Centre of the Universes.

We are a Church of the New Age, a living Church, in which the Christ must be within all persons within the Church, each person should be a walking church, but not the type of a church most people think of, the traditional building which does little more than serve the egos of those involved. For as Christ Jesus said, His kingdom was not of this earth; well, the same goes for His Church. The buildings you see about the countryside are the churches of man, of hypocrisy, deceit, greed, and materialism, the Church of God is one which can never

be destroyed, for it is of the spirit, the Living Spirit which can never be destroyed.

"I am convinced that it is not Christianity but our conception and interpretation of it that has become antiquated. The Christian symbol is a living thing that carries in itself the seeds of further development. It can go on developing. It depends only on us whether we can make up our minds to meditate again, and more thoroughly, on the Christian premise."

We, of the Orthodox Episcopal Church of God, are united in fellowship in Christ Jesus, to teach the universal Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, striving for perfect union with God, loving Him with our Whole being and loving our neighbor as ourselves.

To seek together the Indwelling Light of the creative Spirit, and in that Light to do the Work of the grace by which we all come to a perfect person, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ Jesus.

To encourage the fullest possible development and use of every believers spiritual gifts... talents and ministries.

To proclaim to all the world the Good News of Christ Jesus as the call makes us free to do; proclaiming the Good News to the poor; proclaiming liberty to the captives; to the unseeing, new vision; to those in physical and spiritual bondage, freedom; to the oppressed, liberty; to all the time of the Lord Liberator's favor.

We must and do bear witness to the journey from darkness to Light in the revolutionary covenant of love and freedom brought to us by Christ Jesus, and sealed in His blood spilled upon the

earth;... against the hatred, violence, oppression, inequality, and other ungodliness of the world and in this Church, to proclaim by our lives the Kingdom of God transforming all phases of life, witnessing to His living Presence with us Now!

We are in the fellowship with all churches recognizing Arius, Bishop of Alexandria, as the first earthly prelate of the Church of God, as Christ Jesus was on the earth but not of the earth, for He was the only Son of God.

The Council of Nicea, called in 325 AD, was the beginning of the state's control over the Church, something which the Orthodox Episcopal Church of God does not and will not recognize even today. And since, the murder of over 500 of Christ Jesus' bishops at the Council of Nicea, by the Church-State of Rome, the true Church of God has been meeting outside of the laws of the Church-State of Rome.

From that time on, the original Gospel of Love has been taught and lived through the ages by individual saints and communities of Saints seeking the Indwelling Light of Christ and striving together to apply the transforming insights thereof in terms of personal and social transformation in the Way of Christ Jesus, working for universal peace in a society based upon His all consuming Love. These the increasingly centralized Church either locked in monasteries or burned as heretics, but still, the true Church of God lived on.

TO THE LOCAL SAN FRANCISCO SCENE... above you heard what the Orthodox Episcopal Church of God is about, to a very limited degree. Now, as to the local Church of God operation. It is one that is not looked upon with favor by too many in the Church, due to the

fact that we made this a specialized ministry, directed towards the homosexual and to the gayperson in particular. But, what most cannot and will not understand, in the City of San Francisco, is that, if Christ Jesus Himself were to walk the streets, regardless of what He said or did, He would be criticized, attacked, mocked, and ridiculed by the bar queens and proper queens. The playday churches would also have a field day attacking him. Women ministers like Terrie Ann Roderick would continue to make ridiculous and senseless accusations such as she made at the play/gay churches' conference here in the City... she needs Christ so very much in her life, as do most all the play-church-gay-homosexuals. A church, founded upon sexuality is wrong, it is sick, it is sinful, and it is a slap at Christ Jesus Himself. And such gay-play-churchers who try and change the Holy Scriptures to suit the women's liberationists, most of whom are agnostics at best/worst, is something which only the anti-christ would ever think of doing.

Most people's ideas of a minister is some phony walking around daying sweet, nice, pretty things, complementing you when he should be telling you like it is. Yes, real Christ followers, most any place does not want, they want only the play-Christians, for they are liars, hypocrites, drunkards, drug-users, sexists, into all sorts of evil traps, and some of the play-Christians are wellmeaning, but two faced creeps, who don't know the first thing about the Church of God, let alone their own

Church.

Those drunks, and drug-users attacking others who are trying to do good, are the most evil of the lot, and with their own lips they damn themselves into eternal hell... a living hell, which they are creating for themselves and the same goes for the thieves, the drug addict, they create their own living hell, and the blame everyone else for it, except the person who is responsible for it, they, themselves.

As the New Year approaches, won't you consider making this year, a truly New Year? One which you can look at yourself in the mirror without guilt? A year which you can die at any moment and face God and say: "I've tried." Won't you try and help others to help themselves? If you do this, you are on the right road, and God knows your heart, He knows your feelings, and He forgives. You don't need man's forgiveness, for it shallow, you need only God's forgiveness, and that is a very personal trip, between you and Him alone. Get it all together this new year of 1976. Find your place in life and help others, for it is in helping others that you help yourself. Remember, a person never stood so high, as when he stooped down to help another person!

I forgive each person as they sin against me. Can you say the same?

Rt. Rev. Raymond Broshears
Helping Hands Community Services
of the Orthodox Episcopal Church
of God.

P.S. "Mr. Oliver Sipple, I did not pay anything for my ordination, it came as all ordinations come, from God! Check it out sometime!"

CELEBRATE 1976

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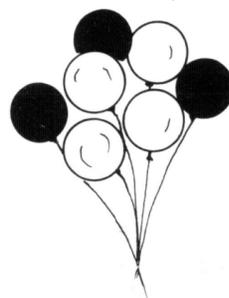
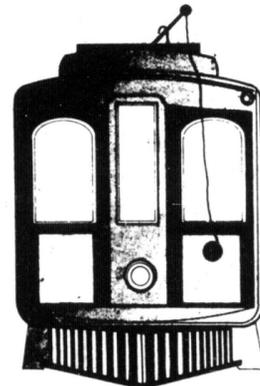
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The Men In My Life

By Paul-Francis Hartmann

Scarcely a day passes in this city without the *Chronicle/Ex* containing some item on Gays. Either it's a sexist slur by Herb Caen (the kind of defamation he wouldn't dare make against Female, Black, or Jew) or some news article wherein the murder victim or the assailant was purported to be a homosexual. One wonders why when a serious crime has been committed that the sinister word "homosexual" is used and when it's a parade or a protest the word is "Gay." (Admittedly there's little "Gay" about the discovery of a mutilated corpse.)

On Tuesday, Dec. 9th, reporter Keith Power authored a piece entitled "Gay Sailor Challenges Navy Plan to Drop Him." The general tone appears neutral if not sympathetic, yet — and to my mind it's a big yet — the story oozes inferences that I find unacceptable.

One paragraph begins, "His 15 year career with the Navy is unblemished with any untoward sexual incidents." What I ask is an "untoward sexual incident"? To what dictionary does one go to find a definition. To what authority does one appeal for a clarification. (To some Sister of little Charity that incident could be anything from a French kiss, to petting, to an immodest thought.) What line on a service record is reserved for such indiscretions. What personnel clerk is empowered to record such charges. Is a work and performance file the kind we are discovering J. Edgar Hoover liked to keep on anyone who stood in the way of his sometime sinister objectives.

Is one's commanding officer the arbiter — "Private Jones, today you will enter on Sgt. Smith's personnel file that at 2300 hrs., 12-31-74, he was involved in one "untoward sexual

incident." Nature of act: he was seen leaving the hotel of known prostitutes. Or he was seen in the shower with an erection. Or he told a fellow enlisted man to go fuck a duck. Or he was observed sitting on some corporal's bunk. Or a lewd and lascivious calendar displaying nude bodies was discovered in his locker. "Five more entries on line 69, and we'll have grounds for a general courts martial."

Further into the article one reads, "The decision to dismiss him was a heavy blow for Beller, who was depending on the last five years of his navy hitch to help support sexual partner John Culp through business administration college." What's wrong there . . . nothing much except when has one read that President Ford attended a reception at the Russian Embassy with his sexual partner, Betty Ford. If Denny Beller and John Culp had exchanged rings, would that piece of symbolic whitewash have cleaned up their act?

The reporter might ask, "Well, what words do I use to describe their

relationship: "lover," "mate," "friend," "roommate"? My only answer: if it wouldn't cross his mind to capsule the nature of Ford's relationship, why then attempt to label the Culp-Bellers.

When the Press returns to classifying Jews as avaricious, Blacks as lazy, we Gays will have no complaints about ignorant reporters re-inforcing stereotypes: Homosexuals as sex-obsessed. Until such time it behooves us to resist and object to any sexist slurs. If for no other reason than why give us credit for accomplishments we can't live up to.

A more offensive smear was to be found in an article by Corrie M. Anders in the *Sunday Examiner*, Nov. 30, entitled "Corruption Trial: the Key to Credibility." The report begins (stating facts) "The first prosecution witness . . . was Percy Scott, a charismatic con man and one-time amphetamine dealer, police stool pigeon, thief and Black Panther infiltrator. He was followed to the witness stand by a succession of underworld characters — narcotics addicts and dealers, a homosexual, a prostitute, and a stolen goods specialist with more than 80 arrests."

The facts continue, "So far 11 witnesses have testified for the government during the two-week old trial. Only one, a policeman, is without a questionable past."

At issue here is a defense team attempting to discredit witnesses by dredging up their "tainted pasts." Accepting the allegation, the reporter portrays the witnesses as disreputable losers. Passing off tactics as truth. This is not the reporter's decision, but a jury's.

Notice how the stacked deck plays itself out: "The attorneys are George Walker, a tall professional man . . . James Martin McGinnis, short and mild-mannered, and Murphy, the heavy who as a former policeman more closely understands the underworld and who has borne a heavy portion of cross examination."

On one occasion McGinnis' genteel questioning — What is your sexual persuasion? — failed to elicit the answer he wanted from an obviously effeminate man. Murphy, and his omnipresent scowl got a positive response with the undiplomatic question: "Are you a homosexual?"

Homosexual/underworld character/tainted past all go together. From anyone's point of view a questionable character — if "obviously effeminate." These kinds of degrading associations will continue as long as we Gays permit such sleazy, sloppy journalistic tactics to persist. It is up to us to alert those of the 4th Estate that his brand of discrimination — to curry the favor of the majority — will no longer wash. A tempest in a teapot? Hardly! To remain silent suggests we Gays concur in classifying ourselves as unsavory weirdos.

Until I am convinced that the establishment press ceases to picture us as freaks and as the butt of every cheap joke, I will continue to borrow the *Chron/Ex*, not buy it. We have in the Bay Area today too many journalistic alternatives to pay sole homage to the press lords. The monopoly can be splintered; the arrogant can be humbled.

Mr. Hearst *et al* can peddle their papers how and where they will; we Gay girls don't have to be their little patsies ad vomitorium. Would that they would grow up as we hope we have — that's all we ask. After all, Daddy Hearst, we don't blow banks . . . only each other.

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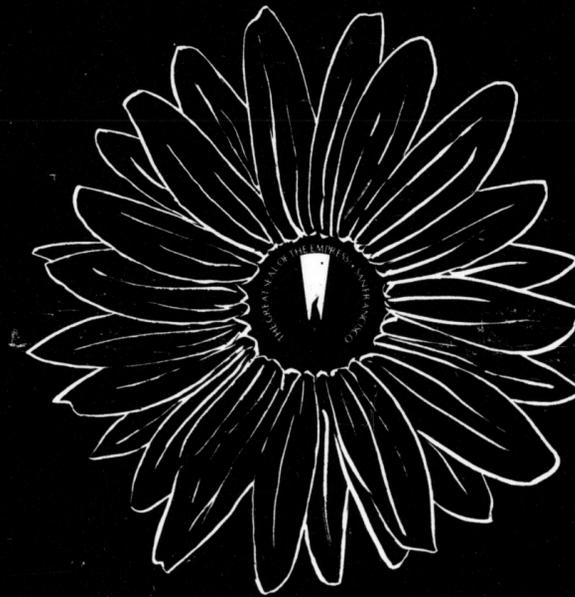
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Have you been to the New Jackson's on Jones St., as of yet? A beautiful dining room and just great food; as usual, with Jackson's, Jon, you have done a great job with the assistance of your good crew. Welcome to the neighborhood...looking forward to the opening shortly of Mr. Mark Carroll.

Hope to see you all on Christmas Day at the QT where yours truly and the Marvelous Marvin will be holding forth from noon til eight in the evening (God willing) serving cocktails, hips and lips.

Don't forget Bob Cramer's 39???? birthday party at the Kokpit on Sunday, Dec. 28th from 5 til 8 pm. It shall be a fun evening with a lot of people going to Jackson's after the party for dinner. So make your reservations early. Under-

stand that Charlotte, Roberta and Arlene donated blood towards Henri Leleu's face-lifting job. Hope Henri doesn't develop some of the features of those three, especially Charlotte.

Remember, the great New Year's Party at the Kokpit. It shall be a fun-filled evening with a lot of fabulous people from out of town here for the Coronation of Empress XI. Hi Peppy from Alaska.

Remember, the Kokpit is going to have a CSL Team again this year. These are fun events and when the games are played, you should really make an effort to watch and participate. We'll have the same cheer leaders, won't we Walter and Rex.

Thank you Joker (Marcus) for the Christmas card. It was original. Thank

you C.K.W. for your Channukah card, Danny. Welcome home Bob Patterson, formerly of the BAJ. Understand that you shall be going into the restaurant business here again. We hope so, as you have your shit together, when it comes to food.

Joe A, how come you can't get along with Sinney Nikkey and Ken Allison. They make a heaven and happy couple and you should learn to adjust to people that are happy. Hope that everyone has a Happy Holiday Season and a very prosperous and pleasant New Year.

Love to all, Lips



Herpes

There has been a lot of talk recently about an epidemic of the "new sexual disease" — herpes. The reasons for concern about this disease are real, but there is no cause for alarm or sensationalism. Basically, herpes refers to a skin condition of blisters that become open sores which are annoying and sometimes painful, and always frustrating. They are very nearly identical to cold sores, fever blisters, canker sores or whatever name you choose to give the open sores that most people have had inside or outside their lips at sometime in their life. When they appear in the genital areas, sometimes in clusters, or when they recur frequently, these little sores can cause great discomfort. They can be particularly serious for women who have herpes and newborn children and of the association of herpes to cancer of the cervix.

In most cases, herpes genitalis is found externally on or around the anus, penis or vaginal lips. In these cases, perhaps the worst part of the disease is the frustration involved in trying to get rid of it. Pitifully little is known about the disease beyond the fact that it is caused by a virus which often remains dormant but can suddenly flare up again. There is no cure for herpes now available in this country, although many treatments are discussed. The only way to treat the condition is by trying to relieve the symptoms. The disease is considered infectious during a 7-14 day cycle of blisters which become open and then disappear. During this time, sexual contact with the infected area should be avoided to prevent spreading the disease to susceptible partners. Men with herpes on the penis could use a condom.

Merely the friction involved in sex, with no new exposure to the disease, is enough to bring on a flare-up in the case of someone who is prone to this particular virus. Other potential causes of flare-ups include the following: over-exposure to the sun, emotional fatigue, nervous tension, or any other physical and emotional states that lower the body's resistance. Several patients have reported that outbreaks of herpes coincide with semester finals. Most people never get herpes. Others, who bodies have little or no natural immunity or resistance to the herpes virus, can have flare-ups whether or not sex rears its lovely head.

Viral diseases such as herpes, the flu, hepatitis, and venereal warts are too little understood by the medical profession to allow surety regarding cause or cure. Given the emotional factors, body resistance and other unknowns are variables, it is good sound advice to not worry too much. Our energy is better spent taking good care of our bodies, getting enough sleep, eating nutritious food, and learning as much as we can about how to take care of these diseases if we do come down with them. A public campaign to call for the research to develop immunization against such diseases as herpes and venereal warts, as well as syphilis and gonorrhea, is also in order.

For further information, call the Gay Health Project, 495-6463 at City Clinic (VD), 250 4th St., SF 94103.

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Show Biz In Review

By Donald McLean

Stage: Get Down

The 90 minute revue at the Orpheum Theatre is billed as "A Rock Musical Spectacular". It's an unfortunate misnomer for a very good Las Vegas tit's 'n feathers revue that belongs more appropriately in Bimbo's 363 with drinks and cigarette smoke than at the austere, \$12 top Orpheum. Personally, I love Vegas revues that feature the Three B's — boobs, buns and beat.

Get Down is a fast-moving compilation of rock musical numbers performed at break-neck speed by 15 dancers and six singers. It's simply but smartly staged by Producer/Director Jerry Schafer with some snappy choreography by Rene DeHaven, an excellent sound system and good lighting. One might wish the budget had allowed for a few more costume changes, the same G-strings wear thin after the first hour, but altogether, it's a thoroughly enjoyable, immensely slick and polished show that succeeds admirably for what it is, not what it's labelled. The singers — Kathi Baker, The Marcells, Richard Curtis (fighting a bad throat on night caught) and particularly Marcy Thomas — are quite good, the Marcells giving us *Vegas Soul* with matching fancy footwork (you know, Diana Ross "soul") as they bounce through everything from *Sweet Inspiration* to *I've Got The Music In Me*. The dancers — five bare-breasted, eight bikini'd and two male — are all attractive, young and exuberant, with musical backup by the fine seven-member Santa Fe rock band. Schafer has created a couple of nice special effect numbers utilizing black light, particularly *Fantasy* with Caroline Bennett and Gary Stapleford in multi-colored black tight leotards and a stageful of now-you-see-it-now-you-don't parasols, masks and streamers. There is no such thing as a down moment or ballad in the show, just a steady barrage of "upper" flashy production numbers.

For those of you who've never visited a Vegas mini-revue, now's your chance. It's a joy to see the Orpheum open again (it's a beautiful theatre) but *Get Down* doesn't need the cavernous theatre. (And if the \$12 and \$10 orchestra seats are out-of-range of your budget, the balcony is \$5 and you can see just dandy.) It's a lightweight, snappy 90 minutes!

Stage: The Merry Wives Of Windsor

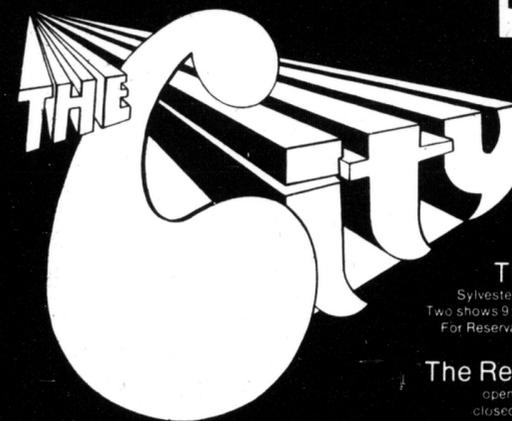
The fifth play of the A.C.T. season is *The Merry Wives of Windsor* by that bawdy bard, Willie Shakespeare. It is probably A.C.T.'s most completely satisfying production since the original *Taming of the Shrew* three seasons ago, thanks mainly to the superb direction of Jon Jory. *Wives* is not one of Shakespeare's best efforts, it is simply a bawdy burlesque written as a crowd-pleaser, and Jory has directed it appropriately, missing nary a chance for full comedic value.



Sir John Falstaff says, "Hey, lady, get off my basket!"

Photo by William Ganslen

SYLVESTER! New Year's Eve



The Show

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barroom buffoon who tries to seduce two wives, who in turn collaborate against him, plus a jealous husband, two young lovers competing against two pompous suitors, a meddling housekeeper and numerous friends who enjoy playing jokes upon their cohorts. Jory is obviously aware there are several less-than-zippy moments of the dialogue, particularly in the first act setting up the situations, and he keeps the play moving briskly along over these spots and spotlights the numerous choice comedy scenes the play is fortunately abundant in. It's a visual comedy that should delight anyone who hates trying to understand Shakespearean verse. The sets by Robert Blackman and the muted costumes by Dorothy Jeakins are dandy, the lighting by F. Mitchell Dana exceptional.

Merry Wives is a merry romp! See it and enjoy.

Stage: Snoopy!!!

For anyone who is a devout follower of Charles M. Schulz *Peanuts* cartoon strip, you have probably already beat a fast path to the Little Fox Theatre to see *Snoopy*, the latest sequel to *Good Man, Charlie Brown*. The genius of Schulz, reflected in this show via a compilation of his strips put together in short sketch format, is that he tells basic truths of human nature. Therefore, when Linus sits watching *Citizen Kane* intently for the first time and Lucy walks through, takes a quick look and says, "Rosebud was his sled!" I am on the floor. I can readily identify with Linus going through traumatic withdrawal as his security blanket is snatched away from him and cruelly thrown into the washer, of Snoopy going on a power-mad ego trip when elected Head Beagle. It's human nature told by kids, beagles and one little birdie named Woodstock.

Larry Grossman and Hal Hackady have written a pleasant if unmemorable score for the occasion, ranging from plaintive ballads to a razz-ma-tazz



The "Snoopy" Cast — Snoopy, Patty, Lucy, Charlie, Linus, Sally and Woodstock.

showstopper (*Don't Be Anything Less Than Everything You Can Be* is the biggie of the evening). Arthur Whitelaw has directed with flair and gentle understanding, and Marc Breaux is credited with the non-existent choreography. *Snoopy!!!* is technically notable for probably the worst lighting by Ken Billington I have ever tried to squint through.

But the bulk of the success or failure of this show must rest upon the stalwart shoulders of the seven performers... and they are more than up to the challenge. Pamela Myers is a sheer delight as Peppermint Patty, ego-deflater extraordinaire, Cathy Cahn almost walks away with the show as the siently suffering Woodstock, Janell Pulis captures the essence of Lucy beautifully, James Gleason and Randi Kallan quietly lend strength as Charlie and Sally, and Jimmy Dodge as Linus scores the most singularly memorable moment of the show (blanket versus machine). Don Potter in the title role gives us a slick wiseguy without the heart of Snoopy that makes him so appealing, leaving us with a rather unpleasant know-it-all.

Snoopy!!! is fun; it pretends to be nothing more. It's a joyously diverting entertainment that's a highly pleasant way to pass a couple of hours. What more can you ask?

Benefit: A Christmas Special

There's little to say about *A Christmas Special* sponsored by the Diamond Fox Court and directed by Joe Vigil, Carl Berry and Chuck Largent because there was little worthy of note. It was an admirable attempt to raise some *Toys for Tots*, the Bill Sacks Orchestra, under the direction of Christine Khoury was quite good, the sound was atrocious and the undisputed hit of the evening was J.J. Van Dyck (solo and with Jim Short). A well-intentioned evening by all concerned.

Film: The Hindenburg

It's time for our annual Christmas disaster film, and '75 has brought us the best one yet. Possibly because it's based upon a true disaster that we all know about and not just conjectural escapist fare a la Poseidon, Inferno and Earthquake. In 1937, the German zeppelin

Hindenburg exploded in flames as it was landing in Lakehurst, New Jersey, with 97 passengers aboard and was reduced to a shell within 40 seconds as newscasters gaped in disbelief. Based upon the book by Michel M. Mooney, who took the view that it was probably sabotage from within, not just an accident (the Hindenburg was valuable for Nazi propaganda), the film details the final journey of the Hindenburg and offers quick cameo sketches of some of the people aboard. None of the characters are fleshed out in any detail except for George C. Scott as Col. Ritter, the special security agent aboard checking for possible sabotage.

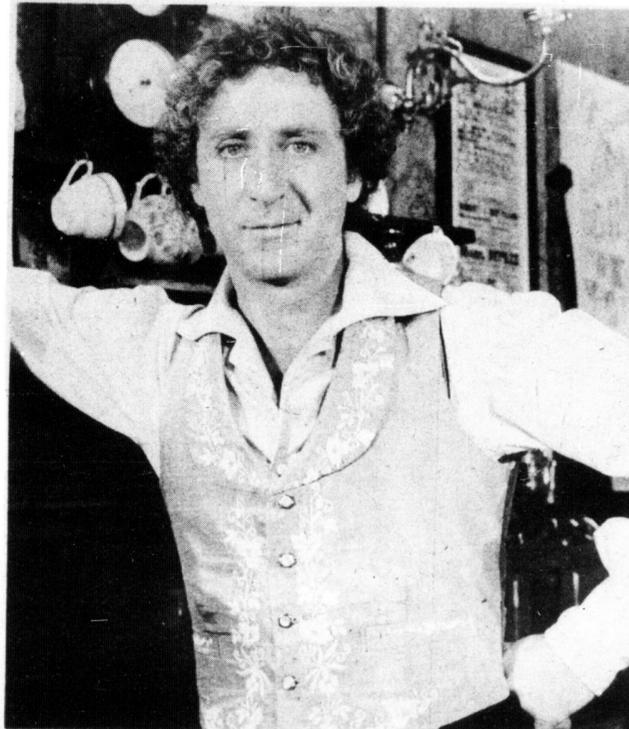
Actually, the dialogue by Nelson Gidding is cliché and mundane, but under Robert Wise's expert suspense-building direction, it's a minor deterrent (I can't get too choked up over the lines like, "I've devoted my life to zeppelins!"). Anne Bancroft as a dope-smoking Countess gives one more shining performance in a career built upon shining performances, and Scott lends incredible dignity to a frustrating role. William Atherton excels as a Hitler-youth-gone-sour and Roy Thinnes gives the performance of his career thus far as a Gestapo agent. Several A.C.T. former players can be seen lending solid

despair and discontent prevalent among the German people as they fled their homeland in realization of what was to come; the film makes a social/political statement quietly as well as building suspense with a pre-ordained climax, but what saves the film from being a dramatized documentary is the point of view taken about the possible cause of disaster. To this day, the cause has never been conclusively proved, so all interpretations are valid.

The final five minutes are horrifying and shattering; The Hindenburg gives us the most realistic and dramatic of any disaster film yet. Go!

Film: The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes Smarter Brother

Any film written, directed and starring Gene Wilder guarantees you're in for a wild time. Wilder has learned his lesson well from Mel Brooks, and *Sherlock Holmes Smarter Brother* established him as a major talent that need bask no longer in Brooks' limelight. Without the racy vulgarity that characterizes Brooks' work, Wilder has



Gene Wilder as Sigi Holmes, Sheerluck's smarter brother.

support — Peter Donat, Rene Auberjonois and even Ruth Kobart (if you look fast). And Burgess Meredith, Robert Clary and Charles Durning add prestige to their minor roles. In typical "disaster" fashion, they all manage a couple of good scenes (especially Donat and Clary as they team up to sing an anti-Hitler song for a German audience). But the actors are almost incidental to the star itself — the magnificent Hindenburg replica and the incredible special effects. The final newsreel shot from 1937 has been totally recreated and blended with actual footage so that it is almost impossible to discern the difference.

The film also captures the feeling of

created a great premise — Sherlock Holmes has a younger, smarter brother Sigi (who refers to his more famous sibling as "Sheer Luck"). Given a case involving a beautiful music hall performer and the infamous Dr. Moriarity and his nefarious henchmen, Wilder goes beserk without punching for laughs. Aply abetted by Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman and Roy Kinnear — all master deadpan comedians — Wilder plays it straight and lets the zany situations get the laughs. For instance, realizing Kahn cannot reveal information without being emotionally involved with a man, Wilder calmly sits with teacup in one hand and one Kahn breast in the other as he pumps for

information (and the more he pumps, the more he gets!). There is a classic comedy scene where Dr. Moriarity tries to figure out mathematically how much foreign agents are bidding for the mysterious secret ("French francs. Get me a copy of today's paper!") Absolutely priceless. The film falls apart in the final ten minutes, but for the most part, it's a delightful giggle with an uproarious takeoff on Verdi's *Masked Ball*. The good far outweighs the bad.

Stage: "BBB Revisited"

In the holiday spirit, I revisited *Beach Blanket Babylon Goes Bananas* at the Club Fugazi, which is still selling out and now plans to run into Spring of next year at least (more than can be said for *P.S. Your Cat is Dead* which closes mid-Jan.). There is an entire new segment snappily staged by Anthony

Teague as the *BBB* cast goes tropical into safari suits and grass skirts, plus a special Christmas finale with Nancy Bleiweiss sporting her newest and most mammoth headdress yet, a full size Xmas tree resting upon a Lillian Russell white boa hat (if Nancy's neck ever gives out, Steve Miller is going to be desolate). The new segment is much more solid than the previous Carmen, but needs beefing up for a finish; it's notable particularly for Nancy Bleiweiss' rendition of *Is That All There Is?* LOTS more tap dancing production numbers, a new Sonja Henie takeoff by Fran Moitza and the increased stage presence of Bill Kendall as Mr. Peanut (with much more to do than originally) and Glenda Glayzer, both of whom have relaxed into the show with "old pro" presence. Much of the subtlety of the show has fallen by the wayside, the cast plays it broad and campy now from start to finish, but the energy level is still up and fresh and the show remains the S.F. blockbuster!

He's the hero —
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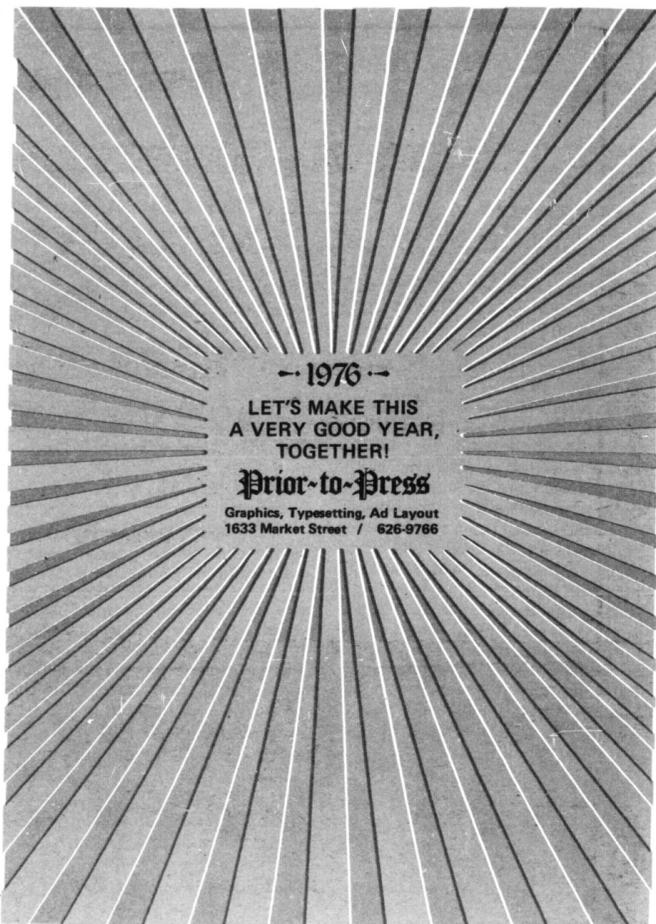
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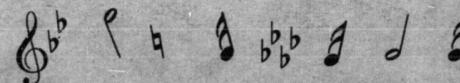
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Richard Curtis and two "Get Down" lovelies at the Orpheum.

Film: Lucky Lady

Take three superlative charismatic stars — Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli & Burt Reynolds — add an Oscar-winning director like Stanley Donen, a beautiful supporting performance by a youngster named Robby Benson and gorgeous 1930 sets and music and what do you have? One of the major disappointments of 1975!

If Donen had settled on making *Lucky Lady* a light frothy comedy, the film would probably have worked. As it

is, there are lots of great one-liners, dirty but funny unusually, a brilliant performance by Minnelli and good ones from Reynolds and Hackman, but 45 minutes into the movie, the lady's luck runs out and it's downhill all the way. The story about three unappealing people — a loose widow, her lounge lizard blundering boyfriend and a tough penny ante drifter — engaged in a menage a duobang while rum-running during Prohibition and a teenage boy to watch is unattractive enough, but when Donen turns the tables and tries to opt for heavy dramatics, bloodshed, death and heartugging (all while Reynolds falls overboard or walks into lampposts) well, he's crammed the emotional gamut of *Mother Courage* into a

Dagwood and Blondie plotline. There is no substance to the plot, just the three trying to outwit their fellow gangsters and keep making money illegally without getting caught or killed and after the third or fourth boat cruise, I began to side with the gangsters.

The film is fortunate to have three such capable stars, because without their personal attractiveness, the characters would be revolting. Minnelli fans will love it; otherwise, go expecting very little, a few laughs, and you won't be disappointed. It's a dreadful waste for all concerned; to be served with your Christmas turkey!

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



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Polk St. Sally By Dixon

Well . . . rolling right along, and, as I was saying, I forgot what I was saying. So that takes care of that!

POLK STREET JINGLE BELLS:
Forgetting, for the time being, various 'Royalty' elections, contests, mayoral campaigns, charity auctions . . . isn't everything for charity? . . . etc., etc., etc., I'm going to report on what I know best: Polk St. bars and people. I can't list everyone and everything. (Right or wrong, I ain't Perry) Let's start with the "New" (another overworked description) Cloud Seven. Gordon of Gordon's Saloon has taken over — changing the joint, adding a Mexican Cafe, the "Por Favor" and an attractive staff. A couple are: Tommy White and Chubby Jerry. These two lads have an unbeatable combination: with intelligence, which is my cup of tea! Close by, a charming and interesting shop, Wm. Kruse Ltd., a Shoppers' Mecca. Big Bill, always has something tucked away that one can't live without. Unless, of course, one is used to doing without.

A short sail from Kruse Ltd., the cozy Yacht Club. It has since turned very crazy (still cozy) with my daughter, Mike Sullivan (Tacky Ruth) spreading his particular charm behind the bar. Zzzzzzz! Don't start. For those of us who dress funny, the "Ultra Violet" Shop. A kicky, wiggly place. Still with me? Okay, Partner, here's the famous old-new Bird, now re-named "The Cinch." Great new front (and inside) by Larry — a genius. The outside looks like it escaped from the Main street of "Gunsmoke." And, speaking of outside, take a peak at that little dickins, Bryan. He's worth it. A lovely human being. His inside is beautiful also! One of Bryan's helpmates, is our "Polk Street Rose," our fair Jason. Boy oh boy, oh boy! Across the street from the Cinch, two men who have a following that spreads into Russian River Territory, Stark & Mike, handle the busy, busy Gordon's Saloon. Every minute is cocktail hour with these two luv's, and contrary to rumors, they do get a "young" clientel at Gordon's. Why, even Sweet Lips sops, uh, stops in occasionally!

Need something new for your tired wardrobe? Drop into M. Stahl's, Men's Clothiers right across the street from the QT. Their stock is something that one rarely sees anymore: good taste, classic. You don't look like twelve thousand twinkie sporting the same rags along the strasse, or on the dance floor, or ceiling. Put yourself into Kevin's hands at Stahl's and, you may never leave. If you like them seven feet tall!

Ah, the QT. The heaven meeting spa on the street. With the brilliant Jim Brown at the piano making the talented singers going through their paces (Hi, Annie), the QT is our local showroom. Warren and RYC on the QT plank show a lot too! Incidentally, on Xmas day from noon til 8 O'Clock, Xmas Lips as the cocktail waitress and Marvin Warren (the Xmas Hawk?) as the barkeep, will spread their particular brand of cheer. Lord help us all! Ken Allison and Chum Joey will help pick up the pieces, especially Joey. Dig?

Coffee break! My three favorite waitresses, Laura (Get well, sweetie), Jeanne and Virginia Handle the crowds at Bob's Coffee Shop. These three gals know everything that goes on. If they

ever publish, we are doomed! Love them.

Two of the City's most dominant (notorious?) personalities run businesses side by side, Luscious Lorelei, at the N'Touch; and, Richard (Cristal) at the Left Bank Galleries. Two Molotov Cocktails . . . spreading their fuses all over town. The N'Touch, immensely successful dance bar is the home of three of my favorite people in the whole blasted earth: Mavis, the talented, the wild, the King of Camp, and, my nudie coverperson partner, bless him. Then we have Wayne Friday, my pal and my neighbor. Wayne and I share the same

hobby. We like me! Last but not least, (ask Joel) my darling Harry (honey, Lady Tiffany) Gardner. Let me put it this way. Harry is not in the closet anymore!

Enterprise on talent. Add a lot of beauty, and we are in the Left Bank Galleries. With the combo of Richard (Cristal), Kerry and John, it's almost scary. Their following goes on for eons. As a matter of fact, they follow Kerry and John down the street. Richard has another lad working downstairs, which he keeps under wraps. You figure it out! Onward the most original and colorful business of its kind in town: the now famous "Sukker's Likkers." Marvelous range of hooche, wine and food. Their fantastic tongue-in-cheek marquee, ticket selling by a jolly staff. With the likes of Al and Gunther, along with very

definite prices (buys), this store is literally stopping traffic. Besides all that, I thought for a long while their godzilla-size bird of paradise plant was a banana tree. Well, my doctor told me to eat at least one banana a day!

Beauty is as beauty does. The one and only Buzzy's. What a treat! Don Berry and crew are the absolute masters of bar decor and decorations. The Xmas season is a show-stopper at Buzzy's. My own Barbara Ann Ball (closet tank topper wearer), Ron (see Kalender cover), Christine, the brunette lovely and Carolyn, the blonde lovely, make bar hopping worthwhile. Don Berry has some new and startling plans due in the near future. No, gang, he's not taking over the world! Yet . . .

The Bird is on the wing. The Wild Goose. Hoo Haa! Jumping and cruzy

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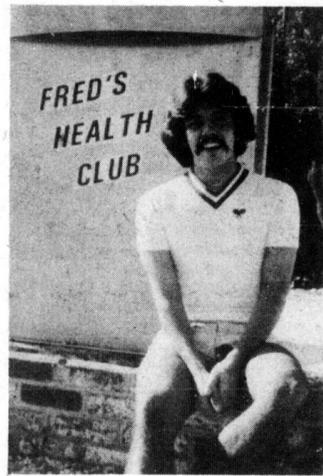


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little bar. Always something going on. Les is one bundle of energy. And, with the help of Gregg and other cuties working at the Goose, there's never a dull moment. With or without clothes...

Finally, and worth waiting for, is the complete new facha at the House of Harmony. Tony, Randy (Hyah, Hon), Tom Honeydewmelon, Dinky the Don are now basking in the clever working glory of Darryl Glied, with the help of Glenn. The House is lovely, colorful, very up atmosphere. A whole new trip. No, babe, not that type. And, the coup de grace is the shingled outside privy with its door which can be opened to express the opinion and ire of an over-worked (suppressed?) bartender to a "charming" customer. You will have to find out for yourselves. It's worth it! By the way, when I used the word 'privy,' I was not referring to that particular council. On second thought...

Welcome - welcome to my queen, La La La La La Kish, to the New Belle Saloon. Kish is a spark which we always can use. A most interesting and amusing crew at the New Belle Saloon. Maxine (how's the gout, honey?), Lenny (Looney Tune), Paul and Fred Skau, among others. Ask Freddie about travelling thousands of miles to Mexico and swearing by the Almighty that he heard turkeys cackling & gobbling above his hotel roof. You heard me, turkeys. On second thought, ask Hank (Hazel of the "P.S."). Hank just smiles and smiles and smiles. Fred gets redder and redder and redder. I just left the New Belle an hour ago. My little Francesca (the Mad) is asleep behind the piano on their new stage. Poor dear was up all night hanging the 100 yards of plush red velvet on the backdrop. That is just enough yardage for a new gown for Francesca, if he holds his stomach in for nine hours!

Chicked, I mean checked into the "P.S." for a moment. The Saturday out-to-lunch bunch is holding court at the bar. Paul E. is in charge. Paul is wearing clothes today. A little cold outside, I

guess. The Two Geraldines are slinging hash. Roy Fay is out Xmas shopping at the New Belle Saloon. Jim Cronk, our chef, is pounding his meat in the kitchen, where else (Hello, Larry, I love you). The mail just came in. A greeting from the Joker. Also for my king, Marcus (Marcella) from the Joker, and one for Jack, the Freak Lady. I opened mine. Love it! Thank you. As soon as the water boils, I'll take a discreet peek at their greetings. With gloves of course.

Well, it's time for a brandy break with the "CLark Gable" of the barkeeps, that great, nice man, Rome of the Phoenix. Understanding, intuition, professionalism and charm make up this person, whom I know and love. Drawing on my ancestors, there will always be a Rome! Ur-ur-ur-ur right, Minnie?

As I mentioned at the start, I cant mention everyone (even if Bob Ross does pay his paper bill). However, I do think of you and do remember you. Jimmy and Bruce, and all the lovely chubbies, and chasers, of the Polk Gulch Saloon. Kenny Lyons, my own "Poison Choir Boy", my friend of "Years Ahead" - The Flower Pot & American Florsts, Sally and Sandy of "Sally's Hair House" - the gang at the Rendezvous, Ms. Olsen and Crowd, of the Hideaway at Church St. Station, and Jay Cee of the Beefsteak Tomatoes & "Rare" Vinegar. Two Rips, R.C. and Bonnie, the Sweeties. I think of you, I'm quite lucky to have so many delightful people I can say hello to and smile at. So, ending this "column" gramatically incorrect... Merry Christmas and happy, healthy New Year!

Cheers, Dixon (Salvatore
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We'd like to welcome Bob Ross back to the "P.S." as chef.



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Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

'Tis the season to be jolly, the saying goes; quite a few of our bike clubs have been ringing out the old with festive parties all over town. The Serpents were first with their blast at the Golden Rivet followed by the Constantines and the GDI. Last weekend, the Cheaters and Warlocks managed to squeeze their festivities into the very busy scene these days, and the Knights of Malta will do their thing on Xmas Eve. Lots of the bars are treating their customers to festive occasions, the most notable being the Pendulum on 18th & Castro last Thursday night. With a sumptuous buffet hosted by Jack "Irene" McGowan as Mrs. Claus and

entertainment by Daley & Miller, the packed house was really rocking. Thanks to Rod and Michael Frawley for being a pair of the nicest bar owners around town. It's easy to see why the Pendulum has endured for so long. Kenny Morgan (the Mouse) was in attendance with the last acquisition for his boudoir, Jack (Freak Lady), in tow. The Phoenix threw a farewell blast for Doris X (we never did have that contest to count your freckles did we?) which was well attended, while candidate for Mr. Gay San Francisco Michael Rio was wowing them at the Accident. Jim Sterling's fabulous metal sculpture show bowed at the Mint and the new Burtons

debuted (formerly the Purple Pickle) the same night. Jackson's opened without fanfare at their new location on Jones Street, the End Up celebrated their Second Anniversary (sans buttons), and the new Grape opened as a disco on Friday.

Lots of the bars have decorated their premises in traditional manner; you MUST check out Buzzy's where some 51 trees are suspended from the ceiling, simulated ice adorns the deejay's booth and the whole atmosphere reeks of a winter wonderland; the New Bell has forsaken their heretofore glittering phenomenon of a tree and opted for a flocked white one complete with hand-made silver baubles — those baubles which have been in the making since June; garland, holly and mistletoe have transformed many a bar into a pleasurable atmosphere most worthy of the season.

Our new District Attorney, Joe Frietas, made his first official appearance since the election at the Golden Rivet. Quite a few of our town's greats and not-so-greats were in attendance to congratulate the candidate. Mark Calhoun has quite a few "stunners" planned in the coming months and it's safe to say, the Rivet is well on its way to becoming one of this city's "hot" bars. The bar is mellow, to say the least, and the size is most conducive to large gatherings. Of course, consideration must be given to the staff of the Rivet — Roger and Jack, the owners are most pleasant and Chuck the bartender is probably one of the nicest around.

Some fifteen hundred persons walked, ran or crawled to the ballot box two Saturdays ago to cast their votes for the next empress of San Francisco. I am not being caustic in using the word "crawled" either; it was quite evident that some of the more zealous campaigners exceeded their devotion to their candidates by literally dragging the drunks off the streets to vote. While it certainly is no crime for "straights" to vote for their favorite candidate (Sen. and Mrs. marks participated), it would appear that some restraint could be exercised by the candidates as well as the committee supervising the election. In the end, absolutely NO ONE should DARE decry anything about the election. Muscatel Meadows was quite festive with decorated cars arriving on the heels of buses, mini-buses, fire engines, cable cars and even motorcycles. All manner of dress (and undress) arrived and eventually fell into the Turf Club where heated discussions and speculations were heard in every conversation as to who was ahead and why, or why not. This election had the most participants to date for any gay election and hopefully, more of the community will get involved in future elections. Good luck to Jane Doe, Dolli, Flame, Ginger and VooDoo and thank you for a fine campaign — one that helped brighten the gray days of October and November. We'll all know who our next empress will be on Saturday night, January 3rd at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel. If you haven't got your ticket yet, hurry, because they're going fast.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MARC(US) . . . South of Market welcomed yet another new watering hole to the area — the former Playland is now called the Hungry Hole, a beer and wine joint under the supervision of old friend Jack Haines. The 'Hole' is on Folsom (where else?) between 7th and 8th Sts. Carl Berry announces that the Golden Awards will be held on April 10th at the Kabuki Theatre with a super show lined up, or in the process already; the awards will cover 1974 And 75 because there was no award ceremony last year, but it is true that the "Wizard of Oz" is ineligible for any award considerations because there were "real women" in the cast - or it isn't true?!?! And will the porno films be considered this year? There are SIX (count 'em) porno film makers who live in this area who are QUITE interested in knowing if their work will be considered this year. Someone by the name of Vishnu is placing ads advocating the election of Larry Eppinette presidency of S.I.R. at the upcoming election. Mr. Vishnu, I heartily agree that Larry would be a good president for SIR — if you have any hot plans for his election,

why not let his friends in on it so we can help. Bill McWilliams' new bar will have its grand opening at Six AM, Sunday morning, Jan. 4th after the ball is over. Emperor Mike, Tenderloin Tessie, Randy Johnson, Empress Lola of Seattle, Tequila Tom Avila, Empress Reba and myself will be on hand from 6 AM to 12 Noon for this one, so see you all there. If there was ever a gay business who helped others along with themselves, it's gotta be Sukkers Likkers on Polk; the marquee is always doing a public service for one group or another with free advertisement and why not, on one the gayest streets in the world? Congratulations to Al Heil and staff for really doing the community a service — and free too! The campaign for Mr. and Ms. Gay San Francisco is getting into the swing of things, so be sure to vote in January. Have you seen the VIP Super Guys Calender yet? It's quite nice and only costs \$6.00 — buy one and send it to a friend. Be sure to attend the Royal Hangover Party at SIR on January 4th in the afternoon and vote for Loretta Love for SIR Royal Baby. Whatever happened to Patsy, Miss Gay California? Have you caught the new tiger button bring worn by Warren Thomas of the No Name Bar? Warren explains it was a one-of-a-kind gift from a customer because he calls everyone

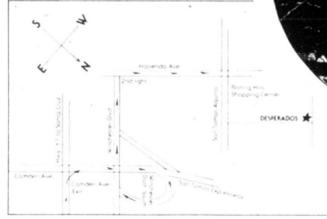
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"Tiger." Can you picture next year's Gay Freedom Day parade with a crack drill team, color guard, and Hot uniforms? Such a project is underway and hopefully, the drill corps will become a reality. If you're interested in participating in what looks like a great idea, contact me, and I'll put you in touch with the group that are already practicing precision marching. From what I hear, the grand re-opening of the Folsom Barracks was a night to be remembered. Special buttons were issued and a "great" time was had by all. Congratulations to Dan Gasser and staff and much success in the future. Be sure to check out the Ballroom on 6th between Folsom and Howard, for after hours fun and games; the other night, one of the "stars" from one of the movies being shown was there in rapt attention watching himself go through the rigors of love making on the screen. Large contingent of Australians headed our way during the month of June and already the South of Market bars are planning parties and events for them; they'll be about 50 strong and from all indications, it should be MOST outrageous for all concerned. Tom (Tequila) Avila is off tequila now that he's working at the Billy Club during the day and has opted from Scotch. By the way, what were you doing at the Nothing Special the other Sunday morning with Ken Misso, Tony Ziegler, Neil Fowler, Mike Hackett, Bob

Price and Jeff Blouse all in drag, my dear? I've heard of practicing, but the Closet Ball isn't until Next November. Dick Dickerson of the Folsom Prison is really feeling like a Master these days; at the GDI party last Sunday, when Dieter lost his BMW keys, Dick ordered everyone in the bar down on their knees to hunt for the keys and Everyone did just that — how macho, Mr. Dickerson! Sorry to hear about the ruffians who assaulted Gary Robinson of the Pendulum the other night after work. As of this printing, no one is sure if they were jealous gays or outrageous straights. Happy Birthday to Emperor III Bob Cramer, celebrating his (?) birthday at the Kokpit on Dec. 28th. And is it true that a fabulous new show, dancing, restaurant and movie bar will be opening South of Market in Mid-1976? Time will tell.

That ends it for this year. Have the ultimate time during the holiday season; love your brothers and sisters; continue as you have in the past — tolerate (everyone), participate (in everything you believe in) and cooperate (with all who would do likewise). Remember, patronize BAR's advertisers — see you at the Coronation on the 3rd.
Love you all, Mr. Marcus
PS: LORETTA LOVE FOR SIR ROYAL BABY.

DISASTER AND SIMULTANEOUS DEATH.

These "disaster movies" make a person wonder what would happen if he and his family were wiped out. What happens to his estate?

People who have written wills often allow for this. The will controls everything.

The problem becomes bigger if there is no will. This is especially true if there is property in joint tenancy. Since the property goes to the survivor, the questions is, who survives in, say, a fatal auto crash. This makes "survivorship" critical. When there is no will, the courts must also divide community property by "survivorship."

If one party survives moments longer than the other joint tenant, or spouse, (in the case of community property), then that survivor inherits the property.

There used to be complicated rules about survivors. Often there was no real evidence about which person lived longer than the other. It was more likely that they died at the same time.

California and other states adopted a "Uniform Simultaneous Death Act." Suppose husband and wife both perish in a small plane crash in the mountains. Which one died first? Often there is no way to tell. But a big inheritance may hinge on this question of survivorship. The new law says that the estates of husband and wife go to their heirs as if they had survived. That is, half is distributed to the husband's heirs and half to the wife's. The property of joint tenants also goes half to each, or in case of more than two joint tenants, then one third, one fourth, etc. to each.

What if a father takes out insurance on his life for his children — and they all die at once? The policy goes to the insured's heirs. However, the insured may set up a different arrangement in the insurance contract if he desires.

If there is any evidence to show that one of the people actually survived longer, then that controls. In one case the wife survived her husband by 10 minutes. The wife and her estate would

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get all the joint tenancy property as well as all the community property since there was no will. Here the Uniform Act does not apply. Further, the Act does not apply where there are trusts, deeds or other contracts that provide something else.

Some wills provide that the spouse must survive for a particular period of time to gain control of the estate.

HOSPITAL'S ORDINARY CARE
Proper hospital care is very important to everyone. It is also a legal responsibility of a hospital to give proper care to the patient. The hospital must meet the standards of skill and treatment as many be customary in its community. The bigger the community, the higher the standards. That also means that the hospital must hire competent personnel.

In one case, the plaintiff was hospitalized for 53 days for 3rd degree burns. The hospital didn't have an "open burn facility" nor was there any skin grafting equipment. The plaintiff's burns did not heal properly. He sued the hospital and recovered. The hospital had not provided necessary facilities. It should have transferred the plaintiff to another hospital if it could not provide the proper treatment.

In another case, the hospital used a defective surgical needle during an operation. The court said that there must be proof of negligence in the use of the needle to impose liability. The same is true when the hospital provides

a blood transfusion that is infected. The hospital is not strictly liable as a seller or provider of a product; it is rendering a professional service and there is liability only for negligence.

When hospital equipment is defective, the manufacturer is strictly liable. But the hospital is only liable if it knew or by reasonable inspection should have known of the defect.

When the hospital provides doctors, nurses and other services through its employees, it has the duty to provide proper supervision. It is liable for the acts of its employees.

Many doctors are independent users or contractors associated with the hospital. There is no employment relationship which makes the hospital directly responsible for their acts.

The hospital's duty to supervise private physicians has been expanded in recent cases. In one Illinois case, a young boy was brought into the hospital emergency room after suffering a broken leg during a game. The doctor on duty put the leg in a cast but did such a poor job that the circulation in the leg was impaired. The leg got worse. The hospital was liable for failing to properly supervise. The court said that there were inadequate nurses and staff to check on the boy's condition and that the hospital did not check on the doctor performing the orthopedic work, who was not current with modern procedures. The hospital should have tested the knowledge of doctors employed to work on emergency cases.

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Dateline: New York

By Rick Nielsen

Looking Back at 1975

The following express my opinions for the year 1975 — a year of gay headlines, defeat of the E.R.A. in New York State, job losses, Communist takeovers, more taxes and more. Thank God it is a new Year!

Big Gay Headline Newsmakers

1. Tech Sgt. Leonard Matlovich for his battle against the bigots in the U.S. Air Force who wanted him removed because he is a homosexual.

2. The defeat of the Gay Rights Bill. Crazy, but true, that in 1975 stupidity still wins and the people who should have supported equality for homosexuals turned down their bid and once more the homosexuals must feel the oppression. Shame!

3. The sensational murder of newspaper hier John S. Knight III in Philadelphia. A homosexual who kept a footlocker with tapes and pictures of his sex activities and who was found murdered in his \$1,050 a month apartment in the Dorchester section of Philly, mecca of the gay community.

Biggest Human Interest Story of 1975

"The Loch Ness Monster" — seems that there are pictures to finally prove Nessie is real and the Loch Ness Monster Conference opened in Edinburgh, Dec. 10, 1975 with prestigious scientists and naturalists attending. The photographs lead to the conviction that something does, indeed, live in the Loch Ness waters of Scotland.

Biggest Non-Gay Story

New York City. This city of nearly eight million people went downhill in 1975 and the blame can be put on such people as Mayor Beame. Mr. Beame has been part of the city government for years and knew what the future would bring. Yet he, nor anybody else, did anything about it. In 1975 thousands of policemen, firemen and other city workers lost their jobs. Taxes went sky high and business did a turn for the worse. Pres. Ford finally gave in and the

Congree voted about three billion dollars in aid the city. My feelings are bitter about the matter. Bitter because before the aid, the government granted nearly half a million dollars to fight porno, when at the same time, people needed the money for things more important, and Mayor Beame, instead of worrying about crime was getting upset over massage parlors and "dirty" movies. He should give us all a New Year present and resign.

Most Important Singer of 1975

Mr. Freddy Fender. *Wasted Days and Wasted Nights*, *Since I Met You Baby*, *Secret Love*, and *Before The Next Teardrop Falls* were all hits by this sensational singer. He is "Mr. White Soul" and he can only continue to go up the sweet ladder of success in 1976.

Most Important Records of 1975

1. *Wasted Days and Wasted Nights* - Freddy Fender. This song was a smash hit for 5 months on the National Charts.

2. *The Hustle* - the record and the dance made popular by Van McCoy lasted and lasted and nightclubs all over dance the hustle.

3. *Bad Blood* - Neil Sadaka's biggest hit record ever and his first million seller. A real Rock and Roll goody.

Biggest Comback of 1975

Neil Sadaka, known in the 50's for such oldies as *Oh, Carol* and *Calendar Girl*; his record of *Bad Blood* proved he never really went the forgotten road of so many rock and roll singers.

Honorable Mentions

Johnny Ventura, who helped make Salsa, Latin Soul, so popular. He packed in the people at Happy Hills, a Latin nightclub in Washington Heights, NYC, in 1975. The many 1950's re-run records by new singers. The Latin Hustle, the return to short hair. The big hits in the field of country music. Diana Ross for her role in *Mahogany*. The NY Post for their pro-gay articles. Bob Schwab for his honesty and work at Legend Gallery. Eddie Ziematra for his devotion to Legend Gallery and without his many hours of hard work the year

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may not have been so good. The many
gay people and the women who fought
for equal rights, for even while they lost
this year, they still keep the faith. To all
of you for just being wonderful people.

The Best Photography Studios - Men

1. Colt Studios for the continuing
good job they do in photographing the
male figure.

2. Target Studios - for being the
best new studio to come out in many
moons. Their excellent photography of
the male figure proves that they will be
around for many years.

The Best Photography Studio - Youth

Atlantis Studios. While this is my
studio, I give this opinion, not for
myself, but for its photographers such as
Atilla and Stuart Young. Their photog-
raphy is excellent and the beauty they
photograph is the best of any youthful
studio. Atlantis has proven you don't
need to be into porno to appreciate
good photography, but that you have
got to have good taste.

Most Popular NYC Store

Three fit into this heading: Legend
Gallery for its anti-exploitive ideas and
honesty; Pleasure Chest for its massive
national drive in opening several new
stores; and The Eagle Leather for just
being a very nice place to shop.

Honorable Mentions

Studio Book Shop and Oscar
Wilde Memorial Bookshop

Best Bar (or Nightclub) For 1975

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and very friendly. I recommend it
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Monday thru Thursday

DINNERS FROM \$3.95

Wednesday & Thursday

EMPEROR MIKE CARINGI NIGHTS

Sunday Nights - 5-10 p.m.

"THE KING OF MEATS"

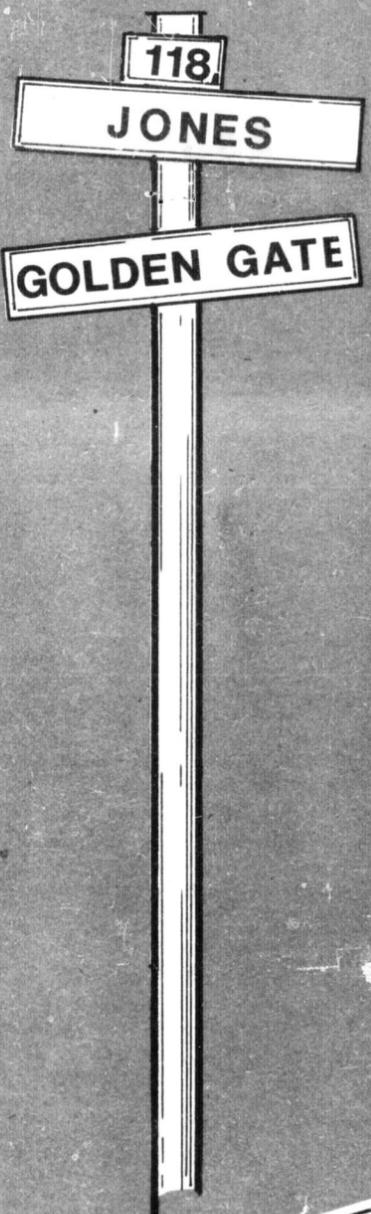
PRIME RIB DINNER \$6.00

THE

WOODS

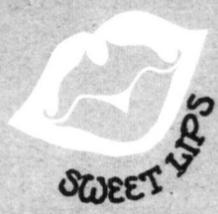
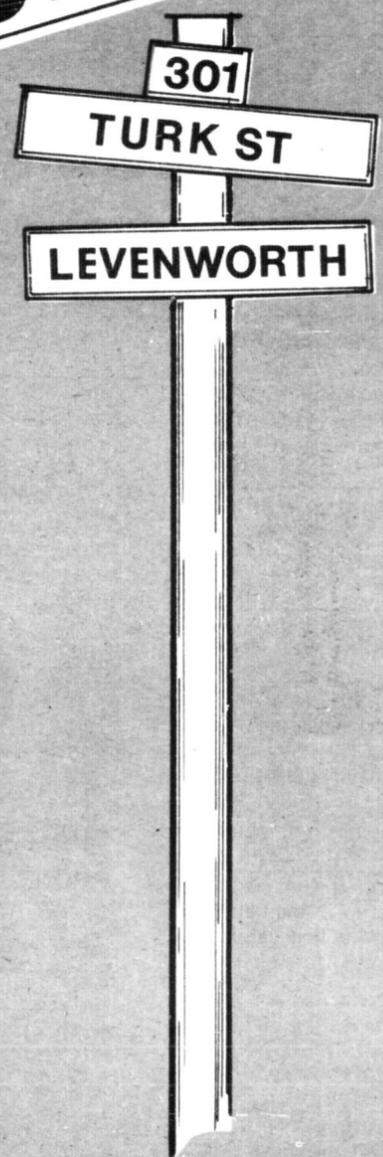
FAIRFAX

CALIFORNIA



Jackson's
118 JONES 771-7575

SINCE WE'RE NEIGHBORS, LET'S..



**THE
XORIT**

301 TURK ST. SAN FRANCISCO, 775-3260