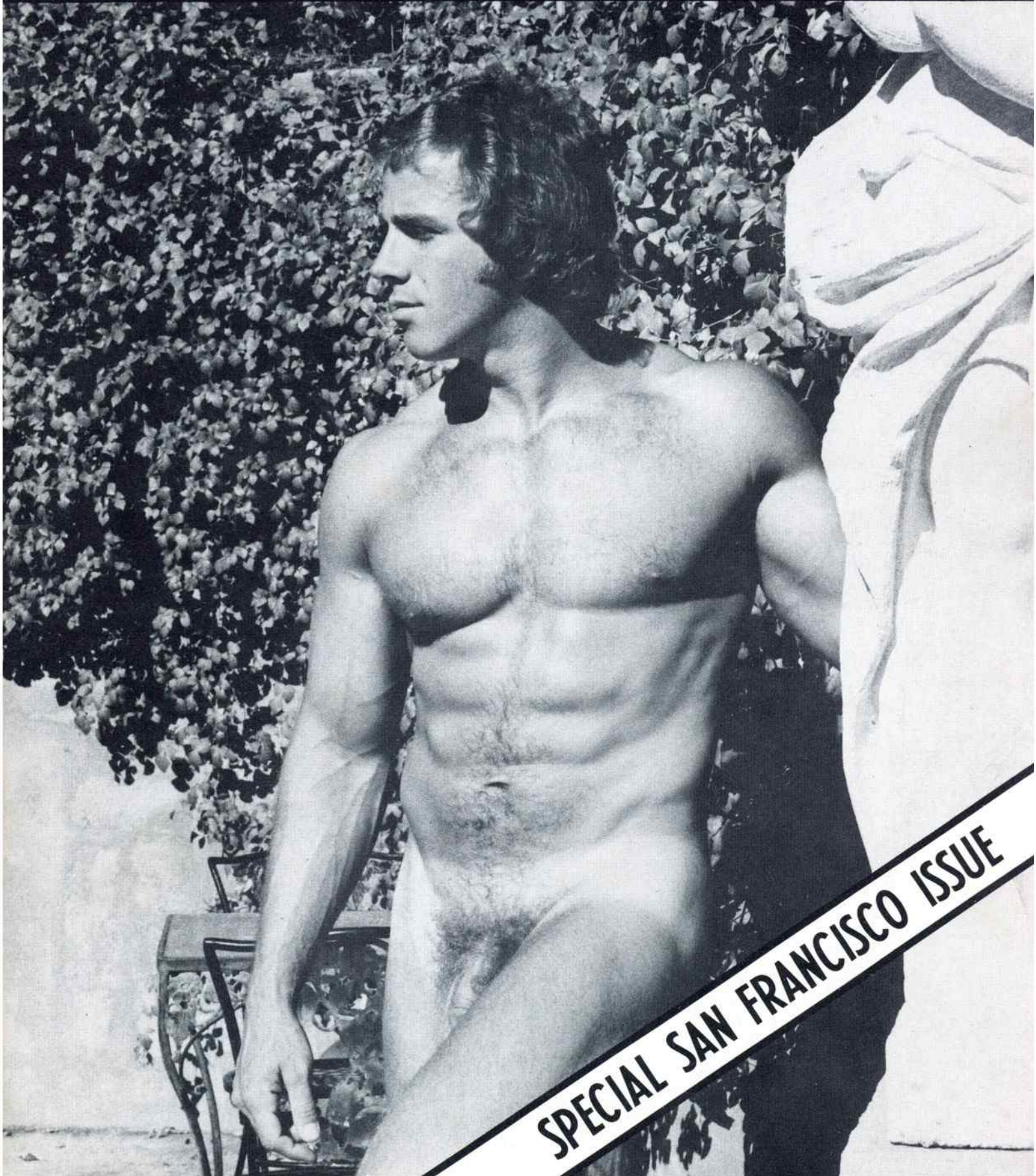


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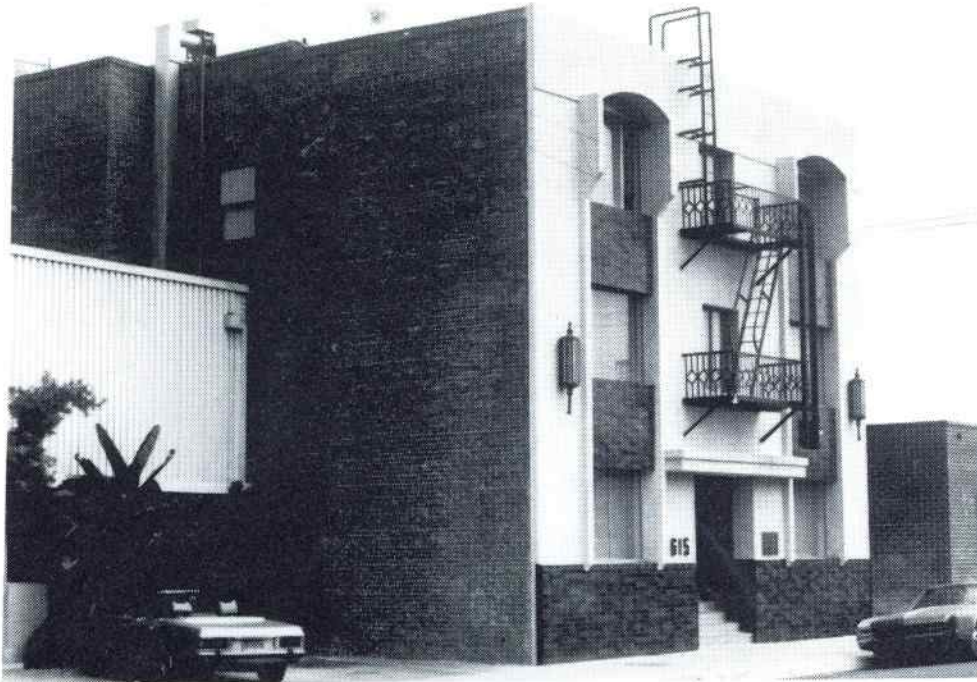
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EDITORIAL

At the beginning of last year a rumor was noised about that the underworld interest in the gay market would be stepped up during the succeeding months. Rumors come and go, never substantiated, but this one turned out to be true. There was a massive influx of underworld money into California's gay business world and there's more to come. Various segments of the underworld have long been connected with gay businesses back East, both as a shelter for illegal funds and as a means of making good returns on their investments, especially when the cooperation of the police and alcohol regulation agencies has been easily obtained. This sorry state of affairs comes about because of the regulatory agencies' contempt and hatred for the homosexual as much as for any possibility of handsome payoffs.

There always will be a supply of avaricious and venal gay persons to play the underworld's game, to front their quasi-legal businesses and to use gay organizations to extend underworld influence into every corner of gay society. An informed and aware gay community is our best defense. Know where you shop and drink lest you be an unwitting supporter of the pervasive gangsterdom that is an unfortunate but not necessary adjunct to, and leech on, a democratic society.

San Francisco's experience proves that a strong community awareness can be effective in containing the infiltration of organized crime and other strange, unwelcome entities into all aspects of gay life, even the social, for if there is often no immediate gain in what these persons involve themselves in, there are long-term gains in simulating championship of homosexual civil rights.

No segment of the burgeoning homosexual social and business world is untouched by the ceaseless activity of organized crime. Constant vigilance on the part of everyone will contain these shady characters. With growing, albeit uneasy, cooperation between Gays and law enforcement we can all do our share in fighting this cancer on our democratic society.

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

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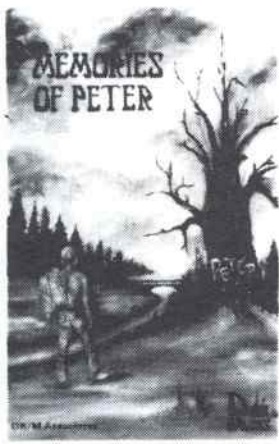
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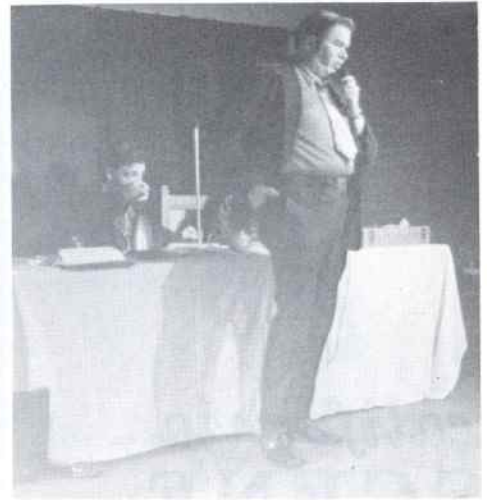
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Frieda, elected ninth Empress of San Francisco and crowned at a briefer than heretofore coronation on January 5th, is the first black holder of the office. Frieda (Fred) is a male nurse who has worked quietly and assiduously for the gay community in the Bay Area during the years so that his winning is not as surprising as



Jesus Christ Satan, candidate for various offices, with friend.

Officer Blackstone speaks to the Tavern Guild.



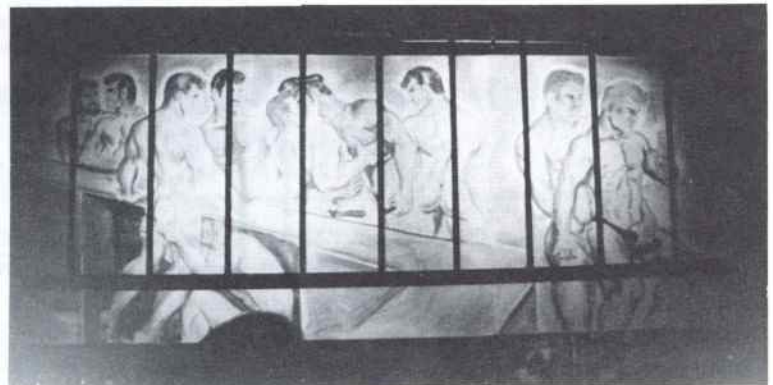
San Francisco 74

seemed at first, even in an election when three popular candidates were also running. They were: David, manager of Jackson's; Chuck, a SIR officer and Mike, a manager at various places around the city. As usual, Jose the original Empress was present but left the limelight to the contenders and the visitors with their royal courts from all the major cities on the West Coast.

This year's Empress Ball was a little drab after last year's grand affair with orchestra (tapes only this time) in the Fairmont. California Hall, which had been utilized previously, is a cheerless place that would require a vast expenditure to make elegant but something could have been done to the mortuary that is the main bar.

The evening went off smoothly and ended earlier than heretofore. Just about everyone had a good time and the price of admission was a reasonable four dollars. Perhaps after the tenth empress election (for which some characters are readying themselves already) the title will revert to the first emperor, Jose, in perpetuity. Yet, despite the proliferation of royal and imperial titles and balls most of those held in the Bay Area are very well attended.

While some have questioned the energy and money spent broadening the number of those allowed to vote in the Tavern Guild's empress election, it certainly gives those who frequent bars and the many events throughout the year a more personal interest. Any resident of



The behind-the-bar mural by Noel at Folsom Street Prison.

the Bay Area qualified to vote although the voting places were mostly bars and after the tally it was found that only three hundred and thirty-five votes were cast by the public, which was about a fifth of the total voting (1650). Yet this move by the Tavern Guild must be seen as one more in the growing campaign to attract visitors to San Francisco—a campaign that has as yet not reached a tenth of its potential. Make this year your year to visit The City this year, again and again. And whatever happened to those Gayline Tours that the SIR people initiated some years ago?

Rumors have flown hither and thither about the gendarmerie cracking down on the half dozen or so overly permissive bars in town. There were flurries of activity back around Thanksgiving, a sort of squall before the storm—which may yet come (at the last Tavern Guild meeting of the year both the police and Guild officers advised the places in question to cease the overt hanky-panky or . . .). The average bar-goer has little to fear unless he be caught *in flagrante* in a darker part

of a bar or in the restrooms; it must be remembered that the laws in this respect are quite reasonable and may be stringently enforced at any time. That town personality from the Kokpit over on Turk Street (but near enough to Polk and Larkin to be 'respectable') who's known as 'Sweetlips' is often heard giving the best advice for bar-goers who want to carry on: "Don't forget that cocksucking is still illegal in California." And will be for a long time in public places. So, sober thought for '74—San Francisco is still in California.

Across from one of the oldtimers, The Pendulum, yet another bar has gone that-away—and the new name: Watergate West. Brought to the area by the successful operators of Bojangles, the mostly black dance bar off Polk, Watergate West was planned as a dance bar. Some of the local entrepreneurs—straight and, sad to say, gay—raised a brouhaha about another bar opening; not only another bar but a dance bar and—"Pssst! D'ya know what they're going to call it? Why, hon, the African Queen!" Knowing looks ex-

changed. Police were thereupon prevailed not to issue a dance permit. So for the nonce the Castro Village will be a little less gay. The only dancing in the area is currently a couple of blocks away at the all-night spot called The Shed (soft drinks only). Meanwhile the Winchester Room, a restaurant, has been opened at the back of the spacious Watergate West, serving breakfast, lunch and dinner.

This was the year of the tired old Castro Village. Never more than a seedy, lower middle-class neighborhood, the gay invasion brought undreamed of profits to the small straight businessmen there. The appearance of smart gay shops gave the place a lift so that now in the space of two blocks or so all manner of services are offered. Bargains abound in the many bars—Irish coffee with real whipped cream for only fifty cents at cocktail time is served at the Corner Grocery bar to the strains of classical music, so that you can actually hear what your companion is saying. Up at the junction of Castro, Market and 17th a similar bargain is to be found at the quasi-chic Twin Peaks. There you can sit at a window table and watch the world (mostly gay) go by at any hour of the day or night, perhaps even cruising a little if you have any energy left after visiting all the other bars in the neighbor-

hood.

On O'Farrell close to all the oldies and goodies is a new bar named the Horny Owl run by two more friendly faces from the bar scene and on Polkstrasse the new bar is the Club Royal. Down on Folsom Street Earthquake Ethel's is a new eating place somewhat in the mold of Hamburger Mary's and in the Castro Village one of the older bars (three years that is) has another change of name—from Dirty Dick's to The Bistro and food is now served here.

A brave effort to bring a dinner-show-bar south of Market failed after two months when the Old Stand on Harrison reverted to its former straight status. Tifiny's, the 24-hour restaurant and bar on upper Market that had yet to achieve its potential, burned late one night just after New Year's.

And with the New Year came another dance bar, the Barbary Coast, this one on Columbus near North Beach which is run by Danny and some of the guys from the Alley Cat.

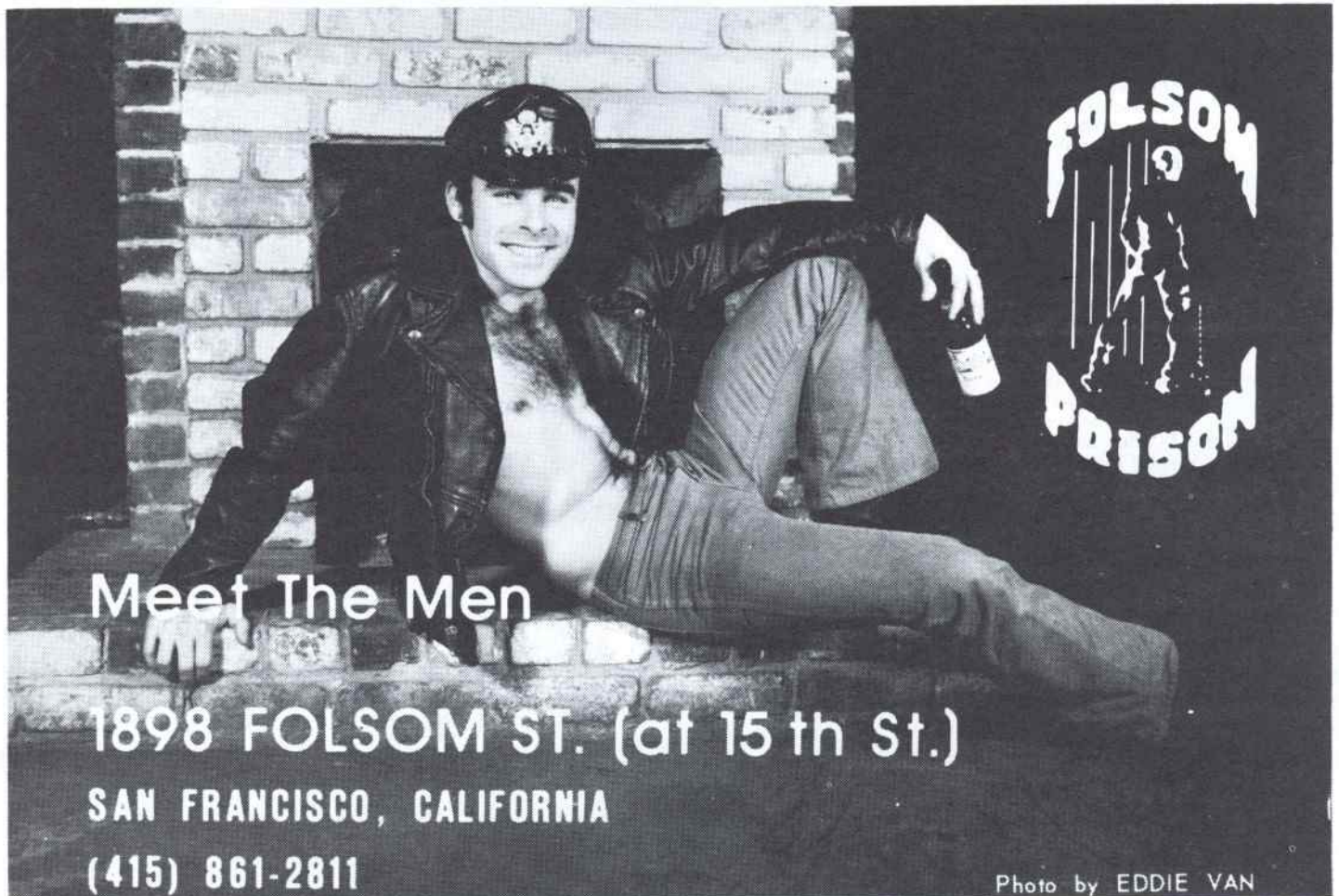
On Post between Polk and Larkin a new bar opened called the Phoenix and across the street is the Sack, open from midnight 'til four for dancing and coffee.

The dining-out situation in some of the restaurants had reached the giveaway

stage (four dollar prime rib dinners were half price at the Country Club on Mondays and Tuesdays) but with spiraling food costs, that great (for the customers) state of affairs cannot last. Big Town closed their dining room lately and in a week or two hope to offer something better—whatever that could be—than the excellent two dollar dinners they have put out every week this winter. It is obviously a mistake for restaurants to become involved in the giveaway race. The city's top gay places such as the Fickle Fox, the Mint, The PS and so on, have an average of thirty minutes' waiting time before dinner every night. The almost free dinners only pay off when a restaurant has always a slow night or two in the beginning of the week and a bar large enough to hold the convivial after dinner crowd. More often than not the following true episode takes place:

Enter two young people, male and female; they proceed through the bar to the dining room and are seated as it is only six thirty. The specials that night are all under two dollars and include soup or salad. She orders chicken a la something or other and he has a hamburger dish but first one has the salad and the other soup, which they divide between them all the

Continued on Page 36)



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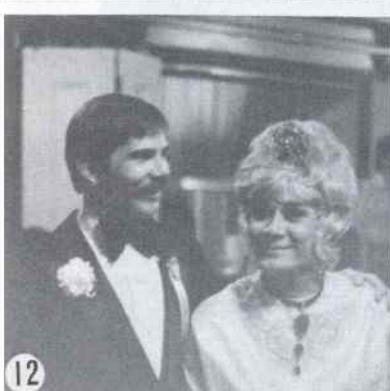
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Photo by EDDIE VAN

The Coronation of Frieda, 9th Empress of San Francisco Jan. 5, 1974

- 1) Empress Frieda at a post ball party accompanied by Manuel of The Serpents.
- 2) The ninth Empress waves to the crowd in California Hall.
- 3) Al from The Roundup with Wayne, manager of The Mineshaft.
- 4) Madame King from The Purple Pickle.
- 5) Entertainer Busty O'Shea.
- 6) Princess Jimi from SIR.
- 7) Songwriter Anne Carr.
- 8) Jerry from Cloud 7 with Miss Terry from Portland.
- 9) J.J. Van Dyke with Miss Georgette from The Pier 54.
- 10) The Empress of L.A.
- 11) Gordon of Big Town.
- 12) Bob and Shirley of King's Court.
- 13) Lady Pistol, Kimo, Paul Bentley (Lorelei) and Sir Naomi.
- 14) Lee Raymond, Princess Carla of San Jose and Sir Richard.
- 15) Lady Tackyruth, the columnist; Hector of SIR; George and Rossi of The Rosenberg.
- 16) Lennie of The 527 Club with Lord Elmer, maitre d'hotel of Harrison House.
- 17) Bob and Alice of The The Turf Club with singer Dixie Delray.
- 18) The entrance of the Empress and Emperor of Santa Rosa.
- 19) Assembling on stage for the coronation.
- 20) Entertainer Lee Garland with Al of The Dogpatch Saloon.
- 21) Mike of The Corral, Long Beach with Marcus, Emperor I.
- 22) Tijuana Momma and Lady Francesca from L.A.'s Crown Jewel.





The spate of films released at the end of the year, in order to qualify for consideration in the Academy Awards, is such that a reviewer has to see some, miss some on a hit or miss basis. Little advance publicity on some releases makes one less than willing to attend showings when a few blocks away a history-maker may be unreeling to huzzas and acclaim from the oracles moonlighting as critics. Two such films are *England Made Me* and *Alfredo*. See both and be glad. The other offerings, with heavy servings of campy Robert Redford and darling Steve McQueen, can be considered once if not twice as pabulum for the masses.

the two detectives is not unduly harsh. The scenes shot at the Ramrod and the Frolic go by so fast that they appear to be the same place and it would give the hetero viewer the idea that leather and drag frequent the same bars—oh, horror.

Why, there is even a scene where Bruce Dern, the more gung-ho detective, mildly manhandles a petty hood during which he shoves the man's face into a urinal—at police headquarters, yet. When a script resorts to such nonsense you know it's in trouble. The more 'cinematic license' taken in a film, the more likely it is to be hung on a very threadbare script.

As for the use of the supposedly opprobrious word "fruiter" instead of the more general word "faggot," the filmmakers were obviously trying to please. The only cause for protest is that for the first time there was an idea to mine the

written by Peter Hyams. Stars Elliott Gould and Robert Blake.

Busting is the second of two recent potboilers to come under fire for their ridiculous depiction of gay life as the hetero world believes it to be. The sequence was shot in a lesser known Hollywood bar frequented by much of the flotsam and jetsam of the Boulevard and one which was never in its heyday as wild as the movie shows it to be. No matter, this is what the public wants to see and this is what the glib screenplay gives 'em. The plot of *Busting* purports to be an honest cinematic version of how it is to be vice cops in L.A. today. In some ways the portrayals of the protagonists (Elliott and Blake) are right on but the film really has to do with their activities as narcotics rather than minor vice officers. The ending is similar to that in *The French Connection* in that the big underworld chiefs get away, as they so often do in actuality. At times *Busting* is better paced, more credible than *The French Connection* or *The Laughing Policeman*, other melodramas in this genre. Robert Blake (of that new school of acting personified by Burt Reynolds) and Elliott Gould make the most of their almost gay and campy roles. It is a pity that the film's makers did not

(Continued on Page 27)

OPPOSITE PAGE: "The Laughing Policeman". 3 LEFT PHOTOS FROM TOP: Bruce Dern chases the maniac; scenes shot at The Frolic and at The Ramrod.

BOTTOM LEFT: Paul Newman and Robert Redford in "The Sting."

OPPOSITE PAGE, RIGHT TOP TO BOTTOM: Cyril Cusack, and in the American Film Theatre version of Pinter's "The Homecoming"; Randy Quaid and Jack Nicholson in "The Last Detail"; Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford in "The Way We Were"; Katharine Hepburn and Lee Remick in "A Delicate Balance."

BELOW LEFT: Dustin Hoffman with Stefania Sandrelli in "Alfredo, Alfredo."

BELOW RIGHT: Elizabeth Taylor and Helmut Berger in "Ash Wednesday."

MOVIE TIME

By DAVID HELLINGER & C. McALLISTER

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN—20th Century-Fox. Produced and directed by S. Rosenberg. Screenplay by T. Rickman from a story by P. and M. Wahloo. Stars Bruce Dern and Walter Matthau.

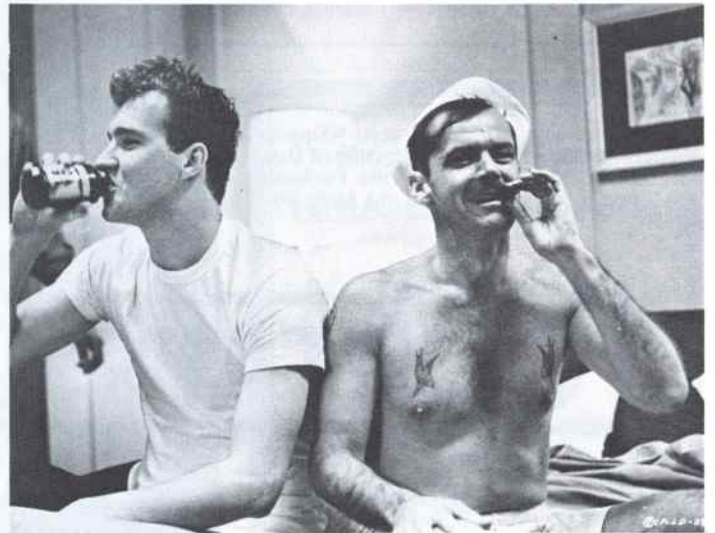
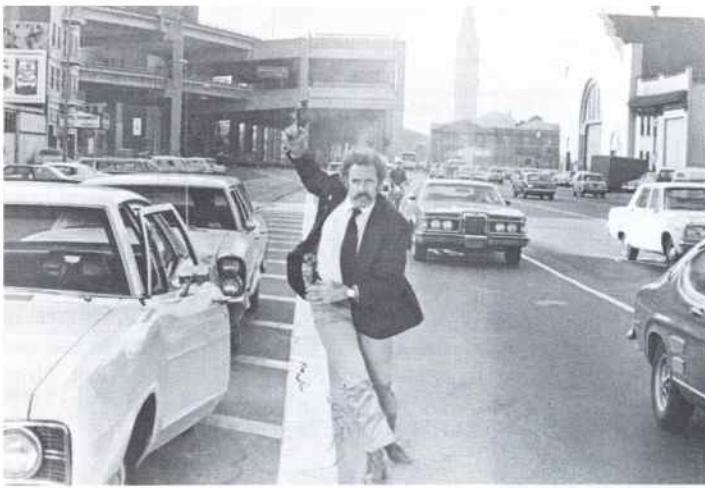
Apart from the brief scenes shot in and around some of San Francisco's gay spots there is little out of the ordinary about this cliché story involving two rough but dedicated detectives. The fuzzy story has something to do with a rich auntie-drug dealer who is very free with his use of a machine gun and the policé work, Hollywood style, involved in catching up with him after the requisite chase. The homosexual angle is used badly to give the film a new slant, although the treatment of them through the mouths of

fabulous San Francisco gay world and it never got to first base. The bit about the gay maniac (one-dimensional in the film) should upset no one but the professional demonstrator or self-elected spokesman. After all, one surfaced in Houston and another is still loose in Southern California, which means that now we will be cast as bloodsuckers as well as giddy Paul Lyndes or choleric Franklin Pangborns.

Familiar faces from the bar and entertainment scene who are on screen briefly include Ray Dubetzky, Chuck McAllister, Miller and Stevens and bike clubbers and customers. Otherwise this is another dull, well-made police film.

BUSTING—U.A. release. Directed and





Johnny Weissmuller, Jr., and Joseph Whipp in the successful San Francisco production of Dale Wasserman's "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," now in its fourth year at the Little Fox Theatre.



theatre event of the Paris winter season, proving that universal appeal of a story about a group of abused mental patients and how they outwit the tyrannical head nurse.

There's a new play at the On Broadway, San Francisco, entitled *The Trial of James McNeil Whistler*, by J.P. Palmer. In the cast of fourteen is our colleague and *Advocate* columnist Douglas Dean. More on this play in our next issue.

Kurt Weill's far-out-in-left-field opera, *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*, turned up in Los Angeles in tandem with his colleague Bert Brecht's *The Measures Taken*. Neither piece has much of a point. *Mahagonny* is a raucous jazz piece about the rise, decline and fall of capitalism as seen by some of capitalism's victims. In the hands of a young, extremely vigorous and talented cast, it's a devastating little diversion. The antique car in and around which much of the action takes place got as big a hand as did the show's hit tune, a Kurt Weill special named *Moon of Alabama*, one which we defy anybody at all to put out of his mind.

The Measures Taken was termed by Brecht, its author, an "exercise piece." That's about it: an interesting exercise—but sterile.

In sum, the playlet presents the situation of a devoted young Russian Communist who is set up by his superiors to do something which will get him into trouble. He does his deed, whereupon the Party washes its hands of him. The point of it all, within the current context, is agonizingly clear. So what else is new?

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON by Jason Miller. Directed by A.J. Antoon. The Shubert Theatre, Century City, Beverly Hills.

This play is nothing but a rehash of a half-dozen previous, and mostly superior, plays on the same theme. Propped up with some amusing dialogue and clever sets this is one play that I have already forgotten. Very little that is positive remains except my irritation at an evening wasted at an unoriginal and unproductive play that will be consigned to the shelves and rarely read in the future as one of the plays of the dreary seventies. Under the circumstances and under the impediments presented by the bad Shubert acoustics the cast gave a competent, a workable performance, something which you can see any week on the boob tube without the expenditure of time and money to see the likes of *That Championship Season*.



—D. Hellinger

CURTAIN UP

Notes of general interest on the winter theatre scene:

Richard Chamberlain made a handsome and heroic Cyrano in Rostand's great verse play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, during its winter showing at the Ahmanson. The old warhorse of a play is ungodly long—the first act alone runs almost to two hours—but in the hands of an eloquent interpreter, it takes flight today as surely as it ever did.

We use the word "handsome" advisedly. Cyrano is about a guy who suffers from a disfigurement. But he's an all-together character despite that. Chamberlain's portrayal, unlike that of Jose Ferrer in the justly famed film of the early Fifties, reminds us that Cyrano is just a kid, too. It was a beautifully mounted production, well calculated to boost Chamberlain's growing reputation as an actor who can play something better than Young Dr. Kildare.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest is the long runner in San Francisco. In Los Angeles, *Norman Is That you?* goes into its second year at the Ebony Showcase Theatre. One of the most enjoyable plays on a gay theme to date, if you haven't seen it, do. You'll have a more satisfying evening than the so-so reviews would lead you to expect.

Called *Vol au dessus d'un Nid de Coucou*, this play, with Michel Auclair, is the



Karen Morrow and David Man, seen recently in "The Mahagonny Songplay," part of an evening of Brecht at L.A.'s Mark Taper Forum.



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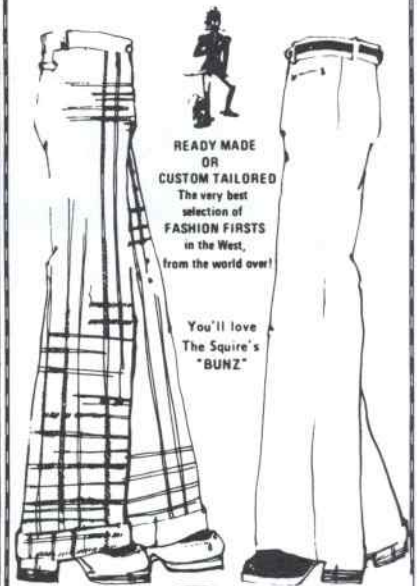
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SATURDAY — SUNDAY 11am - 2am



The Southland Scene by NIGHT OWL

Not all the good news came from Northern California during last year: Around L.A. there was a noticeable decrease in bars raided, customers seized willy-nilly; the baths were similarly raid free. Some places had their problems with the police for illicit activities and others, especially one underworld controlled spot now closed, had the Alcoholic Beverage Control visit them after many customers complained of watered booze. And it was a year in which the ABC itself was involved in some hanky-panky in the Bay Area—something to do with bribery; the bars involved were straight. It was a year that saw amyl, or a suitably smelly simulation thereof, marketed widely and often very openly with a label on the bottle. No matter what the label says, the stuff is not amyl and not even worth the cents—not dollars, that the dealers have been paying. Amyl nitrite received two minutes on an NBC newscast one evening although the announcer did not refer to it by name lest its popularity be increased. Interviewed was L.A. Coroner, Dr. Noguchi, who condemned its abuse for sexual purposes, referring to it as 'chemical Russian roulette'. This is only a hint of law enforcement interest in the matter on

both a local and a federal level.

In all of old Hollywood we smelled cannabis sativa only once during the year and that was at a place that could only be half-heartedly recommended not far from Highland Avenue. Remember too that if you are present where someone is using marijuana and the gendarmes swoop you can be hauled away on that very charge—being present, etc.

The end of the year saw several once popular dance and cruise bars for the younger set shuttered, among them Dude City and the Bitter End West. Dude City, or at least the dining portion, is now a straight restaurant with pretensions to the gourmet category. Other closures this winter were Napoleon's and Caesar's on Ventura Boulevard. Out that way Oil Can Harry's is thriving, very 'in' for dancing the night away. Another busy spot farther along Ventura is The Office.

The on and off Hollywood Boulevard bars, with perhaps two or three exceptions, have been receiving police surveillance all year, as has Selma and other parts of the Hollywood Tenderloin. That is what the area is—a sunny Times Square or San Francisco Tenderloin. Unless you

are there for a specific purpose avoid it. Don't go looking for some action; go because you enjoy a particular bar. Avoid the streets—they all lead to Wilcox and the police station. Don't fool yourself, getting scooped up in a police net can be embarrassing, if not costlier than any evening in the recognized fun and sin spots along Melrose or Hyperion or out in the Valley.

The plethora of awards in '73 got to the point where an anonymous letter went out stating that those impresarios who organized the events were 'ripoffs', although acknowledging the fact that no one is constrained to participate in the said camp-royal occasions. Several bar owners claimed that all the balls and functions hurt their business and so it went: most of the balls were well attended even if the tendency is for the mock-seriousness to become ridiculous. It is a pity that no gay-owned hall is available for all these dances and balls. And with that I will give an honest recommendation—the Queen of Hearts—is due soon (Feb. 24th). Another pity is that it cannot be where the first and memorable such event was two years ago—aboard the Queen Mary—the financial group controlling the old liner is in deeper waters than the 'Mary' ever was, so one would think that they would charge a more reasonable rental. So this season's ball and floral pageant will take place at one of those look-alike hotels out by the airport, the Proud Bird.

1973 was a year in which there were several unsolved killings of homosexuals—the grisly dismemberment murders in the Long Beach area remain a puzzle. An unhappy side note: Broom Hilda's in Sunset Beach, behind which a leg of one of the victims was deposited, closed when business dropped off when word spread of the occurrence. Then there were the ugly stories circulating about a maniacal fist-fucker who got carried away two or three times and sent his victims to hospitals in critical condition. This unstable menace is reported to have left town for a while.

One evening lately we checked on what was once the most expensively decorated western bar anywhere (all the barstools were real saddles and the wagon-train painting behind the bar was commissioned for twelve hundred dollars). Known as the Stampede and later as the Wagon Wheel, it never became one of West Hollywood's popular bars. The place is now a straight hetero equivalent of a baths, L.A. style, where you're met at the entrance by a lightly clad miss. And the name of the place these days is 'Mad-

am's'. A few blocks away there is a small place with 'Bordello—House of Pleasure' up in lights so the straight males seem to have plenty of action around the city these days but usually at three or four times the admission price of similar gay places.

Along Melrose Larry's has been packed nightly since the early November opening. Liquor and the leather and Levi set here. Some blocks east, beyond Fel Andrews and the in crowd at the Florentine Room another similar club bar opened early in December—named The Stud, this liquor bar was once before gay about fifteen years ago, but it was never like it is now, a definite addition to the more masculine segment of the bar scene. And where Melrose ends at Hoover the old Explorer is about to come to life again as The Woodshed.

After problems with its new image as All Night Long, Goliath's on Melrose (next door to David's bar-restaurant) is once more Goliath's; once more it is the only place in town where you can sip beer and watch sex movies and now there is dancing at the rear.

Long Beach

Astute attention to details plus a relaxed San Francisco-like atmosphere made Jim's Corral one of the year's success stories in Southern California. Now it's named Mike's Corral (Jim is preparing a new bar north of L.A.) and as much fun as ever—Mike was formerly a bartender at Fe-Be's up north and at the Bunkhouse and Outcast in L.A. For the butcher set this bar is a must—twenty-five minutes from Hollywood on the Long Beach Freeway to the Artesia-Riverside Freeway, then it's the second exit at Cherry Street).

OUT OF TOWN:

In Fresno since the summer three new bars have appeared and that longtime big moneymaker, Fran's Pine Lodge, closed when the lease ran out. The adjoining motel was one of the great fun stops on club weekends to Yosemite every summer. Two of the new places are on Blackstone, the Entre Nous and the Hayloft; the third, the Magic Forest, is south of town just off the freeway and run by a former pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church. The Hayloft was once The Association and is again under the same owners offering liquor and dancing. It's located five minutes across town from Highway 99. Up Modesto way, just off 99, the Mustang is the bar to stop at; over in Stockton the only bar in town is the Gay 90's.



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Some far-off places receive short shrift from the sex-hungry author. On Karachi he writes: "In the bar at the Metropole every seven years or so someone comes along looking for a few moments' diversion in the embraces of a stranger with an air-conditioned room." There are some typographical errors in place names listed but none that would be catastrophic if pursued. As far as I know The Fiacre, that longtime Paris gay bar has been closed almost a year, yet this book lists it due to some oversight. However, what he says of this place applies to many chic bars, gay and straight in Europe: "Keep in mind that a vodka and tonic is considered two drinks and you get charged about a dollar each. Outrageous? You're

Book Reviews

WHICH WAY DO YOU GO? Malcolm Warren. Rio-Sfo Press. \$7.50.

Here is a gossipy, personal and readable guide and a welcome addition to the small group of reliable and authoritative homosexual Baedekers. Inevitably, much of the ground has been gone over before in a similar cursory manner, which makes for interesting points of comparison. The author apparently worked for a travel or airline company and had at his disposal sufficient funds to avail of the best in hotel and tourist accommodations. Obviously well off, affluence has also afforded him to travel far and search from top to bottom in the great gay world so his frequent asides on some of the posher places are of especial interest.

Mr. Warren often verges on the dogmatic when seeking to present his ebullient, young man's view of the world. He explains why he lists Brazil in the Portuguese spelling and goes on to extol the glories of some decidedly tacky segments of Rio-Copacabana Beach, for instance—that are at variance with this reviewer's experience. He is not alone in confusing capitol and capital, complement and compliment and so on, which detract from an otherwise fairly well-written guide. The needless pages of regular tourist information are found in every guidebook and make *Which Way Do You Go?* unnecessarily long. The basic and often new facts to be found about global gay life make this softcover tome good value at \$7.50 (including postage). So far as I can ascertain this guide is obtainable only from the author so direct inquiries to him at Box 14003, San Francisco 94114.

damn right, but it is a clear case of having to pay for a special ambience."

Which Way Do You Go? then is enjoyable reading for anyone but for anyone planning an overseas vacation this is another guide to read and use. An appendix lists all the bars and baths of importance mentioned in the 250 pages. Great value too as the tips listed should save the traveler 10 times the price of the book.

* * * * *

To write about an obsession, be it man or machine, is at once to risk boring the reader, forcing upon him what is in fact a very private and personal belief: It can be likened to exhibiting oneself in public. However, in the case of Lee Gutkind (an appropriate name for a bike fetishist) and his book, *BIKE FEVER*, published by Follett at \$6.95, there is one redeeming feature: It is not well written. Well written, that is, in the use and command of the language. It is sentimental: "The sun has coated the trees and the grass and our cycles with a translucent sheen," or, "The machine rests its thunder between our legs." This is the writing of a man desperate to try and communicate what he loves, thinks and feels. Here are the sincere thoughts and beliefs of a typical middle-class bike rider, but then if one is honest, bike riding is purely a middle-class sport, a dangerous and exciting way of compensating for the dullness of a middle-class existence.

This is in no way to disparage the motorcycle rider. In some ways it is a splendid thing to be middle class and a bike rider. That is why the book is so enter-



LEE GUTKIND, author of "Bike Fever."

taining and readable. It does not provoke serious thought nor soul searching. It is pure and simply a joyous telling of tales in the good old-fashioned method of storytelling.

The book is packed with interesting characters and their bikes: The motor maids and their strict code of uniform and behavior (it is articulated in their by-laws that their children may wear a shirt bearing the legend, "My mother is a motor maid," a delicious thought); the Hell's Angels, who for all their violence and eccentricity are really, one feels, just like the rest of us. One is reminded of the old misnomer, "I want to be a non-conformist. Like everybody else!" However, their unquestioned leader, Sonny Barger (a man not given to sentimental rambling) once defined the word love as "the feelin' you get when you like someone as much as your motorcycle. Yeah, I guess you could say that was love." One has to admire the simplicity and the truth in such a statement.

Here in the book you meet the loners, the gypsies, the stuntmen and Theresa Wallace, a 50-year-old English lady who has ridden everywhere, from the Sahara to Niagara Falls. There are explanations as to why people ride and theories to back them up. There are tales of campfires in the desert and falls in the snow.

Interspersed with all this is a brief uncomplicated account of the history of motorcycling safety tips, racing data and a general overall feeling of what it takes and the pleasures to be derived from riding a motorcycle in modern America.

"Gearshaft"

THE LAST ENCOUNTER by Robin Maugham. McGraw-Hill, New York, \$6.95

Robin Maugham, Somerset's gay nephew, is back with another little better-than-average novel, this time in the form of a semi-fictional account of the siege of Khartoum in 1884-5. Khartoum was defended by General Gordon and the fanatical dervishes were commanded by the Mahdi, a strange religious leader of the era. Much has been written about the relief of Khartoum by the expedition headed by Kichener, supposed to be also a homosexual. The siege was raised too late to save the lives of the defenders, including "Chinese" Gordon, who is believed to have kept a secret diary but which probably was destroyed in the ruins of the fort. Maugham hangs his tale upon the supposed rediscovery of this diary. The result is good reading but liberties have obviously been taken with history and in the absence of facts Gordon's burning crush on one of Sudanese servants is mere conjecture, though it is generally agreed that General Gordon was one of the lads, most of whom were very discreet in their conduct at that time and unlike dear Oscar, leaving no incriminating documents behind. Once more the imperial drapes are lifted and we are given the merest glimpse of British homosexuality during the halcyon days of Empire. Alas, it is only a glimpse but it still makes good reading. The writing is good British public school stuff but often the dialogue, as in previous books by this author, is maudlin, if not mawkish.

REAL LACE. America's Irish Rich by Stephen Birmingham. Harper and Row. New York. \$10.

Birmingham, that prolific chronicler of the doings of the rich ("Our Crowd") Jews now turns his pen on the Irish Americans. So if you're Irish-American you will want to read or at least peruse this book. It goes without saying that if it has to do with the Irish there is nary a jot about homosexuality in the tome but withal 'tis an engrossing if cursory look at how some of the fortunes were obtained by families such as the Kennedys in New England, by the Floods in San Francisco and by Doheny all over the West. The book's main fault is its cursoriness. Most of it reads as if it were magazine articles strung together to form a book, which it is. Yet *Real Lace* is a good read assembled by a master of the craft. For some of us there are new vignettes about the William F. Buckley clan, about Miss Swanson and Kennedy pere and so on. The book is by

(Continued on Page 26)

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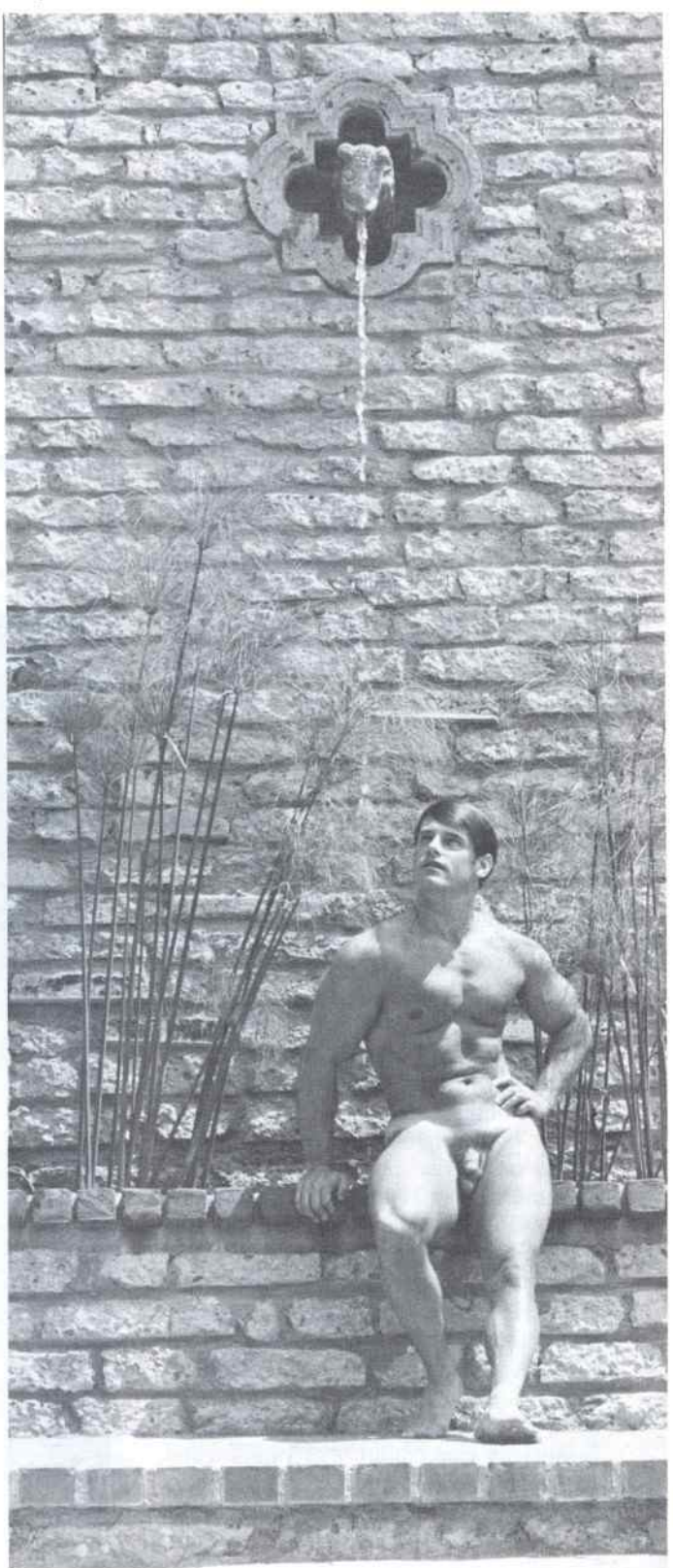
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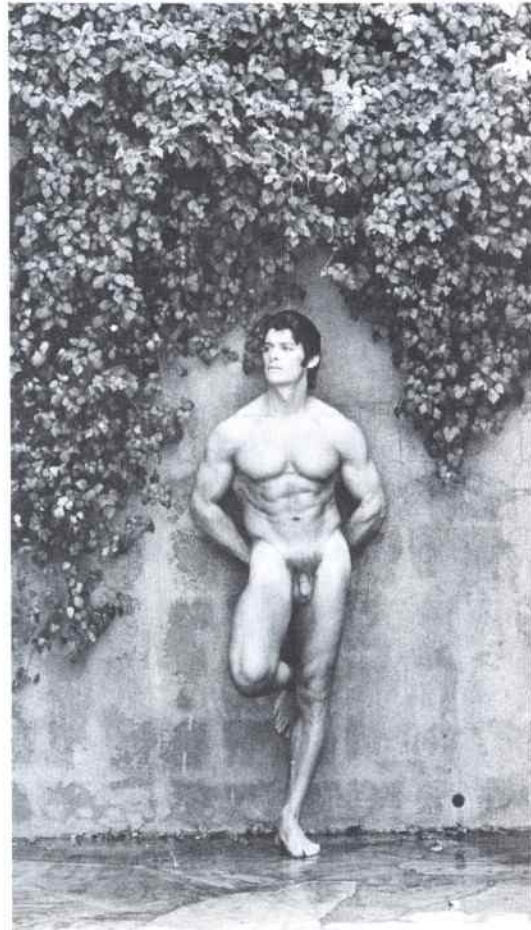
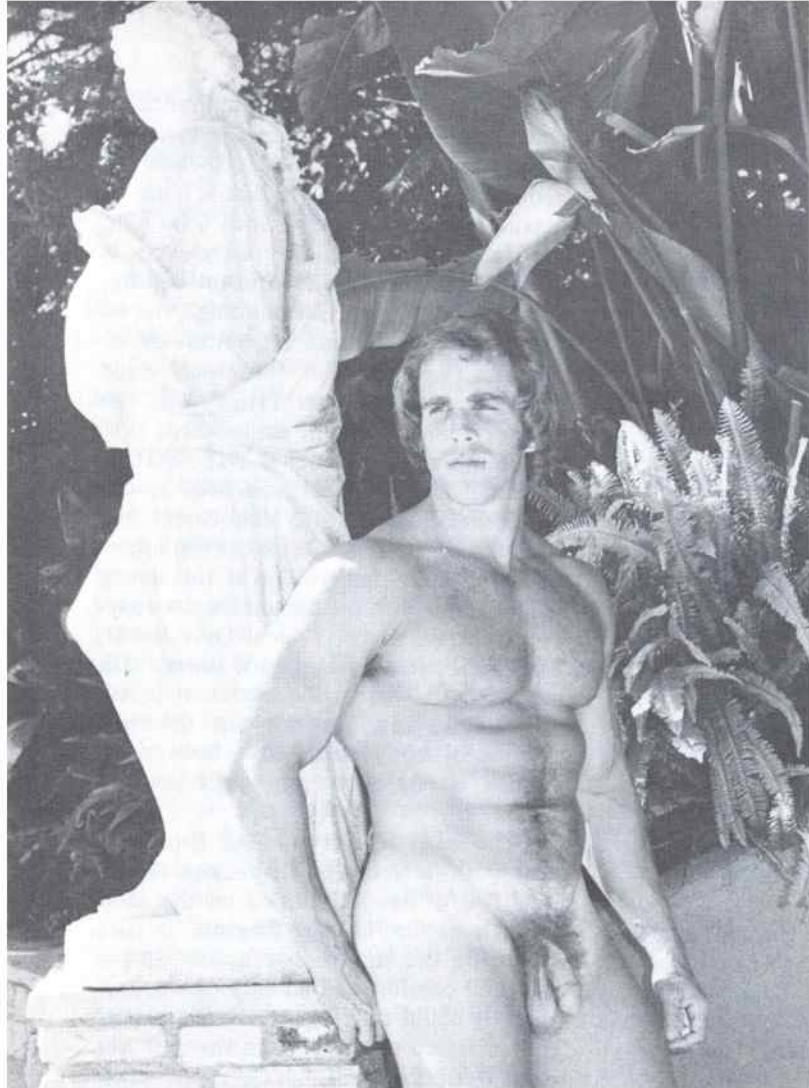


and more (with but half the number of pages) The Naked Image is excellent value. Some captions would help the heavy-breathing viewer and the reproduction of seven or eight of the photographs indicate an uneven printing job. And yes, there are plenty of frontals and DO NOT WRITE to this magazine for copies. The Naked Image by Roy Dean is published by The Rho-Delta Press, 807 Hilldale Ave., Los Angeles 90069. Available from the publisher at \$7.45 postpaid.

More Photographic Art of Roy Dean

Roy Dean, whose photographic art is so familiar to readers of this magazine, has many beautiful books on the market. His coffee table-bedside volumes are of uniformly high quality and now the New Year brings his first softcover, original work of art entitled, The Naked Image. In over eighty pages Dean presents his ideas of the naked male, including that rugged young Ron who was on the last cover of CALIFORNIA SCENE. Other studies include some new pictures of Jim (now Rick) Cassidy and of two winners of the Mr. America Contest, one black, one white. Compared to a lot of the nude male collections available at five dollars







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TRAVEL

Kansas City, Toronto, San Juan

by

Frank Davies

Editor, *Swingers Overseas*
1974 Edition due in March

They may not have gone as far as they could go, but everything's sure up to date in Kansas City. Both Kansas City's together form a tight nucleus of about one million people with almost the total gay activity centered on the Missouri side of the river; the Kansas side still has some weird liquor laws. It's hard to tell whether it's the good clean air or just plain cornfed living, but those farmboys sure do seem to have that little something extra!

The best place to start your viewing of the American farm-labor scene would be THE MIDWEST CLUB BATHS at 19 West 39th Street. Open 24 hours with an admission charge of \$3.00, Monday through Thursdays and \$5.00 on weekends, this is another of the excellent Club chain, complete with comfortable, clean sleep-rooms, a swimming pool (you'll get waterlogged just enjoying the delicious mural on the wall overlooking the pool) and a really dark playroom. The staff here is not only the hunkiest but also the friendliest and most helpful of any of the Club group. If you're not a Club chain member you will need some proof of membership at some other gay baths. A little more remote from town is the AAA Baths at 9922 East Truman Road and it has its points of interest but only after you've exhausted the possibilities of the Club.

The best of the nightlife is at the IVANHOE CABARET, 1010 Oak Street. The Cabaret is a strange mixture of New

York, New Orleans and San Francisco, complete with red-flocked walls, loveseats and iron grille work, that somehow all comes together in a style that is both relaxing and comfortable. Open 6:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. and Sunday afternoons, it offers dinner and entertainment nightly. Though a dressy surrounding, ripped Levis and mod dress are almost *de rigueur*. That old, but fun, rough-trade place around the corner, THE PATIO, has been closed and is to be demolished.

Another K.C. winner is THE SS JUG. Located in what must have been an old bank building at 1822 Main Street, the Jug has an exterior that makes you immediately think that you're in the wrong place—even with the sign on the door saying that the place is open. Once inside, however, paradise! Large and roomy with a great oval bar in the center, it is still small enough to provide just the right degree of body crush on a busy night, which is just about any night you are there.

The RED HEAD at 4048 Broadway has both—lots of red (lights and decor) and lots of head. Subtitled on the neon outside as the 'Lounge Elegante' it tries to really live up to that motto with a graceful comfort and an elite crowd. But then it could do nothing else since it is just a mince removed from the *tres elegant* Westport Road.

On Main Street at 3112 is the very mixed, very wild, very 'in', always fun JEWEL BOX, offering both straight strip and drag shows that, if not always San Francisco caliber, are always well worth the time spent. And if the show doesn't interest you, the crowd will! Since the place is lit up like a neon light factory at all times, you really have to be an extrovert to penetrate, but the benefits are many. Across the street the Adult Book Store is surely one of the most interesting 'browsing' spots in town.

Two other places worthy of note are THE TENT at 3314 Gillham Place, a swinging bar catching on in popularity with the young, just-over-drinking-age, dance set; and the STRAND-ART THEATER at 3544 Troost, where the art ain't all on the screen.

Outside cruising is usually centered around 10th and Oak—the so-called 'meatrack' because the YMCA is on the same corner—and Swope Park. But on a warm spring evening you will find friendly natives wandering just about everywhere.

For short stayovers, either the Y with its own indoor sports, or either the Hilton (preferred here) or the Holiday Inn offer you the best for comfortable comfort at

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Yes, Kansas City is a surprisingly interesting place to visit, but not a place that one would care to settle in.

Toronto seems to be finally shaking the bad case of 'blahs' that infects many of the major Canadian cities. Even with the mayor advocating a policy of 'cracking down' on Gays in general, and especially in public places, the city is finding a new life that is beginning to make it a prime tourist attraction for the gay set. You can usually tell when some out-of-the-way city makes the grade for the Club chain promptly opens a baths there. Toronto made the grade, apparently in November, for a CLUB BATHS opened at 231 Mutual Street. All the facilities are not operational yet, but what there is of it is done in the usual good taste and style that characterizes baths in the Club chain. The other big gay baths is THE LIBRARY at 5 Wellesley Street West. We won't say that it is an established location, but recently it has become respectable enough to honor both American Express and Diners Club credit cards. Either baths choice should insure you a happy and entertaining evening. There are two or three other baths but they are not recommended under the current political climate for they have been raided to discourage gay activity (the most recent raid was in August 1973 at the International Steam Baths on Spadina Avenue where four hapless Gays were hauled off to jail).

The best of the gay bars are mostly on Yonge Street. THE QUEST, at 665, is a two-floor job with a restaurant and bar downstairs and a bar and discotheque upstairs. The restaurant usually caters to a semi-dressy set in a relaxed atmosphere and the upstairs disco is among the most popular in Toronto. Working your way up Yonge Street, the next place worthy of note is THE PARKSIDE TAVERN, at 530, where there is one of the best mixtures of leather and Levis and collegiate types available. MAMA COOPER'S, at 438, and THE GAY CLUB, at 488, are two of the most popular weekend dance bars. Both are second-floor locations with The Gay Club being above the very popular ST. CHARLES BAR. LINDY'S, 403 Yonge Street, is a mixed restaurant-coffee shop that is the most popular of after-hours gathering places currently. The newest addition to the scene is the MYNAH BIRD, 284 King Street East, which offers a little bit of everything reminiscent of the Continental Baths in New York. There's an indoor pool, a sauna, a restaurant and a discotheque, for those

who want a little bit of everything without venturing too far to get it.

So we're happy to report that Toronto is alive, well and horny.

Some notes on gay places to stay in San Juan, Puerto Rico:

When you fly down to the islands, we hope you take the current issue of SWINGERS OVERSEAS (SOS) along with you so you'll be in on all the pertinent poop. There are several good places to stay, including the local YMCA if you're not the adventuresome type and like your treats at home with the minimum amount of involvement. One of the newer entries, and also one of the nicer, is the EL MORRO GUEST HOUSE at 103 Calle San Sabastian in Old San Juan. Close to all the action, it offers both rooms (from about \$15.00 single to \$23.00 double) and efficiency apartments (from \$22.00) that are both very functional and blessedly air-conditioned (a must requirement for summertime visiting!). It also features a restaurant called "Mother's" with moderately good food but, sometimes, too campy an atmosphere. The newest entry on the guest house for men only list is the LA VISTA at 151 Tetuan. Over a very popular gay bar of the same name it offers large, clean rooms for \$15.00 single and \$23.00 double. Two of the longest lasting hotels in Old San Juan are LA BAHIA GUEST HOUSE at 320 Calle del Sol and the SAN FRANCISCO INN at 263 San Francisco. Singles at about \$10 and doubles up to \$18.

In the beach area—Condado—the best of the lot is the CLUB CALETA at 3 Elena Street. Large, air-conditioned rooms with outside entrances and private baths, a patio bar and a sun terrace and close to the beach, singles start at \$22.00 and doubles at \$30.00. A little on the expensive side but well worth the additional. The MADRID GUEST HOUSE at 112 San Jorge (we're sure you've seen this one advertised in just about all the gay publications) has a motto—"We guarantee a gay time!". And, generally, they do, bringing in members of the local set for your companionship and amusement should you be either too lazy or too inhibited to go out shopping among the world's most beautiful population. Singles about \$15.00 and doubles about \$25.00.

Advance reservations at any of the above-listed places are absolutely essential because they are popular! And the further in advance you can reserve the better off you are.



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Saturday, February 16

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February 5, 6, 14, 19, 21, 23

At the Geary Theatre, San Francisco, on these evenings ACT presents the first local production of Garcia Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba*.

That funny play about two lovers continues at the Ebony Showcase Theatre, Los Angeles (ph. 936-1107). "Norman, Is That You?"

Now at San Francisco's On Broadway Theatre, the premiere appearance of "The Trial of James McNeil Whistler" by Jon P. Palmer.

Sunday, February 24

The third annual Queen of Hearts Ball and Flower Pageant tonight at 8 P.M. at the Proud Bird Motel near Los Angeles Airport. The host is the first emperor, Luigi.

Washington's Birthday Weekend, February 15-18

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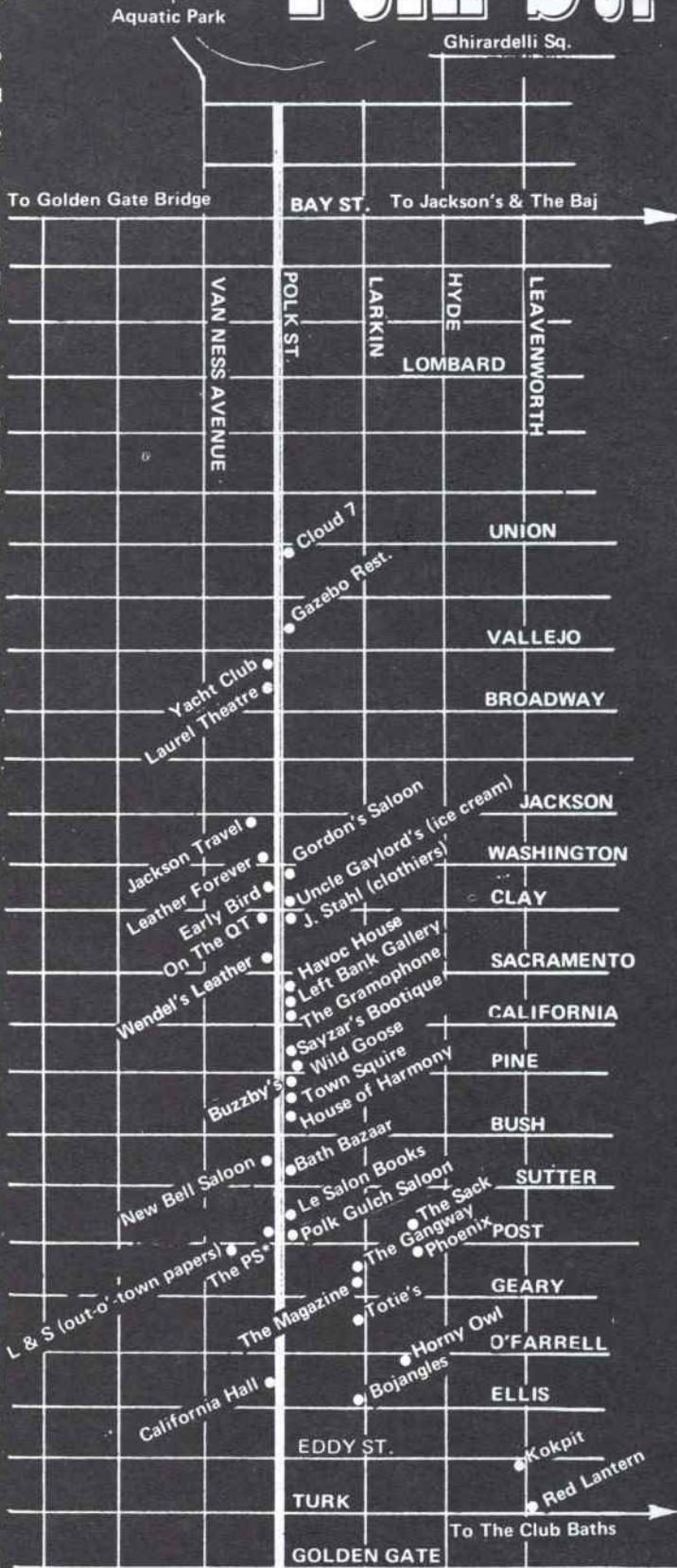
Through March 23

The Shubert, Beverly Hills: Jack Albertson and Sam Levene in Neil Simon's "The Sunshine Boys."

March 2nd and Third

The great bike race from Mike's Corral, Long Beach to San Francisco's Folsom Prison Bar celebrates the grand opening of the former.

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A California Scene Map ©



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ABOVE: Bill Plath as Queen Victoria at a Tavern Guild ball.

Why San Francisco?

by Bill Plath

Bill Plath is a true Mr. Gay San Francisco: born elsewhere (Chicago), cosmopolitan and educated, he has undergone his share of slings and arrows from an intolerant establishment. His businesses have been raided and harassed for no cause other than being gay; that has changed now in San Francisco due to the changes wrought in the last decade by him and other activists in the city. Despite adversity and some business reverses due to his placing community matters first, Bill Plath is an equable, together and exceptional member of the California gay community. SIR, the Society for Individual Rights, was formed in his living room. He is a former president of that worthy organization, was president of the San Francisco Tavern Guild for five years and he is a founding director of the Council on Religion and the Homosexual. He is also a guest lecturer at the San Francisco Police Academy. Currently associated with Dori's Restaurant, one of the oldest gay restaurant-bars in the city, one can honestly say that Bill Plath is more than a San Franciscan: he is that all too rare gentleman you read about but rarely encounter.

Bill Plath, second from right with Peter King in the '73 Gay Day Parade.



Why San Francisco? Why live anywhere else? Where else could you find all of the benefits of a large metropolis encompassed in the land area of a medium-sized town. San Francisco's opera company equals and sometimes surpasses the "Met" in this country. Our orchestra and ballet company are internationally renowned. If it is lighter entertainment you seek, we give Broadway to the "straights," and the rest of The City we'll share with them if they promise not to be too pushy with their life-style.

The above paragraph may sound smug. It is. It portrays the deep-down feelings that most longtime residents have for the city-by-the-bay. San Francisco's atmosphere is conducive to such a mystique. Perhaps it is caused by the consistently mild climate. Or it could be the never-ending vistas that surprise you at every turn created by plunking a city down on a narrow peninsula dotted with several hills. Wherever the mystique comes from, it permeates the entire spectrum of living for the city's inhabitants.

If you are gay, the ease of life will become apparent soon after you arrive. There are so many gay people in San Francisco that it is possible (and some do) to live in a completely gay world. You can work in a gay business; live in a gay neighborhood; shop at gay businesses; go to a gay doctor, lawyer, banker, baker, and yes, even a candlestick maker.

If you want a little variety in your life, then you will find that most San Franciscans don't really care if you are gay or not. In fact, it is even against the law to discriminate against you because of your "sexual orientation." This was brought about because those in public office found that gay people have a strong voting and economic power that they can and do use if they feel like it. So don't be surprised if you visit one of the local gay bistros and find yourself sitting next to the Sheriff or a Supervisor of the City and County, or having dinner alongside the local police captain. As far as that goes, it is rather commonplace to pick up a newspaper and see that an openly gay person is lobbying with some effect for even more freedom for you or perhaps has been appointed to a City Commission or task force.

The best thing that can be said about San Francisco is that it is dedicated to the

art of living. There is a style that can be found in no other part of the world. It is traditional and yet rebellious. It is beautiful and yet not overwhelming. You can live at a fast pace or retreat into solitude. The atmosphere is conducive to both. Some seem to enjoy a constant round of "social" commitments, while others can be just as comfortable devoting their attentions to their spouse.

The atmosphere and easy mood of San Francisco soon has its effect on every newcomer. It doesn't seem to matter what your origin and background is, you will soon find your behavior and thinking altered toward the tradition of easy and comfortable living. I have known newcomers who, three months after arrival, have become so Sanfropolitan that they can spot a tourist a block away. Like Paris, San Francisco has its own style of dress and behavior. I wonder how many people refer to Paris as the San Francisco of Europe?

Since I came here more years ago than I care to remember, I have found my life to be as happy as can be expected in this hectic world. The City has given me several businesses, some prosperous and some not so prosperous. It has provided me the opportunity to be active in the beginnings of the mushrooming gay movement that is now spreading its way across the country. It has given me, one hell of a great lover, a beautiful home and a multitude of friends with which to fill it.

To sum up my reply to "Why San Francisco?" I can say that whenever I travel it's exciting to return to the only city in the world that has cable cars, Coit Tower, Golden Gate Bridge and Park, ticky-tacky houses all in a row on her borders and giant new buildings cluttering up her heart. There is no other city that has a giant phallus by Buffano standing serenely erect at her airport to welcome one and all to a hundred gay bars and 90,000 gay brothers and sisters. There is nowhere else on earth that I would want to call home.


If you think all of this sounds schmaltzy, you should hear what my friends who have just read it say I have left out. If I were to listen to them, Jeff Buckley would have to triple his printing bill and leave out all of the ads and "goody" pictures to boot.

In spite of that I think that all I or anyone else could have to say could be said with one picture taken from Twin Peaks early in the evening with the fog rolling in over the Gate lightly shrouding the gem that we call home.




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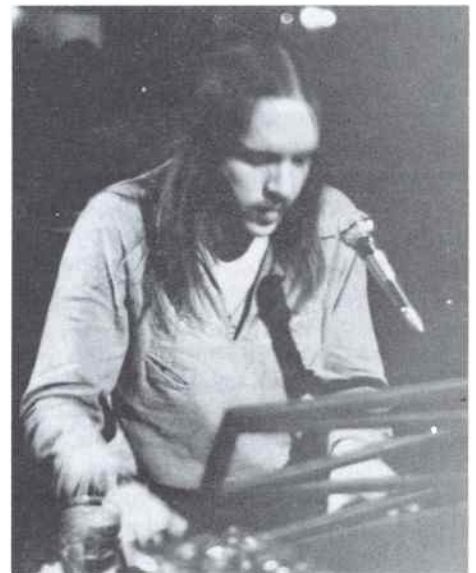


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San Francisco

Some of the gay or mostly gay clubs have tried a policy this past year of booking straight singers, mostly female. So far not one of them is worth mentioning. They are either run-of-the-mill pop singers or Bette Midler imitators—and surely one of her is enough. Original acts are as hard to find for the straight clubs as they are for the gay—and they receive considerably more bread than the gay acts. There is little new around unless you are young and new to the gay entertainment world and can look forward to the half-dozen name performers who rotate from club to bar to club. The live acts you will see this year will be mostly all male versions of Broadway shows—and that is good news if they are on the level of *Mame*, *Hello, Dolly!* and especially *Dames at Sea*, which played in San Francisco in 1973. Statewide the turkey of the year was also seen in San Francisco:

A young and brave group decided to offer a "Salute to the Thirties" at the expensively large Kubuki Theater. Some advertising was done but the producers hoped to spring a theatrical surprise on the gay community. Alas, such extravaganzas as a twelve-piece orchestra and a first class theatre was too tough a nut to crack and on the second night of the show there were less than fifty members in the audience. On the third night the curtain went down for the last time. The other shows during the year made varying amounts of money for their producers—the exception was *Dames at Sea*, which lost on the overall production even though it played to full houses.



John Gooch plays nightly at The PS pianobar.



Organist Jeff Steffen entertains at The Red Lantern.

No gay entertainer hit the bottom—however temporarily—as did that clever impressionist (Richard Nixon, Lyndon Johnson) David Frye at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel in August. Frye opened and closed on the same night at the Venetian Room there due to his soused condition—there are always extenuating circumstances for such behavior but surely the show should go on, especially when the entry fee is eight dollars. And Marlene came back in December, "Falling in Love Again"—and again, in that moribund theatre in the round down the peninsula, the Circle in San Carlos. The nostalgia-for-lack-of-anything-better fad keeps that ol' gal still out there doing her stuff—she was preceded by Josephine Baker, a similarly aged madame. The Los Angeles counterpart of this quasi-theatre, the Valley Music Theatre, has been taken over by Jehovah's Witnesses—the religious nuts, not a pop group.

In the Valley, Martha Raye is rumored to be interested in becoming a partner in a new club on Ventura Boulevard. The Hollywood-Los Angeles gay theatrical world is usually a fun, come-and-see-your-friends-on-stage type of thing put on now and then by the SPREE group at Trouper's Hall. Otherwise the offerings are annual shows such as the Black Knight Gaeties or the shows connected with some of the bike clubs.

In and around Los Angeles the Redwood Room on 8th Street and the long popular Queen Mary in Studio City continue to draw customers to their live and mime shows. One of the Queen Mary's star performers, Angel, returns to the revue early in February. The back of this club now houses the very busy King's Den and a game room. The shows run from Wednesday through Sunday; on other nights dancing is the draw.

The decline of mime and the higher than ever cost of live entertainment plus the traditional reluctance of gay audiences to see a star in the ascendant—too many of them, with a minuscule of talent, had been ballyhooed out of proportion, so when a genuine talent makes its appearance it is hard to convince the customers, once bitten. . . . Look for shows of one kind or another at the Curtain Call in the Valley and drop in for Fel Andrews' unique show behind the bar at the Florentine Room on Melrose.

And the original Show Biz in San Diego is still on everyone's list of places to go for the Turnabouts Revue.

Kimo Productions (of *Dames at Sea* fame) have scheduled a regular version (girls will be girls except for Charles Pierce, who will have the female lead) of

Applause. This novel casting of Pierce was first tried some years ago, also in San Francisco, when he performed in *Geese*. *Applause* will open at California Hall early in May. In April Yonkers Productions bring a new gay version of *Little Me* to San Francisco's Village. The Yonkers group is that responsible for the marvelous *Hello, Dolly!* seen at the same club in 1972. Part of the budget for these shows should be devoted to attracting the large liberal straight audience as starved for first-class entertainment as the rest of us. The straight press only turns out in force for the failures, or at least from their snide reviews that is the way it appears. Apart from Herb Caen, the single best medium is the trade papers—*Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*, for gaining the attention of the smart and show business set.

And if dear Charles can essay a straight? role as Lauren Bacall in *Applause* and Michelle takes a fling at *Gypsy* there might be some truth in the rumor that Peter King, China's gift to gay San Francisco, is being discussed for the Liza Doolittle role in an all-male production of *My Fair Lady!*



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BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 15)

its nature episodic but were it a third again as long (it is barely 300 pages long), it would be twice as good a popular historical work.

The Fourth Angel by John Rechy. The Viking Press, New York. \$5.95.

Brilliantly exploring sordid new territories in *City of Night*, Rechy has never since been able to find his pace. Who has ever heard of his other books? *Numbers*, *The Day's Death*, *The Vampire*, and comes now his *The Fourth Angel*, a story of four 16-year-olds drawn together by loneliness and drugs, and finally forced apart by their total inability to cope with either loneliness, drugs or each other. The thin story thread is lengthened by brilliant, moving and sometimes totally compelling word pictures of every drug trip that has ever been laid on. They are academically interesting by themselves but add little to the plot development. Even through the intensities of the drug experiences, Rechy manages to keep his characters so stubbornly non-dimensional that they really seem incidental. How can anyone arouse compassion for the sufferings and traumas of a mere name?

Rechy's slice-of-life approach attempts, once again, to shave another piece off an old loaf so tired of being examined that it crumbles into familiarity at sight. His greatest asset is obviously his ear for contemporary language but he cleans it up grammatically to such an extent that it has no realistic texture at all, unless a reader is so fresh from the woods that he thinks the word 'fucking' (and always very correctly spelled with the 'g') generates shock waves just by being used.

Occasionally there is an outcropping of beautiful prose—like an unexpected oasis in a desert of correctly syntaxed grammar—but, in general, the constant short staccato sentences and the stereotyped similes wear you down like the incessant sound of sharp fingernails scratching across a blackboard.

Some people have accused Rechy of being anti-queer. In reality his texts, or perhaps more correctly his sermons, are more just anti-people. *The Fourth Angel* is overwhelmed by a sadness so large, so unrelenting and so real that it could probably not be related to by anyone except a dyed-in-the-psyche masochist.

Christopher Isherwood has stated that he considers John Rechy to be 'a truly gifted novelist'. Perhaps if Rechy writes enough he will, in time, be able to resolve his own overwhelming sexual hangups and guilts and live up to Isherwood's ex-

pectations. But for the present, he must be written off as just another litter case from the closet of repressed queens totally 'down' on homosexuality.

—F. Drummond

During the holidays not many gay calendars were available. One of the few was the striking centerfold with calendar in the December issue of *Vector*. Also from San Francisco came a handsome desk calendar and diary illustrated with over fifty photographs of rugged, nude black men. With 104 pages for notes this compact diary is an auspicious first from a new firm called Sierra Domino (Box 1478, San Francisco 94101). The price is \$10.50 postpaid.

The Advocate's Barfly, 1974 edition, has just come out. In two parts, as usual (\$3 each or both for \$5), it contains all the latest bars and baths listings from Canada to Mexico plus the phone numbers when available. This is a considerable help to the traveler in a strange place for often bars change names but not their original phone numbers. Puerto Rico and the states east of the Mississippi are dealt with in *Barfly East*. *Barfly West* lists Canada, Hawaii and all the other plus Mexico. Copies are now on sale from *The Advo-*

cate, Box 74695, Los Angeles 90004 and the price includes postage.

For those who have enjoyed the *Miss Thing* cartoons in the *Advocate*, or for those seeking a collection of good gay cartoons as a gift for someone far away or in the hospital, an outfit called *Funny Bone Press* has brought out a softcover book with many of the best *Miss Thing* cartoons by artist Joe Johnson. For a copy send \$3.95 to the artist, Joe Johnson, Box 26426, Los Angeles 90026.



MOVIES (Continued from Page 8)

bother to consult some reputable gay spokesman (HELP, for instance) before running the silly bar sequence which could be considered offensive in that it will be seen by a vast number of straights albeit those to whom this type of film will appeal would certainly be less than sophisticated, educated or influential in their thinking (if any). With *Busting* the homosexual Stepin Fetchit image is carried on. If that doesn't bother you too much the movie is ninety minutes of fair entertainment in the predictable cops and robbers vein.

THE LAST DETAIL—Columbia Pictures. Directed by Hal Ashby. From the novel by Darryl Ponicsan. Stars Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, Randy Quaid.

The Last Detail is a nicely observed film about one aspect of life in the Armed Forces in peacetime although the story is just an enjoyable variation on the old theme of guards sympathizing with prisoners. In this case, the prisoner is a small-town fuckup, sentenced to eight years for attempting to steal a donation box for the pet charity of the base commander's wife—a cheap note that takes from the credibility of the story. The two careermen assigned to conduct the luckless sailor (well played by Randy Quaid) to jail are Jack Nicholson, in his best role to date as a cynical, bisexual character so often met in the services, and Otis Young as a dedicated black from the South who has done well by the Navy. The youthful offender has to be shipped from Virginia to Portsmouth Naval Prison (New Hampshire), not a great distance but for the film's purpose it's made to seem like the other side of the world with many predictable adventures, some of which have an original slant. Nicholson and Quaid (he is best remembered for the part of the rich boy with the pool in *The Last Pic-*

(Continued on Page 29)

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Although there are contradictory studies available it is now generally held by physicians that the sudden cessation of marijuana smoking by regular users does bring on withdrawal symptoms. Marijuana does bring about a physical dependence. The most common withdrawal symptoms are similar to those experienced after suddenly stopping the use of alcohol, sedatives, barbiturates and so on—for instance, difficulty in getting to sleep followed by a restless night's sleep with frequent awakenings. One study on the physiologic withdrawal effects of marijuana shows that they can show up after as few as five or six days' use of the plant.

Recent dissatisfaction among some gay groups about the existence of a gender research and treatment clinic at UCLA which, under the direction of a specialist in the field, Dr. Richard Green, has been able to help many persons with sexual identity problems.

What upset the protesters was the clinic's work in helping young children to behave more masculinely or femininely, as the case may be. The children were brought to the clinic by worried parents who had observed strongly feminine traits in a son or very tomboyish behavior in little girls. The clinic agrees with the worried parents that the accentuation of such traits makes life miserable for the young person exhibiting them and seeks to remedy them without necessarily interfering with the later sexual propensity of the child. By seeking to lessen the more obvious unusual behavior the child is freed from the cruel harassment of its peers. Many famous psychiatrists now agree with Dr. Green that this is the best approach to take in what is still a little un-

derstood subject although such effeminism, or the opposite, is sometimes connected with glandular deficiencies.

Yoga and its practice can be beneficial when carried out under proper supervision. Some doctors hold that yoga exercises are more beneficial to overall health and well-being than other forms of exercise and investigation has proved Yoga to have a scientific basis from which the many beneficial claims spring.

Concerning men over thirty and the so-called 'male menopause': in the broad sense of the meaning the male does go through a change of life. The advance of years takes its toll, in some earlier than others. Anxiety about this inevitable state may also be regarded as one of the symptoms. Some males age much faster than others for genetic reasons and because of bad living habits, when poor diet, excessive drinking, irregular hours, use of drugs and stimulants—especially cigarettes, take their toll, with results that are evident long before some males reach forty. Regular exercise and a general reformation can help but the older the man the longer it takes to achieve results—up to two years in some cases. Crash courses in physical fitness for those who have not exercised since their teens is not recommended and can accelerate rather than postpone deterioration of the muscles in some cases where an older person is involved.

Apart from bacterial infection of the prostate there is a condition known as congestive prostatitis, most often induced by prolonged sexual arousal or excitement, without subsequent ejaculation—

teasing, in other words. Prolonging the stimulation increases the flow of prostatic fluid into the prostate and seminal vesicles; without the natural release provided by ejaculation congestive prostatitis can result. When visiting a urologist for this frequent male problem, a frank evaluation of the patient's sexual habits is necessary from the patient. An equally frank diagnosis from the physician is also in order, not one slanted by religious or other scruples. Often the remedy is to obtain complete satisfaction sexually whenever aroused, not always easily achieved due to circumstances, however simple it may sound.

Men who inquire about possible loss of performance sexually are usually in their thirties or forties, when generally speaking there is no perceptible loss of function. Many bad performances may be due to excessive use of stimulants, alcohol or amyl nitrite being the more common ones nowadays. In most men over thirty the frequency of ejaculatory demand lessens and into the forties and fifties there is a reduction in the volume of semen and a reduction in the force of the ejaculation. There is also the fact that the male finds it harder to achieve and maintain an erection. Sometimes the erection may not be as full as in years gone by. This somewhat delayed sexual functioning is certainly no cause for alarm. Bear in mind that as a man grows older his ability to function sexually does not diminish considerably when compared to some of the other functions—his sexual functioning just becomes delayed and who wants to rush things?



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MOVIES

(Continued from Page 27)

ture Show) make the best of their well-scripted parts and the result is good cinematic entertainment if melodramatic at times. The homosexual content present where men are thrown together for periods of time is touched upon lightly, cleverly, as in the scene in the hotel bedroom. The gung-ho, sado-masochistic image of the Marine Corps is once again presented towards the film's end but empathy with such a frequent presentation in Hollywood movies depends on one's views of, or experiences with, the USMC.

ALFREDO, ALFREDO—Paramount Pictures. Directed and written by Pietro Germi. Stars Dustin Hoffman and Stefania Sandrelli. In Italian.

Made, con molto brio, in Italy with an all Italian cast except for Dustin Hoffman, *Alfredo, Alfredo* is one of the best foreign comedies in a long time. Directed at a fast pace where even the obligatory love scenes are tellingly and briefly performed, this look at middle-class life in Northern Italy from the same director of *Love, Italian Style*, is two hours of laughter and mordant humor. While this is a heterosexual look at the obligatory marriage so prevalent in society it is also a warning to those who would dash heedlessly into matrimony, too often but the gates of a lifelong purgatory. Even though legal divorce has come to Italy since this film was made two years ago its funny observations on the marriage ceremony and its aftermath are as valid as ever. If you haven't laughed in the theatre lately see *Alfredo, Alfredo* and you'll gain a certain satisfaction at being single and gay. Even if you do not care for Dustin Hoffman this cleverly dubbed version is sure to delight you.

THE WAY WE WERE—Columbia Pictures. Directed by Sydney Pollack. Screenplay by Arthur Laurents. Stars Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford.

There is little worth adding to the acclaim that this film has received. It goes to show what director, intelligent actors and a substantial budget can make of a good screenplay. Barbra Streisand just glows opposite Robert Redford; before your eyes the homely cocoon becomes the beautiful, unique personality. Sure, this is an old-style movie except for its realistic ending, which is very much the way it is for many people who tumble into marriage when young. *The Way We Were* is poignant but yet bittersweet and you can see Streisand in her best role.

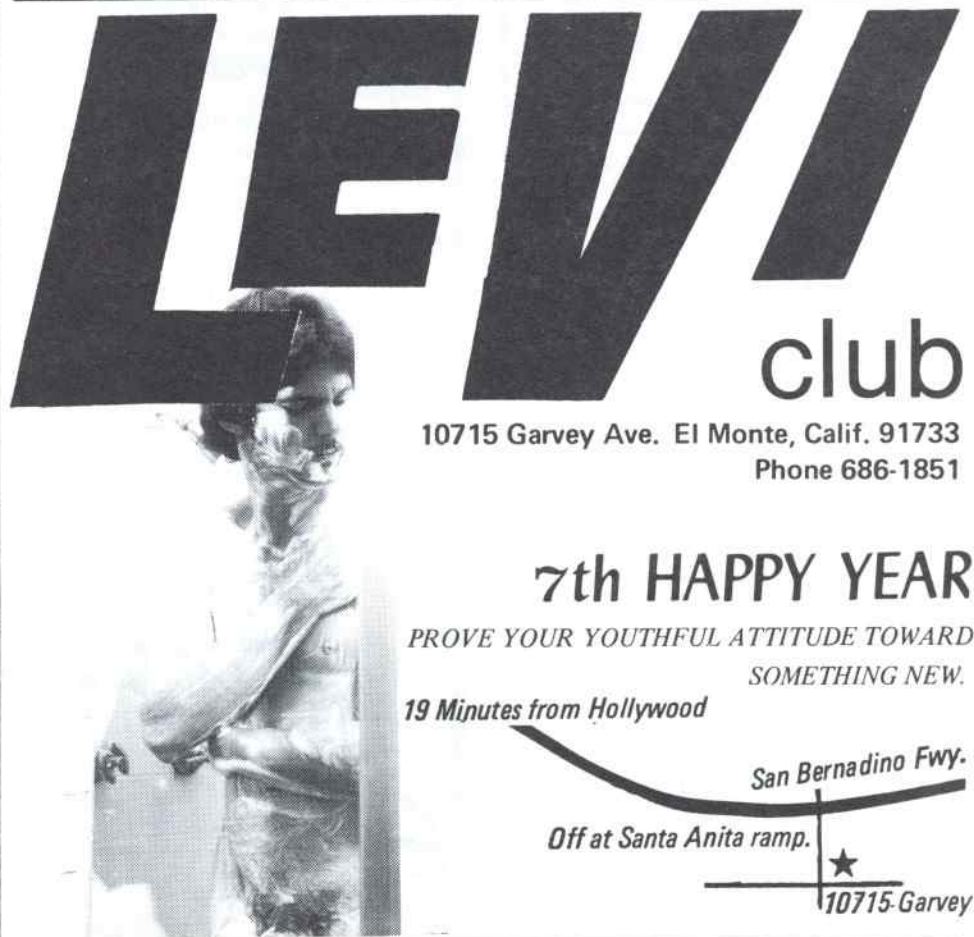
ENGLAND MADE ME—Atlantic Films. Directed by Peter Duffell. Screenplay by Duffell and D. Cory from a novel by Graham Greene. Stars Peter Finch, Michael York and Michael Hordern.

With a story that is reminiscent of *Cabaret*, *England Made Me* is a most accurate and telling look at some Britons who couldn't care less, caught up in the horrid doings of capitalists and a chap called Hitler. Interwoven in their adventures is a

most compelling depiction of brother-sister love, a subject that has not been treated too often on the screen.

Peter Finch has his best role in years as the industrialist, Krogh. Michael York portrays the feckless, decent Englishman in perfect fashion. Hildegard Neil is competent in a more stereotyped role but the easy yet inspired direction of Peter Duffell meld all of them into one of the best

(Continued on Page 30)



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MOVIES (Continued from Page 29)

picture from anywhere this winter. The sets, the photography (what looks like Germany turns out to be Slovenia and thereabouts in Yugoslavia), the musical score and the screenplay by Graham Greene are top drawer. Even the secondary characters are superbly etched: Michael Hordern as a seedy, addled journalist living on his wits is certainly the winner of the best supporting actor award somewhere—but these things never work quite like that. Go see for yourself. An absolute treat of a movie. Go see for yourself—if it comes your way. Britain may be in trouble economically but this example of the filmmakers' art proves that the island can still turn out memorable motion pictures.

DAY FOR NIGHT—Warner Bros. release. Directed by Francois Truffaut who also

wrote the screenplay. Stars Jacqueline Bisset and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

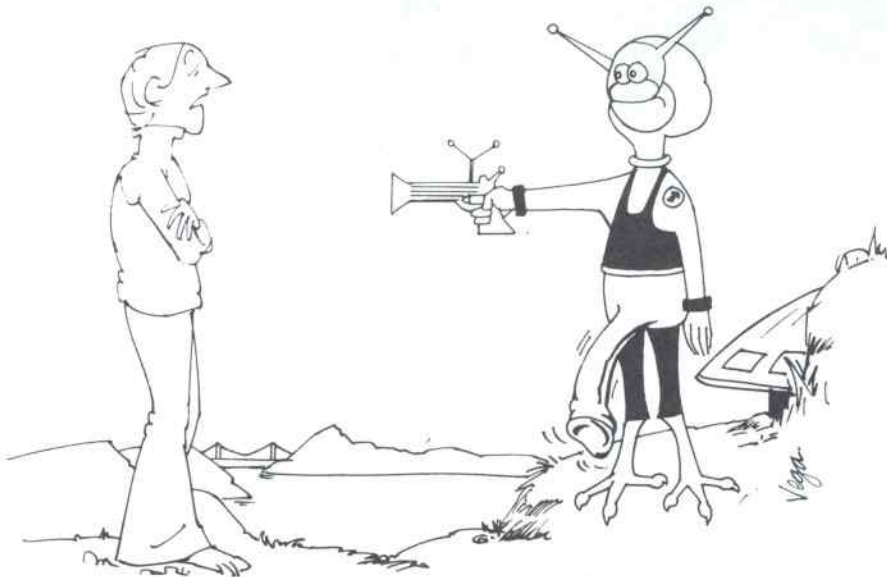
Now and then a foreign film comes along that possesses a good cast, an established director and is loaded with kudos from New York's oracular critics. Despite past disappointments I constantly keep a spark of hope that a treat may be in store for me and off I go. Sometimes I am mildly disappointed and at other times, after seeing *Day for Night*, for example, I am furious at having been taken in by all the propaganda and extravagant reviews. Once more a cheap attempt has been made to pull Technicolored wool over the cinemagoer's eyes.

This pretentious, boring and slow-moving picture has an ever so thin plot, if one could dignify it with the word, about filmmaking at a big studio on the Riviera. There is some Gallic drollery that tries to pass for humor but most of this tiresome hour and a half just shows how a film

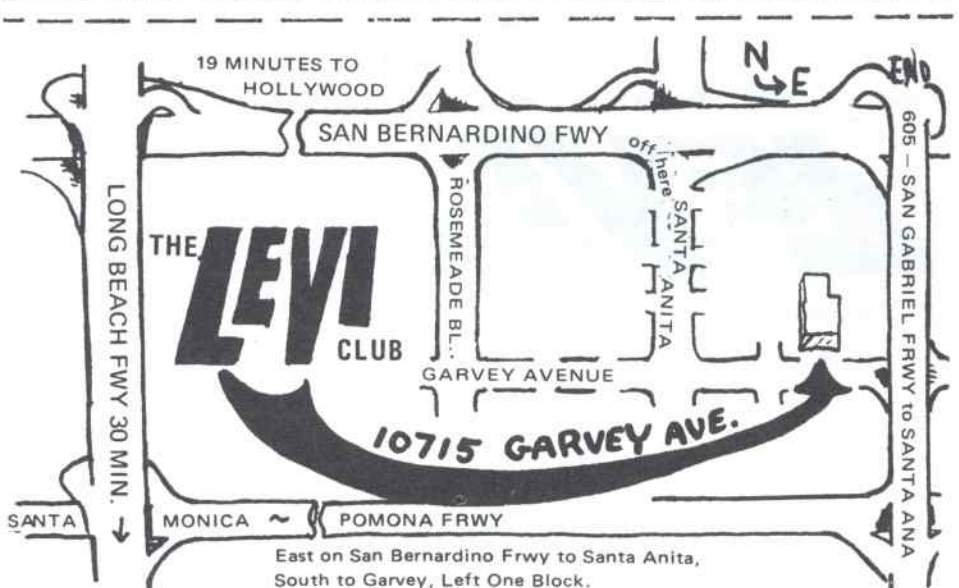
uses all manner of gimmickry to make illusion, stuff people in this country are overly familiar with, both from television and those amusing shorts made thirty and more years ago.

This childish effort by the overrated director, Truffaut, should receive an award certainly—four lemons for the year's most boring film. The novelist, Graham Greene, had something to do with the screenplay and he appears in a small role as an English insurance agent. If this picture were in English and made in Hollywood you would never have heard of it.

(Continued on Page 34)



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The CMC Carnival opened the winter social scene:

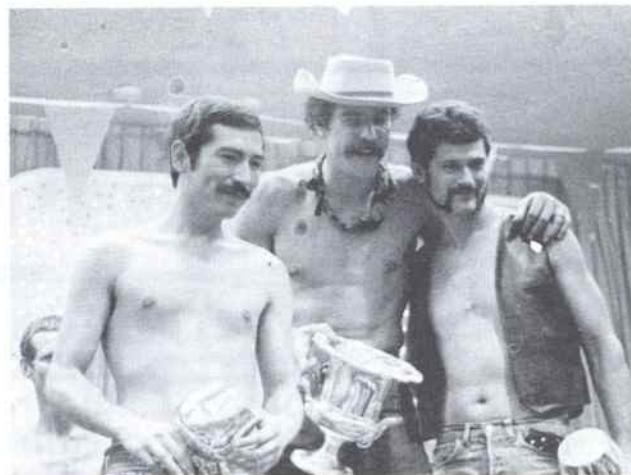


The big winter weekend for the Bay Area clubs and their friends is that of February 16-17 when the famous club Academy Awards take place at Seaman's Hall as usual. Some prefer this wild weekend to that of the CMC Carnival. It certainly is more social, what with a Friday Constantines Mix and Match Party and a big Winter Field Meet sponsored by the Recons on the following Sunday. The South of the Slot Hotel and the other favored places are heavily booked that weekend so make your reservations early.

For the big Washington Birthday weekend the LOBOC's and friends from other clubs are chartering a plane from Burbank to San Francisco for the Academy Awards. The LOBOC's, now boasting twenty-one members, is one of the most active new clubs, north or south. Their meetings at Mike's Corral or The Lagoon are also big draws.

Mike, he of Fe-Be's and other bars north and south, has given a great San Francisco style promotional boost to the already popular Corral in North Long Beach. For the bar's official grand opening a bike race from the Corral to the Folsom Prison and vice versa is just part of what is planned the first weekend in March.

Aficionados of the funky-sexy Levi garb should note that the Levi Club that appeared in the Bay Area (in a quiet part



The contestants and the three winners.

of Hayward) last summer, then moved to Berkeley and closed, hopes to open enlarged premises there soon. And if you dig Levis why not wear them and avail of the twenty-five-cent Sunday brunch at Lancer's in Oakland—and that includes a drink!

The Levi Guys had one of their fun get-togethers at the Boxcar one Sunday, offering various goodies free when some Alcoholic Beverage guys interrupted and told them it was a no-no. So if you hold a club function in a bar obtain a free copy of the ABC rules or call their local office, listed under 'State of California'. Very often busy bar owners are vague on minor points of these regulations, which ignorance can put a damper on proceedings when a party is interrupted or stopped.

And it is with regret that I tell you of the death at the end of December of Lee Mason, one of the *Advocate's* men in the Bay Area. Riding buddy on a bike on Thanksgiving when hit by a car on the freeway, he was not wearing a helmet.


Two more places for the club and butch crowd have opened this year so far around Hollywood: the Rusty Nail on Santa Monica; which was formerly Nero's and the old Explorer is back in the fold once more under the name of the Woodshed.

Up at Hoover and Santa Monica a huge bike christening (two afternoons—Saturday and Sunday) is promised by the biggest of all the club bars, the Outcast, when it celebrates its second year on Washington's Birthday weekend.

The death of an L.A. club member, found shot beside his bike early one evening near a Hollywood park, remains a mystery.

In November a new bike and social club made its appearance in the Carmel-Monterey area. Not ashamed of their name—The Dons, they have six members who all own bikes.

New in Southern California: a club for ski enthusiasts that already has thirty or so members. Called The Ski Closet Club, their next public meeting will be held on Feb. 19 at The Boxcar on Los Feliz (beside the railroad overpass). The Hawks is the name of another social and bike club that appeared during the year; now there are twenty-two signed-up members most of whom are affiliated with HELP. Another supporter of HELP is the Kingmasters Club. During the year it came to the forefront of club activities by virtue of its many charitable functions and in its very active support of the bike and leather bars under the aggressive presidency of Lee L., well known about town for his striking white leather and studs uniform. None of these clubs is a member of the old guard controlled Council, yet they fulfill needs not catered to by the older clubs. Thus the difference between the standoffishness in Southern Cal and the camaraderie among the Bay Area clubs is highlighted: few obstacles are placed in the way of a new club seeking to join the Council up north and new blood is always welcomed. The San Franciscans is a social-leather club up north akin to the Kingmasters which, since its foundation over two years ago, has gone on to become one of the pacemakers as far as club functions are concerned.

For most of us affiliated with the clubs '73 was a great year. The usual number of fearful and fateful accidents befell our society but the wearing of helmets at all times when bike-borne has decreased the number of serious head injuries. The number of clubs statewide remains constant but the number of bars seeking club patronage has almost doubled in Northern and Southern California. Some clubs that are more social than bike oriented have not been too readily accepted in Southern California, yet in San Francisco all clubs, be they drinking, social or machine oriented are part of the 'society'. The secretiveness of many Southern California clubs, so remarked on by visitors, is partly a reflection of the more uptight gay scene prevailing in all areas of gay life in the sunny Southland. This helps make the runs originating in Southern California more fun. Once out of the smog the bastards go wild—and many concur that this is the reason the Labor Day run to the High Sierras is more fun than the CMC's bash at their superb site not too far away. 

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MOVIES (Continued from Page 30)

ASH WEDNESDAY, Paramount Pictures. Directed by Larry Peerce. Screenplay by Jean-Claude Tramont. With Elizabeth Taylor, Henry Fonda and Helmut Berger.

Elizabeth Taylor, demure and lovely as ever, goes through her paces in competent fashion as a wealthy matron undergoing a complete plastic surgery overhaul in order to hold on to her husband (Henry Fonda, in this case in a small part). After the routine face and body surgery in a posh clinic she goes to await and surprise hubby in the Italian Alps. The rest of the film delineates her minor adventures during which she meets beautiful but so nelly Helmut Berger.

Ash Wednesday, apparently a reference to having to pay the piper after the ball, has a high entertainment value but many of the sequences have a decidedly *deja vu* ring to them, especially the carnival scene on Mardi Gras to the theme from Black Orpheus—some of these young directors and writers must think that no one goes to the movies except them and such an obvious steal is irritating. The movie as a whole is mildly entertaining, well directed (by the director of that best of movies on a gay theme, *A Separate Peace*) and well photographed. I have certainly seen Miss Taylor in much worse—you have too.

THE STING. Universal Pictures. Directed by George R. Hill. Stars Robert Redford, Paul Newman, Robert Shaw.

This overblown joke has all the charm Paul Newman and Robert Redford are capable of radiating when they become embroiled in a sophomoric script. All this to-do about a couple of con men out to take an avaricious hood is sporadically entertaining at first but when the two hours are up one has the feeling of having seen nothing more than a television play with elaborate sets.

Redford is badly miscast as a card sharp-petty hood: he mouths "We was" and "You was" in perfect diction through pearly teeth; his California tan is just too lovely to behold, yet the silly tale is supposed to take place in Chicago in the Thirties (and the music, rollicking and fun though it may be—ragtime by Scott Joplin, is of an earlier decade). If you enjoy a good gangster movie your best bet is still those Cagney-Robinson films on the late show and any of them were made for a fraction of this farce.

Some of the scenes were shot down on Santa Monica pier which doubles as a cat-house complete with a carousel for the girls to exercise on—yuk, yuk. There are the usual chase scenes and, I swear, yet

another of those prolonged dashes under and over an elevated railway, which I thought we had seen the last of with that other disappointment, *The French Connection*. * * * *

Nights in Black Leather is a full-length skin flick devoted to a single idea: Introduction to the screen of a marvelously well-put-together young German stud named Peter Burian. Filmed mainly in San Francisco, the movie has Burian encounter various dudes to whom he responds according to what they want to have done to or with them.

There is a certain emoteness about *Nights in Black Leather*, as if the director, Ignatio Rutkowski, is unwilling to share his star with the gay public. Sex scenes are made to appear as if they occurred in dreams, whereas the heavily accented voice-over of Burian keeps insisting that this—all these things—really happened.

One comes away with the notion that the only really serious aspects of *Black Leather* happened off-screen. The movie is surely intended to promote its undeniably beautiful star, Burian, into straight stardom. Stranger things have happened: Marlene Dietrich was just another chorus girl until somebody who called himself Josef von Sternberg came along. Perhaps we are within our rights to ask politely who is Ignatio Rutkowski?

Two from the American Film Theatre Series:

THE HOMECOMING. A film from the Harold Pinter play. Directed by Peter Hall. Stars Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant and Cyril Cusack.

Of the two films in the series that I saw, *The Homecoming* is rewarding—if, and only if, the film is approached with consideration, with effort, as one would the original play in a theatre. *The Homecoming* is a faithful adaptation of Harold Pinter's play; it is the Pinter play filmed with virtually the same sets that would be employed in the theatre with the exception of a few exterior shots of the house in a lower middle class suburb of London. The technique, despite closeups, can be claustrophobic; yet the play is of such intrinsic worth that the dialogue, the nuances of the work rivet the audience's attention. The literal and faithful transference to the screen of a proven play by a proven playwright succeeds. The cast is superb, particularly Cyril Cusack, who has the lightest role in a very serious play.

A DELICATE BALANCE—American Film Theatre. Directed by Tony Richardson. From the play by Edward Albee. With Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield

(Continued on Page 37)

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SAN FRANCISCO (Continued from Page 5)


while munching copious quantities of bread and butter. Then they divide their entrees and leave satisfied with their bargain meals, without ordering a beverage as that would have been twenty-five cents more. So dinner for two, that must have cost the restaurant more, came to a little over four dollars including tax. Needless to say they 'stuffed' the waiter and did not stop in the bar on the way out. When we called the waiter's attention to this curious happening he acknowledged that he was used to it—sometimes they even take souvenirs such as the salt shaker or the sugar bowl. So it's an ill wind that doesn't blow someone a good meal but the price cutting has become ridiculous in gay San Francisco.

In Palo Alto, close to where the Kona Kai recently shuttered on the main drag known as El Camino Real, a new showbar and drinkery: the Cameo Club Cabaret. Although after its official gay opening the card playing—honest! continued with the same awfully straight types mingling with the Gays, including drags. How long this situation will continue is uncertain but by now that Peninsula impresario, Monty, should have resolved this curious setup. Besides this, there are other worthwhile places to visit down the Peninsula: danc-

ing and very good dining at The Cruiser in Redwood City or at The Savoy in Cupertino (the steak and lobster is still sold there at 1972 prices). There's also dancing and a whole new generation of groovy guys at The Harbor and the Tinker's Damn down that way. And in Palo Alto there are two cruisy beer taverns across from each other just off the freeway at University Avenue: The Garden and The Locker Room, as well as two sauna baths, The Golden Door and The BQ. Fred's Sauna is another fun baths not far away—in Redwood City (take the Broadway exit and you're there). Fred's tried an interesting social experiment during the year: Tuesday night was ladies' time exclusively. Once more it was borne out that the life-styles of the two sexes are quite divergent—girls just do not enjoy the ambience of the baths even though the occasional girl will complain that no one ever makes a baths available for girls. So Fred's proved a point and after two months returned to an all-male policy.

SACRAMENTO '74:

With the winter season there are the usual changes in Sacramento: Ernie's Other End closed and the dancing scene, the whole crowd, in fact, have moved a few blocks

north on Capitol Avenue to the newest bar in town—the Hawaiian Hut. Across town there is a new Underpass, at 20th and Broadway, run by the same owner as the earlier bar of that name, Bob. This is the closest bar to the freeway (80) for Reno and the Sierras. There is still a Cruz Inn in Sacramento (922 9th St.), but it's not listed in the phone book; the Cruz Inn No. 1 closed last summer. The Atticus bar out near Carmichael is now more a guys' bar than before and in the same area the old Fury has reopened as Fay's, a girls' bar. The afterhours place to go is Charlie's, off Capitol Avenue and the hard to find though worth it Hide and Seek is about ten minutes from there. Phone for directions. This bar still has liquor. And if between buses downtown, on the Mall you will find that the old Topper is still there. The only baths in town, The Club, is worth a visit if you can get a room—again, call first as it is another hard to find establishment but in the same general area as the Hide and Seek. 

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MOVIES (Continued from Page 35)
and Joseph Cotten.

The second film in this novel failed miserably for the same reasons that *The Homecoming* succeeded. *A Delicate Balance* is best described as good Hepburn (although even the lady's admirers may find their patience taxed by two and a half hours of her in a bad play). *A Delicate Balance* comes to the screen as another filmed play—no background or mood music, three or four sets and two intermissions. This is Edward Albee's other play—the first was *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*. It is much more contrived, pretentious and dull than the latter and in

sum, the cinematic closeups (with all the too obvious attempts to cover up Miss Hepburn's turkey neck with high-necked gowns—in the film she's supposed to be on the kind side of fifty) expose this wretched and tedious exercise in theatre for what it is: a third-rate work that will bore you and drive you from the theatre before the second intermission, furious at having wasted so much time. For students of cinema it might be worth recording that the other filmed plays are: *Rhinoceros*, *The Iceman Cometh*, *Lost in the Stars*, *Butley*, *Three Sisters*, and *Luther*. More on them later when they are released.

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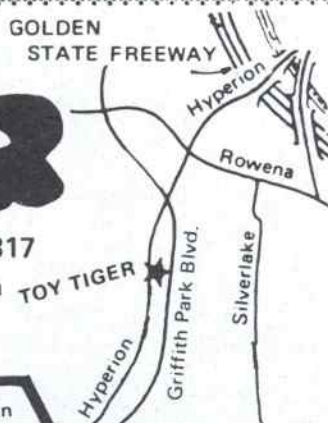
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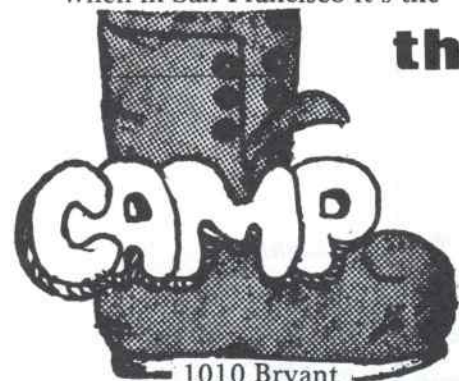
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