

The Los
Angeles

ADVOCATE 25¢

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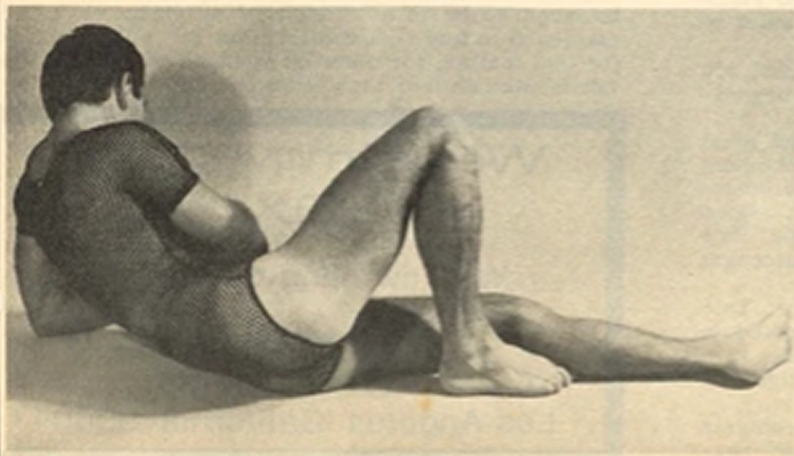
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March 1968



Fictional Representation

IT'S THE HEAT, BABY



**SPECIAL
INSIDE**

**MEN'S
fashion
FEATURE**



Reagan Stands Firm: We Have 'Tragic Disease'

The following exchange between Gov. Reagan's office and Kevin Macre, president of the Society for Individual Rights, is reprinted from SIR's Vector Magazine. As Mr. Macre pointed out in his preface to the letter, the issue is clearcut and has nothing to do with partisan politics. All homosexuals, regardless of their political leanings, should know where the Governor stands—THE EDITOR.

Dear Governor Reagan:

I am taking this opportunity to write you on behalf of our organization as well as all homosexuals in the State of California.

Our political committee has been going over the transcripts of several speeches you have made recently both in this state and nationally.

In your public utterances you have made references to homosexuals and homosexuality which indicates that you have spent little time or energy in availing yourself of the tremendous wealth of material available on this subject.

You speak of homosexuality as being a "tragic disease" in one breath and in the next proclaim that homosexuality should be illegal. Have you considered the social consequences of making a disease illegal? True, we could save a great deal of money for hospitals by making it illegal to become ill, but then the expense to the judicial system and the building of jails would be prohibitive.

I do, however, want you to understand that we do not consider homosexuality to be an illness. To us it is just a natural expression of one aspect of man's sexuality in general.

From a purely practical point you might consider the following facts: The population of the State of California according to the last census was 18,338,000. The best figures available would indicate that 10% of the adult population is homosexually oriented. The figures given for the state population include children. Therefore, to balance it out a figure of 7% is closer to the actual number of homosexuals in the State of California—this would be 1,283,660 persons and potential voters. On a national basis, it is estimated that there are at least 18,000,000 homosexuals.

For the last 15 years the homosexuals have slowly begun to organize to fight for their rights. Presently, this movement is one of the fastest growing groups in the United States. The last two elections have seen the homosexual community start to move into the political field.

Do you realize the political voice that 1,283,660 voters can have in this State when they are organized?

This movement is not only on a state and local level, it is also on a national level. The movement each year has a conference of the Eastern, Midwestern, and Western Homophile Organizations. Once each year they meet on a national scale. True, they are still weak on a national level, but their strength is growing.

Statements such as the ones you made at Yale obtain national publicity as well as being reported in the homophile publications where you may be sure they cost you a great deal of political prestige and votes.

If you are not interested enough in the problems of the homosexual minority for humanitarian rea-

sons, then I suggest that for purely political reasons you might consider examining the problem more closely prior to making rash statements.

I would appreciate your comments on the situation before I make a public statement that will be picked up by the whole California Homosexual Community and the national homophile movement.

We will await your answer and act accordingly.

Respectfully,
K. Macre
President

Following is the response received from Mr. Reagan's office:

Dear Mr. Macre:

I am replying for Governor Reagan to your letter of December 18.

The Governor will stand by the statements he has made on homosexuals.

Sincerely,
Lyn Nofziger
Communications Director

Don't Pigeonhole Gays, Goldstein Tells NLSU

When people speak of "the homosexual," the term itself hides the human being it represents, according to Dr. Fred Goldstein. Speaking at a meeting of the National League for Social Understanding in Los Angeles, the noted psychologist pointed out that such a term doesn't reveal the dynamics and motivations behind what a person is. "Whatever one does with his genitals hardly describes a human being," he said, "and the thing I find most aggravating is to talk about the homosexual as someone who is stamped by one aspect of his function. This is patently false."

Dr. Goldstein believes that homosexuals are as diversified as their heterosexual counterparts. He referred to the homosexual in Greek history and the fact that many Greek warriors had lovers who went into battle with them. They were not considered feminine, but masculine in every sense of the word. The men of Greek society who indulged themselves with their fellows were not what people now call pansies, nor were they nelly. They were not any of the stereotypes present society thinks of as homosexual. Homosexual activity was part of the everyday life of Greece. The body of a young man was regarded as the ideal of beauty and was displayed for all to see and admire.

Dr. Goldstein concluded his talk by saying, "We are not born homosexual or heterosexual, but we can be taught to be in a number of different ways. We can learn to feel sexual attraction for either sex or, for that matter, for older or younger people. In other words, we can feel attraction for any human being."

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IT'S THE HEAT, BABY

If It Itches, Don't Scratch...OR... A Night at the Hollywood Jail

BY CORBET GRENSHIRE

Sitting at a friend's house a little after midnight on a Tuesday, I became a part of a typical night in the police-vs-homosexual story. My friend got one of those frantic calls from the Hollywood Police Station. A friend of his (whom I'll call Bob) had just been arrested in Barnsdall Park. Since his friend's car was still at the park, we drove there to get it, then went to the police station. My friend said, "It might be a good experience for you." At the police station, we waited almost three hours for our buddy's release. Then we learned what had happened:

Yes, Bob had been in the park that night. While there, this not-young man walked up to him without speaking. Since the guy's looks turned him off, my friend walked away. The man followed him, and walked up to him again. Bob has been suffering from an acute rash all around his abdomen and genitals, and has been under a doctor's care for it. It itches a lot. And when you itch, you scratch. Bob picked this inopportune moment to itch, and so he scratched—"down there." The silent MAN then spoke his first words to him, "This is the heat, baby, you're under arrest."

That sounded pretty silly to Bob, so he sort of grunted a laugh and walked away. Immediately two other guys leaped out of the darkness, and all three jumped him and handcuffed him. It was all that simple and fast.

Waiting in the station was quite an experience, as my other friend had promised. We walked in and asked the sweet old lady at the desk (who was hired to protect and to serve) what the charge against Bob was. She didn't know, since she hadn't received any information yet. Just then they brought the Barnsdall haul in. . . Bob and another kid who was shaking in terror. She looked up at the officer in charge of these dangerous prisoners and asked him what the charge was. "Would you believe 647-A?" he said. She looked them up and down, nodded her head, and said, "I'd believe it." She explained that their booking department was understaffed that night and that there would be a delay. We sat down. The bail was set at \$625.00, which meant going through the hassle of getting a bondsman. Plainclothesmen, about six or seven of them, wandered in and out. One officer in uniform came in and laid his club and sawed-off-something-or-other on the desk. "Where have you been?" someone asked him. "On a robbery." "Did you catch the robber?" "No, I wouldn't know what I'd have done with him if I had." My friend and I looked at each other and winced.

They hadn't taken the terrified arrestee from Barnsdall into the back room yet. The officer kept asking him for information. . . but the kid was so scared that all he could say through his shaking was that he wanted to see a lawyer. The officer's voice rose as he told the boy that there were no lawyers in the station. If the kid didn't tell them his name, and so forth, they would lock him in a cell, and he wouldn't get any food or be able to call anyone, and there he'd rot till he did tell them.

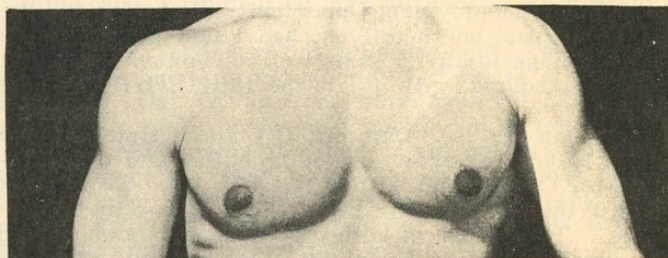
A gorgeous vice officer in white levis and showing quite a basket came through and broke the tension.

An exquisitely dressed young girl and her boyfriend were brought in. . . something about robbery. The kid had had a gun. The girl's father was there, and the officer was explaining to him what had hap-

pened and that they would let her go. During the explanation the girl kept interrupting and saying, "That's not what happened at all." The officer told her to be quiet, that he was telling it, and after all, she would be off free.

And so it went, with one old Hollywood woman sitting talking to herself constantly, the sweet smell of success permeating the atmosphere, queens, punks, drunks, lost and found, good, bad, and indifferent trotting through. I started adding up in my head: \$625 for this one, \$625 for that one. . . but the sum got beyond me.

Bob says that he and his doctor are going to fight the case. Already the police have their timing confused. Perhaps they set their watches by bar-time.



Mattachine Tests Security Oust

Are homosexuals security risks? The Mattachine Society of Washington, D.C., is now involved in a case that may decide this issue. It concerns an electronics technician, Benning Wentworth, who according to his own admission, entertained an 18-year-old youth in his apartment. According to Wentworth, "The young man made a pass at me. I rejected it. When he left the house—he wasn't there more than half an hour—he said, 'I'll get even with you.'"

Two years later an Air Force Special Investigator visited Wentworth and questioned him about his relations with the youth. The youth, a misfit who had enlisted in the Air Force, was trying to get out by saying that he was a homosexual. The disclosure of Wentworth's connection with the youth came in the resulting Air Force inquiry. The youth claimed that he and Wentworth had had sexual relations weekly over a three-year period.

Wentworth lost his "secret" security clearance, although he had held the designation for over seven years. He enlisted the help of the Mattachine Society. Dr. Franklin E. Kameny of the Mattachine spelled out the problem when he said, "The security clearances of hundreds of persons are challenged every year on the grounds of homosexuality. Rather than fight for their rights at a hearing and suffer the trouble of a public trial of the issue, they leave defense work, and their skills are lost to the defense force."

Benning Wentworth will be a test case under the guidelines laid down in a Defense Department directive of 1967 which gives accused homosexuals the chance to answer charges against them—a privilege denied in the past. Wentworth had a closed hearing, at which he freely admitted his homosexuality but denied having sex with the young man who had accused him.

The Mattachine would like to get the case into the courts where it can test whether homosexuality is proper grounds for denying security clearances. The organization's attorneys maintain that homosexuals have as much right to a security clearance as heterosexuals do and that personal character, rather than sexual proclivity, should be the determining factor.

Editorials

The Only Way To Fly

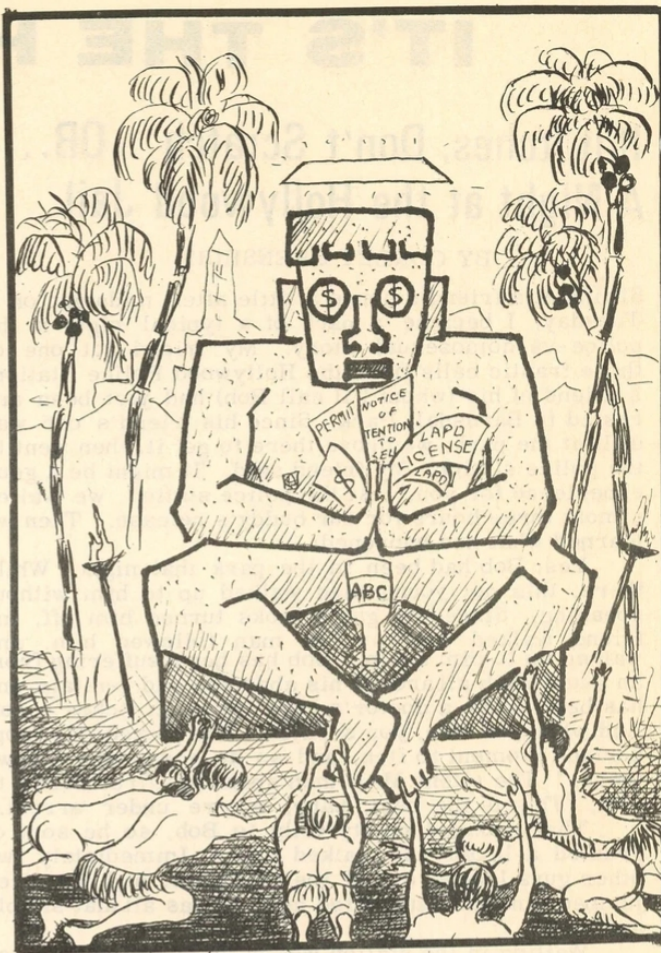
From that never-ending fount of good humor and sex, The Wall Street Journal, comes news that will gladden the heart of every gay traveler. The WSJ tells it so well in the first sentence that we can't resist quoting: "A broad-shouldered six-footer with a crew cut may be serving you inflight martinis in the future and telling you to fasten your seat belts and observe the no-smoking signs." (Anytime, baby, anytime!) The Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the Journal goes on to tell us, has ruled that airlines which refuse to hire men as well as women as "flight cabin attendants" will violate the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

All we can say is, "Dammit, it's about time." Ever since Maudie Frickert served up coffee and other favors for Orville and Wilbur, we who have a different idea of the fair sex have been sorely abused by the airlines. Thousands of miles of bouncing boobies and saccharine smiles. Even the other inmates of those flying tubes don't offer much diversion—fat businessmen who melt over into your precious space, neurotic females who are afraid all conversation inevitably leads to SEX. The occasional serviceman usually winds up not in the seat next to yours, but sandwiched between two elderly matrons intent on sending him cookies (the dirty old hags). All this, we hope, will soon change, unless the airlines drag their tails in shocked indignation. Who knows? That trite old bit of humor, "Coffee, tea or ME?" may soon take on a new, fresh, and exciting meaning.

Say Something Nice? OK!

Certain people have somehow got the idea that The ADVOCATE is anti-police. Nothing could be further from the truth. Can anyone imagine a world without police? Who would have come to ask what was stolen when our apartment was burglarized, or when the apartment of a friend was burglarized, or when the apartment of another friend was burglarized? Who else would have the fortitude to sit night after dreary night watching a bad play so that they could judge its moral value for us? How else would we know? All sarcasm aside, we are not anti-police. We are anti-injustice. We are anti-crime, even when the guardians of the law break the law. The sad, sad thing is that the few cops who use the law to vent their own prejudices blacken the reputation of the many who do their best to live up to the code of one of the most difficult professions. A prominent local lawyer once said that in any police department, the bad apples wind up in the vice squad, and that Los Angeles seems to be worse than average. Even the uniformed officers look with contempt at the vice officers. Nothing we can say could be a harsher criticism than that.

The ADVOCATE seeks to present as wide a spectrum of opinions as possible. The official opinions of this newspaper are expressed in the editorial column above. The opinions expressed in by-lined columns, however, are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the ADVOCATE.



Letters

Editor:

My friend, Jerry Joachim, chairman of a dormant if not defunct PRIDE, expressed views in your last issue, and more fully in a roughly parallel piece in his own CAPS Magazine, from which I, as one of those who sat with him at PRIDE's wake, feel I must disassociate myself. No homosexual, he says, has ever changed a law, an attitude or an atmosphere. I don't know about atmospheres, but one noted homosexual, the French Minister of Justice, Cambaceres, chief author of the Code Napoleon, effected a basic and permanent change of law in countries from Spain to Poland.

Mr. Joachim denies PRIDE has folded, but admits inactivity, and more important, admits that it has changed its colors, arguing that we must abandon militancy and resort entirely to the front-group tactic, leaving "the big task... to the lawmakers, sociologists, etc., who truly understand our problem." (Which sociologists? Few have even studied the matter.) To say that we need allies is obvious. To say that we should hide behind those allies, or behind others who are allies at all, is a prescription for cowardice. In his CAPS editorial, he says: "PRIDE or CAPS or the MATTACHINE will be largely ineffective." As president of two of those organizations, he can guarantee that. But some Mattachine groups, at

See LETTERS on Page 5

We Wonder Why ?&

In cruising around town...strike that word "cruising"--vice officers "cruise" in their "cruise" cars...we Gays had best "wander" around.

In wandering around the city of Los Angeles, the thinking man might ponder these perplexities:

We wonder why more Hair Spray is sold to boys than to girls at Hollywood Boulevard stores. . .

We wonder what the boys standing on the balconies of the Y.M.C.A. are looking for. . .

We wonder why Butches are a scarce commodity. .

We wonder why all the young men prefer blue tennis pumps to white. . .

We wonder why the club owners of Los Angeles can't get together and unite as have those in San Francisco. . .

We wonder why the ultra-masculine actors on the screen seem so ultra-un-masculine in person. . .

We wonder why hearing your last lover has the crabs makes you giggle, even though you itch a bit. . .

We wonder why everyone is on a sudden health kick. . .hiking through the parks in great numbers. . .

We wonder why so many of us complain about the unjust laws and why so few of us register to vote. . .

We wonder why we are so happy to find it's only a heat rash. . .

We wonder why there are Embarcadero towels in half the bathrooms of Hollywood. . .

We wonder why the Hollywood Hills are known as the "Swish Alps". . .

We wonder why the U.S. has such advanced technology and such antiquated sex laws. . .

We wonder who that number is that posed for the Marlboro ad with the flashlight in his pocket. . .

We wonder what it would be like to be chicken again. . .

Then our wandering brings us to the portals of an old familiar local bar, and entering into the atmosphere of gaiety, we wonder why we ever bothered wondering to begin with.

Toni Lee

Letters . . . From Page 4

least, have different notions of strategy, and considerable effectiveness.

While heterosexuals are expected to be fighting our good fight, Mr. Joachim seems, if I understand him, to be urging us all to undergo analysis so we can understand what makes us "like we are"—what makes us distrust our friends, the police and the psychoanalysts. If this is to be PRIDE's new direction, then as the last of the founding members of a once-militant group, I beg the four or five remaining members to change the name to something more befitting their new colors.

Jim Kepner

Former Chairman

Legal & Community Service Division
PRIDE

The ADVOCATE welcomes expressions of opinion from its readers on any subject of interest to the homophile community. Please be brief and to the point. The name and phone number of the writer must be on each letter for verification. Phone numbers will NOT be printed. Names are withheld IF THE WRITER REQUESTS IT. Send to: Letters Dept., Los Angeles ADVOCATE, P.O. Box 74695, Los Angeles 90004.



Foodstuff

All Hail the Caesar Salad!

Most people consider the salad as something to nibble on while waiting for the main course. This should not be. There are a great number of salads which in themselves are the main course, and every salad should be prepared and appreciated as if it were the main course. One of the finest salad treats is the Caesar Salad. Unlike the normal dinner salad, the Caesar Salad is not an easy salad to prepare, though the ingredients may lead you to believe otherwise. Timing and coordination are keys to a successful Caesar Salad.

Either: (1) Several days before, cut 3 cloves of garlic into quarters and place in 1/2 cup of olive oil. Let stand. Or: (2) That morning, crush 3 cloves of garlic in a garlic press and put into oil. Let stand.

Put salad plates in freezer and salad bowl into the refrigerator. (NOTE: The most important thing to remember other than timing is to have everything except oil very cold.) Cut 3 or 4 slices of bread (crusts removed) into small squares. Spread them on a cookie sheet, pour a little of the garlic oil over them, and heat in the oven at 225° for 2 hours till crisp and golden. Sprinkle these croutons generously with Parmesan cheese and refrigerate in a jar.

Early in the day wash 3 heads of romaine lettuce in ice water and blot dry. Wrap the separated (but whole) leaves in towels and store in the refrigerator. Chop 7 or 8 anchovies into small pieces and chill.

AT THE LAST MINUTE: Break the lettuce leaves into pieces into chilled salad bowl. Drizzle 1/3 cup garlic-oil over the greens, then 2 or 3 tablespoons wine vinegar. Squeeze 1 lemon over the greens, using a fork to help free the juice.

Break in 1 raw egg, and toss vigorously (hands do this job best) till the egg is completely separated and absorbed. Grind pepper, season with salt, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, and 6 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Put plates on the table, and at the last instant roll-toss the salad several times with the anchovies. Roll-toss once more with the croutons, and serve immediately. Serves 6.

Sam Epicurus

Ouch!



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THE WORLD IS MY OYSTERY

DICK MICHAELS

The persistent efforts of the LAPD's purity squad to clip "The Beard" by throwing the producer and actors into the clink every night reminds almost everyone about a similar brouhaha 35 years ago. It reminds even me, and I wasn't around then. For the benefit of those who never heard of the hilarious goings-on of '32, the tale is too good to pass up. It even has a happy ending.

A road company unpacked its bags at LA's Carthay Circle Theater and attempted to present "Lysistrata" by Aristophanes. The old Greek comedy actually has a very moral theme, but sex does rear its licentious head. The play is set way back in the old, old days when the Greeks and the Spartans were forever bashing in each other's heads. The women on both sides get completely fed up with the never-ending warring and decide to go on a Pussy Strike. "No sex, boys," they said, in effect, "until you all settle down, stop all this nonsense, and sign a peace treaty."

Well, this was too much for the captain of the purity squad of that day, Deighton McD. Jones. No sooner did the curtain fall than Capt. Jones and his men marched onstage and arrested all 53 members of the cast. They then looked for the author, so that they could throw him in the clink, too. Aristophanes, however, adroitly avoided capture by having died 2300 years earlier. The cast was released, and a court issued a restraining order against police interference. This didn't stop Capt. Jones, who went right on raiding the play until he himself was tossed into the cooler to cool off. Now, isn't that a happy ending?

Back to "The Beard." LA Times drama critic Cecil Smith, who didn't like the play at all, noted that outside the theater on opening night there was a parked car in which two tiny children were locked and screaming their heads off, "which I thought was much more important for police attention than anything that happened in the theater." Gosh, Cecil, we've been saying that for years about another favorite activity of the purity squad.

* * * *

In the ADVOCATE's account last month of attempts by the authorities to close down the Sea Horse in Laguna Beach, our reporter noted that one of the arguments used by the ABC agents was that words to popular songs were changed in an off-color way. An example they gave was "Cruising down the river..." being changed to "Cruising down Laguna..." Reading this a second time, I began to wonder what on earth the ABC had in mind. The only word change is "river" to "Laguna." The conclusion is inescapable: They're saying that there is something off-color (They really mean "dirty") about the word "Laguna." The city fathers should resent this strongly and tell the ABC that "Laguna" is a grand old name. It's the beach that's dirty.

* * * *

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVERS. Sam Winston says he has solved the parking problem in Hollywood. He just bought a parked car... A story making the rounds has it that a young man was at a cocktail party when the hostess swooped down and gushed, "You're the man from Alcoholics Anonymous, aren't you?" "No," he replied, "I'm from the Committee for the Eradication of Syphilis." "Oh, yes," she bubbled, "I knew there was something I'm not supposed to offer you."

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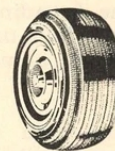
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HAPPENINGS



It was Saturday night, so I decided to see what was happening in The Valley. I hadn't been there in a couple of months, and from what I had heard, it was jumping. My first stop was Dave Waldor's VALLI HAUS, where I downed a delicious dinner and a few drinks, for good measure. The next stop on my travel list was the QUEEN MARY in Studio City. To my delight, The Cashews (Jim-Jimmie-Allan) were performing there. They are masters of the art of mimicry, and showmanship is their forte. The topper of the show was little Jimmy's rendition of "Cu-Cu-Ru-Cu-Cu," which stopped the show, but not for long.

After a fast couple of drinks, I continued on my way to the next bar on my list, the HIALEAH HOUSE in North Hollywood. One of the southland's most talented singers, Darren Taylor, was holding forth that night. She sang some of the old songs and some new ones, all in her own distinctive style. A strong cup of coffee later, I headed back to Hollywood, hoping to catch the show at DAVY JONES. I had heard they were packing them in on weekends. Now I know why. The show there—featuring Mr. Gerri, Holly Go Lightly, Lenny, and Jamie Jans—has black light, beautiful costumes, and an excellent balance of material. Among the best numbers: Holly's version of "Hard Hearted Hanna," Jamie's "Saucy Sylvia," and Gerri & Lenny doing "Waitress."

With time running out on me, I made my last stop of the evening at the REDWOOD ROOM on 8th St., where I viewed the Pantomaniacs in "Let Me Entertain You." The cast, headed by Dwight Allwyn and featuring Rikki Summers, Pepe, Steve Parker and Tiki, was in top form as they performed some of the funniest satirical numbers that I have seen. Pepe does a hilarious lip-sync of Moms Mabley; Rikki knocked them dead with his famous impersonation of Judy Garland; Dwight went from a Mae West number to a cornball Judy Canova singing "I Ain't Got Nobody." Tiki looked beautiful as always. Steve filled many jobs both on and off stage.

It was an evening not easily forgotten. Unfortunately time did not allow me to cover all the bars



Mr. Gerri, Holly Go Lightly, Mr. Lennie, and Jami Jans perform three times nightly, Tuesday through Sunday, at Davy Jones.

which featured entertainment, but there are other Saturday nights and, I hope, much more entertainment to see. . .

* * * *

Movies in bars are becoming quite a fad lately. On Wednesday nights the LAST CALL INN features its "Night at the Movies." On Sundays it's double-header time, with the noon movie and brunch at the RED RAVEN and then the 10PM feature film at the TOOL SHED. . .

* * * *

This seems to be the month for lesbians. The movies have tackled the subject tastefully with "The Fox," and the stage shows crudeness in "The Killing of Sister George." From San Jose, Calif., comes the report of missing housewives who turn up in San Francisco living as lesbians, which comes as quite a shock to their husbands. According to a prominent counselor on domestic affairs, "This situation is taking place with alarming frequency these days. A housewife begins to know her neighbor better than she knows her own husband. If one woman has been a practicing lesbian, or even a latent one, it is comparatively simple for her to lead another into temptation." How many wives are engaging in lesbianism is anyone's guess, but according to available figures there are many more than is commonly believed. A San Francisco psychologist says, "There have been many instances where lesbian relationships have broken up families years after they were established, even among couples with grown children in college or out in the work field." I imagine that the next report we hear will charge that homosexuals are taking husbands away from housewives.

Mel Holt

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- FOR SALE - Electric drill. Excellent for making glory holes. Write Paul Peek, c/o Greyhound Bus Terminal.
- FOR SALE - Address book, loaded with chicken. Must sell. J. Harriss #76221087 Cell #14A, San Quentin.
- FOR SALE - Map of San Diego Naval Station, very handy. Do not need since discharge. Ex-lieutenant Johnson, San Diego, Calif.
- FOR SALE - Wash & wear wedding gown, has seen some wear. Call S. Smith (Miss) VD-00-2222.
- FOR SALE - Pool table, pick-up truck, or WILL TRADE for maternity clothes. Contact Sally Abernathy.
- WANTED - Young man, 18-24, to help aspiring actress rehearse love scenes for upcoming movie. No experience necessary. Call HY4-696969 (anytime).
- WANTED - Bar Guide listing latest Los Angeles bars, bath houses and other homosexual hangouts. Contact Capt. Crumly, Vice Squad Div., L.A. Cal.
- WANTED - High heels, Size 13. Desperate.
- WANTED - Guitar player, to accompany new sensational singing group, "The Nells." Must be able to carry tune. See Percy Peters, 707 Grace Lane, Hollywood 90069.
- WANTED - Young man, blonde, blue eyes, butch, to act as husband to lovely actress. No guarantee as to duration of job. Apply at Room 115678, Dover Hotel, Downtown Los Angeles.
- WANTED - Flower Girls, for upcoming marriage (if previous advertisement is answered). References please!
- HELP WANTED - Young man to plug glory hole in Continental Tearoom. No previous experience needed, must be endowed. Apply Continental Bus Station after 6 P.M. All applicants will be interviewed.

P. Nutz


New Teenage VD Law Proposed

Two bills now in the works at the California State Legislature would allow minors who get a venereal disease to be treated for it without the consent of their parents. The great need for such legislation stems from the high VD rate among teenagers, according to the sponsors of the two measures, AB 333 introduced by Assemblyman Newton R. Russell of Burbank and AB 656 by Assemblyman Alan Sieroty of Los Angeles.

Teenagers have twice the incidence of VD of any other age group. Of the estimated 150,000 cases of VD expected in Los Angeles this year, 30,000 will involve teenagers. People between the ages of 15 and 25 account for about half of the total.

The Los Angeles County Health Department, the Public Health League, and the Committee for the Eradication of Syphilis are backing the change in the law. It is needed because minors who contract VD often don't seek treatment. They are too embarrassed or afraid to tell their parents. Health officials are not allowed to treat them without the consent of parents and are thereby handicapped in fighting the spread of the disease.

As Assemblyman Russell put it, "Under these conditions, effective treatment is being hampered by the fact that doctors hesitate to examine or treat minors suspected of having venereal disease. To do so would subject them, amazingly enough, to an assault and battery charge." To make matters worse, in some parts of the state, like LA County, the parent must accompany the minor who wants a test or treatment, he points out.



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MEN'S FASHION THIS SEASON

California Dreaming

by J.R.

AN ADVOCATE FEATURE

PINK!

Pink will be bustin' out all over YOU this Spring!

We're not talking about your mother, your sister, or your favorite fag hag, but YOU . . . and your butch friends . . . from your booties to your neck. Who says so? Fritz says so, and he's the genial proprietor of "That Look" at 2512 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles.

Fritz's faith in pink—actually a greyed pastel shade called Pink Sherbet—is demonstrated throughout his shop. In the window there's an imported Italian knit double-breasted shirt, piped and buttoned in matching satin, which is elegantly masculine, believe it or not. Displayed elsewhere in the shop are sox and pants in the same color. "But not to be worn all at once," Fritz warns, "Colors should be mixed, not matched. Matching is for squares who can't trust themselves to put two different colors or shades together." Fritz helps out in the mixing with his selection of other new Spring pastels—light green, powder blue, and sunny yellow (all muted; you're not going to go screaming down the street, not visually, that is). Then there is white—the hottest color for this coming Spring.

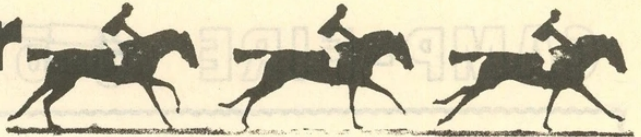
The satin-piped shirt is only one of a lush collection of imported and domestic sport shirts featuring smart innovations in details and fabrics. Cruise some of those beautiful fly-fronts. Fritz has several exclusive lines in this country—among them, dress shirts from Germany. Besides the most amazing tailoring, they boast the richest fabrics (tiny herringbone, twill and other weaves, striped or solid) and colors that defy description. Before chickening out, hold them up to the suits and see how subtly elegant they really are. This is the era when men are regaining their place in the fashion sun. Not necessarily through bright colors, though, but with exquisite combinations that show your fashion sense. If at all in doubt, ask Fritz. Then preen, knowing in your heart you're right.

From Denmark comes a line of suits, classic enough to be worn with assurance but new enough to stop traffic. Read that: double-buttoned Mao collar—soft blue stripes—slant pockets—Wow! The Mao is now! In suits, Fritz expects Tattersals to rank No. 1, followed closely by the raw silk look and stripes a la Bonnie and Clyde (Come on now—you know I mean for you to look like Clyde).



WOW!

The gay traveler



LBJ may argue the point, but Europe is a definite **MUST** for the gay traveler. Europe offers the gay American much more than the usual tourist attractions. He can experience a freedom very real in Europe, but one that has yet to reach this country. That is the freedom of an individual to live life as he chooses, so long as he does not force his way of life on others. Europeans hold this freedom in high esteem, as is shown by the great respect of the community for the individual. While you tour Europe, keep in mind that you will not be persecuted for being homosexual. Whether you're cruising in a London pub or passing the local meatrack in Rome, you need not fear unjust harassment. You can relax and socialize in all the gay bars without fear of being arrested.

London gay bars are similar to those in the U.S., but in London they're called "pubs," and they cut you off at an early 11PM. This time restriction takes a bit of getting used to for Americans who are accustomed to doing most of their cruising in bars after midnight. But this needn't cramp your style. London has several private clubs like the Rockingham, where you can party and dance after the pubs close. London's Coronation Bar is the only leather bar in all of Europe. It's much the same as our popular leather bars, but curiously enough, none of London's leather queens consider bikes a necessary accessory.

Paris bars are a lot of fun. Don't be afraid a foreign tongue will get in the way of the action. An effective approach is for someone to point to himself, then to you, and rest his head against his folded hands so as to suggest "sleep." This novel method of cruising is used widely throughout Europe. Two of

the most popular clubs for dancing in Paris are La Licorne and La Mangeoire. The younger crowd goes to Le Fiacre, a very cruisy restaurant-bar and a place to really make friends.

Berlin bars are cut out for nightowls. They stay open until 5AM, and the age limit is a meager 16 years. The Kleist Casino and the Ali-baba are by far the best gay bars in Berlin. Most bars here allow dancing, and they're pretty wild. Frankfurt's bars are small and intimate, a direct contrast to those in Berlin. Live entertainment is not part of the scene here, nor is it generally part of the bar scene anywhere in Europe. You'll discover a live band on occasion, but no pantomime shows or other acts. Europeans go to bars to socialize, not to be an audience. While in Frankfurt you might try the Barberina, but don't expect lots of action.

The grooviest places in Amsterdam are the D.O.K. Club and the C.O.C. Club. They're both private clubs, but all an American need do to join is show his passport. A month's membership costs only \$2.50. The MacDonald Bar is always crowded and friendly and is open until 5AM. Amsterdam is renowned also for its sauna baths. Just check a phone directory. And any sauna will do!

Rome's gay bars are pretty dull. The gay crowd there doesn't spend a whole lot of time in them. But if you wish to check out a bar or two, try the Flora Hotel Bar or the Cafe Greco. When in Rome, if you want to meet people, head for the Coliseum. After 2000 years, it's still the world's greatest meatrack!

Bill Rand

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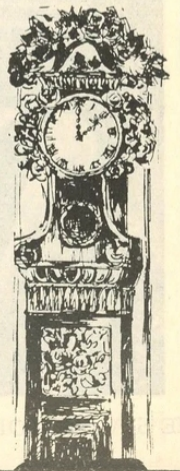
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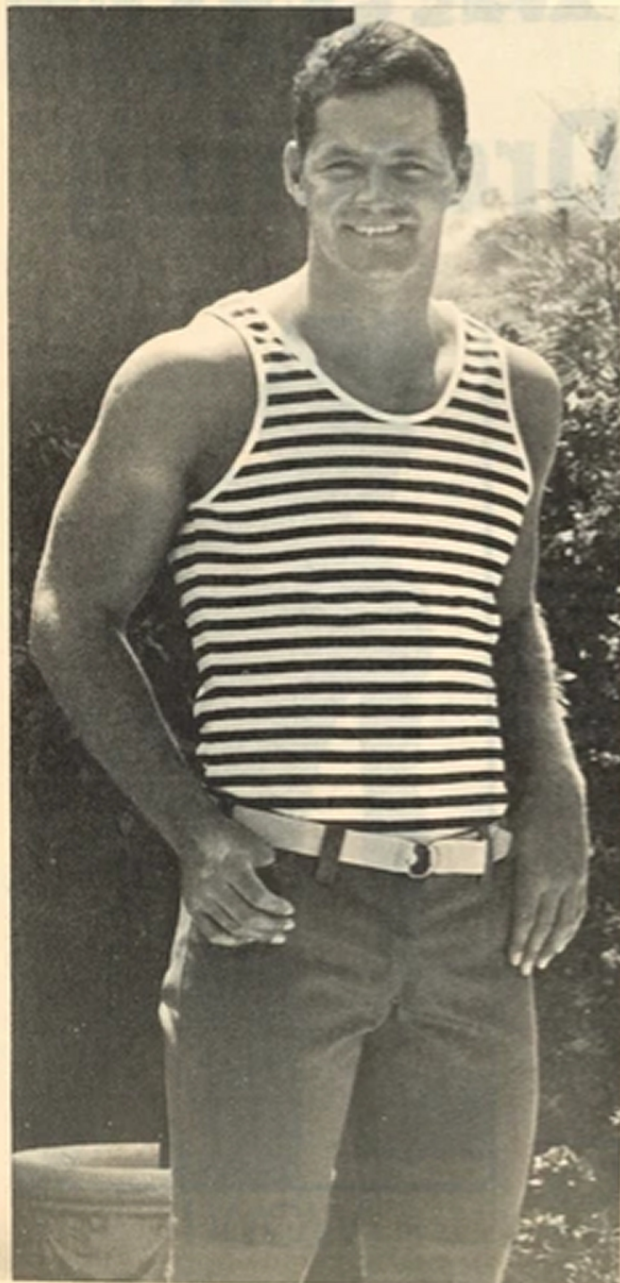
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POOL TOURNAMENT





That Look in COLOR

For those less formal occasions, but when slacks and a sweater seem too casual, there's a sport suit from Spain. "Should I pop their eyes out with my orange sherbet cotton poplin with the suede buttonholes, or let them quietly grind their teeth to sand with my deep red antelope suit with the silk sleeves?"

Now, down to the nitty-gritty. Fritz stocks an assortment of swim suits from conservative to vice squad bait. And as if that isn't enough, his shop's specialty is custom designing and making. Have you an idea or a special piece of fabric? Discuss it with Fritz, and you'll end up in a one-of-a-kind swim suit. If that cute one wants to know where you got it, you can tell him to peek inside at the label.

Customizing is possible with almost anything you buy at "That Look." Many customers are asking

Fritz to finish the bottoms of their slacks with slits, slants, or steps. Be the first in your bath house.

The day I was there, Fritz was frantically fitting his new-model swim suits on his new models, getting ready for his March 3 fashion show at the Cliffhouse in Pacific Palisades. From the looks of the models crowding out of the dressing room and the basted-together swim wear, it promised to be a smashing show. If you missed it, drop in and ask Fritz when the next one will be. You may be lucky enough to hit a fitting session, too.



Necking with the LEADING MAN

Turtlenecks dead?

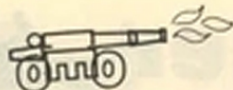
Not on your life! They're alive and well and living at 7516 Sunset Strip (at Gardner). The sign over the door reads "The Leading Man," and the leading man there is slim, sandy-haired David Love, who illustrates his faith in the TN by sweeping his arm around the front room.

And there they are—from the traditional knit and stretch knit T-shirts to bulky fisherman knit sweaters. Imagine a color, and you'll find it here.

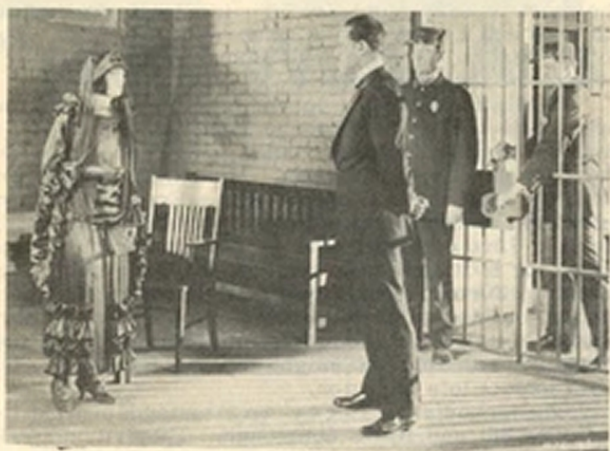
You've undoubtedly heard the news about TN's going formal. Believe your ears, and get set to be comfortable while dressed to the teeth—or at least to the jawbone. With sport jackets and casual suits, the knit turtleneck is fine, but with dressy suits or formal wear, a new breed has been spawned. Dig this:

- Acetate shirts with zippers at the back for easy access (on or off), with French or barrel cuffs.
- Cotton shirts with the entire front pleated, and the collar buttons at the side of the neck (a la Dr. Chamberlain's drag).

CAMP-FIRE



KER PLOP!



SON, AS YOUR FATHER, I CAN'T TELL YOU
WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT YOU ARE.



WE CAN'T GO ON MEETING LIKE THIS; HAROLD
IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS.



AW C'MON, HARRY, JUST ONE KISS!



CALL ME 'A TIRED NUMBER' ONCE MORE, MARY,
AND I'LL HAVE YOU AND YOUR DELEGATION
THROWN OUT ON YOUR ASS.



HE'S A DOCTOR, AND THIS IS ALL HE GAVE YOU?



WOW, WHEN YOU SAID 'WILD SEX,' YOU WEREN'T
KIDDIN'!



● Back zip turtles in a subtle metallic fabric with French cuffs, available in White Ice, with metallic silver, and Blue ice, with metallic blue. This shirt may also be special-ordered in metallic gold. David promises that he will soon be receiving it in brocades.

Come back here, you cowards! This may sound like the death knell for ties, but for those of you who feel naked, as I do, in a suit without a tie, the remedy is wild. Necklaces, baby,

necklaces! Don't worry about giving yourselves away, sweeties. Just follow in the great big virile footsteps of Butch Burton, Sexy Rexy, and fils Noel. All you need is a strong neck. The grandest in "The Leading Man's" magnificent array is a medallion consisting of a lion's head surrounded by massive sculptured scrolls suspended on a large link chain, all in antique gold color. Masculine? You may cruise yourself! If your blood pressure can't take it, try one of the more refined numbers with smaller chains dangling more delicate pendants set with real or fake stones. They are all bold enough to tell a viewer that the wearer has no doubts about his masculinity (You don't, do you?).

David's display of cuff links blends beautifully with the necklaces and are all in the wrap-around style that prevents the edges of your cuffs from crushing every time you rest your arm on a knee.

Rounding off the collection of turtlenecks is the Cossack shirt in velvet or satin with its row of buttons marching down the side of the collar, across the shoulder, and down the side front. These can be

worn in or out of the most popular flare-bottom pants. This is a narrow-tapered-leg trouser with a slight flare beginning just above the ankle.

This style of trouser is often repeated in the suits. Double-breasted jackets, of course, are the favorites of both the short, French design or in the finger-tip length, English-style Hunting Coat (magnificent for both the hunter and the huntee).

"The Leading Man" lives up to its movie-star billing by furnishing the clothes for many Hollywood celebrities and style-setting musical groups. Among them: The Association, Young Rascals, Turtles, The Seeds, and (appropriately) The Love. And I can't wait to see "The Leading Man's" fashions in the forthcoming film release, "Sweet Charity."

Ah Men, under-wear?

Schizophrenic is probably the best word for the image of the "Ah Men" shop. Located at 8933 Santa Monica Blvd.—the heart of Boys Town—"Ah Men" has been largely responsible for attracting other smart stores to make this area a swinging shopping center.

On the one head (I mean, hand) is "Ah Men's" outerwear department, and on the other, well—we'll discuss that later. And no fair peeking.

In shirts and sweaters, it's still the Year of the Turtle, real or mock, "This Spring," says Don Cook, the sleek-bearded owner of the shop, "turtlenecks will be more important than ever for sport and casual wear." Fitting into this trend is the Cossack shirt, newest here in light-weight nylon tricot. "Knits have taken the lead in shirts by 5 to 1," Don reports. From jerseys to fisherman knits, the display here is staggering.

Men's Fashions

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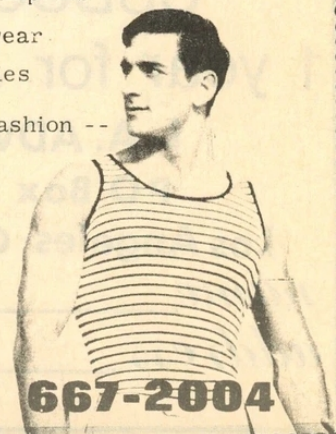
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He Loves Me...

He Loves Me Not

He is tall. But to someone taller, he is short. He is attractive. . .yet there are moments when he is more beautiful than at other times. He moves. . .reflecting what is inside of him and outside of him. He speaks. He listens. . .sometimes he may just pretend to listen. The moments I find him tender, someone else may not. A gruff remark to somebody else means nothing. . .yet to me, it hurts. He touches my hair softly. . .it is a sign. Perhaps. He says he likes Carl. . .Carl's a lot of fun. He says. Carl told me over the phone that he didn't think he liked him much. Carl said. I wonder how well he does like Carl. . .but am I jealous of the way he is soft and kind to Carl? Perhaps I am overlistening. . .over-seeing. I don't know.

One night he was sad when he got home from work. I asked him why. Nothing. Perhaps it was because he dropped a nickel too much into the bus coin box; perhaps because someone had offended him (someone he doesn't even know). And it hurts him. Perhaps he was tired, or he was constipated, or hungry. My mind whirls trying to read what he is: Exactly. I stand behind him and rub his back over the chair. . .he sighs. What part of him is sighing? Does he still hurt inside?

Games. Constantly games. . .deciphering, reacting, sending, receiving, interpreting, sending back. . .

What does he think as he orgasms? What fantasies, what actualities are there? Is it me? Is it so much percentage release—so much love? Percentages: nerves, experience, chemistry, body functions, mental images, respect, love, duty, bells ringing. . . He comes more quickly if I touch him there while I. . .

He lies there smoking a cigarette, silent, darkness. I can't read him in the dark, so I say nothing. Black time passing like a hooded rider. I touch his chest lightly. . .he winces. Why? Is it as simple as a taut unsettled nerve, aggravated? Is it pleasure? Displeasure? What? I can't get close enough to him. . .sometimes I think even if I climbed all inside of him, somehow I know I would not be close enough to him, still. Remember the time I bit him on the nipple. . .without meaning to. . .trying to devour him, as though the very taste of him would give me answers.

Morning. We are always all ugly as we stumble to the bathroom to face another (I hate to get up. . . have him see it all small) DAY. Dressed, he looks like another person. Why doesn't he like tight pants? Something in his past. . .Mine. That's the way he is. Do I love that, this, thing. . .item in him? Do I despise it? Do I just accept it as being HIM? He kisses me before I have brushed my teeth, and. . .perhaps the taste of my dead dreams will disgust him. . .I pull away, and he laughs.

Has he ever lied to me. . .I think driving to work? Has he ever meant to? That is more important. It is of no (To love, honor, and obey) importance. Perhaps he can lie to me at the height of his passion. I won't believe such nonsense.

I watch him after two martinis. . .he is not the same. . .I watch him as he bounces off the conversations of the people at the dinner table (Guests). He'd never say that to me. Does he really believe it, or is he just making conversation? Maybe I really don't



know him. Remember the gift he bought me on my birthday. . .did he buy that because HE liked it, or because he knew I'd like it? HE doesn't like green beans. Everybody likes green beans. Paul is allergic to celery. What I thought would, didn't please him. Why? At another second in the universe, would it have? Was that somewhere-God's timing off just then? Remember how his eyes shone as we two walked past that shop. . .oh, where was it? I'll bet he could tell me the exact place and time. He's like that.

"You decide," he says all the time. I never know what to say. . .maybe he won't like what I decide. . . but I know how to get him to reveal his preference without his knowing it. . .or maybe he does know I know how. . .and thinks I don't know that he knows, and he's fooling me. Or I'm fooling him in his fooling me, in my fooling him in the first place. Mirrors.

I'd like to try someone new. . .just to see what it's like. He's frank about discussing that sort of stuff. . .but I wonder if what he tells me is what he really. . .It doesn't matter. . .I have to put my trust somewhere. I have to accept some things as constant. The two of us, whirling like mirrored balls, reflecting against each other. . .sometimes dark, sometimes brilliant flashes. Sometimes perfectly mirroring each other. Sometimes. . .Nothing!

He is. I am. 1+1.

EQUALS TWO!

2 is a different number than 1. 1 is a different number than the first 1. The 1 is just a symbol for a thing. . .a. . .person. It is neither 1 that I must look at. It is the 2. That is where the lightning is. The 1+1 is.

It is the =2 that is "to be." And that's where we go.

Simple. Hmmm. I wonder.



The grooviest garb for gurus is the meditation shirt (my navel or yours?) Imported from India, it is a sheer, white cotton pullover, with intricate white hand embroidery surrounding the collarless neck and front placket. Cool, man, Cool! There are many other Rajah-collared shirts and jackets, both authentic imports and American versions in different fabrics. Check this number out in velvet. I'm meditating, I'm meditating!

Dropping to the lower extremities, the ubiquitous Clyde Barrow (Bonnie's better half) rides again. Low rise, fitted to the knee, then stovepiped or flaired to the bottom, these sport slacks come in colored stripes on luscious ice cream backgrounds. Or try on a pair of white or Navy stretch denims for sighs.

"Ah Men" carries the largest stock of swimwear in California, which probably means the largest stock in the world. Not bad for a business that started only six years ago with a capital of \$1500. All of their swimwear is designed and manufactured in "Ah Men's" own factory, which led last year to their getting the Caswell Massey Annual Menswear Award for Excellence in Design. This is the Oscar of the Rag Biz.

For the proof of the putting-on, try a stretch popcorn knit, mock turtleneck, form-fitting pullover, with a choice of matching trunks—low rise, boxer, brief, or bikini. These are available in brilliant shades of yellow that would make the abominable snowman look tanned. Check out the stretch denim low rise boxers with tri-color grosgrained belts. Or the great brief or even briefer suits in nylon tricot, plain or printed, which can match shorty-length beach robes in the popular judo coat style.

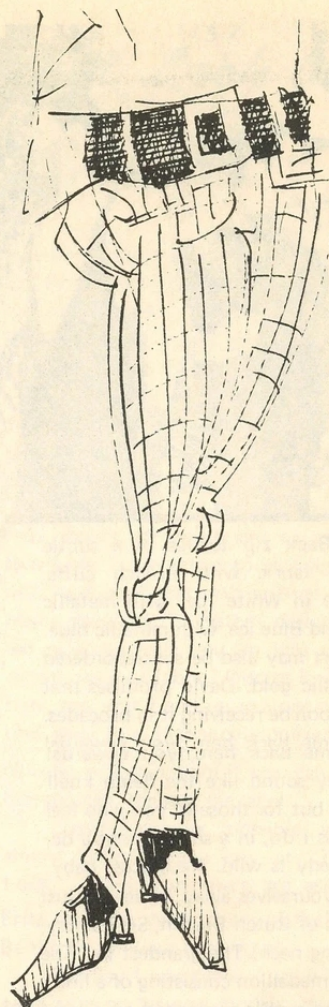
Now for the other half of this split personality—if the children will please step from the room . . .

Comprising fully half of "Ah Men's" business is their mail order department, gleaming replies from national advertisements in Esquire, Gentleman's Quarterly, and other publications.

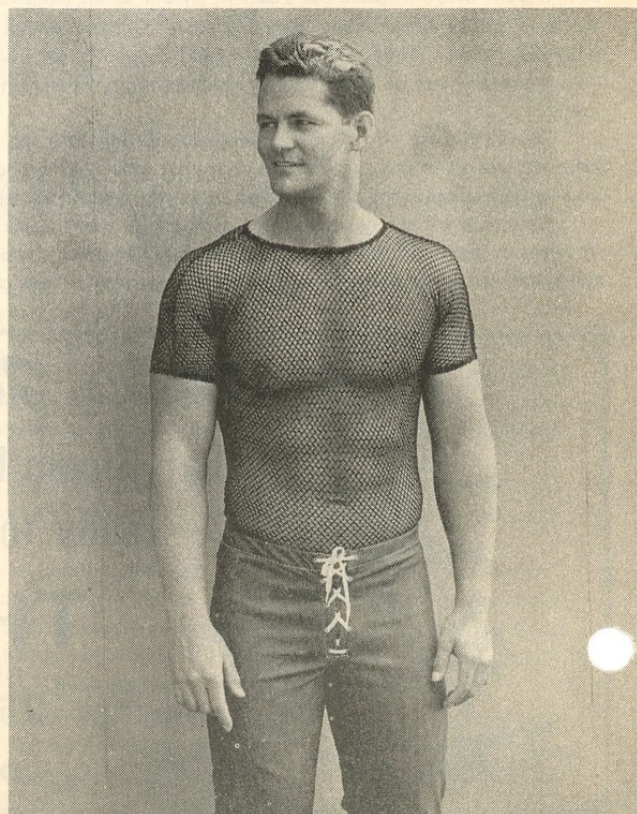
Open those closets and send for their catalog, a work of art in its own right. Starting with conventional undergarments, we wend our way through fishnet and diaphanous loungewear and underwear to the most novel basket stuffers (You know the Big Easter Bunny is due soon). Posing straps come in a wild assortment of fabrics and trimmings, such as sequins, beaded fringe, and ostrich feathers. Any of these can be worn with "Ah Men's" No. 1 best seller, a shaped foam rubber swim cup, which protects, too.

Don stated that the shop's most recent venture into show biz involved supplying over \$1000 worth of nylon tricot underwear to give the actors in "Camelot" the proper silhouette in their tights.

For accessorizing, Don believes in wide watchbands and necklaces of Indian love beads, seeds, or pieces of old jewelry. Scarves are popular in both the small Apache squares or the large peasant shawls.



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critique



The Fox

I went to see "The Fox" with high hopes. It was being hailed as a daring and flawless "masterpiece!" Mark Rydell was being touted as the greatest director to hit the screen since D. W. G.!

Admittedly, there are some factors in its favor. For fifteen or twenty minutes I almost believed that I might indeed be witnessing what could really be classified as a "masterwork." The cinematography of Bill Fraker is poetic and beautiful. Bleak and cold though it is, the finely etched loveliness of a Quebec farm in winter, which is the film's setting, evokes a marvelous mood during the opening credits. Throughout, Fraker's use of the camera is top drawer. At first, Lalo Schiffrin's score seemed a moody and subtle counterpoint to the images on the screen. The too constant repetition of the main theme, however, became tedious before the picture was half over.

Loudest Hosannas of all go to actress Anne Heywood in her American film debut. She has the same fresh, open appeal and is very reminiscent of the young Ingrid Bergman. Even when she is involved in the most explicit sex scenes ever enacted in an American, major-studio (Claridge/Warners-7 Arts) production, she maintains her personal dignity. Miss Heywood plays the "Butch" to Sandy Dennis' "Fem." Miss Dennis has more appeal in this role than has been visible in her previous films ("Virginia Woolf" and "Up the Down Staircase").

The girls have fled the hustle and bustle of city life and are trying to make a go of it by raising chickens. The biggest deterrent to the success of the enterprise is the constant raids on the coop by a fox. One day the fox and Miss Heywood come face to face in the woods, and inexplicably, she cannot bring herself to shoot it. Sandy is a little annoyed when she discovers this. However, the two girls seem to be living as contentedly as possible in the isolated atmosphere. Anne does the hunting, woodchopping, and so forth, while Sandy does the cooking, sewing, and household chores.



Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood rough it on an isolated Canadian farm in "The Fox."

BROKEN DYKES

So far, any lesbian inclinations (if there at all) have been suppressed. In fact, in his novella from which the film was adapted, D. H. Lawrence never does make the relationship of the girls clear. There is a scene in which Miss Heywood is shown completely nude, alone in the bathroom. Her nudity is exploited from every angle (except vaginal): full length, medium and close-up! Endlessly, lovingly, she gazes at herself in the mirror. Her hands move towards the pubes, the camera moves to her face, and her expressions combined with heavy breathing and panting, leave no doubt but that she is masturbating. Deduction? She is more than a little frustrated—if not narcissistic!

Into this not too idyllic menage comes a MAN! The farm was his grandfather's, and he is unaware of the old gentleman's demise. Keir Dullea plays the part as if he were with his grandfather. There is a monotony to his performance which is unrelieved vocally or facially. The fox (his symbol) has much more personality and appeal. The audience, industry professionals and the working press, lost interest in him quite quickly and began to laugh at his monosyllabic utterings. Miss Dennis falls all over herself, trying to make him, however. Although Anne Heywood avoids him and shows no interest, she is the one he wants and, most graphically, seduces. He tells her she is going to marry him, and she agrees! He leaves to make some obscure arrangements. Sandy has hysterics, and when Anne tries to comfort her, Sandy tells the other girl that she loves her.

The most disturbing thing about the film, to me, was the excessive violence in the climactic fox killing. The "man" decapitates a chicken ON CAMERA, and while it is still alive, though headless, spreads the blood around as a lure. The fox is not killed by the first shot, and the animal's scream of pain is sickening. Obviously in agony, he is shot a second time and mercifully dies. Where has the A.S.P.C.A. gone? Animal lovers be forewarned!

I left the screening, disappointed and unsatisfied. What was intended as Art turned out to be merely Arty. Thank God, at least, homosexuality is acknowledged as an existing fact. Now, if we can have a film on the subject which has a happy ending for the gay lovers, we'll really be on the upsurge. Or, will motion pictures have to go through years of unhappy or tragic endings as novels used to? "The Well of Loneliness" and "The Staircase" are now in preparation. Let's hope they receive better treatment than "The Fox."

Bart Cody

The Killing of Sister George

Sister George is a saintly nurse who whizzes through the English countryside singing hymns and giving succor to the ill and the aged in a soppy British soap opera called "Applehurst." Off camera, though, she's June Buckridge, a gin-swizzling, cigar-smoking lesbian who's so identified with her TV character that even her roommate calls her George. How will the staid BBC resolve this dilemma? By foulest murder, of course!

Out of this unusual situation, author Frank Marcus has fashioned a sometimes funny and sometimes very touching play. Highly successful in London and New York, it came to Los Angeles billed as an "hil-

FLOOD STAGE AND SCREEN

arious" comedy. It is not. It does, however, make for a very enjoyable couple of hours in the theater. Marcus is not the type of writer who likes to explain his plays. He does say what "Sister George" is not. It's not a slice of contemporary English life; it's not a critique of the BBC's methods; and it's certainly not a study of lesbianism. Perhaps he intends us only to have a bit of fun and to feel something for one tortured soul in this ridiculous world.

If not about lesbianism, the play is definitely about lesbians—three of them at least, and we're not sure about the fourth character. George's flat-chested flat-mate, Childie, is a submissive, childish girl who puts up with tongue lashings, arm twistings, and an occasional bizarre punishment such as eating George's cigar butt. As George, Claire Trevor tries manfully to be manly but seems to be forcing it too much. She's much more effective in the more sensitive scenes which make better use of her experience. Patricia Sinnott does an excellent job as the kittenish Childie who can bare her claws occasionally at the domineering George.

To this love nest one day comes a BBC executive, Mrs. Mercy Croft, to discuss George's latest indiscretion. One night while in her cups, it seems, she had attacked two nuns whom she thought were vampire bats. The script is in the typewriter, George guesses. Each succeeding day brings another hint that Sister George is about to meet an untimely end. Finally the dreaded news comes: Sister George must die the week after next. There will be no lingering illness. It will be sudden and definite.

One of the most effective touches in the play comes just before the curtain rises on the third act. The theater audience hears the final moments of Sister George as broadcast by the BBC. As usual the doughty do-gooder sets off one morning on her bike. She whizzes along singing hymns, turns a corner ("Oh God our strength in ages past..."), and... CRASH! BANG! tinkle... runs right into a ten-ton truck.

Mrs. Croft, in the midst of George's grief and an apartment full of funeral wreathes, offers the beaten actress the lead in a new children's program, the role of Clarabelle the Cow. This should be the final indignity. But it isn't. The wily Mrs. Croft, acted to perfection by Natalie Shafer, has had designs on Childie from the beginning and has finally persuaded her to leave George for—of course—Mrs. Croft. George sits alone, the sounds of Applehurst's funeral for Sister George coming from the TV set. As the



Claire Trevor discovers Patricia Sinnott and Natalie Shafer in an embrace in "The Killing of Sister George."

bells toll, she lifts her head and bellows a plaintive "Mooooooo..."

Despite his apparent nonserious intent, Marcus effectively creates sympathy for his characters at the right moments. The humor, when it comes, is partly in the situation itself but mostly in the form of one liners that comedians toss off about such things as TV and politics. Still, many of them are clever and very witty. As a whole, the play is one of those curious mixtures of comedy and drama—something like "Mr. Roberts," but not quite that serious. Maybe I'm misreading it because I see more in the characters than does a straight audience who finds them "hilarious."

Mention must be made of Polly Rowles, who plays a buxom, heavy accented, fortune-telling friend of George and Childie. With her great sense of comedy, she brightens every scene she's in. She gives the impression that in her younger days she would have been real George.

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Sign of the Times: 'Dolly' in Drag?

At least one of the things that 20th Century-Fox hoped to do when it paid \$2,000,000 plus a percentage for the movie rights to HELLO, DOLLY! was maybe to make the movie. But until 1971, the cameras can't roll while the Broadway show runs—a conflict that has been prolonged past all reason by the ingenuity of Producer David Merrick, 55. When Dolly! seemed about to expire three months ago, for example, Merrick restaged and revitalized the show with Pearl Bailey and an all-black cast, leaving Fox with \$2,000,000 worth of sets, Barbra Streisand on hand, and no place to go. Fox is now seeking a legal gambit to foreclose on Dolly!, but Merrick is unflappable. "After Pearl, it'll be Liberace," he mused. "In that red dress. Coming down the staircase. . ."

—Time Magazine

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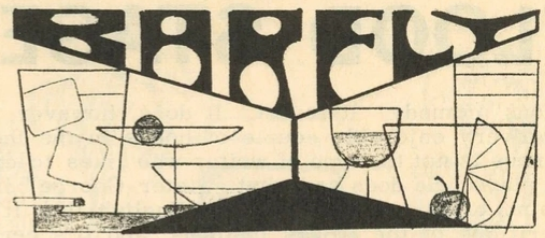
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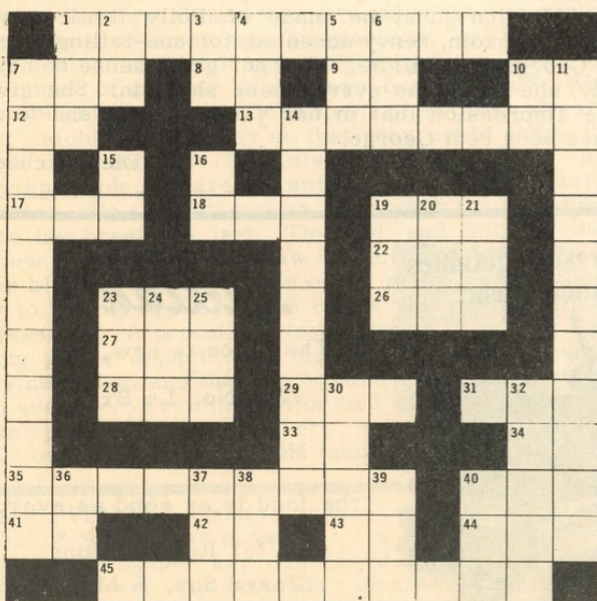
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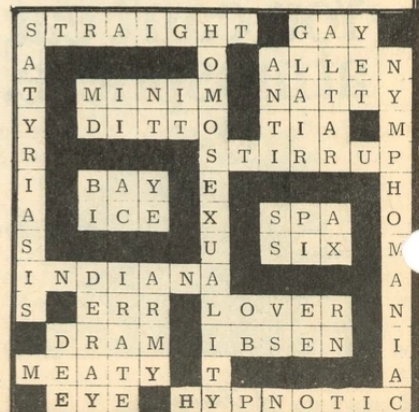
1. Dish queen (2 words)
7. Cape _____
8. Do, _____, Mi
9. Southeast (Abr.)
10. _____-DC
12. Minnie Ha _____
13. Goes both ways
17. Tearoom
18. Baths
19. Femme pronoun
22. _____ you one?
23. Butch pronoun
26. Alice's hatter
27. _____ in the hole
28. Fetch
29. Social bug
31. Antelope
33. Tellurium (Abr.)
34. One (Scot.)
35. Drinking place
40. Homophile organization
41. Goose Grease
42. Hail (Lat.)
43. Late Latin (Abr.)
44. _____ Margaret
45. Queen's brunch drink (2 words)

DOWN

1. Snake
2. Talking horse
3. M.D.
4. Confederate soldier
5. Tight pants show it off
6. Scottish river
7. Cradle snatcher (2 words)
10. Boozers' clinic

11. Naive fairy (2 words)
14. Male lover
15. _____crowd
16. Like
19. Show-off
20. Age
21. Scarlet
23. Fag _____
24. Frost
25. Picked up
30. Femme
32. Children's nurse
36. Affirmative
37. "____Bravo"
38. Boo _____
39. Tree
40. Paddle

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- Sat. 16 St. Patrick's Dance. Write for info: NLSU, 9201 Sunset Blvd., LA 90069.
- Wed. 20 NLSU Long Beach Branch. Homophile Discussion Group. Write for info: NLSU, Box 5112, Santa Ana, Calif.
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