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An explosive piece concerning "no fats, fens, long hairs, S&M's, skinny's, doppers, Jesus Freaks, groupies, etc."

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It's difficult to maintain proper perspective when discussing the Ashland Shakespeare Festival (actually, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival). It's so unutterably sublime that the experience is so overwhelming that it numbs the brain. First, and most importantly, is the quality of the productions. They are superb. Speaking from the perspective of having experienced Shakespeare in depth from Stratford-on-Avon to Stratford in Connecticut to the New York Shakespeare Festival I can say—with no qualifications—that this is the finest, most professional, most expertly cast, most spectacular, most understandable and most enjoyable Shakespeare being done in the world today.

These simple statements come from having seen Ashland's Hamlet, Twelfth Night, Titus Andronicus and Two Gentlemen of Verona. (They are also presenting Waiting for Godot and Time of Your Life.) The Festival operates seven days a week with a matinee in their beautiful theatre—a replica of the Globe Theatre. While we were there every performance was sold out to advance reservations are suggested. They've been in the business of superior theatre since 1935 and draw a regular audience most of which drive hours and hours from the Bay Area or Portland with "on-tour" tourists filling the few remaining seats.

Bay Area residents will be surprised to realize that Shakespeare is unencumbered by radical directors still provides a level of theatre enjoyment the likes of which have not been seen here for years and years. He knew where it was at and when left alone he still reigns supreme in his field.

Tickets range from $2 to $6 with every seat excellent. It does get frosty cold evenings so we recommend you attend with sufficient clothing including a puffy sleeping bag.

If the theatre were the only thing we would still say GO IMMEDIATELY but the rest of the Ashland Experience needs some discussion. There is no gay subculture in Ashland. Why? Because there doesn't have to be. Everyone is free to be what they want to be and thus there has never been the need to sub-group in dark bars. Gathering places after the shows are in Cook's Bar and the Mark Antony Hotel Lounge. The town is very much a theatre community, the friendliest group one could imagine. Go up and say hello and take it from there. Learn what a real taste of free­dom is all about. And, while on tasting, surrounding the town is a park that goes on and on forever with bridal paths, two duck ponds (complete with swans), outdoor band concerts, picnic tables, etc., etc. It must have a perimeter: we couldn't find it. From every spot in the town one sees the incredible Cascade Mountains with animals grazing and blue (my God the blue!) skies.

The shops include some of the finest crafts we have seen in the West and the displays are fantastic. Multiple ethnic and American restaurants cater to every gastronomical taste. We stayed in the Columbia Hotel, three blocks from the theatre. ($60.00 per night, room with double bed, going to $90.00 for four.) Accommodations were simple and basic but clean and attractive. There is also ample camping facilities within five miles. Being in Ashland is a combination of stimuli characterized by excellence. The whole act is together including total immersion into the Renaissance theatrical genre. About an hour before the evening performances, a group of dancers and musicians (playing original instruments) present an informal dance-music consort leading directly into the play. The audience begins to set, the flag of that night's performance is flown to a trumpet fanfare and you're sucked into a totality that leaves you stunned. Hours later you come to only begin it all over again. The incredibly beautiful drive up Route 5 takes close to seven hours and worth every mile.

What a crash it was to come home to A.C.T.'s produced all-male production of As You Like It. It was and is perfectly dreadful. The only consistency was that nothing worked and the evening was held together by uniform ugliness. The costumes evoked constant laughter as they were rather like little black shingles with pieces of tinfoil squares looking very much like the back yard theatre we all began with behind the curtains of a blanket secretary close to 1900. We left all in despair. The opaque clear plastic shower curtain and movement that would shame a lame duck. We wondered if anyone from A.C.T. had seen the show (a secretary, at least) before bringing it to our Shakespeare starved town. As Ashland represented a high point in a lifetime of theatre, so this mess swung the corresponding low.

People both in Ashland and around A.C.T. are watching the Xoregos Performing Company (70 Union Street at Battery) as they get together a production of Macbeth. Director Bob Chaplin (S.I.R. Members) and his brilliant associate, Rick Winter, along with Shela Xoregos' choreographers are bringing the dance to the Bard. What? On August 4th and running three weekends they plan on a total theatrical escapement starting with the complete text of Macbeth and going into expressions of dance to add to the moments of drama. The entire company of 23 actor-dancers-actors are to remain on stage at all times with each character expressing meanings through words as well as movements weaving into a total ensemble. Judging from the excellent work of the staff this should be a sight to behold and perhaps clear the eye and the ear of the bad taste left by As You Like It.

AROUND TOWN. Charles Pierce is back at Gold Street. How this man manages to keep fresh is one of San Francisco's mysteries. His show is even more alive and exciting and hilarious than before. This reservoir of theatrical genius must be fed from a thousand springs and if you've seen him before you've seen him again because the show is NEVER the same. Godspell has returned via A.C.T. and this is the finest company of the several that have come and left their mark. They

(Continued on page 31)
Gay Christians from the U.S., England, Africa, Canada and Denmark are scheduled to gather in San Francisco in August for the fifth annual General Conference of the Universal Fellowship of the Metropolitan Community Churches.

San Francisco's Gay Community is already beginning to plan a welcome that delegates won't soon forget. The community throughout the five-day conference will plan special events to correspond with the fellowship throughout the five-day conference, including workshops, and committee meetings. Elder James Sandmire, pastor of the host church, reports, "There will be plenty of time to get acquainted and settled before the concentrated business sessions begin on Friday."

Why does someone join? To meet other business people, who can be trusted to provide the services needed to solve the problems of running a new business; to benefit from common experience and needs and facilities. Since we're all in this together we should be friends. Most of us feel that it is the best method of providing the most complete service to our clients. How do one join GGBA? Come to a monthly membership meeting. For times and dates, call 863-2312 and ask for Rick or Dave or 863-9334 and ask for Winston. Who is eligible to join? Any business owner, self-employed or professional person, or commercial property owner may apply for membership. What kind of businesses are members? We're not an exclusive organization; everyone has something to offer. What is the format of the show? We now have over 60 members providing a wide variety of services and products which is too wide to list. We're constantly hearing how people are being ripped off all around the world. We are on the lookout for places to go and whom to trust. We'd like to be more aware of how people are coming up with something new; an area of interest that was not now being met; some viable part of the community which was not being served by the existing video media; looking for what was missing. Then we came to the TV blackout of the Gay Community. Here was a huge communications gap that no one was filling. So we consulted with the various factions of the community and, based on that, the community decided to create a counter to that viewpoint by presenting happy, successful, intelligent, well-adjusted people who also happen to be gay. Presenting the truth about the Gay Community to a strange world is the best way we could think of to dissolve the existing stereotypes, not just for them, but--more importantly--for the young people who are just coming in touch with their Gayness and are going through a possible identity crisis. What is the future for COMING OUT? We had rather expected a certain amount of negative feedback but not near as much as we feared. What is the goal of the show? The participation of concerned persons is vital to the goal of achieving civil rights for the Gay Community by overcoming the general ignorance on the subject. We can muster enough economic support for the programs, but we lack funds. We are on the lookout for people who can donate time and facilities. Since we're all in this together we should be friends. Most of us feel that it is the best method of providing the most complete service to our clients. The show is the best method of providing the most complete service to our clients. The show is the best method of providing the most complete service to our clients.
A minor revelation has gradually spread among those who read fiction about differing modes of love: Women are fully capable of unfolding and examining the complexities of masculine love. Mary Renault fans have long appreciated this delicious surprise. Patricia Warren squashes any further doubts.

Billy, the front runner in question, causes us to re-evaluate old attitudes about sports, he-man cults, sweat socks, locker room jokes, and all that butch stuff. Any mocking disbelief gives way to warm admiration. He is young, a skilled athlete, full of a quiet, dignified gay pride. His one firing ambition is to win the biggest event of all—the 1976 Olympics at Montreal. His lover, known to us only as "the Coach," works him to the limit and inspires Billy to give his all.

But many in the sports world cannot abide the thought of a homosexual gaining a place of honor anywhere, let alone representing the USA at the Olympics. The obstacles to attaining that goal provide the grist of Front Runner. Ms. Warren delivers a punchy, lean yarn that never releases its tense grip.

One has a hunch that the "gay novel," if there is such a genre, is perhaps coming of age. Erotic passages course through the novel, but their power derives less from directness than through sheer poetry. Ms. Warren's style does not suffer from a sweaty desperation to stun the senses like we often encounter in gay tales printed on pulp. Don't deny yourself the joy of one of the finest novels published in the last ten years.

—Frank Howell
We had been moved in to our new house with my TV Guide and my beer and tell of the day. anybody who's interested — tomcat, pour myself a Bud, and maybe pile some leftovers onto a plate. Then I plunk down with my TV Guide and beer and tell anybody who's interested — tomcat, usually — about the prize-winning patient of the day.

But that night was champagne night. We had been moved in to our new house one day. "Well" was my ex-lover and her new lover, the cat I used to have plus one the new kid had collected, and myself with the cat I had gotten since Joey moved out. The house had just been painted white. It was four blocks from the beach. The neighborhood was quiet and residential. Believe me, it was nice. I had been living alone in the Haight. The apartment building was full of faggots. The guys under me played their stereo while I tried to sleep. The queen next door dropped by once in awhile to ask if I could spare any toilet paper. Meanwhile, he would peek over my shoulder to see if I had a dildo laying on my coffee table.

Jo and Sammy had been living in the Fillmore. They decided to move out when they missed their favorite hooker on her corner two nights running. Or was it when Sammy got home from the store to find all their food stamps missing from her back pocket?

Anyway, that night I came in the door singing. I had found a parking place right out front. There weren't any kids hanging around to sit on the car hood. I had a big, green bottle under my arm, and let me tell you, honey, it cost more than five green bottle under my arm, and let me tell you, honey, it cost more than five.

Well, I rattled my new gold key in the lock to let them know I was home, sa-shayed in the door, and tripped over a broken pool cue.

I think I saw red. I'm sure I saw red. That pool table had been bought on credit from Sears the week before just for our new living room. My credit! We had put it up the day before, with a carpenter's level to make sure it wouldn't slant. And here I was falling on my ass over a piece of it! That new toy was going to keep me broke for the next two years. Thank God I didn't break the champagne.

Joey heard me yelling "Jesus H. Christ on a crate!" and came trotting up the hall. "Are you OK, hon?" she said anxiously.

"Yeah, I'm all right," I spat disgustedly. "What in hell is all about?" I kicked the offending stick.

She ran her hand over her hair, smoothing it back. "Well, that's a long story," she said, guiding me into the kitchen. "How was your day, kid?"

That day was shit. That bitch with the orange hair kept ringing her bell every two seconds. The old guy died on me. That asshole Martinez let an IV go dry, and Reagen jumped all over my ass for it. Where's Sammy, anyway?"

She had me sitting down and was standing in front of me, throwing the champagne from hand to hand. "She's out someplace. Can you light me a ciga?"

I ran out.

I handed her one of my Kools, and she put the bottle down to fix it up and get in it her mouth.

"Out where? You two have a fight?"

"Hey, sit down," I told her, very alarmed. "Want a drink?" She shook her head, shaking on her tears.

I left her to get a corkscREW. What I wanted to do was take her in my arms, but I didn't feel right about that, with her upset and her lover away. I get very uptight about these things.

I sat down with my glass and screamed her knee. She has bony knees, so I figured that wasn't too dangerous. "Well, what was it all about?" I asked quietly. "Want another smoke? Help yourself."

"I made a fire." The words kind of bounced out, with different amounts of space between them. She took a deep breath. "We were laying on the sleeping bag, watching the fire. Waiting for you."

Then she just broke down and started to cry.

There was this big window, see, and it didn't have a curtain on it yet. Our whole living room was open to the street. The neighborhood. I'm not going back into that goddamn ghetto, Char, and the people here will make us if we're not careful. They don't want a bunch of queers right here where they raise their kids.

I guess most of the gay women in San Francisco would really put that down. They all, incidentally. I've where there is dog shit on the sidewalk and Arab men harass you if you go out to get a loaf of bread after dark. They pay their rent with welfare checks or ATD checks, or let an employed lover pay their rent, or just move from place to place. They have their radical politics and their vision of a world where women can even be lesbians if they want to. They also have whims about their doorsteps and social workers who treat them like tape worms.

I come from Kansas, and Joey had a nervous breakdown in the service, so we both know where the straight mentality is at. If you want to have chairs in your living room instead of sitting on your bed, you have to pay for it. Even in San Francisco.

Joe and I both happen to be the kind of women who like reclining chairs and color TV and buying cat food with a five dollar bill instead of saved-up pennies. We both have credit ratings. Sammy doesn't have a credit rating. I guess we really can't expect her to understand.

But Jo did expect her to understand. Our friend and to agree. At which point, I gathered, Sammy broke the pool cue and flew out the door, pausing only to grab the blue ski jacket Joey bought for her birthday.

That had been over an hour ago. "Is there anybody she might spend the night with?" I asked. "Any friends we could call?"

Joey shook her head. "I don't know," she said wearily. "She could be anywhere.'"

(Continued on page 34)
STANFORD CONFERENCE

I was a fair walk from the Greyhound station to the campus itself, which I had never seen. Michael and Lewis and I had come from San Francisco to attend the day-long conference at Stanford, and we worked our way through the first joint of the morning wandering through the hard-core dried-out woody outskirts of Stanford's campus. Although it was only 8:00 in the morning, it was already about 86 degrees and would break 100 before the sun peaked in the sky that day. We finally crossed the paths of another likely looking trio of young men and, after friendlyly supposing to be gay brothers in search of the conference, enlisted their services as guides and joined us in the bus...
phobia and What to Do About it;" having been so impressed with Dr. Howard Brown who was also facilitating this workshop. The workshop (a very popular one, attracting about 35 men and one woman) was held in some comfy faculty lounge sort of place, and turned out to be more or less a continuation of the morning's discussion, directing itself only occasionally toward the theme of Homophobia. One of the less popular remarks Dr. Brown had made during his speech in the morning was that "When you come out publically, you have a special responsibility. Our lives must bear the test of public scrutiny." And that one got kicked around the room a lot, the questions of public image. There was some talk of what a diverse group we (gay folk) were—politically, economically, racially, spiritually, whatever, although my waspy blue eyes failed to detect much around the area that wasn't white, male, under 35, and reasonably well educated or at least well-informed.

At 3:00 my friends went their separate ways, and I opted for "Gay Liberation and Writing," a selfish concern, as my second choice. It was facilitated by a writer named Dan Allen and included several poets, novelists, playwrights and colorful video-freaks representing "Fruit Punch," a bi-weekly Alternate Times op-ed column, a writing workshop with me and we coffeed and crossed piggie favorites like "nigger" and "chick" under the table, spoke to the theme of "The Meaning of Gay Pride." The audience this time around: predominantly the gay male contingent, several faggots, some gay, some not, but mostly gay. The discussion was lively and wide-ranging, but still centered on the issues of responsibility and the test of public scrutiny. The facilitator, Dr. Howard Brown, said that most of the people in his group resented the lack of role models and counseling services and facilities available for gay couples. Tom Fry, of San Francisco's Gay Catholic Ministry, then suggested that the word "promiscuous," as almost universally applied to homosexuals, was an ugly, loaded word, likening it to other popular gayie favorites like "nigger" and "chick" and that it should be replaced with more appropriate terminology. "I suggest 'Catholic' he said to the delight of the audience. The representative from the "Sex Roles: What Else Besides Butch and Femme" reported that their group couldn't decide whether characteristics with particular gender-loaded gestures were forced upon us in the name of socialization or whether they're natural. The "Public Sex" workshop, like most of the others actually, was directly addressed toward the male homosexual, women homosexuals rarely being arrested for acts of public sex. It was pointed out how far reaching the term "public" is, that many people don't realize that most anything isn't behind closed, privately owned doors—which is to say, without public access—is considered public for legal purposes. Bars, clubs, and churches, then, are all Public Domain, legal no-no's for overt homosexual behavior.

Other workshops were discussed in brief. When a representative for the "Working Together to Form a Gay Community" group was called to the stage, the somehow ironic comment "He's not here," was heard from the back of the auditorium. David Goodstein then thanked everyone for making it a day of "good vibes" and remarked that "Three years from now, I hope this conference will be looked at as a primitive effort."

It was dinner time and although there was more program to come at 8:00, many of those in the conference seemed to be headed back home, some back to San Francisco, among them my friends Michael and Lewis who had put in some heavy celebration the night before and were wanting for some rest. I wandered off alone somewhere under a tree and smoked a joint, watching the evening fold in over me. Back for a third stab at the student union cafeteria, this time in the name of dinner. I ran into several faggot crazies and cross-dressers who had been at the writing workshop with me and we coffeed and camped and carried on, even whistling wildly at a Mark Spitzl straight student in a tight little bathing suit who had the misfortune to strut by our table, leaving "public images" to Dr. Brown since it was, after all, our dinner hour.

At 8:00 Barbara Gittings, a lesbian activist for 15 years and currently the Coordinator of the Task Force of the American Library Association Social Responsibilities Round Table, spoke to the theme of "The Meaning of Gay Pride." The audience this time seemed more evenly divided between men and women. She was introduced as "our anchor..."
May VECToR, Mike Newton, took us all to task for often building our lives around fantasies of youthfulness, costume and body type (or size), and of engaging in role playing with one another that gets in the way of human, personal relationships. Beyond that he puts down the ways in which gays discriminate against other gays on the basis of these fantasies and unreal roles, and pleads for our greater acceptance of one another. "Beneath the leather jacket, the fluffy sweater, the drag, the funky Levi's, the suit, the beard, the moustache, the Black skin, the long hair, the fem, the butch, the fat, the thin, the surfer, the jock, the Chicano, the head, the over-20, the over-30, the Oriental, etc." he writes, "is a human being with real feelings and wants. If we could but begin to meet each other on that level, I think we'll discover that the need for fantasies is going to diminish. The need to put ourselves or others down in order to build up our own lack of personal worth will vanish."

That's true and valid as far as it goes, but I'm not sure that it goes far enough. Let's hope that our need to put others down to compensate for our own feelings of inferiority will vanish, simply because more and more we don't feel inferior. But let's not throw out the ability to fantasize. Fantasy is another name for imagination, and for some strange reason, having imagination is a good, creative, OK kind of thing, but having fantasies is bad, immature, and not-OK. Nonsense! Fantasy is what turns a drab one-room apartment into a home, with the help of some paint and a visit to Goodwill. And fantasy is what helps us reach out to the shy, scared kid from Salt Lake City in a bar on Folsom St., speak to him, and help him start to feel that he really did the right thing when he packed his bag and left home.

The beauty and excitement of the world is that it's varied and full of differences. Sure, there is a common humanity that runs through and under all the different types and lifestyles, but that's a starting point for living, not a final goal. That common humanity means that we merit one another's respect and concern, that we do not put one another down, that we affirm each person's right to be her or himself and to express that self in ways that do not clearly harm or coerce others. That insight of common humanity makes sense of and motivates the whole gay struggle for civil rights, for political power, and for social recognition and acceptance—yes, acceptance—that means to me having all the rights, privileges, and responsibilities of anyone else in the society. But that's lots more to persons than their common humanity, and to fail to recognize that and to deal with it is to deny or belittle their individuality and uniqueness. It is to end up viewing life, ultimately, as a great smooth
homogeneous mass – the now happily discredited and point of the American melting pot myth. (On a happier analogy, it is a view of life that the grand melee of Saturday night on the third floor of Ritch St., that's fun for an occasional Dionysian thing, but who wants to stay there all the time?)

The common humanity of us all is expressed by exercising the right to make those choices; I can advocate his right not to be harassed legally for doing so; but since at some point I made a choice that the other drug thing is a way of escaping reality, not finding it, and a copout, and hazardous to one's health, why should I debate myself into thinking that two will be a happy loving well-adjusted couple and make it on our common humanity alone? Why not discriminate at the start, instead of encouraging a relationship that's almost sure to fail and hurt everyone involved.

Of if someone chooses to come on strong in fem drag, complete with purse, beaded, wig, and makeup, I can affirm his right to do so, and recognize our common humanity which are exercised and thoughtful eating required to avoid getting fat and fabby. And if he's that little concerned about his own body, why should I think that he will be equally concerned about mine. If he's a head and really into frugs and stuffed much of the time or high on speed or supporting a heroin habit, that represents some choices he made at some point. I can affirm his freedom to make those choices; I can advocate his right not to be harassed legally for doing so; but since at some point I made a choice that the other drug thing is a way of escaping reality, not finding it, and a copout, and hazardous to one's health, why should I debate myself into thinking that two will be a happy loving well-adjusted couple and make it on our common humanity alone? Why not discriminate at the start, instead of encouraging a relationship that's almost sure to fail and hurt everyone involved.

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out of chile was a drag by c. melvil

fantasy

page 26

I would hope that this reluctance might change as time goes on and that I will learn to trust and to stand on the basis of characteristics like color and place of birth and age, while continuing to dis­count the need to stand on the basis of what others tell me about themselves and about the choices of lifestyle they have made. I shall be more and more honest about what I tell others about myself and about the choices I have made if I try to establish some sort of relationship with them, or feel that I have a right to be liked and accepted by everyone regardless of how I present myself. I hope I will always be able to recog­nize and affirm our common humanity, but still be aware of real individual differ­ences when they exist. And I sure as hell want to hold on to my gift of fantasy.

I'm on this plane, see, and we have a stop-over in Fort Worth. This dude gets on the plane, age somewhere between 30 and 50, it's hard to tell. He's about 5'9, 175 lbs, light complexion like maybe Caucasian. And I'm on this plane, see, and we have a stop-over in Fort Worth...
San Francisco, in the international museum of erotic art.

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a San Francisco Landmark.

San Francisco

Stanford from page 16
person speaker," and approached the podium
in her yellow "glad to be gay" button, beam­
ing infectiously.

She started out with a Fairy Story which she
explained, of course, was an untrue story.
"My fairy is a lesbian," she began. "In school,
she gets massive peer support... Her church
is a socially comfortable atmosphere and
spiritually attuned to her needs... Her bars,
she gets massive peer support. . . . Her church
"My fairy is a lesbian," she began. "In school,
she can be confident, are not under control
spiritually attuned to her needs... Her bars,
of the Mafia," and on and on, a wonderfully
surrender for publication.

The official upgrading of the mental status of
amnesty), Ms. Gittings said, "We've got
rather token gesture of semantic
the psychiatrists on the run, and let's
keep them running."

Dallas, she helped to set up a "Hug a
Homosexual" booth, in lieu of the usual
boring display of stapled-up dust jackets.
Needless to say, the booth attracted
more news coverage than patronage.

Many straights point out the picture
refuse to legally sanction homosexual
relationships (marriage). "Our relation­
loving and caring and playfulness that
In reminding her sisters and brothers of
the humble beginnings of Gay Pride, she
pointed out that the Daughters of Billitis
was the only exclusively lesbian national
organization in this country for 14 years,
that there were only three official organized
gay groups before 1968, and over 800 today,
the main function of early gay groups being
a valid one: reassurance by their very exis­
tence to the closeted tens-of-thousands.

As for the recent APA decision regarding
the official upgrading of the mental status of
homosexuals (what many feel to be a
rather token gesture of semantic
amnesty), Ms. Gittings said, "We've got the
psychiatrists on the run, and let's keep
them running."

A good part of Gittings' approach
seems to be the Politics of Confronta­
tion. At a recent library convention in
Dallas, she helped to set up a "Hug a
Homosexual" booth, in lieu of the usual
boring display of stapled-up dust jackets.
Needless to say, the booth attracted
more news coverage than patronage.

She emphasized the importance of
establishing gay "supers" within establish­
et associations and suggested gay chap­
ters of the AFL-CIO, Catholic Youth,
and Lion's Club, half smiling, half not.
"Part of the job of gay liberation is to
say it. Sister.

Many straight points out the picture
of promiscuity of homosexuals, yet they
refuse to legally sanction homosexual
relationships (marriage). "Our relation­
ships have all the same potential for
loving and caring and playfulness that

Don't neglect yourself!

California Scene

from page 6
are selling out with crowds of young peo­
ple and second and third times arounders.
And the word is that the show improves
with each seeing. That's Entertainment
is a film of nostalgia that shouldn't be
missed by any lover of musicals and our
very own Judy Garland, whose film it
is. The Esther Williams swimming spec­
tacular scenes alone are worth the
price of admission not to mention
shots of Judy Garland when she was
still one of the Gum Sisters and her
early back lot musicals.—Richard Piro
"Did you know we are Caucasians?" asked them trying to peek out to see the souls and as a way to relieve the tension of the moment we were living.

"What?" muttered Lady Cano, holding himself fast to the sofa's arm not to fall really faint, "Goodby trip to America," whispered Lady Farah, almost crying.

"How did they find out we are Caucasians?"

"It's going to be so interesting," said Lady Farah, in a sombre tone strange to me. I was still a bit lost in my thoughts when he made the final question stern, "what I asked is if you had had any --- of some heavy ones. Just in case one realizes that every three or four of the innocent sounding questions came back with a smile as I wonder the strange ways with a bloodhound look in his blue eyes the Consul asked me if I had ever been anybody mentally ill, or is or had been anybody mentally ill, or rather, what I need to know is if you are gay? He looked at me. No answer.

"They were there.

Those two blue eyes penetrated me as I was taken aback with my type. Then I was asked if I was or was not a virgin, oh Lord, and this dreadful moment seemed to center around the bar stool. Your straight!?) friends wouldn't dare enter these places and all Gay life seemed to center around the bar stool. A few years later the scene began to change again when the Golden Horseshoe

H O L L Y ' s L E G  is the name of a new bar in the greater Seattle area. It was the first bar to go discotheque, but then I don't want to tell you about just another bar. What I do want to convey is the ideas and facts behind the start of this unique place.

The ideas began to formulate many years ago when the old "blue laws" were still in effect. During those years you could not stand up with your drink, you couldn't carry it from the bar to your table or even down the bar when you moved to talk to someone interesting. Worst of all, you ladies couldn't sit at the bar, you had to be served at the table. With these laws on the books the social aspect of Gay life was virtually non-existent or at least very limited. The voters of Washington State finally came around to their senses and repealed these laws. This changed the social life for the Gay Community but much was still missing. Most bars were so dimly lit you could barely see the name number a few stools away. Your straight?! friends wouldn't dare enter these places and all Gay life seemed to center around the bar stool. A few years later the scene began to change again when the Golden Horseshoe

S H E L L Y ' s L E G is the name of a new bar in the greater Seattle area. It was the first bar to go discotheque, but then I don't want to tell you about just another bar. What I do want to convey is the ideas and facts behind the start of this unique place.

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Instituted the Dance Bar and this greatly enhanced the social life. People began to communicate on an intellectual level. Yet, something was still missing.

During these years Pat Nesser and a group of six or seven gays lived in the "House" (as Pat calls it). They'd spend their evenings just sitting around discussing and talking about what they'd like to see in the Gay establishments. Shortly thereafter Shelly entered the picture. She asked Pat if it was possible for her to move into the "House" and was the first non-gay to live there. The residents of the House grooved on Shelley and a good and solid friendship soon developed between herself and Pat. She would often join their discussions and, in general, became part of the group. Then fate struck a blow to the already pretty and vivacious Shelly.

Each year the Queen City celebrates the Annual Bastille Day in Historic Pioneer Square. As part of the celebration a live cannon is fired. This time (July, 1970) the misguided missile went astray and chose as its target sweet Shelly, striking her in the leg. She remained in critical condition for two months after this and another four months of hospitalization followed. Despite the efforts of her doctors, the infection had spread so rapidly that amputation was essential. Now Shelly leaned heavily on Pat to handle her affairs and for moral support. This soon became too much of an emotional drain on Pat and for the benefit of both he felt it best for Shelly to take over handling her affairs. Pat leaned heavily on Shelly to handle her affairs and for moral support. This soon became too much of an emotional drain on Pat and for the benefit of both he felt it best to break off the arrangement.

After a year of year of rest in the Rain Forest (on the Olympic Peninsula) Shelly asked to move back into the House and again leaned on Pat for support. A lawsuit was file. When the suit was pending Shelly, her and Pat. They'd spend their evenings just sitting around discussing and talking about what they'd like to see in the Gay establishments. Shortly thereafter Shelly entered the picture. She asked Pat if it was possible for her to move into the "House" and was the first non-gay to live there. The residents of the House grooved on Shelley and a good and solid friendship soon developed between herself and Pat. She would often join their discussions and, in general, became part of the group. Then fate struck a blow to the already pretty and vivacious Shelly. 

What makes this place so different from the other Gay Bars? As Pat had stated to me earlier, he wanted to provide a service to the Gay Community. Simply, this is a dance bar of the 30's but it doesn't have the dark atmosphere of all the other bars. Free check cashing is provided and a disc-jockey plays continuous music for dancing pleasure (eliminating the customer cost of a juke box). Pencils are provided in the rest rooms for graffiti and the walls are now in their fourth "printing." Above

(Continued on page 35)
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