

B.A.R.

free

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION AND READERSHIP IN THE BAY AREA



Flame Empress XI

Photo by Ron Williams

Fresno Gay Community Center Closes

Fresno, California does not have a Gay Community Center any longer. It closed shortly after the "coronation" of Bobbie Christian. The Center's future had been tied to the empress-emperor election, financially.

Chuck Wadsworth, director of the defunct center, has made serious charges against Bobbie Christian, as had Rev. Joseph Benjamin Brown, pastor of the Orthodox Episcopal Fellowship of the New Covenant, the local mission serving the gay community of Fresno.

Christian, according to numerous sources within the I.C.C. (no relation to The ICC), have charged that Christian misused funds that were earmarked for the Center, spending way beyond the budget, and leaving several hundred dollars of unpaid bills, and charged to the gay Community Center.

Protests of the "royalty trip" has gone all around the State from gay liberationists, who claim the entire situation has gotten out of hand. Rev. Brown says that he hopes that the Church will be able to open a new Center in the near future. The Church maintains a 24 hour gay hotline for now.

ORANGE COUNTY GAY COMMUNITY CENTER CLOSURE

Due to the ouster of John Rule as director of the Gay Community Center in Orange County, this area now finds itself without a gay center. The Center was located in the home of Rule, and after his ouster as director, the Center was closed.

Reliable spokespersons in this bustling gay community, stated that the 24 hours gay hotline shall continue on, and that a new Center will be opened soon, hopefully in Laguna Beach.

In the meantime, the Christian Life Community Church in Santa Ana will serve the gay population of northern Orange County, and the MCC in Costa Mesa will serve the extreme southern portion of the county.

Several activists and the pastors of the two churches hope that a Gay Center will be opened soon to serve the needs of the community.

Community V.D. Screenings

The Gay Health Project-City Clinic (VD) January schedule of community V.D. screenings is as follows:

Friday, Jan. 9, 9-12 pm Jacks Baths
 Tuesday, Jan. 13, 8-12 pm Barracks
 Saturday, Jan. 17, 1-5 pm The Cinch (formerly The Early Bird, 1723 Polk St)
 Thursday, Jan. 22, 8-12 pm Ritch St.
 Sunday, Jan. 25, 1-5 pm Jeff's Gym,
 Friday, Jan. 30, 9pm-1 am Barracks

The VeeDeeMobile service will be discontinued during the winter. We thank you for utilizing its services and making this endeavor a great success. In its place, the screening program is being supplemented with the use of store fronts as screening sites. Through the courtesy of Jeff's Gym and the Cinch, our January "store front" screenings will be conducted in those establishments.

S.I.R. RAP

S.I.R. Rap meets Fridays, 8 P.M., SIR Center, a "Supportive Friendly Group."

Jan 2. — "Ageism - is there a Generation Gap? Can it be bridged?"

Jan 9 — "Is organized religion of value to the Gay World?"

Jan 16 — No Meeting
 Jan 23 — "Positive ways to make new friends."

Jan 30 — "What is Sexism? How does it affect the Gay Community?"

Communicable Diseases Reported 1975

Successful immunization can reduce certain diseases to the vanishing point. This is dramatically brought to our attention by the deletion from the current list of such formerly common diseases as diphtheria, tetanus and poliomyelitis. Reported cases of pertussis (whooping cough) are negligible. Although the number of rubella cases has dropped dramatically, the doubling of rubella cases in 1975 over 1974 should remind agencies and physicians of the on-going need for rubella immunization in our

community.

There is some satisfaction in the apparent stabilization in the number of tuberculosis cases, which remains at a relatively low level. However, the number is significantly large enough to indicate that the control of tuberculosis remains an important public health problem. The number of mumps and chickenpox cases probably reflect the cyclical nature of these diseases over a 5-10 year period. However, an available mumps vaccine should have kept the number of mumps cases down. This will be something to watch.

The major increase in the number of reported cases of measles reflects a complacency in immunizing against this disease. The great majority of these were children in their teens who missed immunization as part of their early pediatric care.

San Francisco shares with most of the country a relatively high rate of viral hepatitis. The increase over last year follows a California trend. Serum hepatitis is contracted from virus contaminated blood, associated with transfusion in surgery and/or the so-called "drug culture." The incidence of infectious hepatitis is usually greater among crowded populations living under poor sanitary conditions. Many "communes" in San Francisco and neighboring areas can be so described. [From the Weekly Bulletin of the Department of Public Health, San Francisco, dated December 26, 1975.]

Gay Men's Massage Workshop

A weekend Gay Men's Massage Workshop will be held in San Francisco on January 17 - 18.

The workshop will include instruction in sensual massage, yoga, meditation, common meals, and the use of a jacuzzi (hot tub). You need no prior experience in massage or yoga to attend and benefit from the workshop.

The leader of the workshop, Jay, is a certified masseur and postural integrator. He has been teaching massage through Lavender U for two years.

The price of the workshop, which is negotiable, is \$28. For reservations and information, call Jay at 929-0833.

Sen. Bayh Peaks On Gay Rights

The handsome Indiana Senator was questioned recently concerning his position on gay rights, and in particular on the Bella Abzug bill, HR 5452. Bayh said that he would not at this time commit himself to sponsor the bill if it reaches the Senate, but said, "Look, I've explored this before. I'm willing to do everything to help it pass. The question is whether to pick up political points with your groups (gays) or be realistic!"

"The main goal for me is to be elected President of the United States. It would be the same battle if that legislation were on the books, as with other civil rights legislation...after it's passed, there has to be enforcement. I want to be in the White House. I wouldn't be spending time in the Senate on the bill, but would be time across the country on my presidential candidacy."

"Recently, I was speaking and was interrupted by a voice from the balcony saying, 'Bayh is in favor of gay rights, and I said, Yes!'"

Bayh has spoken with several well known gay liberationists and activists around the country and has made it quite clear that he supports gay rights, and he feels he could best serve that end, by being in the White House where he could exert influence to bring about gay rights nationally. Bayh has given instructions that he wants his delegates to be representative of the community involved, whether women, blacks, young, Spanish-speaking, and gays as well.

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Milk Forum

By Harvey Milk

Musical Chairs

The political game of musical chairs is about ready to take place here in the city. With the new mayor leaving his senate seat open we have "heard" at least ten screen plays for the next six months.

Everyone who is remotely connected with politics has his or her own version. Everyone is an "expert" on just what will happen. The interesting thing from my vantage point is, that even those who are "more in the know" than others, have not heard of some of the scripts.

At least five names are offered as running for Moscone's senate seat. Four others are already running against Milton Marks — who is up for re-election this year. And three people are running for

Willie Brown's assembly seat if he moves on. Five are running against John Foran, no matter what he decides to do.

And, then, depending upon who gets what, there will be more openings and the game goes into the next round.

It all sounds crazy, ridiculous, boring and so forth. It also can be exciting. But it is vitally important! For once elected, these are the people who do spend our tax dollars and these are the people who do control our lives. Thus, more and more gay people are realizing that while it does take a lot of effort, that while it does take a lot of hard work, it is the best way that we can be sure to have our voice heard.

The election of George Moscone for mayor would not have happened if the people in the minority communities had not worked hard for him. This is especially true in the gay community. Not too long ago very few gays and no

out-front gays worked directly in political campaigns. Moscone had many working hard for him. Their effort was no more but no less vital to his election than any other community's effort. Without that effort his election probably would not have happened. If the gay community had taken the approach of "what difference does it make?" we would not have had Moscone in City Hall. The difference is that the gay community now has a mayor — for the first time ever! who is not only understanding of our particular problems, but who wants to correct the inequalities. We will see gay people appointed to important positions. *It does make a difference.*

With this lesson so clear it is important that we do not sit back and say now, all will be good. We must realize that this is only the start. We must continue to work to insure that the gains we have made are continued. We must make sure that those seeking office understand that we are not to be taken for granted or ignored.

With this in mind I suggest that those who do understand what gay

voting power is all about, watch the upcoming game of musical chairs and get involved. If none of the local candidates excite you, then look at the Presidential Primary coming up in a few months. Last week I talked about the former Senator from Oklahoma — Fred Harris — and his bid for the Democratic nomination. If you want to work on the national level, there is the perfect opportunity.

No matter what level you decide to move into, it is important that you do take some action. The time is here for the people running for offices in this city to understand that without gay help, their chances are lessened, and that that help their chances of winning are improved.

In the next few months, there will be more and more courting of the gay vote. Don't jump for the first candidate who comes to you. Wait till we see just who all the candidates are. We have proven in the Moscone election that we are a vital group — let's make sure that it remains so.

Sex Forum Workshop

Enrollment in a four week personal sexual enrichment workshop will begin Wed., Jan. 14 at the National Sex Forum, 1523 Franklin St., SF. Conducted by a trained sex counselor, this is an educational program designed by the Forum to help people who are experiencing sexual problems as well as those who want a more fulfilling sex life.

The workshop consists of one private assessment meeting and four, 3 1/2-hour evening group sessions. New workshops are offered each month and are open to individuals and couples of all sexual preferences.

The National Sex Forum is a non-profit educational service which has trained over 40,000 people in human sexuality since 1968. The Forum also provides a private counseling service to individuals and couples.

For more information, call 928-1133.

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Brother Bizarre's Gaze

Preesenting . . . The Bizarros!

Well, here we are in 1976, with a new, clean slate on which we may write what we will.

To aid in this writing, one almost always looks back on the assets and liabilities of the past year: achievements are noted and commented upon, and low points are taken into consideration as well. Sometimes these reflections are surrounded by pomp and ceremony, taking on the form of Award Ceremonies which, of course, leads up to my newest installation: The First Annual Bizarro Awards.

Some of these awards, such as those for Fashion and Perseverance, are purely camp, while others — particularly Tragedy of the Year — are deadly serious in intent. In these awards, I have attempted to re-cap 1975 in its best, and worst, moments. Whether I succeed or fail in that intent, these dubious distinctions do offer a little thought-provoking fodder to utilize in the year ahead. Onward and . . .

SPECIAL AWARDS

FASHION (or "What Can She Do; Her Followers Expect Her to Look Like a Christmas Tree") AWARD: to Empress Flame.

RICHARD NIXON "MY WAY" AWARD: to *Kalendar*, who, when every other paper had a Special Election Issue a week before the November election, came out with a — you guessed it — Special *Astrology* Issue.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE AWARD: to Harvey Milk, who revealed to the world, via a phone call to Herb Caen, that his close friend Oliver Sipple, was homosexual. (Incidentally, Milk is not named in Sipple's \$15 million lawsuit)

ONE-SHOT WONDER AWARD: to the *Mr. Acme Contest*.

"HEY, BIG SPENDER" AWARD: to *Dolli*, *Flame* and *Ginger*, who combined, spent between \$10,000 to \$15,000 in campaigning for what was once a "camp" title.

FUNNY-YOU-DON'T-LOOK-GAY AWARD: as always, to the "new" *Advocate*.

PERSEVERANCE AWARD: "SLAVE WANTED DOWNTOWN; possible live-in with benevolent autocrat . . ."

THAT OLD SLAP-IN-THE-FACE AWARD: to the *Folsom Prison*, for their sexist float in this year's Gay Freedom Day Parade.

THE "TOM SAWYER EFFECT" AWARD (presented to the person or group who can make a bad thing look good): to *Michael Kearns/Grant Tracy Saxon*, the man who glamorized hustling.

"WILL SUCCESS SPOIL . . .?" AWARD: to Emperor IV *Michael Caringi*, and we all know what the answer to that one is.

ANNUAL AWARDS

COMEBACK OF THE YEAR: the *Pride Foundation*, who groped their way back into the limelight by picking journalistic fights with Herb Caen.

BEST NEW GROUP: the *Harry S. Truman Democratic Club*.

EVENT OF THE YEAR: *The Wizard of Oz*.

FLOP OF THE YEAR: *The Heartbreak of Psoriasis*.

"YOU'RE NOT GETTING OLDER, YOU'RE GETTING BETTER"

AWARD: to my Empress *VooDoo*, who has helped the Gay Community since before there was such a thing, and who will undoubtedly outlive us all.

"YOU'RE NOT GETTING BETTER, YOU'RE GETTING OLDER" AWARD: to *S.I.R.* and I don't want to talk about it.

HERO OF THE YEAR: Through his actions of late have detracted from his past glory — the most notable being his senseless grudge-war with Ray Broshears — we still have *Paul Hardmann* to thank for his invaluable aid in defeating the Christian Coalition, which was attempting to overturn Willy Brown's Sexual Bill of Rights.

ZERO OF THE YEAR: *Oliver Sipple*, who along with his attorney *John Eshelman Wahl*, is selling out the Gay Community in a \$15 million lawsuit, in an attempt to show that nobody knew he was a homosexual until the day after he allegedly saved President Ford's life. (Well I beg to differ. H.L. Perry knew him, and Tenderloin Tessie knew him, and they both wrote about him in their columns, and then there was that full-page ad he bought in *Data-Boy* with his name in big, bold letters, and . . . but need I go on?)

JOKE OF THE YEAR: the ad campaign by the *Whitman-Radcliffe Foundation*, otherwise known as the Gay community's answer to the WIN button.

JOKE OF NEXT YEAR: the mythological (non-existent) "Golden 400" being catalogized and listed in a directory.

MAN OF THE YEAR: This award goes to the person who is the most loved by the most factions of the Gay community; the person who can (and often has) united the most diverse elements, bridged the most gaps, and brought the most good cheer of any other personality. He is not necessarily the Savior of San Francisco, but he could be if he had the ego for it.

This year's award for Man of the Year goes to someone who meets all of these qualifications and more, and I think you will agree with me that no one is as deserving of such a distinction as *Joe Roland*.

But before we all pat ourselves on the backs over our positive achievements, there is one final award which must give us all pause:

TRAGEDY OF THE YEAR: S&M Murders.

As stated before — a new, clean slate on which we may write what we will. Let's not mess it up again.

MARK WHO?

No, your beady little eyes are not begging for bifocals! As of today (providing that this issue comes out on January 8 — my birthday), *Brother Bizarre's Gaze* will be the journalistic spewings of one *Markalan David Gerrard Joplin*. The reasons are too personal (not to mention boring) to go into here; suffice it to say that it has to do with fresh blood, new beginnings and burning certain bridges, and that this is the end result. So let's go on to the barrage of socio-political commentary that Mark what's-his-name usually unloads on you at this time, shall we?

OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN David B. Goodstein, true to form, began his second year on the "new" *Advocate* with yet another journalistic

tongue-lashing of those who do not believe in his brand of Gay Liberation (approaching the straights on bended knee with plaintive whimperings of "Equality, please?"). Apparently, Mr. Goodstein has lost faith in the existing Gay movement, and now puts faith in a new wave of Gay liberationists who wish to remain in the closet.

Such a statement strikes me as a contradiction, to say the very least. Closet-cases, by definition are not Gay, but homosexual. And, as homosexuals who are afraid of the Gay-ness inside them, they are not a potential threat to thinking Gays — but a real one.

A prime example of this type of homosexual is Oliver Sipple, our hero-in-residence. Prior to that afternoon at the St. Francis Hotel, Sipple was actively involved in the Gay social scene, particularly with the Caringi For Emperor committee. But now that it appears more profitable to deny his homosexuality, Sipple stands ready to sell all of his Gay and homosexual friends down the river, as long as he can get his hands on that \$15 million. Oliver Sipple has been a slap in the face of every thinking Gay person in the country.

And yet, this is the new wave of Gay liberation that Mr. Goodstein places so much trust in.

On a second perusal of his January 14 Opening Space, I notice where he states that "the *Advocate* received a barrage of criticism from movement people," but then considers himself vindicated because of a pat on the head by "significant unnamed" national (straight) journals." Mr. Goodstein, I invite you to put this statement in a black/white perspective, or a Jew/Nazi one, or a feminist/MCP one, and see just how absurd it really sounds.

At the end of his harangue, Mr. Goodstein indulges in a bit of ego-boo by stating that he's "damned lonely on the front lines." Perhaps the reason he's so lonely is the fact that he's not on the front lines! People like Ray Broshears, Morris Knight and, though I disagree with their methods, BAGL — they are on the front lines! And those front lines are fighting the only real battle: Liberation of Gays, by Gays, for Gays! We have to win these rights, as every other minority has had to do; NOT wait for them to be served to us on the proverbial silver platter.

Are your closet liberators willing to wage that kind of war, Mr. Goodstein? I think not.

PLUGOLA AND FINIS

I urge your patronage of the Powell Theatre (remember it?). At the moment, they are under seige by a Union which nobody wants, with three or more picketers parading in front of the box office daily. It is a Gay-owned and Gay-operated business. The Union would not only end that, but would, at their scale of pay, put the Powell out of business within three months.


Don't let this happen. Take you, your lover, your friends, your family or combination thereof, to a movie at the Powell. You'll not only be treating yourself to some fine old movies (and at \$1 for matinee showing, you really can't go wrong), but you'll be showing your support of a fine old Gay institution as well. Do it!

Since my deadline for this issue fell a day or two before the coronation, I'm inviting you in for a round of Audience Participation. Simply fill in the missing word:

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The Men In My Life

By Paul-Francis Hartmann

Dan Curzon

As handmaids to the Gay capital of the world, we S.F.'ers are prone to promise more than we deliver. On this point we are not too far afield from our straight neighbors, local merchants and other civic megaphones. As it has for generations, the city continues to pass off mirage for reality. We are the setting for more and more movies; each season another TV series originates here. When will we run out of quaint buildings. When will every last hill be chased down, and when will every last corner be careened with wailing prowling cars in fierce pursuit. When will the camera exhaust every sweeping vista. Is the time far off when M.G.M. or Disney will build a replica San Francisco to corner the market on what we seem to be. Offering a permanent sound stage, with daily simulated quakes at 4 p.m. until the big one comes along. A megalomaniac monument and marketplace where visiting dreamers can leave their hearts and purses.

The downtown intrepid tourists stalk one another following the same trail: Fisherman's Wharf/Powell St. Cable Car/Grant Ave. in some sort of holiday Bermuda Triangle. I often wonder if those drum-majoring the Gay marching Band are not leading us around a similar obtuse triangle. And if what they offer is any more authentic than a Wax Museum on the Embarcadero.

To "find" San Francisco the tourist

would do better to explore the neighborhoods; to find alternative Gay models one might need look beyond the sideshow figures we now endure. A Roman collar doesn't make a Christian; a tiara doesn't make a Prince. From soap boxes, thrones and pulpits; from bar rags and dish towels comes only one thing we can be assured of: Noise. Pied pipers in drag.

Dan Curzon is a young writer emerging into recognition. He is far from being accosted in shopping centers by fairies frenzied for his autograph; he still porters around a large paper sack — heavy with copies of his latest novel, *Tim McPick*. To gain visibility he must pester book stores to carry his line; prime the pumps of editors and journalists; seek out audiences that will hear him (in classrooms, on panels, at readings). He must find his public, for chances are the public will not find him. He has to create a readership before is worth can be assessed. At this point he has little more to go on than faith in his talents and whatever help he can muster.

Recently after an all-too-precious poetry seance (twenty strangers scattered about a spacious loft. The only light — tiny bulbs flickering from a two-story Christmas tree) I made a point of introducing myself to Curzon (he had spoken at an earlier Gay symposium). And introduction in semi-darkness isn't easy and I had to force myself. I had admired his panel presentation and wanted to find out more of the man.

Happily, he knew the name and what I did; the initial awkwardness passed. Perhaps at that moment for him I became an avenue to advance *Tim McPick*. And to spare him the massage of my ego, I soon asked (in different words). "Can I help the book?" "Would you . . . ?" was what he meant. "I'll try," was what I tried to say. I liked the man behind the business, and I offered to drive him back to his hotel.

We stopped at the Corner Grocery on 18th (a mellow bar where one can relax, linger over a quiet drink, and pursue the dying art of conversation). Curzon, to achieve financial security, has found a temporary berth in teaching. At the moment he is seeking another post even further from the main stream. I suggested that to bury himself in some cut-rate college would be to bury his talent and potential as well. (I have seen it happen all too often and wished that some of our well-helmed Gays would offer patronage to young talents rather than spend their petty cash on corrupting their kept boys.)

As our relationship had gone professional — it was better, I suppose, that it stayed on that plateau; and I dropped Curzon off, still struggling with his shopping bag full of *Tim McPick* in some darkened reach of Diamond Heights. Besides I had a book to begin.

Dan Curzon could become a Gay voice of stature; at this point he too needs the support and encouragement of the Gay community. To buy Gay can mean more than mere floral arrangements or pot holders. Helping hands extends beyond hot lines and crash pads — it extends to front runners as well as also-rans.

My impression of Dan Curzon is

that he is an attractive young man of artistic and intellectual promise. It is to the Gay community's benefit to sponsor and further his career. His responsibility, should he go over the top, will be to prove worthy of another facet of Gay operation concern. Should he end up in the winners' circle, he'll have to grapple with all the corruptions that go with fame. I feel he's the kind of man who will be able to distinguish between being a celebrity and a notoriety. Til then he looks like a good bet. Take a ride on the *Misadventures of Tim McPick* — if only as an investment in our futures.

The Misadventures of Tim McPick

Gay fiction heretofore has usually concentrated in three hearses: the erotic, the sentimental, the pornographic. For generations it has been axiomatic that the homosexual hero had to self-destruct or be destroyed. E.M. Forster screwed a happy ending onto his novel *Maurice* and then never dared to publish it. *The Front Runner* continues that gloomy tradition of it's-just-too-good-to-last or to be allowed to last.

If one likes Evelyn Waugh or Nathaniel West, one will find *Tim McPick* to his taste. Curzon elects for his hero's passage a narrower tributary than the wide stream of the more ambitious novel. He lets loose innocents (a Gay youth, his white poodle, and his matronly Aunt Nelly) and plunges them into the maelstrom of contemporary movements. It's one goddamn mess after another, the babes are soon on the run; their pursuers are relentless, and every helping hand turns out to be a greasy palm. The pace is breakneck, and neither the reader nor Tim is given a moment's rest.

No writer today can get away with writing a respectable Victorian novel without turning tables on the genre itself (i.e. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*). So too Curzon sabotages his sabotage fiction. He places the action at a point in the near future when some of our greatest societal trends and fears have crystallized or soured beyond salvage. An 18th century Tom Jones can hide under a bed, a Candide behind a palm tree, but where does *McPick* hide to escape the omnivorous Eye of a Laser beam sun. The escapes are as implausible as tomorrow's villains are so very inescapably plausible.

The chief weakness is that the narrative is too comically intense — no pause for the reader to refresh himself, no backroom wherein the reader might count his profits. The action hurtles along, the reader runs out of breath and the comedy grows strident. Even fiction needs a time to powder its nose.

In San Francisco the book can be found at the Paperback Traffic on Castro, the Paperback and William Kruse Ltd. on Polk. This change-of-pace Gay farce, facile and affable, is worth the \$3.50.

Paul-Francis Hartmann

Read the **B.A.R. Classifieds**...they're sometimes funnier than regular copy.

Thoughts and Opinions

By Rev. Raymond Broshers

Ex Cathedra . . . (Almost)

A very Happy, Prosperous and Blessed New Year to All of You . . . Yes, that is my sincere prayer for each of you in the wonderful San Francisco Gay Communities. This goes for those whom I refer to as my friends and to those who consider me their enemy. Yes, 1975 has been a wonderful year for all gay people, and even those "revolving door-closet gays."

I watched the New Year come in with several of my friends as we gathered at the Hideaway Bar at the Church Street Station. No, it wasn't a large crowd, and that is just what made it wonderful. Every person there was familiar to me.

The fabulous Dick Nelson, better known as Empress Crystal, really made the evening an event to be remembered with his fabulous camp and humor. Just watching Dick in action, singing, dancing, laughing and camping it up, made all the heartaches of 1975 fade away. He donated \$50 to match the \$50 the Station gave away in money filled balloons, to the Helping Hands Community Services.

And Archie, Mrs. Olsen, was a sight to be seen. He looked just like the Folger's Mrs. Olsen, thanks to the fantabulous Empress Shirley who made him up. Yes, Shirley was there too, so was Jamie the bartender, who wore a silver diaper and was our New Year '76 baby.

Bob Ross managed to get there, before midnight and proceeded to enliven the affair even more. Mark Knox was there, as was Bill Tolan, and Mike Rio. Mike (Missy) was on hand to help pop the money filled balloons that were released at midnight. Mother Phil was there in low-drag, Martha Washington! Jeremiah, too, had a balloon or two. And *Miss Goodsport* of 1975-76, Ray Gustafson, better known as the dowager Empress Doris, was there, and oh oh oh what that 'chile did, made the evening a wonderful time.

Jay Levine, one of the owners, was present and even kissed me. But, so did Jessie, the new manager of Uncle Sam's, who used to be at the Mindshaft. Yes, New Year 1976 came in with friends, and more friends, many I can't even remember, as the evening was so hectic (and I was sober!)

Sara Jane Moore, the admitted attempted assassin of President Gerald Ford gave an interview with David Johnson and Janet Fries of the BARB, and said that Oliver "Bill" Sipple never "grabbed" her arm or even hit it, she said that he might have been one of the several who bumped her shoulder after she shot at the President. So, Bill Sipple is not a hero after all.

Ten years in San Francisco now, yep, that's how long I have been here now. Came here after having gone back to New Orleans from having just gotten out of jail in southern Illinois. The past seems to unreal now, that is, the past before I came here. For, it was here, just about 9 1/2 years ago, that I would even admit that I was a homosexual. But, after being "set-up" back in Illinois when I was doing that demonstration and work for CORE (Congress of Racial Equality), I guess even then I was a homosexual, at least I must have given that appearance to the enemy (white anglo-saxon protestant white racists), or how else

would they have ever been able to say that I had "groped" the 17 1/2 year old nephew of the Mayor of Belleville, and have the Justice of the Peace send me off to jail for 5 1/2 months. Just damn lucky that it was only a misdemeanor charge. But, when all that hit the newspapers in St. Louis, Little Rock, Memphis and New Orleans, all my relatives became my "ex-relatives" right down to the last second cousin. They didn't want no faggot in the family! But, I lived right through it, and I didn't have to go and sue any newspapers like some people do.

Now, after ten years here, I can look back on the things that I have been involved in here. Some of them were really far out. Such as back in 1966 when

the newspapers and the Board of Supervisors were screaming about the "trash on Market Street!" Well, let me tell you, they were not talking about paper, etc., they were talking about homosexuals, faggots, hustlers, drags, you know. Well, a group of us got together, helped by Officer Elliot Blackstone, and did my first Gay-media trip, gays, homosexuals, dragqueens, sweeping Market Street with these huge brooms all the while Channel 7 zoomed those video lenses right in, and it got into the newspapers. Well, that shut the Board of Supervisors right up. Then, the picketing, and window busting of Compton's all night cafeteria at Taylor and Turk. That was because they wouldn't let drag queens in. Boy oh boy! That was one hell of a fun fight with Comptons and the police and we won!

Then there was Vanguard, a gay

peoples-street peoples group, which began in Glide Church, until Rev. Cecil Williams threw us out! That's right, Cecil Williams is anti-fag! I was there, and was part of the group that helped find a new location to hold dances in, and offices as well, and it's right above the Gayety Theatre. You had to enter by the back door, up a flight of steel stairs. But it didn't last long unfortunately, for the street gay. Then there was the old War On Poverty Program...wow! What a super rip off of the taxpayers. I was appointed to a Central City seat, and then in 1969, was elected by popular vote of the residents of the Central City to the Board of Directors. I resigned. I just couldn't take being a rubber stamp to a bunch of bureaucratic thieves. The newspapers weren't even that interested.

(Continued Next Page)

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And the old Police Community Relations meetings we used to have in the Tenderloin...hell, there were at least 200 people at most at any of them, be they held at St. Boniface or at Glide, and they were WILLLLLLL! The shouting and screaming and sometimes fisticuffs between gays and straights was something. One thing, no Tenderloin fag is going to take any jive off any straights, like the Castro queens of today. The Tenderloin today is just as ruff and tuff as it was when I loved there ten years ago. People are a lot more real in the Tenderloin than they are anywhere else in the city.

Then, I can remember back to my little "trip" to Long Beach, which resulted in my being subpoenaed back to New Orleans by D.A. Jim Garrison concerning the JFK assassination. He learned, like others, that when I don't want to talk, there is no way in hell you are going to get me to. Guess that is what pisses the BAGLites off so much. I know lots of things, but they are for my use at the proper time, for the benefit of the total peoples, and not just a small cadre of would-be do-gooding fake socialists. After all, when the government isn't able to make me talk, help set me up, put me in jail, is anyone dumb enough to think that I would be "cooperative" to some silly queens who don't really know what is coming down in America today. And remember, Popeye Jackson was bumped off because he talked too much! Think about it — he was no longer of any possible use! But back to my ten years here. How many of you remember the LeGallett Tannery's murder of two young black men by not having proper safety precautions at that plant in Hunters Point? Well, I was there, the only white person who would go to

Hunters Point and help organize a demonstration, one which nearly led to a race riot. I was rushed to the Board of Supervisors where I told of the deaths before the full chamber, and the Board heeded the words of warning, and ordered the closing of the plant until it was safe.

Then there was the infamous San Jose Peace demonstration which led to my being apprehended by the federales and subsequent acquittal. That one was a winner.

And then the many, many peace marches that I was involved in as a worker-organizer. And the infamous police riot against us on the May 1st 1971 demonstration we had at the Bank of America. It was so typical of the SFPD, as they swooped down on horses and using mace, attacking a very legal and peaceful assembly, but the BofA "fathers" didn't like us being at their doors, so ole Chief Al Nelder ordered that we have our heads busted open. It was bloody, but a few of the "otherside" got a few "momentos" out of it that they won't ever be forgetting.

And, the now historical demonstrations against the Tavern Guild Beaux Arts Ball. They were really something else, and for a good cause. But, alas, the Tavern Guild seems to be heading back to the state where a few good zaps might awaken them to being more community oriented, instead of what Miss Minnie had led them into being.

And...how many of you can forget the television special that I had lined up with KPIX on that Sunday night at 10 PM? Well, it was the first hour-long gay liberation special to be aired here in San Francisco, and the proper fags at SIR and at the Tavern Guild were going out of their freaking minds, for it was just Ray

Broshears being interviewed by Helen Bentley and Rold Petersen! Larry Littlejohn, Plath, Del Martin, and all the big "leaders" of that year, stormed the doors of KPIX, resorting to the same tactics that GFL (Gay Liberation Front) and CHF (Committee for Homosexual Freedom) and GAA (Gay Activists Alliance) used, which they were always denouncing as "bad image" tactics. Well, they didn't get me off, but I loved it, for the big prissy queens had to recognize the existence of poor gays in San Francisco, and in particular, the Tenderloin and drag queens.

And, what about all those Pacific Telephone demonstrations that I was involved in...GAA/GLA organized 27 of them over the past five years and really raised hell with PT&T, long before a "proper" Pride Foundation and Paul Hardman came along to claim credit for "leading the way" in the PT&T hiring disputes with gayfolks.

And our old GAA and GLA put on 17 demonstrations against the SFPD regarding harassment and brutality. Oh yes, they were real fun ones too. Then, the fight in Sacramento (physical) with some crooks who were filming it for commercial purposes (nowadays, Hall Call does it and charges you to see it). That came during the rally after the Rev. Troy Perry marched to Sacramento. He slept in one of those fancy camper-buses at night while people like Al Alvarez and poor gays slept on the ground. Classism has been the greatest danger to gay liberation outside of the closet queen that I have seen yet.

Today, classism exists to a far greater extent than it did back when I came to this city. And all this emperor-empress crap is what has made it more so.

Yes, ten years here, and I can't even begin to chronicle it. Things like the senior citizen lunch program which we began and transferred it to SIR because our group could no longer afford it. But we did it out of love and compassion, but SIR, when it couldn't obtain funds for it, dropped it. And the demonstrations outside of Vaccaville prison back in 1972m and the zaps at City Hall, the picketing by our group of Wayne Redus and the Human Rights Commission for being a shuck and jive outfit when it came to gay rights. Also, the Fort Miley Veterans Hospital shows, they are something truly beautiful. And the Frank Bartley-Howard Efland demonstration outside of the Federal Bldg., calling for federal intervention, which led to the meeting with Congressman Bill Maillard (now an ambassador). Bartley was the homosexual who the Berzerkley cops killed because hed allegedly propositioned one of them, and Howard Efland was beaten to death by the LAPD in his hotel room — after they got their rocks off.

Wow, I could go on and on about my ten years here in San Francisco. But, I thank the Lord for helping me to survive here. It is the most wonderful city in all the world. And it was the city in which I found myself, and the city which has given so very much to my people. And now, in this new year, I truly pray that the gay people and the revolving door queens will become even more active in helping create a better San Francisco for gaypeople and homosexuals alike. And let a bit of charity enter into your hearts, so that gay social service agencies don't fold because of classism, egos, and hate-trips.

Someone one asked me who was on my "enemy list." And I told them, NO ONE! For I don't have such a thing. I

understand I am on the enemy list of many people, but that is their problem. I don't have time to be caught up in such time-consuming trips.

Let us all get it together this year and make it a better one than last one.

Looking for work? If you are looking for work, such as dishwashing, janitor, etc., please come into Helping Hands Community Services at 474 Eddy St. and register for work. Too many times we have had jobs go begging. Helping Hands is open from 1 PM til 8 PM, Monday thru Saturday. Near the intersection of Hyde and Eddy Sts.

Sweetheart Ball — Mr. & Ms. Valentine will be selected at the 1st Annual Sweetheart Ball, to be held Saturday, Feb. 14th (Valentine's Day) at the SIR Center, 83 Sixth St. Mike of Church St. Station will be the major domo in charge of the event, which is designated to raise funds for Helping Hands Gay Community Services. Mike is the former Empress Missy of Los Angeles, who has forgone drag. So, prepare to attend the Sweetheart Ball, and vote for your Mr. Valentine or Ms. Valentine. Posters and tickets will be available soon, as well as requirements for entering the Mr. & Ms. Valentine '76 contest.

MISSING PERSON — The whereabouts of Charlie Brown is causing considerable concern. His roommate Bob and co-worker at the Man Power Office, Dan Garcia, request friends to help find Charlie. He frequents the Hombre, Ramrod, and No Name bars. If you have any information, contact B.A.R. at 861-5019.

B.A.R.

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Show Biz In Review

By Donald McLean



Nelson & Jeanette, Pamela & Jack.

Stage: Jeanette & Nelson

For those of you who remember *Indian Love Call*, thrilled to *Sweethearts* and swooned over *Wanting You*, the entire film career of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy is being musically recalled every Sun. afternoon at 2:30 and Mon. evening at 8:30 at the On Broadway Theatre. It is a syrupy romantic trip down memory lane that should hold great appeal for true nostalgia buffs.

Husband-and-wife team Pamela and Jack Brooks recreate with the aid of wardrobe pieces, projected slides from each film recalled and the Dick Turner Trio every memorable moment of every J&N golden trill. Actually, Pamela Brooks is far too good to recreate Jeanette's rather tinny soprano; Mrs. Brooks has a beautiful, controlled soprano that dashes off the MacDonald repertoire with far more aplomb than the original possessed. She sails effortlessly through *Italian Street Song* to *San Francisco* (recreated exactly as it was

done both times in the film) with ample voice to spare. Winner of the Jane Powell Look-A-Like contest, Pamela Brooks provides the abundance of charm and soaring vocal ability in the two hours presentation. Jack Brooks lacks the robust full-bodied baritone of Eddy and the Nelson half falls curiously flat. Brooks also provides the narration; the cutesy "party" patter with Brooks talking to the audience in the aisles doesn't work and needs curtailing. Striving for an intimacy that unnecessary, it slows up the proceedings (if you want to sing songs around the piano in your living room, invite me over to the house; the On Broadway seats are too hard to let me think I'm anywhere but in a theatre). Brooks has a pleasant voice, a sure way about a stage and an ingratiating manner. He also keeps the show moving briskly along with a nice sense of humor injected, his vocal ability rising to the fore in the more sustained, quiet passages than the bell-ringing, belting *Calling-All-Mounties* numbers.

The production values are fine throughout, the price certainly reasonable (\$3.50 & \$2.50) and it all adds up to an enjoyable tribute to the good old days

of the Hollywood operetta, recreated with authentic regard for the originals. But two hours of Jeanette and Nelson may prove a bit much for anyone but the true fan; it's a dated charm at best.

Films: Hedda & Hustle

It was almost inevitable that Glenda Jackson would make her bid for yet another Oscar in '75, and *Hedda* slipped in just under the wire at the end of the year (a favorite producer manoeuvre). Miss Jackson has played Hedda Gabler on the stage both in England and America; now her riveting performance has been preserved on film and it's a must-see for Jackson fans and cinematic devotees. Jackson has taken Henrik Ibsen's bored, manipulative and ultimately destructive anti-heroine and made her her own. Jackson plays Hedda as a cold, precise superior woman impatient with the weakness of men, added a strong Lesbian overtone that validates Hedda's shrewdness with her social stratosphere, and if Jackson's Hedda is not the definitive portrayal, it at least sets a high standard for future interpretations. Ably abetted by Trevor Nunn's shrewd direction and adaption of Ibsen's talky and often static play, Glenda Jackson has given us a Hedda that relates to contemporary women beautifully. Her supporting company from the Royal Shakespeare Company perform admirably, particularly Jennie Linden (last seen with Jackson in *Women in Love*), but *Hedda* remains a tour de force for Glenda. (At the Vogue theatre).

To go from the sublime to the nauseating — it is highly indicative of the moviegoing mentality that the Number One box office male stars in the world are Charles Bronson and Clint Eastwood, two of our finest non-actors. But they represent larger-than-life gutsy heroes who take no shit from no man, a very appealing quality to those of us struggling to grapple with life's everyday problems... and live on the premise "Life is a big shit sandwich and every day we take another bite!" You just know Bronson and Eastwood never worry

about muggers, taxes or fighting with Ma Bell. Another star non-actor is Burt Reynolds, who grinds out four or five movies a year coasting upon a sexy body, a charming deprecating smile and a wry sense of humor about himself. He's not so heroic as Bronson but he also fights back; the difference is, Reynolds loses. His latest loser is a piece of trash entitled *Hustle*, notable only for the fact that it was directed by Robert Aldrich, who gave us some good films in the past (*Dirty Dozen* & *Baby Jane* among others). In *Hustle* (the title alone should warn you off), Reynolds plays a semi-tough cop who lives with a high class hooker, Catherine Deneuve. He tries to solve the mystery surrounding a teenage girl's suicide and encounters Eddie Albert (a fate I wouldn't wish on a dog!), Ben Johnson and Eileen Brennan (in the only first-rate acting performance of the film). It's a grubby story told in grubby cliches by grubby people, short on action and long on closeups of Miss Deneuve slobbering on Reynolds' furry chest. At the end of the interminable two hours, Reynolds dies; he should have taken Aldrich, Deneuve and the writers with him!! (at the Regency II... but probably not for long.)



Glenda Jackson makes her bid for the '75 Oscar, with "Hedda."

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THE BEST AND WORST OF '75

Or rather, since to say anything is the "Best" or "Worst" seems pretentious to me since it's only one man's opinion, let's say my "Favorite" and "Least Favorite" films of 1975.

To pick ten favorites is no easy task; there weren't many really exceptional films this year. Oh, the nights I've tossed and turned laboring in decision; *Day of the Locust* was good, unevenly interesting, but a favorite? No, 'fraid not. *Funny Lady* I thoroughly enjoyed but it suffered as a sequel, and I would be hard pressed to tell you anything about it today, while I still remember frame-for-frame the original. *Rocky Horror* is a great camp, *Hard Times* was probably the best Charles Bronson film to date, Richard Lester gave us two dandy comedies, *Four Musketeers* and *Royal Flash*, but lest you think I am a trivial person who just enjoys a good hearty chuckle or two, I've gone for the "biggies", the films that probably will stand up very well in years to come:

FAVORITE FILMS OF '75

Jaws, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Sweet Away*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Nashville*, *Winterhawk*, *The Blackbird*, *Hedda*, *The Hindenburg* and *3 Days of the Condor* (Honorable Mention — *The Passenger*, *Brother*, *Can You Spare A Dime* and *Sherlock Holmes Smarter Brother*.)

Obviously, these films are certainly diversified, but my criteria is whether they succeeded in what they set out to do. *Hindenburg* is sheer escapism, but so is *Jaws*. They both catch you up in the grip of suspense, which is all they set out to do, they're well-acted and well-produced pictures, and while I realize many people hated *Nashville*, did they ever stop to think that might be the reaction Robert Altman wanted?

To pick ten "Least Favorites" is no easy task, either, because there's such a wide selection to choose from. God, there were a lot of lousy films in '75! I shall ignore such outright garbage as *The Story of O*, *Blazing Stewardesses* or *Bia*



"THE FILMS OF '75" — Roy Scheider and Lorraine Gary in the whopper hit "JAWS".

Bad Mama and go for those films that aspired to greatness and fell miserably short:

LEAST FAVORITE FILMS OF '75

— *Mandingo* (actually, it was so offensive I howled thru it), *Mahogany*, *Once is Not Enough*, *Lisztomania* (it was a tossup between this and *Tommy*), *Lucky Lady*, *Rooster Cogburn*, *At Long Last Love*, *The Fortune*, *Black Moon* and *Shampoo* (Dishonorable Mention — *Possee*, *Conversation Piece* and *The Little Prince*.)



BEST ACTRESSES OF '75 — Anne Baxter for Noel Coward in "Two Keys"; Linda Hopkins in "Me and Bessie," and Carole Cook in "Father's Day."

Yes, Julie Christie's line was very funny in *Shampoo*, Warren Beatty looked dashing, but I still thought it was a vulgar bore. Diana Ross deserved far

better than she got with *Mahogany*, and if you loved *Mandingo* and *Rooster Cogburn*, I bask in admiration of your tolerance.

LOCAL TURKEY AWARD — to the Mitchell Brothers for their much-heralded, long-awaited and short-lived epic snore, *Sodom & Gomorrah*.

THE LOCAL SCENE IN '75 (resorting back to "Best" & "Worst")

Although '75 was a dismal year for gay showbars (none after *Cabaret* closed), and very little gay theater, it was a bountiful year for local entertainment, certainly far better overall than previous years.

BEST STAGE PRODUCTIONS — *Me and Bessie*, *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead*, A.C.T.'s *The Ruling Class* and *The Matchmaker*, *Snoopy*, the *Lamp-lighters' Die Fledermus*, *Noel Coward in Two Keys*, *Father's Day*, *Indians*, S.F. Ensemble Theatre's *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*.

WORST STAGE PRODUCTIONS — C.L.O.'s *Odyssey and How To Succeed*, A.C.T.'s *Threepenny Opera* and *Desire Under the Elms*, *The Gospel According to Art Hoppe*, *Special Friends*.

BEST LOCAL PRODUCTION — Daisy Court's production of *The Wizard of Oz*.

WORST LOCAL PRODUCTION — *The Heartbreak of Psoriasis*.

MOST OVERRATED LOCAL PRODUCTION — Carole Cook in *Father's Day*, Linda Hopkins in *Me and Bessie*, Hope Alexander-Willis in *Threepenny Opera*, Pamela Myers and Cathy Cahn

Camelot, Deborah May in *The Matchmaker*, Barbara Dirickson in *General Gorgeous*, Kres' Mersky as *Isadora Duncan*.

BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR — Jim Dale in *Scapino*, Ron Houseman in *Bullshot Crummond*, Rene Auberjonois in *The Ruling Class*, Hume Cronyn in *Noel Coward*, Sydney Walker in *The Matchmaker*, Earl Boen in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Anthony Teague and Nicholas Cortland in *Tiny Alice*, Jimmy Dodge in *Snoopy*, Ray Reinhardt in *Desire Under the Elms*, Sal Mineo and Jeff Druce in *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead*, Michael Cavanaugh in *Indians*.

BEST ACTORS OF '75



Jim Dale as "Scapino."



Ken Norton and Perry King in the trash smash, "MANDINGO".

MOST OVERRATED LOCAL PRODUCTION — Eureka Theatre's *The Boys from Syracuse*.

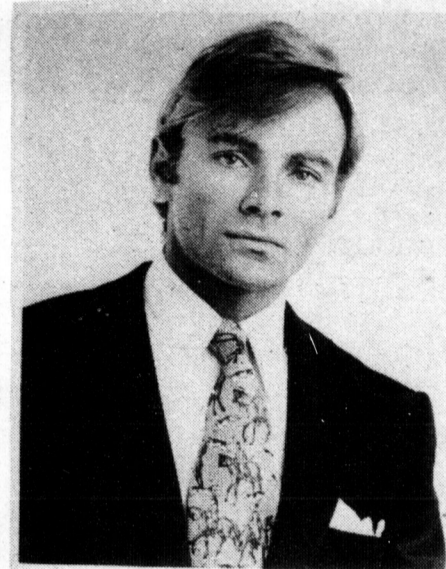
BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS — Carole Cook in *Father's Day*, Linda Hopkins in *Me and Bessie*, Hope Alexander-Willis in *Threepenny Opera*, Pamela Myers and Cathy Cahn in *Snoopy*, Anne Baxter and Jessica Tandy in *Noel Coward*, Anne Rogers in

BEST NEW NIGHTCLUB ACTS — Manhattan Transfer and Gotham.

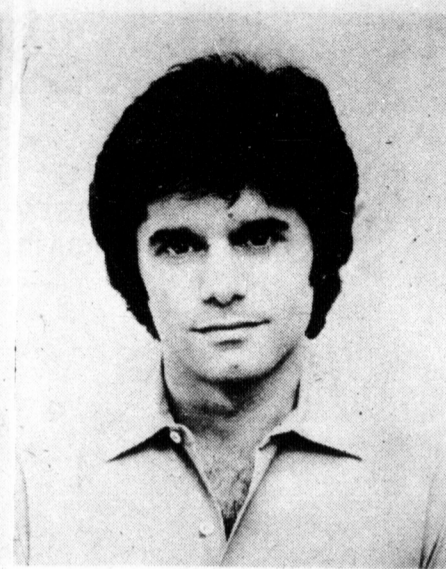
WORST NIGHTCLUB ACTS — Barbara Eden, Tony Martin' and Cyd Charisse.

MISS "HEADED RIGHT FOR THE TOP" — Nancy Bleiweiss of *BBB Goes Bananas*.

MOST OVERRATED NIGHT-CLUB ACT — The Tubes.



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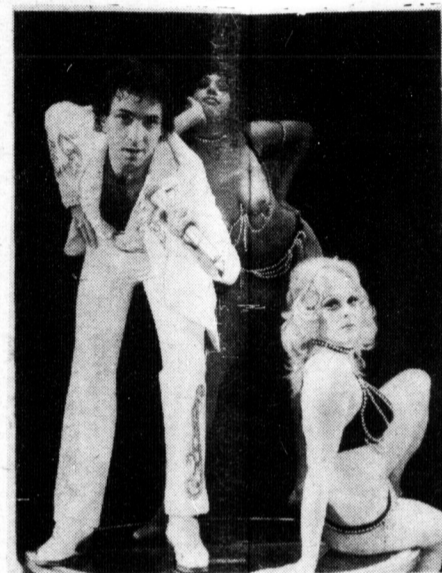
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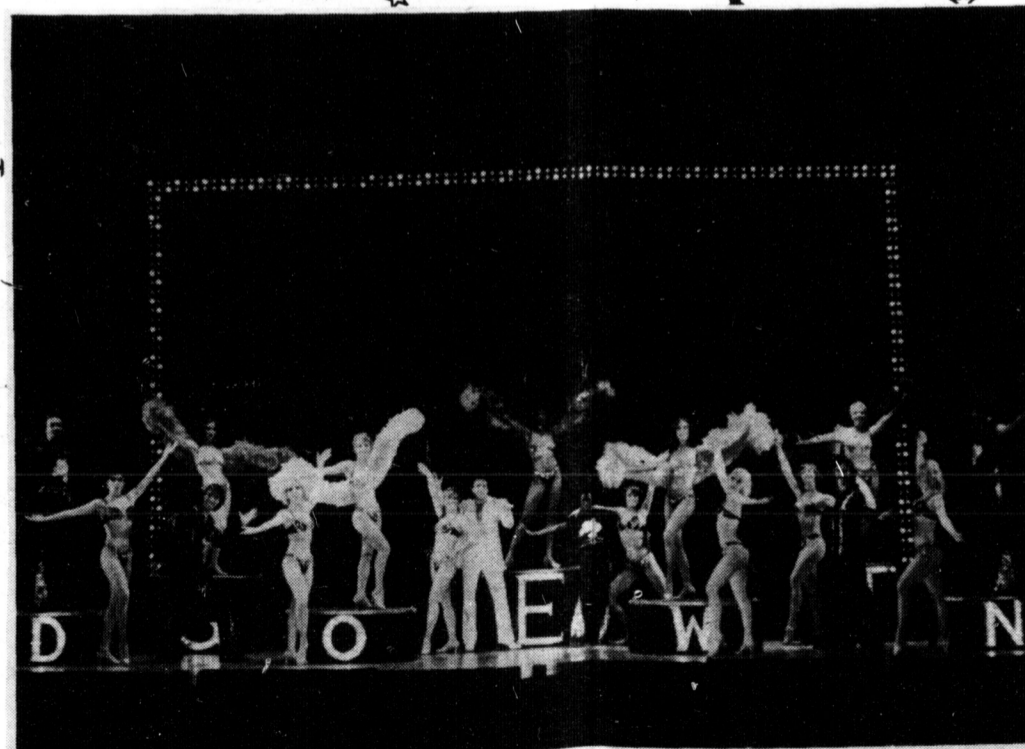
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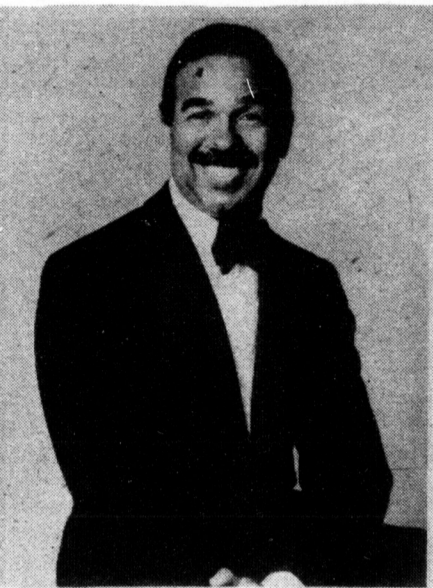
FAVORITE INTERVIEW OF '75 — Barbara Rush and Jim Dale.

LEAST FAVORITE INTERVIEW OF '75 — Barbara Cook and Jim Kelly.

GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR — In case you've lagged behind getting your Xmas gifts, or if you want to be the first in your neighborhood to start upon next year, here's a few gift suggestions entertainment-wise for '76.

Theatre tickets are always a safe bet. The smash play dealing with homosexuality, *Find Your Way Home*, opens Jan. 8th in its S.F. premiere at the

Showcase Theatre, 430 Mason St., Thurs. thru Sun nights. Prior to the opening of *This Is [An Entertainment]*, Tennessee Williams new play, at A.C.T. on Jan. 20th, the company will present excerpts from Williams' plays plus the renowned author himself discussing his works with the audience on Jan. 18th for one night only in *An Evening With Tennessee Williams*. (A nice holiday note — in Dec. A.C.T. assumed ownership of the Geary Theatre and adjacent corner property, assuring our resident repertory company a permanent home for the next 71 years). If you want to make Bobby Short's annual 5 p.m. soiree at the Geary Theatre on Feb. 18th, buy now at your local ticket agency, and while there, better pick up tickets for that zany satirist, Anna Russell, who will make her first appearance in many years on Feb. 21st at the Masonic Aud. If you went looking for *Get Down* at the Orpheum Theatre, it's moved to Bimbo's 365 currently, a



Bobby Short appears in his annual concert, Feb. 8th at the Geary.

much better sight for the Las Vegas flashy production. And the rumor mill tells me we may get our own local production of *Let My People Come* come Feb. And is it really possible the Civic Light Opera may bring us Rhonda Fleming in *Kismet* this season? Hope so.

Peter Donat will appear with the Oakland Symphony Orchestra and Chorus on Jan. 27th, 28 & 29th at the Oakland Paramount at 8:30, and the Julliard String Quartette will appear at the Masonic Aud. on Feb. 20th. For you less classical enthusiasts, a new rock nightclub entitled Savoy has opened in the back room of the Savoy-Tivoli and presents rock groups such as Canned Heat, Mike Bloomfield & Naftalin Electric Blues Band (Jan. 10th and 11th), and Barry Melton, tickets available at all Bass outlets.

For you record devotees, a new album available at the Record House is *Nostalgia on Nob Hill*, 30 standards beautifully played with the old "big band" sound by Ernie Hecksher and His Orchestra; as far as I'm concerned, Hecksher's orchestra is the only good thing in the entire Venetian Room of the Fairmont operation. Hecksher has been the conductor there for the past 27 years, still going strong, and his newest album is enjoyable listening. Equally enjoyable is *Beverly Sills Sings Victor Herbert*, released last month and headed right for the best seller charts. Backed by the Andre Kostalanetz Orchestra, The Sills Lady know her way around the operetta as well as the operatic, in sensational voice. And I finally caught up with *Zebedy Sings for You*, Zebedy Colt singing emotionally, songs usually associated with lady torch singers with full lush orchestra and chorus, for those gay romantic evenings by the fireside.

If you like to keep abreast of where-to-go for such diverse things as Pooh Bears, fun furs or the best clams in town, there is a monthly pamphlet entitled "Share The Wealth" that lists out-of-the-way Bay Area stores you may or may not know about, researched and recommended by the publishers knowingly. You can subscribe by sending \$7.50 per year to Share The Wealth, 3216 Beary Blvd., S.F. 94118. A great sourcebook that saves endless hours of trial-and-error.

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Sweetlips Sez

Congrats to Empress XI Flame. You have a hard road to follow, what with the fabulous job done by Doris and the Daisy Court, but knowing you Flame, you'll do as well if not better. If that is possible. I am sure you shall have a lot of support from the community.

Burton's, formerly the Purple Pickle, is The, and I do mean THE place to find fantastic food, fantastic service (not found in too many restaurants) and fantastic decor...not counting the fantastic people that you meet at Burtons. If you haven't been there for dinner yet, do try it. I am sure that you will be pleasantly surprised.

Mama Bernice (Other Inn, Portland, Ore.) you looked absolutely beautiful at the Coronation Ball. All of that weight that you lost is fabulous. Your daughter was a delight to talk to. Emperor Kim of Portland, your entrance was something that we expected from you, but even better than usual. Besides, you are a heaven house-guest. Thanks for the pillow cases again.

The Coronation Committee should be congratulated on a job well done. I would imagine that it was one of the best turned out and turned on Balls that we, the Tavern Guild, has ever had and such a bevy of beautiful people. Curt Bryan, the program was great and Doris and the Daisy Court really left a fantastic impression in peoples minds for the year she reigned. Thank you, Ray.

Dates to remember: Monday, Feb. 16th. Daddy Joe's Annual Lithuanian Party at the Gangway. This is one of the biggies and one of the fun events of the year. They elect Miss Lithuania.

Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday: April 5, 6 & 7th. The Sixth Hanging of Sweet Lips. Lola, Darcelle, Roc, Mame and Jimmy Quinn will again co-host three days of absolute madness. The theme will be the 'Spirit of '76' - no, not my age Rex Ann. So start planning your costumes and vacations now, as we'll have a ball or two.

Saturday, March 20th: The Coronation of Emperor IV and Empress V of Vancouver, B.C. If you have never been to Vancouver, you should try to make plans to attend this Coronation as these people have it together, and such lovely people they are.

Did you enjoy your Birthday Party at the Kokpit last Friday, Mame? After all, it lasted right on through to Monday. Hope you all had a fun time in Las Vegas where you went to see Darcelle and Co. perform. As if you don't see enough of that great entertainment group in Portland. Incidentally, Mame, thank you for the great luncheon at the QT on Monday. You are such a beautiful hostess with the mostess. Love ya.

The Annual Bob Cramer, Emperor III, Cable Car Awards at the New Jackson's on Sunday night was a riot. Michelle and Chuck Zinn did a sensational job in the entertainment department. Are you going to get a silicone shot(s) too, Chuck?

Our own Bob Ross is back holding forth at the *P.S. and of course you can see Salvatore (Dixon) during the 'Out to Lunch Bunch' and Glendora during the evening. The *P.S. still attracts a bevy of lovely people. Right Marcus?

Have you been to Bimbo's Theatre Restaurant to see *Get Down*, America's newest Rock Spectacular? Lot's of beautiful people and some good singing and dancing.

The really IN dance bar on Polk St. is the N'Touch. Luscious Lorelei has her shit together on this bar. Besides, you can always see the Marvelous Mavis there during the evening hours. You don't have to dance to go in and enjoy a good drink and great vibes. N'Touch, Cable Car Award Winner.

Little Fred is back at the QT tending bar again. We missed your friendly smile and wit, Freddie baby. Sorry that David (waiter) had to go back to school before he got to answer my question.

Has anyone seen T.J. since he has left the Fickle Fox? If you contemplate eating at the Fickle Fox do make a reservation as the place is usually packed with people who enjoy good dining and good drinks. Hi Mildred and Madam Tetrazinni.

The Golden Rivet is definitely one of the places you should not miss when you are touring the bars looking for that 'special someone.' Where do you find them all Marc Calhoun. And if you have a party it is a must on people's list to attend. Understand that George Banda and Bette Bonko will be opening the 'Original Jackson's' with none other than that master chef, Bill Beardemphill. That man certainly knows how to cook. Rumor has it that they should be reopening around the 15th or 18th of this month.

The New Jackson's features the sensational Mr. Marc Carroll on the piano. If you haven't heard this handsome gentleman play your favorite show tunes, you are missing something. Also at Jackson's, it is nice to see Nooch and Chuck on the plank, with Skippy holding forth in the kitchen, you know the food is excellent. Hi Ethel! The one and only Rex Ann will be appearing Thursday thru Sunday nites at the Gangway with an entire new repertoire. Don't miss her.

Thanks to all the wonderful people who attended the Cable Car Awards and voted the Kokpit Best Theme Decoration by a bar (Picnic in the Park). A special thanks to Bella and Keith Mc for doing the decorations. As they say, 'Thank God for Bella.' Michelle, it was nice of you to fill in as M.C. on such a short notice and thank you for remembering the words of *Gorgeous as an Orchid*. You are beautiful. Of course Dixon shared his honors of *Outstanding Polk St. Bartender* with the one and only Marvelous Mavis of the N'Touch. That is class Salvatore.

Henri Leleu, when are you going to let us see the NEW face. We are all waiting with baited breath.

Yours truly will be on the plank at the Kokpit while Mike Dooley takes some time off for a well deserved rest. R & R in the bar business??? Jack, you take care.

Tenderloin Tessie for Miss Gay San Francisco. And if you don't know her, you won't understand why she should be Miss Gay S.F. 'Cause she is.

Small fry to father: "How come soda pop will spoil my dinner and martinis give you an appetite." On that I say, Hi Bo Peep!

Ken Gooch, how come you disappeared back to Texas without saying 'Bye'. Incidentally, Bob Patterson (formerly of the BAJ) shall be moving back to San Francisco this month. Rumor has it that he shall be going back into the restaurant business, but don't know where as of yet.

Don't forget this is a 'Leap Year'. Love to all. Sweet Lips.

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A Coronation



Coronation '76

Inaugurating this Bi-Centennial year with its own revolutionary break with tradition, the Tavern Guild of San Francisco and the Privy Council crowned Flame, Express XI de San Francisco, at the climax of this city's most well-received and innovative Coronation.

The Daisy Court of Empress X Doris, spent months formulating the event devoid of those lengthy introductions and haphazard schedules typical of too many such evenings. Rather, the Empress Doris and Emperor Michael received whomever wished to be presented in the Garden Court where the focal point was a massive grand staircase utilized to the delight of the 1400 guests from the Bay Area and all of the Western States and Canada.

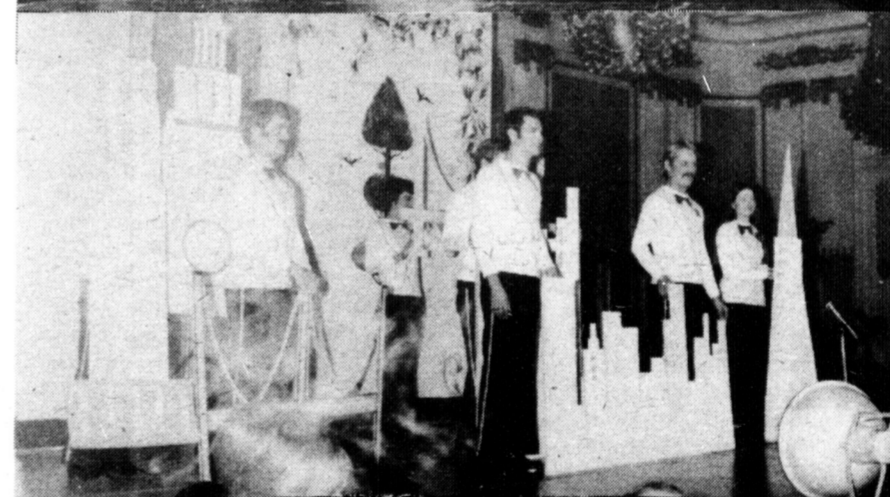
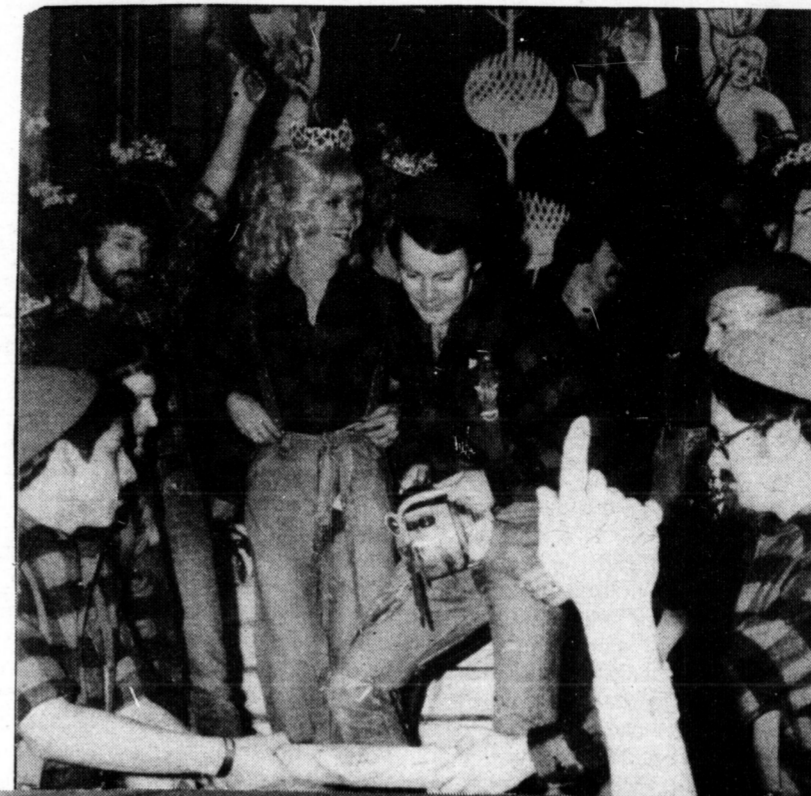
The format of the earliest portion of the evening was that of a reception where no one was forced to endure the two and a half hours of personal tributes — everyone was free to wander in three large-rooms of music, numerous bars, entertainment and costumed guests mingling against the background of Mid-Winter's Dream decor executed by Gene Boche of Bella's World. At 10:30 the crowd filled the Grand Ballroom to receive the reigning and obviously very loved and respected Doris, accompanied by the Emperor. Then, in a drastically abbreviated ceremony, the two received reigning heads of state from twenty three empires. If Portland's Rose and Lumberjack Courts were the hit of the Garden Reception, surely Missy (former Empress of L.A., now better known as Michael in S.F.) was the hands down crowd-pleaser in the Ballroom when he entered amid a storm of daisies falling over the packed tables and then, personally carpeted the stage with armloads of even more of Doris' flower. Doris was, as at numerous points, obviously moved and the room went up

for grabs.

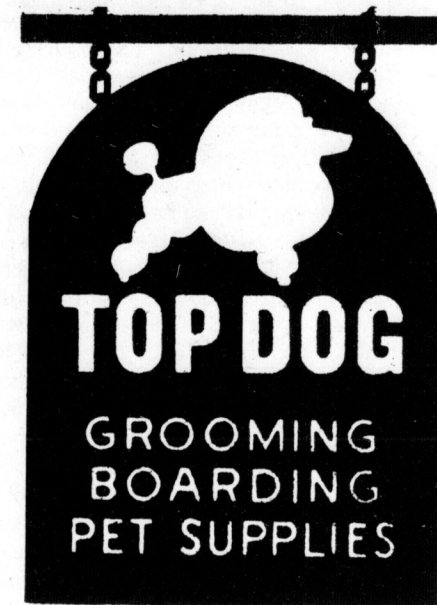
Again Doris left the stage only to re-enter shortly, in a nightgown, from the stage now set for the show superbly staged by Chuck Zinn. The premise of the 45-minute musical revue was "Doris' Dream — A Dream Come True." At this point the cast's and committee's dreams were realized as the crowded ballroom rose repeatedly in ovations for both the Broadway and original numbers that traced just what "the Empress is dreaming tonight." As always, it seems unfair to single out a few from the troupe; however, Mike Lewis was matchless as the narrator (he wrote his own material) and guest star Michelle brought the roaring audience to its feet when she knocked blowups of past Emmesses in the face and to the floor. When the show ended (the musical portion anyway), the Privy Council was announced with some notable absences and, more rapidly and more punctually than ever in memory, the envelope was opened and Dick Gersbach, president of the Tavern Guild, escorted Flame to the dias to be submitted to the Council's pomp and antics. At precisely 12:02, Doris crowned Flame, whisked away a break-away gown, and a tuxedoed Ray Gustafson escorted the new Empress to her throne.

Not another candidate in recent years has worked so hard, so long and spent so much to establish himself as legend and Empress. There is every indication that a sophisticated combination of taste and camp will mark this coming year as Flame sweeps our city and others with a flash and magnitude not seen since 1906. There is some speculation that the very name of the new court will reflect the Bi-Centennial mania. One way or another, though, S.F. has welcomed, as requested, Flame to their hearts and the throne. Now we wait and watch as what will surely be a totally new approach to the 'institution' of Empress begins. Hail and congratulations, Flame, Empress XI de San Francisco.

Curt Bryan



Photos by Ron Williams



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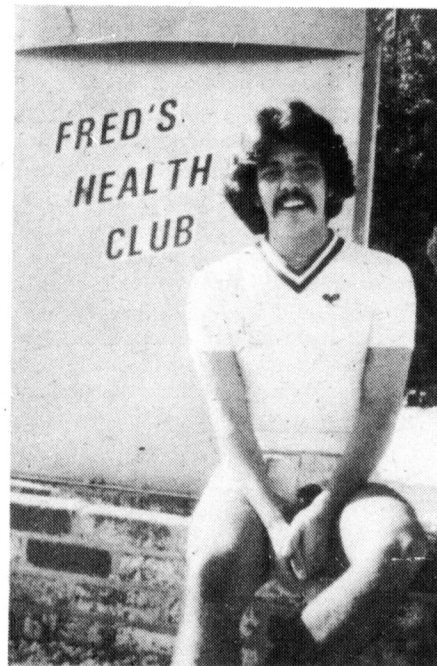
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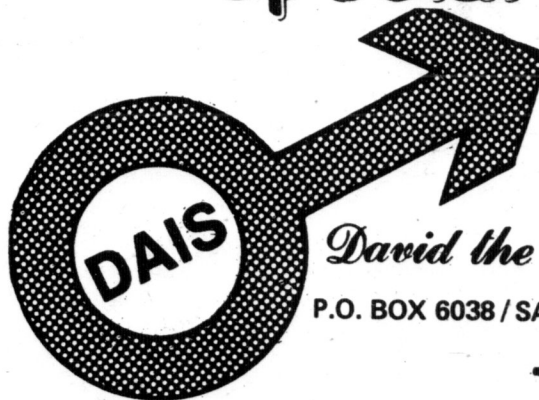
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Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

The second dynasty of empresses began last Saturday night at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel, as H.I.M. Doris X, placed the crown on the head of South of Market's first empress, the vivacious Flame XI. From the time of Empress I Jose through Empress X Doris, the gay community has enjoyed a decade of camp, and circumstance with each year's coronation of mock royalty. Now, we are embarked on the eleventh year of fun and frivolity with the overpowering promise of a HOT year. The campaign staged by the new monarch was one unlikely to ever be matched by future candidates. The straight and gay members of the community were totally bombarded with campaign strategy that was a classic example of a well-oiled, well-financed and perfectly executed machine that literally drove the voters to the polls to vote for a person who was already a legend before the election. Wally Rutherford collected an array of brain trusts who left no avenues untapped in resourcefulness. The pizzazz displayed by Flame was overwhelming in its dazzling plethora of class, style and momentum. The candidate was able to create the fantastic illusion of grandiose chic in dress and decorum while at the same time manage to constantly remind the voting public that here was a man (and as handsome one at that) who could create an aura of femininity and beauty without a qualm. Congratulations to Flame XI — the entire community is looking forward to a great year of fun and camp. I don't think anyone will be disappointed. I would also like to express my appreciation to the now Dowager Empress Doris — that sweet guy next door who reigned the empire with an air of camp and left behind an impression of community service and many, many fun times. Doris' crowning achievement with the Daisy Court and friends was the production of the *Wizard of Oz*, a benefit for Operation Concern. The beautiful production was enjoyed by hundreds of persons who can never forget the entire cast for its magnificent enthusiasm and professionalism. With all the pomp and ceremony befitting a true leader, H.I.M. Doris took her final promenade for the last time down the ramp to the tumultuous and prolonged applause which could never convey the love and appreciation they all felt deep down inside. Thank you Doris, you are one of those empresses who will always be remembered for reigning with a sense of love, fairness, humility, understanding, and most of all, community awareness. Long Live Empress Doris! A most fitting empress to close the first decade of what is now considered one of San Francisco's most cherished traditions.

We need blood! Inter-Club Fund's production of *Casualty Capers* last November was coupled with a blood drive to benefit injured members of the entire community and the turn out for blood donations was gratifying. Unfortunately, not all of us are able to give blood, but those of you who can are the ones Inter Club is looking for. A spokesman for the ICF reminds us that a healthy person is able to give blood several times a year and do you know that means to you, besides just donating? Each pint donated is worth a free ticket to the *Capers* in '76, and if you're inclined to enjoy the beneficence

of booze, you'll receive a "special surprise" certificate entitling you to a free cocktail at a number of bars which I cannot print due to ABC rulings. When you visit Irwin Memorial Blood Bank on Turk & Masonic, just tell them you want it credited to Inter-Club Fund Blood Bank — you'll be enjoying a few extra bonuses as a result while at the same time, helping your brothers and sisters. Don't think. Act...now!

Those of you into uniforms, and there are a good lot of you running around the campus, will be pleased to know that the next time you visit that megalopolis just south of us (Los Angeles) you can really do your thing. Los Angeles' newest bar entrepreneur, Chris Ellis, is proud to announce the opening on Saturday, Jan. 10th, of "Headquarters," a unique bar specializing in beer and men. The 5x7 postcard with a California Highway Patrol type arm patch on what appears to be a very hunky dude, is the announcement. Representatives of HQ were here in town last week passing out invitations and really whooping it up about the new bar. Sounds most interesting, to say the least, so next time you're in LA-LA Land, be sure to check it out.

Those ministers of madness and mayhem, the Rainbow MC are in the throes of planning their 4th Anniversary during the month of February. Head madman, Ron Johnson of the No Name bar announced that this year's celebration will be one to remember. Judging from the last three, there's not too much outer planetary madness they can really create, but knowing Ron and the rest of the Rainbows, I'm sure they'll be doing something outrageous. Incidentally, welcome back to Brother Tuck, who had an interesting but unrewarding sojourn down south, but realized as we all do, that San Francisco's got it.

Be prepared, all of you, for an invasion of the campus this coming June, for a contingent of some fifty hot Australian dudes will make the long journey from Down Under and settle down on all of us for a couple of weeks that will probably be ones you'll never forget. Under the auspices of the South Pacific Motor Club, the group is headed this way looking for fun and games and I can't think of a better city for all that and more. Plans are in various stages already, so be on the lookout for announcements. Are you reading this QANTAS of the Ramrod? Start stuffing those koala bears.

OF Mice and Men, but mostly men... Congratulations to all the Cable Car Award winners, given-out last Sunday night at the New Jackson's; Emperor Bob Cramer managed to reach all segments of the community for outstanding achievement without infringing another award ceremonies in town. The industrious Knights of Malta won in the "Most Active Bike Club at Community Functions" and Fe-Be's snagged the "Outstanding Bar in Cooperation with the Bike Clubs." Congratulations to Hector C. Navarro for winning "Outstanding Personality of the Year," and to Jane Doe (Mike Nameth) of the Round-Up as the "Outstanding Bartender on the Miracle Mile." To my fellow columnists at *Kalendar*. Mark Calhoun and La Kish,

congratulations for your writing achievements — probably the only columnists in town who rarely, if ever, knock anybody or anything. What this town needs is a restaurant where you can make a reservation, arrive there and be seated without having to wait 20 - 30 minutes for your table and another 20 - 30 minutes to get service, and why is that the case? Dave Monroe of Acme Beer told me that Acme is coming out real soon with a Bicentennial beer bottle featuring a red white and blue band around the neck that really shows some pizzazz and we're all looking forward to that. Most politically aware persons were overjoyed to learn that our new Mayor Moscone has named 2 gay persons to his committee to screen commission members, but what a lot of them don't know is that there is Another Person on that committee who is Very gay, and Very South of Market and Very leather too, so South of Market is definitely represented on that committee and that should make everyone feel reeeeeeal nice...Hot new bartender at the Elephant Walk direct from the Stud in L.A. and his name is Chuck, is you haven't noticed him already. The Walk also has a great new menu now and you should check it out real soon. Congratulations to Curt Bryan of the B.A.R. staff who squeaked through the voting to become SIR's new Royal Baby. The count: 66 for Curt Bryan, 65 for Lretta Love and 64 for Harry Leisure — now you know how it feels to win (or lose) by just one one. Hal Call of Mattachine and the Seven Committee was the first to herald the new consenting Adult Bill which went into effect on January 1. Bartenders at the Golden Rivet and funseekers on the Yacht Club's Black & White Ball onboard the Harbor Prince New Year's Eve immediately donned the new T-shirts that say, "Consenting Adult" as Auld Lang Syne was playing and that's forethought. You can buy 'em for \$5.95 at Adonis Book Store, 384 Ellis St. And speaking of the Yacht Club's New Year's Eve bay cruise, some 300 people jammed onboard and a great time was had by all — thanks Tacky Ruth, Chuck Falkenstaff (I know it's misspelled), Michelle and Dixon for a fun, fun night. Bill Pielock of Toad Hall, Bob Murphy and Wayne Roberts certainly do know how to throw a party that appeals to ALL elements. Hope you were lucky enough to be invited to what was probably the most outstanding Xmas party with some 300 Hot numbers just having a great old time. Flame had a party too that was attended by several members of the community who were Most Shocked to see somebody who calls himself the Empress of Colma strip and streak and I ask you, is that any way for an Empress of Colma or any other suburb to act? Watch the letters start arriving, Melvina.

Hear tell New Year's Eve at Toad Hall was absolutely outrageous, but heard tell the same thing about a lot of other bars too. Have you heard the expression, "Tom Tom" is coming yet? Lest you be misled into thinking that we're going to be invaded by Indians, fear not, Tom Tom means our own Tom Tequila Avila entangled with Tom Terrific of Portland who is supposed to be married to Emperor I Kim Chidester of Portland, but seemed to be having a ball with our homegrown Tequila. The grand opening of Bill McWilliams' new bar, the Billy Club, at 6 AM, Sunday morning after the ball proved that there are some very hearty people in our midst. The place was packed to the rafters all day. The place even ran out of beer, so it looks like Bill's got another Hit on his hands. The new Year is upon us

— surprises at every turn — the latest being that LA-based Male Express has gone out of business and this week, the name of the game is, Columnists in Need of a Paper to Write IN, by Randy Johnson, Robin Jailbird, Jim Smith, Tenderloin Tessie and others. Sorry 'bout 'dat . . .

Hear the empire of Santa Rosa is having a Huge feud between the Emperor and Empress and here's hoping that they get THAT settled and soon. Graffiti seen in T-rooms at the Board of Education: "The Min-Guinea is watching you." Bob Ross, that was a fabulous buffet at the "P.S. after the Coronation for Doris, just fabulous. And it appears there's much credence to the latest gossip that a certain bath house is seeking to employ members on their staff who will be "informers" to those of you who use grass, fresh air and other fine thing. So far, no one has taken the job(s) because who wants to be a paid "Informer?" Kristal with a K is now pouring booze at the New Jackson's. You all know Kristal, he makes the Best Side Car in the world and waiter Carlos, there is the world's best too. Missy, former Empress of Los Angeles, is making no effort to squelch the rumor that he is running for Emperor V of SF. You will all cease and desist from calling him Missy, his name is Mike Ferria, so address him accordingly. Most outstanding new face on the scene is George Napier, that Hot Man at the Boot Camp who made his

debut as an entertainer in the Emperor's Christmas Show. Nice going George, we're looking forward to seeing more of you.

That winds it up for this time out everyone. Let's all get together now and support all our elected representatives, both gay and straight. This is the year of commemorating all our basic freedoms, we must unite to get our guaranteed rights, we must not falter now or ever for the 2 million of us who have long been denied those rights. As our beloved Empress Jose once said, "United we stand; divided, they'll get us one by one." Don't ever forget that. See you around the campus, love your brothers and sisters. It's the thing to do.

My love to all,
Mr. Marcus

Polk St. Sally

By Dixon



Melba Rounds At The City

One of the Bay Area's favorite entertainers, Melba Rounds, opens at The City, Thurs., January 8th for a limited engagement. Melba and her five-piece group will appear nightly at 9:30, 11:00 and again at 12:30 through Sunday the 11th.

Melba's loyal following from such nightspots as The Boarding House will have the opportunity to see her spotlighted in the recently enlarged showroom ("The Show") of The City, the North Beach entertainment complex at 936 Montgomery St., just off Broadway.

Sorry kiddies, but I'm **STILL OUT TO LUNCH** as ever and, too, a little seasick. Green isn't one of my best colors so I'll save everything for the next issue.

P.S. Congratulations to our new queen, Empress XI Flame.

P.P.S. My love and congratulations to our new SIR Royal Baby, Curt Bryan

Cheers, Dixon
The World's Best Bartender (on Polk Street), besides my Darling Naked Sister, Mavis.

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This-a And That-a

By Lou Greene

Hope you all brought in the New Year right. I did and had a great time. This has been a bad time of the year for news, as everyone was throwing parties and celebrating the holiday season, etc. It has been quite a chore to gather news from the East Bay and the Peninsula and if it weren't for Gene and a few friends to feed me some of the goings on, I wouldn't be able to inform you of what's what. Goldie Montana has been very helpful and I have printed most of the information sent to me. In her recent letter to me she writes, and I quote: "Here is the news — I'll bet a rats ass it never makes the paper! Nothing ever does." If she is referring to some of the personal build-ups, she's right, I don't like to write about ego trips and have always written an impartial column. I will be very pleased to submit anyone's

information, providing it isn't a bitch grip or a personal ego trip.

San Jose's gay community, under the direction of Chairperson Grand Czarina III Nickie Nations, collected tons of food, toys and clothing for needy families during the Christmas season. The donations came from 9 gay bars, the Gay Students Union of San Jose State U., the Aquilas MC, and the Wagon Wheel Corp. To all of you who helped in this project, your share has been greatly appreciated.

The Desperados, located at 1425 Hacienda Ave., is one of the newest additions to the gay bar scene in the Peninsula. Gay owned and operated, your bartenders are Dan, Jim, Steve, John, Harold and Charlie. I haven't had the opportunity of visiting it yet, but am told it's a great restaurant. I certainly wish

them well and am looking forward to trying their culinary arts.

The Countryman, 393 Stockton St., is now featuring after hours on Friday and Saturday. You can enjoy dancing, pool, pin ball and food all night long and have a great time.

If you happened to stop by the El Patio New Year's night, the 'Lady' greeting you at the door was none other than Mr. Roller Derby, Bob Hines in high drag. "Just call me Kitty Rose," he said. It happens in the best of families! Incidentally, the Mating Game is featured here every Tuesday nite, starting at 9:00 pm. It's a real fun treat, don't miss it.

And don't forget the Coronation Ball of El Rey I Jerry, of San Jose which will be held at the Paragon on Jan. 24th. This promises to be a fun ball, don't miss it.

The 641 at 641 Stockton is picking up speed again. This is San Jose's original Leather and Levi bar, hosted by Bob, Gary and Andy. For that San Francisco Folsom Street down San Jose way, this is it.

Will sign off for now, hope this year is the best one yet for you; and remember, my best to you always in all ways.

Love Lou

LAW IN ACTION

I'M NOT MADE OF MONEY

Milt Mason, elderly and ailing, had money. He knew he couldn't take it with him. And his doctor had told him not to make any long-term plans. Milt worried about his young wife and their teenage daughters. Neither knew the meaning of a dollar — except that it was to spend. He felt they'd go through his estate in a short time, and have nothing left.

His attorney suggested that Milt set up a trust with a "spend-thrift clause." This is legal in California. It says that the person who gets the money — the beneficiary — can't transfer his interest in the trust to anyone else. Also, it says that the trust cannot be taken by creditors.

The person who controls the trust

— the trustee — is usually told to pay money to the beneficiary as needed. Such a person is often a professional, such as a lawyer, banker, or financial expert. The beneficiary may run up bills, but the trustee need not pay them. Nor may a creditor of the beneficiary take any part of the trust by legal action. Thus the beneficiary cannot squander the inheritance, because he or she does not control it.

Someone like Milt, who sets up the trust, doesn't need to use any special language. In one case the trustor merely said in his will that he was creating a "spend-thrift trust" for his daughters to prevent paying the income or principal to their creditors. The court said this was proper. It prevented the daughters from giving away or transferring any of their share.

What about the money the trustee hands out to the beneficiary? Then the beneficiary can transfer it or spend it as he wishes. And creditors have a right to attach it, if they can find it.

Some trusts set up "discretionary powers" in the trustee. This means the trustee may pay out only what he sees fit. The trustor may name a stingy trustee or one who is liberal in distributions. Or he can set guidelines for payments based, say, on the cost-of-living.

A trustor cannot create a spendthrift trust in his own favor. It is against public policy for someone to tie up his own property and put it out of the reach of creditors.

GRANDPARENT RIGHTS

Being a grandparent allows you all the joys without the problems. It also means that there are limits on your rights to the grandchild.

In a recent case, Don's wife died after a short illness. During the illness, her parents took care of the children. They continued to live with them for a year. Don remarried and the children then began to live with Don and his new wife. The grandparents sought the right to visit the children and this was granted, then limited, then finally cut off completely. Trouble had developed between Don and his former in-laws. Then Don's new wife tried to adopt Don's children and this was allowed. The maternal grandparents did not know about the petition for adoption and tried to set it aside on grounds of fraud. The court said that the adoption by the stepmother was in the best interest of the

children. There is no requirement to notify the grandparents nor to give any preference to them. Grandparents have no right to challenge the stepparent adoption.

Natural parents have the right to notice and their consent must be given to any adoption. In the case of an illegitimate child, the mother's consent must be given. The child's consent must be obtained if he or she is over 12 years of age.

Under certain circumstances the father of an illegitimate child is entitled to notice of adoption proceedings, say when the mother has died and he claims his child. But other relatives have no rights to notice.

The court may grant liberal visitation rights to grandparents or other relatives. But where there is bitter fighting between parents and grandparents or any other relative, the court may terminate the visitation rights entirely. The court may order that the "parents have complete discretion to determine the nature and extent of further grandparents visits, if any."

When a person reaches adulthood, then the requirements for consent to adoptions no longer apply. The consent of the adults, and the spouses of the adopting and adopted person are the only requirement. So if a relative or two unrelated adults wish to adopt, a joint petition may be filed and approval or their new relationship may be granted by the court.

HABEAS CORPUS

In recent years, it has become popular for prisoners to file with the courts a petition for a "writ of habeas corpus." The writ, if issued, orders the jailer to produce, and release, a person who may be in jail illegally. The prisoner files the writ to get out.

Habeas corpus is not a substitute for

an appeal. The writ is used as a means to correct legal and administrative errors. In most cases, the courts will not entertain a petition for the writ unless other remedies have failed.

Historically, the writ of habeas corpus has been considered an important protection against tyranny and abuse, whereby anyone who is unlawfully restrained or deprived of liberty may secure release. It applies also to civil commitments in hospitals, to commitments for contempt, and in cases of extradition. If a writ is granted, it is a misdemeanor for the jailer or institutional member to restrain the person further.

In one case, a person was put in jail because of an ordinance that he challenged as restricting his rights to free speech and religion. The writ was granted because the ordinance was void for being vague as well as being in conflict with state law.

In other cases, the writ has been granted because the process of determining guilt was defective, or unconstitutional. A denial of a jury trial, exclusion of the public from the trial, the knowing use of false testimony by the prosecution, or the denial of a fair jury trial are all reasons for habeas corpus. Also, a person may be released because the time for bringing a case to trial has expired, or because the sentence is excessive, or in violation of the provisions against cruel and unusual punishment.

A person may be released on habeas corpus because the place of custody is improper, as where an insane person is not committed to the right institution. Or another person, say a parent or a custodian, may have illegally restrained a child. Similarly, a person placed in a hospital for quarantine, or because of some incompetency, may have his civil commitment reviewed on



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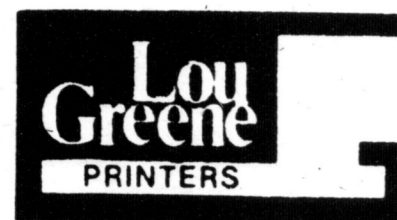
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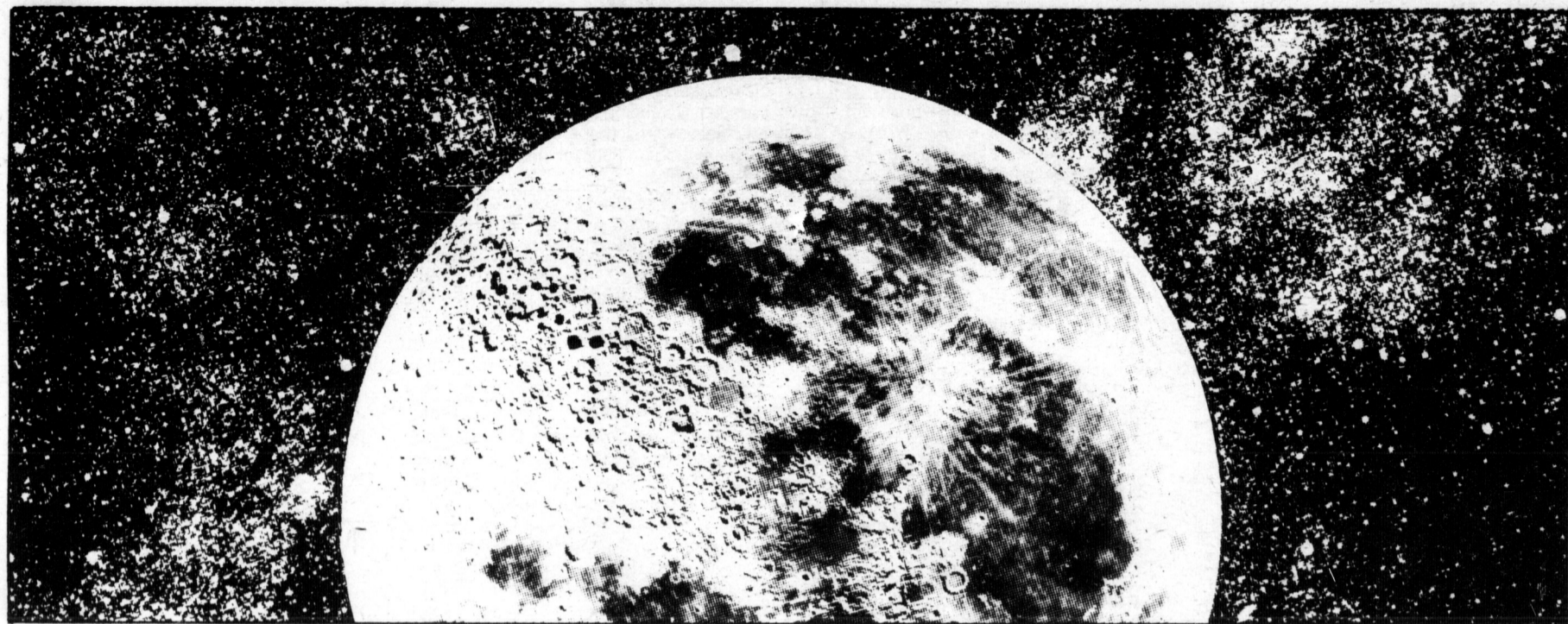
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