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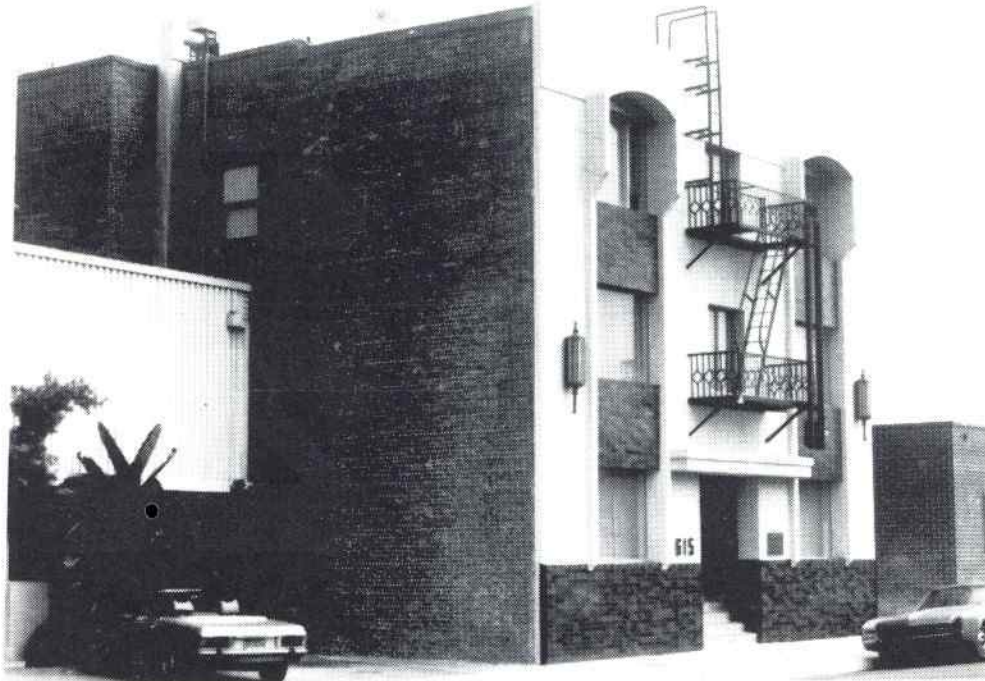


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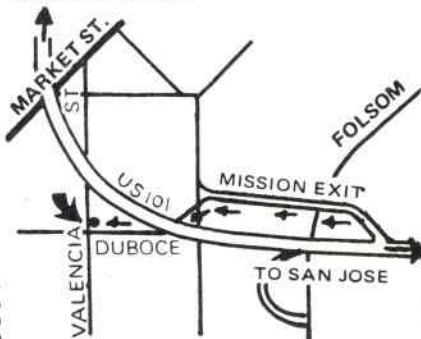


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EDITORIAL

How often must we say that the era of total homosexual freedom is not at hand? Despite heartening gains there is much work involving time, money and effort before legal parity with heterosexuals is achieved. How often must we point out that complete sexual freedom, a no-holds-barred type of open sexuality for everyone, is a long time off. We even doubt that such would be desirable. Whether in the future there will be public places such as parks with 'gay' hunting reserves set aside, remains doubtful too.

That is why an understanding of what public places such as Hollywood's Griffith Park are for must be arrived at. The unbridled cruising and often, small orgies that take place there may be matters for good stories later—if you are not caught. It is best to avoid such places popular with the public at large. For anyone who cares to seek them the homosexual press contains many resorts all over the state for those who enjoy the outdoors and the sex urges that natural surrounding enhance. Parks, alleys, restrooms and derelict buildings are favored by only the foolish. There are baths, bars, clubs and organizations where men can get together without fear of harassment or public outrage. In that respect the homosexual community is certainly as well, if not better served than heterosexual men. Furthermore, the homosexual oriented facilities are cheaper—for let's face it, it is to save money that many guys frequent the parks and public toilets. Nine out of ten of the guys who frequent these public places end up with a more or less severe brush with the law. Now, with the pressure off the bars and clubs around the state, increased attention is being paid to parks and toilets. The moral is clear: if horny go elsewhere. The choice has never been better.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF CALIFORNIA SCENE WILL BE THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE AND WILL BE PUBLISHED AROUND THANKSGIVING.

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THE FIRST IN A SERIES ON GAY SAN FRANCISCO BY SOME WELL-KNOWN PERSONALITIES AROUND THE STATE . . .Page 24

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Left to right: The Roundup on Folsom; the CMC Carnival last year; the new patio at The 527 Club.

San Francisco 73

Marcus's last gala party as Emperor was a swinging affair at a most unusual place—Hamburger Mary's and Sissy's Saloon on Folsom Street across from The Stud and Fe-Be's. Not as well known as it should be, perhaps because it is popular with what is left of the hippie movement, the only previous notice this better than average eating place received was a mention in Myra Zellerbach's column in the *Chronicle*. It certainly was a marvelous party, what with a nude chef, delicious food and drinks galore and notables from all over the state having a wild time.

A year ago, when the first campaign for a gay emperor of San Francisco took place, many and often adverse were the comments. After all, the city was lucky in its first and famous empress, Jose, and a personable male to fill the vague functions of emperor would be virtually impossible to find. Now, a year later in San Francisco the first emperor Marcus yields to Russ, with well-deserved praise from all quarters for an excellent job of promoting the Bay Area. It redounds to Marcus's credit that the emperor idea is alive and well. Everyone hopes that Russ will be supported by the groups and individuals who helped Marcus promote so ably the only city for gay persons in all America, if not the world.



The new emperor Russ on coronation night in San Francisco.

And Harvey Milk, Castro Street businessman, actor and political activist who is incidentally gay and not at all ashamed of it, is a strong contender in the San Francisco supervisorial elections in November. Just as some of the city's Gays decried the institution of an emperor last year when Marcus, John Chase and Don Berry organized the first campaign, so too this summer there were many sour com-

ments when Harvey Milk declared his candidacy, and who knows, just like the surprise success of the emperor idea, by year's-end the whole city may be talking about Milk. And his slogan? You must have seen it in all the bars. His headquarters are on Castro at his shop, Castro Photography. Harvey Milk is the first serious candidate from the gay community since Jose ran for supervisor (Councilman) some years ago. One of the city's exotic street people, Jesus Christ Satan, did not obtain enough signatures in his bid to qualify as a supervisorial candidate so Harvey will be the man to watch come election day next month.

Paul Bentley (Luscious Lorelei), one of the most imaginative bar owners anywhere, outdid himself when the new musical *Lorelei* opened in San Francisco. For the third night of the show he organized a group of gay San Franciscans two hundred strong who went along to a Carol Channing look-alike judging after the show. The contest drew hundreds of on-lookers and was seen on television and received good press coverage. Held in the ballroom of the Bellevue Hotel, the judges—Carol Channing, Herb Caen and Irv Kupcinec—had to choose on appearance alone from among the twenty-two contestants. Although the best live imita-

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Carol Channing Evening: where she judged twenty-two look-alikes at the Bellevue Hotel, San Francisco. Thurs., August 23rd.

TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT: Naomi, renowned impresario, Luscious Lorelei (Paul of The Ramrod), Empress Maxine, Sir Doug, Emperor I Marcus, Sir Mike.

Carol Channing and on her left Pat Montclair of Finnochio's, the contest winner, with Storm, the runner-up from the Peninsula.

Herb Caen, noted columnist from the "Chronicle"; Peter Palmer, the male lead in "Lorelei"; Irv Kupcnet, the Chicago columnist; Carol Channing; Paul Bentley as Luscious Lorelei.

CENTER, LEFT TO RIGHT: Paul, who organized the gala evening with Henri, man-about-town and currently maitre d' at The P.S.

Chuck Zinn, director and performer in many Bay Area shows, is one of the actors in "Dames at Sea." The Village, San Francisco. Music was provided by Dennis Moreen (left) of the Fickle Fox. Don (center) and Henry (right), are proprietors of the Fickle Fox.

BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT: From the bike clubs came Bob and Outrider, Lady Leah.

Restaurateurs Harry and Doug from the Pier 54.

Entertainer Lori Shannon leaves the theatre after "Lorelei," en route to the function at the Bellevue.

tion around is probably Cam of the CMC (he entered with false eyelashes, dressed in a business suit) the best look-alike present was obviously Pat Montclair of Finocchio's. He was deservedly chosen the winner by Miss Channing and later she sent him one of her real diamond rings. After the judging the evening just ended, which was a pity as it presented a great opportunity for straight notables and show people to meet some of the city's homosexual community. A cocktail party in someone's penthouse, New York style, was in order. Definitely a good opportunity missed.

Little known, because many guys think you must be a member to be admitted, is the mini-theatre adjacent to and affiliated with the Adonis Book Shop, on Ellis near Taylor downtown. Cheaper than most sex-film shows, they also show different newsreels each week of gay

events all over the west. An excellent idea and a first anywhere. Furthermore, many of the sex films are very instructive, e.g., the doctor's commentary that accompanied a 30-minute movie on fist-fucking shown some weeks ago. So if you're at the Airlines Terminal with an hour or two to spare The Adonis is just a block up the street. And across the street from the terminal the Mark Twain Hotel is openly soliciting your custom while in San Francisco, the first of the major hotels to do so. Up the hill on Bush, the Nob Hill Theatre is gay again. Cliff, the friendly manager used to be with the big Paris Theatre in West Hollywood.

During the day for lunch in a convivial atmosphere and for perhaps a little discreet cruising while downtown, try the Brighton Express on Pacific near Columbus. It is also open for dinner and very popular with the monied gay businessmen

hereabout. Not far off is Gold Street, now serving lunches on weekdays (and home to Charles Pierce at night). In the financial district is the very busy Sutter's Mill, where during the cocktail hour you can make your puts and calls with surprising results and the food is very good too. Nearby in an alley is a new—at least to the gay scene, bar and restaurant called the Belden Chateau which attracts a similar crowd. Across town you might try the Last Call, the sandwich shop in Big Town's patio which is open for lunch as is The 527 Club on Bryant and The Country Club on Seventeenth. The big value on the luncheon scene this fall is to be found at The PS on Polk, now open for lunch (as well as brunch on weekends). Remember too that Tiffany's, on Upper Market, is serving food around the clock, not just its famous breakfasts.

(Continued on Page 21)



LEFT: The pool at the Wellington Club in the Long Beach-Wilmington area. CENTER AND RIGHT: Within two blocks you will find After Dark-Oliver's and After Dark-Cabaret in W. Hollywood. Confused?

The Southland Scene by NIGHT OWL

The summer-fall social season culminated in the grand ball at the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove where the new empress and emperor of Los Angeles were chosen by the carefully tabulated vote of those present (by ticket). Although the frequency and of balls and grand functions has increased to where some bars blame their decline in receipts on this very fact, the imperial ball at this famous old Los Angeles hotel was a great success. Cal Coburn of *Entertainment West* is the originator of the Empress of L.A. title and first conferred it on La Rey, who fills a role in the Southland similar to that of the 'dowager empress' Jose in San Francisco.

After much campaigning and excitement, a very butch and funny guy named, well, Honey Carolina is what he will be called now, won the title of the fourth empress of Los Angeles in the ritzy setting of the Ambassador Hotel on October 7th. Joining him on the imperial throne as the second emperor is John the First, who succeeds the precedent-setting and tireless Luigi. Luigi, as L.A.'s first emperor, performed most creditably and was compared to San Francisco's Marcus, in setting a dignified yet friendly precedent for all who follow him. The new empress works at a television studio but the new 'princess royal' is that popular bar personality and entertainer, Fel Andrews, so the bars should be well represented in the imperial court.

That Hollywood bar just off the freeway continues its weekend bus trips to out-of-town places; in December The Haven is having a shopping trip to San Di-

ego, so for something to put in your stocking check out the schedule at this better than average Hollywood Boulevard (at the freeway exit) bar. In central Hollywood the hustlers and comen are as busy as ever on the Selma-Hollywood Boulevard circuit. Yet with a clear mind and a friendly bartender's advice one can do amazingly well but as they said in Rome, *caveat emptor*. Despite inflation the going price is still around twenty bucks. Aw well, some people just never heard of the baths. And they have not had a serious raid since '61. The Selma-Boulevard circuit was last raided in July. So the advice I give is clear.

This month in Hollywood a new liquor bar for the butch set opens its doors on Melrose not far from the completely redecorated All Night Long, which offers dancing, liquor and those wild movies until early morn, as the name implies (tho the booze is shut off at two, naturally). That good-looking lad about town, Ron of Tradesman and Advocate fame, is the manager of this new discotheque, located next door to David's (Melrose and La Brea).

The Detour—that's where the Male Box was—in fact, there's been a bar there for years, is now catering to leather, Levi's and the younger hirsute set. No after-hours but the accent is on the younger set wishing to enter the mad world of bikes and Levi's. As it's just a short block away from the Outcast this is a new bar easily checked out. As for the Outcast, still the largest bike club and Levi-oriented bar in Southern California—it is one of the few afterhours places that can be safely rec-

ommended on the Hollywood side of the hills if you're horny and careful and on the sexy side of twenty or thirty. The Outcast closes at four before dawn each night of the week. Drive carefully. So any

(Continued on Page 32)

THE CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1973 AT THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL.

1. Honey-Carolina, fourth empress of Los Angeles, with Miss Georgia from the Traffic Jam.
2. Jim, a trucker from Washington with Jim from Jim's Corral in North Long Beach.
3. The 'lady-in-waiting' to Luscious Lorelei was Marcia Pistol (Roger the raconteur and bon vivant from The Covered Wagon and elsewhere in San Francisco).
4. Last year's empress Andrea with the new emperor, John the First.
5. Emperor John and Empress Honey-Carolina are congratulated by Russ and Voodoo from San Francisco.
6. La Condesa Lolita and Sir Guy from the Court of Buttonwillow.
7. Omar, First Emperor of San Diego with San Francisco's Jose.
8. Honey Carolina (Michael) with entertainer Fel Andrews (The Florentine Room), another of this year's empress contestants.
9. Paul, manager of Glen's, with Lyle of The Florentine Room, one of this year's emperor contestants.
10. Perry, Arch-Duchess of San Francisco and B.A.R. columnist with his friend Gray from Hollywood.
11. Ralph (Snoopy), Hollywood bar personality is greeted by outgoing Emperor Luigi. On right, Empress Andrea.
12. Doc and her friend Gayle. Doc is an active member of HELP and was a candidate for emperor.
13. Carl, Jerry (Nasty Nan, the Compass columnist) and Paul, manager of Glen's.
14. The first Emperor of L.A., Luigi (center) with the first Emperor of San Francisco, Marcus (right) and on left, the present Emperor Russ.



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MOVIETIME

By DAVID HELLINGER & C. McALLISTER



HEAVY TRAFFIC — American International release of a live and animated production by Steve Krantz, written and directed by Ralph Bakshi. Live cast headed by Joseph Kaufmann and Beverly Hope Atkinson.

This year's golden boys among the new wave '73 of moviemakers are Steve Krantz and Ralph Bakshi, the two former big-studio animators who last year teamed up on the experimental and so-so feature, *Fritz the Cat*. By earning itself an 'X' rating, that quaint effort aroused a flurry of controversy: cartoons are supposed to be made for kids. For all its technical imperfections and the uncertainty of its thrust, *Fritz the Cat* was justly hailed as a landmark in the growth of new directions in an industry which has pretty well worked the old directions into the ground.

The team's new feature, *Heavy Traffic*, puts it on record that the imperfections of their technique were only those of beginners. *Heavy Traffic* is a superb piece of imaginative animation and a striking exercise in film as expression of ideas.

Bakshi, as writer-director, says his new triumph (it is absolutely that) derives from his memories of growing up in a New York City slum during the 1950s. Those memories are almost all sordid ones about the sexual and creative frustrations of an embryo cartoonist trying to shake himself loose from his slobby parents, depraved pals, brutal cops, amateur whores of all sexes and shades.

James Thurber once defined humor as a small tragedy looked at calmly in retrospect. Bakshi's recollections, bitter, wildly overstated and often smutty, are those of a natural humorist. Under their surrealistic veneer of outrageous camp are some telling truths: the protagonists, who are alternately live actors and their animated counterparts, are capable of honor and courage. Bakshi seems to suggest that the only way to overcome terrible odds is to ignore them, if possible, or to ridicule them to death. That's a rather hardheaded view of life, but in this case a viable one. *Heavy Traffic* is sometimes too cruelly funny to draw laughter from viewers who sense the desperation of a nice kid endlessly battered by his surroundings.

Lurid overstatement—the parents don't just quarrel; she skewers him with a butcher knife and drops him from a high

window—is the stuff of cartooning. It is also, in this case, a revelation of how cruelly those small tragedies remain in the sensitive psyche long after the fact.

The cross-play of live acting and animation is presumably the difference between hard reality and the even harder burden of nightmarish memory. A basic in art is that some things are too real to be expressed in literal terms. Bakshi is a dedicated artist, and *Heavy Traffic* a small masterpiece of film.

All kinds of explanatory literature about the "significance" of *Heavy Traffic* is being spread, some of it by the distributor American International which seems to fear that Bakshi and Krantz have shot over the audience's collective head. Even if that were so—and it isn't—the significance of any work is whatever you *think* the significance of it is.

Entirely apart from that, the movie is a marvelous *tour de force* which will be discussed and imitated for a long time.

B. McP.

BADGE 373 — A Paramount Picture. Produced and directed by Howard W. Koch. Written by Pete Hamill, "inspired by the exploits of Eddie Egan."

Not since Inspector Jaubert took out after poor little Roskolnikov has a fictional detective been so rabidly tenacious in his pursuit of a criminal as in the movie conception of former New York City cop Eddie Egan, the one who ripped up *The French Connection*. In this spinoff, which is frankly fiction, "Eddie Ryan" smokes out a ring of Puerto Rican fanatics who are smuggling arms to that island for use

(Continued on Page 34)

TOP LEFT: Burt Reynolds in "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing."

TOP CENTER: Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw in "The Getaway."

TOP RIGHT: Snowflake (a drag queen) carries on with a truck driver in "Heavy Traffic."

LEFT CENTER: Robert Blake as the motorcycle cop in "Electra Glide in Blue."

RIGHT CENTER: Robert De Niro, Michael Moriarty and Vincent Gardenia in "Bang the Drum Slowly."

BOTTOM LEFT: Malcolm McDowell is the luckless hero in this scene where he is trapped by mad doctors in "O Lucky Man."

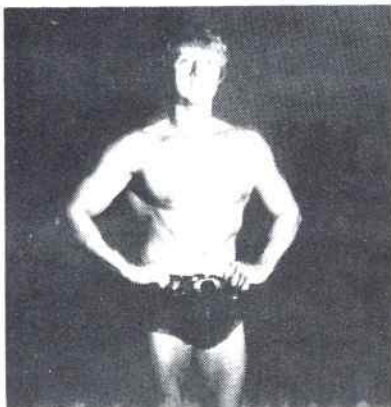
BOTTOM RIGHT: Some Swiss guys in a friendly scene in Pat Rocco's latest film, "One Adventure."

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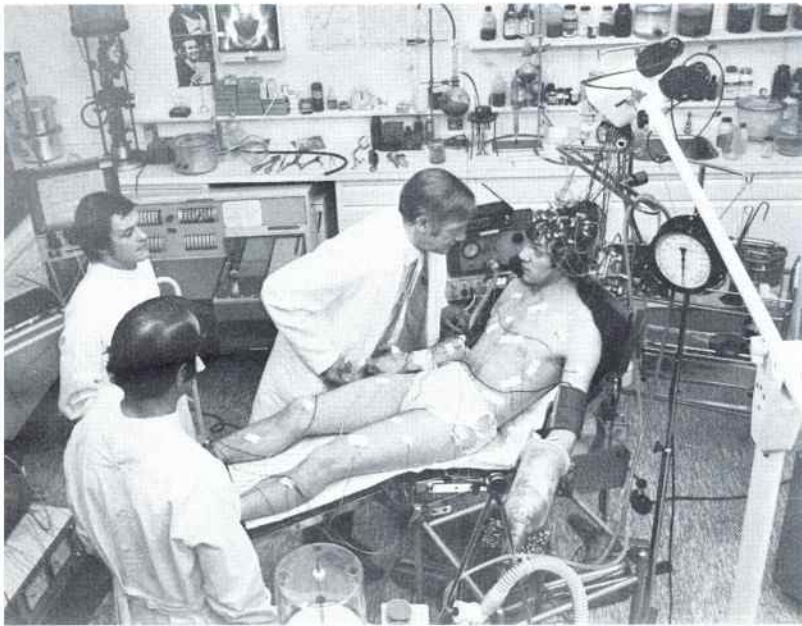
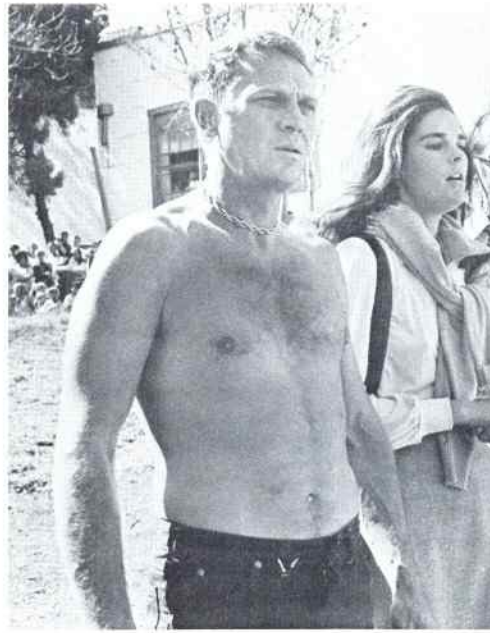
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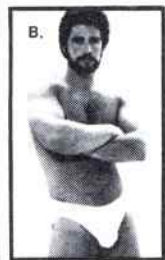
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CURTAIN UP

THE DAY AFTER THE FAIR by Frank Harvey, from a story by Thomas Hardy. Directed by Frith Banbury. Stars Deborah Kerr and W.B. Brydon. The Shubert Theatre, Beverly Hills-Century City until Oct. 7th and at The Curran Theatre, San Francisco from Oct. 9th.

Deborah Kerr, a superlative actress who consistently makes more out of a role than what would appear to be in it, single-handedly carries a fragile piece of merchandise called *The Day After the Fair* with such grace and style that the audience wishes the play would turn out to represent something important. It doesn't, but nothing which keeps Miss Kerr on stage all evening long can be all bad. She could recite a page from the telephone book with such warmth and thought-out precision as to keep the audience alert.

Frank Harvey's play, based on a story by Thomas Hardy, is scrupulously true to Hardy in that it is slow-moving, understated, loaded with post-Victorian niceties and quiet desperation, and a veddy-veddy British bore.

The plot has Miss Kerr, as an emotionally unfulfilled housewife in an English town, protecting the interests of her maid by writing some love letters in the maid's name to a promising young London lawyer who has gotten the girl with child during a careless ramble in the countryside. The letters prove so potent that the fellow marries the girl, only to become aware at the wedding reception that she is in fact an illiterate slattern. Even as the bridegroom is facing the enormity of the deception, the older woman is facing the significance of the passionate emotions she has expressed in writing to a stranger.

If those letters had been quoted at length, the play at the Shubert Theatre in Century City might have taken off and gotten somewhere. But the little bits and snatches of them which appear in dialogue would hardly sway anybody, least of all a sharp lawyer, to saddle himself with so dreary a life's companion.

The Day After the Fair deals in matters of the heart, but it conveys them in so gingerly a fashion that the audience is left wondering how such an unlikely situation could be pursued to so unhappy an end. As a period piece, the show has a certain sterile charm—and about as much relevance as old gossip related at third hand.

D.W.

The happy news about the early autumn theatre scene in Los Angeles was the world premiere of a sardonic, frequently moving and sassy all-black revue, *\$600 and a Mule*, for the Greek Theatre group at the Huntington Hartford. It came in with the implicit handicap of following another black rock'n'blues sensation, *Dont Bother Me I Can't Cope*, a Broadway hit which looked like a hard one to equal. Now the current troupers, who call themselves Double Exposure, are running second to nobody in enthusiastic professionalism and unabashed expression of black America's indomitable spirit.

As with its predecessor, *\$600 and a Mule* (that being the bounty the nation promised—and never gave—its freed slaves after the Civil War) is a showcase effort in which each member of the company has his turn to star. Unlike the other, this one has a sequential plot line in the development of the Negro character through the racial agonies which began in the African jungle.

Director-composer-choreographer Lester Wilson, whose idea the show was, presents his historical highlights (and a few low ones) by way of swift-moving vignettes in which the good guys and girls suffer and eloquently overcome every onslaught by the baddies, who invariably wear white-face masks. It's an oversimplification but a theatrically effective one in that almost every sequence combines anxiety and passion to get its theme across.

Wilson, a multi-threat talent increasingly to be reckoned with, uses some fairly lightweight scenes (representing the triumphs of Bessie Smith, Sammy Davis, Jr., Lena Horne and Josephine Baker) to remind us that the race made it into the
(Continued on Page 37)

TOP LEFT: John Reynolds, Faye and Chuck Zinn are some of "The Dames at Sea" each weekend at The Village, San Francisco thru Oct. 28.

TOP RIGHT: The cast takes a bow at the conclusion of the City Players' production of "Plaza Suite" in September at The Village, San Francisco.

LEFT CENTER: Diz White and Sally Willis are two of the talented cast in "El Grande De Coca Cola" at the New Montgomery Playhouse on Broadway, San Francisco.

CENTER RIGHT: Carol Channing with Bob Fitch and John Mineo in "Lorelei," now at the Shubert Theatre, Los Angeles and now at the Curran, San Francisco.

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San Francisco

SHOW BARS

Bill Kane

Pearl, more correctly Pearl Heart, has performed at various bars and clubs in the Bay Area. He first crashed into view with his wild Janis Joplin impersonations at The Stud on Folsom, where his performance was later made into a record album. He also appeared at The Rendezvous last summer when they had a remodeling party. Depending on what Janis Joplin's form of singing did to you, so will Pearl affect you. He has upset the small but devoted cult that grew up around the late singer, who died from drugs some years ago. They feel that his performance profanes the memory of their Janis, but others are visibly transported by Pearl's exuberant and different interpretation of that wild Texas woman. Indeed, the audience's antics are often as much fun as the performer's, so if he's around this winter go see him.

Jose, back from his annual tour of the great opera houses and baths of Europe will be seen in November at various locales but most Sundays he will be at Big Town (Carmen and his multiple death scenes is scheduled for November 11th). The recent success of Michael Owens at Cabaret-After Dark can only mean a return engagement to this large gay nightclub with the discotheque on the third floor. Owens, a fine young singer, will be at Caesar's, North Hollywood, the first part of November.

And who should appear in L.A.'s Redwood Room's show but Jackie Forrest, late of the Florentine Room, once more home of Fel Andrews, the entertainer.

Out at the Queen Mary, where the show is as professional and enjoyable as usual, the back bar known as the King's Den is now under the command of Lew Schirtzinger, that Valley personality and entrepreneur (the Lulu Awards and other galas). In fact, as many comment, the Queen Mary is the nearest equivalent to San Francisco's Finocchio's, though less touristy and square. The shows are certainly as professional and as well staged as anything you will see at that famous San Francisco club, currently featuring Pat

Bill Roberts (Dog Lady of the Dogpatch Saloon), winner of the best female award at the Empress Candidates Ball at the Jack Tar Hotel last September.

Pearl, seen recently at The Rendezvous and The Stud with his impersonations of Janis Joplin.

Paul, the young singer who appears live each Sunday at San Francisco's Big Town.



Montclair, Lavern Cummings and Elton Paris. The Frolic Room in downtown San Francisco is the only other showbar featuring a full drag revue.

Also in San Francisco, Lori Shannon, last seen at Finnochio's, is now at Cabaret-After Dark each Monday and Tuesday night and at the same place from Wednesday through Sunday—Craig Russell. The Cabaret-After Dark features name performers in for two to three week stints, the latest having been Michael Owens. Around the corner at Gold Street, Charles Pierce is back for the holidays and J.J. Van Dyke, that campy but butch sailor-entertainer home from the seas, can be seen whipping omelettes with a chain (but only the s and m dishes) at the Sunday brunches at the Pier 54.

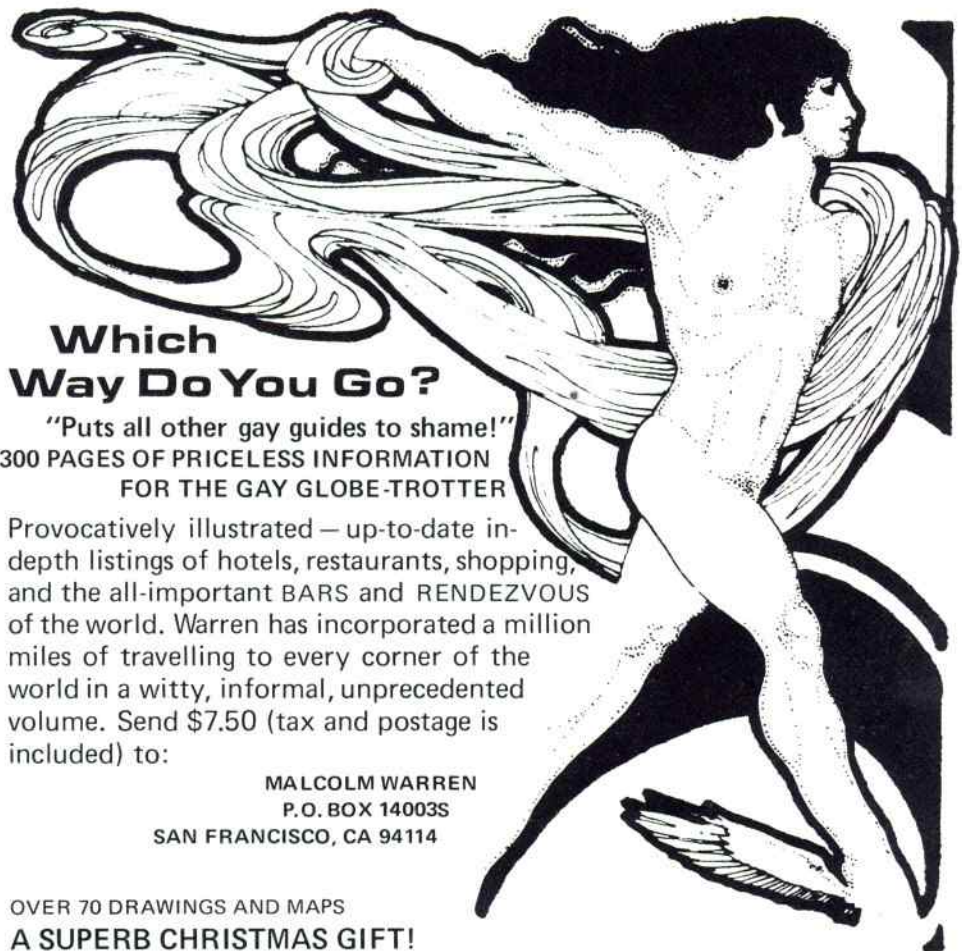
Pianistically: Gary Schneider romps and plays nightly at The Havoc House on Polk. At The PS through Thanksgiving Vince Valenti through and after the dinner hour with his songs and piano melodies for lovers of all ages. Over in Sausalito, at The Inn is Don Rey again singing and playing for the elite dinner crowd and those living it up for an evening in this famous bar.

Piano entertainment (and the interesting people around the bar) is one of the reasons why The Mint, The Fickle Fox and On the QT are busy long after dinner-time. And Bob Saunders, the best of his San Francisco kind, should be heard (except Mondays) at that upper echelon spot on Upper Market, The Purple Pickle. Alternating at the Fickle Fox are Dennis Moreen, Johnny Gibson, and 'Hazel' McGinnis.

Organist and entertainer David Kelsey is in Honolulu for six months at a crowded, little 'intime' club called The House of Charles and that other star of Gold Street, the original and clever George Buchanan, has taken his puppets on a cruise aboard a liner to tropic waters for a few months. After that job he should be back where he belongs—San Francisco.

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Book Reviews



Everyone whose path crossed that of the late Jayne Mansfield seems to have some favorite recollection of that outrageous, pathetic, bedevilled woman. Mine is of her debut as a stripper in a tawdry Biloxi, Miss., "supper club" which was a hangout for enlisted men of Keesler Air Force Base. Gus Stevens' Buccaneer Club was the nadir of Mansfield's up-and-down career, and was to prove the last place in which the sometimes celebrated "Hollywood bombshell" was ever to appear.

According to the choreography of her awful act, she was to end by flashing her goodies at the crowd while her G-string and pasties were still in place. She would exit in a blackout. At the post-midnight show, when fans and performers alike customarily were too stoned to use caution, Mansfield took advantage of the light man's indifference to pop that G-string toward the ceiling, baring the piece of her anatomy she liked to think the whole world was dying to see. The GI boys were shocked, as she intended them to be.

The current vogue for Marilyn Monroe literature has produced a spinoff on the ersatz Monroe: *Jayne Mansfield* by May Mann (Drake, \$7.95). The book is entirely worthy of its subject, which is to say it is seedy, dishevelled, not to be taken seriously, but with a certain horrid charm about it. Miss Mann, a sometime gossip columnist with important social connections, was an intimate of Mansfield, as was everybody around who could help publicize the insatiably exhibitionistic sex symbol. The writer claims to have been prompted to tell "the whole truth" by the appearance of Mansfield's ghost to her immediately after the faded star's hideous death (by decapitation) in a Mississippi highway crash. "Just tell the truth," the late lamented is supposed to have urged on Miss Mann.

If this work is the truth, there is little good to be said either for Mansfield, her biographer or her publisher, the latter having allowed the book to appear without elementary proofreading corrections.

Jayne Mansfield was a terribly obsessed woman—obsessed with herself as an actress (she actually did carry *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* to a remarkable success on Broadway) and as a wage-earning mother who was compelled psychologically to emasculate her three husbands, each of whom failed at his attempt

to corral her capricious, unbridled personality.

Of particular interest to the gay reader would have been some heavy examination of Mansfield's relationship with the second husband, hunky professional stud Mickey Hargitay. Miss Mann seems to have avoided her many opportunities, as a family friend, to find out why Hargitay managed to overlook his wife's compulsion to humiliate him by insisting to her interviewers—Mansfield's great love was being interviewed and photographed—that the man's sole talents were those of the bedroom. The present account of their seedy life together suggests that Hargitay was genuinely concerned with the excesses of the woman whose children he had fathered. But at the bitter end, Hargitay took the responsibility of arranging for her burial when others more closely involved were conspicuously uninterested in their famous chum. Mansfield's frenetic life had something of the horror comedy in it, and doubtless had the makings of a psychological study in emotional torment. But May Mann is no more capable of putting Mansfield to rest than were the amateur Satanists and freak-seekers who surrounded her throughout her career.

That restless spirit, if indeed it is still seeking vindication through "the whole truth," will have to look for it elsewhere.

—Bob McPherson

Many are the reasons for the contemporary male taking to the road on motorcycles. The bike's practicality, maneuverability and economy are factors but paramount is the sense of freedom, that feeling of power and masculinity so rarely attained in an emasculated world. Now, for all of us bike riders and for anyone interested in the machine and its past here is a book to cherish:

THE HISTORY OF WORLD MOTORCYCLING by Richard Hough and L.J.K. Setright. Harper & Row (\$10).

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(Continued on Page 25)



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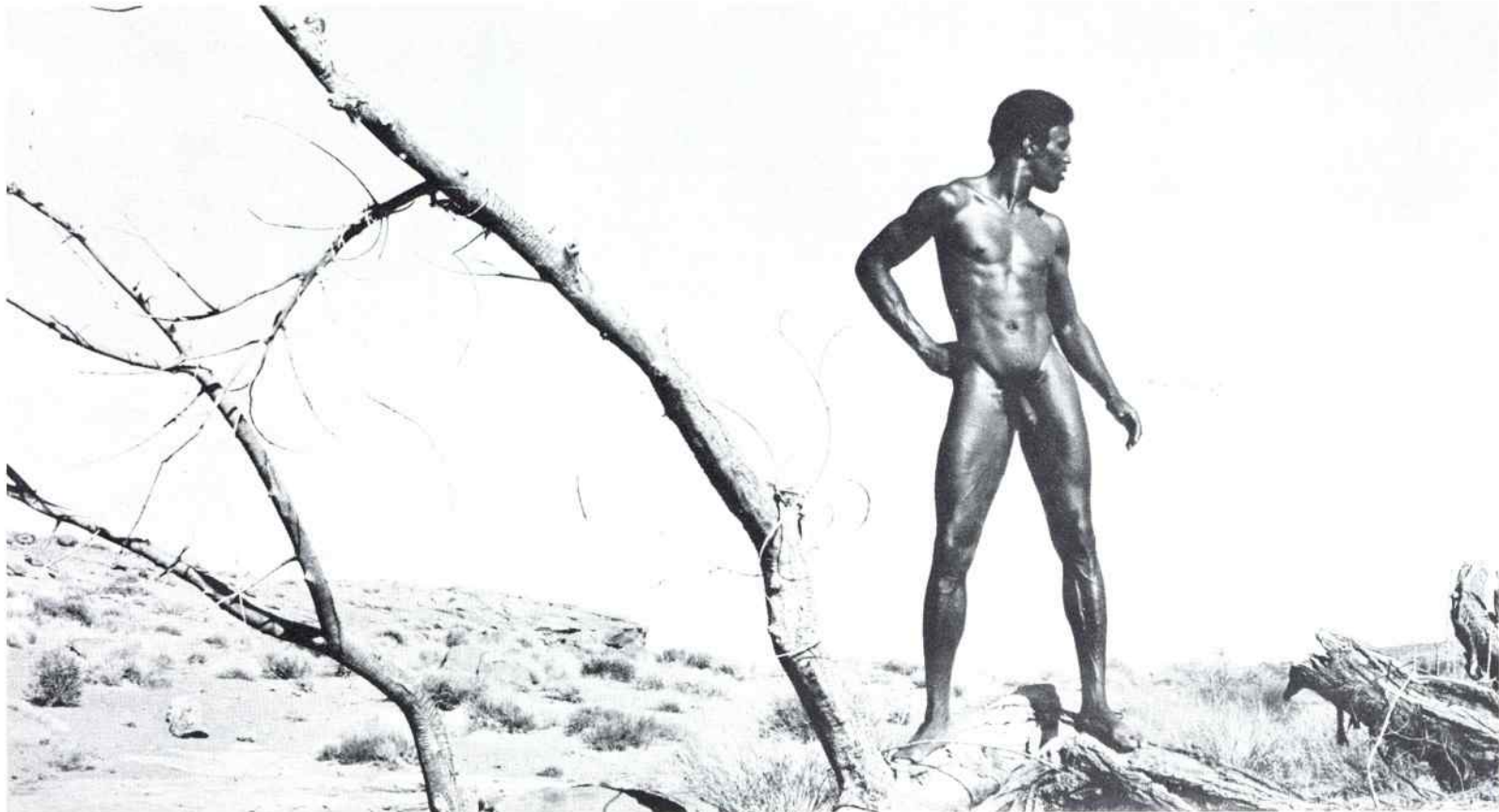
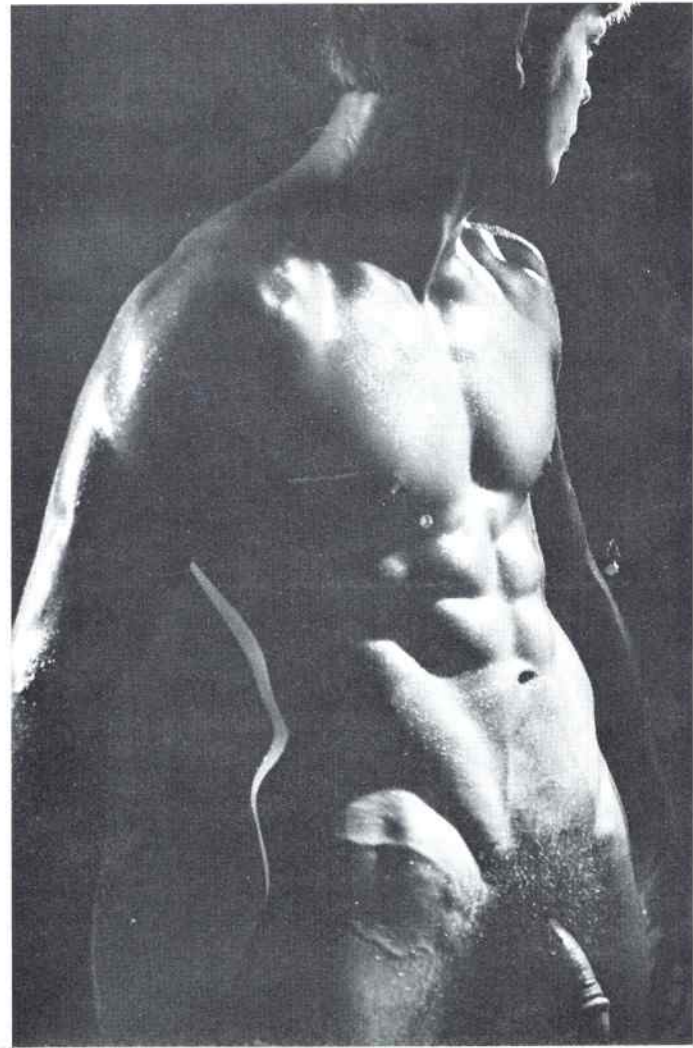
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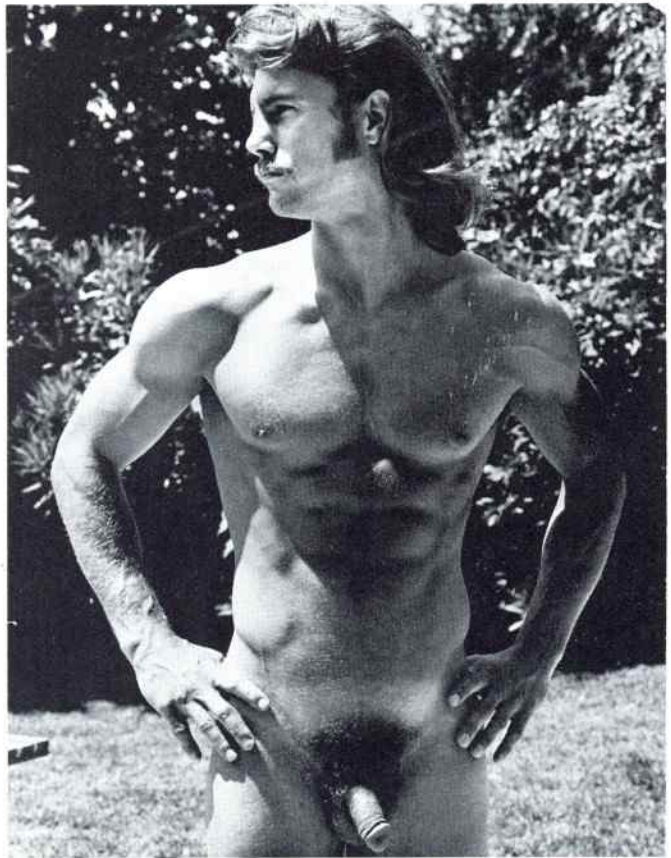
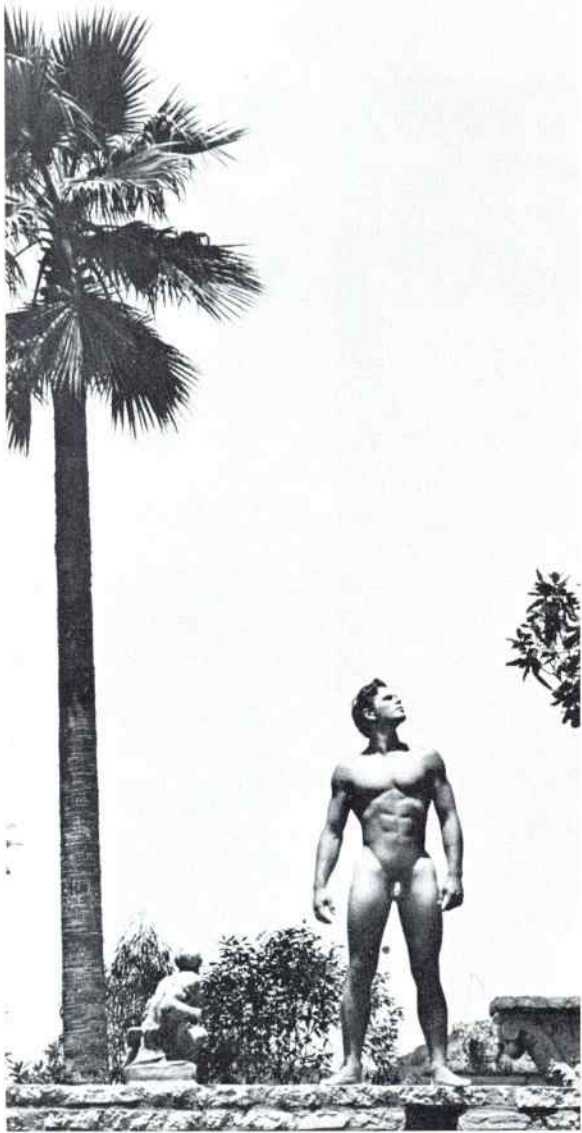
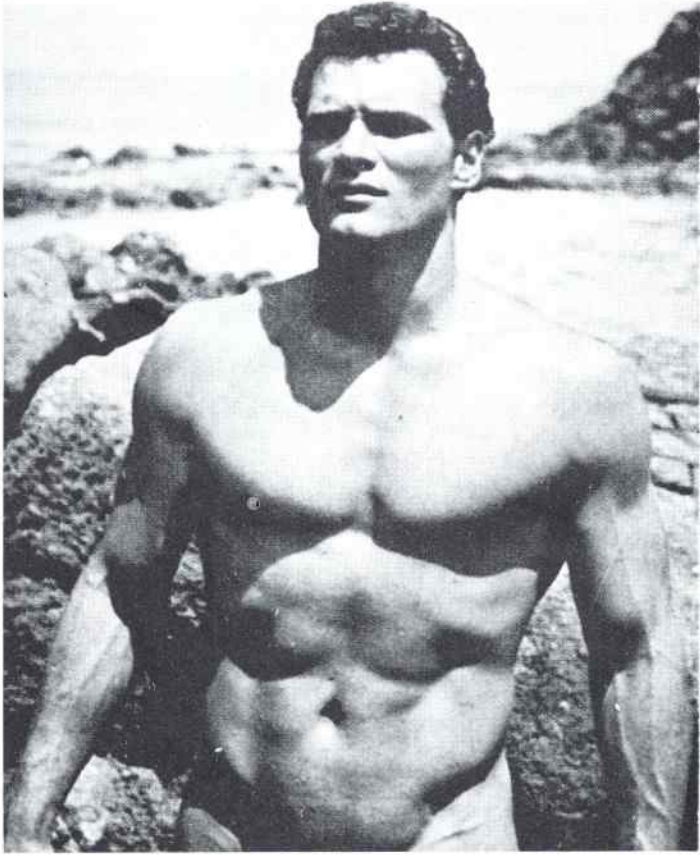
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The Photographic Art of Roy Dean

We are always asked where we get our groovy covers. The answer: usually from Roy Dean. This issue's cover is of Ronald Egan from Roy Dean's forthcoming photographic essay, The Naked Image. A retrospective of Roy Dean's famous work over the past ten years, none of the photographs has been published previously. By the same publisher as "Time in Eden" and "Before the Hand of Man," this handsomely printed book costs only \$6.95 (RHO-Delta Press, 807 Hilldale Ave., Los Angeles 90069). Included are many other photos of this handsome young nineteen-year-old from Southern California as well as pictures of other cover subjects of CALIFORNIA SCENE in the past. The photographic studies on these pages are the work of this accomplished artist and actor. Some of them will appear in "The Naked Image" and some of them have appeared in Roy Dean's previous works.





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PHILADELPHIA '73

By Bob Damron and Tony

For readers anywhere in the U.S. we recommend Pernell Travel, Los Angeles.

An evening of fun is yours in this, the nation's first capital. The W.C. Fields' putdowns just aren't true, as you will see if you take the time to see the town.

First there is dinner. We suggest the Mid-Way, 256 S. 12th St., as they serve a great meal and the prices start at \$3.50 to \$5.00 per entree. You could expect to spend an average of \$6.00 per person for a full dinner and wine. The service is good and for the money there isn't anything that will beat it in the city. If you are the P.E. type try the Drury Lane. The price is higher but you get what you pay for, \$8-\$14 per. After dinner which should be planned to end about 10 P.M., it is bar time. The city awakens at about 10. Have a cocktail at the restaurant but don't linger, you will miss the fun. Go over to the Allegro, 1412 Spruce, for one. You will find the younger set there early (10 P.M.) but as the night goes on it seems to turn to a HIP set. Order a drink as you enter and walk up to the third floor. Dancing and a light show goes on all night. At about 11 P.M. try The Steps at 1526 Delaney. There seems to be a good crowd starting at 11 till about 1 A.M. The second floor is the best dance floor in town. Lately there are some understanding straights, but they are there only for fun, so don't worry. The younger set seems to enjoy this place the best but you will find all types. Enjoy, enjoy. A short side strip to The 247 (17th Street) might be interesting. This is the leather-western bar in town. It should be said that the people in the city range from the wild and screaming to the ultra-conservative, but the strange thing about this city is that they mix well. The 247 gets the crowd about midnight and it is the place to close on weekends. There is a lot of action there at "desperation hour." After closing (2 A.M.) at The Steps they go to the P.B.L. (Philadelphia Brotherhood of Lacemakers) located at 204 S. Quincy, and if The 247 is where you find yourself they go on to The Penrose. Either club will ask for a \$2 minimum on drinks (2) but one can't just go alone. They are very strict about non-members. You *must* go with a member. The P.B.L. has the younger crowd (21-28) and The Penrose attracts the over-thirties. The Penrose has a back bar which is for the leather and Levi set. It is a good tourist attraction. At the P.B.L. there is a second floor for the overflow

on weekends only. It is suggested you stay on the first floor as that is where the action is.

For the past few months Maxine's, 243 Camac St., just around the corner from the Mid-Way, has a super Sunday dinner. You can't beat the prices even in a diner (\$3-\$4.50). The place is known as one of the P.E. restaurants in the city that is also known for their \$7-\$10 meals. The Sunday thing is to bring in the drinkers—this shouldn't be missed. I don't know how long they will keep this up as they must be losing money on it. Call them and ask.

A new place opened here about in August. The Land of Oz. As the name sounds, it is a bit HIP, but you will find everything in there. The codes should be as follows: B,D,G,HIP,M,RT,S,SM,W,YC,*** This is the biggest place I have ever seen. The dance floor measures about 100' by 75'. Light shows, drinks and good cruising. Not suggested for the timid or shy. A wild, wild place. One bad note: It is located in a rough district near 13th & Locust and they are getting their share of the not too nice people, but this should not deter one from taking a look.

After the clubs, if you can still stand, there is a variety of restaurants. Around the corner from the P.B.L. (11 & Locust), the Savoy Restaurant swings. It is better to leave the club a little early, so you won't have to wait in line for a seat. The food is good and cheap. They serve everything from a hot dog to full-course dinners around the clock. Expect to spend no more than \$2. Dewey's Coffee Shop at 13th & Chancellor is not recommended unless your thing is drags and hustlers. But the Dewey's at 17th and Chancellor (across from the Warwick Hotel) should prove to be fun. A real "D Hour" pickup place. You will also get to meet the bartenders you admired all night.

You should find the Philadelphia people friendly to "New Faces." They enjoy meeting new people and often one will be asked to join them in their own tour of the city. It should be noted that prices are about the same in every bar: Beer 75-85¢ and mixed drinks 85¢-to a dollar. **QUESTION: I'm stuck with family for a weekend in Buffalo. Is the place still as dead as it used to be? R.R.—Palo Alto.**

ANSWER: Dying still, but not quite dead yet. Most of the good action, however, is outside the city limits proper. The Club chain built a baths in Amherst a few years ago, so you know there has to be *some* hope. The baths is located in Amherst (and called the Amherst Club) at 44 Alameda which is a little street in the main shopping mall not far from the University

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of Buffalo. If you do not have a membership in another Club Baths, try to get hold of the manager by telephone first and explain your desire to join. The baths itself is clean and compact with some nice young people, but, oddly enough, not too many college students. The \$5 price is a little steep for them when there is much to be had on the campus itself. About the best place in Buffalo itself is the Shamrock Bar at 535 Elmwood Avenue, which isn't much, mind you, but better than nothing at all. Don't go until after ten or you'll think you're in the wrong place. The newest place is called Satan's Corner at 68 Memorial Drive and really getting off the ground with the young set. You'll be screened at the door, but if you look like you know what it's all about, you'll have no trouble getting in. Dancing is the big thing here, although there are usually so many people that just standing gets to be a real challenge.

QUESTION: Is Birmingham still having trouble with the cops? P.D.—Glendale

ANSWER: Police harassment remains constant there and gay bars don't have much of a chance. The trend of the young Gays seems to be to 'infiltrate' so-called unisex places like the Golden Torch at 1915 5th Avenue North rather than take the risk of getting caught in a police raid on some strictly gay spot. Don't expect too much fun in Alabama in general.

QUESTION: I understand that most of the action on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands is limited to cruising. What's the problem with meeting Blacks? F.S.—Los Angeles

ANSWER: The gay scene on St. Thomas is rather uptight because the population is so small that everybody knows everybody else and, unfortunately, everybody else's business. Blacks and whites *never* mix socially on the island, regardless of what you might hear to the contrary. Most of the action is divided between two beaches. Morning Star Beach is a private and strictly white beach with a two-dollar admission charge. The hotel there is still mixed during the day, as is the beach although you won't have any trouble noting the predominantly gay area. At night, the hotel bar takes on a slightly gayer tone, but all is still very subtle. The Blacks go to a beach out by the airport called Lindberg Beach and are usually available for a smile and a fee. Other than through private introductions or chance encounters you will probably not meet the native gay white element, but there are enough tourists to keep even the heartiest appetite satisfied.

Some Notes on Montreal:

I haven't written of that cosmopolis recently so here is what's new—Dance bars or clubs are getting bigger and more popular and the baths are beginning to catch the young Canadian's fancy. If you really want to get a good feel about Montreal (especially if it's a first-time visit), hop in a taxi and scoot out to the Apollo Club at 5116 Park Avenue. Visitors are made especially welcome here and though the Apollo is private, there is no trouble procuring a membership and getting known. Usually whoever checks you in will see to it that you meet a few people to introduce around. Recommended, plus! Best to arrive early (around 10), so you won't have any trouble getting in. By eleven or so, there's a line outside and hardly room to hitch up your pants inside.

P.J.'s at 1422 Peel Street and Le Rocambole at 1426 Stanley Street are two other recommended dance clubs in the same area, with P.J.'s featuring hard rock and an informal atmosphere and Le Rocambole featuring the more mod set wanting to be seen and to see. The Aquarius Baths at 1183 Crescent Street is open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and has outdistanced all the others in popularity. The best times are late in the evening or Sunday afternoon between two and six. Modern and clean and four floors of activity at a \$5 private room rate (for eight hours on the weekends).

Guadalajara up to date:

La Pajarera bar—at the Fenix Hotel: mixed gay and straight.


Pancho's bar—ground floor: busy.

Denny's—mixed but usually giddy queen types.

La Torcida bar—fairly good cruising.

La Copa de Leche restaurant is the "in" place this summer.

The bar in the *Hotel Mendoza* is another good new meeting place.

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FALL in California

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The Beaux Arts Ball at the Hilton Hotel. The San Francisco Tavern Guild's famous gala. If you only go to one ball this season this should be the one and it's fun outside on the street, too, watching the arrivals (8 P.M.).

October 27th –

The Eleventh Annual ZTI Halloween Costume Ball at the Cocoonut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. 8 PM until 2 AM. Tickets \$9. This year's theme is "You ought to be in pictures."

Sunday, November 4th & Monday the 5th at 8:30 PM –

"Feather and Leather Follies"—a camp musical revue with Luscious Lorelei (Paul Bentley) in aid of the Pride Foundation. The Village on Columbus Avenue, San Francisco.

Wednesday, November 7th –

Auction tonight in aid of the Metropolitan Community Church at The Boot Camp. These auctions sponsored by the Tavern Guild are a San Francisco experience whenever they are held.

Saturday, November 10th –

Tonight at The 527 Club, San Francisco's Mr. Cowboy gives a 'Lowdown Hoedown' Party. Everyone welcome. Proceeds go to The Heart and Cancer Fund.

Sunday, November 11th. –

The Annual CMC Carnival at Seamen's Hall on Fremont Street (off lower Folsom), San Francisco. A must for everyone—at least once. All day, until seven. Tickets at the bars or at the door. Open to everyone.

Monday, November. 19th –

The first Empress of Los Angeles, La Rey holds the fourth annual Universal Ball starting at 8 PM in the Mayflower Ballroom, Inglewood (off the San Diego Freeway). Phone (213) 874-7136 for information.

Until November 25th –

"Lorelei" with Carol Channing. The Shubert Theatre, Century City (Beverly Hills).

"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" is now in its fourth year at the Little Fox Theatre (near Broadway), San Francisco. One of the actors in this very successful adaptation of the Ken Kesey novel is Johnny Weissmuller, Jr.

SAN FRANCISCO (Continued from Page 5)


Over by the Pier 54, that great new restaurant on the Bay a few minutes south of Folsom and the Miracle Mile is another new place, The Barn, managed by the fabled Tony T. of 'Why Not?' and 'Toolbox' fame. To reach The Barn take the freeway from Folsom at Sixth to the Mariposa turnoff, just as you would to reach The Pier 54. The Barn, curiously reminiscent in its decor of the long-closed Toolbox, serves beer and wine and plans all manner of different events for the club and leather guys this winter.

The Folsom Prison, imaginatively and expensively redesigned, bears little resemblance to its former self, The Corner, and since its grand opening last month business has been as if it were the only Levi and leather bar in town. Worth a visit for that mural over the bar apart from everything else. Not far away another bar, the Bachelor Club, has undergone a similar change. Renamed The Dogpatch Saloon under the canny eye of Bill Roberts, known variously as The Dog Lady or Mammy Yokums, this bar has been the scene of some mad event or other almost nightly. These days you must have a gimmick and a personality to make a success of a bar; money is secondary. So plentiful are the city's bars that the customers are now seeking, and being offered, much more than a space at the bar and a drink. Luckily San Francisco is a great tourist magnet with one of the world's best climates. Saturation point has obviously not been reached when one checks ten or fifteen bars out during the week and finds them all thriving.

Down in Hayward across the Bay a private club opened up this summer in a house not far from the freeway. Named The Levi Club it has since moved to Berkeley, close to the campus. Memberships are \$7.50 and for details call 845-4120. They remain open late into the night.

The Lumber Yard, the afterhours spot across from The Roundup, which suffered much police harassment lately because of a dispute over that hard-to-get cabaret license, which permits places to remain open all night, is to become a 'hotelito' under the same management. This means that the afterhours activity will continue to be at The Covered Wagon and on Upper Market where that coffee shop and small cocktail bar, Burke's, is another listing of places to go this winter; now known as The Truck Stop, it is open 24 hours. Some blocks away Tiffany's has not only become popular for the all-night trade but does very well in the evenings with Italian style dinners. And across the

(Continued on Page 31)

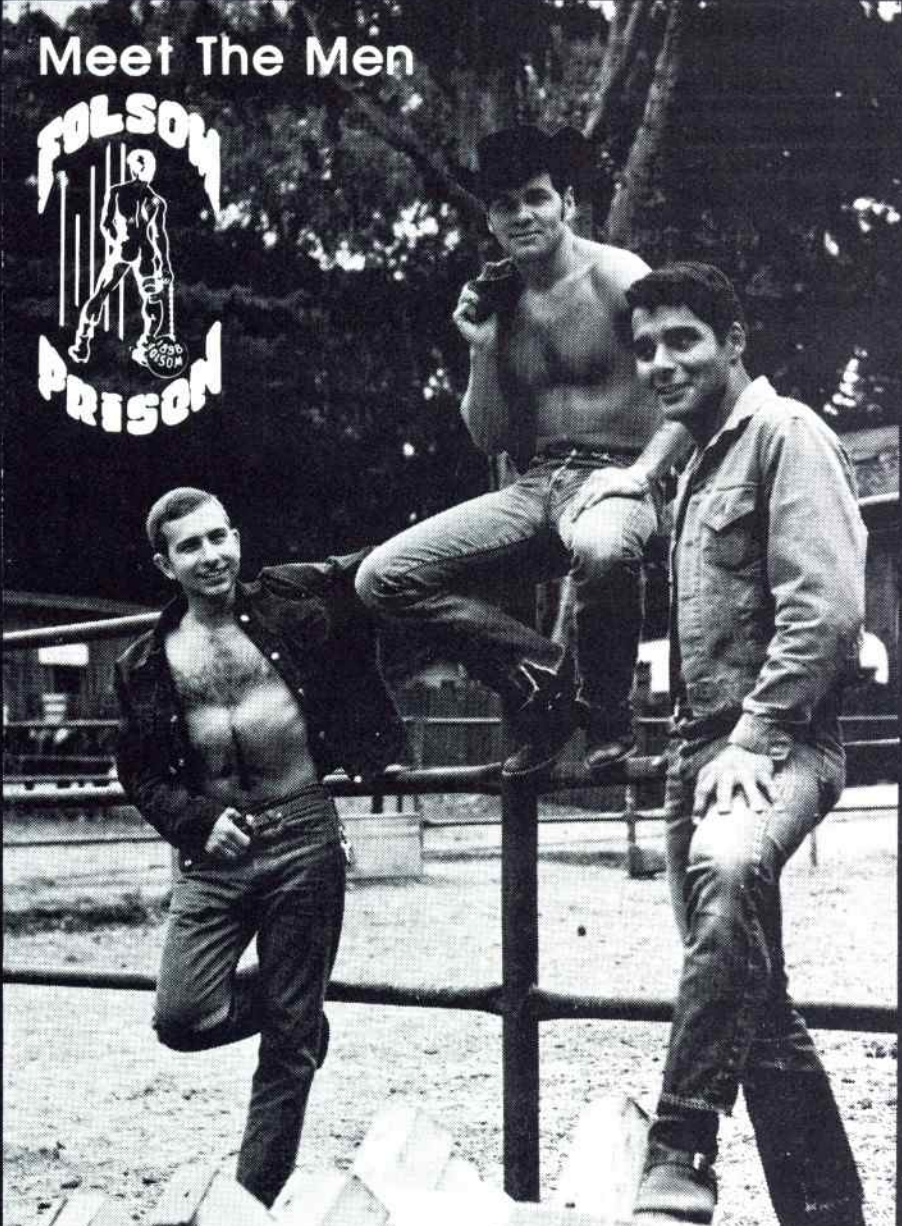


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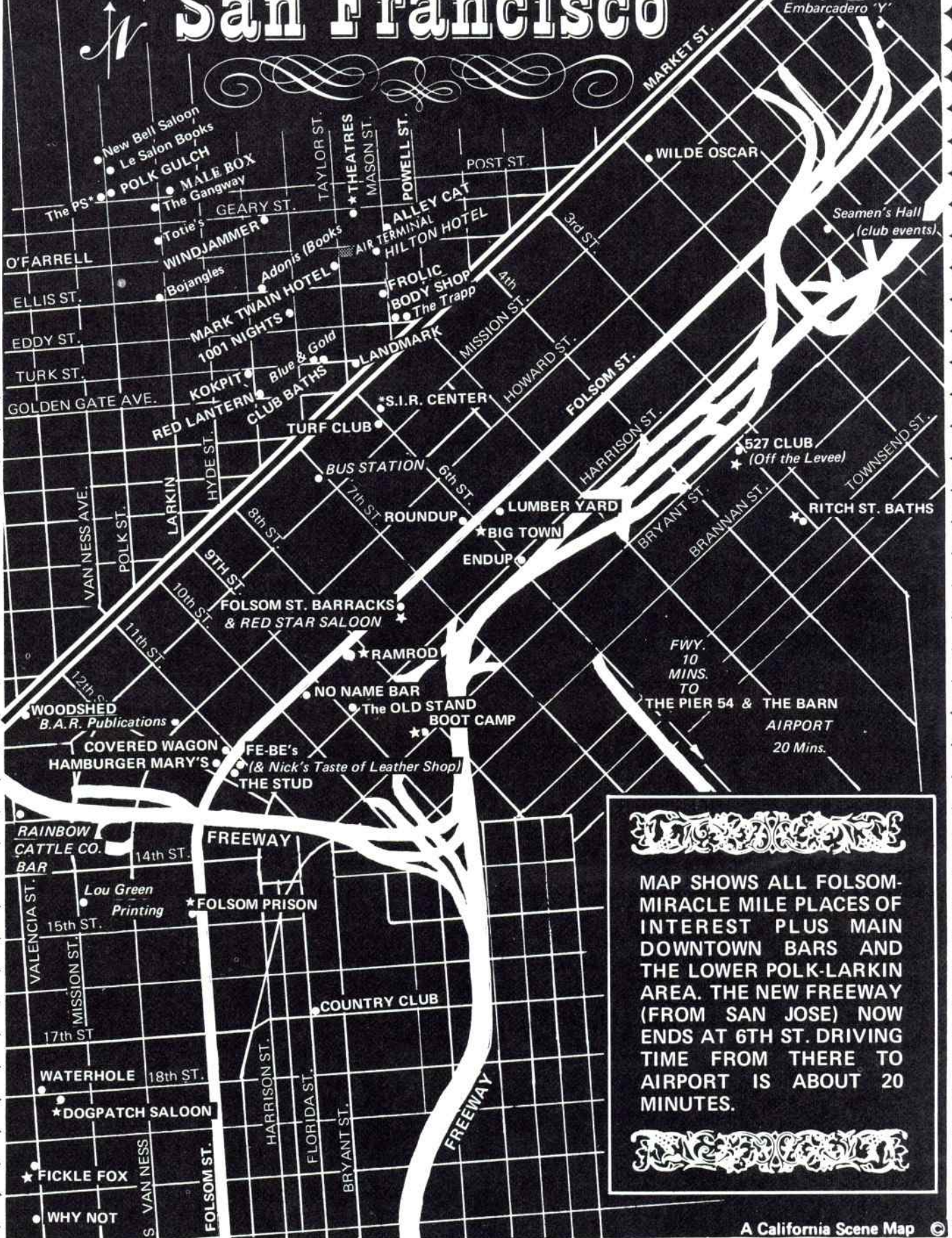
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Why San Francisco?

by *Lori Shannon*

This is the first of a series on why some well-known personalities live in San Francisco and why, if given the chance, they would not live elsewhere even at higher salaries. Lori Shannon, an entertainer as well as a writer and critic for many publications, gay and straight, leads off the series, which is most appropriate as San Francisco is certainly the capital of the gay entertainment world. Mr. Shannon was seen most recently at Finocchio's where he headlined the show with his friend Pat Montclair, winner of the Carol Channing look-alike contest last August.

* * * *

Captured in infancy by pirates, I was sold at a tender age to an unscrupulous white slaver in tawdry Manhattan, who promptly put me to work in sin-filled nightclubs and sleazy off-Broadway shows produced by men who made the slavers seem like social workers. Finally, in 1968, I saw my chance and took it! I fled New York on camelback in a caravan headed for the West Coast. I arrived in L.A. three weeks later (thanks to a fleet-footed camel) and found it to be much the same as New York. Undaunted, I pushed on until I reached San Francisco one bright September morn and since then I have toiled in the entertainment vineyards for over six years reaping the fruits of my labor.

Why San Francisco? Well, the first thing that struck me about the city was the relaxed pace it lives at. After the frantic ratrace of Manhattan it was a joy to discover a city that appreciated its leisure. And even during working hours, where riding the subway in New York may well be hazardous to your health, people here still manage to be polite, even affable,

cramped into a bus at five o'clock or clinging to a cable car. Let no man tell you that people are the same everywhere! In New York, I was mugged at knifepoint one Friday morning in the middle of Times Square as dozens of office workers strolled casually by, nodding approval. I cannot imagine that happening here. Oh, there are dangerous areas after dark here, but I've walked through the Tenderloin at midnight or down Market Street with nary an incident.

One main reason I've always felt safe in San Francisco is that gay people are everywhere, living in every area of the city, working in every possible field, going any place they choose without any raised eyebrows. As long as you don't flaunt your homosexuality obnoxiously, no one even thinks twice about "Are you or aren't you?" . . . it's just not that important to "others." I started my career as a female impersonator here, and have (in my younger, more courageous days) been to the Fairmont, Trader Vic's and many other highly straight places in full drag and have always been treated courteously. If they clocked, they didn't see fit to mention it, for which I am grateful. Looking back, I realize I was thrilled with my newfound toy (drag) and testing to see how far I could go. But soon the thrill wore off, and today it has become a way of making a living that I enjoy, but to get me to climb into full drag (it's a lot of work, ya know!) on my night off requires an event of earthshaking importance (supermarket openings, bingo games, etc.). The point is, I did it (and since I am 6'4" in drag, I couldn't be considered flawless by any means) and nobody seemed too bothered by it.

Gays in San Francisco gather in what I

call "area cliques." The Gays who frequent Polk Street bars and restaurants seldom go anyplace else. Tenderloin people never venture out of the Tenderloin, the western/leather boys south of Market cannot be blasted north. There's nothing wrong with this except it seems to me very limiting. As an entertainer, I have been lucky enough to work all around the city and have made good friends in each area and firmly believe those people who place no restrictions on themselves have more fun. After closing at a south of Market club, I opened in a Tenderloin showbar and was told by some south of Market friends that they wouldn't come to see me until I came back to work in their territory. I can understand going where you feel most comfortable, with people who dig the same scene you do, but why restrict yourself to one little area when a whole city is available to you?

When Horace Greeley said, "Go West, young man!", he certainly wasn't thinking of entertainers. Six years ago, there were six or seven clubs for gay entertainers to work, usually for salaries that kept you well within the poverty bracket. Today, we have three clubs; one for pantomime and two for live performers. And we now have Gay Theatre, doing full-scale book shows with all-male casts, which can be fun if you like working for nothing (but highly recommended if you have a full daytime job to support you). Right now at least (and I see no sign of it getting better), San Francisco is a dismal city for entertainers of any kind.

It is estimated there are over 100,000 active homosexuals living in San Francisco. If this figure is correct (and I think it is), Gays comprise 1/6 the total population of the city. Perhaps this is why the liberal attitude exists here that is so sorely lacking in other big cities. Many homeowners prefer to rent to Gays because they have proven to be exceptional tenants. Rents here are high, especially in the heart of the city, but if you look hard enough, you can find a place suited to your financial needs. Police harassment is minimal (except around election time) compared to L.A., New York and Chicago. Job employment is always difficult to find here, be you office worker or bartender, so it helps to have saved enough money to live three or four months while seeking a job.

But if you are looking for a city with comfortable ease and great charm, warm people who accept all life-styles and where the homosexual has gained social acceptance far beyond most cities, then San Francisco is for you too.



READERS FORUM

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I wish to request that you not review any of our films in your publication. I consider CALIFORNIA SCENE a degrading source of information to the gay community.

Your continued bias[ed] opinion of all situations contained in each issue including motion picture reviews benefits no one except possibly your own ego and that of your staff.

Needless to say, I hope you respect the request of myself and that of my staff that no mention be made of any film that carries The Jaguar Trad[e] mark.

M.B.
Jaguar Productions
Hollywood

Editorial Note: Recent Jaguar Production films reviewed in this magazine have been *Brothers* and *The Experiment*. We feel that producers of gay films prefer to have their output judged by separate criteria from those used to judge the big studio productions. We do not concur with this view but try to be as charitable as possible when reviewing gay movies. All too often the gay 'masterpieces' we wish to review are so hilariously bad that we choose not to review them at all.

Gentlemen:

I've been exposed to CALIFORNIA SCENE purely by chance.

I am impressed and wish you great success.

I guess I was most impressed with the reviews in the 'movietime' section. After reading Joyce Haber's review of *Travels With My Aunt* as "One of the best pictures of the year" and then wasting my time and money to see it, I began wondering if my taste could be so jaded as to not agree with such a celebrated reviewer. After reading your review, I'm sure the Joyce Habers and Judith Crists should be made to sit through these 'year's best pictures' for the balance of the year.

Keep up your good work. Cordially, W.S.

Editorial Note: Mr. W.S. is also a member of the motion picture industry.



BOOK REVIEWS (Continued from Page 14)

B.M.W. enthusiasts will find a fascinating account of the history of the famous horizontally opposed cylinders in 1914 right up to today's shining 750.

Nor should Guzzi riders fail for lack of interest. How they achieved fame in the racing world, nearly lost it and were rescued by a contract from the police and the army makes most interesting reading.

In 1903 Milwaukee gave birth to a 2 HP single cylinder baby. They called it Harley Davidson and they have been successfully producing ever since. An interesting footnote here: after the second world war they put a model on the market, showing, I quote, "Considerable British influence in design."!! There is by the way a splendid picture of a very grand old 1921 Indian (550cc).

In 1957 a cloud appeared on the hori-

zon from the East and in two years everyone was taking the young Japanese firm of Honda very seriously. We follow its history in the racing world and later its brilliant campaign of advertising to woo the American public into believing that "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." In this they were startlingly successful—in less than ten years their sales increased from six to 600,000 in America alone.

Even the Kawasaki gets good billing but only after it had tamed its reputation for being "sudden death on wheels." It was brought out to challenge the so-called super-bikes and was very fast but some-

what uncontrollable although it was said to be the fastest straight line bike on the market. This was embarrassingly proved when a girl amateur won a race in Australia and in competition with professional male riders. . . .

No bike is forgotten and for that matter no rider either. There are some marvelous side cars for the buddies and a devastating picture of two ladies astride their bikes in the cause of emancipation. A book that will bring pleasure for many years to come to be read and referred to again and again. A must for the growing cult of motorcycling and motorcycle rid-

(Continued on Page 30)

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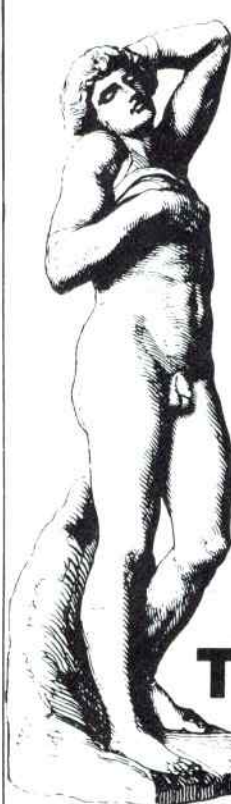
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Rover's Column



BIKE SCENES: The Falcon's Lair, The 527, Jim's Corral, The Outcast.

What a closing had The Black Pipe! After much harassment (the last straw being the revocation of the bar's pool table permit by the police—and who says a pool table isn't important to a small bar?), this famous bar closed with an auction of everything movable at the end of September. Duane, the owner and bike enthusiast, has gotten himself a job where he can ride his bike and get paid for it. And so another chapter closes on L.A.'s bike bars. Meanwhile, the famous Boyd from this famous bar is packing them in out at The Truck Stop in the Valley (home of the Sunday afternoon rim par-

ties . . . they rim the bar with nickels and then?).

The Elderly Lovelies held their biggest—some say their best—annual run on Labor Day weekend to the Sierras. The prizes, the food and the weather were of the best and the 350 guys who participated on this big club's ninth annual run were unanimous in naming it the best run of the year, north or south.

That excellent idea, the Casualty Capers of the Inter-Club Fund for those in need, especially after an accident, has gotten the Los Angeles clubs thinking about setting up a similar account for their

members. The latest Bay Area Casualty Capers was yet another fun-filled evening of skits and parodies that kept a packed Seamen's Hall (over thousand) enthralled right to the very end. All those who traveled north from L.A. that first weekend in October concurred in the opinion that this would be a hard act to follow but all signs are that the clubs will try mighty hard in what promises to be a great year all around.

Mention of the Inter-Club Casualty Fund brings to mind the fact that Parise's, a find of a gay restaurant just off Melrose at Heliotrope in L.A., came to the aid of that unfortunate actor and his friend (who died) when their bike was sideswiped by an auto this fall. The actor survived minus an arm and a leg. Parise's provided many pints of blood to this unfortunate young man, as did other independent persons. Yes, it's time the clubs set up an emergency blood bank. Parise's, by the way, is open for lunch Tuesday through Friday or why not try it for Sunday brunch, which begins at ten. Good food and decor your dear old mother would love—you might even meet her there after church with her buddy rider, such is the world today.

The blast given at The No Name as a benefit for Ken Davis, the manager, was as wild as the bar. These benefits and the auctions that take place sporadically are the real fun events that everyone should attend. Seeing is believing, especially when they take place in San Francisco. Ken, another victim of a careless old dame driving a car, is well on the road to being his wild self again.

In Los Angeles a new social butch club

(Continued on Page 29)

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WHEN A LAD NEEDS A DOCTOR

By MEDIC

Again, in the matter of instruments and substances to temporarily or permanently increase the size of the penis: do not even consider them, no matter what the advertising material claims. And no plastic surgeon or other specialist who considers the overall health of his patient to be primary will accede to requests for silicone treatments to engorge the penis. With silicone the head of the penis remains the same size and the shaft usually becomes bloated and ugly even when soft, although it becomes thicker. Ulceration of the penis can set in and doctors who have treated men with silicone tell me that often the unhappy patient returns to have the treatment reversed as their sex partners had been put off by the unnatural look of the silicone treated penis.

Scabies, an unpleasant but minor ailment which has not been too common among adults, has reappeared in some areas on an endemic scale. The hippie communes and close living habits of some folk foster the spread of this parasite which burrows under the epidermis and is tediously eradicated. Bodily contact, the popularity of old clothes and lax hygiene contribute to the spread of scabies. Exposure to air and sunlight, the application of Benzyl Benzoate or of a preparation such as Kwell should clean up the condition in a week or so. Scabies is a condition which is characterized by itching and a rash of little blisters on areas of the body which are usually covered and not exposed to air and sun, around the genitals for example. Scabies is infectious and should be treated immediately.

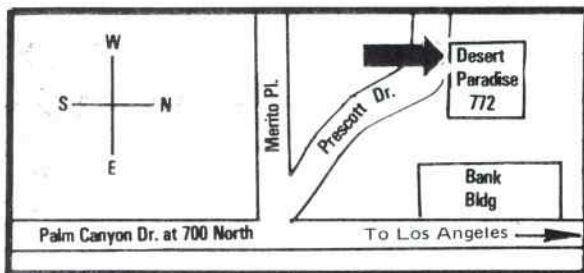
Queried as to the effect smoking has on the eyes, let me say that in these notes I always try to bring home the dangers to

health inherent in even moderate smoking of tobacco. The first step in the direction of better health is cessation of smoking, whether cigarettes or pipes.

Smoking affects the blood vessels at the back of the eyes and contributes to macular degeneration of the retina. Everyone should have a thorough eye examination at least once a year.

Concerning a question about the possibility of teeth transplants: The transplanting of teeth from one person to another almost never proves wholly successful. Apart from the rejection factor, the root and crown of the implanted tooth would have to match the one it replaced. Replanting of teeth is usually successful—this is what is done by oral surgeons when a tooth is dislodged accidentally. In other words, replacing a dislodged tooth in its socket.

Before undertaking a strenuous physical fitness course, particularly if one is older and has not had any exercise in years, first visit a physician for a checkup. Do not be discouraged if the program of exercises does not produce immediate results. Months usually pass before the neglected body responds. For a correct and balanced physical fitness course and where to go in Los Angeles consult Rod Fuller at the *Advocate* (stamped and addressed envelope) or in San Francisco consult John Adams at Apollo's Gym on O'Farrell (phone 771-7174). Some gyms are less than receptive to Gays but there are many good mixed salons where you can maintain your body in prime condition and yet make some new friends. The incentive to continue a physical fitness program is much greater if one enrolls in a gym rather than by exercising at home.



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ROVER (Continued from Page 27)

has appeared: the Broncos. They already number eight and one of the founders is that rugged and friendly bartender at The Bunkhouse, Alex.

It was good to note that one of the major bars decided to host a beer blast in honor of Matthew of Glendale and his Buddy some weeks ago. The Outcast and Phil are to be commended for this gesture. Too many people around L.A. just take a philanthropist like Matthew for granted.

It has been a busy and at times sad season for club members and their friends. Since I last penned this column that bluff and butch club member of many years standing, Bill Monroe has died (in August, suddenly at his home in San Francisco). He is well remembered by many as one of the owners of the old Toolbox and of The Page One. The big hoedown planned at the 'convention center' of The 527 Club in San Francisco on November 10th will be dedicated to him and to George Gonzales, who died earlier in the year. Another club member who died in New Mexico when touring on his bike last August, Bob Kennedy, was well known north and south.

A recent independent survey agreed with the earlier findings of the Traffic Safety Administration on the failure of most motorcycle helmets to protect the wearer. While most states now require riders to wear helmets they do not set safety standards. Tests were conducted on over 50 different helmets sold in this country and nearly all of them were safety deficient in one way or another. The cheaper helmets fared worst. The best ones cost between 50 and 60 dollars, but even a cheap one is better than those leather caps which may look good but are otherwise useless. Warning: Those plastic chin cups attached to the helmet straps are also useless, if not downright dangerous in an accident. They do not secure the helmet to the head and often cause the helmet to flip off on impact. Helmet straps should be tied under the chin and nowhere else.

While L.A. has a new liquor bar—and seven beer bars or is it six with the recent closing of the Black Pipe?—for the club members and their friends, San Francisco has a fine new hall for parties, dances and what-not at the rear of that old standby The 527 Club. Lennie, the proud proprietor of what he calls The Club's Godfather Room, still has Monty and Helen working for him as in the old days (four years ago) at On the Levee, now razed in the city's redevelopment plans. That new L.A. liquor bar is owned and operated by club

members. What a relief in straight or funny money-controlled L.A.!

One of the year's more preposterous shindigs in Los Angeles will be Count Nitrite's party complete with maze, to be held at a famous location. The affair will climax a more or less serious 3rd Annual Prima Dowagers' run to which everyone is invited, whether on bikes, broomsticks or tricycles. The time: Sunday afternoon, November 3rd.

I read a club member's review of that cycle book in this issue. I also enjoyed Lee Gutkind's "Bike Fever" from Follett Publishing. There should be a review in the next issue.

And yes, that was *Deep Throat* shown on a recent overnight run but nobody cared.



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BOOK REVIEWS (Conti from Page 25)
 ers who have in common that special brand of sympathy which can bring two total strangers together almost anywhere in the world.

'Gear Shaft'

* * * *


There is never a season when guidebooks are not useful so it is good to know that the best and oldest one of them all has gone into a second printing—to wit, the **BOB DAMRON ADDRESS BOOK '74** from San Francisco. This world-famous little gem is still only four dollars even in its new and enlarged form but beware of counterfeits. Available from the author at 2166 Market St., San Francisco 94114.

San Francisco Gaylife '73-'74 by Douglas Dean. Five dollars. Barbary Coast Publications, 883 Geary St., San Francisco 94109.

This most recent guide to San Francisco (July 1973) is a hastily put together collection of information, dated and cutesy pie nude photos and a fairly interesting short story by this well-known author. Considering the availability of other sources of information *Gaylife* is no bargain at five dollars and for a book published in San Francisco the omissions of such famous baths as The Club, that oldie but goodie downtown, point to a hastily done research job. Other notable omissions are The 21st Baths and The No Name Bar. The Page One is listed but that ceased being gay last winter. And so on. Added to this is the dull format of the magazine size book. There is a plan to follow this is-


(Continued on Page 31)

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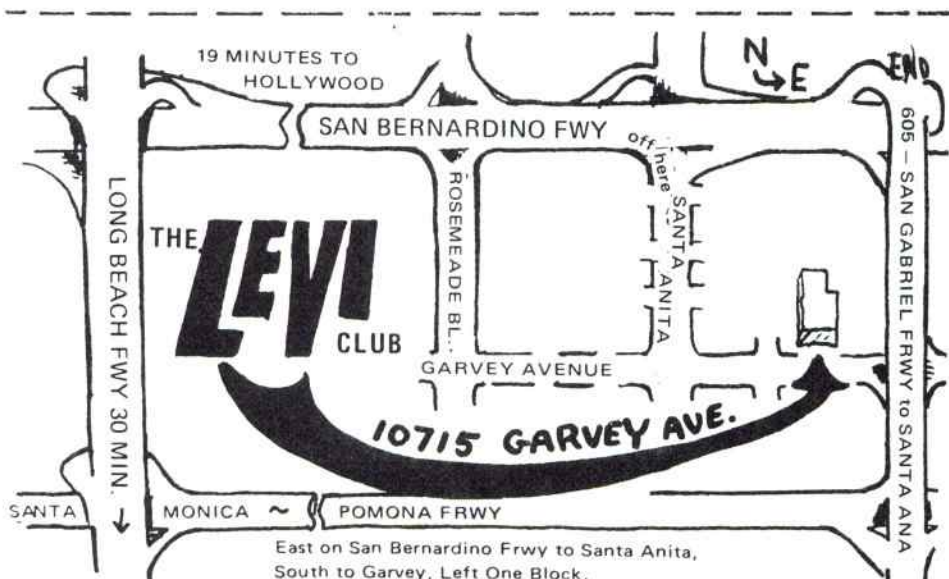


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BOOK REVIEWS (Conti from Page 30)

sue with a revised second edition in the spring, which should see some improvement overall. *Gaylife* is not up to the standard of the author's previous guide book, *Gay Mexico*, which is much better value at the same price.

On another, horribly down-to-earth level, is the release, after thirty years in top secrecy, of a Harvard psychiatrist's confidential study of Adolf Hitler, written at the behest of the U.S. government for possible use in psychological warfare against the Third Reich. Dr. Walter C. Langer combined scientific insight with interviews of people who had had firsthand experience with Hitler to arrive at pungent ideas about turning Hitler's "shameful secret" against him.

Dr. Langer's report appears now as *The Mind of Adolf Hitler* (Basic Books, \$10). The uncanny accuracy of his conclusions and suggestions, from the viewpoint of what we now know about the subject, is as startling as the text must have been to the Office of Strategic Services when it buried the manuscript in obscurity. Like the Shakespearean revelations noted above, this work should be required source material to future biographers. And like Rowse's book, it is utterly exciting to read and ponder.

—Donald Warman

SAN FRANCISCO (Conti from Page 21)

street J.B.'s House (ex-Libra) is now serving dinners and Sunday brunch. A block up Market is The Mint which continues the tradition of excellent food the owners established with the now closed Golden Cask back in the sixties. In fact, The Mint is one of the best dinner values in town in any type of restaurant.

Bargains to consider: brunch for 75 cents on Saturday and Sunday at The Country Club before 11 o'clock; dinners nightly at Big Town for two dollars.

Dare to be different: arrive by boat for Sunday brunch at The Pier 54.

With food costs soaring one would expect to find fewer rather than more bars offering free or at cost meals. Lucky for the customers the booze continues to subsidize the grub and that is the policy most Bay Area places are adhering to. Down the Peninsula The Savoy (Cupertino/San Jose) still serves that steak and lobster dinner for a song. The Kona Kai in Palo Alto is serving excellent vittles once more and The Cruiser in Redwood City now has a full and very elegant dining room. Across the Bay in Berkeley: dinner and brunch now at The Camp Ground. In Oakland dinner at Grandma's, special dinners Wednesday and certain other nights at Lancers, dinners and Sunday brunch at Hans (also lunch during the

week and dancing nightly). Dancing and go-go boys at Ruby's. All night eating places in San Francisco: Hamburger Mary's, Burkes (now called The Truck Stop), Tiffany's, Pam-Pam, Grubstake, Sausage Factory (Fri. & Sat. only); Covered Wagon.

On the Sacramento scene and worth stopping off the freeway to investigate are The Other End, Charlie's Place, The Hide and Seek and The Club Baths—all in West Sacramento (Capitol Avenue exit). Downtown on 9th is the new Cruz'In II (922 9th) and Topper's on the Mall. Out on Broadway is The Underpass and in the Carmichael area northeast of town is The Atticus, now a guys' bar (5121 Walnut) and The Fury at 7436 Fair Oaks has reopened.

There are anniversaries almost weekly but one that is kept an open secret each year until the last minute is The Ramrod's in mid-November. Should you be there anniversary week and have a collection of their buttons or a book of matches on your person, there is no telling what grand prize you may win. Last year a dozen lucky ticket holders were brought to Reno on an all-expense-paid weekend, so in November that's what all the activity will be about at The Ramrod, now in its sixth year on Folsom Street.

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SOUTHLAND (Continued from Page 6)

night you're at The Bunkhouse (that wrangler bartender deserves some kind of award) or The 1170 (still unchanged after its redecorating) or Griff's or The Falcon's Lair the place to go after bar closing is The Outcast—ask the bartenders to confirm this if you think this is a paid advertisement. Currently the alleys and dark corners of Hollywood are for the foolhardy and greenhorns. And if famous last-chance saloons such as The Outcast or the Hayloft yield not an alluring smile why not try the baths—there are enough to satisfy a regiment of satyrs scattered all over the L.A. area.

In the Valley, near The Serpent 8, entertainer Ken Lowery (well known in bike club circles too) has opened a new bar called The Curtain Call. As for that million-dollar gay-oriented project called Big Sky that is not gay, is not gay owned, is gay owned, is gay and so on and on—word is now that it may open partially by Thanksgiving. The ex-country club is Hollywood kitsch and for those who want to live out those old Esther Williams movies there is a large pool overlooking the San Fernando Valley (not far from Burbank) as well as a dance hall and a couple of bars.

In and around Palm Springs the season is under way with a great choice of hotels and motels for all of us. Latest is the Desert Paradise Hotel, a short block to the right off the main street as you drive into town from Los Angeles. The restaurant they are talking about this season is the Bill of Fare, known to some of you in seasons past as Charlie Brown's or The Tenderloin. Out along the main highway you should try The Woods in Rancho Mirage—you may see a friendly and familiar face or two there from Los Angeles.

You might inquire of your local TV station when they will show the excellent British (Independent Television) series on Western America. The first in the series is

entitled, "The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay" (which was the title of Troy Perry's book). It deals with a gay 'wedding', complete with kissing 'newly-weds' and with other items less happy such as the fire in New Orleans.

A sad note: the Black Pipe, once one of the top bike and leather bars in town closed at the end of September. Police harassment even after the notorious HELP Benefit roust by the vice squad, which also resulted in the lifting of the bar's pool table permit, caused business to decline below the profit level. Across the street, The Westside, with liquor and a new dining room, is as busy as ever. A block away, BJ's, a popular beer, dancing and afterhours tavern that suffered a vice incursion one year ago, has newfound success with its dancing and handsome bartenders.

Cornucopia, HEG, CTC, GSF—these are some of the homosexually oriented businesses that have come into prominence during the year, as more and more gay businessmen realize that the bar and restaurant field is becoming a riskier venture than heretofore. Cornucopia and HEG (Homophile Entertainment Guild) are services offering scores of discounts to restaurants and various businesses. The coupon books, which offer such bargains as two dinners for the price of one and are valid for a year, cost four dollars from Cornucopia and six fifty from HEG. As in all such offerings it behooves the purchaser to read the small print on the coupons lest any misunderstanding arise. Recently two of us availed of a Cornucopia advertiser's coupon at The Westside. A good filet mignon dinner with a cocktail each for two came to fourteen dollars including the tip but as we availed of the coupon we paid a little more than nine dollars (drinks cannot be discounted under state law).

You may have noticed the attractive cards posted in some bars and clubs

around California for CTC—the California Travel Club. This new venture by a well-known San Francisco personality offers a listing of gay businesses that seek your custom. In time he hopes to include all reputable businesses statewide so that the customer can patronize establishments bearing the CTC seal of approval knowing that they are in good hands. Listings of CTC approved businesses are presently confined to advertisements in the various gay publications but in time this could very well become a new gay guide. GSF (Gay Sexual Freedom) has been around for some years now and is the best known of the gay and bisexual introduction services. Lately, from their modern offices in West Hollywood, they have announced the addition of full legal advisory services.

Last winter in San Francisco a discount service under the name of Happy Chips made a brief appearance but ran into organizational and legal problems.

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MOVIES (Continued from Page 8)

in a future revolution. From its beginning through the middle to its end, *Badge 373* is about mayhem, mayhem and mayhem. The movie, like its anti-hero, is relentlessly brutal and hideously clever.

This saga opens with Egan (Robert Duval) literally scaring a supercilious homosexual to death. Fired from the force for this uncool bit of police work, he goes on anyway, hellbent to right some wrong or other in a sustained fury all out of proportion to the misdeeds of his antagonists.

One's sympathies go to the revolutionaries. They're after the right of political self-determination, and all the world knows how much weight our government puts on that goal. What the writers were after defies rational analysis.

B. McP.

ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE—United Artists. Directed by James Guercio. Screenplay by R. Boris from a story by R. Boris and R. Hitzig. Stars Robert Blake and Jeannine Riley. Despite a basically original story line this disappointing film about brutal and ignorant cops, harmless hippies and dull life in Arizona comes across badly. The scowling, psychotic cop is a caricature of every bad cop thought up by Hollywood. The alcoholic barmaid-waitress who lays with the cops is another threadbare caricature although singer Jeannine Riley performs capably enough. The star of this drama is a newcomer, Robert Blake, who turns in a good performance as a shorty conscious of his inadequacies and who longs to quit his job as a motorcycle cop for the glamorous world of the homicide detective. The title of the film refers to the Harley Davidsons used by the motorcycle police. Bike riders will find little to recompense for a hokey story and one of the longest final shots in film history. There are some all too brief bike chases and some good scenery, including that old Hollywood favorite, Monument Valley. Much of the blame for the failure of *Electra Glide* must go to the uncertain and cliché-ridden direction. Despite moments of promise you can rate this a B movie certain to turn up on television soon.

Two with Burt Reynolds: *White Lightning* and *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*. The first you can dismiss as a cinematic pot-boiler but the second film, from MGM, is a better than average western, well made, well acted and one of Reynolds' best films to date. This is the picture all the fuss was about last winter when Sarah Miles's business manager died

on location under odd circumstances. Naturally, the studio tried to hush up his purported suicide, then in the usual bad taste exhibited by publicists, tried to cash in on the event with suggestive slogans to publicize the film, which so far has not done well at the box office. If you like westerns, especially those that try for a new and interesting treatment you should give *Cat Dancing* your attention. The film is too long but that may be just a personal feeling. The direction, by Richard Sarafian (from a novel by Marilyn Dinham) is expert and Burt Reynolds can and does act when properly directed. Sarah Miles is convincing too as the love-starved lady on the run from a nelly husband, prissily played by George Hamilton.

NIGHT WATCH—Directed by Brian Hutton. Screenplay by Tony Williamson from a play by Lucille Fletcher. Stars Elizabeth Taylor and Laurence Harvey. An Avco Embassy release.

Elizabeth Taylor, lovely and competent as ever, is back again in a hard to take melodrama with a few engrossing moments. Set in London, the plot features all the old familiar features that insult the moviegoer's intelligence—creaky stairs, thunderstorms, bumbling cops and all the rest. *Night Watch* is yet another example of the paucity of good scripts for even the most prestigious of the superstars. The film has all the proper ingredients for a polished production but a good story. If murder mysteries are your forte you may find moments of interest in *Night Watch*, which is far from being an outstanding film of the genre. Financed by Cary Grant and the folks who bring you Faberge products it just shows that everyone wants to make a movie but few succeed in producing anything new, original or entertaining.

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY—Paramount Pictures. Directed by John Hancock from a story by Mark Harris. Stars Robert De Niro and Vincent Gardenia.

Well, cynical as I am, I too was taken in by the rave reviews of *Bang the Drum Slowly*. Besides that, as a keen baseball fan I did look forward to seeing a film treat of the interplay, honestly and straightforwardly presented, of the personal relationship between two ball players on what is, or was, supposed to be the New York Yankees.

The plot of *Bang the Drum Slowly* is concerned with a catcher and his pitcher buddy on the team and what develops when the catcher finds that he has a fatal disease. Such a theme could have made a

noble form of tearjerker but in this case all we are dished up on the screen is a patently dishonest, slow-moving and boring movie about the effect of the bad news on all concerned. And this is a film dishonest in more ways than one—the homosexual angle is skirted as if this were a 1940's weepie starring Gary Cooper, complete with an angelic choir ending and the hero ascending into heavenly glory at the end.

Halfway through the movie suddenly everyone is in on the big secret and it is not made clear how this came about. Then there are little twists to the plot that further strain one's credulity. For example, the stricken lad's fiancée is hot after him to marry her so she can collect the life insurance when he moves on. Again, we are not told how she discovered that he was ill. There is an outstanding performance by Vincent Gardenia as the team manager but it is not enough to rescue this inept film, badly written and badly directed. If you are a movie fan as well as a follower of baseball you will be doubly disappointed in this picture. Strike out.

O LUCKY MAN—A Warner Bros. release. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. Screenplay by David Sherwin. Stars Malcolm McDowell, Ralph Richardson and Rachel Roberts.

In a season, a year of mediocre films, *O Lucky Man* stands out as extraordinary. Bizarre, bitter, quirky but extraordinary. For three hours we follow the apocryphal adventures of a lower middle-class salesman played by McDowell. The time is modern Britain or is it? It is easier to believe that this is the same future period depicted in McDowell's earlier picture, *The Clockwork Orange*. All manner of strange happenings befall the odyssey of what one must regard as a typical sketchily educated product of the modern system. Use or be used, fuck or be fucked, the world is meaningless—a nightmarish dream.

The characterizations, the direction and the photography are of the best. However, the nihilism becomes hard to take after the first two hours but its implications for life in industrial societies in the near future are unpleasant. Much of the humor is sardonic or puerile so it cannot be recommended as a comedy but for some of the reasons above it can be noted as a mental stimulator unlike much of the mindless drivel floating around the cinemas as big budget "best movies of the year."

Continued on Page 36)

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MOVIES (Continued from Page 34)

RECENT GAY FILMS:

The promoters of *Erotikus: History of the Gay Movie* boast that "frame for frame, it contains more sex than any other gay film in release." Heavy, man. And undoubtedly true. Because it consists almost entirely of clips from earlier gay stuff, *Erotikus* is unencumbered by any vestige of plot line or of the obligation to toss in a bit of redeeming social significance.

It's like old home week to see such well-loved teases of yesteryear as Ed Fury doing his flexed-muscles postures and those nice boys Pat Rocco used to assemble for his charming fantasies about adolescent frolicking.

The production team of Tom DeSimone and Nick Grippo relied heavily on its own prolific output, most of it harmless stuff going back to the days when, as Jim Kepner puts it, "poor guys paid five dollars to watch a model strip off and take a shower." As the chronology advances, the action gets hotter. The performers, as they and their photographers get more professionally slick, lose that quasi-innocence which distinguished the pioneer productions of Rocco, Fontaine and Mizer. The climactic sequences are downright cynical by comparison.

Erotikus is not to be taken seriously (narrator Fred Halsted masturbates himself as he expounds on film artistry) but this is an awfully cute piece of nostalgia, practically guaranteed to draw a self-conscious laugh or so from connoisseurs who remember the guilty thrill of putting out a fiver to watch a model take a shower.

One Adventure: which ONE Inc., commissioned Pat Rocco to film on its 1972 gay tour of Europe, is likewise big on that healthy innocence and good nature which has always characterized Rocco's approach to his work and to life.

The tour group, which prominently

includes Rev. Troy Perry and ONE's veteran Dorr Legg, devotes itself to introducing "liberated" American to explaining and demonstrating American homosexual liberation to European Gays and gay clubs, all of whom are enthusiastic about the openness of their visitors from the States and about the assurances they hear of how well accepted up-front Gays are back home. That comes as news to some of the people back home. So does the revelation that there is hardly a cute homosexual in Europe who doesn't speak English.

The tour takes in Paris, Rome, Luxembourg, Zurich, Brussels, Amsterdam and the Greek islands. Rocco's photography is, as always, imaginative and full of light, playful touches. *One Adventure* is a beguiling little show and, in its way, a strong statement of the loving spirit in action.

B. McP.

Two heterosexual porno films: One of the movies here under review, *Behind the Green Door*, has been in circulation over two years. The other is the now very famous record-breaker, *Deep Throat*. Despite my most prurient expectations neither lived up to the word of mouth ballyhoo—no pun intended.

The female star of *Behind the Green Door* is Marilyn Chambers, who went on to some fame in a soap commercial on television. She is snatched off the street by a sex club and promised initiation in a very select group—or so the buildup has the kidnapers inform her. There is a grand finale with some trapezes that turns out to be quite tame and not what I had been led to expect by a very sexy bartender in San Francisco. The acting is better than that in most gay sex films but the males are as raunchy and average looking as ever. This is on purpose so that the middle-aged messes who support most of these efforts can identify with what characters there are. The same applies to

most of the men in the better than average *Deep Throat*. But the girls involved are pleasing to the eye. There is a little more plot than is usual in a porno film but it does not get in the way of the action, which is plentiful but edited down to old-fashioned fucking and sucking and very little foreplay or titillation. The sound track is amusing and at times one feels that the moviemakers are sending up the viewers. The screenplay hangs together in a sophomoric way. The whole production gives the impression of having been put together by sharp college kids and the end result—again no pun, is okay. The huge success of *Deep Throat* has it on everyone's list and the results of the current series of court cases should be important bellwethers in stemming the reactionary drive against freedom of expression.

For the gay moviegoer the much vaunted thirteen-inch cock that brings the star, Linda Lovelace, much happiness is there certainly but it is surely not as surprising to Gays as to straights. The photography is good and the acting, except for a silly 'fag' cameo bit, adequate for this type of film.



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THEATRE (Continued from Page 10)

stream of American society by the stage door. The memorable scenes, though, are the heavy ones. *Steal Away*, for the slaves' fundamentalist Christianity, *Good Morning, Mr. Sun*, for the growth of self-pride, and *Angels*, a dance adagio about George (Soledad Brothers) Jackson and Angela Davis, are deeply emotional compositions totally devoid of the maudlin and the trite.

It's unfair to single out individuals in a company of uniformly inspired performers. Some are recognizable for their previous successes on the local stage; all deserve to be, and probably will be, celebrities as their budding careers move along. *\$600 and a Mule* is a great vehicle for career-building. This is one show that deserves to be seen in San Francisco or brought back to Los Angeles.

Existentialism has been defined—and not facetiously, either—as the philosophy that life is just one goddamned aggravation after another. If there is a basic point to *Hot 1 Baltimore*, that seems to be it. Lanford Wilson's play, which closed the summer season at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles (and which opens at San Francisco's Geary Theatre on October 23) failed to arouse much enthusiasm from critics and audiences who could appreciate Wilson's technical skill as a manipulator of character but who found it hard to empathize with the aimless futility of the people the so-called comedy concerns.

The Hot'L of the title (the letter missing from its marquee indicates its shabbiness) is being evacuated for good by its longtime residents and a few down-and-out transients. It is to be demolished, perhaps in the name of civic progress but unquestionably as a public nuisance to boot.

In three tedious acts, the characters assemble what there is of their lives and discuss their plans to move on. One by one, they split, most of them never to see each

other again. And most of them don't care. The interplay of their individual lives in the faded elegance of the hotel's lobby has left them with an exasperated distaste for each other. If there is something deeper to be read into *Hot 1 Baltimore* than that, I missed it. The phrase, "emotional detachment," often applied to Wilson's highly regarded output, is too kind to be applied here. "Surgical coldness" would be closer to the nub. Wilson is a great writer of characters but not of feelings, even detached ones.

Standouts among those characterizations were Margaret Linn as a raucous dyke of unspecified income and Janet Du Bois as a black hustler of unquenchable insouciance. Both, and most of the other drifters in the lobby, have a lot of cruelly funny lines to speak, but the humor is too acid to nourish an evening-long recitation of how to *schlepp* through life without leaving any impact at all on one's fellow beings.

* * * *

LORELEI—A musical based on *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Music by Jules Styne. Lyrics by Comden and Green. Book by K. Solms and G. Parent. Directed by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The Shubert Theatre, Century City (Beverly Hills) through Nov.

In an age when hoary old operettas such as *The Desert Song* are revived on what is left of Broadway any new show that may come our way is welcome and likely to be given a sympathetic audience, theatrical delights being few and far between. And so along came *Lorelei*, based on *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and complete with Carol Channing and new songs, all headed for Broadway this winter. Alas, with all the good will, despite the anticipation of seeing a good new musical once more, I must report here that *Lorelei* is very dull and uninspired fare despite an exuberant performance by Carol Channing at the top of her form and in re-

markable shape for a lady of some fifty summers.

Miss Channing invests the role of Lorelei Lee with all the verve and sparkle for which she is renowned but the fact remains that there is very little sparkle left in this tired chestnut about the American gold digger in the Paris of the '20s. The dialogue is cliché-ridden and unfunny; the additional new songs, including the title song, are undistinguished and trite. The cast is adequate under the circumstances. There is only Carol Channing and it is obviously her evening, but she deserves better stuff than this to put the sparkle back on her diamonds. Carol Channing fans will have an enjoyable evening—others had best await another attempt at a new musical or even another revival of an old one.

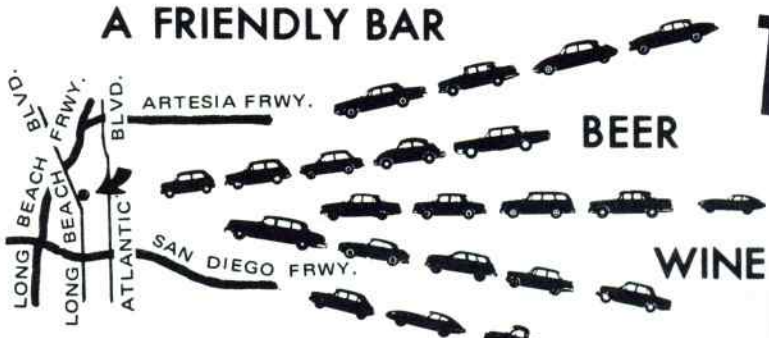
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El Grande de Coca Cola has enjoyed a curious success since its opening early last summer in San Francisco. Little more than a madcap college review in the "Beyond the Fringe" tradition, this trifle has to do with a third-rate nightclub show offered in a backwater of Central America. The takeoffs on every nightclub act you may have seen on television or in actuality, are now and then amusing. The young, out-to-have-a-good-time-in-San Francisco audience, did seem to enjoy it. Perhaps in that spirit you will too. There are performances nightly except Monday, with two on both Friday and Saturday. The locale is The Montgomery Playhouse on Broadway near the tunnel.

More sophisticated but lacking the sparkle one associated with a Noel Coward production was the collection of songs and pithy sayings under the title, *Oh Coward!*, which enjoyed two successful months at the Ivar Theatre in Hollywood. As good an introduction to Noel Coward as one could envisage, it presented highlights from the late master's songs

(Continued on Page 38)

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THEATRE (Continued from Page 37)

and plays. Many of the sketches were cursory and the pace of the show tended to gallop rather than move along leisurely. As was to be expected, the cast of three shone in such numbers as "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington!" *Oh Coward!* was devised by Roderick Cook, one of the show's three stars. There are plans to bring it to San Francisco, where it would certainly be a success. Cook's next project is a similar revue based on hits from the Broadway musical stage.

* * * *

The latest offering from City Players was that insubstantial Neil Simon trilogy, *Plaza Suite*. Seen through September at San Francisco's Village Theatre Club this was not the best production from this talented amateur group who play for the fun of it (admission to this play was a surprisingly low four dollars). The City Players' version of this trifle was competent but even with the polished performances of all involved there were few good laughs. Gay theatrical ventures should generally restrict themselves to musicals or musical comedies. *SIR*, which until last year was famous for its

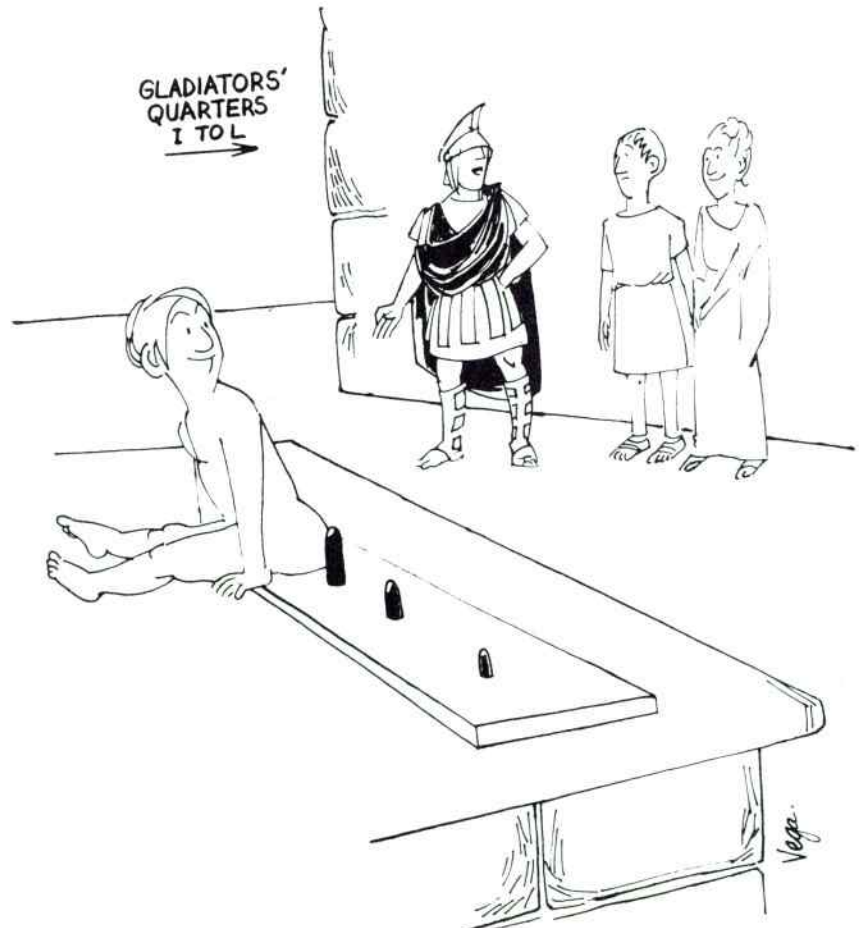
many outrageous shows, hopes to enter the entertainment world again this winter. And each weekend during October there is a special treat: at the same Village Theatre just about every talent in town will be seen in Kimo's elaborate version of *Dames at Sea*. If you have never seen one of these marvelously inspired gay shows this is your chance but you'll have to book early for good seats as the chic straight world have discovered the sheer enjoyment of these shows. Tickets are available at Macy's and the San Francisco Ticket Center or phone 421-3891.

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(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 39)

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