

GAY

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November 22, 1971

Volume 2, Number 64

Historic Hearings Held in N.Y.C.

New York, N.Y.—Historic hearings took place here (October 18, 1971) before the City Council with spokesmen for/against the passage of Intro 475, a bill which would outlaw discrimination in employment, housing and public accommodations on account of sexual orientation.

The hearings were called to order by City Councilman Saul Sharison who asked each speaker to limit himself/herself to ten minutes.

A list of those supporting the bill was widely circulated, and included some of New York's best known citizens:

- Hon. Bella Abzug, M.C., 19th C.D.
- Rabbi Charles Agin, Free Synagogue of Flushing
- Hon. Herman Badillo, M.C.
- Mr. Clive Barnes, Drama Critic, N.Y. Times
- Miss Jane Benedict, Director, Met. Council on Housing
- Mr. Algernon Black, Leader, Ethical Culture Society
- Hon. Albert Blumenthal, Assemblyman, 67th A.D.
- Rabbi Balfour Brickner, Director, Union of American Hebrew Congregations
- Hon. Carter Burden, Councilman
- Hon. Shirley Chisholm, M.C., 12th C.D.
- Hon. Eldon Clingan, Minority Leader, City Council
- Mr. Dan Collins, Director, New Democratic Coalition
- Miss Karen DeCrow, Director, Eastern Region, Nat'l Organization of Women
- Mr. John DeLaury, President, Sanitation Workers of America
- Miss Brenda Fastow, Women's Nat'l Political Caucus



Photo by Richard C. Wandel

City Councilmen hear testimony on gay rights



The Hon. Eleanor Holmes Norton

- Dr. Fritz Fluckiger, Psychologist, Adjunct Ass't Professor, Hunter College
- Hon. Eleanor Clark French, Commissioner, N.Y. Commission on Human Rights
- Hon. Robert Gardia, State Senator
- Hon. Sanford Garelick, President, City Council
- Mr. Ira Glasser, Director, N.Y. Civil Liberties Union
- The Rev. William Glensk, Spencer Memorial Church
- Hon. Roy Goodman, N.Y. State Senator
- Mr. Victor Gottbaum, President, Municipal Workers Union
- Mr. Richard N. Gottfried, Assemblyman, 65th A.D.
- Mr. Stanley Hill, President, Social Service Employees Union
- Father Robert Kennedy, Social Action Committee, B'klyn Arch-Diocese, Roman Catholic Church
- Hon. Ed Koch, M.C., 17th C.D.
- Hon. Jerome Kretchmer, Commissioner of Environmental Protection Administration
- Mr. John Lassoe, Episcopal Diocese, New York
- Hon. Franz Leichter, N.Y. State Assembly
- Hon. John V. Lindsay, Mayor, City of New York
- Hon. Bess Meyerson Grant, Commissioner, Department of Consumer Affairs
- The Rev. Lewis Maddocks, Executive Director, Council for Christian Social Action, United Church of Christ
- Miss Kate Millett, author, Sexual Politics
- The Rev. Howard Moody, Judson Memorial Church
- Bishop Paul Moore, Bishop Co-adjutor, Episcopal Church, N.Y. City
- Mr. Stewart Mott, Philanthropist
- The Rev. Richard Neuhaus
- Hon. Eleanor Holmes Norton, Chairwoman, N.Y. City Commission of Human Rights
- Mr. Paul O'Dwyer
- Hon. Fred Ohrenstein, N.Y. State Senator, 25th S.D.
- Hon. Antonio Olivieri, N.Y. State Assemblyman, 66th A.D.
- Hon. William Passanante, N.Y. State Assemblyman, 63rd A.D.
- Rabbi Nathan Perlmutter, Temple Emanu-El

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Alatorre Primary Victory Followed by L.A. Bar Raids

BY DONALD WARMAN

Los Angeles, California—The surprise primary victory of Richard Alatorre, a California Assembly Candidate who openly solicited the Hollywood area gay vote, was followed by a sometimes violent police crackdown on several flagrantly gay bars in that area.

Within a week of Alatorre's October 19th upset in the 48th District balloting, some forty arrests were scored in at least ten hangouts hospitable to male hustlers and transvestites.

In one instance, according to witnesses, half a dozen loud conduct "suspects" in drag were beaten to the sidewalk in front of a downtown Hollywood bar before being dragged into waiting unmarked cars.

Bar owners, who enjoy an uneasy truce with the Los Angeles Police Department's Hollywood Division, said the plainclothes raiders were from the "flying goon squad," the free-swinging Metro Squad of Central Los Angeles cop headquarters.

As usual, department officials were silent on the number and the circum-



Richard Alatorre

stances of the "queer busts." The LAPD's position is that there is no harassment of homosexuals here.

The security-wrapped Metro Squad exists theoretically to seek out widespread drugs and illegal arms activities of which "local" (division) cops wouldn't be aware. Its action in those fields is necessarily classified. But the "goon squads" in frequent and stormy forays into the gay

(Continued on page 4)

Freedom of Assembly Denied in Ohio

Columbus, Ohio—Franklin County Common Pleas Court Judge Paul Martin ruled in an action filed by SIR of Ohio that homosexuals are criminals and as such have no rights, including the right to parade.

Judge Martin upheld the City's Safety Director's office in its numerous and determined denials of SIR's request for a parade permit. The denials were based on the contention that "no public benefit would be derived from SIR's parading," and "it would not be in the public interest... Before you have the right to march, you must have a political question with a view held by a significant number of people."

SIR filed application for a permit to parade on July 14th, July 15th, July 26th, and August 17th, but all requests were verbally denied. "We do not want to see homosexuals on our streets parading" was one of the first reasons given by the Safety Director's office. SIR members did parade on August 14th in defiance of the administration's attitude, and afterwards held a rally on the State House grounds. No arrests were made.

Judge Martin's decision was so ob-

viously prejudicial that City Attorney James Hughes overruled the court and gave SIR blanket approval to parade at any time and any place, and gave assurance that the police would be told to "lay off."

City Attorney Hughes was originally Columbus Safety Director when SIR first started the three-month-long process of attempting to obtain a permit to parade and was responsible for the four denials that resulted in the current SIR suit. Hughes was appointed City Attorney just two days before Judge Martin's ruling. Hughes immediately reversed his own ruling and overruled the judge's decision.

SIR attorneys served court papers on the new Safety Director, James Musick, as he left the Mayor's office just five minutes after being sworn in to serve in his

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TO NIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS
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MANHATTAN

MIDTOWN

The Beacon Bath, 277 E. 45 St. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and enjoy the many clean, modern facilities. Reasonable rates, popular, open 24 hours. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Wednesday from 10pm to 6pm. GM only.

The Beaded Bag, 951 First Ave. bet. 52nd & 53rd Sts. (486-9832). Super drinks and excellent prix fixe Italian dinners. Your host: Sonny. GM.

The Big Sponder, 315 W. 48th St., west of 8th Ave. (586-9889). Popular place for before and after theatre drinking, also the watering spot for the gay theatrical crowd. Here's where you'll find that glorious hunk who's third from left in the chorus line. GM.

Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 48th St., bet. 8th & 9th Aves. (247-8846). A two-story, heavy brick affair for after-theatre fun, hamburgers and light snacks, turntable and record juke instead of juke box. Boys and girls together. Fun.

The Candy Store, 44 W. 54th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664). Piano bar, very popular with out-of-towners; hence a good source for new faces. Jackets required. GM.

The Continental Sauna Club, 111 W. 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths management. Elegant, but less grand (and less expensive) than the "mother church" on 74th St. GM only.

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St., east of 8th Ave. (265-9077). An unpretentious gay "saloon" where it's easy to score. Some "business boys" hang out here. GM.

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The very elegant ones cruise here—cautiously, as it's integrated. GM.

Gerardine's, 36 W. 48th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (265-2291). Inexpensive dining in luxurious surroundings—perfect for before or after the theatre. There's also an intimate bar and dancing on weekends. Fred's your host. GM & GF.

The Lib, 305 E. 43rd St., bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. (L.E. 2-0290). A whole new scene for gay men and women. Cocktails, dinner and dancing with hosts Lou, Katie and Jerry. GF and GM.

The Leading Zone, 568 9th Ave. at 41st St. (563-8212). Formerly The Barrel Inn, now better than ever. By the time you read this they'll be having live entertainment. GM.

Memphis Bar, Hotel Alerston, 132 E. 57th St. at Lex. The place the over-30 crowd retreats to when the Youth Culture gets too cloying. GM.

The Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0210). Dancing and live entertainment. Some say it's the gay and queer to heaven. GM.

The Savelite, 407 W. 42nd St., bet. 9th & 10th Aves. (247-4210). A church converted into a mad discotheque. Dancing, juke bar (no liquor), live.

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. at Columbus Circle (above Chino) (PL 5-4880). A small place which closes at midnight. The sauna is busiest between 4:30 and 11 pm and on Sunday afternoons. Free facilities. GM only.

Tamburline, 148 E. 48th St. near Lex. (PL 1-0030). The current "in" spot. Groovy guys and gorgeous girls, all so fabulously dressed. Dancing. GM & GF.

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. near Lex. (755-1955). Sebastian hosts this beautiful (but expensive) restaurant. Busy bar, groovy people. GM.

Yves, 140 E. 53rd St., bet. Lex. & 3rd Ave. (421-8122). Where the older set gathers and the Midnight Cowboy scores. GM.

NOTE: If you work in midtown, both the Troubadour and Gerardine's serve excellent, inexpensive lunches.

UPPER EAST SIDE

Britt Top East, 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St.

The Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (679-6614). The "in" eatery of the gay set. Excellent food and all the beautiful people you could want to see. GM, some GF.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st St. After all these years it's still the busiest bar in New York any night. Don't miss it. GM.

The Jungle, 303 E. 60th St. bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. An out-of-sight juke bar with dancing. One of the few after-hours places left. GM, some GF.

Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave., bet. 81st & 82nd Sts. (734-9305). Fire Island's own George Sardi presides over this "live musical happening" bar. You'll love it. Mostly GM.

The Painted Penny, 1485 3rd Ave. at 84th St. (744-9980). Piano bar patronized by very friendly people. GM.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Ave. (734-9303). A charming, intimate bar which serves as the social center for East Side girls. Guys are welcome too.

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132). The customers are friendly and the place is crisy and always crowded. What more could one ask? GM.

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. An East Side neighborhood bar, relaxing and unpretentious bar full of very nice people. GM.

The Zodiac, 1487 1st Ave. at 77th St. Where young East Siders go for dancing and live entertainment. A real make out bar. GM.

By Daniel Hanks and Ian J. Twee IMPRESSIONS "71"

Headliner Arthur Blake has some audience leeching from the Palace to the Plaudium to God knows where for God knows how long, and has now opened a new revue, IMPRESSIONS "71," at the Leading Zone on 5th Avenue.

We'd never been to the Leading Zone which is at 41st Street, just across from the Port Authority Bus Terminal. We sort of expected to pick our way through miles of semi's and herds of hostile truck drivers. No such luck. There were a few 42nd Street types, but the majority seemed to be theatre people (like some of the cast from "APPLAUSE," it happens). The place played in a fairly small back room converted into a cabaret with tiny tables and a stage not much larger. The atmosphere was casual, with the performers mugging with the audience before, during and after the performance.

Mr. Blake was a gut buster. He did the impersonations you might expect—Carson, Miranda, Peter Lorre, Barbara Stanwyck. But who'd expect Chairman Roosevelt addressing a group of delinquent girl scouts (all while snitting what looked like a cock, wrong for a very well-endowed male admirer), or Dietrich crashing Gary Cooper in the middle of the desert in floor-length, shiny, strapless, or, better yet, Davis as Anne Boleyn in a 20's musical version of "Anne of 1000 Days"?

The other acts were all female impersonators, which can be a drag (poo!) if the impersonation is an odd job. All Jane Austin did, for instance, was come out and look pretty. John La Fara impersonated Shirley Bassey, impersonating "This is my Life," which brought cheers of gay pride from the audience, but what kind of life is it if somebody else does the singing? John was later joined by the boss sisters, La Fara in a pair of Andrew Sisters numbers, straight out of the thousands of army flicks made in the fifties. They really had it down and it was hilarious. Jackie Adrian said his own voice and used it very well, but "Summertime" was a summer's waste of material. He had a pretty impressive operatic quality (spanning mezzo-soprano) and a comic sense that we wanted to see more of. A special attraction was Bruno La Fantastique. In a word, he certainly was, and rather. He's got the surprise his on every and see this amazing revue.

Coming back to Arthur Blake for a moment, he went on to do impressions of Hermone Gingold, Gloria Swanson (god, he looked just like her), and the girl of the golden west, Mae West. Directed and choreographed by Steve Dierker.

So if you've been wondering (or you already know) what the state of the art is on the female impersonator's front, by all means, run don't walk over to the Leading Zone, "Impressions '71" will be passing through Thanksgiving and possibly longer, Wednesdays through Saturdays, with two shows at 11 pm and 1 am. Acts will change from time to time, so the show should stay fresh. (They're auditioning new talent, by the way). Call 563-8212 for further information and reservations.

CLUTTERED

Here's another play directed and choreographed by Steve Dierker set back in the pre-Stonewall 60's. I began to think this a top-notch play, but, alas, a convenient way to sit up this time, it's when Mary recovers from John's... it's quite reminiscent of those cinematic scenes in 19th century melodrama where John recalls from Mary and says, "You mean... you're an actress!"

The piece is Cluttered, a "Tom-tom-tom comedy-drama" in two acts, by Shamus Laurence of the Maybox Theatre (94 St. Marks Place). Adapted from an earlier one-act version, the present play tries to be on both sides of the Stonewall barricade and winds up in an uncomfortable predicament. Come to think of it, it pretty well reflects the state of mind of a lot of people today.

Still, I have to give the performers almost total credit for making the play work. Bitty Huckle (Amy) gives a brilliant performance as an actor, woman, girl, to falling in love with "Semuel," whose name, respectively, remains the same because she doesn't look like an older woman. Miss Huckle plays the written character's incoherence into a living whole that keeps you entertained and entertained.

Cluttered is Cluttered, as Gidge, the boy love of the sensitive Young Man, has a difficult time to play. In act one the character is only a flighty stereotype, in act two, he has to be a convincing villain and victim. Mr. Gidget solves the problem by playing the character as totally lost in a world of his own, in a self-righteous role from the heights of Manly down to reality and back again in our world.

Cluttered is badly married, but the performers make it a worthwhile experience, especially Mae Hanks when you'll probably see more of in 1972.

The play is being done on Thursday (7:30), Friday and Saturday at 9:00, and Sundays at 3. Call 724-5108 for further information.

UPPER WEST SIDE

The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607). A landmark bar that's been around forever; now getting a face-lift. Neighborhood crowd; much socializing, lots of cruising. GM.

Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 64th & 67th Sts. A present bar/restaurant popular with Lincoln Center audience. Mixed.

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of 8'way (799-2488). Much more than a bathhouse, "Connie" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student I.D. card. GM only.

Pleasidy Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-4632). Jimmy Sheppard, one of the most fabulous bartenders in town, presides over this, one of the most attractive bars on the West Side. All the sociability doesn't run the evening. GM.

The Westside, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-6013). One of the newest and most exciting bars in the city. Dining room and bar on street level; pool tables, etc., in bar bar downstairs. Tommy, Frank, Brian, Johnny and Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time. GM.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of 8'way (874-9833). A crowded, very friendly dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites mingle under the approving gaze of West Side liberals. GM.

UPTOWN

The Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd St. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing out-right GM, mostly.

The Gold Rat, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with the uptown gays and Columbia students. Mixed straight & gay.

Pauline's Intertide, 2267 7th Ave. at 130th St. A Manhattan club since before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely known as a gay watering spot.

CHELSEA

The Cell Block, West Street and 11th Ave. We haven't seen this one yet, but with that name and in that location, we'd bet it's a new leather lounge.

GRAMMERCY PARK

Beau Geste, 239 Third Ave., at 20th St. (473-9724). A split-level bar and restaurant featuring good continental food reasonably priced (\$2.95 to \$5.95). GM, mostly.

Lee's Line, 57 Lexington Ave. at 25th St. (686-9608). Pool hots at this friendly, reasonably-priced neighborhood spot. Nice people. GM, mostly.

Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th bet. 8'way & 6th Ave. (684-8935). Old, raucous and with an air of the past. Inexpensive. This place goes on and on with its band of devoted patrons. Open 24 hours. GM only.

LOWER EAST SIDE

The Club Baths, 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. (673-3283). A lavish bath with luxurious, thoroughly modern facilities. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card. A best bet. GM only. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Thursday from 5 to 9pm.

Hip-O-Drome, 165 Avenue "A" bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (226-9984). The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young radical chic set. Free movies Thursdays. GM.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Pl. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (473-7929). Rather rundown and a bit seedy, but the prices are low and the place is active. Open 24 hours. GM only.

QUEENS

The Alley, 63rd St., off Roosevelt Ave., Woodside (429-9542). A friendly dance bar with nice extras such as a 3-5pm cocktail hour and 4pm buffets.

Ev's 11th Hour, 193-14 Jamaica Ave., Hollis (HO 5-9846). Very friendly neighborhood bar. Fountain Blue, 69-05 Queens Blvd. at 69th St. (429-9593). Dancing to live rock music, free movies on Tuesdays, champagne buffets Sunday nights.

Lara, 73-11 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills (268-9355). Live stage shows, dancing, free Sunday buffet.

Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Rd., off Lefferts Blvd., Kew Gardens (846-5922). Very popular bar with a restaurant on a balcony overlooking the dance floor. Free Sunday buffet. Lots of girls.

BROOKLYN

The Circus Lounge, 1369 Flatbush Ave. at Beverly Rd. (BU 4-9022). Live shows Fridays and Saturdays, free buffets every night.

Danny's in Brooklyn, 108 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights. A piano bar, one of the focal points of this very gay neighborhood.

Koskie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9276). Still the most popular of the girls' bars, Koskie's backs them into a very night.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Place (929-9672). Internationally famous at NYU's local gay bar and for hamburgers. It's popular, and was popular even before the owners bought one of the landmark caves which helped "legalize" gay bars. GM.

Lulu II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9564). An intimate restaurant with a pleasant piano bar. GM.

New Danny's, 140 7th Ave. South bet. Charles & W. 10th Sts. (691-8373). Dining, dancing and drinking in attractive surroundings. Opens at noon for day drinkers. GM.

The Den, 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (809-4999). A very crisy leather lounge. The boots and jackets are often just costume here, so if you see someone you like but don't dig the SAM scene, suggest alternatives. GM.

The Wine Celler, 531 Hudson (242-6769). An inexpensive, and very popular, dining place with excellent food. GM.

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. at W. 10th St. (691-6260). Reasonably priced restaurant/bar with very good food. Int.

Paola's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360). A mixed bar with something different: Mexican cuisine, a welcome change from all that Italian food, Sunday brunch, too, Int.

Peter Rabbit's, 305 W. 10th St. at West. A new addition to the Village scene which we haven't checked out yet.

Royal Road, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Small, intimate restaurant with a tiny bar. The perfect place to go with someone you love. Int.

Sevier's Nook, 18 E. 13th St. east of 5th Ave. (225-4746). A luxurious, but moderately priced, bar/restaurant with, as Lige & Jack put it, "an atmosphere for quiet romance." Lunch: 11:30-3; dinner 5-10 (midnight on Saturday). Mostly GM.

The (International) Stud, Greenwich & Perry Sts. The best make out bar in the Village. GM.

The Triangle, 43 Ninth Ave. This very popular bar of the sort where one is expected to be, or pretend to be, very butch (for cruising) is undergoing renovations. Cruising goes on during renovations. GM.

12th Night, 281 W. 12th St., corner of W. 4th St. (989-9303). Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Dee. Known for their good food and famous for their fantastic room to 4pm Sunday champagne brunches. Int.

Village West, 49 Bedford St., corner of 7th Ave. The manager declares this is not a gay bar, so you can assume all those gay people inside are really straight. GM.

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The Editors Speak

A survey of the national scene is both encouraging and distressing. In Los Angeles, the surprise primary victory of Richard Alatorre, who openly solicited the gay vote, has been tempered by police crackdowns on local bars. In Ohio, decrepit judges have ruled that homosexuals, regarded as criminals, have no right to assemble publicly. SIR of Ohio is battling bravely to contest this dangerous trend.

In Manhattan, the historic hearings on Intro 475, a bill designed by several courageous politicians, has had its first round of hearings, but remains in limbo while the City Council procrastinates, leaving the date for the second round of hearings unspecified. A barrage of letters from concerned citizens, encouraging the City Council to proceed with the hearings, might very well assist in getting them off the ground again. Write today, addressing your demand to the Council, care of City Hall.

In the nation's capital, gay liberation groups, bar patrons, and the city's newest and perhaps most lavish bar are engaged in a squabble which threatens to split the gay community down the center, with tempers flying and epithets traded.

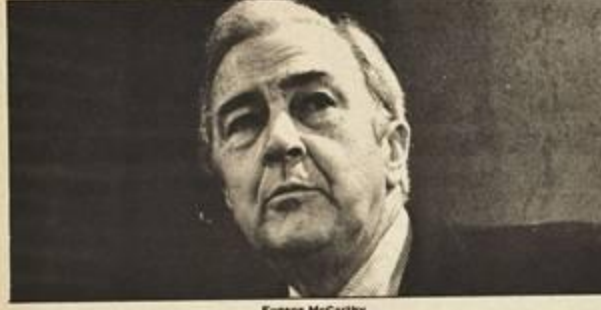
Throughout the country, where we have witnessed unprecedented progress toward equal rights for homosexually-inclined

persons, the ugly spectre of a Nixon-appointed Supreme Court looms menacingly, threatening cancellation of those freedoms homosexuals have worked long and hard to secure.

It is important for us to realize that progress is not automatic. History's pendulum swings, and the sexual freedoms enjoyed by one era can easily be buried by another more conservative period. Granted, individuals can still enjoy themselves, quietly, unobtrusively, but sexual repression creates a social climate in which chances for private happiness are greatly narrowed, and in which less fortunate people suffer intensely lonely and isolated.

Thus, it is now more important than ever before that America's gay communities, jealously guarding infant institutions which exist nervously on the edge of barbaric laws, should commit themselves to the encouragement of a new spirit: proud, defiant, but tender and thoughtful. It is doubly important that we forget old enmities within our own communities, and face the fact that anti-sexual opposition is consolidating its forces on every front, and that our bars, baths, community centers, and indeed, our right to assemble publicly, are in grave danger.

McCarthy to Gay Concerns



Eugene McCarthy

Minneapolis, Minn.—Eugene McCarthy, the man who kept Lyndon Johnson from running again for President in 1968, has come out solidly for gay employment rights.

"There is no question about equal access to jobs" for American gays, McCarthy said in a visit to Minneapolis October 22. "It's indefensible to deny them for something like that."

Then the former Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor party senator weakened a bit. "Possibly there might be a security risk with some jobs, if they're susceptible to blackmail, and I mean the social disapproval that homosexuality still carries in some quarters. But ordinarily, that doesn't apply," McCarthy said.

The tall, urbane Catholic poet also said he approves of the trend to repeal sodomy laws and others restricting sexual behavior between consenting adults, now enacted by five states—Illinois, Connecticut, Idaho, Colorado and Oregon.

"That's certainly in order. Most of those laws are anachronisms, what with the moral and psychological standards of today," he told a questioner upon arriving at Wood-Chamberlain Airport.

McCarthy, an all-but-announced candi-

date in the 1972 presidential sweepstakes, was also eager to learn of the 8th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals decision in the J. Michael McConnell job case.

Told the court had denied McConnell the college librarian's job that experience and a master's degree qualified him for, McCarthy said, "I think that's wrong."

"It's a question of freedom of speech. Being a librarian is not affected by being a homosexual. If there's a security clearance involved, you might make a case on the basis of potential blackmail, but not with McConnell," McCarthy said.

The appeals Judges' reasoning that McConnell's activism for gay rights, and pursuit of a legal marriage license with his lover, means he sought to "foist tacit approval of (his views) upon his employer"—McCarthy called "nonsense."

"What about Mulford Sibley or Earl Craig?" he said, citing two University of Minnesota staff members who have espoused controversial causes—Craig ran against Hubert Humphrey for the Senate last year—and who have been roundly criticized in some quarters.

"A librarian certainly takes a more passive role than a professor in this kind of thing, and if anyone should be able to defend itself against this kind of assumption (tacit approval), it should be a university," McCarthy said.

"We are particularly pleased that Mr. Ellis Rose, Executive Director of the Ohio Civil Rights Commission, and Rev. Norman Snook, pastor of the United Christian Church, have agreed to be keynote speakers at the SIR rally. We plan to have eight speakers to emphasize the dramatic portrayal of our point of view that will be presented by costumed SIR members. The picket rally and parade will take place with or without a permit," said Lewis.

"Many of Ohio's more than one million homosexuals are becoming increasingly militant because of the constant and flagrant gross violations of their rights. Retaliatory violence has threatened to flare up on several occasions and in one instance, resulted in a church being stoned. As an organization, we are committed to non-violent action. However, it is, almost daily, more difficult to restrain some from engaging in what has been termed "vigilante action," Lewis concluded.

GAY

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"I'll Tell You What Its Like in Jail!" A Cellmate's Story

Donnie Johnston, recently released from a California jail, has consented to speak with GAY about his experiences there. The Editors are grateful for this unusually frank account on what goes on behind bars, and how gay inmates are treated in "the tank."

Even when I was in the queens' tank at the new county jail, I heard about Attica. With all the coming and going among the population down there, you keep up with what's doing outside. If you want to, that is. Some of them give less of a shit.

Now I hear the state wants to shut down San Quentin and Folsom because they are "breeding grounds for revolution."

Listen, baby, I just finished eight months in the Hall of Justice and New County. I don't know what could happen in prison that's as bad as what goes on in those places. If they know you're queer, anyway.

Oh, I never got raped. I have a girlish face, but I'm a male and they all knew it. Nobody sticks anything in my face. If I can't win a fight with my fists, I'll pick up a trash can. When I had sex it was because I wanted it. A lot of these cute young hippie kids get ripped off—by the niggers, mostly—because they believe all that big tough talk and get scared to fight back. I'm effeminate, but I'm not a faggot. Anybody who tried to rip me off found that out—fast.

I was busted for selling pot. I was entrapped, really, because I carried the package as a favor to a friend of mine. The narc who busted me was as gay as I am. He knew the score, the lingo, too well to be a straight dude. In fact, I did him for trade the night before he came around and busted me. He'd been hanging around the same people I ran with for months. It came out in court that he'd been trying to nail me for six months before he even found out what my real name is. People in my crowd always called me Donna May.

Anyway, when I got to fooling around with his dick one night I told him some things I shouldn't have. That didn't stop him from getting his nuts off, but it didn't stop him from busting me, either. Thanks a lot, I told him in court.

That was in January, in Long Beach. I just turned 20. About all that had happened to me before was some petty juvenile things—loitering, that trivial shit. I used to cruise the toilets and the beach all the time, even when I was in high school.

On this bust I got a year. Exactly one year. If the judge gave me one more day I could have gone to prison. No matter what they say about Attica, I'd have been better off in prison.

But I got jail. They took one look at me and put me in the queens' tank, which they say is to protect the homos from the rest of the population. What the homos really need is protection from each other, which is to say from themselves.

Actually there are more "men" in the tank than there are queens. The straights limp their wrists and talk faggoty so they can get in the tank where all the action is.

Most of the real queens are drags, in for prostitution. I hate a drag queen. I don't mind going in drag once in a while, but I don't live in drag. I don't earn my money that way. No, I'm not a hustler, either. I've got too much heart for that. You have to be a cold, snaky person to live that way.

Before I was convicted they sent me to Wayside Honor Ranch. That same night I was on the bus again, back to the Hall of Justice. They don't want the queens at Wayside any more because they rioted there last year. I heard Wayside isn't too bad a place, but they took one look at me



Donnie Johnston

and said oh, no. I was 36 hours on that bus trip—no food, no toilet, nothing to do but think.

After I was convicted I stayed at the Hall of Justice until I had an emotional breakdown and got sent to the clinic at New County, where I was diagnosed as syphilitic and a "mental homo," whatever that is. I really raised hell, because I never had any kind of VD ever, in or out of jail. I don't suck on a dick or fuck with it unless I've checked it good first. I know how to tell.

Actually what was wrong with me was the bad food—potatoes three times a day—and no exercise, no sunlight. I filed a writ, which they have to let you do if you demand it. I made them give me a blood test, a smear test and a spinal tap. That gave me a week in the clinic, anyway, with halfway decent conditions. They found I was not infected with anything.

I should explain that there are actually two queens' tanks at the Hall of Justice—one for the unsentenced ones, one for the ones during their time.

The unsentenced tank has 12 cells for two men apiece. There are always five or six in every one. Showers twice a week, cold water, one mirror to shave with. Naturally the people are very unsanitary about themselves.

After you get sentenced you have a chance to become a trusty. You live in a kind of dormitory, four men to a cubicle. But by that time you're usually ready to

be let out anyway because of all the time it takes to go to court and get your sentence. So the queens spend most of their time in the unsentenced one.

Some of them would rather be there anyway. The screwing goes on all the time there. The "men" like it better because it's easy to pull off a gang bang if you can't get laid any other way. The main entertainment there is watching the black jockers rip off the white sissies. I never tried to break up one of those parties, because I never made any friends in that tank. Most of the queens bring it on themselves, anyway.

Their big concern is their make-up. Yeah, they make their own. You know, mascara, that shit that goes on your eyelashes? They take toothpaste, pencil and water, mix it together and pencil it on. They use cigarette packs too. Like, you know, Pall Mall packs are red? They scrape that off, mix it with Vaseline and rub it on for blush. Anything green can be used for eye shadow.

All that is imaginative but it's quite unhealthy. I tried it one time just to experiment and I got burns around my eyes.

I didn't have much sex in jail. Hell, I wasn't in the mood with all that shit going on all the time. Besides, if the guards catch you and get pissed off at you, they can take you up to court for sodomy or oral cop. After six months, I was telling the younger kids to let themselves get

caught at it so that they could get into court and tell what goes on in the tanks.

The worst trouble in the tanks isn't sex, though. It's food, and that brings up the racial thing. Like, you have more blacks in the jail than whites, so chances are most of the trusties are black. One time when there were only a few of us whites in the tank, the nigger who was laddling out the stew said the whites can have potatoes and gravy but no meat. When he got to me, I just pushed the whole bucket of stew on the floor. They didn't fuck with me that way again.

Oh, I learned a lot in that jail. Do you know what a Jones is? It's a habit. It means a guy has got a hardon and is going to fuck somebody, like it or not. You think that isn't much education for an eight-month course? It's all a lot of guys ever learn in jail: how to give or get a Jones job.

I learned how to play pinocle and bridge, too. Before I went to jail all I knew was kid games, hearts and simple shit like that. There were usually a few of us who were smart enough and tough enough that we could play cards together without being fucked around with.

There were others who I wouldn't have minded palling around with, but they were usually having to take something in their mouths or their rear ends. Too busy, you see. After those kids would go up to court, they wouldn't come back.

The one thing I learned that I'll never forget is that I could have gotten out a lot sooner if they had spelled my name right when they booked me in. People outside jail being told that I wasn't there—the jail never heard of me. Maybe I only got out by accident after all.

Maybe I'm still supposed to be there. I won't mention that to my probation officer. I'll just let well enough alone.

If I ever get into this shit again, I'm going to make sure I go to prison. From what I've read about Attica, it doesn't sound like too bad a place. By comparison, I mean.

Dancing the Gay Lib Blues (with Arthur)

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Dancing the Gay Lib Blues, by Arthur Bell. Simon & Schuster, October 1971, \$5.95.

I wish to hell I could say something really Bad & Bitchy about Arthur Bell's book, *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*. Point no. 1: A gay reviewer/critic should always knock a gay writer's product, if at all possible, to show his platinum-edged objectivity; to show that he doesn't Simply Adore Everything in connection with the Movement.

Point no. 2: Nasty reviews are infinitely more fun to write and to read. (Or have you forgotten Parker, Benchley and Wolcott?) Superlatives can't hold a candle to good ol' below-the-belt invective. Unfortunately, I'm not Dorothy Parker. I am a great deal better than Dotson Rader and Joseph Epstein, but that's not really being very complimentary to myself, is it?

Point no. 3: I liked Donn Teal's *The Gay Militants* and gave it a good review, some months ago. One sweet review a year should be my limit, especially when I am given two books dealing with basically the same material. (I am the only one I know who is not writing a volume or two on Gay Libido and Its Infinite Ramifications. I feel very much left out of things and may abruptly return to my study of inverted salamanders.)

But I did like the way Bell danced, and I won't say I didn't, just to satisfy points 1 through 3. I liked it because Bell is getting to be a pretty good writer. I liked it because I suspect he is trying to be reasonably honest about himself, to his and the reader's benefit. I liked it because I saw myself, my own joys and frustrations (read: manic-depressive states) on many of the pages.

And I liked it because Bell was smart enough to weave a very personal interplay into the fabric of this continuing socio-sexual revolution. I suspect that long after I have forgotten the details of GAA's evolution, I will remember the subjective flow of Bell's narration. It is important to be reminded of the first City Hall Zap. However, I can't help but prefer Bell's account of his bittersweet and decidedly undecided relationship with "Paul Cliffman," a young man of political ambition and frequent wanderlust.

The weekend of our sixth anniversary—and I tend to be maudlin about such matters—Paul spent with the architect in movie splendor in upstate New York. I was feeling diseased and unloved, and consequently slept around with a bevy of zeroes, as is my wont. Each sex experience made me lonelier.

Yes, Arthur, I know exactly what you mean, baby. We've all felt it. Last winter. Last week. Last night. Thanks for sharing the mood and memory with us. For the reader in Curdville, Oklahoma, who cannot quite relate to the Stonewall riot, there are such passages as quoted above to give you a feeling of kinship with Bell and other gays.

For those of you who do relate primarily (and rampantly) to Gay Power, struggle, structure and substructure (and/or have forgotten and need a review,

Early founders of the Gay Activists Alliance. Arthur Bell is second from the right.



Arthur Bell, the author of "Dancing the Gay Lib Blues"

and/or have never heard of it, if that is still possible, even in Curdville), Bell is quite thorough in analyzing and dissecting East Coast Gaylib, from birth through adolescence. The begetting of GAA from GLF, the Carol Greitzer petitioning, the founding of Mayor John, the Snake Pit panic and Diego Vinales. (As Bell has shared the confidence of the Argentine youth, I personally would have appreciated it if he had informed the reader, to the best of his current knowledge, of Vinales' present health. I certainly hope we are all still very much concerned.)

And of course there is Stonewall, the meetings with the Village Independent Democrats, bravos for Ms. Abzug (beautifully in there rooting for us again, as of the writing of this review), the Republican State Committee sit-in and Rockefeller Five; tilts with NYU, the House of

Detention detentes and frays. And chasing after a Randy Agnew story for GAY. (Unfortunately, there was no story, or at least it wasn't the one we all anticipated. Pity.)

There is a very good description of the attack on Harper's and an amusing (and slightly malicious) account of the night gays shared the Dick Cavett Show with James Earl Jones and Phyllis Diller. In addition, there are Bell's own reflections on the first Gay Pride Week. (Sadly, he is forced to miss the march and be-in, due to a Detroit convention of the American Library Association. He is told of the activities of that Ultimate Day via an ecstatic letter from Eben Clark.)

On what I could perhaps call a "semi-personal" level, Bell recounts his vocational adventures in the publishing world, and as reporter for the *Village Voice*,

GAY, and the original *Gay Power*. (I might add here that due to the rapidity of unfolding events, Bell's book was being printed before publication of his reed-escue interviews with Lana Turner and Jane Russell for the *New York Times*, and those exposes of syndicate corruption for the *Voice*. Hopefully we will learn the dirty details of these escapades in *Son of Gay Lib Blues Meets the Cosa Nostra*.)

However, most important is Bell's lengthy examination of the woolly inner workings of Gay Activists Alliance, the... um, yes... machinations. Especially at the time of the first election for president of the organization. As an only occasional visitor to the GAA headquarters, I found these chapters quite revealing. Frankly, I had always assumed it took several generations for such a patina of Machiavellian court intrigue to become so blatantly visible.

It is this power struggle (which also forces the final break with Cliffman) that obviously encouraged Bell to append the more somber and introspective *Blues* to his title, rather than *Cakewalk* or *Schottische*. Not all that glitters gaily is gold. The author clearly does not feel unlimited admiration for the majority of GAA's leaders, including Messrs. Jim Owles and Marty Robinson. (Because of that extremely subjective viewpoint of Bell's, I am not inclined to accept his sometimes harsh opinions at face value; until I am able to grow balls the massive size of Owles' and Robinson's, I must continue with my absolute respect for the gentlemen.)

Bell also mentions, with some impatience, GAA's "Robert's Rules of Order clique." And if my own generally accurate sources of information are correct, it is this fetishistic slavishness to parliamentary procedure that may very well bring the unexpected downfall of that noble organization. In his epilogue, Bell observes in general summary: "Unfortunately, sunset endings are for 1939 movies. They're fine, but they don't work for me."

What does work for him? What did he gain of A Year in the Homosexual Liberation Movement (the book's subtitle)? A new awareness; perhaps a better understanding of himself and of others; the satisfaction of fighting idiocy in its many guises. There is disillusionment, yes. But disillusionment manipulated for constructive ends can make wise men of us all. Ask any Hemingway hero (if you can find one).

Bell speaks, near the end of his saga, of the new begat: *Beyond*. Will the Beyonds ("a miracle family") aid Bell in his "never-ending process toward self-liberation"? And will there be more disillusionment? Probably. And will *Beyond* give labored birth to the *Grand Council of Universal Gays*? Probably. And I imagine Bell will be prepared to accept it. Anyway, it is, as they say, useless to speculate. I prefer to let Bell speak for himself, in as sincere and charming an ending passage as I have read in some time.

Will I ever be liberated? Set free from bondage? Released? Never, never, ever, ever. But I make a fantastic spinach salad. And sometimes I remember to wash the sand from the leaves.

Alatorre Primary Victory Followed by Raids

Continued from page 1

scene invariably have signalled a tightening up of anti-gay fuzz activity through the city.

Alatorre's campaign manager, Ken Katz, expressed surprise at the suggestion—conveyed to him by GAY—that the coincidences of the gay vote victory and Metro Squad sweep could be something more than a coincidence.

"Maybe I'm not conditioned to think in those terms," he replied. "The implication is inconceivable to me." He would put the question to rabidly anti-gay police chief Ed Davis anyway. Davis, of course, was similarly amazed at the idea. He denied any connection.

A keynote of Alatorre's campaign has been his outspoken support for minority rights. He specifically singled out California's homosexuals as a viciously oppressed minority. Alatorre's top opponent in the November 16th runoff, Republican Bill Brophy, has scorned to discuss the issue.

Richard Alatorre, a debutant politician who went right to the heart of his constituency, probably will be the first Californian to win statewide office on the strength of the gay vote.

Alatorre overwhelmed six fellow Democrats in a bitterly contested October 19th special election to fill the Assembly (lower house) seat of the 48th District,

which includes Hollywood and its heavily homosexual environs.

Of 31,000 votes spread among ten candidates of four parties, the 28-year-old Los Angeles-born Mexican American took 7,685—nearly twice as many as his two heavily financed primary rivals put together.

Since the 48th is entrenched Democratic and Chicano country, his runoff victory November 16th against sole Republican entry Bill Brophy is regarded here as a cinch.

It was the campaign itself that was the hard part. Alatorre, whose boyishly sincere, Scout's-honor style strongly resembles that of Robert Kennedy, waged much of it in gay bars before customers who balked at being photographed with him. (GAY's Los Angeles photographer, Tony deVries, was manhandled out of one of the most rigid and uptight bars anywhere while Alatorre delivered his reasoned pitch for gay civil rights and sex law reform. Two nights later, the place was raided and closed for showing boy-to-boy fuck films.)

But the force with which limp wrists worked voting machines registered immediately as far away as Sacramento.

A Republican Party statewide reapportionment plan—those are perennial in view of California's swirling population patterns—suddenly revealed a map

scheme in which the 48th District would be assigned to Orange County.

That gimmick is probably foredoomed because the district's Chicano majority intends to use its geography to put one of its own blood into high office. But homosexuals suspect it's not only Mexican-Americans who are the conservatives' targets.

Alatorre's election night victory party, in a Hollywood dance hall frequently rented to gay groups, posed an interesting picture of the problem he faced by openly soliciting the homosexual vote. To the victor's right were his Chicanos, many of them in family groups, some requiring quiet translation of the ceremonial speeches into a tongue more comfortable to them than English. To his left were the "others," the voters nobody else asked for with any degree of enthusiasm. Between them moved the party regulars in a self-conscious show of unanimity.

The crucial moment came when the handsome Alatorre introduced his immediate relatives: his mother, his sister, and his brother-in-law.

The obvious gap in the candidate's personal status was filled in the following day by his campaign staff, who apparently hadn't thought it worth mentioning earlier:

Alatorre, it was made clear, is divorced.

Gay Racial Controversy Rages in Nation's Capitol

BY PERRIN SHAFFER & RANDY DOWLING

Washington, D.C.—The Lost and Found (L & F) opened at 56 L St., S.E., on Oct. 12th. Due to an incident that night, the bar has been picketed since for alleged racism and sexism.

At about 9:30 on the night that the L & F opened, three black ministers of the Evangelical Catholic Community (one of Washington's two gay churches) arrived at the bar. According to the Rev. Joe Covert, "The doorman wanted to see an I.D. with a photo. When we each produced one, he asked for another. None of us had two I.D.'s with photos, so we left. But we stood outside and watched whites being admitted with only draft cards or without any I.D.'s. When the doorman noticed that we were watching, he moved his chair, so we couldn't see. We asked to see the manager. Manager Bill Parry (manager will refer to member of management in this article) spoke to us. He told us that we had to 'satisfy' the doorman's request in order to be admitted. That's when we started contacting every gay organization in the city." According to the bar, Covert must have been mistaken, since draft cards are easily falsified and thus not accepted from any patrons. The bar requires two valid I.D.'s. A picture I.D. is required only if there is a question as to the validity of the other I.D.

Two nights later, Covert had managed to unite the city's gay organizations to picket. It was agreed to not negotiate beforehand, due to GLF's experience with the Plus One two years ago. Two of the managers of the L & F, Don Culver and Bill Bickford, had been the same two managers who had refused to discuss similar alleged discrimination last winter, following months of letters requesting a meeting. Resolution of issues followed a change in management.

Paul Kuntzler, who was gay spokesman Franklin Kameny's congressional campaign manager earlier this year, decided to discuss the issues on his own

with the bar. Rumors of impending picketing were circulating in the bar when Kuntzler arrived at 12:30 a.m., Oct. 15, a few hours before the intended picketing. He spoke with manager Bill Parry, who, he alleges, likened GAA and GLF to the Black Panthers and labelled every gay liberation leader other than Kameny as "sick, neurotic radicals who represent no one but themselves." Kuntzler allegedly replied, "If I were a radical, I wouldn't be sitting here." Kuntzler claimed in a flier, issued two days later, that Parry stated during the meeting that "if possible, we would prefer to exclude all black people from the Lost and Found" because "Black people are generally poor and, besides, most of our patrons are bigots." According to the flier, the bar expected a customer to spend more than \$2.25 a night. Parry has dismissed the statements as "contrived." Bickford says that a manager would be crazy to say what Kuntzler claimed. Kuntzler says that Parry told him, "If you quote me, I'll deny it."

Former GAA president Jim McClard considers Kuntzler's meeting a feeble attempt to negotiate with the bar's management. He would have preferred that the homophile organizations had negotiated, investigating further the alleged discrimination and questioning the bar about specific cases. To the argument that management at the L&F is the same as at the Plus One during similar difficulties, McClard answers that Culver was not in a policy-making position at the Plus One, whereas he is in such a position now. He has resigned from the GAA executive board in protest.

"Racism" was not the only charge leveled at the L&F. A list of ten demands cited exclusion by color, sex, hair length, dress, transvestitism and age. McClard feels it is hypocritical of GAA to accuse the L&F of sexism when the general membership had earlier this year voted GAA approval of a gay women's dance from which men would be barred. Although manager Bill Bickford disclaims sexism,

he does admit to exclusion on three points, with explanations. The dress code bans bare feet, hats, "undershirts worn as outer garments," and male levis on women (not a steadfast rule, he asserts). Drag queens are barred, except on special occasions, such as Halloween, a policy which he claims has the approval of drag organizations. Bickford says that the ABC board allows a bar to limit itself to customers above 21 years of age, which the L&F has done. He denies other charges of exclusion, which the picketers claim result from arbitrary enforcement of the I.D. check. Bickford asserts that the ABC board permits a bar to choose its own I.D.-checking procedure, since the bar is responsible for false I.D.'s, not the I.D.-holder.

Randy Dowling (who gathered some of the information for this article) has witnessed this I.D.-check between 30 and 40 times. More than half the times involved blacks, since Randy made a special effort to check the few blacks who sought admittance. He noticed that far fewer whites were asked to show two pieces of I.D.—including one with a photo—than were blacks, obvious "hippie" types, and the very young. While he saw many whites allowed to enter without showing any I.D.'s, he saw no blacks allowed the same privilege. According to one knowledgeable source, if the bar's policy were proven consistent with Randy's findings, the L&F would be in violation of Washington and federal public accommodations laws. Randy never saw more than three blacks in the bar at any one time prior to Friday, October 22nd. Too few women sought admittance for him to judge how strictly dress standards were applied. The L&F claims that it now asks I.D.'s of every patron entering.

There has been harassment by both parties. Those who enter in spite of the fliers are taunted by cries of "racist" or Cade Ware's "Check your conscience at the door" and "Second-class status accepted by all blacks entering." Bickford

claims that blacks have told him that they won't cross the picket line for fear of this thrashing.

The L&F photographed a sign labeling Culver a "racist pig" and another reading "The Fire Next Time." On the other hand, picketers claim that Bickford drove a car into their ranks on October 17th. He counters that they were blocking the entrance, which the picketers deny. They also claim to have seen many patrons and would-be patrons shoved out the doors. The most serious incident of this kind involves one of the picketers, Eva Freund. She and the Rev. Reggie Haynes (one of those involved in the opening-night incident) had just passed the I.D. check so that they could witness from the inside others being checked. Parry, discovering that she was a picketer, ordered her out. She refused, saying, "I'm not drunk and I'm not causing a disturbance. If you strongly feel that I should leave, you have the option of getting the policeman standing outside the door." Shortly after, she said, "It took three big, butch numbers to get little me out, fighting all the way." They allegedly picked her up and threw her out the exit doors and against a car, causing injuries. Haynes was pushed out. A witness says that Freund and Haynes were shouting obscenities, so several in the bar "escorted" them out.

Deep divisions in the gay community have resulted from the picketing. It has spawned resentment against homophile organizations, especially GAA. Hostility has been vented against the bar, including verbal threats and second-hand threats of firebombing. Friendships are being strained, especially when a customer emerges from the bar to find a friend picketing. Kuntzler feels that guilt has resulted from the picketing, especially from statements like Ware's: "If we condone discrimination in our world, we have nothing to say against people who discriminate against us." They nod, and may feel guilty, but rarely get out of the line that grows larger in spite of the picketing.

The News Twisters A Report on the Media

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

George Weinberg, Ph.D., is an outstanding New York psychotherapist and the author of several best selling books. His latest work, "Society and the Healthy Homosexual," is soon to be published by St. Martin's Press.

How far should one go in revealing a truth which if known might inflame a populace into acting contrary to its own best interests?

Some years ago, Camus and Sartre, sworn existentialists, believed in communism as an ideal. Like others they watched the progress of Russian Communism closely, as the best model available. When Camus and Sartre learned that the Russians were using slave labor camps, there was a temptation to withhold this knowledge from the French people. Both felt that the discovery could lead the populace to envision communism as a dead end and a trap, whereas it seemed to them that communism offered the only solution for the people.

Camus contended that, in spite of the danger of misleading people by showing them a faulty example, it was obligatory to give them the knowledge. The gist of his view was, "We must never abandon truth as a value or we have betrayed the people."

Sartre, being more "practical" or "expedient" as one chooses to regard him, disagreed. "Here the truth would do too much damage," he argued. "Suppress the information."

In recent years, the television networks who give us our news—ABC, CBS, NBC—have been inclining toward Sartre's point of view. The newscasters on these three networks have adopted the official "liberal-intellectual" party line; this means downplaying or omitting the views of people too far to the right or left and presenting all the news as someone slightly left of center sees it.

The "liberal-intellectual" view led to extreme slanting of the news during the last presidential election, slanting against Nixon. Since I assume most readers of this paper dislike Nixon, it might be said that we agree with the slant. But it is easily shown that the slant was not merely an editorial preference. It was usual practice to lie about how well Nixon was received, how many people turned out to see Humphrey, how cross-sections of Americans felt at the time. I for one could hardly believe that Nixon fooled anybody, and despite the polls I was lulled by the networks into believing that he would probably be defeated. These days the networks would have us believe that only Nixon and Agnew and a few Pentagon elderlies are for the war and the rest of the country is fervently opposed to it. In fact, the majority is against the war, but indifferently. At this moment in history, the majority is heavily for Nixon, which means that the awfulness of his foreign policy has not truly come home to roost.

The danger of allowing a single narrow point of view to dominate the airwaves is obvious. Even when one agrees with the view, one can deplore the utter censorship of other views. One can feel violently opposed to Nixon and the war and still deplore the television news monopoly which does much to create our national stereotypes of "the black," for instance, and "the leftist."

A new book by a crackerjack writer,

Edith Efron, called *The News Twisters* spells out the modes and patterns of the networks in censoring the news. No sooner had the book come out when a world famous network news commentator demanded that *TV Guide* fire her. I found the book remarkable, mainly for its discussion of various stereotypes and its analysis of how the network news monopolies convey these stereotypes. The left is shown as comprised mainly of youthful, restless boys with beards and girls with sandals who have the right to be heard. Blacks are presented as totally undiversified, mentally and spiritually. Those who want merely to coexist with whites, who oppose violence, though they are the vast majority, are seldom shown.

In actuality, the black community overwhelmingly repudiates black criminals, just as the gay community would repudiate Leopold and Loeb. The black community knows very well what the networks conceal—that the preponderance of crimes committed by blacks are against other blacks. The victims tend to be blacks trapped by white prejudice in the slums and forced to live with a murderous slum population. That this occurs

would be important for people to know. And that blacks vary in reaction to it as much as any other human beings would. As Miss Efron put it in her brilliant analysis, the simple formula for presenting blacks has been

"Whites oppress blacks.
Blacks feel rage.
Any enraged black speaks for all."

The News Twisters is not only worth reading for its own sake; it allows for a vivid inference into how stereotyping is done by the networks, and one can infer much from it regarding how homosexuals will be stereotyped in the future. As one might have expected, Edith Efron was one of the few writers of importance I approached who showed willingness to endorse the gay cause by putting her name behind it.

The progress of blacks and homosexuals as public images has been similar in some very important respects. In the beginning there was either no mention or blatant mimicry of the group. A darkie came shambling on, flashing white eyes as Shirley Temple sang. Comics lisped for laughs. As comics mimicked negroes in the past, they still mimic homosexual men. Then blacks were able to demand a hearing and the stereotype changed. The black became a symbol for sympathy—for the grudging appreciation—"He must have had a hard life being a nigger all that time." No wonder black groups have already stormed some of the local stations that are network affiliates.

The stereotyped homosexual, already known in the literature as "the homosexual," is starting to be aired by the networks. This homosexual is the delicate, oppressed, artist-type who has been buf-

Continued on page 21



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Historic Hearings Held in N.Y.C.

Continued from page 1
 Dr. Wardell Pomeroy
 Dr. Heinrich Rutenbeck
 Father Herbert Rogers, S.J., Fordham University
 Dr. Irwin Rosenfeld, Psychiatrist
 Hon. John Scanton, Economic Development
 Ass'n
 Hon. Leonard Scholnick, Councilman
 Dr. Ann Scott, Legislative Vice-President, Nat'l
 Organization of Women
 Hon. Percy Sutton, Borough President of Man-
 hattan
 Miss Gloria Steinem, writer, N.Y. Magazine
 Dr. George Weinberg, Psychiatrist
 Hon. Theodore Weiss, Councilman

The first speaker was Victor Gott-
 baum, President of the Municipal Workers
 Union, District Council 37. Mr. Gott-
 baum informed the assemblymen that
 he'd consulted with his council and had
 found overwhelming support for Intro
 475. He claimed he believed prejudice
 was due to ignorance and if not fought
 would become more acute. Under ques-
 tioning, Gottbaum stressed that the city
 should take the initiative to show that
 "inversion" was not "perversion."

The next speaker was Mr. Katz, City
 Clerk of the Marriage License Bureau. Mr.
 Katz expressed concern that Intro 475
 might lead to renewed pressure by homo-
 sexuals for marriage licenses.

Following Katz the Honorable Anton-
 io Olivieri, New York State Assembly-
 man, noted that one of his colleagues, an
 assemblyman from a conservative district
 in Brooklyn, had found 75% of his consti-
 tuents in favor of the bill's passage. "Ho-
 mosexuals are born with rights," stated
 Olivieri, "and the rights to rights. They
 don't have them."

The next speaker registered negative
 opinions. He was Robert Goth, of the
 Queens Catholic War Veterans, a former
 naval officer. "My opinions have been
 formed some time ago," he said. "Fun
 City doesn't have to be 'sin' city. The se-
 curity problem of these people has been
 shown in the elimination of people like
 Jenkins. The deluge of fifth publications is
 an indication of the trend, a mistake. I
 believe these people are sick. They should
 be treated. I deplore this attempt to foist
 immorality through legislation."

The Honorable Eleanor Holmes Nor-
 ton, Chairwoman of the New York City
 Commission of Human Rights, spoke
 next: "We cannot wait for the State to
 take action," she said. "We must have this
 bill now. The homosexuals, like the
 blacks, must have legal guarantees to
 work toward security as their right."

Roy Anderson of the Anti-Homosex-
 ual League submitted a thick brochure.

The next speaker was Kate Millett, au-
 thor of *Sexual Politics*. Ms. Millett urged
 the Council to pass the bill so that homo-
 sexually-inclined people would not have
 to live lives of dishonesty, merely to sur-
 vive.

A Roman Catholic priest, Father Her-
 bert Rogers, S.J. of Fordham University,
 asked the Council to pass the bill, stating
 that the homosexual person has a right to
 work.

Dr. Ann Scott of NOW, Legislative
 Vice-President of the National Organiza-
 tion of Women, spoke, declaring that
 NOW recognized the lesbian as the doubly
 oppressed woman and that lesbianism is
 a feminist issue.

Marc Rubin, GAA activist, spoke as a

high school teacher, explaining that he
 was both a homosexual and a teacher. He
 went over his 17-year career as a teacher,
 explaining that he could not have entered
 his profession had it been known that he
 was homosexually-inclined. He stated
 that he knew of no instances in which
 homosexual teachers molested their stu-
 dents.

Jerome Kretschmer, Commissioner of
 the Environmental Protection Associa-
 tion, spoke in favor of the bill.

Barbara Love spoke as a lesbian and
 told how she had been forced to leave her
 job of 10 years with a Madison Avenue
 Public Relations Firm in order to live
 openly as a lesbian. She detailed harass-
 ment she had been subjected to in the
 area of housing, stating that in one in-
 stance she and her lover had been evicted
 only shortly before Christmas, in the bit-
 ter cold. Her lover had died only a month
 later in an automobile accident.

Fred Cherry, longtime anti-homosex-
 ual activist and post-card "insuendo cru-
 sader," stated that homosexuals were at-
 tempting to gain their rights so as to have
 freedom to molest children. He accused
 the *New York Times* of being party to
 the homosexual "conspiracy." The board
 warned him of libel.

GAA President Jim Oweis was called.
 He was not present, and his speech urging
 acceptance of the bill was read by Breck
 Artery.

Brenda Pastow of the Women's Na-
 tional Political Caucus spoke of the mili-
 tant women behind gay rights. "I do not
 believe in threats," she said, "but this bill,
 if it fails, will arouse the ire of 53% of the
 women."

Gay militant Clarence Morgan spoke,
 testifying as the effects of "exposure"
 of homosexuals in the Army. One of his
 friends, he said, had hanged himself,
 while the other ran into enemy fire in
 order to kill himself.

Sylvia Spray, a mother, testified as a
 mother. She said that she was the only
 parent present, that parenthood was the
 greatest joy in life, and that it was the
 parent's duty to lead a child to parenth-
 ood. She said that homosexuals would
 lead children astray. She drew a picture
 of social disaster if homosexuals were
 given their rights.

Mr. Timothy Mitchell, head of the Co-
 ordinating Council on Education, spoke
 of his fears that the bill would give full
 license to sadists and other perverts.

Hal Weiner, lawyer for GAA, spoke as
 "a lawyer, a citizen and a parent." He
 called Intro 475 "a small step for homo-
 sexuals, a giant step for Homo Sapiens."

Finally, Sidney Abbot spoke. She
 stressed that while male homosexuals
 might be more harassed by the penal code
 and its effects, women were more con-
 cerned with social acceptance in such
 fields as housing and jobs so that the leg-
 islation now being considered was most
 important to them.

At 8 p.m. Mr. Saul Sharonson stated
 that thirty more witnesses were still to be
 heard and that another hearing date must
 be scheduled. He stated that the Police
 and Fire Department Commissioners
 would be asked to give testimony. During
 the hearings a great deal of controversy
 had involved these two departments and
 the feasibility of hiring homosexuals in
 their midst.



Big Payoffs and Little Pleasures

BY DICK LEITSCH

The best show in New York
 these days is the two-week
 continuing picaresque
 drama known as the public
 hearings of the Knapp
 Commission investigation of police cor-
 ruption. The cascade of beads dropping in
 those hearings has risen to a threatening
 roar, and suspense mounts as the viewers
 guess whose heads will roll with the beads.

At this writing "fag joints" have been
 mentioned only in passing. Next week,
 we have been promised, we'll hear more
 about payoffs from bars and cabarets.
 From what has been revealed thus far, in-
 justice-collecting homosexual "leaders"
 are going to be disappointed. Like the or-
 ganized crime forces, cops on the take
 don't get rich off the gay world. There's
 far more money to be made from num-
 bers, narcotics, "legitimate" business and
 gambling.

Former uniformed Patrolman Edward
 Drodge (a cultivated, educated, very
 handsome young man who could make an
 honest living as a call boy) took the stand
 to tell of his "sins." Like the plainclothes-
 men, he got ten dollars a night from ille-
 gal after-hours clubs. He got more from
 gamblers, numbers operators and others.
 He could make four bucks just by accom-
 panying supermarket receipts to the bank.

The really big bread (again, from non-
 gay sources) evidently goes to the plain-
 clothesmen—the Morals Squad. William
 R. Phillips, a cop on the "take," said he
 never met, worked with, or heard of, a
 plainclothesman who didn't take pay
 offs. The monthly "pad" for plainclothes-
 men ranges between \$400 and \$1,500,
 depending upon the division he's assigned
 to—and he can bribe superiors for a more
 profitable assignment. If he's willing to go
 out and hustle, a cop can make more.
 When caught, Phillips was arranging pro-
 tection for a dice game in exchange for an
 \$8,000 dollar a month pay-off.

Sometimes there are windfalls. Phillips
 told of a cop who arrested a narcotics
 dealer and took two or three kilos of her-
 oin and \$137,000 in cash. He turned in
 the dope and part of the money, stuffed
 \$80,000 in cash into shopping bags and
 walked out of the station house with it.
 Outrageous? Yes, but am I horrified or
 just terribly jealous?

The Vestal Virgins of Moral Uplift are
 wallowing in an orgy of sanctimony. Cops
 and the Police Commissioner are shouting
 "Foul!" and the police union even tried

to block the hearings. The same politicians
 who used the bodies at Attica to win
 votes for themselves or against Rockefeller
 are trying to exploit police corruption
 now. For my own part I'm anything but
 shocked. It's nice to discover that cops
 are human and no better than priests, poli-
 ticians, movement people, businessmen,
 or you and me.

The late Cardinal Spellman's 1 1/2 mil-
 lion dollar coin collection was casually
 mentioned during the hearings. Where
 would a poor boy from Boston get a pile
 of coins like that if not from people who
 wanted religious—or political—favors
 from him?

At a dinner party a man casually asked
 a woman if she would consider adultery
 for a million dollars. "Of course," she re-
 plied. "Would you sleep with me for
 ten?" he asked. She was indignant. "What
 do you think I am?" "We've established
 that, Madam," he said, "and now we're
 haggling over price."

Maybe those politicians out raising
 campaign funds from special interest
 groups wouldn't take an outright bribe—
 but is it worse to sell out or to take
 money under false pretenses?

Maybe homophile organizations
 shouldn't bet, bully or threaten (by pro-
 mising to shout "corrupt, exploitative,
 Mafia-ridden") gay bars for donations.
 Isn't that a form of "protection" in the
 school of Al Capone and corrupt cops?

Maybe I shouldn't accept free drinks,
 free dinners and free admission to the
 baths from gay establishments who know
 I write for a gay paper and hope for good
 will and free publicity.

In a world where everybody is for sale
 if the price is right, why should the cops
 be any better than the rest of us? After
 all, we are the ones who corrupt the cops.
 You and I want "protection" for gay bars
 when the heat is on. We want after-hours
 clubs, maybe a bit of grass, perhaps a pol-
 icy slip, and the luxury of a call boy on a
 cold winter night. It's a lot more conven-
 ient, when we're caught speeding or run-
 ning a red light, to slip the cop a five
 than to take off a day from work and go
 to court.

Sometimes, as Mother Courage said,
 "Our only hope lies in corruption." Poli-
 ticians with the mentalities of preachers
 have hampered and harassed us with laws.
 Ascetics, not satisfied with denying them-
 selves the pleasures of life, legislate their
 asceticism, refusing to realize that how-
 ever noble self-denial may be, denying
 others is ill-mannered.

The wages of puritanism is corruption,
 as thousands of years of puritanical leg-
 islation have proven. Prohibition brought
 organized crime to America and prohibi-
 tions maintain its power. We tolerate
 preacher-politicians with God complexes
 who hand down injunctions beginning
 "Thou shalt not..." God stopped at ten;
 politicians never stop.

If our appetites cannot be satisfied leg-
 ally, we're willing to become criminals
 and buy off our cops, prosecutors and
 judges. Because the laws are silly and the
 punishment unjust, judges and juries
 don't want to convict anyone; prosecu-
 tors don't want to prosecute, and cops
 don't want to arrest. Who can blame
 them for looking the other way, or for
 taking a bribe as a rationale for not act-
 ing? Like the Mafia, the corrupt law en-
 forcement people are the true revolution-
 aries who enable us to survive an inhu-
 mane system.

The solution to corruption is simple
 and obvious: we ought to vote, not for
 politicians who promise us more laws, but
 those who promise fewer laws. We ought
 to know by now that you can't make
 men love one another, be nice to one an-
 other, or be "moral" through legislation.
 The most the law can do is to prevent us
 from killing, robbing, raping and phys-
 ically abusing one another. These limited
 laws should be enforced with a vengeance.
 Our morality and manners can be influ-
 enced by public opinion and the com-
 munity's social conscience.

One man's morality is another person's
 immorality. To Ethel Kennedy my homo-
 sexual promiscuity may be "immoral"; to
 me her profligate breeding is outrageously
 immoral. The State Liquor Authority be-
 lieves I should not be allowed to drink in
 bars after 4 a.m. or before 9 a.m., and
 that my favorite bars should close at 3
 a.m. Sunday morning so I can get to
 church on time. I think the SLA ought to
 stay out of my drinking habits.

Everybody has his own vision of how
 people ought to behave and how the
 world should be in its ideal state. Each of
 these visions is personal, and no man's
 dream fills the requirements of anyone
 else's ideal. Paul VI thinks the Blessed
 Mother is going to weep salty tears if I
 suck a cock or if my neighbor buys a pol-
 icy slip (bingo is o.k., of course, so long as
 it's held in a church basement). The Prot-
 estants yelp that fire and brimstone will
 rain on New York if sodomy is legalized,
 dope laws cast out and crap games are
 allowed out of the closets. What the hell,

you can't live forever, and fire and brim-
 stone provide a quick death. And if the
 Blessed Virgin is a hysterical woman,
 that's her problem—and Paul's—not mine.

The preacher-politicians who have
 such grand dreams of what we all should
 be (rather than what we are) are like
 those people Dr. Kinsey and his associates
 wrote about:

There are some who, finding the
 ocean an impediment to the pursuit
 of their designs, try to ignore its ex-
 istence. If they are unable to ignore
 it because of its size, they try to
 legislate it out of existence, or try to
 dry it up with a sponge. They
 insist the latter operation would be
 possible if enough sponges were
 available, and if enough people
 would wield them.

As the Kinsey Group noted, we've
 mopped for centuries "at the flood of
 sexual activity with new laws, heavier
 penalties, more pronouncements, and
 greater intolerances." We've done the
 same with gambling, prostitution, drugs,
 discrimination, exploitation, ethics, morals
 and everything else. Like the ocean,
 our problems have remained with us,
 threatening to engulf us.

The government has become so large
 and unwieldy and expensive that it
 threatens to crush and impoverish us.
 There are so many silly laws that there is
 no respect for any laws—even the nec-
 essary ones. There is so much bureaucracy
 to enforce the ridiculous laws that we
 have had to create, in corrupt public offi-
 cials and organized crime, a counter-bu-
 reaucracy to protect us from officialdom.

There is evidence that the Knapp Com-
 mission hearings are making this point.
 Already there are rumors of a complete
 reform of the State Liquor Authority and
 its rules (one proposed change would set
 no closing time for bars, which could
 operate around the clock, or open and
 close whenever the manager chooses).
 Pressure for revisions of laws regarding
 "victimless crimes" is increasing. But the
 time has not yet come for us to put down
 the corrupt cops and our other buffers
 against the establishment. The Vestal Vir-
 gins of Moral Uplift, like the Ku Klux
 Klan, the Reform Democrats, and the
 Catholic Church, are always poised, ready
 to legislate what is "good" for you and
 me—whether we consider it "good" or
 not.

Continued on page 21

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THE GARDNER
 He saw him in the yard...
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 to go...
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The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION

Do you prefer integrated social scenes where lesbians, gay males and straights mingle, or do you prefer scenes segregated by gender?



Ron DeMartini, Manhattan:
"I prefer mixed groups of people most of the time because I feel more relaxed, everyone knows where everyone's at and there are few if any hangups in the group. But for now most guys need to be around guys in order to build their gay pride and identity; when guys have reached a level of being socially acceptable with the society we live in, then guys should mix with the rest of society."



Tony L. Ward, Stateline, Nevada:
"It depends. If I am going out to have a lot of fun, I prefer to go to places where there is a mixture of gay males and lesbians. When I am in this type of crowd I can really camp it up and have a ball. When I plan on spending a frolicking, sexual evening with another guy, of course I only frequent all male bars where I know I will score. As far as the straight crowd, I shy away from them as I find them very dull and uninteresting although I have many friends that are straight who are a blast when there are just one or two of them about."



Jim Benacoter, Manhattan:
"I prefer scenes segregated by gender because I feel free to speak my piece in segregated scenes. I find it easier to speak to a person of my own sex, in not saying anything to offend anyone and because I understand and know my own sex better."



Kenny Baker, Granada Hills, Calif.:
"I prefer to be in an all male bar. But, if there is a mixed crowd it really doesn't bother me as long as the people are friendly and congenial. I can talk to women just as well as I can to men, people are people. I don't look at people as an object to go to bed with, I'd rather have a good time and a lasting friend as a roll in the hay. I enjoy being with people, going places, doing things and sharing experiences."



Phillip Eberle, Manhattan:
"I very much prefer integrated places. Most places which are segregated seem to have an uptight gamey atmosphere about them which I personally don't like. Perhaps that's why the GAA Firehouse with a somewhat integrated atmosphere is more suited to my needs as a person. Also a mingling together of people leads to a greater understanding between them. And that is what we really need."

Pen Points

NEW JERSEY GAY GROUPS

Dear GAY:

Guys and gals in Bergen County, New Jersey, can now find out what's happening on the area and statewide gay scene by calling any of three hotline numbers: Joe, 343-6402; Kays, 488-9357; and John, 489-2458.

Although recently formed, the Bergen County group, which is an outgrowth of Gay Activists Alliance (GAA) of New York City, is presently enjoying rapid growth and establishment of its goals. The group meets at Joe's house, 32 Bridge St., on Fridays at 8 p.m.

Other homophile groups have been formed in Essex, Union and Somerset Counties.

Sincerely,
J.
Hackensack, N.J.

GROOVY GREGORY

Dear GAY:

Re: Gregory Battcock's column on the Washington Groovy Guy Contest, there were indeed two bottles of a decent 1966 Pommard and Mr. Battcock managed to finish off one and a half of them himself.

By the time the contest started, he was so completely potted he could hardly find the stage, let alone judge the contestants. By the end of the contest, Mr. Battcock totally astonished the guests by throwing papers, chairs, glasses—anything he could get his hands on—into the air. In his column he claims that it took me so long to focus my camera while taking pictures of him and Dick Leitch that I was obviously inept while his "carefully placed smile would turn into stone." Actually, there was a breeze blowing and every time I got ready to snap, the hair carefully combed over Mr. Battcock's forehead would stand upright to reveal a shamefully balding pate. Thus, I kindly let the wind subside before taking each picture. See what happens when you try to be nice to some people? The statement that I felt ten dollars extra for the parlor car was too much in true, since I did not wish to overburden our hosts who were paying for it. Mr. Battcock, true to form, had no such qualms.

Love,
Aaron Bates

ED. NOTE: In his column, Gregory forgot to name the winner of the contest: Jerry Regulski, who was sponsored by the Hideaway, the gay bar where GAY's edi-

tors met eight years ago. Bruce Harris (from the Pier Nine) was First Runner-up, and Bruce Castle (from the Pub Nine) was Second Runner-up. One of the poignant highlights of the evening was the appearance of Dr. H. Lynn Womack, President of Guild Press and an indefatigable crusader for a free gay press (see GAY no. 60). Jerry Regulski, the Groovy Guy, is a 24-year-old native of Baltimore who has lived in Washington for the past four years. He studied accounting at the University of Baltimore and works as a junior accountant for an insurance firm.

DO NOT FORSAKE US

Dear GAY:

I have seen your paper go from rags to riches, meaning that in your first issues you displayed many "cock and balls" photos, while at the same time some of the best writing. Today I feel that GAY is the best fucking paper of its kind.

My only criticism is that you seem to be going too far with this West Coast bit. The issue before me, Vol. 2, No. 62, has 22 advertisements dealing with businesses located in the L.A. area, not to mention a notice dealing with a man running for office in the L.A. area... Also the four

lead articles in this issue deal with L.A. happenings. If I want to go to a dance on Saturday night, I am not going to go to one in Hollywood. The information is not related to me personally, and I think you are getting away from New York. Even your social page on L.A. is in the front of the paper. Since I occasionally read the West Coast Gay papers, I know that they do not push the East Coast social scene too much, and very little advertisement concerning New York is published.

Please do not forsake us New Yorkers. This is where I live and your paper should reflect the news and activities of the community of its origin.

Sincerely,
Richard Malin

ED. NOTE: GAY hopes to cover events on both coasts and in Middle America with equal enthusiasm. The reason the paper contains so much Los Angeles advertising is that New York bars, more closely perhaps, since the days of the Wagner administration, are loath to advertise. If you and your friends would like to see more New York advertising, ask your local pub why they don't advertise in the paper. California's bars are miles ahead of Manhattan in their willingness to openly cater to homosexually-inclined people.

The Life & Times of T.C. Jones

BY BILLY KAMP

Leonard Sillman's productions of "New Faces" were always highlights of the musical comedy season. They featured skits and songs and lavish production numbers that dazzled the eye and fell gently on the ear. The line-up for "New Faces of 1956" was as varied and talented as any in the past, but one performer stood out. He was a young man who had made his mark in the theatre as a dancer and in nite clubs as a mimic, impressionist, and impersonator.

His part in the revue was not the largest when the company left New York for the out-of-town opening. In "New Faces" revues all acts were equal and there were no stars, but when this edition opened in New York this young man was as near to being a star as you could get. His name was T.C. Jones and he emceed (femceed, said Variety) the show as various stars—Bette Davis, Kate Hepburn and Talulah Bankhead—might have. Who can ever forget that take-off on the "Follies" with T.C. as Bankhead sinking into a trap door for the first act finale?

I think it was the same year (I'm very bad on dates) T.C. Jones opened in "Mask and Gown," his one-man show on Broadway. To publicize this revue a giant cut-out photo of T.C. was run up the side of the Palace Theatre Building.

Before all this success I had worked with T.C. in a little club on East 28th Street called the One-Eleven. I knew he had worked before this in a few clubs in male attire, using just a few props for his various impressions, but this was the first time he had worked in complete drag. T.C. was completely bald (the result of malaria contracted in the service), but he had the face of an angel. At the beginning, and for quite a while during his career, T.C. did not wear wigs. Instead, he wore a round black feathered skullcap that came down over his forehead like bangs. The back was a velvet knitted smood which looked very much like hair and I'm sure nobody ever knew the difference.

He wore almost no jewelry, and he had brought back from Paris a basic black satin gown which he had copied over and over again and wore as a basic wardrobe most of the time. He changed quite a bit when he made the Broadway scene. Remember the floor-length mink coat he wore as Miss Bankhead in "New Faces"? T.C. was a truly fantastic person. Talent lay upon him like a mantle and he wore it beautifully. The public adored him and he had a following that packed whatever place he happened to be playing. When T.C. came to work at the One-Eleven the owner quickly saw what a great talent he was, recognized his potential popularity, and signed him to a two-year contract. I'm sure T.C. regretted that contract the moment after he signed it.

While working at the One-Eleven T.C. had numerous offers but was unable to break the agreement with the owner. The one offer I remember most vividly was made by Marge Finnocchio (of the internationally-known San Francisco club) when she stopped in New York on her way to Europe to see T.C. After seeing the show she wanted to take him with her, offering a large salary and contract with periodic raises. T.C. did everything but fall on his knees to get out of his New York commitment to no avail, as his pleas fell on very deaf ears. From then on he counted the days and weeks until the termination of his sentence. On the last night everything was all packed and as soon as the show was over he was quickly gone.

Now I'd like to go back and tell a



T.C. Jones, an unidentified man, Billy Kamp and Freddy Mills



T.C. Jones



High drag in the late forties: T.C. Jones and Billy Kamp (center)

story that happened while T.C. was still at the One-Eleven. We had a boy in the show named Freddy Mills. He was a dancer, not the best, but he got by. He was not a bad person when sober but give him a few drinks and he was impossible. Another member of the cast, Tommy Lee, a very attractive boy who, in make-up, looked like Lana Turner, was a constant source of annoyance to Freddy. Whether Freddy was bugged by Tommy's good looks or his popularity, or something else, I don't know, but there was this constant friction always going on between these two. Freddy was the "butcher" of the two, Tommy being a little slip of a thing.

As I exceed the show my spot preceded T.C.'s and he went on just before the finale. I finished my act and went back into the dressing room which was on the side of the stage. That meant while the show was going on one was trapped there until it was over. As I went in Tommy was crying and taking off his make-up while Freddy glared at him from across the room.

I asked Tommy what he was doing as this was only the second show and we did three a night. Besides, there was the finale to do next. He said he wasn't going on and when I asked why, Miss Mills opened her big southern mouth and replied, "Because I said so." As I was in charge I inquired what he had to do with it. I told Tommy to get himself together and to ignore Freddy.

Freddy wouldn't be ignored and started running his mouth at me about "self-styled stars blown up with their own importance," etc. I ignored that simper-ton and started to change in order to take T.C. off and bring on the finale. Freddy would have none of this and came over to where I was trying to get into a velvet and white lace bouffant gown.

Standing there at my shoulder, reeking of beer, he continued this nonsense, making snide remarks which I answered. Then he slapped me across the face. That was all she wrote. I was on him like an unleashed tiger. He fell to the floor from the weight of my leap on him and the war started. Tables were turned over, bottles and jars broke as the make-up hit the floor and the noise must have been terrific.

Meanwhile, T.C. was at the end of his act doing his impersonation of a drunken singer performing "Big Wide Wonderful World" when this earthquake started. The first slap in my face was the last. Freddy gave me because now I was on him trying to beat his head in with a Coke bottle. Blood was all over the place. I had left the lace skirt to my gown on the opposite side of the dressing room as it had caught and torn off when I made my famous leap. I was wearing only the top.

About this time (T.C. was still singing away) across the stage stomped the owner and a couple of his "boys" to stop the tempest. I think a couple of the patrons followed. T.C. sang on without missing a note. Everybody pulled me off Freddy

and I was becoming sick to my stomach. A couple of my straight friends were trying to drag Freddy out into the alley to stomp him.

T.C., his song finished, came quietly into the dressing room. He waded through all the debris to his table, pulled his suitcase down from the shelf and started packing. All the time, in a quiet voice, he muttered things like "What am I doing in this asylum? These people are all mad as hatters! Who can work under these conditions?"

Although he was very serious about walking out and we all knew we had to do a lot of apologizing to quiet him down, we all stood there watching him busily packing talking to no one in particular. All of a sudden it was very funny—to everyone except Freddy, who had been fired on the spot. We all spent the rest of the evening talking T.C. out of leaving, and he did stay with us until his contract ran out.

I remember seeing him once again after the One-Eleven incident in a club on University Place that had two floors. The bottom one was the bar with a few tables and upstairs T.C. worked alone with a three-piece, all-girl band that was also left over from the One-Eleven. We sat and talked and had a few drinks.

With me was Feathers Blake, a comic. T.C. became quietly annoyed with Feathers, because he had found out that Feathers was using some of his material (which he wrote himself in those days, I understand). He asked about it and Feathers confessed it was true. T.C. very quietly said, "Don't let me catch you or I'll grab you right off the stage." This was said in a menacing, but low, voice, and T.C. went immediately back to being his friendly self. But Feathers understood and didn't use T.C.'s material again.

After that I saw him and talked with him when he was starring in "The Jewel Box Revue" and I corresponded with him when he was living in San Francisco prior to his going into "New Faces." Although I knew him rather well I have no stories or comic trivia, other than what is here, about him. I thought he was the greatest and I'm sure many shared my opinion—and they aren't all gay. T.C. died recently and I feel a great personal loss, just as I did when my other friend, Rae Bourbon, passed away.

Someone said it's the end of an era and I'm afraid that's true. I have yet to find another T.C. or Rae among the younger generation. Today it's plastic tits and pantomime, and to my way of thinking that's neither female impersonation nor entertainment. Where has all the talent gone? And the clubs? Vanished into the dimness of yesterday.

While Bourbon left ten albums recording his art, T.C. left only two I know of: the original cast recording of "New Faces of 1956" and "T.C. Jones at the Crescendo," both of which are collectors' items. There is also an obscure 45 rpm record called "Champagne Cocktail," which is rarer than the albums.

In one of the episodes of "Alfred Hitchcock Presents," T.C. gives a memorable performance as a manic killer in the guise of a female nurse. It is considered the best show in that series. He also played the heavy in one of the "Wild, Wild West" shows with Bob Conrad, this time bedecked in ruffles and lace. The fight with Conrad at the end of the show where T.C. is "de-wigged" is quite a scene.

This is all that's left of this once-great talent. Just as T.C. gave his many impressions of great stars, maybe in the future someone will come along with enough talent to give an impression of T.C. Jones.

* As the bar scene goes — It's like an oasis in a desert

* Gay

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AFTER HOURS

San Francisco's Call House

BY AARON BATES

Fate ordained from the start that I should be miserable in San Francisco. I don't think it was the record-breaking heat wave that did it. Nor was it the severe case of tonsillitis I contracted. I don't even think it was my fall from the cable car that was responsible. As a matter of fact, I can't put my finger on exactly what it was. However, somehow I knew that things weren't as they should be.

To begin at the beginning, I found lodgings at the home of Hal Call, owner of the fabulous Adonis Book Store at 384 Ellis Street. The Adonis is one of the nicest gay book shops in the country, basically because Hal believes in what he is doing and loves every moment of it. Hal regards those nude magazines and films he sells in the way that an art connoisseur regards the old masters. In short, every large, lovely cock is a cherished possession, distinctly different from every other large, lovely cock. If phallic worship is ever revived, Hal should be awarded the role of high priest. In fact, it is this attitude that helps make the Adonis so special. Sharing his customers' desires, Hal is able to please them. Many of the magazines that sell for five and ten dollars elsewhere are even marked down to a dollar in Hal's shop. He wants his customers to come back and to feel at home. Everything in the shop is neat, clean and in impeccable order. For all you astrology enthusiasts, it stands to reason that Hal Call is a Virgo.

Hal lives on Nob Hill, the choicest section of San Francisco in days gone by. There still remains a slight aura of the past although the area today dates back architecturally to the time of the earthquake and fire. If the truth be known, I was not terribly impressed by the look of the city in general, basically because the buildings are, for the most part, ugly. Tourists, however, seem to be turned on to the mountains the natives refer to as hills. However, mountain climbing has never been one of my passions. (Still I must admit that all that hiking did wonders for my calf muscles.)

Hal, extremely patriotic when it comes to his city, told me that I mustn't say anything bad about San Francisco because it takes years to get to know a place. And I must avow that I didn't try very hard. I had no desire to move out of Hal's apartment during the heat wave, basically because the bars and theatres are not air-conditioned. Then I was further incapacitated by my tonsillitis although Hal assured me that if I couldn't use my mouth I could use other things. True, I suppose.

One of Hal's many gentleman callers, a hustler and model, seemed interested in putting this theory to the test. There was only one little thing that kept me from submitting. He was in the process of being cured for syphilis. Well, I sighed, maybe in another reincarnation. . .

Although I ultimately found my way to a number of bars and marvelous gay



Hal Call was once the President of the Mattachine Society, Inc. (San Francisco)

ating places, Hal's flat seemed infinitely more interesting. Were I in college again, I could not desire a better locale for a study in sociology. Hal, though middle-aged, is still more sexually active than many teenagers. One of the rooms is even converted into a private exploitation theatre at which innumerable jerk-off parties take place. Although the men in San Francisco are generally not as handsome as the ones found in Hollywood, Hal often manages to come up with the cream of the crop at his little soirees, and although I was not in any position to do anything with the boys, it was interesting to talk to them. Many of them were models and/or callboys and each was fascinating in his own right. One young man saved up his earnings so he could hitchhike across Europe and was seriously considering getting an ordinary job abroad. Another, my syphilitic friend, was saving the money he earned from his jobs to put himself through college. He was also into some very trippy metaphysics when not working at being a sensualist. A third, an extremely handsome and charming ex-artist turned callboy who took a group of us out to dinner, had recently started his own callboy agency. He had a Melina-Mercouri-in-Never-on-Sunday philosophy about his clients. If he couldn't find something likeable about them, he would refuse to see them again. "After all," he noted, "in this business you can't fake an erection."

Finally, I had to return to "fan city" and after three weeks away, I was not unhappy at that prospect. True, I had met some fascinating people, people I hope to see again if I ever return to the coast, but I was getting a bit homesick. It was a Monday morning when I left the Call house. My charming host was celebrating a birthday that day and when I went to his room to say good-bye, I found him in bed with a tall, dark, and handsome stud, naked and endowed. "Well, Hal," I noted admiringly, "I see you received your first birthday present." He smiled and if I didn't know Hal's generous nature better, I'd say the smile expressed the thought: "Yeah. Eat your heart out."

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM

I ran the above column a bit short so I could return to my regular job as movie reviewer for GAY. Did you miss me, fans? Well, what the hell! There's a new movie playing around entitled *WR—Mysteries of the Organism*, although the word "orgasm" would be more to the point. The "WR" in the title refers to Dr.



Tuli Kupferberg

Wilhelm Reich (1897-1957), Freud's first assistant who fled the Nazi regime and ultimately wound up in Rengeley, Maine, in 1939. He died in the Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary in 1957 and his books were burned under the Food and Drug Administration's watchful collective eye. Was his imprisonment based on his "shocking" studies of orgasmic reflex or due to the failure of his little invention called the "orgone accumulator" to restore the health of incurably ill people? Part of writer-director Dusan Makavejev's film attempts to illuminate this question. Another part attempts to illustrate Reich's "make love—not war" concepts. The movie viciously attacks, through humor, the new left and the old left and the consistent right. However, the communists do manage to get the worst of it, especially since the American fascist is parodied by ex-Fug and self-acclaimed

poet Tuli Kupferberg. Mr. Kupferberg struts around Lincoln Center in an orange U.S. Army uniform, embarrassing the hell out of pedestrians who modestly look the other way. Mr. Kupferberg next proceeds to masturbate his little wooden bayonet. Man, dig that symbolism! Anyway, Mr. Kupferberg, founder, actor, and playwright for the radical Revolting Theatre, manages, if anything, to be revolting. Whether he strikes a blow against American fascism is dubious.

Mr. Makavejev is far more successful when he tells a little love story about a Yugoslavian girl (lovely actress Milena Dravic) and her attraction toward a Russian figure skater (Vladimir Ilyich). Miss Dravic, a follower of Reich's teachings, attempts to show the Russian that the ideal sexual orgasm is much more beneficial than dedicating oneself to the communist state and twisting all those nice, healthy sexual drives. Alas, the Russian tries to have sex with her, but the results are somewhat weird. Suffice it to say, she simply loses her head over him.

Meanwhile, back in America we visit such celebrities as artist Betty Dodson who tells us about masturbatory pleasures and Jackie Curtis, who tells us about his change in role-playing. Since, if I am not mistaken, Dr. Reich believed that the perfect orgasm was a heterosexual affair, the inclusion of Mr. Miss Curtis remains puzzling (to me, at least). But don't go away. The point of the film (for those of us who know him) comes when SCREW co-founder Jim Buckley submits to the willing hands of a plaster-caster, one of those lovely ladies who specialize in making casts of living cocks. Anyway, Jim, who looks very embarrassed as if SCREW's other founder Al Goldstein had badgered him into doing the scene, taking his pants off. Nancy Godfrey, the sculptress with loving hands, works miracles in getting Jim erect for the camera. While Jim is in full bloom, Nancy applies the plaster, and before you know it . . . well, there's a replica Jim can cherish always. The reviewer for the N.Y. Post called Jim "shameless." Funny, I thought he looked like Adam, blushing with embarrassment as he grabbed for the first fig leaf.



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Marco Vassi: An Explorer in the Sensual Realm

BY MICHAEL PERKINS

"To explain homosexuality by identification with the mother for the man, or with the father for the woman, is not enough. There is in it a trespassing beyond boundaries by which creation is expressed: a dominating energy which expands to fecundate on a plane which is difficult to apprehend and which bears a small relation to ordinary sexual activity."

—Otto Rank

A few months ago I attempted to explain in a SCREW review of Marco Vassi's three erotic novels why I find him such a stimulating and important writer. I thought then that I hadn't done his ideas more than superficial justice, and in the intervening time my opinion and understanding of the kind of thinking he applies to the world of sex has grown and deepened. Perhaps too what impelled me to discuss some of his ideas with him in an interview was the feeling that finally I had found someone whose thinking paralleled my own. Sexually, he describes himself as a homosexual who refuses to give up his bond with women, a "compassionate solipsist" in a post-sexual phase. In a letter he calls himself a "male lesbian." None of these attempts at definition adequately describes the sexual territory he now inhabits.

Marco lives in a comfortable apartment on Charles Street in the Village with Evelyn, the "Lucinda" of his latest novel, *The Saline Solution*, published by Olympia with a nude photograph of him on the cover. (A gesture I found charming in its openness.)

Marco is a name he took from Marco Polo. His full name, shortened by his family, was Ferdinand Vasquez-d'Acugno. The family left Spain during the Inquisition to settle in Italy, and came to live in East Harlem, where Marco was born, around the turn of the century. A 33-year-old Scorpio who looks and speaks like the actor John Saxon, Marco went to Catholic schools, Iona College, and then joined the Air Force, which sent him to Yale to learn Chinese. He was stationed in the Far East for three years, serving time as an electronic spy for the Air Force. (But he says what he really did was spend the three years in Japanese whorehouses, eventually marrying a Japanese girl.) From 1963 to 1967 he edited titbooks like *Dude*, *Caper*, *Escapade* and *Cavalier*, taught public school, became involved with a lady therapist, and joined the Communist Party. He didn't last long in the party (his application was taken by an FBI man, and his mission in the party was to infiltrate a Young Presbyterian League), and then he dropped acid. For three years after that, he deconditioned himself. He went to the West Coast, through religious trips, and the crazy-house, and came out of it with a book, *The Stoned Apocalypse*, which Trident will publish in January. Back in New York, he worked with Raindance doing video taping, dropped a lot of dope, and began writing. He had published plays and poems, but it was the Trident contract which convinced him to write. *Mindblower*, *Gentle Degenerates*, and *The Saline Solution* followed, erotic autobiographies published by Olympia Press. A new book, *Contours of Darkness*, is forthcoming from Olympia, and at the mo-

ment he is working on a book about Jesus, using both Krafft-Ebing and *The Bible* for reference. Because what Marco writes and his life are inseparable, a few biographical notes are necessary, providing latitude and longitude so that his ideas might be fixed into position more easily.

Marco manages to project an enviable composure. Whether he is talking about his orgy experiences (he considers the orgy as the greatest human act, because it is a way of getting in touch with God, of sharing both sexually and spiritually with all mankind), politics, or meditation ("the single biggest problem between people is how to keep communication from interfering with communion; how to be with others without letting it become a distraction from meditation, or total awareness"), his whole being seems concentrated on what he is saying. Since he is an erotic autobiographer and has expressed attitudes about homosexuality and heterosexuality I haven't seen elsewhere, I began by asking him to describe himself sexually.

"I'm in a post-sexual phase. Sex has lost its magic, and has taken its place as simply another human activity. I've lost all my images about sex. A large part of sex has been therapy for me anyway—a method of exploring my neuroses. As a result, I no longer have anything to work out. Sex is simply biological communication, a way to exchange energies. For me it used to be a key to ecstasy, but now I think that is more purely attained through the dance. Having another person linked to your genitals is an obstruction to ecstasy. I'm living my life now in such a manner as to make ecstasy more available. I keep my house in order and try to stay aware every moment."

(While we talked, Lucinda sat with us, smiling gently as Marco probed into his homosexual and heterosexual experiences.)

"In my personal sexual experience I find being fucked yields about ten times more ecstasy than fucking. But that experience so undermines my feeling of manhood that I find myself refusing to accept homosexuality as my basic sexual adjustment."

Are you talking about machismo? I asked.

"Yes. I missed it when I should have had it—growing up in the streets of East Harlem, and now I'm coming back to it. Being a man totally doesn't have to have all those negative connotations. The problem between men and women is how to be a man without oppressing women."

You spoke of ecstasy. Isn't that true of the heterosexual experience, too?

"In heterosexuality, death is always the edge on ecstasy, but when homosexuals fuck you can have the ecstasy without the agony. Heterosexual experience is limited, for me. Homosexual sex is like entering the eternal. The attraction of homosexuality for me is the orgasmic release, not the homosexual lifestyle. I'm a homosexual who refuses to give up his bond with women. This may end with me having to put aside my homosexuality. I no longer cruise anyway. I'm monogamous by choice."

What are your feelings about women, then?

"With a woman I can enter into a period of intense utter communication, verbal or sexual. Aside from that, I have no



use for women. They're a different species, like birds, or fish. I don't understand men as well as women. I've had hundreds of men, but I've never had a male lover."

Why not?

"They're not as large inside as I am. The male lover I want is a Moses-type, a leader, and they're hard to find. Women are more interesting. I like to dress up in drag and trip out imagining what it would be like to be a woman. But women are dangerous, especially if they don't understand the power they have over men. That's why I stay away from young women. Unless a woman is mature, she can kill you emotionally without knowing that she's done anything. I avoid women who don't understand how strong they are."

What do you mean when you say that the orgy is the greatest human act?

"Civilization is a bummer. As a counterpoint you need orgies to release what civilization has locked in. If you read Reich and Alexander Lowen, you know that our neuroses are written into our musculature even. What most orgies lack—those suburban games—is any sense of the spiritual communion which should be there along with the sexual. The only place I can find genuine orgies is in the baths. About two months ago I got involved in an orgy with six or seven guys, and it was good, but even then I found myself thinking how groovy it would be to have women present too."

You agree that we're politically repressed, but still we have certain liberties—you can go to the baths, write your books, etc.

"But real freedom isn't possible unless everyone is free. We enjoy our liberties, but we're not free. As psychic fascism comes down more heavily on us, the forms of sexual freedom will become indistinguishable from perversions. In a fascist country perversion is the only freedom left."

The varied activities of your life sound like a pilgrim's progress to enlightenment. What influences—thinkers, experiences—brought you to the point you're at now?

Krishnamurti straightened out my head, Wilhelm Reich's theories straightened out the body for me, and Karl Marx showed me history. Carlos Castaneda's two books about Don Juan were a major influence. My books helped me get through the shit, too. And recently I learned about death—I was lying in a urinal in a Mexican hotel yelling 'Please let me die'—and I didn't. The myth of progress—the idea of continuity keeps the masses from enlightenment. A true revolutionary would destroy technology."

Do you know people you consider enlightened?

"I've met perhaps three truly enlightened beings—people who live their understanding."

Marco is finally at the stage at which he thinks he can live his understanding. He has a quietistic image of himself as a tree covered with moss, an organic image which has caused him to let his hair and beard grow, to give up drugs, and to attempt in other ways to cut off distraction.

He considers the quote from Otto Rank at the head of this article the finest words ever written on the subject of homosexuality. They might apply as well to creation, and his books, which bear small relation to ordinary erotic novels.

The Last Estate



Photo by David Bourdon

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

Well, it's embarkation time—not on the *Queen Elizabeth 2* but on a private campaign to get Mr. David fired from his job in the business office of the telephone company. But first things first.

I went on a junket in a chartered airplane to Syracuse for the opening of Yoko Ono's show at the Syracuse Art Museum. In the bus on the way to the airport (at the crack of dawn) Michael Benedikt and Rosalyn Drexler chatted with one another about their recent books. "Congratulations on your new book. I haven't seen an advertising campaign like it since *The Carpetbaggers*," I told Michael.

They served hors d'oeuvres and cocktails on the plane. Howard Smith had a vodka and tonic. David Bourdon had a scotch and soda. Jill Johnston and Rosalyn sat next to each other and chatted amiably about their recent books. Neither seemed to be listening to the other. Some people were dragging movie equipment up and down the aisle. "You can get off the arm of your chair Gregory. It's not the kind of movie one should be seen in," said David Bourdon.

They set up cameras and filmed people disembarking. David hid his face behind his *Daily News*. My assistant, David II, forgot my hat. "Guess I forgot it," he said.

Checking in at the Hotel Syracuse was merely a gesture because they wouldn't let us go up to our rooms. "We're serving breakfast at the museum," announced Brian Hurst who was guiding the tour. "Go right over to the Museum for a nice breakfast," he ordered. "How do we get there? Is there a bus?" asked Jill Johnston. "You can walk," said Brian.

They had a nice bar set up at the museum's below-ground air raid shelter. Everybody was taking pictures. "Oh, there's Howard Smith. I think he's displeased with his room," somebody said to our guide. "He's lucky to have a room," was the reply.

David Bourdon took pictures with his little polaroid. "That's a terrible picture David. You're trying to ruin me because I'm a woman," complained Jill. "It's not my fault if Jill's eyes roll around in her

head," David explained.

Charlotte Moorman arrived in the middle of the press conference. "I missed the plane. I was up until 4 a.m. telephoning people and then I missed the plane. Why do they always leave so early? I had to take a taxi to Kennedy and then pay full fare for my cello. It occupied a whole seat. Who's here?"

"They'll reimburse you. Did you save your ticket?" asked David. "Get Charlotte a drink, and see if David wants one. And get me another vodka. Get Jill one too," I told David II.

Rosalyn Drexler was impressed when I told her I had been given a room at the Hotel. "Maybe I should go take a nap before it's time to go back to N.Y.," I told Rosalyn. "Yes, you really should not use your room, Gregory. Maybe they won't be charged for it."

I told David that Les Levine had invited me to model some of my French underwear at his video event at Finch College. "Do you think he'll pay me for some new underwear? After all, he is taking up my time." "Your time is even cheaper than his," observed Bourdon.

The museum served a free lunch at the library. All the employees pushed and shoved and the distinguished guests "... up from New York" were served last. They ran out of forks and plates. There was no wine. They served sliced turkey, ham, potato salad and a particularly dismal apple pie. One propped one's plate on an empty bookshelf. "It's really very good for an out-of-town museum," said David. "It's terrible. I wouldn't eat like this in New York, why should I have to do it here?" I asked. "Oh, are you from New York? Remember this is Syracuse," said one of the locals. "Are you near Canada?" asked David II.

"Here's an Atlas. Let's look it up," somebody suggested. "Oh, that's the *Life* atlas. It's full of mistakes. We don't even use it at *Life*," declared Bourdon.

In the middle of the Press Conference, as Yoko Ono informed the media that "Radicals have the same mentality as the establishment," Charlotte Moorman asked David II about the ladies room. "Down in front," yelled Rosalyn Drexler. "Will we get dinner?" asked Jill Johnston during the "question and answer" session. Just as Yoko was telling us that "... ev-

erybody has one mouth. Everybody has their own mouth... I hope, after seeing this show you will begin communicating..." Charlotte Moorman came back from the ladies room. "Did I miss anything?" she asked. "They exposed themselves," fibbed David.

We booked the 8 p.m. flight back to New York. "It's going to the wrong airport," I said. "Who cares. At least we'll get out of here," somebody said. "My car is at La Guardia and the plane goes to Kennedy. Get the tickets changed. Call them up," I asked David II. "I don't know how. Do it yourself," he said.

At the airport Henry Edwards admonished me. "You never reviewed my last book," he said. "Yes I did. They wouldn't publish the review. They thought it was too negative. Ask Jack Nichols. He'll remember."

"Never mind. I have a new one coming out. You can review that one," said Edwards.

We had a final drink at the Hotel Syracuse. "I can sign for it and put it on my room bill," I generously offered. "O.K. I'll have a double scotch," said David Bourdon. "I'll have a rum and tonic," said David II.

"Oh look. There's Grace Glueck. Hi Grace. Come sit with us. Have a drink on me." "Oh no. I'll pay for it myself. I'll have a glass of red wine," she said. "Red wine in Syracuse? Even if they do have it, it'll be vinegar," I said. "Yes, you're probably right. Give me a vodka on the rocks," she said.

On the plane back to N.Y. we ordered drinks. "Have you something to nosh on?" I asked.

"To what?"

"To eat. Any nuts?"

"No, nothing."

"You have some olives there. Can we have some of those olives?"

"No. They're for people who order martinis. You have scotch."

"Well, I want an olive in my scotch. I'm going to complain. This is terrible," I said.

"It won't do you any good."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because we're going out of business on Monday. We're merging with Alleghany," was the reply.

We move from Syracuse to Fifth Ave. Dr. Henry suggested we have a little dinner at his place. Something simple. "We'll have some nice caviar and some foie gras and soup and I'll pick up some nice filets—maybe you can make your steak au poivre, and I'll get some of those lovely white asparagus and a little salad and I can get some nice cheeses at Cheese Village. It's no trouble. Will you just bring something for dessert? We don't have any dessert. And some red wine. I just happen to have a teeny weeny, shall we say, eh, Champagne in the ice box. A bottle of 1964 Piper."

"Henry, I think it's too much. Really. We'll never eat all that. We never do. Your eyes are bigger than your stomach again. You know we'll never eat it all. Remember the last time?"

It was a lovely supper. For dessert Henry produced a little surprise.

"Look! I bought cake."

"Oh, how nice. A birthday cake. I forgot it was your birthday. Why didn't you remind me. I would have brought you a little present, a spoon or something to match your silverware," I offered.

"The silver is antique. It's from Holland and you can't find any more. That's all there is. Anyway, it's not my birthday. My birthday is in February. I just saw the cake in the window and liked it. The lady at the counter asked me what name I wanted put on it. I said no name. Then she asked me if it was for a wedding and I told her there isn't any wedding. She wanted to know why I wanted it. I said I want it because I like it. Anyway since I didn't pick up anyone I thought I might as well buy a cake," explained the good doctor.

"Ugh. It's terrible," I said.

"It's awful," said Dr. Ruitenbeek. "It reminds me of that chocolate roll or whatever it was you bought at Cakemaster's. That thing with the breadcrumbs in it. This is the same. It's terrible. And they charged five dollars."

"Where did you get it?"

"At the Versailles Patisserie. The icing tastes like Red-Whip. And it's full of jello. Here. Why don't you take it home with you. Maybe you can give it to someone," he suggested.

"Perhaps I can pour some rum on it." Cheers, Gregory

Is Betty Friedan a Female Impersonator?

BY SOREL DAVID

A few weeks ago in this column (GAY 62), I did an unspeakably bad thing. Writing something about the women's movement, I gave old Betty Friedan a rave review. The error of my ways was pointed out by one Michela Griffo in an eloquent letter to the *Village Voice* which served to remind me and all, and my own mentally unrigorous and forgetful self, in particular, of Friedan's known anti-lesbian bias. I was pleased to see the letter there in the *Voice*, as a well written statement of one lesbian's position with respect to the women's movement for all the liberal world to see, for one reason, but also because I finally found out how Michela spells her name. From being around the movement, Radicalesbians and related groups and activities, I've been aware of her existence. I've known who she is for more than a year now, and the woman has always had a certain fascination for me, largely because of her unusual name. Michela (pronounced Mi-KA-la), Michela Griffo, there was something romantic about it, it excited me and I thought of her as somehow special, some kind of an exalted exotic personage. Words and word sounds have always had this kind of power over me. Michela, it's such a strong and noble sounding name, I used to wonder how it was spelled. The spelling of it, the way it was 'written down,' was somehow an important part of it all. Mikaela, I thought, or Micaela, at least. I don't know why, but I liked the 'k' better, it was stronger, somehow. The word had classical, biblical overtones for me, with just a hint of modern day Israeli added in for good measure—you know that kind of forthright and stalwart strength, being in the army and all, one associates with Israeli women. But now that I know it's plain old Michela, like Michael—a almost, it just ain't no big deal anymore.

It's funny though, how differently people see things sometimes. In her letters, Michela wrote about how Friedan sat up on the podium and fumed during the forty-five minute lesbian take-over at the women's march in August. Billie saw it that way too, but I got an entirely different impression, somehow. I had completely forgotten about Friedan's famous lavender menace speech, knowledge of her intense fear and dislike of lesbians in the women's movement was not, at that point, an active part of my conscious mind. It was this 'magic ingredient,' I guess, which accounts for the difference in interpretation. The exact truth of the matter, if there is any such thing, will probably never be known.

But now that I've been made fully aware of all that there is to be made fully aware of, I feel I must reassess my unflinching support of Betty Friedan. While I think that everything I said in the earlier column still holds good, if she can't understand how the support of the so-called lesbian lifestyle is crucial to the central issues of the women's movement, she must be pretty dumb. A few vague demands for equal pay and better jobs—being editors and writers instead of re-

search assistants at *Newsweek* isn't going to do much good. We must think in terms of changing the whole structure, the way things are set up in this society. It's a question of how women see themselves, how they are defined, a view of women as complete autonomous beings with an existence independent of their relations with, of their abilities to attract men, demands, it seems to me, an affirmation, or at least, an acceptance, anyway, of lesbianism as a valid way of being. Well yes, but you know that, or you should. Anyway, let me just say that a respectable lesbian columnist just can't go around supporting people who don't like lesbians. So I take it all back, I won't vote for her.

THE RAID ON D.O.B.

Women have a ways to go in learning how to play the power politics game, the recent fracas between the police of the ninth precinct and DOB showed us at least this much. What happened was DOB moved out of their old precinct and into a new one. And so, standard procedure for cops, I suppose, when an active (that means dances) homosexual organization moves into the neighborhood, they turn out on the night of the first dance for a little Saturday night indulgence in their favorite sport: harassment. At about eleven, the place was invaded by a group of plainclothes defectives who went noisily crashing about the place trying to find out who was in charge. Non-hierarchical structure doesn't mean anything to them. Apparently they were determined to find some big shots to arrest. They should have come to me for some info. I would have hipped them to the fact that while DOB has no leaders officially, there is a generous supply of big shots around on any given night. "Whaddaya mean there's nottin illegal going on here, youse is got poivots here an everithin," I heard one say. "Who writes your lines?" I asked him, he didn't hear me, I guess. They finally managed to dig up a violation—the ABC law, illegal storage of alcohol, a very minor misdemeanor-type thing. Uniformed patrolmen then arrived to confiscate the beer, spill the ice on the floor and throw the remaining soda cans around.

The dance was stopped and two women were taken down to the station house, only for a few minutes, to be issued summonses, they were told. They were, in fact, held there, incommunicado, for several hours. The whole thing was clearly a case of harassment and nothing more. The police knew they had no case, in the first place, they entered illegally and searched without a warrant. When the trouble started, my first thought was to call GAA. I thought if a sizeable number of angry homosexuals were to amass suddenly on the spot, the police would be intimidated. If you remember, this is exactly what happened when the cops showed up at the first GAA dance at their firehouse. The thought of 500 or so screaming faggots literally screaming was enough to frighten them off. And then, after the incident, GAA established relations with the mayor's office, who told

the cops to cool it. Now that's the way to play the ball game, you've got to fight power with power. You've got to pose some kind of a threat to those who threaten you, otherwise they're going to step all over you.

The impromptu demonstration, more like a continuation of the dance, actually, did little more than generate amusement among New York's finest and inspire some name calling on both sides. Someone, it turns out, did call GAA and a few men showed. I left in disgust when it was

announced that the two women were to be released shortly and a series of arguments about who should take the credit broke out. *Credit!* I couldn't believe it. The men were taking credit for what the women had done, some women complained. Distributing credit is hardly the point, I should think. What is important is establishing some kind of a power base. Any way possible, even if it means an alliance with the men, heaven forbid, in GAA, to prevent this sort of harassment from happening again.



Betty Friedan

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Payoff

Continued from page 9
For my part, I put more faith in the Mafia than in the do-gooders of the homophile movement. I prefer corrupt politicians and cops on the take to those who are moral crusaders. Whores with hearts of gold are always more fun—and more trustworthy—than reformed sinners out to reform the rest of us, or worse yet, those who won't admit that they too are sinners and sin in fun.

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Twisters

Continued from page 7
feted by the world and wants only to live and let live. One might think of him (rarely "her") as the public's "sympathetic wardo." These days, when homosexuals go on the air, they are quite often asked, "Do you have a story telling how you suffered, how you were discriminated against?" If the answer is yes, the person tells it and news media have succeeded in selecting a particular kind of homosexual, the heart-wringing kind, for presentation to the world. Poor creature, notice how he resembles you and me.
I was amused when in response to the request for such a story at city hall this summer, Pete Fischer said he couldn't think of a personal abuse against him off-hand. Someone else who had such a story ready for the telling was brought forward, and Pete was left to do the abstract summarizing of the need for the Clingan-Burden bill.

Anyone planning to talk about homosexuality on the air had better be prepared to resist a stereotype being thrust upon the people by the new wave of homosexual sympathizers. As Buckley supposedly said to Gore Vidal, "You are free to talk about homosexuality here, but not to proselytize for it." Sexual tastes are not the sort of thing that changes in response to even good exhortation, or otherwise therapists would have been converting people over these years. However, mere assertion in the style of Marc Rubin, that life is pleasurable if you make it that way, will be felt by the networks as dangerously close to proselytization. Such assertions are precisely what will be needed, in addition to an airing of grievances, if the stereotyping, with its consequent minimization of homosexuals, is to be averted. I suggest you take a look at *The News Twisters* if you get a chance. The implications are far-reaching, and one can see easily why the networks are quivering in reaction to it.

As the various gay militant groups force the major television networks to give courage to homosexuals, one can be sure that the networks, dominated by their liberal "broadmindedness," will be chiefly looking for soft-spoken, down-trodden homosexuals, the sort of person who obviously deserves to keep his job and his pension.
We all agree that this flesh-and-blood person is better seen than a liping imitation of a homosexual by a comic. But get ready. Keep on guard without rejoicing too long at the early signs of "homosexual chic." Not till homosexuals, talented, untalented, men, women, attractive, unattractive, criminal, noncriminal, thread their way aimlessly through depiction of life on television, will the presentation of homosexuals be reasonable.

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ALDO'S, 6413 Hollywood Blvd. Smack dab in the middle of Hollywood's hustle and bustle. Fine dinner at reasonable prices and the bartenders are of the Hollywood tradition. GM, GF

B.F.'S, 2692 La Cienega Blvd. Located on lower "Restaurant Row," this popular little beer bar presents a show on its tiny stage that qualifies as one of the city's funniest. Features Scotty, one of the best Ethel Merman impersonators ever to shuffle across the board. GM, GF

BLACK PIPE, 2440 So. La Cienega. Packs them in. One of the most continually popular real bike bars in area. GM

BITTER END WEST, 6409 Santa Monica Blvd. Opened not too long ago as a straight club boasting some of the biggest names in show business as featured entertainers. New policy went into effect in September where new owner/manager, Louis Frank, threw open the doors as a mixed club. Both straights and gays pack the gigantic rooms every night and co-exist beautifully. Serves food at reasonable prices. Int.

BOLD VENTURE, 6357 Hollywood Blvd. The MS Alley has had a complete refurbishing. Boasts a nautical theme throughout the aquarium and ship models in abundance. Rumor has it that the 6 am shift is now manned by the indomitable "Twiggy." If this is so, look for some wild action there between 6 and noon. GM, GF

BURKHOFER, 4519 Santa Monica Blvd. Is billed as "a Western bar with a taste of leather," if this kind of bar is your bag, then you shouldn't miss it. The crowds are friendly and the atmosphere is unique. GM

CARRIAGE TRADE, 8077 Beverly Blvd. Excellent cuisine served at moderate prices in an atmosphere of quiet elegance... except for Sunday Brunch—then it bears more resemblance to a buffalo run! GM, GF

CLOSET, 7561 Sunset Blvd. Opening at 8pm weekdays, this popular tavern pulls in the young dancing crowd during the late week and weekend. Initially gained recognition because of the friendly atmosphere that prevails. GM, GF

CORNER POCKET, 8800 Sunset Blvd. No one seems to know why this is a gay bar since the majority of the clientele insists it's straight. However, this popular Sunset Strip club packs Hollywood's most beautiful bodies in night after night and seldom does anyone go home alone! GM

CROWN JEWEL, 754 Olive St. Downtown's only gay bar. For drinking and cruising stay in the bar upstairs. For dancing and unbelievable atmosphere run downstairs to the IN CROWD PRESENTS. GM

DAVID, 7013 Melrose Ave. This extravagant venture cost someone lots of thousands. The old Red Raven had opened with a blast of thunder and roll of drums... very mod, very chic, tons of shit hanging from the ceilings. People loved it 'til someone came along with another gimmick. DAVID then transformed itself into a dinner house. A couple of months ago, change-over was completed to restaurant and cocktail lounge with cathedral ceilings, sunken bar and very heavy on the mirrors. With all this elegance and change, one wonders when they are going to remodel their men's room and make sure there is soap in the washbowl dish before opening their doors. GM, GF

DON'S MALE BOX, 1087 Manzanita. One of the most successful real leather bars in town for dancing and cruising seven nights a week. The whole bar is like a chapter out of a Larry Townsend leather novel. Don recently acquired a bar across the street and called it THE OTHER BOX and is trying various themes to get it off the ground. GM

DOVES COVE. Charming cocktail lounge between Hollywood and the beach. Swatches entertainment often for female impersonators to band to who knows what next. Has a rather cordial atmosphere. GF

DUDE CITY, 836 No. Highland. Possibly the most elaborate gay bar in existence. The main bar itself is paneled in unfinished wood with a bar right out of the old west. Through a rear door into the unbelievable. The place is actually a city! Complete with cobblestone streets, antique street lamps, shops, small entertainment area. It must be seen to be believed! GM

THE END, 7994 Santa Monica Blvd. Very popular with the young crowd especially as an after-hours gathering spot. Music blasts from opening at 8pm 'til closing at God knows what time. GM, GF

FALCON'S LAIR, 742 No. Highland. Lives up to its motto—THE Bike bar. Offers off-street parking for bikers and very discreet entry. Watch for it or you'll miss it. It is so innocuous you'd never know it was there. But wait 'til you get inside. GM

FALLEN ANGEL, 2709 West 6th St. Beer bar that keeps grinding on year after year. Across from Richard Harris' MacArthur Park, pulls in a unique crowd that you'll find nowhere else in the city. GM

FARM, 7978 Santa Monica Blvd. Very hip, young crowd. Not really a makeout bar since everyone there is so busy having fun that they don't think about who they're going home with. One drink minimum on weekends and holidays. GM, GF

FOUR STAR, 8857 Santa Monica Blvd. New owners have completed three delightful rooms for dining: The Patio Room, The Old English Room and finally the Fountain Room. For the money, the best food in town but menu rather limited. Service excellent, and it's still one of the most popular gay spots the city has to offer on weekends. GM, GF

1170 CLUB, 1170 N. Western Ave. One of the newer entries in the sudden rash of leatherbar openings with the rear entry and innocuous front that doesn't even tell you that it's there. GM

GARDEN DISTRICT, 747 North La Cienega Blvd. Popular bar and restaurant. Patio dining on fashionable upper La Cienega Blvd. and an interior unique. Hanging plants abound, flowers are everywhere, on the table, on the walls. See it. It's delightful. GM, GF

GASLIGHT, 1761 North Cahuenga Blvd. This is THE place for the gay crowd on weekends. GM

GAS STATION, 6550 Santa Monica Blvd. One of the most personable bars in town. Decor is indescribable, and sound system can match or beat any of the straight rock palaces of Sunset Strip any night of the week. GM, GF

GOLIATH, 7011 Melrose Ave. Is the only bar that weathered the police and the court decisions, stayed open, kept the dancers bare assed and feeling while the films kept rolling (there was one period where for about a week the dancers were covered). They are now reaping the rewards as people mob the room every night to find their pleasure where they may. GM

HANDLEBAR, Franklin Ave. A popular leather bar in the Hollywood area pulls its clientele just as much from the college campuses as from the bike run! GM

HUB, 7854 Santa Monica Blvd. For nine years this veritable landmark has withstood competition right smack dab in the middle of L.A.'s gayest area. The people are friendly, it's always busy, and it's never hectic. GM

HOLLYWOOD MUSIC CENTER, 4658 Melrose Ave. Offers nude dancers, art films, dancing, coffee after-hours, and a host of surprises. It usually books a live band for the weekend and the people pack the oversized rooms. It's a natural for cruising since there are all sorts of alcoves and little stairways. GM

JAGUAR, 7311 Santa Monica Blvd. Popular room. Very cruisy with a line that stretches around the block every Sunday afternoon. GM

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE, 6423 Yuca. This quiet place hit the trend that had gays deserting the downtown Hollywood area for the nicer, more sophisticated bistros of West Hollywood or the Valley. It has a pleasant decor and personable staff. It's neither an entertainment center nor a salidine can, but a cozy, intimate place to socialize without all the gimmickery that seems so fashionable these days. GM, GF

LITTLE CAVE, 3111 Sunset Blvd. Features dancing, and one of the city's strangest decor: it is a reproduction of an actual cave, complete with drawings, stalactites and all. GM, GF

LITTLE CUB, 1725 W. Florence. It's not so little! Their show regularly packs a real wallop even though it only occurs on weekends. GM, GF

OFFICE, 1640 North Vine Street. Located just half a block from the famed Hollywood and Vine intersection. Has a marvellously corrupt atmosphere that the tourists eat up. This is perpetuated by a large number of transvestites, straights wandering in, kids from the suburbs in Hollywood for a "wild weekend," and every other type imaginable. Int.

OLIVER, 365 N. La Cienega Blvd. Delightful room serving cocktails and dinner from 4pm to 2am seven days a week. Menu is extensive and prices are stunningly below any other restaurant of its calibre in town. Atmosphere is that of quiet elegance. GM, GF

SEVENTH KEG, 7713 Beverly Blvd. Neighborhood tavern located opposite CBS Studios. Pulls most of trade from the kids in the neighborhood. Extremely friendly crowd and atmosphere. A stranger can't help but feel comfortable and at home. GM

SEWERS OF PARIS, 1608 No. Cosmo Ave. You walk up an outside flight of stairs, through a door, across a landing, then down a staircase to one of the most unique rooms in town. The wall to wall, ceiling to floor, murals were all done by John Klamik of BUCKSHOT fame. Whether you go for the excellent luncheon or dinner or the unbelievably loud live band that plays after-hours for dancing, you can be assured of a unique experience. Int.

SPOTLIGHT ROOM, 1601 N. Cahuenga Blvd. What can you say about a tradition? In this one's case, it's certainly NOT dull! Don't be deceived by its initial impression that it's strictly a rough type bar! There is absolutely no telling who you're liable to run into there. It is unique in Los Angeles. Int.

STAMPEDE, 7832 Santa Monica Blvd. As the ads say, "The Stampede is back!" and in truly grand style. This illustrious venture cost its colorful owner \$150,000. At one time the bar was the most popular in Southern California, but dwindled due to poor management and police harassment. Recently opened completely refurbished with liquor under the name Wagon Wheel, and just last week reassumed the name Stampede. It's something to see! GM

TRADESMAN, 7505 Melrose Ave. Hollywood's most popular after-hours spot. Giant black light murals give first impression that it's romantic, but it pulls crowds of all ages from all walks of life. Serves beer before 2am. GM

VAGABOND, 315 E. Florence. Inglewood. Voted Most Outstanding Bar this year at MAGGIE AWARDS. Intimate cocktail lounge featuring dancing on a spacious floor, and tables tucked neatly away for the romantic. Busy seven nights a week after 10pm. GM

WAGON, 7832 Santa Monica Blvd. The most authentic Western bar in existence to serve cocktails with a rumored expenditure of almost \$100,000. The place will undoubtedly see the hoards that once packed the old STAMPEDE again as the crowd three grows every night. GM

WESTSIDE, 6112 Venice Blvd. It is one of the few bars in L.A. that offer the combination of dining, dancing and cocktails. On weekends, the liquor cabinets are locked up at 2am and the place fills up even more for their swinging coffee hours. The cuisine is excellent and well in line pricewise with other restaurants in the city. Located across from Black Pipe. GM

WISHIRE CLUB, 674 So. Vermont. Beer bar frequented by neighborhood gays. Quite comfortable with a friendly group.

ZACHARY, 5414 Melrose Ave. A relatively new cocktail lounge dinnerhouse featuring luncheons Monday thru Friday and super 7 days weekly. A little too far east for the chic La Cienega mob but building a fine reputation for its consistently good food. GM, GF

price you can't beat their Sunday afternoon buffet. Int.

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ACROPOLIS, 6230 N. Sepulveda Van Nuys Blvd., SFV. A jump spot in the West Valley. Open only a few months, the tavern attracts a younger crowd with their very current jukebox and spacious dance floor. Beer only. GM, GF

ATTIC, 11717 Victory Blvd. N.H. Campy with a fun crowd that can keep a newcomer glued to a barstool for hours! Whether you walk in at 2pm or 2am you can be assured of a lot of laughs. Probably the San Fernando Valley's most popular beer bar. GM, GF

BLA BLA CAFE, 11059 Ventura Blvd., SFV. A relative newcomer to town, it quickly became well known and patronized for a number of reasons. It's not uncommon to see big names from stage and screen getting up to "do their thing." The food is excellent and quite moderate in price. Regular entertainers there are live and generally far above the fare offered by most gay clubs. Int.

BLUE ANGEL WEST, 12179N Ventura Blvd. Popular dance/cocktail club. Frequently features live entertainment. GM, GF

CHEST LA VIE, 11520 Ventura Blvd. Line a number of other entertainment bars on Ventura Blvd., this relative newcomer makes a strong pitch for the tourist trade. Usually three shows a night with dancing between shows. Cast changes regularly so what it lacks in coordination it makes up for with variety. Home of Jack deVine, voted Personality of the Year at 1971 MAGGIE AWARDS. GM, GF

FRENCH BULL, 5661 Sepulveda Blvd. Charming beer and wine restaurant offering some of the best food in the West Valley.

GALLERY INN, 11938 Ventura Blvd. Consistently full of attractive people and the food can't be beaten for the price. Boasts some of the best looking waiters in the city! GM, GF

GLASS ONION, 19723 Ventura Blvd. It's a long drive from the main action areas of Hollywood and the rest of the Valley, but worth it. Gays pack this popular spot every night. Generally a young crowd in there for the dancing and companionship. Beer only.

HANGED MAN, 10522 Burbank Blvd. Popular neighborhood beer bar just a few blocks from TONY'S. Boasts a friendly crowd, and some good conversation.

HAYLOFT, 11818 Ventura Blvd. Nestled in the midst of drag bars, elegant cocktail lounges, fine restaurants, and dance bars, this strange tavern utilizes its high ceiling to duplicate the westernness of a real hayloft. It has a funky atmosphere, and is generally packed with numbers in Levis and T-shirts. Very cordial crowd if you leave the black patent heels at home. Manager's name is Ralph Rotten—he lives up to his name. GM

JOANI PRESENTS, 6413 Lankershim Blvd. N.H. Comfortable dance bar that attracts both girls and boys. Features dancing and entertainment. Highlights of the evening invariably when Joani herself lets loose on the drums. She's something not to be missed. GM, GF

KEITH'S, 11801 Ventura Blvd., SFV. Valley landmark for years. Owners of Four Star acquired some time ago and utilized campy Western decor to establish one of the most popular restaurants in the Valley. Underneath the champagne brunch every Sunday for \$1.35. GM, GF

QUEEN MARY, 12449 Ventura Blvd. Dates back to when full drag on stages was illegal in California. Ah, the good old days with Sahji schtching down the runway with caution flying and we coiffed to perfection. Underneath the waiter you get! The bar area is very gay and a party atmosphere prevails. Appeals to the older Malibu residents. Int.

MATCHBOX, 824 Ocean Front Walk, Venice. Popular little beer bar that packs them in off Venice Beach (almost as gay as State). Any bar in Venice is heavily populated with the female of the species since the younger gay male element in the area is too busy sitting home puffing on weed to get out to bars. Int.

PIER XII NORTH, 2722 Main St., Santa Monica. Large beer bar that features a rather well-produced female impersonation show on weekends and dancing during the week. For the

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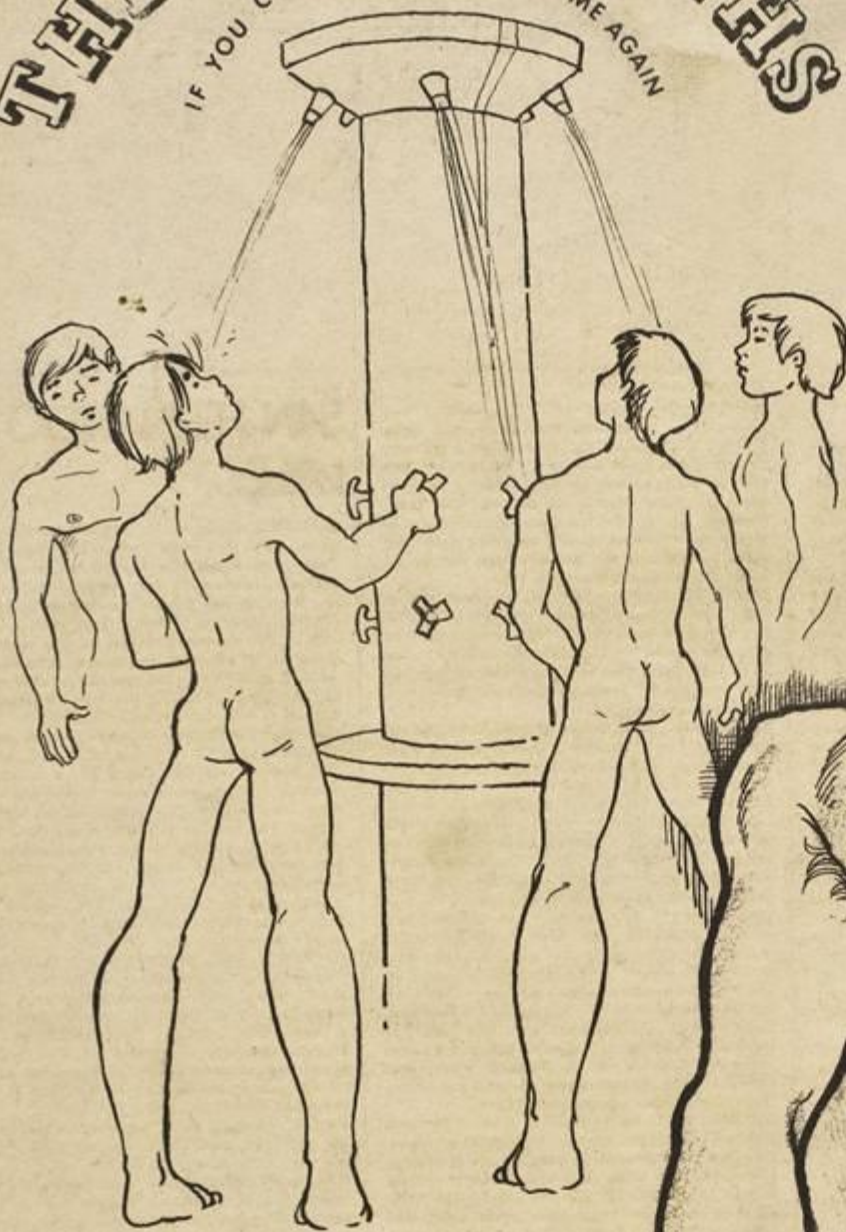
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