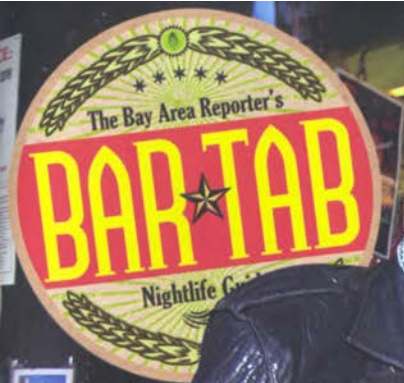




★ **Top Dogs:**
*Up Your Alley Hunks
and Leather Events*

★ **Girl Grooves:**
*Women's Events
Evolve*

Dog Days
Pet-friendly bars

PLUS

➔ **Bars**
Sacto to
Santa Cruz
online at
bartabsf.com



**ENTER
TO WIN!**

**International
LeatherSIR,
Leatherboy
& Community
Bootblack
2010**



**San Francisco, CA USA
Hotel Whitcomb**

**July 22-25, 2010
Dore Alley Weekend**

Registration NOW OPEN!

For details visit: www.L LeatherSIR.com

**Advertising & Sponsorship
Opportunities Available!**

**WANT TO WIN A PAIR OF
FULL WEEKEND PASSES
TO LEATHERSIR?**

Register for free on BARTab at
www.BARTabsf.com.

Two pairs of packages will
be randomly selected among
those who sign up between
July 1 through July 17.

Participants must be 21 or older.

Winners will be notified by July 18.

www.bartabsf.com

INGREDIENTS
★ JULY 2010 ★

FIRED UP
≡ Page 3 ≡

DOG DAYS
≡ Page 4 ≡

MIDWEEK MERRIMENT
≡ Page 6 ≡

GREAT OUTDOORS
≡ Page 8 ≡

WHO'S YER BUD?
≡ Page 10 ≡

PUFF LUCK
≡ Page 12 ≡

GIRL GROOVES
≡ Page 14 ≡

JUNE, SPOONED
≡ Page 16 ≡

TOP DOGS
≡ Page 18 ≡

A-DORE-ABLE
≡ Page 20 ≡

ON THE TAB: JULY
≡ Pages 22-28 ≡

BARCHIVE: PERVERSITILITY
≡ Page 30 ≡

Read more stories online, and check out
our complete bar listings at www.bartabsf.com

★
Cover photo: Queen Cougar at the Powerhouse
with her dog Roscoe. photo: Rick Gerharter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Editor: Jim Provenzano
Art Director: Kurt Thomas
Production Manager: Tom Dvorak
General Manager: Michael Yamashita
Advertising Sales: David McBrayer,
Colleen Small, Scott Wazlowski
Contributors: Matt Baume, Scott Brogan,
Heather Cassell, Jack Fritscher, Seth Hemmelgarn,
Photography: Crawford Barton, Rich Stedtmiller,
Rick Gerharter, Steven Underhill

BARTab is published by Benro Enterprises, Inc.
Publisher: Thomas E. Horn
Benro Enterprises, Inc.
395 Ninth Street • San Francisco CA 94103 • (415) 861-5019

VERIFIED
AUDIT CIRCULATION

Member of the National Gay Newspaper Guild
National Advertising Representative:
Rivendell Media (212) 242-6863



PERVERSATILITY

Mapping the DNA of Gay "Identity" Bars in the Titanic 1970s

• by Jack Fritscher

Life on the sidewalks of 1970s Castro was bar culture. It spilled out of the bars into the streets where we Castro village people congregated after we left our 1960s hippie style in the Haight. In that first decade of gay liberation, "identity bars" helped define who we were and what we wanted. Bars were parade and parody of the "diversity drag" that Walt Whitman embraced: leathers, feathers, construction workers, cowboys, musclemen, gender-benders, hippies, piss-elegant queens, and Castro clones, all sporting keys on the right (bottom) and keys on the left (top), and back-pocket bandanas coded in the rainbow flags of gay semaphore.

In San Francisco, the intersection of 18th and Castro was the Gay Ground Zero destination for sex refugees fleeing homophobia from all across America. Ideals are universal, but sex is specific. Bars, which are the soul of gay small business, competed to exploit every personality kink, thereby creating more of the diverse culture they courted. We sorted our identities in the bars which, despite "discrimination," enforced specific dress codes to great applause. Gay style diversified; the bars were our performance art spaces. We acted out with "perversatilty" every gay desire that Father O'Grady, the priest from Our Lady, had denounced as sinful. Our mantra was: What you do with your body is the ultimate political act.

Gay liberation intended to mainstream everyone inclusively, but bar owners knew that hard dicks with no conscience thrived on the adrenaline of fetish, fun, fantasy, and fraternity. SFPD-fetishists

from the original Midnight Sun founded the Pacific Drill Patrol, San Francisco's first uniform club. Country-Western dudes two-stepped the night away bumping buckles at the Devil's Herd bar wearing cowboy clothes from Ed Wixson's second-hand store, Worn Out West. Rollerskaters, every Tuesday night, chartered a bus from the Castro to a rink in South San Francisco where, dragged up like the Village People plus a tutu or two, we skated in roaring circles through streaming vapor trails of poppers.

Brawny loggers in plaid shirts and bears with beards bellied up to Bear Hollow by day and the Ambush by night because bear bars added another ten years to a mature man's sex life. Leather bikers, parked outside Castro bars for afternoons, decamped at night for Folsom Street running the leather-bar gauntlet from Fe-be's to the Black and-Blue, to Folsom Prison, to the Leatherneck, to the Arena, to the Ramrod, to the classic sleaze of the No Name which became the Bolt which became the Brig which became the Pow-erhouse.

All were satellites to the core Castro bars where, during daylight and evening hours, the first sense of neighborhood emerged during the Titanic 1970s when our first-class party cruised on, full speed, innocent of the iceberg of HIV that lay ahead.*

© 2010 JackFritscher.com. Excerpted from Jack Fritscher's award-winning *Some Dance to Remember: A Memoir-Novel of San Francisco 1970-1982* which can be read for free at www.JackFritscher.com



Castro Street in the early 1970s.

Crawford Barton, courtesy the GLBT Historical Society.